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VOLUME XXX.

No. 2

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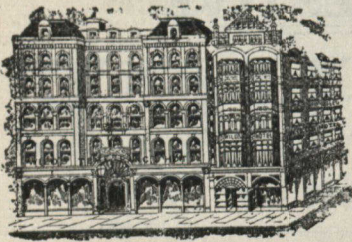
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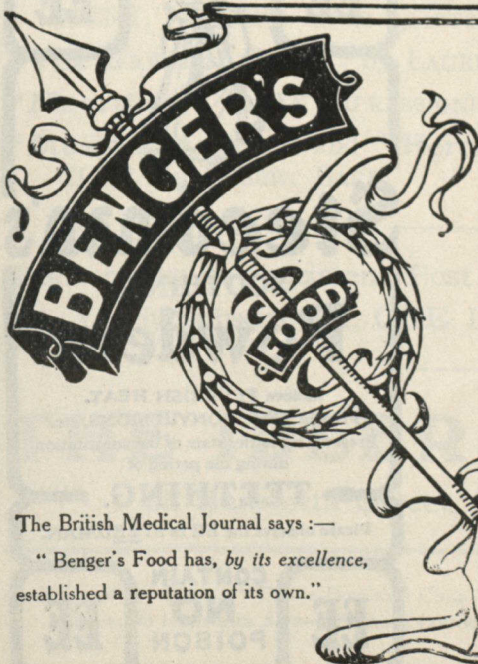
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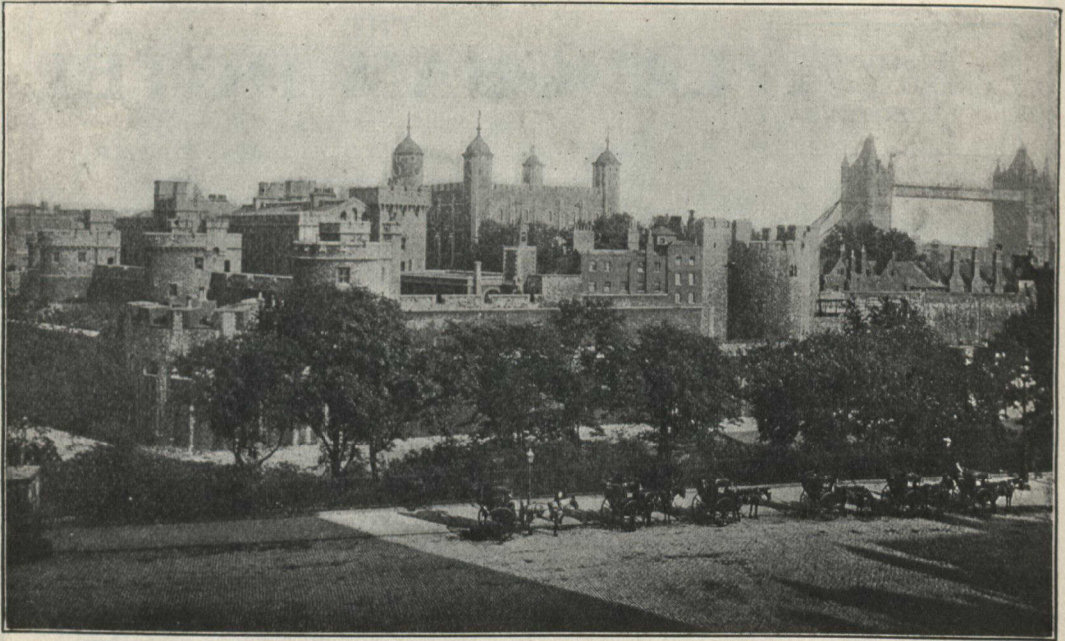
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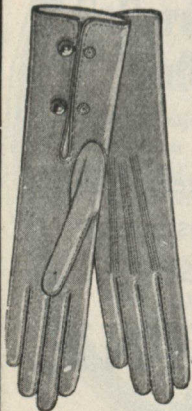


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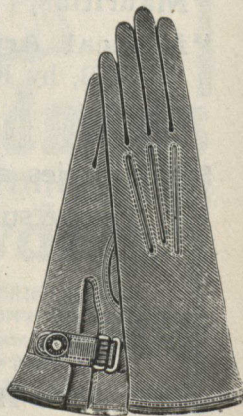
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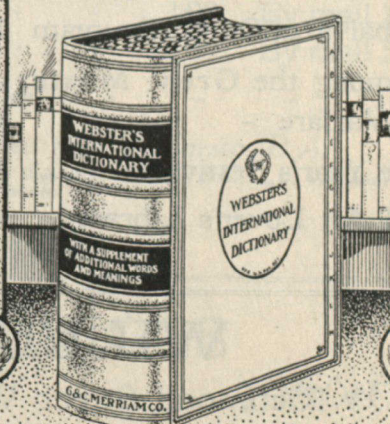
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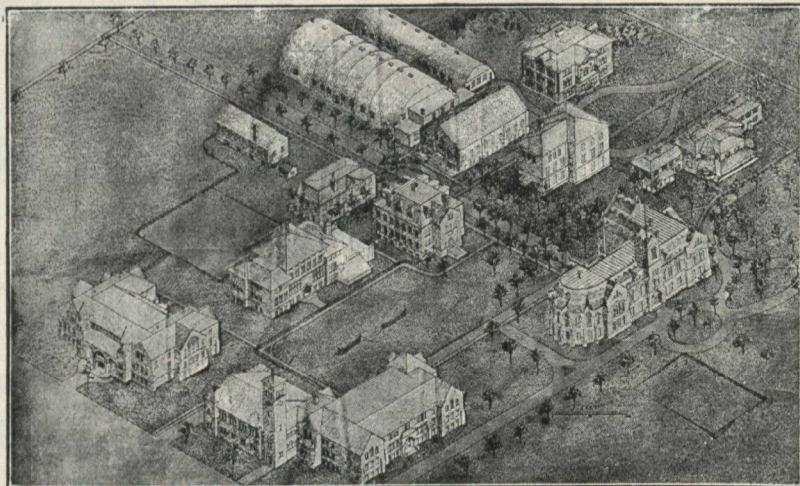
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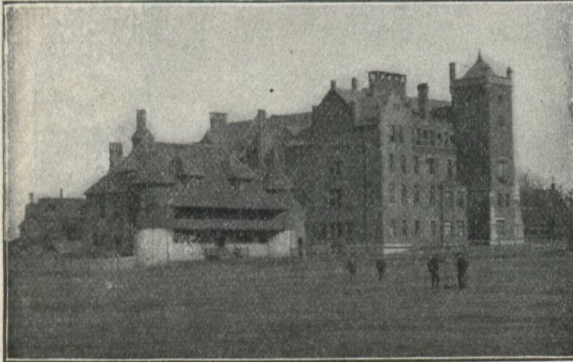
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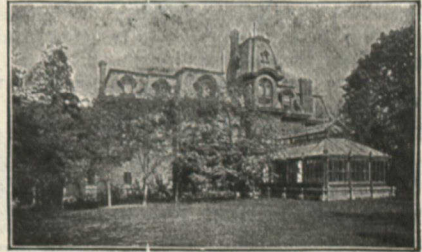
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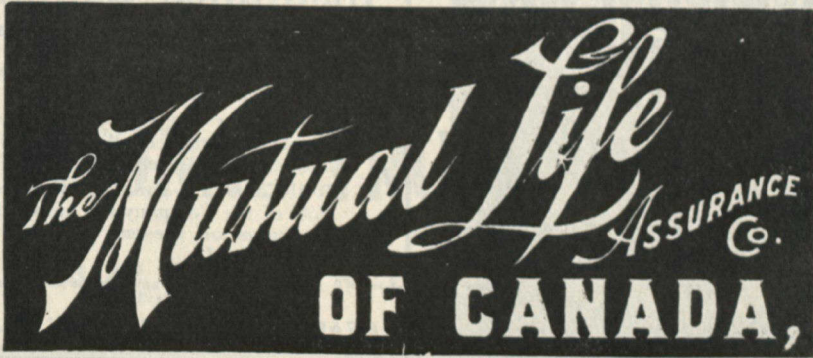
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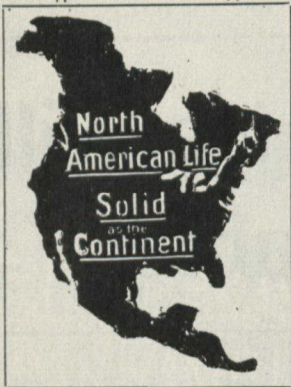
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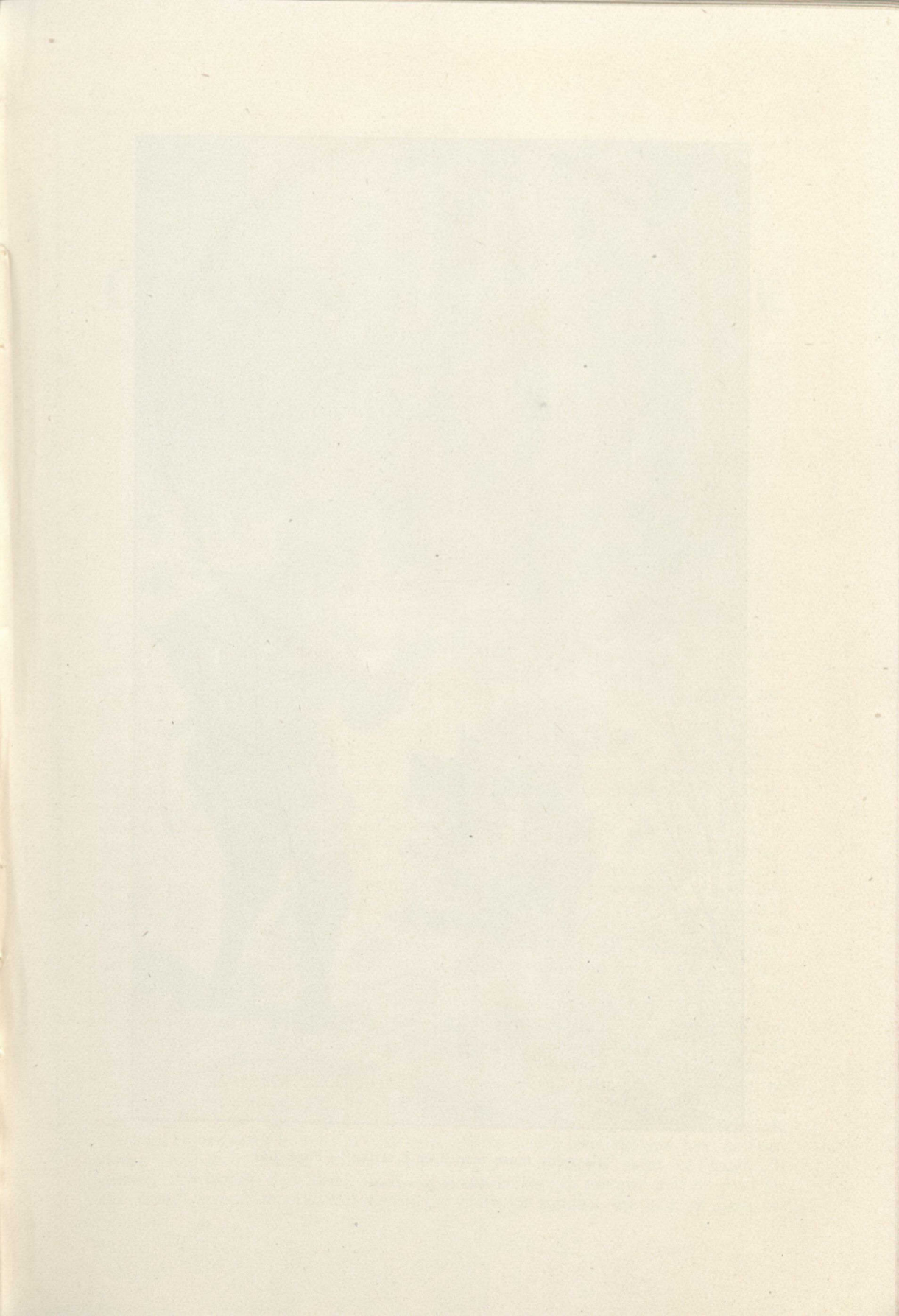
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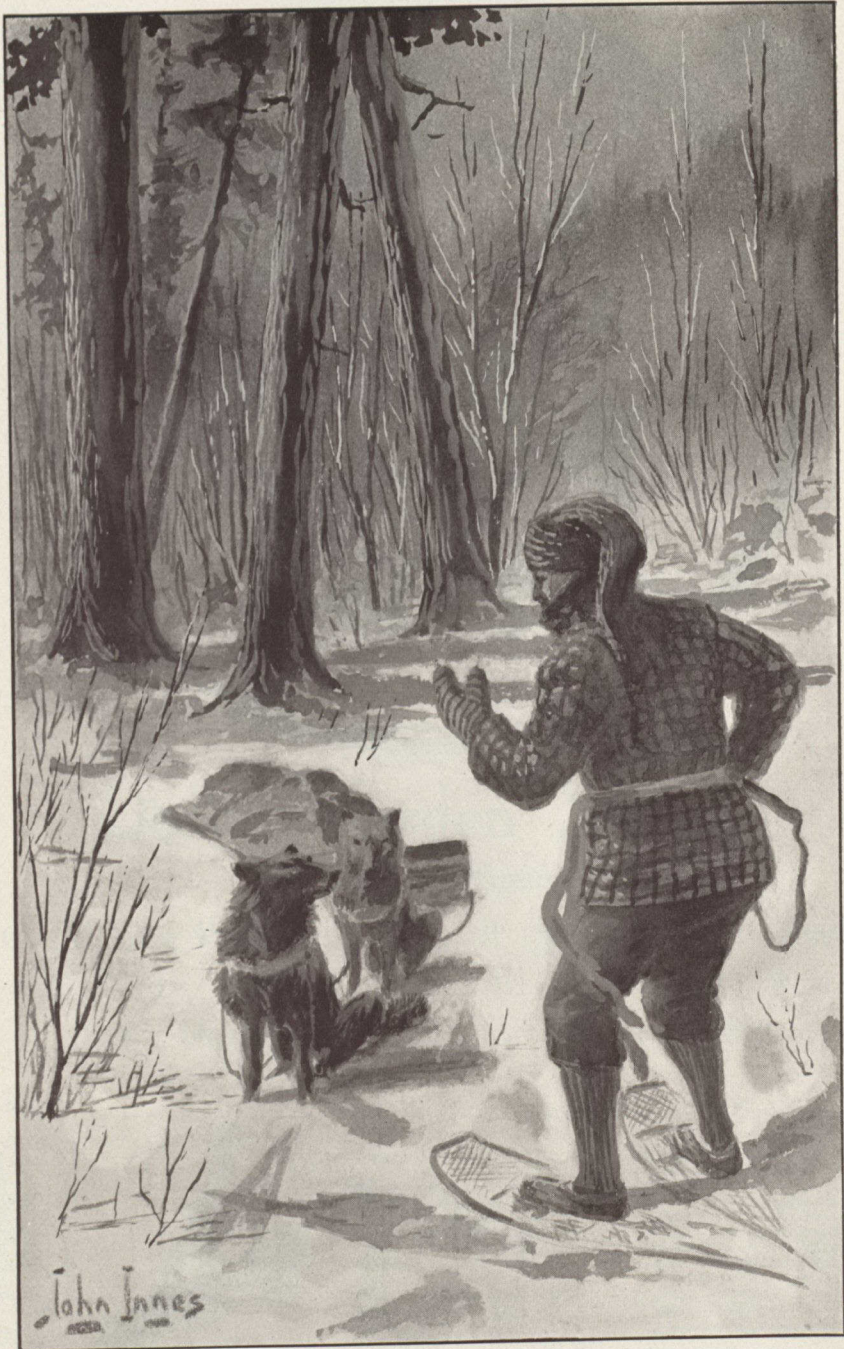
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"I's want more monee or I strike"—Page 130

Drawn by John Innes

THE
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No. 2

How Salomon Scared the Indians

A Christmas Camp Reminiscence of an Octogenarian

By SIR J. M. LE MOINE

Author of *The Legends of the St. Lawrence, etc.*

IN the bleak, dense forests due north of Quebec there lies a deep lake, a perfect paradise for anglers of sufficient nerve and hardihood to reach it with dogs and sledge, a fifty-odd-mile trudge on snowshoes in the severest season of the year—in inexorable January. Until lately, it was deemed a kind of *terra incognita*, on account of the difficulties and hardships of access to the distant, dismal region. It has been named Snow Lake, as it was only reached when “rude Boreas” solidified the bosom of the innumerable streams and lakes intervening between it and Quebec; its access promises now to be made easier. The fish and game clubs of Quebec, and they are not few, have all heard of the *Touladi*, the monstrous trout which have been captured under the icy surface of this lake. Few at the time of my writing, perhaps one or two pioneers of the craft, had had sufficient nerve to venture there.

The Quakenbosk Fish and Game Club, which had honoured me with an honorary membership that year, had selected Gaspard Huot’s rustic hostelry at Charlesbourg for their merry, annual club dinner. Christmas had been fixed as the date. Several reports had recently

reached the club of the marvellous *Touladi*, the great, gray trout—*Queue Fourchue*—captured in that sheet of water. A specimen, a splendid one, weighing nineteen pounds, had been donated to me on my birthday, and as I thought it did honour to Canada, I asked leave to present it to the representative of Great Britain on our shores. The reports about this famous fish had been so *couleur de rose* that our club decided to procure all possible information of a reliable character, to be embodied in the annual report of the club. It had been found next to impossible to obtain reliable data as to the exact topography of the mysterious lake, the right time of year to fish it, and the bait required. Curiosity had been wrought to a high pitch.

Our President, by way of a surprise, had asked old Gabriel, the experienced guide and famed *raconteur* of Lake St. Charles, to favour us with the knowledge he might possess of Snow Lake, which he had visited the previous winter as guide to two daring New Yorkers, bent on visiting this unknown sheet of water. It may be well to premise that no road for winter or summer use had yet been cut

through the deserted region; one was promised, however.

Gaspard's *chef* had prepared for his guests a most *recherché* and exquisite entertainment. The venison was superb; the wine *frappé à la Française*; the *pousse-café* and the *petit verre de Bénédicte* excellent. Nothing was wanting.

Our President in his usual mellow voice addressed the meeting, saying that if it were the club's pleasure he would call on one whom all knew to tell us what he had experienced at Snow Lake, visited by him the winter before. He meant old Gabriel. On Gabriel's name being mentioned, the jolly bushman issued forth from the adjoining apartment. He opened out thus:

"Messieurs. Though to be *compris* by the *gentlemen anglais* who required my services as their guide, I had to learn speak English, you must forgive me if my 'language' is not always correct. I shall try do my best.

"On Christmas morning last year, one Quebec *charretier* who know me brought to my *cabane* two *Messieurs*. They said they must go to *Lac des Neiges* at all risk, as they had a bet—*une gageure*, depending on that. It would be five dollars *par jour*, I said, for guide, sledge and dogs.

"One of the gentlemen's name was Salomon; he was the queerest built sportsman I ever met, and I have seen many. His friend called himself Abram, a fine, jolly fellow, who used to make fun of Monsieur Salomon for his toilette preparations before going to bed; when he used to take himself to pieces in a most extraordinary fashion. Soon we reached Snow Lake. One morning whilst we were making all our arrangements for a day's sport on the lake, lines, bait, dogs, etc., Prince and Carlo, our two dogs, set to barking savagely in front of our tent; and two Indians, one of a most forbidding aspect, entered our tent, after leaning their guns on our tent poles.

"They were, they said, camped close by and were on lookout for cariboo.

"As we were without arms except our hunting knives, we thought it best, *voyez-vous*, to be civil to these unwelcome neighbours, and Monsieur Salomon put his hand in the inner pocket of his fur

coat to pull from it his whiskey flask to treat the redskins; in doing so hurriedly he pulled out with it the lining, upsetting on the ground a roll of bank bills, some loose silver, and two gold pieces, which twinkled in the morning sun. There was more than imprudence in this unlucky piece of business; the eye of the Indian with the repulsive countenance brightened—we positively noticed him giving his comrade a sly wink, which meant mischief, we felt sure.

"Seeing how helpless we were in the presence of these savages, far from civilisation and unarmed, we kept a close lookout whilst fishing, and on returning, 'We have not seen the last of these devils,' I observed to Monsieur Salomon; 'we won't make a long *séjour* at *Lac des Neiges*. I hope our bodies won't be lying at the bottom of that lake to-morrow morning.' I felt a little calmer when Monsieur Salomon, in his cheerful tone, said: 'My good friends, it is me who has got you into this trouble, I shall do my best to get you and myself out of it, should the rascals pay us a second visit.'

"In the meantime, the shades of evening settled on the dark forest and gleaming lake; we stirred up our camp-fire, placed there our camp kettle, and soon, having lit our pipes, we were beginning, over a brew of hot scotch, to forget the outer world, when our dogs again gave tongue, and the two identical visitors of the morning entered our tent, saying that their bark hut had been so damaged by fire that afternoon in their absence that it was uninhabitable, and that it would be an unforgettable favour if we could allow them to bring their blankets and sleep near our camp fire. This was only a ruse, we thought, to tomahawk us more surely, but how could we refuse their earnest appeal for help? Monsieur Salomon replied for all three of us that we would be most happy to grant their prayer. They left us to bring in their blankets; when striking his breast, Monsieur Salomon said: 'I be a Dutchman if I do not scare these rascals out of their seven senses—watch me and say nothing.' A short time later the two Indians returned, spread their blankets by the side of the blazing logs, stretching themselves

all dressed at their full length. As they spoke English, Monsieur Salomon drew them out respecting their various forest adventures; finally, he asked them whether they had ever met the evil 'Manitou'; that he, Monsieur Salomon, being versed in *la magie blanche*, and being moreover a medicine man, he had power over the evil one, and could evoke him and make him cry out. Our guests listened attentively to all that was said, occasionally giving a grunt, as if they only half believed it.

"After yawning several times, Monsieur said he would retire for the night, and opening his mouth very wide and turning up the whites of his eyes, he demurely removed a massive set of false teeth—then, turning his back, he stooped down and unnoticed he undid the buckle holding the fastening of his wooden leg; he then resumed his former position, as he kicked it off. The leg fell in a corner of the tent far away, with a thud.

"Both visitors seemed fidgetty, uncomfortable, even alarmed at Monsieur's strange proceedings. A few minutes after, to the Indians' intense horror, Monsieur Salomon, unsheathing his hunting knife, deliberately ran the blade (the back, however) in a semi-circle twice round his head, then putting it aside, with apparently a wild effort, he pulled off—not his loosened scalp, but his wig, flourishing it, in the gloom of the dimly lighted tent, over his skinny, ghastly bald head. A violent shiver at this juncture convulsed the whole frame of the crouching Indians. Monsieur Salomon capped the climax when, in a loud, sepulchral voice he said: 'Now, my friends, I shall call on the evil Manitou to come forth.'

"Listen! our dog Carlo will speak like a human being and tell us where we are.'



OLD GABRIEL

From a Painting by Gilbert Berling.

(Who would have thought Monsieur Salomon was a ventriloquist).

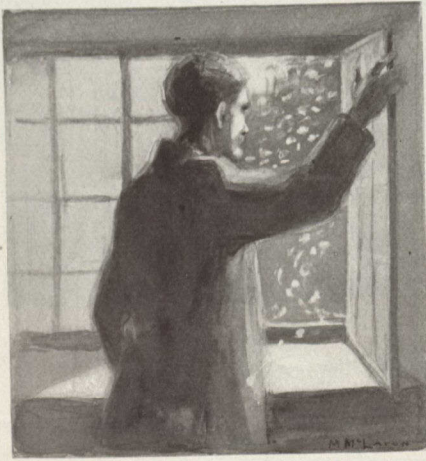
"Lo and behold! the word 'Snow Lake' seemed to come from the corner of the camp where Carlo was sitting on the ground observing us; and then Monsieur pointing to the Indian lying farthest from the fire, 'I order you to bark like a dog,' said he. Instantly there came forth from the neighbourhood of the terrorised savage a mournful, but unmistakable, 'Bow! wow, wow!' The redskins, overcome with fright, sprang to their feet, leaving their blankets behind them, rushed through the door of the tent in the darkness. We saw nothing more of them after that."

A shout of laughter and cheers, sufficient to raise the roof of Gaspard's dining saloon, rent the air. "A bumper! a bumper to Gabriel," was called for by the entire Quakenbosk Fish and Game Club! So closed that Christmas club dinner.

Out of the Past*

By CHARLES GORDON ROGERS

Illustrations by Maud McLaren



“So it is begin to snow”

TIME: November.

SCENE: The cabin of Joseph Laplante, in the hills of Pontiac.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Joseph Laplante, a hunter. Alec Devine, “out of the past.”

THE curtain rises on Joseph Laplante standing at window, through which snow is seen falling. A log fire burns in old-fashioned stone fireplace at one side of room. At the other, on the wall, are rods, guns, etc., and on same side a door. There is a door at back, and between it and window are shelves with dishes, etc., under which is a table. A couple of old-fashioned chairs are disposed about the room, and a clock with visible pendulum ticks above the shelves.

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LAPLANTE: So! It is begin to snow. And twenty year ago to-night, *mon Dieu*, she's snow de sam', lak' that, sof' an' w'ite, out of the sky of *le bon Dieu*, and bring the devil himse'f—M'sieu Alec Devine! (draws curtain; turns slowly to fire). Twenty year! But *le bon Dieu* will not let me forget. (Sits before fire). *Sapristi!* You grow ole, Joe Laplante! For twenty year the spring she's come, an' the summer tam, an' the fall, an' the snow she's come also, until your 'air was mos' w'ite, but your mem'ry was green lak' de grass on de reever side in summer tam, an' you 'member heveryt'ing lak' it was yesterday. An' every spring for many year you mak' the voyage an' pass by on Montreal an' look an' look ever'where for heem, Alec Devine. An' w'en you come back to San Michel, de bird what hop on de tree, an' de squirrel what ron on de groun', seem like they laugh an' say: “Well, mebbe you fin' your man, Joe Laplante, an' kill heem?” An' even de reever, she's seem to laugh, an' the leaf in the tree she's w'isper, an' mock at you, Joe Laplante! (Starts up). Non, non, you cannot forget, Joe Laplante! You grow ole for sure, but you cannot forget. (Takes crumpled, faded letter from inner pocket). An' every night for mos' twenty year I have read this. An' for w'y, w'en every word is wrote on my heart? Oh, Virginie, Virginie! (Replaces letter). *Mon Dieu*, I 'member lak' it was las' night, to-night! De fire was here de sam', an' the snow was pass by on the window outside, sof' an' w'ite, de firs' snow for sure; an' Virginie—*mon cœur!*—she's move here an' dere, lak' de butterfly, w'ile she's put away de t'ings

after supper tam, an' singin' lak' de bird w'en she's glad on de morning, an' makin' de room more bright as de fire. An' her ole *grandpère*, he sit here, wit' hees w'ite 'air, lak' me to-night, watchin' de flame. An' Virginie, she's fill hees pip', an' bring it to heem wit' a laugh. An' I sit over dere, makin' clean my gun, an' looking at her until she's say: "W'y you look at me all de tam, Joe? Was somet'ing the matter wit' my face an' my 'air?" An' I say: "*Oui, ma petite*, dere was somet'ing de matter wit' your face an' your 'air. It was the mos' lovely face an' de fines' 'air in the worl'; an' I was t'inking dat nex' mont' Mad'moiselle Valiquette will be Madame Laplante, hooraw!" An' de ole man, hees chuck', and shak' hees head, an' blow on hees pip'. Hees not so deaf sometam, her ole granfadder! An' Virginie, she's laugh, an' ron to de window, an' look hout, an' say: "She's not snow so moche now, Joe. I see one, two star shinin'. Come an' look!" An' I say: "I see two star shine wit'out lookin' out on de window, Virginie." But I lay de gun on de wall, and go an' look, just de sam', wit' my arm aroun' Virginie. An' w'ile we stan' lak' dat an' don't say notting, dere come somebody an' knock on de door, rap! tap! like he was de King himse'f! An' Virginie she's ron on de door an' mak' it ope', and she's say: "*Entrez, M'sieu!*" An' then, *diable!* a man step in, yo'ng, more yo'ng many year as Joe Laplante, wit' bright eye, an' makin' hees teet' w'ite on de grand smile. An' de star don' shine no more for me dat night, needer here nor on de sky outside. I 'member how Virginie she's look at heem w'en hees mak' the bow like de *grand seigneur*, wit' hees cap on hees han' an' hees gun on de odder, an' say: "Pardon, Mad'moiselle, but I am los' on de bush, an' I see your light, an' I mak' so bold to knock on your door to learn de way to the village of San Michel." An' my blood she's leap up quick an' hot, lak' de flame on de fire; an' I put my gun up on de rack quick, for fear somet'ing will 'appen, mebbe. An' Virginie, she's tak' hees cap an' gun, an' pull a chair on de fire, an' tell him to res' w'ile she's get him some supper, for it

was two, t'ree mile to de village, she's say. An' I see her face was all flush, an' I wan' to catch her on de eye, but she's not look at me lak' I want her to, *ma belle Virginie*. An' I 'member hees ask to mak' de wash on hees han', so nice an' w'ite, an' brush on hees hair, so black an' fine, before hees sit on de supper what Virginie mak' for him. *Diable!* An' he sit by de fire, an' smile on hees w'ite teet', an' smoke de cigarette out of de case of gol', wit' the air of *le grand seigneur, saprée!* An' hees talk on de beeg city, till Virginie her eye get mos' as beeg; and then he tell about all de game what hees kill on de bush, an' Virginie she's laugh like a child w'en hees tak' the game out on hees bag—one leetle squirrel *rouge* misérable, *Baptême!* An' he hol' it up, so, till her ole *grandpère* hees laugh also, an' Virginie she's t'ink he was choke, an' get the grand scare, an' hit heem on de back. But for me, I don' laugh at all. Oh, *oui*, you were ver' fonny dat night, M'sieu Alec Devine, *mon joli garçon*, w'ile you sit dere an' warm yourse'f on de fire an' Virginie's bright eye. (Snatches locket on cord about his neck from his breast). Yes, I 'member well you look jus' de sam' lak' dat, *diable!* W'y did not *le bon Dieu* tell me for to kill you dat night? Well, mebbe you live, an' mebbe you have die. But w'ether you live or w'ether you die, M'sieu, I will meet you some day, in hell, at las'! (Starts, listening). Some one I hear? (Sharp double knock at door). *Mon Dieu!* Is it the ghos'? Twenty year ago to-night, de sam' tam on de clock, too, that knock is the same. (Knock repeated). *Diable!* (Goes to door, flings it open wide; starts).

DEVINE: Good night, old chap! Can you tell me the right way to San Michel? I've lost my whereabouts in this confounded wilderness, and thank God that I saw your light!

LAPLANTE: *Entrez, entrez, M'sieu!* I thank *le bon Dieu* that you have see it, M'sieu! Mak' yourse'f w'at you call at home on my place! Sit by de fire! The night she's fine, but she's col', M'sieu! (Devine crosses to fireplace). *Mon Dieu!* Do you dream, are you mad, Joe Laplante? *Non, non!* It is he, the same, the voice,



“Entrez, M'sieur”

the face! He has not change ver' moche after twenty year, but the devil he's always yo'ng! An' for me, I have grow so ole, he knows me not at all. *Bon! Le bon Dieu* is kin' to me at las'. He have give heem into my han' after twenty year.

DEVINE: By Jove! It's deuced cosy in here, after that dismal bush. These old Johnny Canucks seem to know how to take care of themselves.

LAPLANTE: You are col', M'sieu? 'Ave some *w'isky blanc*. Or will you prefer the gin?

DEVINE: The *whisky blanc*, thanks. You'll take some yourself?

LAPLANTE: For sure! He does not 'member me, *non*. I have grow so ole. But to-night I am yo'ng, yo'ng as twenty year! *Salut*, M'sieu! I drink your good healt', an' long life—long life, M'sieu!

DEVINE: And yours, old chap! He seems in deuced good spirits. Solitude must have its charms for him, without spoiling his sociability.

LAPLANTE: Mak' yourse'f comfortab' on my place, M'sieu! I am a poor man, M'sieu, but I will do de bes' of my possibility for to mak' you feel all right. I will get you some supper, an' you will pass de night on my place. It will be for me the grand honour, M'sieu. An' in de morning, if you lak, I will show you the way to the village. But to-night, M'sieu, it is dark as one black cat.

DEVINE: Why, man, the stars were coming out as I came in.

LAPLANTE: *Non, non!* Pardon, M'sieu! It is because you have not eat. You have see de star on de hempty inside. An' beside, it is ten, twelve mile to San Michel, troo de bush—

DEVINE: Twelve miles? Why—

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M'sieu! For true! But now you wan' to eat—

DEVINE: By Jove! I am hungry, and that's a fact. Hungry as the bear I didn't get, I guess. And—I say! If you don't mind, I'd like to wash up; make the toilet, eh?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M'sieu! *Avec plaisir!* A moment. (Lights candle; opens door at side). *Entrez*, M'sieu! (Exit Devine). The sam', for true!

After twenty year! I thank *le bon Dieu!* An' I have change so moche, he knows me not at all. But wait, wait a leetle, Joe. Go slow, my fren'. After w'ile you will mak' him know. You have not wait for notting for twenty year! (Takes up Devine's gun). *Sapristi!* It is the sam', I 'member it well. Oh, I shall go mad wit' joy! I mus' be *tranquille*. (Looks at locket). Yes, he is de same, pretty near. He has change a leetle, not moche. Not so much *couleur de rose* on hees face, mebbe, an' hees eye not so bright, hees teet' not so w'ite, per'aps, an' some leetle gray on hees 'air, by the hear, but de sam' pretty moche. He has kep' yo'ng, for twenty year. An' me, I have grow old. But to-night I am Joe Laplante, yo'ng again, strong as twenty year! (Enter Devine). *Sapréel!* He have wash and feex hees 'air, an' look more as the same. Pardon, a fine gun, M'sieu!

DEVINE: Yes, it's a pretty good old gun. They don't make better nowadays. What do you think of my game? (Takes red squirrel from bag).

LAPLANTE: *Bon!* Excellent! He shoot jus' de sam' as twenty year ago. Sit down, M'sieu De—*diable!* Pardon, M'sieu! It is the rheumateez. I have it ver' bad some tam'. I will get the supper. I keep the *crème* an' the porc an' the butter on the outside in the col' for to keep fresh. *Excusez-moi!* (Exit door back).

DEVINE: *Diable*, and no mistake! I thought he was going to say "Devine." It's devilish strange! I wonder if that *whisky blanc* has gone to my head? This room—the fire—the furniture—the place—even the man himself, in a vague way, seem strangely familiar to me. I've never been in the blessed country before, as far as I can remember, and yet nothing seems really new. Perhaps it's the magic of these Laurentian Mountains, which are said to be the oldest on the face of the earth. (Takes gold cigarette case from pocket, removes cigarette, places case on table). It is as if I had lived here, once upon a time, and known these things. The place grows tantalisingly familiar, as things do in a dream. It can't be the *whisky blanc*, either, because the sensation was the same the other morning, on

the way up in the mail coach. The road, the hills themselves, the landmarks, the glimpses of river, seemed to come back to me, mockingly, out of a long-forgotten past, to taunt my memory, elusive as the will o' the wisp. Out of the past! But what? When? And this afternoon, in the sunshine and the twilight of the wood, and to-night again, when I saw the light of that window there, the feeling was the same. (Enter Laplante).

LAPLANTE: A col' night, M'sieu, for sure! (Sets things on table). You mus' be hongry, you mus' be starve! I will be quick as one chipmonk.

DEVINE: You are too kind. What hospitable folk these poor habitants are! Meantime, to stave off starvation, I'll smoke a cigarette. What is it Marion Crawford says, in one of his stories, about the cigarette?

LAPLANTE: Pardon, M'sieu. I don' know w'at Miss Crawford she's say on dat.

DEVINE: "Before breakfast a luxury, after breakfast a necessity." A cigarette, *mon ami?*

LAPLANTE: *Non, merci.* (Examines case). Pardon, M'sieu, but it is so ver' fine.

DEVINE: It is rather swell. It's an heirloom, you know, like the gun.

LAPLANTE: It is the sam', the ver' sam', as twenty year ago, *mon Dieu!* It is ver' fine, M'sieu. I never see one so fine lak' dat before.

DEVINE: No, I dare say not. And you won't try one?

LAPLANTE: *Non, non, merci!* It would mak' me seek. It is not for me the necessaire. I can smoke notting but *le tabac canadien*.

DEVINE: And I'm afraid *le tabac canadien* wouldn't agree with me. So we won't poach on each other's plantation, eh? "Jack Spratt could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean," you know.

LAPLANTE: I prefer the fat; the fat leaf, M'sieu.

DEVINE: I see. Well, these are fat, too, in their way, in price. They cost ten cents apiece.

LAPLANTE: M'sieu!

DEVINE: And what's your name, may I ask, my good host?



“An’ I see her face was all flush”

LAPLANTE: My—my name, M’sieu? Oh, oh, yes! Philippe, Philippe, M’sieu. Jus’ Philippe. Now, M’sieu!

DEVINE: Ready already, Philippe? (Rises, throws cigarette in fireplace).

LAPLANTE: (Securing cigarette from fireplace). M’sieu has de mon’ to burn on de fire, for sure!

DEVINE: How’s that, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: W’y, you have t’row away seven, height cents, M’sieu! For sure! (Holding up burned cigarette).

DEVINE: Oh, yes, I see! At ten cents apiece, I guess you’re right, Philippe. “Waste not, want not,” eh? Well, we won’t waste any of the good things here! (Sits at table). By Jove, this looks good, Philippe! There’s nothing like the bush to give a man an appetite, eh? I always get an appetite when I go hunting, Philippe!

LAPLANTE: *Oui*, M’sieu!

DEVINE: And sometimes, when I’m lucky, a red squirrel, eh, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M’sieu! Some tam, for sure. That is all correc’.

DEVINE: I’m a red-hot sport from the city, eh, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M’sieu, for true.

DEVINE: I see you are a mighty hunter, too, Philippe.

LAPLANTE: A leetle, M’sieu; a leetle, some tam’.

DEVINE: I suppose we could have a hunt together to-morrow, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M’sieu. *Oui*, for sure!

DEVINE: Though I’m afraid I ought to be getting back to town in the morning.

LAPLANTE: Oh, *non*, M’sieu! Pardon! The mail she’s not go down from San Michel in the morning.

DEVINE: No? How’s that?

LAPLANTE: *Non*, M’sieu. The beeg rain the las’ two day have mak’ de road ver’ bad on the flat, O, ver’ bad on the foothill. The driver—dat’s old Jean Baptiste Bruneau, you know—she’s broke a w’ippetree an’ hees harness to-day, when she’s come up from *le chemin de fer*, an’ hees horse she’s lam’.

DEVINE: And I suppose we should get a deer for our trouble, eh, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, M’sieu! I will get some good dog, an’ we will go hout on the ronway by the lak’, an’ you will kill a buck, for sure!

DEVINE: By the lake, eh? Well, I’ll stay, Philippe.

LAPLANTE: *Bon*, M’sieu!

DEVINE: Down at the railway station

the other morning, Philippe, they told me the name of a man who is said to be the best hunter and trapper and guide in all Pontiac. Joseph Laplante was the name. I'd like to meet him.

LAPLANTE: *Bon!* You shall meet him, M'sieu!

DEVINE: Ah! You know him, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, I know him, I know him ver' well, M'sieu.

DEVINE: His name's familiar to me, in a way, though I don't know why it should be.

LAPLANTE: *Non?*

DEVINE: No. Is he really very good?

LAPLANTE: Good, M'sieu?

DEVINE: Yes, good! Good to hunt.

LAPLANTE: Oh, to hunt! *Oui, ouil* I onnerstan'.

DEVINE: I'm glad you do. What's the matter with the old chap? His wits seem to be half asleep. Perhaps it's past his bed time.

LAPLANTE: Pardon, M'sieu. Well, I don't know. Joe Laplante, hees hunt for twenty year, an' he don' get notting moche; not yet—not yet, M'sieu.

DEVINE: Twenty years? What does he hunt? The philosopher's stone? Perpetual motion? The elixir of life, or what?

LAPLANTE: The fox, M'sieu!

DEVINE: The fox?

LAPLANTE: *Oui*, M'sieu. The black fox.

DEVINE: The black fox? Is the old fellow speaking a parable? Or is he a little off his head? If so, we must humour him. And Joe Laplante hasn't trapped the black fox yet, Philippe?

LAPLANTE: Oh, yes, M'sieu! (Goes swiftly to door, bolts it.) He has trap de black fox at las'! (Takes up Devine's gun.)

DEVINE: (Starting up.) What does the man mean? Is he drunk or mad? Put that gun down, you fool! It's loaded!

LAPLANTE: Stand back, stand back, *M'sieu le Fox!*

DEVINE: Good God! I left a cart-ridge in each barrel. And the fellow's a madman!

LAPLANTE: So! Hees ver' hard to

find on de bush, but I have trap de black fox for true at las', M'sieu Devine!

DEVINE: In heaven's name, how does he know mine?

LAPLANTE: Oh, *oui*, I have not forgot, M'sieu, since twenty year!

DEVINE: Since twenty years? He's clean crazy; I must humour him. Look here, Philippe, old chap, why, of course, I—

LAPLANTE: Philippe? An' so I grow so ole an' w'ite, in twenty year, M'sieu Devine, that you have forgot Joe Laplante!

DEVINE: Is the man really mad, or am I? Look here, Philippe, Joe, Joe Laplante,—whatever your name may be—for God's sake put down that gun!

LAPLANTE: And so you have forgot poor Joe Laplante for tru', M'sieu. *Mon Dieu!* You do not 'member well. Your mem'ry is ver' bad, M'sieu Devine. Well, twenty year is long tam' to 'member well some leetle t'ings for *le grand seigneur* from the beeg city lak' you, per'aps. So! I will mak' your mem'ry fresh again, M'sieu. I will tell to you a story—

DEVINE: There's some hellish mistake! Put away that gun, like a good fellow, and sit down here and let's talk it all over—tell me the story—

LAPLANTE: I will tell to you the story, M'sieu Devine, for true, an' w'en I 'ave done I will shoot you like a fox!

DEVINE: My God, is he doing this for lust of gold? Look here, Philippe—Joe—here's my purse—

LAPLANTE: A black fox, M'sieu, for true, but I not kill him for de skin. I care notting for de skin, M'sieu.

DEVINE: This skin—look here, Joe—is worth three hundred dollars. See!

LAPLANTE: *Sacré!* You mock at me wit' your mon', you? Put it back, put it back, M'sieu Alec Devine!

DEVINE: My God!

LAPLANTE: Sit down, sit down, there! Now, wait. Twenty year ago to-night you come to this cabin—

DEVINE: Twenty years ago? Man, you're clean daft! I won't be twenty years old until next year. Twenty years ago I wasn't born.

LAPLANTE: *Non?* Then you might

wish you was born never, for you will never be twenty year ole, M'sieu. Twenty year ago you come here, same as to-night, rap! tap! An' per'aps your eye was more bright, your face was not so t'in, you have some more *couleur de rose* on your face, mebbe, you was more beeg on the shoulder, per'aps, you have no gray 'air on the head, an' mebbe your teet' was more w'ite—

DEVINE: Life in New York, in the big city, Joe, makes a man old sometimes at twenty years, you know.

LAPLANTE: An' some tam' it mak' heem ver' yo'ng, M'sieu. *Diable!* Will you mak' the beeg lie to me, you? *Sacré!* I am Joe Laplante the fool no more! You come that night, an' see my Virginie. My Virginie! But that is nothing to you, *le grand M'sieu* from the beeg worl' houtside. An' you stay here, one, two, t'ree day, w'en the Indian summer tam' she's come affer de firs' snow that com' wit' you that night so sof' an' w'ite also. An' you smile an' laugh an' walk wit' Virginie on de bush, an' in the evening you eat an' smoke an' mak' de joke wit' her old *grandpère*, an' in the morning you jomp an' swim on de lak'—

DEVINE: My God! I shall go mad! That lake! I remember the strange way the sight of it affected me to-day!

LAPLANTE: Sit down! An' then, one, two, t'ree more day go pas', an' one day you are not here, an' Virginie she is not here, an' then, *Mon Dieu*, come—this! (Wrenches letter from breast and throws it at Devine's feet.) Read, read, what you have forgot in twenty year!

DEVINE (picking up and staring at letter): "Montreal, November seventeenth. Dear Joe: When you get this, Virginie and I will be far away. Do not try to find us. It will be of no use. She loves me, Joe, and I will make her happy. You must not blame her. The fault is mine. Forgive, and try to forget. Yours, Alec Devine." What terrible thing is this? My God, the handwriting is mine! And yet the thing is old! Man, if you are not mad, do you believe that I wrote this? Before God, I never saw it before! I swear it!

LAPLANTE: Pst! You mak' me mad!

An' now, M'sieu, I will tell you some-ting you do not know—

DEVINE: Something I do not know!

LAPLANTE: W'en I get that, I say notting to the ole granfadder, but I tak' him to stay at Black Lake wit' my pip' dere, w'ere I pray *le bon Dieu* he will not know, not yet. An' then I drive back fas' as I can to go on Montreal, an' I kill my mare dat day I drive so fas'. An' w'en I come on Montreal, I go ever'-where, day an' night, day an' night, an' haskin' de question of ever' one. Till bye an' bye my money she's all gone, an' my heart was wil' an' seek, an' I see it was no use, an' I walk back on de road one hundred and feefy mile. An' w'en I pass by on the village, some pip' they don' spick notting, an' look at me ver' strange. But one yo'ng girl w'en I ask for w'y, she's tell me the old granfadder was come back that morning, because he's fret an' fret on Black Lake. An' I ask her quick if she's tell the ole man w'y I go on Montreal, an' she's say she tell him notting, but mebbe some of de odder pip' they say something. An' I go on, fas', though I feel ver' seek an' weak, an' my knee she's shak', for I heat notting for two day but some bread, an' w'en I come on my cabin, I ron, an' push ope de door. An' at firs' I don' see notting, for it was come near dark, an' my head was feel ver' strange, but presently I see the old granfadder sittin' alone wit' his chin on hees breas', an' the room was col' and the fire was gone out. An' I spick to him, an' say: "*Grandpère!*" lak' I alway call him, lak' dat; but he don't say notting, an' when I touch heem he don' move at all, an' w'en I look—he was dead.

DEVINE: So help me God, Joe—

LAPLANTE: Back! An' so all winter I trap an' hunt, an' w'en the spring she's come I go on Montreal an' sell de skin, an' tak' the mon', an' look an' look an' ask, till my mon' she's all gone same as before, an' the nex' spring also. An' one ver' cold night in the winter tam, w'en one, two year have pass, I go on my door to look hout on de wedder, w'en de snow was deep on the bush an' the hice was beeg on the reever, an' there

was some one lie on the snow on my door, an' I tak' her up and carry her in, all t'in an' w'ite, an' it was my Virginie.

DEVINE: Joe—

LAPLANTE: Stand back—you! *Diable!* Come one foot, and I will kill you now! An' all night she say notting, though I hask an' hask an' call her name, an' pray to *le bon Dieu*, an' all nex' day the same also. An' w'en the las' sun she's gone from the room on the window, and it grow dark on de bush, she die here on my arm. An' so at las', w'en the spring she's come an' the bird sing glad an' the grass is green on de water side, I bury her, by her ole *grandpère*, my Virginie!

DEVINE: Joe—Joe Laplante—

LAPLANTE: Look on dat window there, on the odder side of the road, on the bush, not so far, an' you can see two cross on two grave where the w'ite snow she's fall like to-night also for almos' twenty year.

DEVINE: Joe—old chap—

LAPLANTE: But that night, w'en she's come back to me at las', to her Joe Laplante what love her for true all de tam, I find somet'ing around her neck also what she has wear in her breas', close to her heart—*mon cœur!* (Wrenches locket from his breast.) Look, M'sieu! An' may *le bon Dieu* strike you dead before I have tam to kill if you will lie to me some more! (Throws locket at Devine.)

DEVINE: (Picks up and opens locket.) God! It grows clearer now! Clear? It is black as night. This girl he raves about must have been—my mother! And this—this man, who is myself in every feature, was—my father! He must have cast her off after I was born, but kept me from her. This, then, at last, is the secret they kept from me, the secret of my birth, my mother's shame, the thing they could not tell! *Her* shame! Betrayed, deserted, cast aside—what matters? I seem to see it all, to feel the truth to-night! By God! Were he alive now, almost I could make common cause against him with this man!

LAPLANTE: Well, M'sieu?

DEVINE: The sin of the father is indeed

visited upon the head of the son. Inexorable Fate, after twenty years, has brought me here to-night into this man's hands. Fit retribution at the last!

LAPLANTE: Come, come, M'sieu! You have the lie prepare again?

DEVINE: I have—no lie.

LAPLANTE: Ah, you have pray, then, to *le bon Dieu*. You have mak' yourself prepare?

DEVINE: I am ready, Joseph Laplante. And may *le bon Dieu* give you good aim. Shoot, and be quick!

LAPLANTE: So—at las'! You are brav', M'sieu!

DEVINE: Be quick, I say! I am the man! Why do you stand there, like a fool? Are you afraid?

LAPLANTE: Afraid? I?

DEVINE: Here, I will help you. I will give you a mark. Here is an heirloom I did not show you twenty years ago. (Throws open shirt at throat. A birth mark in form of a cross is seen.)

LAPLANTE: A mark? (Starts forward; stares.)

DEVINE: Come, come, man! Is it not red enough to see? Or are all things red before your eyes to-night?

LAPLANTE: By *le bon Dieu!* I am not blind! It is a birt' mark, the mark of the mother. And it is the cross, the cross of *le bon Dieu!* It was not there twenty year ago, for I 'member well when you swim on the lak'—

DEVINE: It was there, it was there!

LAPLANTE: You lie. I 'member well. Your t'roat an' breas' was w'ite and clear. There was no mark. W'y do you lie! To mock at me? Oh, I am mad! You have lie to me only at the las'. *Mon Dieu!* W'y do you rob me at the las' of my revenge? Man, *garçon*, who are you, then, if you are not him? (Goes swiftly back, and draws bolt.) Here, tak' you t'ings (bag and cap), tak' your gun from me, an' go—go! Go, go, before I am mad for true! (Exit Devine). It is the han' of *le bon Dieu* to keep me from hell! *Mon Dieu!* I could not kill heem—heem! I see, I see! I have been fool, fool! But I am blind no more. It is Virginie, her son, her son! (Falls in chair by table with arms on table and head on arms. Curtain.)

Rawley's Last Gamble

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

WHAT can I do, Dan? I am broke too. My last dollar went to pay my last debt to-day. I have nothing but what I stand in. I have prospects, but I can't discount prospects at the banks." The speaker laughed bitterly. "I have sown, and I am reaping, the same as you, Dan."

The other made a nervous motion of protest. "No, not the same as me, Flood—not the same. It's sink or swim with me, and if you can't help me—Oh, I'd take my gruel without whining, if it wasn't for Di! It's that knocks me over. It's the shame to her—and to you, Flood! Oh, what an ass and fool—and thief I've been!"

"Thief! Thief!"

Flood Rawley dropped the flaming match with which he was about to light a cheroot, and stood staring, his dark blue eyes widening, his worn, handsome face becoming drawn, as swift conviction mastered him. He felt that the black words that had fallen from his friend's lips—from the lips of Diana Welldon's brother—were the truth. He looked at the plump face, the full, amiable eyes, now misty with fright at the characterless hand nervously feeling the golden moustache, at the well-fed, inert body, and he knew that, whatever the trouble or the peril, Dan Welldon could not surmount it alone.

"What is it?" Rawley asked rather sharply, but not excitedly—he wanted no scenes; and if this thing could hurt Di Welldon, and action was necessary, he must remain cool; for what she was to him, heaven and he only knew; what she had done for him, perhaps neither understood as yet. "What have you done?

Quick!" he added, and his words were like a sharp grip upon Dan Welldon's shoulder. "Racing—cards?"

Dan Welldon nodded. "Yes, over at Saskatoon—five hundred on Jibway, the favourite (he fell at the last fence); five hundred at poker with Nick Foljambe; and a thousand in land speculation at Edmonton on margin. Everything went wrong."

"And so you put your hand in the Canadian Pacific's money chest!"

"It seemed such a dead certainty—Jibway, and the Edmonton corner blocks too. I'd had luck with Nick Foljambe and Kennarty before; but—well, there it is, Flood."

"They know—the C.P.R. people—Van Horne knows?"

"Yes, Van Horne knows. He's at Calgary now. They telegraphed him, and he wired to give me till midnight to pay up or go to jail. They're watching me now. I can't stir. There's no escape, and there's no one I can ask for help but you. That's why I've come, Flood."

"What a fool! Couldn't you see what the end would be, if your plunging didn't come off? You—you oughtn't to bet, or speculate, or play cards. You are not clever enough. You've got blind rashness, and so you think you are bold. And Di—Oh, you beast and swine—two thousand dollars! And on a salary of a thousand dollars a year!"

"I suppose Di would help me; but I couldn't explain." The weak face puckered, a lifeless kind of tear gathered in the oxlike eyes.

"Yes, she probably would help you—she'd probably give you all she is saving to go to Europe with and study, saved

from her pictures sold at twenty per cent. of their value; and she would mortgage the little income she has to keep her brother out of jail. Of course, she would, and of course you ought not to be damned to the deepest hell for thinking of it!" Rawley lighted his cigar and smoked fiercely.

"It would be better for her than my going to jail," stubbornly replied the other. "But I don't want to tell her, or to ask her for money. That's why I've come to you. You needn't be so hard, Flood; you've not been a saint—and Di knows it."

Rawley took the cheroot from his mouth, threw back his head, and laughed mirthlessly, ironically. Then suddenly he stopped and looked around the room till his eyes rested on a portrait drawing which hung on the wall opposite the window, through which the sun poured. It was the face of a girl with beautiful bronzed hair, and full, fine, beautifully modelled face, with brown eyes, deep and brooding, which seemed to have time and space behind, not before them. The lips were delicate and full, and had the look which suggests a smile that the inward thought has stayed. It was like one of the Titian women—like a Titian that hangs on the wall of the gallery at Munich. The head and neck, the whole personality, had an air of distinction and destiny. The drawing had been done by a wandering Duchess who had seen the girl sketching in the foothills, when on a visit to that wild West that has such power to refine and inspire those minds that are not superior to nature. A replica of the picture was carried to a castle in Scotland. This one had been the gift of Diana Welldon on a certain day not long ago, when Flood Rawley had made her a pledge, which so far he had kept; which was as vital to him and his future as two thousand dollars were vital to Dan Welldon now.

"You've not been a saint, and Di knows it," repeated the weak brother of a girl whose fame belonged to the West, whose name was a signal for cheerful looks, whose buoyant humour and impartial friendliness gained her innumerable friends, and whose talent, understood by few, gave her a certain protection, lifting

her a little way from the life around her, outwardly crude and provincial, in a sense without relation to the provincialism of which Europeans speak.

When Rawley spoke it was with quiet deliberation, and even gentleness. "I haven't been a saint, and she knows it, as you say, Dan; but the law is on my side as yet, and it isn't on yours, as you say. There's the difference."

You used to gamble yourself; you were pretty tough, and you oughtn't to walk up my back with hob-nailed boots."

"Yes, I gambled, Dan, and I drank, and I raised a dust out here. My record was writ pretty big. But I didn't lay my hands on the ark of the social covenant, whose inscription is, 'Thou shalt not steal!' and that's why I'm poor but proud, and no one is watching for me round the corner, same as you."

Welldon's half-defiant petulance disappeared. "What's done can't be undone." Then with a sudden burst of anguish, "For God's sake, Flood, get me out of this somehow!"

"How? I have no money. By speaking to your sister?"

The other was silent.

"Shall I do it?" Rawley peered anxiously into Welldon's face, and he knew that there was no security against the shameful trouble being laid bare to her.

"I want a chance to start straight again." The voice was fluttered, almost whining; it carried no conviction, but the words had in them a reminder of words that Rawley himself had said to Diana Welldon only a few months ago; and a new spirit stirred in him. He stepped forward and, gripping Welldon's shoulder with a hand of steel, said fiercely:

"No, Dan. I'd rather take you to her in your coffin. She has never known you, never seen what most of us have seen, that all you have, or nearly all, is your lovely looks and what they call a kind heart. There are only you two in your family, and she has to live with you, awhile anyhow. She couldn't stand this business. She mustn't stand it. She has had enough to put up with in me; but at the worst she could pass me by on the other side, and there would be an end. It would have been said that Flood Rawley

had got his deserts. It's different with you." His voice changed, softened. "Dan, I made a pledge to her that I'd never play cards again for money while I lived, and it wasn't a thing to take on without some cogitation. But I cogitated and took it on and started life over again. Began practising law again—barrister, solicitor, notary public, at forty. And at last I've got my chance in a big case against the Canadian Pacific; it will make me or break me, Dan. There, I wanted you to see where I stand with Di, and now I want you to promise me that you will not leave these rooms till I see you again. And I'll get you clear. "I'll save you, Dan."

"Flood! Flood!" The voice was broken.

"You've got to stay here, and you are to remember not to get in a funk, even if I don't come before midnight. I'll be here, then, if I'm alive. If you don't keep your word—but there, you will." Both hands gripped the graceful shoulders of the miscreant like a vice.

"So help me God, Flood!" was the frightened, whispered reply. "I'll make it up to you somehow, some day, Flood! I'll pay you back!"

Rawley caught up his cap from the table. "Steady, steady! Don't go at a fence till you are sure of your seat, Dan," he said. Then, with a long look at the portrait on the wall and an exclamation that the other did not hear, he left the room with a set, determined face, and with a light gone from it that had been there when Dan Welldon first entered his room.

"Who told you? What brought you, Flood?" the girl asked, her chin in her long white hands, her head turned from the easel to him, a book in her lap, the sun breaking through the leaves upon her hat, touching the Titian hair with splendour.

"Fate brought me and didn't tell me," he answered, with a whimsical quirk of the mouth and his trouble lurking behind the sea-deep eyes.

"Wouldn't you have come if you knew I was here?" she urged archly.

"Not for two thousand dollars," he answered, the look of trouble deepening in his eyes; but his lips smiling—he had a quaint sense of humour, and at his last

gasp would have noted the ridiculous. And surely it was a droll malignity of Fate to bring him here to her, whom, in this moment of all moments in his life, he wished far away. Fate meant to try him to the uttermost. This hurdle of trial was high indeed.

"Two thousand dollars, nothing less?" she inquired gaily. "You are too specific for a real lover."

"Fate fixed the amount," he added dryly.

"Fate—you talk so much of Fate!" she replied gravely, and her eyes looked into the distance. "You make me think of it, too, and I don't want to do so. I don't want to feel helpless, to be the child of accident and destiny."

"Oh, you get the same thing in the 'foreordination' that old Minister McGregor preaches every Sunday. 'Be elect, or be damned,' he says to us all. Names aren't important; but anyhow it was Fate that led me here."

"Are you sure it wasn't?" she asked softly. "Are you sure I wasn't calling you, and you had to come?"

"Well, it was *en route* anyhow," he answered, "and you are always calling, if I must tell you," he laughed. Suddenly he became grave. "I hear you call me in the night sometimes, and I start up and say, 'Yes, Di,' out of my sleep. It's a queer hallucination. I've got you on the brain, certainly."

"It seems to vex you," she said, opening the book that lay on her lap, "and your eyes trouble me to-day. They've got a look that used to be in them, Flood, before—before you promised, and another look I don't understand and don't like. I suppose it's always so. The real business of life is trying to understand each other."

"You have wonderful thoughts for one that's had so little chance," he said. "That is because you are a genius, I suppose. Teaching can't give that sort of thing—the insight."

"What is the matter, Flood?" she asked suddenly again, her breast heaving, her delicate, rounded fingers interlacing. "I heard a man say once that you were 'as deep as the sea.' He did not mean it kindly, but I do. You are in trouble, and

I want to share it, if I can. Where were you going when you came across me here?"

"To see old Busby, the quack doctor up there," he answered, nodding toward a shrubbed and wooded hillock behind them.

"Old Busby!" she rejoined in amazement. "What do you want with him? Not medicine of that old quack, that dreadful man?"

"He cures people sometimes. A good many out here owe him more than they will ever pay him."

"Is he as rich an old miser as they say?"

"He doesn't look rich, does he?" was the enigmatic answer.

"Does anyone know his real history? He didn't come from nowhere. He must once have had friends. Some one must once have cared for him—he seems such a monster now."

"Yet he cures people sometimes," he rejoined abstractedly. "And probably there is some good underneath. I'm going to try and see."

"What is it? What is your business with him? Won't you tell me? Is it so secret?"

"I want him to help me in a case I have in hand. A client of mine is in trouble—you mustn't ask about it—and he can help, I think—I think so." He got to his feet. "I must be going, Di," he added. Suddenly a flush swept over his face, and he reached out and took both her hands. "Oh, you are a million times too good for me!" he said. "But if all goes well, I'll do my best to make you forget it."

"Wait, wait one moment," she answered. "Before you go I want you to hear what I have been reading over and over to myself just now. It is from a book I got from Quebec called 'When Time shall Pass.' It is a story of two like you and me. The man is writing to the woman, and it has things that you have said to me in a different way."

"No, I don't talk like a book; but I know a star in a dark night when I see it," he answered, with a catch in his throat.

"Hush, beloved!" she said, catching his hand in hers, as she read, while all around them the sounds of summer, the distant clack of a reaper, the crack of a

whip, the locusts droning, the whirr of a young partridge, the squeak of a chipmunk, toned to the harmony of the moment and her voice:

Night and the sombre silence, oh my love! and one star shining. First, warm, velvety sleep, and then this quick, quiet waking to your voice which seems to call me! Is it—is it you that calls? Do you sometimes, even in your dreams, speak to me? Far beneath unconsciousness is there the summons of your spirit to me. I like to think so. I like to think that this thing which has come to us is deeper, greater than we are. Sometimes day and night there flash before my eyes, my mind's eyes, pictures of you and me in places unfamiliar—landscapes never before seen, activities uncomprehended and unknown, bright, alluring glimpses of some second being—some possible, maybe never to be realized, future, alas! Yet these swift moving shutters of the soul, or imagination, or reality—who shall say which?—give me a joy never before felt in life. If I am not a better man for this love of mine for you, I am more than I was, and shall be more than I am. Much of my life in the past was mean and small—so much that I have said and done and been unworthy, my love for you is too sharp a light for my gross imperfections of the past. Come what will, be what must, I stake my life, my heart, my soul, on you, that beautiful, beloved face, those deep eyes in which my being is drowned, those lucid, perfect hands that have bound me to the mast of your destiny! I cannot go back; I must go forward—now I must keep on loving you or be shipwreck. I did not know that this was in me, this tide of love, this current of devotion. Destiny plays me beyond my ken, beyond my dreams.

"*O Citharon,*" turn from me now, or never, O my love! Loose me from the mast, and let the storm and wave wash me out into the sea of your forgetfulness, now, or never. But keep me, keep me, if your love is great enough, if I bring you any light or joy; for I am yours to my uttermost note of life!

"He knew, he knew!" Rawley said, catching her wrists in his hands and drawing her to him. "If I could write, that's what I should have said to you, beautiful and beloved. How mean and small and ugly my life was till you made me over! I was a bad lot."

"So much hung on one little promise," she said, and drew closer to him. "You were never bad," she added, then with an arm sweeping the universe, "Oh! isn't it all good and isn't it all worth living?" she added, her face shining.

His face lost its glow. Over in the town her brother faced a ruined life, and a dark

humiliation and a shame which would poison her life hereafter threatened the girl beside him, unless—his look turned to the little house where the quack doctor lived. He loosed her hands. "Now for Caliban," he said.

"I shall be Ariel and follow you in my heart," she said. "And be sure and make him tell you the story of his life," she added with a laugh, as his lips swept the hair behind her ears.

As he moved swiftly away, watching his long strides, she said proudly, "As deep as the sea!" After a moment she added, "And he was once a gambler, until—until—" she glanced at the open book, then with sweet mockery looked at her hands—"until 'those lucid, perfect hands bound me to the mast of your destiny.' Oh, vain Diana! But they are rather beautiful," she added, "and I am rather happy." There was something like a gay little chuckle in her throat. "Oh, vain Diana!" she repeated.

Rawley entered the door of the hut on the hill without ceremony. There was no need for courtesy, and the work he had come to do could be easier done without it.

Old Busby was crouched over a table, his mouth lapping milk from a full bowl on the table. He scarcely raised his head when Rawley entered—through the open door he had seen his visitor coming. He sipped on, his straggling beard dripping. There was silence for a time. "What do you want?" the quack doctor growled at last.

"Finish your swill, and then we can talk," said Rawley carelessly. He took a chair near the door, lighted a cheroot, and smoked, watching the old man as he tipped the great bowl toward his face, as though it was some wild animal feeding. The clothes were patched and worn, the coat front was spattered with stains of all kinds, the hair and beard were unkempt and long, giving him what would have been the look of a mangy lion but that the face had the expression of some beast less honourable. The eyes, however, were malignantly intelligent, the hands, ill cared for, were long, well shaped, and capable, but a hateful yellow colour like the face.

And through all was a sense of power, dark and almost mediæval. Secret, evilly wise, and unhuman, he looked a being apart, whom men might seek for help in dark purposes.

"What do you want—medicine?" he muttered at last, wiping his beard and mouth with the palm of his hand, and the palm on his knees.

Rawley looked at the ominous-looking bottles on the shelves above the old man's head, at the forceps, knives, and other surgical instruments on the walls—they at least were bright and clean, almost uncannily so—and taking the cheroot slowly from his mouth he said: "Shinplasters are what I want. A friend of mine has had his leg caught in a trap."

The old man gave an evil chuckle at the joke, for a shinplaster was a bill worth a quarter of a dollar.

"I've got some," he growled in reply; "but they cost twenty-five cents each. You can have them for your friend at the price."

"I want eight thousand of them from you. He's hurt pretty bad," was the dogged, dry answer.

The shaggy eyebrows of the quack drew together, and the eyes peered out sharply through half-closed lids. "There's plenty of wanting and not much getting in this world," he rejoined with a leer of contempt, and spat on the floor, while yet the furtive watchfulness of the eyes indicated a mind ill at ease.

Smoke came in placid puffs from the cheroot. Rawley was smoking very hard, but with a judicial meditation, as it seemed.

"Yes, but if you want a thing so bad that, to get it, you'll face the devil or the Beast of Revelation—the Beast of Revelation, you understand!—it's likely to come to you."

"You call me a beast!" the reddish brown face grew black like that of a Bedouin Arab in his rage.

"I said the Beast of Revelation. Don't you know the Scriptures?"

"I know that a fool is to be answered according to his folly!" was the hoarse reply, and the great head wagged to and fro in its smarting rage.

"Well, I'm doing my best, and perhaps

when the folly is all out we'll come to the revelation of the beast."

There was a silence in which the gross impostor shifted heavily in his seat, while a hand twitched across the mouth and then caught at the breast of the threadbare black coat abstractedly.

Rawley leaned forward, one elbow on a knee, the cheroot in his fingers. He spoke almost confidentially, as to some ignorant and misguided savage, as he had talked to Indian chiefs in his time when searching for the truth regarding some crime.

"I've had a lot of revelations in my time. A lawyer or a doctor always does, and though there are folks who say I am no lawyer, as there are those who say with greater truth that you are no doctor, speaking technically we both have had 'revelations.' You have seen a lot that's seamy, and so have I. And you are pretty seamy yourself. In fact, you're as bad a man as ever saved lives, and lost them—threw them away, as it were. You have had a long tether, and have swung on it, swung wide. But you have had a lot of luck that you haven't swung high, too." He paused, and flicked away the ash from his cheroot, while the figure before him swayed animal-like from side to side, muttering to himself.

"You have brains—a lot of brains of a kind, however you came by them," Rawley continued. "And you have kept a lot of people in the West from passing in their checks before their time. You have rooked 'em, chiselled 'em, out of a lot of cash too. There was old Lamson, fifteen hundred for the goitre on his neck; and Mrs. Gilligan for the cancer—two thousand, wasn't it? Tincture of Lebanon leaves you called the medicine, didn't you? You must have made fifty thousand or so in the last ten years."

"What I've made I'll keep," was the guttural answer, and the talon-like fingers clawed the table.

"You have made people pay high for curing them, saving them sometimes; but you haven't paid me high for saving you in the courts, and there is one case you haven't paid me for at all. That was when the patient died, and you didn't."

The face of the old man became mottled

with a sudden fear, but he jerked it forward once or twice with an effort at self-control. Presently he steadied to the ordeal of suspense, while he kept saying to himself, "What does he know—what, which?"

"Malpractice resulting in death, that was poor Jimmy Tearle; and something else resulting in death, that was the switchman's wife. And the law is hard in the West where a woman is in the case, and the law is quick and hard. Yes, you have swung wide on your tether. Look out that you don't swing high, old man."

"You can prove nothing—it's bluff!" came the reply in a tone of malice and fear.

"You forget. I was your lawyer in Jimmy Tearle's case, and a letter has been found written by the switchman's wife to her husband. It reached me the night he was killed by the avalanche. It was handed over to me by the post-office as the lawyer acting for the relatives. I read it. I have got it. It gives you away."

"I wasn't alone." Fear had now disappeared, and the old man was fighting.

"No, you weren't alone; and if the switchman and the switchman's wife weren't dead and out of it all, and if the other man that didn't matter any more than you, wasn't alive, and hadn't a child that does matter, I shouldn't be asking you peaceably for two thousand dollars as my fee for getting you off two cases that might have sent you to prison for twenty years, or maybe hung you to the nearest tree."

The heavy body pulled itself together, the hands clinched. "Blackmail! You think I'll stand it?"

"Yes, I think you will. I want two thousand dollars to help a friend in a hole, and I mean to have it, if you think your neck is worth it."

Teeth wonderfully white showed through the shaggy beard. "If I had to go to prison or swing, as you say, do you think I'd go with my mouth shut?" A hateful, grisly leer made his face that of a devil. "I'd not pay up alone. The West would crack. I know enough to make it sick. Go on and see. I've got the West in my hand." He opened and shut his hand

with a grimace of cruelty that shook Rawley in spite of himself.

Rawley had trusted to the inspiration of the moment. He had had no clearly defined plan; he had believed that he could frighten the old man and by force of will bend him to his purposes. It had all been more difficult than he had expected. He kept cool, imperturbable, and determined, however. He knew that what the old quack said was true. The West might shake with scandal concerning a few who, no doubt, in remorse and secret fear, had more than paid the penalty of their offences. But he thought of Di Welldon and of her criminal brother, and every nerve, every faculty was screwed to its utmost limit of endurance and capacity.

Suddenly the old man gave a new turn to the event. He got up, and rummaging in an old chest drew out a dice box. Rattling the dice, he threw them out on the table before him, a strange, excited look crossing his face.

"Play for it!" he said, in a harsh, croaking voice. "Play for the two thousand! Win it if you can! You want it bad. I want to keep it bad. It's nice to have; it makes a man feel it warm, money does. I'd sleep in ten-dollar bills, I'd have my clothes made of them, if I could. I'd have my house papered with them; I'd eat them. Oh, I know, by all the fires of hell! I know about you, and her, Diana Welldon. You've sworn off gambling, and you've kept your pledge for nearly a year. Well, it's twenty years since I gambled—twenty years. I gambled with these then." He shook the dice in the box. "I gambled everything I had away, more than two thousand dollars—more than two thousand dollars!" He laughed a raw, mirthless laugh. "Well, you're the greatest gambler in the West. So was I, in the East. It pulverised me at last, when I'd nothing left, and drink, drink, drink! I gave up both one night and came out West. I started doctoring here. I've got money—money—plenty of money—medicines, mines—land got it for me. I've been lucky. Now you—you come to bluff me—me! You don't know old Busby—I'm not to be bluffed. I know too much. Before they could lynch me, I'd talk. But to play you, the

greatest gambler in the West, for two thousand dollars—yes, I'd like the sting of it again—twos, fours, double sixes, the gentleman's game." He rattled the dice and threw them with a flourish out on the table, his evil face lighting up as by a flame of fire. "Come, you can't have something for nothing," he growled.

As he spoke a change came over Rawley's face. It lost its cool imperturbability; it grew paler, the veins on the fine forehead stood out, a new, flaring light came into the eyes. The old gambler's spirit was alive. But even as it rose, sweeping him into that area of fiery abstraction where every nerve is strung to a fine tension and the surrounding world disappears, he saw the face of Diana Welldon, he remembered her words to him not an hour before, and the issue of the conflict, other considerations apart, was without doubt. But there was her brother and his certain fate, if the two thousand dollars was not paid in by midnight. He was desperate. It was in reality for Diana's sake. He approached the table, and his old calm returned.

"I have no money to play with," he said quietly. With a gasp of satisfaction the old man fumbled in the inside coat and drew out layers of hundred dollar bills. It was lined with them. He passed a pile over to Rawley, two thousand dollars. He placed a similar pile before himself.

As Rawley laid his hand on the bills, the thought rushed through his mind, "You have it, keep it!" but he put it away from him. With a gentleman, he might have done it, with this low creature before him it was impossible. He must take his chances, and it was the only chance in which he had hope now, unless he appealed to this quack for humanity's sake, for the girl's sake, and told the truth, and it might avail. Well, that would be the last resort.

"For small stakes," said the grimy quack in a gloating voice.

Rawley nodded, and then added, "We stop at eleven, unless I've lost or won all before that."

"And stake what's left on the last throw?"

"Yes."

There was silence for a moment, in which Rawley seemed to grow older, and

a set look came to his mouth—a broken pledge, no matter what the cause, brings heavy penalties to the honest mind. He shut his eyes for an instant, and when he opened them he saw that his fellow gambler was watching him with his eyes half closed and an enigmatical and furtive smile. Did this Caliban have some understanding of what was at stake in his heart and soul?

"Play!" Rawley said sharply, and was himself again.

For hour after hour there was scarcely a sound save the rattle of the dice, and an occasional exclamation from the old man as he threw a double six. As dusk fell, the door had been shut and a lighted lantern was hung over their heads.

Fortune had fluctuated. Once the old man's pile had diminished to two notes, then the luck had changed and his pile grew larger, then fell again; but as the hands on the clock on the wall above the blue medicine bottles reached a quarter to eleven it increased steadily throw after throw.

Now the player's fever was in Rawley's eyes. His face was deadly pale, but his hand threw steadily, calmly, almost negligently, as it might seem. All at once at eight minutes to eleven the luck turned in his favour, and his pile mounted again. Time after time he threw double sixes. It was almost uncanny. He seemed to see the dice in the box, and his hand threw them out with the precision of a machine. Long afterwards he had this vivid illusion that he could see the dice in the box. As the clock was about to strike eleven he had before him three thousand eight hundred dollars. It was his throw.

"Two hundred," he said in a whisper, and threw. He won.

With a gasp of relief he got upon his feet, the money in his hand. He stepped backward from the table, then staggered, and a faintness passed over him. He had sat so long without moving that his legs swayed under him. There was a pail of water with a dipper in it on the bench. He caught the dipper full of water, drank it empty, and let it fall in the pail again with a clatter.

"Dan," he said abstractedly—"Dan, you're all safe now!"

Then he seemed to wake as from a dream and looked at the old man at the table. He was leaning on it with both hands and staring at Rawley like some animal jaded and worn from pursuit. Rawley walked back to the table and laid down two thousand dollars.

"I wanted only two thousand," he said, and put the other two in his pocket.

The evil eyes gloated, the long fingers clutched the pile and swept it into a great inside pocket. Then the shaggy head went forward. "You said it was for Dan," he said—"Dan Welldon?"

Rawley hesitated. "What is that to you?" he said at last.

With a sudden impulse the old impostor lurched round, opened a box, drew out a roll and threw it on the table. "It's got to be known sometime," he said, "and you'll be my lawyer when I'm put into the ground. You're clever all right enough. They call me a quack. Malpractice, bah! There's my diploma. James Clifton Welldon—that's all right, isn't it?"

Rawley was petrified. He knew the forgotten story of James Clifton Welldon, the specialist turned gambler, who had almost ruined his own brother, the father of Dan and Diana, at cards and dice, and had then ruined himself and disappeared. Here, where his brother had died, he had come years ago, and practised medicine as a quack.

"Oh, there's plenty of proof, if it's wanted," he said. "I've got it here." He tapped the box behind him. "Why did I do it? Because it's my way, and you're going to marry my niece, and'll have it all some day, the price of malpractice and all. But not till I've finished with it, not unless you win from me at dice or cards. But, no!" something human came into the old degenerate face. "No more gambling for the man that's to marry her—to marry Diana! There's a wonder and a beauty!" He chuckled to himself. "She'll be rich when I've done with it. You're a lucky man. Aye, you're lucky!"

Rawley was about to tell the old man what the two thousand dollars was for, but a fresh wave of repugnance passed over him, and hastily drinking another dipperful of water, he opened the door. He

looked back. The old man was crouching forward, lapping milk from the great bowl, his beard dripping. In disgust Rawley swung round again. The fresh, clear air caught his face.

"Thank God!" he said with a gasp of relief, and stepped out into the night, closing the door behind him.

One morning a year later the West came to know the true story of old Busby,

the quack doctor, who was found dead in his bed with his overcoat on, and a blanket over him, both of which were lined with bank bills of all denominations.

But Diana Welldon remained ignorant still of the one deceit her husband practised against her. On the whole they are quits, as Dan said, and Dan had reason to know. Dan mattered, but Diana mattered more; and so the world thinks. For a girl from the West her vogue is remarkable.

Evening Boat Song

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

WHEN the wind comes out of the gloaming west,
 With the song of a sundown sea,
 And the full tide flows over rock and reef,
 Right merrily home sail we,
 We, the lads of the rope and oar,
 Next of kin to the wave and shore,
 Heartsome and glad and free!
 From the gray old ocean across the bar,
 All beacon-led by the evening star;
 On our path of sunset and sparkling foam
 We come to haven and rest and home.

A misty mood in the far south-west
 Has hung her silver bow;
 And over the harbour's purpling rim
 The evening bells in the valleys dim
 Are ringing sweet and low;
 But a merrier song have we to sing,
 As over the rocking waves we swing,
 And the flicker and glow where our homelights are
 Is fairer to us than the evening star.

Behind us there on the darkling sea,
 The wind is calling enticingly;
 Just as it called at break of day,
 When out of the harbour we sailed away;
 But the day is over, the task is done,
 The boats must sail in at the set of sun,
 And sweet is our sleep on the quiet shore
 When we come from our quest of the sea once more!

French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRECHETTE

L'Islet legend of the Mass of the Ghost, compared with a similar legend told in Brittany

THE second category comprehends other legends, also imported from the old country, but the scenes and heroes of which have become, with time, located within the boundaries of our country. Such are, for instance, the legend of Satan being forced, by a trick of a good priest, to work at the construction of a church, in the shape and form of a wild horse bridled with the good priest's own stole. One day, a mason, not knowing the nature of the animal, and moved with pity at his efforts to free himself, had the imprudence to untie the knot, in order to allow the beast to drink with ease. The charm was broken, and nobody ever could carve out of the stone the traces of the kick the Evil One gave in getting lose. The stone is still there, and can be seen at the church of St. Francis in the Island of Orleans. But it can be seen also in two or three places in France, where the legend is still related in more or less different forms.

"I was not surprised," says the late lamented Wm. McLennan, in the Preface of his last volume, "In Old France and New," "to hear a friend repeat a story told by her French-Canadian servant Philomène, which was the old legend of the monk, who, pondering on the text, 'For a thousand years are in Thy sight but as yesterday when it is past,' stopped to listen to the nightingale in the wood, and when he returned to the convent, found that a hundred years were gone and his world with them.

But Philomène related it as having happened to 'Mr. Blondel, the parish priest of Sainte-Geneviève,' with every circumstantial detail of ordinary life, as if it had occurred in the lifetime of her mother, from whom she inherited the story."

Such is also the case with the legend called the *Mass of the Ghost*. This one deserves a particular notice.

In a lecture delivered before the Canadian Institute of Quebec, in 1877, the late Mr. Chauveau told us a legend, the scene of which was the Canadian parish of L'Islet. It is that of a priest dead fifty years previous, who appeared every night as the clock struck twelve, at the altar, in sacerdotal garments, to offer up a mass that he is always obliged to put off, because of the lack of an assistant to recite the responses.

This priest is headless; this mass has been imposed on him as a punishment for having indulged in frivolous thoughts at the altar during his ministry.

One night, a pupil of the Quebec Seminary, having happened to fall asleep in a pew, is unwittingly locked up in the church and witnesses the apparition. Discovered half unconscious in the morning, the boy hurries off to relate the occurrence to the *curé*, who begs him to shut himself anew in the church, and to have the courage to recite the answers of this gruesome mass. The child accepts the frightful task, and saves the unfortunate priest from

the flames of purgatory. This story is quite popular in the Quebec districts.

Now let me tell you what I heard related in Brittany. On the left bank of the Loire, fifteen miles from Nantes, is an old chapel called the Chapel of Bethlehem, the main entrance of which is glass-paned and permits to see what may be going on in the interior.

One All-Saints day, a lady, from the Pellerin, who wished to reach Nantes early the next morning to perform her devotions of All-Soul's day, had ordered a coachman to come for her at daybreak. Strange enough, it was not twelve yet when both of them were driving out, the coachman having taken the vague light of the rising moon for the first break of dawn, and awakened the lady three hours too soon. It happened thus that they passed before the chapel at twelve o'clock precisely. To their surprise the interior was illuminated. No one had been there for years; what could it mean?

"Would you try and see what is the matter?" said the lady to her driver.

The coachman jumped down from the carriage, and went straight to the door of the chapel. But he had scarcely put his eye against the glass for a minute, when the poor fellow fell on his knees, and then precipitately clambered into the carriage, saying: "For God's sake, let us be off!"

Now, this is what he had seen and heard. At the gleaming of the candles lighted as for a mass, he had seen a priest in his chasuble reclining at the foot of the altar, and saying in a plaintive and lugubrious voice: "*Introibo ad altare Dei!*"

Three times the priest repeated these first words of the divine service, making a long pause after each utterance. The third time, he waited a little longer; his head sunk on his breast as if under the

weight of profound despair. Then he turned slowly to look around. It was at this moment that the coachman had dropped on his knees, his hair standing on end with horror. This priest had the head of a skeleton.

In a twinkling the vision had disappeared, and the interior of the chapel was again plunged in darkness. As in the Canadian legend the witness of this strange apparition had reached home completely nonplussed, and went to tell the story to his parish priest. And also, as in the Canadian legend, he had to devote himself to save the unfortunate. The year after, at the same date and at the same hour, the brave man stood at the door of the chapel to respond to the mysterious mass, having learned the Latin words in the interval.

The mass went on to the end. At the moment of the benediction, the ghost turned around once more; the haggard and grimacing dead head had given way to a luminous face, bearing an ineffable expression of serenity. And the coachman, kneeling on the threshold, heard a voice with celestial intonation, saying:

"I was condemned to come here every year on All-Saints night, until I found a charitable soul who would assist me in saying a mass that I had neglected when on earth. It is six hundred years to-night that my punishment has lasted. Whoever you may be, I owe you my salvation; be blessed, you and yours, unto the seventh generation."

Isn't this, almost in its perfect integrity, the Canadian legend of L'Islet?

And still the person who related the story to me gave the very names of the actors, and pretended to know the families concerned, and observed that the coachman in question and his children had prospered in an exceptional manner since the strange occurrence.

In the January number Dr. Frechette will relate the Legends of the Chasse-Galerie, the Loups-Garous, the Fi-Follels and the Lutins.

Portage La Loche Voyageurs

By JOHN PERCIVAL TURNER

A picturesque calling that has practically disappeared with the opening up of the Great West.

A LONG the wooded slopes flanking the Red River below Fort Garry the snow had disappeared beneath the warm, south winds and bright sunshine of early May. With crush and turmoil and angry roar, the fettered river had rent its winter mantle and swept the grinding ice-packs far out upon Lake Winnipeg. Overhead the wild geese passed northward in long lines; and like purple gossamer laid lightly on the uplands the wild crocus spread its fleecy bloom upon the plain.

Spring was at hand. Around the fort men chatted cheerfully after the long lethargy of uneventful winter. A few Cree Indians loafed along the sunny exterior of the palisade, and several lean, shaggy dogs idled lazily about, their long winter's work ended. Within the fort merchandise was being got ready—consisting chiefly of flour and pemmican, done up in "pieces" of approximately one hundred pounds each—and the mail packets were being sorted for the different northern posts; while from the river, where the big York boats lay hauled out upon the bank, sounds of busy preparation mingled with the gay songs of the *voyageurs* could be heard at intervals.

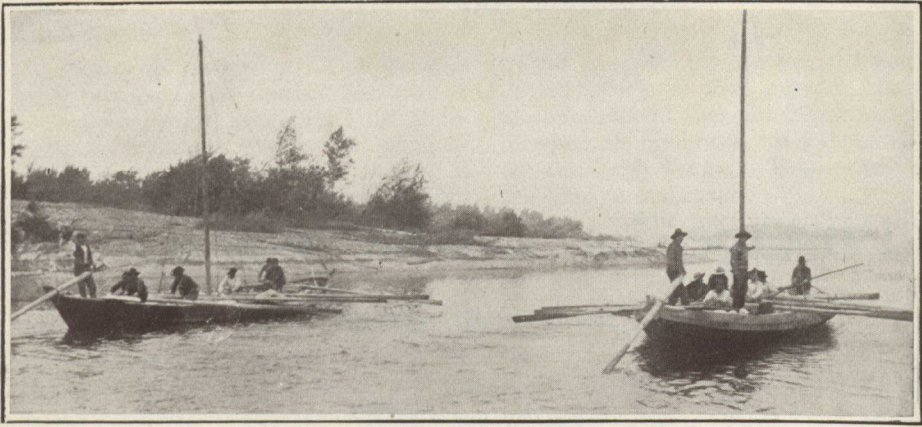
Directing the overhauling and refitting of the twelve cumbrous craft, which made up the two Portage La Loche brigades, were two men, Baptiste Bruce and Alexis L'Esperance, whose names were synonymous with pioneer life on the Red River, and who for many years commanded and guided the "Company's"

boats between Fort Garry and Hudson's Bay. Baptiste Bruce could boast of Highland Scotch, French and Indian blood, and within his rugged frame the dauntless spirit and mettle of the old-type



BAPTISTE BRUCE

A famous guide of the Portage la Loche brigade



YORK BOATS ON LAKE WINNIPEG

frontiersman. Born on the English (Churchill) River, he commenced his career in the boats of that district in 1826. His abilities and knowledge of the route traversed by his boats, soon gained for him the position of guide, which he held for seven years. Being of a roving, adventurous turn of mind, he spent the next twelve years in various capacities throughout the North, chiefly as pilot on the wild and treacherous Liard River. In 1848 he accompanied Dr Rae, the explorer, to Point Barrow on the Arctic coast, and in the following year, on the partition of the Portage La Loche brigade, he was appointed to the command of a division. The other—Alexis L'Esperance—a giant in strength and physique, was a resourceful Canadian of French descent. Entering the service of the Company in 1815, he began a long, strenuous life of toil upon the rivers of the North. In 1824 he accompanied Sir George Simpson, as canoe man, on his first journey to Vancouver Island, and on return was given command of the Red River brigade, running each summer to York Factory. In 1833, upon the retirement of Lawrence Cadotte, commander of the Portage La Loche brigade from the time of its formation in 1826, he succeeded to the premier position among the Canadian *voyageurs*.

Seldom was paralleled in the history of the fur trade a life of such hardship and exposure as these two stalwart figures annually faced. Before them lay the

huge, grim wilderness of the North, over hundreds of miles of trackless waters stretched their course, and upon its tossing waves and foaming rapids five months of ceaseless toil awaited them.

Little time was lost in preparing the boats for their long, summer voyage. Patches were fitted where old timbers had become water-rotted or broken; seams were calked and pitched; oars repaired or new ones shaped, and by the end of May, the first brigade of boats was launched upon the turbid waters of the river. To avoid confusion on the *portages*, the brigades departed at an interval of several days. Fore and aft and amidships the cargoes were stowed away with careful precision, and the heavy-laden flotilla was ready for the start. Early on a June morning, while yet the stars twinkled, and only a faint streak of light to eastward foretold the dawn, the crews clustered round the boats. A few hurried handshakes, a wild babble of strange imprecations and barking of dogs, a last invocation and sign of the Cross against a safe return, and the men sprang lightly to their places and pushed off into mid-stream. Four pairs of rowers or middlemen in each boat awaited their commander's word, with oars ready. Steersmen or captains completed the crews, and towering erect over all in the stern of the first boat stood Baptiste Bruce. "*Avant, mes enfants,*" shouted the commander; the oars dipped together as with one stroke, the boats leaped forward

down the stream. "*Bon voyage, Baptiste*"....."*Bon voyage, Pierre*".....*Adieu*.....*Adieu*".....Gradually the farewells ceased, the splashing of the oars grew indistinct, and with their measured sweep came drifting back the rollicking refrain of the old boat song:

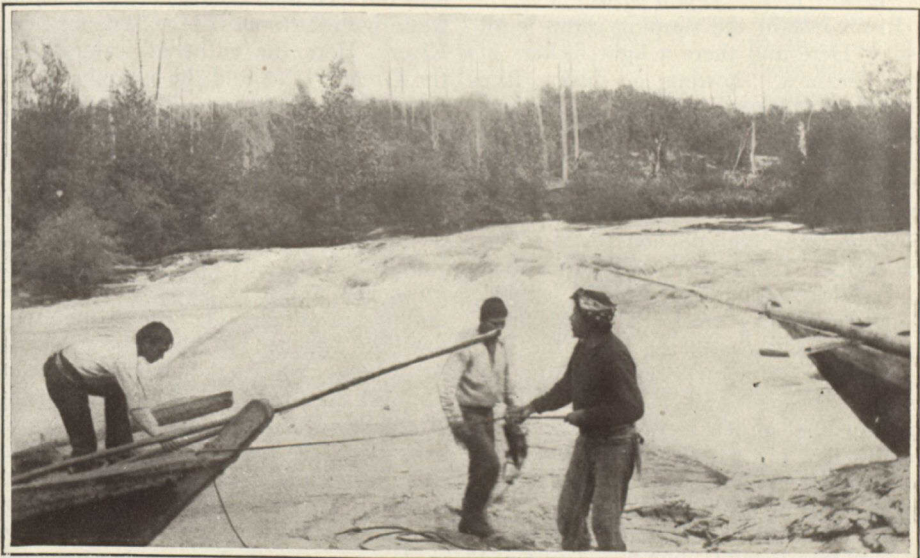
*En roulant ma boule roulant; en roulant ma
boule,
Derrier chez nous ya l'un etang. En roulant
ma boule,
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant, rouli,
roulant, ma boule roulant.
En roulant ma boule.*

For several hours the boats swept on, down the long reaches and bends of the Red River, past the few scattered settlements, along the wooded shores. Then breakfast on some sloping bank—a hasty boiling of kettles; a frugal though sustaining meal of "rubaboo" (pemmican stew), bannock and tea; a draw at the ubiquitous pipe—and away again, with grind and splash of oars. On past St. Andrew's Rapids, the high banks below the Stone Fort, the Indian settlement of St. Peter's and the broad marshlands at the river's mouth. Before them Lake Winnipeg's huge expanse now stretched northward for three hundred miles. With favourable winds, the masts were erected amidships and the big square-

sails bellied out before the breeze, giving the hard-worked oarsmen an interval of rest. But should head winds prevail, the boats worked slowly, with plunging oars, across the long traverses from point to point, skirting the wild and rugged eastern shore; or failing to battle with the running seas and buffeting wind, they sought shelter in some favourable cove.

Hard was the life of the most seasoned *voyageur* upon this long and treacherous highway to the North. With straining backs bent to the groaning oars, as the heavy boats slowly pounded through the white-topped waves and the wind-lashed spray fell and soaked them to the skin, the crews pressed on and on. Then night crept out upon the lonely waters and brought its few, short hours of sleep and rest beneath the flickering stars.

Scanty were the provisions for these welcome halts on spruce-fringed shore or lonely isle. Flour and pemmican from the Company's stores, tea and tobacco provided by themselves, and now and then a fish or grouse picked up by the way, gave a monotonous sameness to the simple fare of these happy-go-lucky freighters. When drenching rains came down upon the little camp, the waterproof



TRACKING UP FRANKLIN'S RIVER



RUNNING WITH THE WIND

"*prelarts*" sufficed as shelter for the night; at other times, the *voyageur* wrapped himself in his single blanket and slept unsheltered on the ground, till the silence of the surrounding forest was broken by the resonant voice of guide or captain summoning his faithful sea-dogs to another day of toil upon the oars.

"*Lève! Lève! Il faut partir!*"

In an instant the sleeping camp is all astir. Here and there a light flickers in the darkness, showing a dusky face behind a blackened pipe-bowl. The few camp requisites find their places in the boats; someone strikes up an old French *chanson*—perhaps *La Belle Rose*, or *La Petite Jeanneton*, strangely commingling with the many high-pitched voices round the boats. The broad keels grate upon the sand-ribbed shore; already the "chunk, chunk" of bulky rowlocks sounds over the sleeping bosom of the lake; the last boat trails off, with swish and dip of sweeping blades; and, as the sun peeps up over the spruce forests in the east, the deserted bivouac lies far behind, and the cheerful breakfast fires blaze merrily on some jutting headland.

And so, toiling with wind and wave, subjected to drenching rains and pestered by myriad hosts of flies and mosquitoes,

about the tenth day out from Fort Garry, the brigade reached Norway House, at the northern extremity of the lake. Here supplies from the prairies were exchanged for articles of trade which had been previously forwarded from York Factory and consigned to the inland districts of Mackenzie and Athabasca. The boats now retraced their course, swinging southwesterly to the mouth of the Saskatchewan River. Here the gathered waters from the Great Plains and the summits of the Eastern Rockies come thundering and foaming over the Grand Rapids into Lake Winnipeg, thence to be carried down the Nelson River to Hudson's Bay.

The first *portage* and one of the stiffest on the route was made at the Grand Rapids. The boats were tracked (towed) up stream as far as possible, each crew pulling in single file upon the long tow-line attached to their boat's bow. At a spot where the seething waters tumbled over the face of a jutting point of rocks, sheltering a quiet eddy of backwater, the boats were unloaded, and now began the real test of agility and muscle. To those whose life had been largely spent under the packstrap, the work upon the *portages* was as second nature, but it never failed to arouse a

grand show of importance, a keen sense of rivalry and an outward flourish of light-heartedness and gay mockery among the old *voyageurs*, which not only facilitated the handling of the cargoes but incited the new hands to redoubled exertions, in the fear of proving unequal to the task. Two "pieces" of merchandise, each averaging about one hundred pounds, constituted a load. No matter how slippery or rough the *portage* trail, a lighter load was never thought of, in fact it was often increased through sheer rivalry, till loads were carried which now seem almost incredible. On one occasion a noted *voyageur* named Villebrun adjusted the pack strap and called to his steersman, whose duty it was to load the men of his boat, to load away. Five "pieces" were secured on the sturdy Villebrun, but he called for more and only with the breaking of the headband, when the seventh "piece," or approximately seven hundred pounds, had been placed upon his back, did he desist in his demands for a "proper load!" On other occasions he would stand erect on the high prow of his boat, receive his load, and hopping lightly to the ground trot nimbly away across the *portage*. This was a feat that but few could master, and was one of many which gave him a hard-earned reputation throughout the rivers of the North.

The boats being lightened of their cargoes, they were further tracked as far as it was possible and were then hauled over the *portage* on rollers to the head of the rapids. From here the course up the Saskatchewan held north-westerly for two hundred and sixteen miles to Cumberland or Pine Island Lake.

Having passed the long *portage* of

Grand Rapids, two more short *portages* at the Roche Rouge and Cross Lake Rapids brought the brigade to the island-studded expanse of Cross Lake, at the head of which lies the Demi-Charge—so named from the fact that York boats, in being tracked up it, only carry half cargoes. Above the Demi-Charge the finest scenery on the whole Saskatchewan route is to be seen, resembling and being quite equal to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Lying in all its wild, primeval grandeur, known only to the northern traveller and fur-trader, this broad sheet of racing water, widening above into the beautiful Cedar or Bourbon Lake, awaits the coming of the outside, pleasure-seeking world, less known and

less travelled than was the Upper St. Lawrence in the days of the French *régime*. Here about the year 1740, Varennes de la Verandrye built Fort Bourbon, the first inland trading post in these northern wilds.



YORK FACTORY, FROM AN OLD DRAWING

Leaving the rugged Lac Bourbon, the *voyageurs* passed the Indian settlement of Chimahawin, where the river banks recede in broad reaches of low-lying country, till lost in one huge marsh about ten miles in length, through which the river meanders in a hundred different channels. The only camping ground in this huge morass is a small island, aptly named Kettle Island, as it has always been a regular stopping place for a welcome rest and boiling of kettles in the long pull through the Chimahawin marshes. The course now lies through a long succession of lakes and marshes, past the Pas Mission and Post, Lake Atik-a-make (Whitefish) and the Big Bend, till the Sturgeon River is reached. Here a boat was dispatched for provisions to Cumberland House, a few miles west-

ward on the lake of that name, and the others turned northward through the Sturgeon into Namew and Amisk lakes. Many shallows were now encountered, and the boats were slowly poled through lake and river to the Portage du Fort de Traite, or Frog Portage, which marks the watershed between the Saskatchewan and Churchill rivers. Another long pull up the lakes and rivers of the Upper Churchill, past many *portages*, through Sandfly, Knee and Primeau lakes, and down the broad expanse of Lac La Crosse, brought the brigade to Fort Isle a La Crosse, about five hundred miles above Cumberland. After a brief rest, the last hundred miles of the long journey westward up the headwaters of the Churchill was traversed, and passing through the Methy Lake, the twelve-mile *portage* of La Loche was reached.

Ever since the beginning of the fur trade, the Portage La Loche, or Long Portage, has formed the gateway to the North. Here the waters on the one side flow eastward to Hudson's Bay, on the other they seek the Athabasca and Great Slave lakes, thence to flow northward down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Sea.

For two months the *voyageurs* had worked their heavy boats into the great wilderness of the fur country, and Fort Garry on the far-off Red River lay more than a thousand miles behind. For as long, the brigades from the north, bringing the winter catches of furs from Mackenzie and Athabasca, had toiled up stream to the *Great Divide*, there to exchange their precious cargoes for the merchandise brought hither by Bruce and L'Esperance from Norway House.

Day after day under the burning July sun the men toiled over the Long Portage, going half way, or six miles, with merchandise, returning with furs (the northern men reversing the order of loads), till the last heavy packages were stowed away in the boats to resume the long journeys to their distant destinations. To work with but a brief intermission through those sweltering, fly-infested days, bending forward, under the straining tump-line, across the long, rock-littered trail; to toil beneath a load which drew the

leather band deep into the swollen forehead and stiffened the aching neck and shoulders; and this after months of toil, buffeting the wind-lashed waves and racing rapids, surmounting a hundred shorter *portages*, always exposed to the mercy of the elements, was not the work of weak men, and little wonder that the supreme test of manhood on those highways of the North should be the grim test of the Long Portage, which only could be mastered by the most enduring.

And now, in the early days of August, as Nature veiled the forest solitudes beneath her first autumnal flush, as the restless broods of ducks grew strong of wing and the cranberry reddened in the cooling nights, the farewell singing of departing *voyageurs* echoed o'er the waters, and as the last boat vanished 'midst the green-clad isles, the startled silence of the Methy Lake returned.

With the departure from the Portage La Loche, the backbone of the long northern journey was broken, and now running free with the current, the deeply-laden boats raced past rapids and tumbling waters till the Churchill and Saskatchewan rivers had been left behind; and once more the dipping prows ploughed the white-topped crests of Lake Winnipeg towards Norway House.

Here but a brief halt was made. Turning eastward from the Nelson River, some twenty-five miles below the fort, the boats were poled and tracked up stream to the narrow divide of the Echiomameesh (meaning in Cree, "Water flowing both ways"), beyond which a narrow river rises among low muskegs and marks the beginning of a continuous waterway, under a multitude of names and characteristics, from here to tidewater on Hudson's Bay. Entering Franklin's River—named after Sir John Franklin, who was nearly drowned there in 1819—the brigade worked easterly to the Robinson Portage, thence through a long chain of lakes to Oxford House, on the lake of that name, and down the Hayes River to York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, three hundred and forty-five miles from Lake Winnipeg. The bales of furs from the far north and west were turned over here

to be shipped to England; and in return many articles of trade required at the inland posts and which had arrived from London by the annual vessel, were taken on, and the weary *voyageurs* turned their faces homeward towards Fort Garry—seven hundred miles inland, on the confines of the Great Prairie.

September was gone as Norway was again passed, and with favourable weather the boats approached the mouth of the Red River by the end of the first week in October.

By the time Baptiste Bruce and his follower L'Esperance, with their respective brigades, again drew near Fort Garry, the summer had come and gone, and a distance of something like three thousand miles had been traversed. Each year, with the breaking of the ice in the northern rivers, these wilderness freighters departed on their long and toilsome voyage—a voyage unique in the annals of time—the longest inland water route on the continent and one by which the frugal necessities of a country as large as Europe were supplied. Upon the individual efforts of these two great guides and their hardy *voyageurs* hung the fortunes of the buffalo hunter far out on the Missouri Couteau and the Great Plains, the guttural Chipe-wyan and Loucheau of the Athabasca and Mackenzie, the Eskimo on the bleak sea-coasts of the Western Arctics, the labouring missionaries and the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company scattered throughout the Great Northwest.

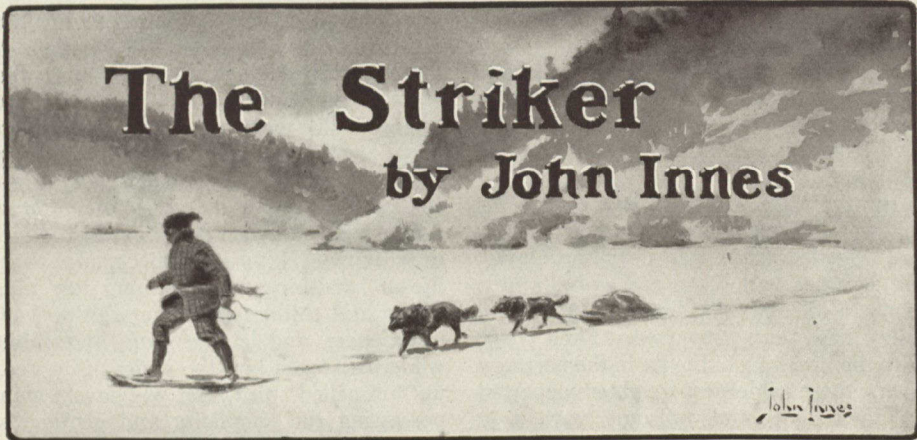
To-day men are lauded and championed for attempting journeys far less fraught with dangers than was the long, tortuous course on which Bruce and L'Esperance spent the hey-day of their lives. And of those wild and faithful crews at their command, who have been more often pictured as a class of lawless carousers, than as the stout-hearted argonauts of northern lake and river, on whom the great Company depended much but bestowed little, we can at least say that, in spite of their excesses during the relaxation of their hard-earned rests, they

embraced all those rare qualities of manliness and pluck so truly characteristic of the pathfinders of the West.

In the half-hidden history of the pioneer West, we get vague glimpses of many varied types of men, whose very existence was essential in the long struggle against the primeval wilderness. The annals of those vanished days centre round the great achievements of these stalwart figures. The very elements with which they battled produced men of strong metal—a strange conglomerate of different virtues and many passions. Throw a man upon his own resources in the lap of untamed Nature; subject him to a life of hardship and privation; toss him hither and thither upon the whirlpool of experience; and let the grim, inexorable wilderness teach him the ethics of its free, untrammelled spirit, and you have a man possessing the simplicity and gentleness of a child, with the inherent recklessness and abandon of the savage. Cast him headlong amidst the thousand perils of his precarious existence, and he becomes the more immune from fear, or if he must, he dies as he has lived—heedless of the cost. Tame him and conventionalise him if you can, denying him the freedom of his careless life, and he sickens as the up-rooted anemone, or dies a pitiful alien in your midst. But meet him in his natural environments and you meet a *man*. Tempt him and he is at once gladly submissive; oppose him and he becomes a cruel menace and a merciless terror. Severely bitter to his foe, unswervingly loyal to his friend—such was the half-Indian *voyageur* of the bye-gone days; and thus was this purely Canadian figure fitted by nature for the part he played. Combined in this picturesque frontiersman, were the sole essentials that could equip him for his plucky life. Never before had the world produced his prototype, and never again will the forests of the North ring with his cheery song, or the silence of those lonely lakes he loved be awakened with the music of his sturdy blade.

The Striker

by John Innes



ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THROUGH branches weighted with midwinter snows, a full moon poured broken pools of brilliant light. Silence unspeakable claimed all the northern woods, save when some far-spreading evergreen, over-laden, let fall its burden in cascades of iridescent mist.

Amid the black shadows forms appeared, and the growing swish of snowshoes drifted rhythmically. Soon Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, closely followed by his dog-team, trotted from the checkered gloom into the moonshine. For a moment he stood; then, with a snatch of French song, ran down a steep incline to where the lights of the Treadmill Lumber Camp flared redly from the buildings on the cleared land far below. Having reached the bunk-house door, he gave his huskies their daily ration of corn-meal and tallow-cake, shouldered his packs and entered.

A chorus of yells greeted him. The men were taking their ease after supper. Some played cards at the rough table; some sat swinging their feet over the edge of the bunks; some essayed to read ancient copies of various publications by the misty light of badly trimmed lanterns swinging from several vantage

points. The place was heavy with smoke from pipes in many stages of decomposition; and the long line of steaming sox, hung on lines to dry ready for tomorrow's work in the bush, lent to the atmosphere an odour of peculiar distinction. But Napoleon Antoine Gardeau was accustomed to these things; besides, was he not of much importance, for did he not carry the King's mails? So he gave no sign that he noticed either smells or yells; as was quite befitting in one of his station—a public functionary on an errand of State.

All hands forsook their occupations and gathered about him as he unfastened his packs. A casual observer would have been unaware that Napoleon was there at all; for, though possessing a mighty opinion of himself and his powers, nature had satirically cast him in most insignificant mold; and, surrounded as he was by a motley aggregation of big sons of the woods, the only indication of his presence was his voice, which soon arose shrilly:

"*Mes amis*, do not poosh, you will yet get your lettairs; but first I, Napoleon, mus' take ze mail of His Majesty to ze boss, me!"

They crowded closer, and poked each other in the ribs, grinning and winking joyously.

"Peegs!" Napoleon's voice was squeaky with rage. "Peegs, I say—many peegs! You are beeg, and you can stop me. But you cannot stop being peegs, heh?"

"Let him go there, boys." It was "Big" Joe Quinn's voice.

Joe was the shanty boss, therefore the gathering parted, and the little mail-carrier marched stiffly from their midst with his package of letters and papers, and handed them over. Then he stalked towards the cook-house, and was shortly putting an effective cap on his volcanic wrath by ladling in enormous quantities of rich pork and beans. By the time he had satisfied his appetite, he felt at peace with all the world; so, lighting his pipe, he wandered back to the bunk-house to spread his blankets.

The lumber-jacks were concluding an earnest discussion. Rory Macpherson had the floor; in his hand was one of the papers from Napoleon's mail bags.

"So ye see as I'm tellin' ye, boys, the strike is won. An' its verra richt to be so. Yon company has no keepin' faith wi' the men. They had to work o'er lang, an' couldna get leevin' wages."

A chorus of assent passed round the room, and a babble of voices arose. At length Napoleon's insistent squeak claimed their attention.

"Weel, Froggie, an' what's chewin' ye?" enquired Rory.

"You call me 'Froggee'—you—you beeg hog. But no, I will not quarrel wid you, for I want to know what ees zat strike, heh?"

"Wee, leetle mon," said Rory ponderously. "It's a strike, an' that's a' there is till't."

"*Ma foi*, Roree, you do not hunnerstan'. I want to know what ees a strike."

"Hark till'm, boys. Hark till'm. He's enquirin' what ees a strike. Weel, Skinny, if y'er oors are o'er lang, an' y'er no gettin' enough fer y'er harr'd worr'k, ye jist quit worr'kin' till they pay ye better."

"But, Roree, eef a man is not work, how can he leev, an' he's gettin' no pay?"

"Losh, lad, the union'll be lookin' oot

fer a' that. An' the worr'ks got to be done; an' after a bit they take ye back an' raise y'er wages."

Still Napoleon was not satisfied, and it was with some hesitation that he asked: "But see you, Roree. Suppose some tam a man go hon strike an' say he'll not be workin' any tam till he's got more monee. An' then he's quet. An' some oder man hee's say, 'Dat fell's a beeg fool, him; I'll do dat work, me, myself!' Den dat oder man's not got any work nor any monee, any more."

"Na, na, lad. The mon wha'd do sick a treek as yon is what they ca' a strike-breaker, a scob, an' the mon on strike knocks his block off, if he don't quet. An' a' the people help the mon on strike, an' they a' heave rocks an' things at yon scob, an' scare the deevil oot o'm, an' he quets. Then the mon on strike gets his job back and gets mair pay."

"Gets more pay for sure, Roree?" queried Napoleon.

Roree jumped on the floor. "Do ye dare to doobt ma worr'd, ye wee squakin' hen o' a thing?"

"Pardon, Roree," said Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders and spreading forth his hands. "*Ma foi, non!* I ask onlee." Then he added, in an undertone: "Dose beeg Scotch peegs have not enough of the brains to lie."

The men turned into their bunks, and Napoleon rolled in his blankets, watched the dim light from the single low-turned lantern swinging in the draught, and thought, and thought. Slowly and painfully, and with much mental reference to the words of Rory, he evolved a course of action.

Gray dawn found him far from the camp of the Treadmill Lumber Company, trotting briskly on his snowshoes ahead of his dogs. He sang often snatches of ribald verse, which attested to an exhilarated frame of mind. His voice echoed through the deadly stillness of the midwinter dawn. The trees, laden with snow, crowded stiffly in the growing light, as the rhythmical crunch, crunch of the fast-moving snowshoes passed through the silent aisles, and the breathing of the dogs sounded most un-

naturally loud. It was a scene such as was apt to affect even the trivial mind of Napoleon Antoine Gardeau; but on this occasion, so filled was he with his own importance and his new idea, that nature merely seemed to have been hushed into respectful silence by his great scheme. For he, Napoleon, mail carrier and important official, was about to go on strike. He could hardly wait till he reached the Bundy Camp, so that he might overwhelm the cook with the information of his stupendous intention. Before noon he opened the door of the clerk's office, and having delivered his mail and placed the return parcel in his sack, marched to the cook-house and entered.

"*Bon jour*, Dan."

"Hello, Napoleon, you're early."

"Eh, *oui*; I am earlie. But I am in great hurry. I go to ze pos'-hoffice to go hon strike."

"Ah, go to the devil," said the cook.

"Be gar, you laugh, heh? I, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, tell you that I go hon strike, an' you laugh. But I, Napoleon, shall laugh also when I am give much monee for not go hon strike any more." Napoleon puffed out his chest and struck an attitude.

"What you bin drinkin'?" queried the cook.

"Noting," said Napoleon.

"An' you're goin' on strike?"

"Ah, *oui*." Again he swelled with importance.

"Then you're a fool."

Napoleon's rage overcame him.

"You are a beeg scob—scob, you!" He hissed it out. He knew the cook couldn't take his job, but felt assured that he would if he were not so fat. The thought of that corpulent individual "hiking" on snowshoes ahead of a dog-team flashed across his mind; he forgot his rage and laughed. A piece of bacon rind came "swang" against his face.

"I don't mind your French names, you rat," yelled the cook "but by the jumpin' grandmother of old bald-headed Aaron, if you laugh at me I'll skin yeh."

As he was reaching for a rolling pin, Napoleon fled, and soon was trotting up

the trail towards the village, where his strike was to begin.

Before long he stopped the dogs. Since leaving Bundy's Camp his ardour had been slightly on the wane, owing to the cook's behaviour. He felt he must rehearse the situation.

"Jeem!" The lead dog sat up and wagged his tail. "You, Jeem, am ze pos'-master, and I shall talk so! I say, 'I's want more monee or I strike.' You say, 'What you geevin us?' I say, 'Sure ting.' Then I strike, and no mail go out. Den you say, 'I geeve you plentee monee, Monsieur Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, eef you'll go work hon zat mail some more.' Den I shake hands, and get marreed, and build a breech house, and buy a peeg."

The whole scheme worked out so admirably in Napoleon's mind that he chuckled and clucked to his dogs, swinging off at a lively gait, which he kept up till sunset. And at intervals, through the shocked hush of the twilight, echoed a song of transcendent ribaldry, even for Napoleon.

The stars peeped out and the lights of the village drew nigh. Napoleon met a few stragglers whom he knew, and to each he bravely shouted '*Bon soir*.' But there was a something in his heart as he neared the bespeckled and bearded old post-master that kept him from announcing his intention to strike. As he approached his objective, his pace slackened to a walk; then to a stroll. He made excuses to himself as to why he should stop and talk to people for various lengths of time on trivial subjects; then, as the red light of the post-office and general store appeared around a bend in the road, he straightened up, smote himself valiantly on the chest and said: "Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, buck up!" The dogs reached the door and lay down. Napoleon took his mail bags within.

"You're late, Sonny."

"Ah, *oui*. But what you hexpect?"

The huge and grizzled official looked down on the five-foot-two atom of humanity with a puzzled expression.

"Been drinkin'?" said he.



Drawn by John Innes

“The strike is hon”

Napoleon rose to his full inches, “*Non, Monsieur le maitre de poste*, I have not been drink. But” (here a sudden and desperate resolve seized him), “*b’gar, I will. I, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, will drink!*” Then he rushed out into the darkness.

The worthy post-master was so taken back by this unaccustomed behaviour, that he stared after Napoleon with his mouth open, regardless of the pleadings of a young and dirty inhabitant who, with dirty hands clutching dirty coppers, poutingly demanded taffy.

Meanwhile Napoleon unhitched, fed the team, and, having hauled his sleigh into the woodshed of the hotel where he was wont to stop, strode into the bar-room.

The usual crowd was there, consisting of a few “river-hogs,” a couple of chaps from the village stores, the star boarder, and samples of the unloseable searcher for free drinks. Napoleon strode to the bar. “Give me whisky,”

he demanded, “plaintee whisky.” He was accommodated with a tumbler of white “fool-killer.” His courage again began to rise.

Conversation amongst the loungers waned, and an anxious silence, pregnant with expectancy, fell upon the room. Napoleon was evidently going to treat pretty soon; he always did when on his mildly innocuous sprees.

“My frands, have something hon me.”

There was an eager rush, and, with the crowd, he again had a long horn. The effect of this latter was to fully stir up all his previous determination regarding the strike. He paced to the middle of the floor and struck an attitude. Everybody paid deep attention, as sympathetic listening would probably result in another libation.

“My frands,” he said, “do you know what ees a strike—heh?”

They murmured assent.

“A strike, my frands, ees a t’ing what men do when dey work too long an’ get

not enough of ze monee. *N'est-ce pas?*?"

"Yes, yes," they answered in chorus.

"A strike, my frands, is made by ze onion. I am an onion." The way he said it, and the important air he imparted to the delivrance would have called forth hoots of derision at any other time; but now they intuitively knew another booster was coming and controlled themselves.

"My frands, have anozer drink hon me."

This done, Napoleon again took the floor.

"I will tell you, for you are all my good frands. I, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, I work for Hees Majestee by carrying ze mail. Every week I'm run seventy mile, me, in two day. Every week I get ten dollaire. W'at is ten dollaire to Napoleon Antoine Gardeau? Poof! It ees noding. Have anozer drink hon me."

Again they drank. Gardeau got on a chair.

"My frands, I tell you I get ten dollaire fer run seventy mile—sev-en-tee mile. Is not that what you call too mooch? I'm all alone, me, an I now tell you zat I'm go for to make ze strike. I am ze onion, an' I strike. I am also Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, and I strike some more! An' you, my frands, shall see me strike. An' if ze break-strike come, we will knock heem on hees block, an' you will all heave ze breech. *N'est-ce pas?*" (Loudly they cheered.) "An', my frands," he continued, swinging his arms, "W'en the pos'-master see no mail gon' hout, he will say to ze King: 'Your Majestee, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau is hon strike, and no mail goes hout.' An' His Majestee will say: 'Pos'-master, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau ees a great man, an' a good man, what will he take for come back?' An' dat pos'-master will say, 'Twenty dol' a week.' 'Hol right,' will say ze King. An' I will go back an' shake hans, an' get maree, an' bil' a breech house, an' buy a peeg. Congratulate Gardeau, my frands, for he will soon be reech—*reech*. Now we will have anozer drink."

Napoleon's listeners were convulsed with mirth, but he was too far gone to

notice it. Again, after their "jolt," he took the floor.

"An now, *mes amis*, I ask you to come wiz me, fer I go hon strike, an' you shall see me tell zat pos'-master, by gar!"

He marched out of the door and across to the post-office. The crowd filed in; and the post-master, emerging from his living room, gazed at them in amazement. In the foreground stood Napoleon's diminutive figure. There was no need now to ask if he had been drinking.

"Meestair Pos'-master," he squealed, "I, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, have called before dese *gentilhommes*, my ver' good frands, zat I may say to you, zat I, Napoleon Antoine Gardeau, want twenty dol' week fer carry mail zat seventee mile."

"What's the matter with him, boys?" enquired the official. Nobody answered him. Napoleon whacked the counter until the taffy bottles jiggled.

"Twenty dol' week?" he yelled.

"Don't yell at me, you little rat," shouted his irate boss, making a dive around the counter. But Napoleon was too quick for him, and by the time the post-master reached the door, the carrier was dancing and yelling in the middle of the road. The available population stuck their heads out of their various abodes to see what the row was. Napoleon addressed all and several, but especially the post-master.

"Pos'-master, I am ze onion, an' I order myself to get more monee. Twenty dol' a week or I strike."

"G'wan!" roared the irate old man, as he slammed his store door from the inside. Napoleon swung his toque in the air.

"Ze strike is hon. I am ze onion, an' I order me to strike. Come an' have anozer drink hon me." Thus was the famous strike inaugurated.



The days passed, and Napoleon received no word from His Majesty that his 'Twenty dol' a week' would be paid; therefore he pined for the brick house and the pig, and kept his dicky up with *whisky blanc* till his money ran low.

On the regular day to make his run

he was primed for the climax with many "boosters." No "break-strike" had appeared and his feelings rose, as the fickle jade Hope flirted with his fainting heart. The voice of the hotel-keeper smote upon his ear:

"You, Napoleon, aren't you going out to-day?"

Napoleon straightened up as he replied with dignity: "I am hon strike."

"Well, strike and be hanged, but if you won't work you can't stay here. I'm not running any charity house."

The pit seemed to have opened her

the post-master, who winked back. Napoleon stopped a few paces distant, the picture of impotent wrath.

"Whar you go, Roree?" he yelled.

"Weel, weel, Froggie," said the big Scot in feigned surprise, "an' what's aillin' ye?"

"Whar you go, Roree?" he again demanded, in a squeal which quickly gathered his erstwhile friends, and the rest of the population.

"Weel, little mon, I heerd ye'd quet, an' I thought I'd like a job like this mysel', din ye no ken."



"Ze onion is bus' up"

Drawn by John Innes

mouth to receive Napoleon; a lump rose in his throat.

"Hol right," he said, "have a drink hon me."

The man of destiny relented and together they drank.

But there was worse in store. As Napoleon tilted his glass he saw through the window a familiar figure at the post-office door. Also, crowning horror, a sleigh and harnessed dogs. "It is Roree," he shrieked. "Roree ees one break-strike." He rushed down the street.

Rory Macpherson smiled quizzically as he saw him coming, and winked at

"Then you are a damn break-strike," shrieked Napoleon.

"Dinna ye swaur at me, Froggie," said the big lumberman, solemnly. But the little mail-carrier was beyond all council.

"Zey knock ze damn break-strike on ze block, my frands," he yelled at the crowd. "I, Napoleon, am ze onion; I am also ze strike. He," with a magnificent gesture of scorn at Rory, "ees ze break-strike. Hit heem wiz ze rock, my frands."

No one stirred.

"Zan you are cowards, and I will hit

heem, me." Before the onlookers could realise what was happening, Napoleon's hands were clutching Rory's red beard; and Napoleon's boots were kicking a tattoo upon his mighty shins.

Then the "onion" and the "strike" were lifted high above the heads of the throng in the grasp of an iron hand, and describing the arc of a circle, turned heels up and disappeared over the fence into the post-master's refuse heap.

Napoleon Antoine Gardeau sat upon his unsavory landing place and wept. "No board, no raise of monee, no notings," he wailed.

Not long afterwards the post-master heard a timid knock at the door. He opened it, and found Napoleon contrite upon the step. "Ze strike is hovere. Ze onion is bus' up," said he.

"All right, harness yer dogs," grunted the boss.

The Prospector

BY WALTER CORNISH

I PLAYED the Game with a steadfast hand,
 With the rocks and the hills for dice;
 While the flame of the sun in a northern land
 Burned the gathered morn on the ice.

I played the Game with a clean, strong mind,
 With the law of man for guide;
 When the knaves of the world were smitten blind
 By the glare of the gain, and died.

I played the Game with a sturdy heart,
 With the beasts of the bush for mates,
 Till the flesh bled raw, and the lights went low,
 And my hopes met the chill, hard fates.

I played the Game with a losing hand,
 By the stakes I sought to claim;
 And the darkness has dropped on my square of land,
 But I know that I played the Game.



The Narrative of Col. Fanning

Edited by A. W. SAVARY

COL. THOMAS FLETCHALL, of Fairforest, ordered the different Captains to call musters, and present two papers for the inhabitants to sign. One was to see who were friends to the King and Government, and the other was to see who would join the rebellion.

The first day of May, Capt. James Lindley, of Raeburn's Creek, sent to me, as I was a Sergeant of the said company, to have his company warned to meet at his house 15th of said month. I did accordingly, and he presenting the two papers there were 118 men signed in favour of the King, also declared to defend the same, at the risk of lives and property, in July, 1775. There were several advertisements set up in every part of the said district, that there was a very good Presbyterian minister to call at the different places to preach and baptise children.

But at the time appointed, instead of meeting a minister we all went to meet two Jews by name of Silvedoor and Rapely, who, after making many speeches in favour of the rebellion, and using all their endeavours to delude the people away, at last presented revolution papers to see who would sign them; they were severely reprimanded by Henry O'Neal and many others. It came so high, that they had much ado to get off with their lives. The rebels then found that we were fully determined to oppose them. They began to embody in the last of said month; to compel all to join them, or to take away our arms. Our officers got word of their intentions. I then got orders from the Captain to warn the militia to assemble themselves at Hugh O'Neal's mill; which was done by several Captains' companies, and continued for

several days under arms, and then both parties were determined on this condition, that neither party should intercept each other. This continued for some time, until the rebels had taken Thomas Brown, who after that had the honour to be Colonel of the regiment of the East Florida Rangers, at Augusta, *burnt his feet, tarred and feathered him, and cut off his hair.* After he got so he was able to sit on horseback, he came to our post, and the rebels then began to embody again. Col. Fletchall found a large camp, and marched from Liberty Springs to Mill Creek on our way towards Ninety-Six. Twelve miles from Ninety-Six the rebels found that they were not strong enough for us, and sent an express to Col. Fletchall to come and treat with them, which said Fletchall did. But the terms of their treatment I don't know. We were all dismissed until further orders. In a short time after, the rebels took Capt. Robert Cunningham and carried him off to Charlestown. Our party was then informed of his being taken off in the night time, and by making inquiry after him, we got information of a large quantity of ammunition that was there, on its way to the Cherokee Nation, for Capt. Richard Paris to bring the Indians down into the settlement, where the friends of the Government lived, to murder all they could. We intercepted the ammunition and took Capt. R. Paris, who swore to these facts. We then formed a large camp, and Col. Fletchall, being so heavy, he gave up the command to Major Joseph Robinson.

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In the month of November, 1775, the South Carolina Militia, of which I was at that time Sergeant, under the com-

mand of Major Joseph Robinson, laid siege to a fort, erected by the rebels at Ninety-Six, commanded by Col. Mason; which continued for the space of three days and three nights—at the expiration of which time the rebels were forced to surrender, and give up the fort and artillery. Major Robinson then ordered the militia to the north side of Saluda River, and discharged them for eighteen days. Afterwards orders were issued for all Captains to collect their respective companies at Hendrick's Mill, about twenty miles from Ninety-Six; the rebels having received intelligence of our intended motion, they immediately marched before us and took possession of the ground, which prevented our assembling there. But about 300 of our men met at Little River and marched thence to Reedy River, and encamped at the Big Cane Break for several days. The rebels being informed of our situation, marched unexpectedly upon us, and made prisoners of 130 of our men; the remainder fled into the woods and continued there with the Cherokee Indians until the 18th January, 1776, when I was made a prisoner by a party of rebels commanded by a Capt. John Burns, who after detaining me four days and repeatedly urging me to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, stripped me of everything, and made me give security for my future good behaviour, by which means I got clear. On the 10th of May, 1776, hearing the rebels had issued a proclamation to all the friends of Government, offering them pardon and protection provided they would return to their respective habitations and remain neutral, induced me to return to my home, where I arrived on the 15th of June.

On the 20th, the rebels being apprehensive of the Cherokee Indians breaking out, dispatched several of their emissaries among the Loyalists to discover their intentions, one of which was Capt. Ritchie, who came to me and told me he was a friend to Government, and some time before left the Indian Nation, and then wanted a pilot to conduct him to the Indian Nation again. I agreed to conduct him to any part of the country he wanted to go to, provided he would keep it secret. This he promised to do. But

immediately he went and lodged information against me, and swore that I then had a company of men ready, in order to join the Indians. In consequence of this, I was made prisoner again, on the 25th, by a Capt. John Rogers, and thrown into close confinement with three sentinels over me. On the 1st of July, the Indians came down into the back country of South Carolina and killed several families, at which time, the rebel camp being in great confusion, I made my escape, and went to my own house at Raeburn's Creek; but finding a number of my friends had already gone to the Indians, and more disposed so for to do, I got twenty-five men to join me, and on our arrival at Parisher's plantation, on Reedy River, in the Indian land, we formed a junction with the Indians. On the 15th inst., in the evening, the militia and the Cherokees to amount of 260 surrounded the fort built with logs, containing 450 of the rebels, and after a smart fire on both sides for two hours and a half, we retreated without any injury except one of the Indian Chiefs being shot through the hand. I then left the Indians and pursued my way to North Carolina, where, on my arrival, I was taken up again and close confined, but was rescued by my friends three different times, after which I made my escape good. I then endeavoured to go home again, and after experiencing numberless hardships in the woods, I arrived the 10th of March, 1777, at Raeburn's Creek, South Carolina.

I was made prisoner again on the 11th, by a Capt. Smith, bound hand and foot, and carried under guard towards Ninety-Six gaol; after marching twelve miles, the company halted for the evening, and watching an opportunity I cut the ropes I was bound with and stripped myself when the guard was asleep; I threw myself out of the window and returned back to Raeburn's Creek by a different way from that which they had carried me prisoner. I was obliged now to secrete myself in the woods, and was supplied with provisions by some Quakers and other Loyalists in the neighbourhood.

A company of Loyalists, of which I was one, was then raised by a Richard Parish, and it was determined to go to Mobile

and join the British army, but one of the company proving treacherous, gave information to the rebels, who raised a body of troops to suppress us. They took me, with five more prisoners, and carried us to Ninety-Six gaol on the 5th August, 1777. Captain Parish escaped with some Loyalists belonging to the company, and made his way good to the British army at Mobile, in West Florida. Myself, with five others who were taken, remained in close confinement until November following, and we were tried for our lives on a charge of high treason for rising in arms against the United States of America, but were acquitted and went home. The fees and expenses of my confinement amounted to £300, Virginia money, allowing dollars at six shillings each, which I paid, and was then ordered back to the gaol for the rent of the room.

On the 1st of March, 1778, Capt. John York, of East Florida, received orders from the Commander-in-Chief for the Loyal Militia of Georgia and South Carolina to assemble themselves. Accordingly, they were embodied. The majority of the people chose me their commanding officer. We took a number of prisoners, furnished ourselves with horses, and marched to Savannah River on the borders of Georgia (two miles above Augusta). Capt. York, who was our pilot, then got discouraged, and would not suffer any of the militia to proceed with him back to East Florida except three men; we were then under the necessity of returning home, upwards of one hundred miles, through the rebel country, and betake ourselves to the woods as formerly. During our retreat we were pursued by three hundred of the rebels, but we got back home to Raeburn's Creek safe. When the rebels found we were returned, they raised a body of men to take us, and for the space of three months kept so constant a look-out that we were obliged to stay in the woods; six weeks of which time I never saw a man, except Samuel Brown (who was afterwards killed at Tigo River), who shared my sufferings, and we lived entirely, without either bread or salt, upon what we killed in the wilderness. We determined, let the consequences be what they

would, to proceed to the settlement of Green River, North Carolina, where we rested ourselves at a friend's house about a week. Here we parted. I then proceeded to Tigo River, where I arrived safe on the 1st of June, 1778. Myself and one Samuel Smith now associated and were taken by a company of rebels, commanded by a Capt. Going. We made our escape the second night by bribing the sentinel, and parted company. I met with one of the horses belonging to the rebels, about a mile from the house I had escaped from, and mounted him. They pursued me through the woods by the horse's tracks upwards of seventy miles, and came to Raeburn's Creek where I lived. They were anxious to recover their horse from me, and promised to return one of four they had taken from me if I would deliver up the said horse. This being agreed upon, I went with them to receive my own horse back again; when we had advanced thirty miles we came near to where a rebel fort was. I desired them to go a little out of the way and avoid it, which they had promised to do before we proceeded on our journey. One of them laid hold of my horse's bridle and told me to surrender myself a prisoner, for they were determined to confine me in the fort or carry me to Ninety-Six gaol, about eighty miles off. They said I was not in that damned tory country at that time. I therefore, after some conversation, concluded to submit to be disarmed at the time, as they threatened blowing a ball through me every instant if I did not surrender, which I did. On my arrival at the fort I was stripped of my clothes and confined close till morning, when they tied my legs under a horse's belly and took me before a magistrate to commit me to gaol. However, I was admitted to bail for my good behaviour. On my return to the people who took my horse and clothes, upon asking for them I was retaken before another magistrate, and committed to gaol under a strong guard. On my proceeding towards the gaol the guard was particularly careful about securing me; and in order to do it the more effectually, tied me with a rope to a stout fellow who was one of them. When I found him asleep I took the opportunity

to cut myself loose with a knife (or rather with a pair of horse fleames) which was accidentally left lying in the road, and throwing myself out of the window made my escape, and took to the mountains for shelter. I continued there for some time, when Col. Mills of the Loyal Militia, on knowing where I was, proposed at several meetings we had, to raise a company, which we did, of 500 men, for the purpose of going to St. Augustine. One of the company proved faithless and gave information to the rebels, who immediately embodied themselves and took Col. Mills prisoner with sixteen of the company, and carried them off to Salisbury gaol. Myself, with fourteen more, pursued about twenty miles with an intention of rescuing them, until we were in sight of Gilbert town where the rebels had a guard; and finding we could not effect our purpose at that time, our numbers being so small and theirs increasing, we returned back. The rebels pursued us all night, and in the morning we perceived them within shot of us. We fired upon them, which they returned, and continued skirmishing with them in the woods about an hour, when they retreated. What injury we did them we could not tell; on our part we suffered no loss. Here our party separated, and I made way for Holsten River, about 140 miles through the woods. I had proceeded about forty miles on my way when I was met by three men, one of whom knew me. He came to me with seeming friendship, and on taking my hand called his companions to assist him in securing me, which they did, and made me a prisoner. They tied my hands behind my back, and feet to each other under the horse's belly, and took me to Ninety-Six gaol again, where I was closely confined for seventeen days. During my confinement I got acquainted with a friend to Government, who lived there, by talking to him through the gates; he furnished me with two files and a knife, by which means I cut through the iron bars and escaped. I returned again to Raeburn's Creek, and after remaining some time in the woods there I was advised by friends to make peace with Capt. Gillian, who commanded a company of rebels on the Indian lines. As I durst not be seen

by any of the rebel party, I got one of my friends to go to him, desiring him to meet me alone at a particular place, and give him my word I would not injure him. We met accordingly, and passed our words not to disturb or injure each other. We continued our meetings in the woods, generally every day or two for the space of a month, until we were discovered by some of his company, who threatened to have him punished for treating with me. However, he still met me, now and then, and introduced a friend of his to me, who, he told me, I might depend upon. One day I observed an alteration in their behaviour, and asked them, when at some distance, if he meant to keep his word with me; he replied, "by all means." We were all on horseback, and I had my rifle across my saddle. When we were going to part, as I expected, he suddenly seized my rifle, and the man who was with him laid hold of my horse's bridle. He presented his rifle to my breast and told me I was his prisoner or a dead man. I was under the necessity to surrender, and they carried me again to my old quarters at Ninety-Six, where we arrived on the 11th of October, 1778. I was stripped entirely naked, thrown into irons and chained to the floor, and remained in that situation until the 20th of December following, when I again made shift to get my irons off, and having sawed one of the grates some time before, I again escaped by means of a fellow-prisoner, who supplied me with some old clothes, of which I made a rope to let me down. I received a fall in getting down, but luckily did not hurt myself. The gaoler heard me fall and presented a musket at me out of a window, but I avoided him. He alarmed the guard and they pursued me; but, however, I got clear off. I found myself much hurt by a fall I got in their chasing me. I got back to Raeburn's Creek, but was taken in three days, and again introduced at Ninety-Six. I was chained and ironed as before, in the centre of a room thirty feet square, forty-five from the ground, the snow beating in through the roof, with four grates open night and day. I remained in this state eleven days. I got my chains off in the night of the twelfth. The gaoler did

not chain me down again, but I had still part of them remaining on one of my legs, which weighed seven pounds and three-quarters. I continued loose in gaol until the 13th of February, 1779, when I took a bar out of the window in the night, and pried one of the planks out of the floor of the room and thence went down stairs. I found the door fast secured, but I went to a breach I had formerly made in the back of the chimney, and got out, and one of my fellow-prisoners escaped with me, and we kept together for some time after. We found a number of horses grazing in a field belonging to a company of rebels, under the command of Capt. Farr, who had that night come into town. We mounted each of us one and rode off to Raeburn's Creek. On our way, we stopped at a house, and furnished ourselves with a rifle and a pair of pistols; we also supplied ourselves with clothing. By this time the neighbourhood was alarmed, and the rebel militia sent in pursuit of us. They laid several ambuscades, but without effect, and continued embodied for six months. But, however, I was so fortunate as to escape; but my companion was taken. The day after he was taken I was riding through a piece of timbered woods, when I discovered a party of men—they discovered me, and pursued on full speed for seven miles, but I was lucky enough to escape them, but my horse falling, threw me, and I unfortunately lost my rifle. An advertisement was then made public for apprehending me, and a reward of seventy silver dollars and 300 paper ones was offered as a reward to take me. This made me very cautious, notwithstanding which I was betrayed and fired upon by a party of rebels, in number sixteen; I received two bullets in my back, one of which is not extracted. I luckily kept my seat in the saddle and rode off. After proceeding about twelve miles I turned my horse into the woods, and remained there eight days, having no support but herbs, except three eggs, my wounds at this time being very troublesome and offensive for the want of dressing. I got my horse again and moved about twelve miles to a friend's house, where on my arrival I made a signal, which they knew, to acquaint them

of my being alive, and a young girl of fourteen years old came to me; but when she came near enough to see me she was frightened so at the sight she ran off. I pursued after her on horseback, telling her who I was. She said she knew it was me, but I was dead; that I was then a spirit. I was a long time before I could get her to come to me, I looked so much like a rack of nothing but skin and bones, and my wounds had never been dressed and my clothes all bloody. My misery and situation was beyond explanation, and no friend in the world that I could depend upon. However, these people seeing me in that distressed situation, took the greatest care of me, and dressed my wounds. I then got assistance and support, and my wounds dressed and taken good care of. My horse having been seen by some of the rebel party, they concluded I was not killed, and wrote several letters, which they gave one of my friends, offering to treat with me, and advising me to surrender, threatening at the same time, in case I did not, to banish eight families of my friends out of South Carolina. A limited time was given for my answer, but it had expired before I received the letters; in consequence of which their threats were put in execution, and the people's properties were taken from them, and themselves confined. On the receipt of my letters the people were liberated, but their properties were still detained.

The second day after, I treated with the Colonel of the rebel militia, and had an express sent off to Gov. Rutledge at Charlestown. About a week after his answer came back with a conditional pardon, that which I had done should be forgotten, and that I should live quietly and peaceably at home, and be obliged to pilot parties through the woods as occasion might require.

Before I accepted of these conditions I advised with my friends and company, who all approved of it, as it conduced both to their ease and safety.

I remained at home a year and twelve days, and was repeatedly urged to accept of a company in the Continental service, which I always refused.

After the reduction of Charlestown, one William Cunningham and I con-

cluded to embody a party of men, which we effected.

We determined to take Col. Williams of the rebel militia prisoner, and then to join Capt. Parish, who was to raise a company and assist us. Col. Williams got notice of it and pushed off, and though we got sight of him he escaped us.

We now found ourselves growing strong, and numbers flocking daily to us. I then took the King's proclamations and distributed them through the country for upwards of a hundred miles.

Capt. Parish had the command of the party and marched up to Ninety-Six, which he took possession of without firing a shot; where I found him again. The day after, we marched about twelve miles to Gen. Williamson's at Whitehall, who commanded a fort with fourteen swivels and two companies of provincial troops. On our approach he met us about three miles from the fort, attended by several officers, requesting that he might discharge the troops and have protection for himself and them.

We granted him what he requested, and took possession of the fort and their arms which they piled up; after that they marched out of the garrison.

Three days after that, Col. Pickins, with 300 men, marched in and laid down their arms.

General Robert Cunningham of the Loyal Militia now took the command, and formed a camp.

We kept scouting parties through the country and had many skirmishes, but none of consequence.

After the British-American troops had taken possession of Ninety-Six, I continued scouting on the Indian lines until Col. Innis forwarded his march up to Musgrove's Mill, on the Innoree River. I then joined them with a party of fourteen men.

The morning following the pickets were attacked by a party of rebels. Col. Innis ordered us to advance and support them, which we did, and followed them until we arrived where the main body lay in ambush, under the command of Col. Williams. Col. Innis was unfortunately wounded, with several other officers.

We engaged them for some time, and

then retreated about a mile and a quarter, where we encamped, and in the night marched off towards Ninety-Six, under the command of Capt. DePeyster, and the next morning I and my small party returned back to the Indian lines. We continued scouting on the lines for some time, until I met with Capt. Parish of the British-American South Carolina Regiment, who gave me a list of several soldiers that had permission to visit their friends in the country. On the return from Florida to Ninety-Six, I was desired by him to go to give them notice to join their regiments; and on this expedition I fell in with Major Furgesson's party, which was defeated five days afterwards. The rebels after that began to be numerous and troublesome; and little or no regulation amongst us, I made the best of my way to Deep River, North Carolina, where I remained until the month of February, 1781.

I was, during this time, discovering the disposition of the people. Being informed that Lord Cornwallis was marching that way, I kept my intentions secret until I received certain accounts. I then caused this advertisement to be published, and used all my influence to get all the Loyalists to join me and defend ourselves when occasion might require. A true copy is here set forth:

ADVERTISEMENT

Any of his Majesty's loyal and faithful subjects, able and willing to serve in the Royal North Carolina Regiment commanded by Col. Hamilton, are hereby requested to repair to his encampment. The Bounty allowed for each man is three Guineas; and the terms of the engagement are that he shall serve during the rebellion and within the Provinces of North and South Carolina and Virginia only; that during his service he shall be entitled to clothing, pay, provisions, and all the advantages of his Majesty's Regular and Provincial Troops, and at the end of the rebellion, when he becomes discharged, of course, he is to receive as a reward for his services during the war a free grant of land agreeable to his Majesty's proclamation.

Of his pursuing Gen. Greene as far as Hillsboro, this struck such a terror on the rebels and was so pleasing to us, that we immediately disarmed the disaffected, and embodied about 300 men under the command of Col. Pyles. He fell in with

a party of rebels (Col. Lee's dragoons), and lost twenty men killed, besides the wounded that died afterwards. At this time I was with a small party at Deep River, where I took two rebel officers prisoners and several soldiers. I then directed my march to the place where I left Col. Pyles and came within a little distance of the dragoons that had cut him up, when I was informed of his misfortune by some of his party that had fled; we then separated into small parties and took to the woods for some time.

The day Lord Cornwallis defeated Gen. Greene at Guildford, I was surprised by a Captain Duck, with a company of rebels, where I sustained the loss of all our horses, and arms; we had one man killed on each side.

The day following, myself and three more of the company furnished ourselves with arms, and pursued the rebels, who we discovered had parted and gone to their respective homes with their plunder. We visited one of the houses and found fourteen horses which had been taken from the friends of the Government; and discovering one of the said party in an outhouse, I fired at him and wounded him in the neck with buckshot, but he escaped. We then mounted ourselves and turning the other horses into the woods we returned back to Deep River. We kept concealed in the woods and collected twenty-five men, having scouts out continually until we proceeded to Dixon's Mills, Cane Creek, where Lord Cornwallis was then encamped. On our arrival there his Lordship met us, and asked me several questions respecting the situation of the country and disposition of the people. I gave him all the information in my power, and leaving the company with his Lordship, I returned back to Deep River in order to conduct more men to the protection of the British arms.

Two days following I returned to the army at Chatham Court House, after being surprised and dispersed by the rebel dragoons, on my bringing in seventy Loyalists. I joined my company again and went with his Lordship to Cross Creek, and as we had lost most of our horses, we determined to return to Deep River and

join his Lordship when on his way to Hillsboro. General Greene followed his Lordship as far as Little River, and then returned to Ramsey's Mills on his way to Camden; his men marched in small parties and distressed the friends to Government through the Deep River settlement. I took eighteen of them at different times, and paroled them, and after that we were not distressed by them for some little time. After a little while some of us had assembled at a friend's house, where we were surrounded by a party of eleven rebels under the command of Capt. John Hinds. We perceived their approach and prepared to receive them. When they had got quite near us, we ran out of the doors of the house, fired upon them, and killed one of them; on which we took three of their horses and some firelocks. We then took to the woods and unfortunately had two of our little company taken, *one of which the rebels shot in cold blood, and the other they hanged on the spot where we had killed the man a few days before.* We were so exasperated at this that we determined to have satisfaction, and in a few days I collected seventeen men, well armed, and formed an ambuscade on Deep River at Coxe's Mills, and sent out spies. In the course of two hours one of my spies gave me information of a party of rebels plundering his house, which was about three miles off. I instantly marched to the place and discovered them in a field near the house. I attacked them immediately, and kept up a smart fire for half an hour, during which time we killed their Captain and one private on the spot, wounded three of them, and took two prisoners besides eight of their horses, well appointed, and several swords. This happened on the 11th May, 1781. The same day, we pursued another party of rebels and came up with them the morning following; we attacked them smartly and killed four of them on the spot, wounded three dangerously and took one prisoner with all their horses and appointments. In about an hour after that, we took two men of the same party, and killed one more of them. The same evening we had intelligence of another party of rebels,

which were assembling about thirty miles off in order to attack us. As I thought it best to surprise them where they were collecting, I marched all night and about ten o'clock next morning we came up with them. We commenced a fire upon each other which continued for about ten minutes, when they retreated. We killed two of them, wounded seven, and took eighteen horses well appointed. We then returned to Deep River again. I still kept the company together and waited for another opportunity, during which time I took two rebel soldiers and paroled them, who gave me information of a Col. Dudley coming from Gen. Greene's camp at Camden, with baggage.

I mounted my men and set forward in search of them. I concealed my men by the side of the road; and I thought the time long according to information I had from the soldiers. I took one man with me, and went to see if I could make any discovery. I rode a mile and a half when I saw Col. Dudley with his baggage. I then wheeled my horse and returned to my men. When I came within a hundred yards of them, Dudley and his dragoons were nose and tail, and snapped their pistols several times. I then ordered a march after them, and after marching two and a half miles I discovered them, and immediately took three prisoners, with all the baggage and nine horses. The baggage I divided among my men, which according to Col. Dudley's report was valued at £1,000 sterling. I returned to Coxe's Mill and remained there till the 8th June, when the rebels embodied 160 men to attack me, under the command of Cols. Collyer and Balfour. I determined to get the advantage of attacking them, which I did with forty-nine men in the night, after marching ten miles to their encampment. They took one of my guides, which gave them notice of my approach; I proceeded to within thirty steps of them; but being unacquainted with the ground advanced very cautiously. The sentinel, however, discovered my party, and firing upon us retreated in, where they secured themselves under cover of the houses, and fences. The firing then began, and continued on both

sides for the space of four hours, being very cloudy and dark, during which time I had one man killed and six wounded, and the guide, before mentioned, taken prisoner, *whom they killed next morning in cold blood.* What injury they suffered I could not learn; as the morning appeared we retreated, and returned again to Deep River, leaving our wounded men at a friend's house, privately.

The rebels then kept a constant scouting, and their number was so great that we had to lie still for some time; and when Collier and Balfour left the settlement, the said Col. Dudley, before mentioned, took the place with 300 men from Virginia. He took a negro man from me and sold him at public auction among themselves for £110; the said negro was sent over the mountains, and I never saw him since. At length they all began to scatter, and we to embody. William Elwood being jealous of my taking too much command of the men, in my absence, one day persuaded them that I was going to make them regular soldiers, and cause them to be attached to Col. John Hamilton's Regiment, and vindicated it by an advertisement that I had handed to several of the Loyalists that I thought had the greatest influence with the Loyalists. He so prevailed with the common sort, that when I came to camp I found most of my men gone; I then declared I never would go on another scout until there was a field officer. The majority chose me; they then drew up a petition to the commanding officer of the King's troops.

A general meeting of the Loyalists was now called, in order to appoint a commanding officer of the militia; it was still determined that I should be the person. I accordingly set off for Wilmington, 160 miles, with a petition of the people to the officer commanding at that post for his approbation. On my arrival there, Major Craigg, who was commander, treated me with every respect in his power, and approved of said petition and gave me a commission as Colonel of the Randolph and Chatham Militia—a copy of which is hereunto annexed:

By James Henry Craig, Esqr.; Major in his Majesty's 82d Reg., commanding a detachment of the King's Troops in North Carolina, &c., &c.

To David Fanning, Esqr.

These are to appoint you to be Colonel of the Loyal Militia in Randolph and Chatham Counties, who are directed to obey you, as such, in all lawful commands whatsoever, and you are authorised to grant commissions to the necessary persons of known attachment to his Majesty's person and Government, to act as Captains and subalterns to the different companies of militia aforesaid. As Colonel, you are hereby fully empowered to assemble the militia, and lead them against any parties of rebels or others the King's enemies, as often as necessary—to compel all persons whatsoever to join you, to seize and disarm, and when necessary to detain in confinement all rebels or others, acting against his Majesty's Gov't; and to do all other acts becoming a King's officer and good subject.

Given at Wilmington, this 5th July, 1781.

J. H. CRAIGG,

Major Commanding the King's Troops.

On the 12th July I returned from Wilmington and ordered a general muster, and then gave the following commission to the gentlemen hereinafter named, of their respective companies:

By David Fanning, Esq.

Colonel of the Loyal Militia of No. Ca.

To _____ Greeting

Having received sufficient testimony of your loyalty and zeal for his Majesty's service, and relying on your courage and good conduct, I do hereby appoint you to be _____ of a company in the district of _____. You are, therefore, diligently and carefully to discharge the duty of such; obeying all orders and directions which you may receive from time to time from any superior officers in his Majesty's service, and all others; the inferior officers of his Majesty's subjects of that and every other company are directed and requested to obey you as _____ of said company.

Given under my hand at Coxe's Mill this _____ 1781.

DAVID FANNING,

Col. Com'g his Majesties Loyal Militia, &c.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Vision

BY VIRNA SHEARD

LONG had she knelt at the Madonna's shrine,
 Within the empty chapel, cold and gray;
 Telling her beads, while grief with marring line
 And bitter tear stole all her youth away.

Outcast was she from what Life holdeth dear,
 Banished from joy that other souls might win;
 And from the dark beyond she turned with fear,
 Being so branded by the mark of sin.

Yet when at last she raised her troubled face,
 Haunted by sorrow, whitened by alarms;
 Mary leaned down from out the pictured place,
 And laid the little Christ within her arms.

Rosy and warm she held Him to her heart,
 She—the abandoned one—the thing apart.

The Enchantress

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

I FEAR Eileen, the wild Eileen—
The eyes she lifts to mine,
That laugh and laugh and never tell
The half that they divine.

She draws me to her lonely cot
Ayont the Tulloch Hill;
And, laughing, draws me to the door,
And, laughing, holds me still.

I bless myself and bless myself,
But in the holy sign
There seems to be no heart of love,
To still the pain in mine.

The morning, bright above the moor,
Is bright no more for me—
A weary bit of burning pain
Is where my heart should be!

For since the sweet, wild laugh of her
Has drawn me to her snare,
The only sunlight in the world
Is shining from her hair.

Yet well I know, ah, well I know,
Why 'tis so sweet and wild—
She slept beneath a faery thorn,
She is a faery child.

And yet I leave my mother lone,
No meal to fill the pot,
And follow, follow wild Eileen,
If so I will or not.

I fear to meet her in the glen,
Or seek her by the shore;
I fear to lift her cabin's latch,
But—should she come no more!—

O Eileen Og, O wild Eileen,
My heart is racked with fear;
Lest you should meet your faery kin,
And, laughing, leave me here!

The Myth of Evangeline

By NEWTON MacTAVISH

The shrine of a poet's imagination, where a romance of fiction is perpetuated as a real fact of history.



EVANGELINE'S WILLOWS

The dead tree in the foreground is reputed to be the one under which Evangeline used to sit. Tourists stripped it so mercilessly for souvenirs that it finally withered and died.

EVANGELINE lives in the minds of most readers of Longfellow as a seraphic and picturesque type of femininity. Although she is but a creature of imagination, a poet's ideal of constancy, she nevertheless has a place in history more real and more lasting than have thousands of others who have lived as statesmen or died as martyrs. And why? Because she epitomises, individualises and perilously near scandalises the terrible tragedy of Grand Pré. Had Longfellow's fancy not risen to her creation, had not his subtle genius cast the halo of romance over the scene, the expulsion of the Acadians would remain to-day an almost unregarded spectacle, an

incident but not a tragedy. And, yet, how dare we say that Evangeline is nothing more than a character of fiction? Were it not for her and the lover Gabriel, we could easily justify the exiling of her people, we could see that the British had good excuse for shipping them away. But these two lovers come before us as individuals and not as a people. We know them, and sympathise with them, and when the time for departure comes we are willing to see the unknown throng pass down to where the great ships lie; but we wish to see Evangeline still spinning near the well under the willows, to hear Gabriel still singing amongst the haycocks in the meadow, and to feel that while the others are about to go these two who have come into our hearts are suffered to remain.

Thus we have the great myth of Evangeline, the myth that has after all attained the dignity of a reality. For when we visit the scene do we not see the well and the willows and the dykes?—the well where Evangeline drew water, the willows where she sat in the shade, and the dykes where the tides still beat up and fall back; but, above all, we feel the impulse of *her* presence, when the sun is going down away over the hills beyond the Gaspereau, when the air is athrob with the spirit of days long gone, when the vast meadow itself is at rest, cool and serene, after the heat and toil of the day.

The expulsion of the Acadians, who until after the English conquest had been



EVANGELINE'S WILLOWS AND WELL

Photographed from the station platform at Grand Pré. A group of American tourists are examining the well. The ground in the foreground, which is now a pasture field, has been bought by a syndicate and will be known as Memorial Park, with its Acadian characteristics at least partially restored.

colonists of France, took place in 1755. Longfellow, about 100 years later, looked back and appreciated its romantic possibilities. As a result, we have his most famous poem. But the poet did not curb his license, and although the picture he draws of the *Land of Evangeline* is acceptably faithful, the impression it leaves on one's mind is rather different from the actual scene to-day as it spreads before the visitor who is unfortunate enough to be set down on the station platform at Grand Pré, and to be confronted with its most prosaic aspects. In truth, it *was* the forest primeval, but the murmuring pines and the hemlocks have given place in the immediate vicinity to a pasture field of ordinary characteristics surrounded by an unromantic board fence. It may so happen, however, that the visitor will linger upon the scene until towards evening, when the witchery of the marvellous setting can be felt, and when courage is taken to cast the eye forward beyond the willows, whence the vast Acadian meadows stretch over towards the bluffs of Blomidon; and then backwards to the upland, where the village slumbers on the hill, and the sturdy yoke of oxen bend to the task of

delivering their last burden of hay. The impulse to cross the meadow to the dykes is respected, and as one treads across the responding earth wonder is quickened by the knowledge that for 150 years the Acadians or their successors have on that very soil fought back the tides and made hay ten to thirty feet beneath the level of the sea. Knowing that, interest in the dykes themselves increases, and when at last they have been mounted, a proper appreciation of the situation begins, but it is not until they have been traversed as far as the village of Wolfville, two miles or a little more away, that the magnitude of the undertaking can be realised.

The visitor is obliged to go to Wolfville, which is the commercial centre of the community, and the place where accommodation for travellers is provided. Along the way, if the tide is out, one unconsciously stops here and there to experience the singular charm of so great a stretch of shining terra cotta ooze, where at high tide a few hours ago the spectacle was that of an enchanting river widening out into an enchanting sea. Bliss Carman's charming poem is recalled:



A PORTION OF THE DYKES AT GRAND PRÉ

Showing where the tide has made inroads at several points. From the foreground on the left, looking past the point of land, a glimpse is afforded of the vast stretches when the tide is out. On the right are hay fields and hay barns which the dykes protect.

LOW TIDE ON GRAND-PRÉ

The sun goes down, and over all
 These barren reaches by the tide
 Such unelusive glories fall,
 I almost dream they yet will bide
 Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,
 By any ecstasy of dream,
 He lingers to keep luminous
 A little while the grievous stream,
 Which frets, uncomforted of dream—

A grievous stream, that to and fro
 All through the fields of Acadie
 Goes wandering, as if to know
 Why one beloved face should be
 So long from home and Acadie!

Was it a year or lives ago
 We took the grasses in our hands,
 And caught the summer flying low
 Over the waving meadow land,
 And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet—
 A drowsy inland meadow stream—
 At set of sun the after-heat
 Made running gold, and in the gleam
 We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk
 We lifted dripping blade to drift,
 Through twilight scented fine like musk,
 Where night and gloom awhile uplift,
 Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

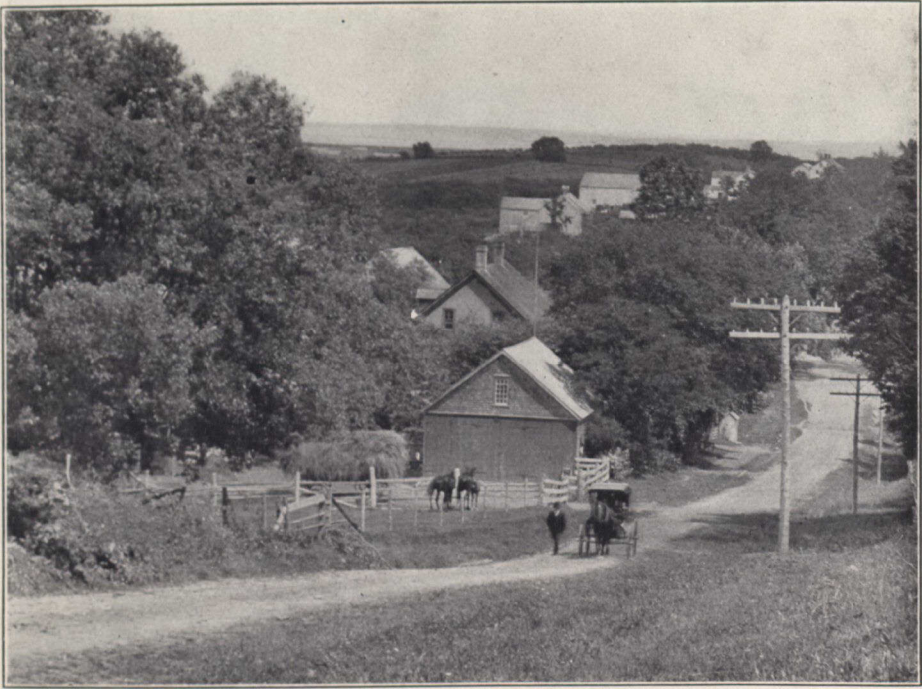
And that we took into our hands—
 Spirit of life or subtler thing—
 Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
 Of death, and taught us, whispering,
 The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed
 To hold the shadow of the sun;
 The evening faltered, and I deemed
 That time was ripe, and years had done
 Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret,
 And fear and memory, were naught;
 One to remember or forget
 The keen delight our hands had caught;
 Morrow and yesterday were naught!

The night has fallen, and the tide
 Now and again comes drifting home,
 Across these aching barrens wide,
 A sigh like driven wind or foam;
 In grief the flood is bursting home!

At Wolfville advice is given to go back above the village, as far as the highest point, and behold the valley of the Gaspereau, which, with its cultivated fields, curving river and tree-embowered hamlets, presents a scene of truly bewitching pastoral beauty. The Gaspereau is by no means a majestic river, but in sinuosity and alluring recesses it is difficult to rival. Its course lies back of Wolf-



THE MODERN VILLAGE OF GRAND PRÉ

ville] and back also of Grand Pré, but it flows into the Basin of Minas a little beyond the *Home of Evangeline*, and it was near its mouth that the Acadians embarked for exile.

Having obtained a familiar acquaintance with the surroundings, the very spot to which tradition attaches the spirit of *Evangeline* can be approached with a better understanding, with quickened imagination and with a fuller appreciation of its picturesqueness. The willows and the well should serve merely as a suggestion, as an earnest of the quaintness and primitiveness of the scene as *Evangeline* and *Gabriel* were accustomed to see it. Instead of the ordinary field, one sees in imagination the forge of *Basil* on one hand, the Acadian church of *St. Charles* on the other hand, the residence of the *curé* hard by, and the old-fashioned road that curved up into the village. Although this spot, which has now attained almost to the status of a shrine, long stood neglected by those whose greatest interest should have rested in it, thousands of Americans, inspired with curiosity by their national poet, have

annually made pilgrimage to the scene. A few years ago some of the more appreciative members of the community brought a primitive well-sweep and bucket across from *Cornwallis* and placed them above *Evangeline's* well. That was the first move towards restoration, but soon an enthusiastic tourist carried off the bucket. The farmer who used the land for pasture required some means for raising the water, so he had the well-sweep replaced with a modern pump. To add to the inappropriateness of the change, the pump was painted red, and a board fence was built around it. Recently, however, a number of residents of the vicinity secured control of the property, which will hereafter be known as *Memorial Park*. The intention is to restore it as much as possible to the appearance it bore at the time of the Acadians. Already they have replaced the pump with a new well-sweep and bucket, and the well itself has been curbed with stone. In the mortar may be seen the imprints of the dates 1755-1907. Excavating for relics has begun, and some very interesting objects, such as pots, pans, axe-heads, knives, bayonets,



THE VALLEY OF THE GASPEREAU

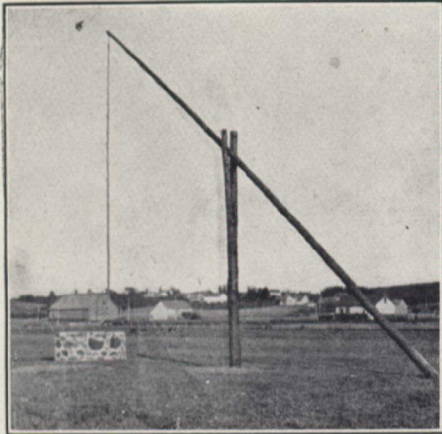
and various implements have been recovered. Some are very well preserved, but most of them have been badly damaged by rust.

The meadow lands of Grand Pré are valuable because of the immense crops of hay that they will produce. Some choice stretches in the vicinity are valued at \$300 an acre. Three to four tons to the acre is said to be not an unusual yield, and sometimes hay is worth fifteen dollars a ton. The land has to be resown only once in every seven years. The wonderful productiveness of the soil is due to the alluvial deposits made by the tides, but in order to take advantage of it the dykes that hold the water back have to be kept constantly in repair. A dyke commissioner is maintained in order to insure the safety of all. His duty is to see that no part of the dyke is neglected, and when repairs are needed the money to pay for the work is taken from the common fund. The object in having a commissioner is to prevent any one neglectful farmer from allowing the tide to break through his dyke and imperil the crops for miles

around. Renewals have to be made frequently; in fact, every spring fresh breaks are invariably found. The farmers contribute according to acreage towards the general up-keep. Although the tide has a rise of about thirty feet at Grand Pré, the dykes are only about ten feet high, the rise of land from the river-bed to the dykes making up the difference. The composition of these veritable walls is wooden piles backed with earth.

The settlers around Grand Pré and Wolfville are now all English, but the descendants of Acadians can be traced to Digby County, to near Halifax, N.S., along the northern shore of New Brunswick and to Gaspé. Some of the names familiar to these places are the same as the recorded names of some of the expelled Acadians; for instance, Le Blanc, Gotro, Boudro, Landry, Robicheau, Gaudet, Hébert, Blanchard, Melanson and Comeau.

The setting of the sun over beyond the Gaspereau is oftentimes a supremely enchanting spectacle, and, having witnessed it, one is induced to wander back



EVANGELINE'S WELL

Village of Grand Pré in the background.

along the highway towards Grand Pré, to experience the spell of an Acadian twilight falling over the scene. The village itself is not unlike many another in various parts of the Dominion, but

its associations are sufficiently romantic and its history sufficiently austere to raise it above the commonplace. From all accounts, most of the Acadians were a peace-loving people, but unfortunately they listened to the ill-advised counsels of their leaders, which meant for them anything but peace. Their descendants are now content to live under the protection of a flag whose presence was regarded by them as an insult to their nationality. Still, after all, the expulsion was merely an incident—a terrible alternative, it must be admitted—yet nevertheless merely an incident. To attempt to justify it is merely to repeat history.

As we look for the last time across to the well, to the willows, to the dykes, and to the tide-swept reaches beyond, we see with undimmed eye the great throng moving slowly towards the ships; but our hearts fill and our sympathies rise, when we see Evangeline and Gabriel, the lovers whom we know so well, passing out with the rest of their people.

Evening at Grand Pré

BY N. B. RIPLEY

ONCE thoughtfully I wandered through the meads,
 Whose ample acres, by a pastoral race,
 Saved from the restless sea's inundant pace,
 Rich harvests yield for man's recurrent needs;
 Long windrows, gathered by the patient steeds,
 Stretched o'er the plain, while on its smiling face
 The aftermath grew green. Ah, what a grace
 Fell where the toiling swain his calling leads!
 Historic ground, where far the dike-line lies,
 Thy charm is on me, and will ever stay;
 But over all a vision fills my eyes,
 Surrounded by that fair Acadian day:
 A poet's maid in modest beauty dressed,
 With love undying in her throbbing breast.

The Maple

BY WILFRED CAMPBELL

O MAPLE, tall and slender,
Filled with the sun's rich wine:
Whether on open hillside,
Or on the forest line,
You brim with your glad splendour
The June world's cup divine.

With warm light overflowing,
O, strong and stately tree,
You spread your bounteous branches
To all glad airs that be:
O, tree of all trees growing,
The dearest one to me.

All through the golden summer
Your leafy tents you spread,
When out by field and highway
The moon lies parched and red:
And out in the fields the cattle
Doze by the brook's dried bed.

When late in ripe September
Earth's fruits are gathered in,
And wealth of glowing plenty
O'erflows each brimming bin:
You, with your flaming splendours,
The Autumn's triumphs win.

And when in late October
The frosty nuts do rain:
And earth, more grave and sober,
Hath wrapt her pall again,
Through your great boughs the storm-wind
Goes roaring like the main.

O, tree of mine own country,
I love your stately green:
Old memories of my childhood
Blow your warm leaves between,
And past your leafy radiance,
Haunts each familiar scene.

Like you upon your hillside,
Filled with earth's golden glow:
Strong, towering, proud to heaven
When happy June winds blow,
O, tree, may my young country
In days to come, outgrow.

Like you, amid the forest,
May she 'mid nations tower,
A titan proud and mighty,
Filled with earth's gladdest dower:
While 'neath her widening branches
A people's hope embower.



The Tell-Tale Pasture

By *RAYMUND H. PHILLIMORE, M.D.*

IT was about two weeks before Christmas, 1898. Dr. Archibald Forbes, of Rockstowes, was seated in the cosy little library of the Reverend Charles Brewster, rector of East Owlpen, about eight miles from West Nymphsfield. It was about seven o'clock in the evening, and Dr. Forbes was indulging in a sociable smoke after dinner. Outside, the snow was gently falling, and the ground was covered with a thin layer which glistened and sparkled as the moon occasionally broke through the clouds. The rector rose from his chair, stirred the fire, and walked to the window. He drew aside the blinds and looked out.

"Snowing still?" inquired the clergyman's guest.

"Yes, doctor; it looks as if we were to have a regular old-fashioned Christmas."

Then he returned to his seat, lay back, and approximating the tips of his fingers, closed his eyes and appeared to be lost in meditation.

Dr. Forbes blew a cloud of smoke from his cigar, and watched his host for some moments, speculating upon the probable nature of his thoughts.

Suddenly the reverend gentleman looked up.

"It is strange," he remarked, "how the mind will occasionally revert to events that have long since past and gone."

"To what do you refer?"

"When I glanced out of that window a few moments ago, and saw the snow glittering across the pasture, I could not help recalling a shocking tragedy which occurred in this parish twenty-four years ago this very Christmas."

"Indeed, I never heard of it!"

"No? Well it created a great sensation at the time."

"I should be very pleased if you would relate the details. You know that the analysis of crime has been my hobby for years."

"I am aware of it, and I shall be happy to tell you the story, for it was a strange, strange case. The decanter is beside you, and I see that your glass is empty."

Dr. Forbes, having accepted the hint, the rector commenced his narrative thus:

"Christmas Eve, 1874, fell upon Thursday. At that time there dwelt in this village one Hiram Bishop, an old man who was reputed to be worth over £20,000. He dwelt in this very street—you will see the old gabled house at the north corner; it is now occupied by his nephew, Ephraim Bishop, originally a shoemaker by trade."

"I know the house well," broke in the doctor, "also the man, a staid, respectable old citizen."

"Exactly. Well, across the field, at the back of Hiram Bishop's old place, there lived in a little thatched cottage, a man named James Sellan, a lazy, good-natured sort of fellow, who spent most of his time at The Golden Fleece. Fortunately, he was unmarried; and though, as I say, he was not overfond of work, he had still never exhibited any vicious tendencies. These are the principal characters that enter into the narrative."

The rector glanced towards the window.

"Yes," he continued reflectively, "it was just such a night as this, though no snow was actually falling; and this is a most important circumstance to note, as you will see further on. After service

on Christmas morning it was remarked by several members of the congregation that old Bishop had not occupied his usual place in the pew beneath the pulpit; for, in spite of his miserly habits, he was a regular attendant at church, though I must say his contributions did not materially assist the church in her good work."

"Was he a married man?" inquired the doctor.

"No, sir, he lived alone; cooked his own food, and was very rarely visited by any of his neighbours. He was essentially a misanthrope, as is often the case in men of this class. It was next remarked that no smoke was to be seen issuing from the chimney of the old man's house; consequently the attention of the village constable—one Grimes—was called to the circumstance. This official, in company with a number of the neighbours, myself, and Ephraim by the way, included, tried old Bishop's front door; it was locked. Upon trying the back door, however, which, as you know the house, you will remember opens into the field which I have already mentioned, it was found unfastened. I shall never forget the strange, indefinable feeling of awe which crept over me as we entered the kitchen. It seemed as if we were on the threshold of some horrible discovery. From the kitchen we proceeded to the bedroom, and there my worst fears were realised. The old man lay upon the bed with his head battered in, quite dead and cold—he had evidently been murdered several hours before."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Forbes, "and who was the murderer?"

"All in good time," replied the rector. "Upon more closely investigating the surroundings, and the position of the body, it became apparent that the old miser had been struck a violent blow with the poker while asleep; in all likelihood he was killed instantly, and the succeeding blows would seem to have been dealt out of pure savagery. For some moments we gazed on this terrible spectacle, speechless with horror. I believe that I was the first to break silence. 'Look there!' I exclaimed, glancing out of the window, and pointing to the pasture,

'look at those footprints!' All rushed to the window. And there, as each one cast his eyes over the pasture, he plainly saw footprints in the snow leading directly from Jim Sellan's cottage to Hiram Bishop's domicile! No snow had fortunately fallen during the night—they were as distinct as a man's tracks could possibly be; and, from that day to this the field has been called 'Tell-Tale Pasture.'"

"Was there a double row?" inquired Dr. Forbes, intensely interested.

"No, a single track only; but upon further examination of the premises we found that the front parlour window was unfastened, and here the murderer had evidently made his escape, jumping down into the main street, and reaching home by a circuitous route. You will understand what a sensation the affair created. The constable, with the rest of us, at once hastened to the cottage of James Sellan. The wretched man was found still in bed. He appeared almost dazed when we woke him, though he managed to pull himself together in a few moments, and angrily demanded what we meant by such a forcible entry into his dwelling; for I may say that the constable had broken open the flimsy door.

"'What d'yer mean?' says he, 'and what's the bloomin' trouble? Can't a fellow take an extry bit of sleep a Christmas mornin' without havin' the whole village to wake him up, or is it a depitation with a fat goose?' he added with assumed sarcasm.

"'Jim,' I said, approaching the bed, 'a very serious affair occurred last night, and I am afraid you will be called upon to make some explanations.'

"'What's the matter, parson?' he answered, staring from one to the other, and now evidently much alarmed at my solemn tone.

"'Old Hiram Bishop was murdered last night,' I replied, looking him steadily in the face.

"'Sellan almost jumped out of the bed.

"'What's that?' he exclaimed, his face turning white as a sheet, 'old Bishop, the miser, murdered—surely you be jestin', parson?'

"No, Jim," I answered, 'unhappily it's only too true.'

"Well," he replied defiantly, as he caught sight of the constable, and what's that got to do wi' me? D'yer suppose I did it? I left The Golden Fleece this morning at two o'clock, havin' had to rub down a horse that brought two gentlemen over from Worcester; and I ain't stirred out of bed since."

"And I must say, doctor," continued Mr. Brewster, "the man's tone was wonderfully calm and collected under the circumstances. He seemed all at once to have realised that suspicion had already fallen upon *him*."

"Gentlemen," he says, looking each one straight in the face, 'I swear to you, as there is a God in Heaven, I ain't had nothin' to do with the murder of old Bishop. if, as you says, he has been murdered. I'm as innercent as a babe unborn.'

"You'll 'ave to prove it,' broke in the constable, roughly; 'anyway, my dooty is clear enough. I arrest you, James Sellan, on suspicion of 'aving murdered Hiram Bishop last night or early this morning.'

"What proofs 'ave you?' he asked.

"Footprints," replied the constable.

"I wish, Dr. Forbes, I could forget the memory of that poor wretch's face. It

haunts me even to-night. He gazed at the constable with a fixed, stony stare—the silence in the room was painful beyond description. Then the accused man got slowly out of bed.

"I'll go with yer, Mister Grimes,' he says, 'but if they hang me there'll be two men murdered instead o' one; and that be gospel truth.'

The rector paused.

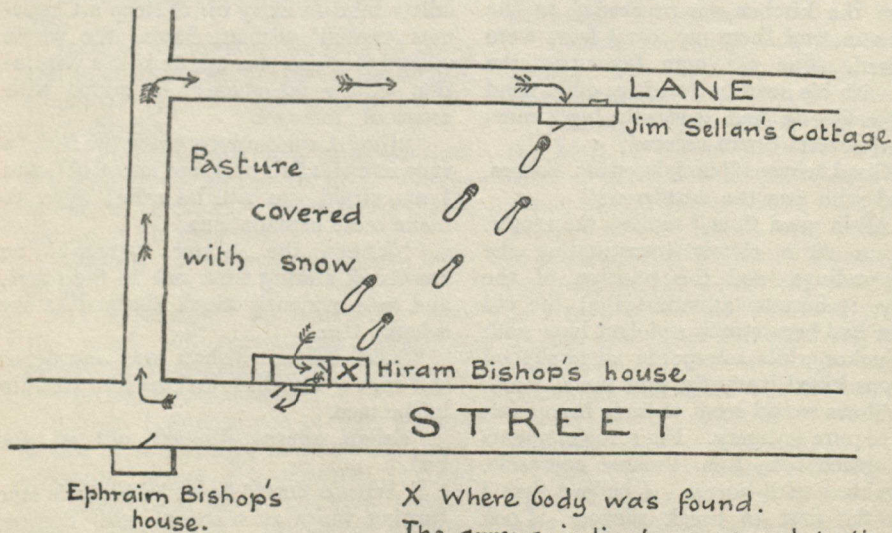
"Now, you understand the whole situation, Dr. Forbes?" he asked.

"I believe I do," answered the doctor, "but pray proceed."

"Before going any further, doctor, I should like to sketch you a plan of the locality, and the direction taken by the footsteps. You will then more fully comprehend the situation as it was placed before the jury at the trial."

The rector rose from his chair, took a pencil and sheet of paper from his desk, and drew a diagram.

"You will observe," he continued, after Dr. Archibald Forbes had occupied some minutes in a careful examination of the plan, "that the footsteps lead directly from Jim Sellan's to Hiram Bishop's house. It had not snowed for at least forty-eight hours previously—the evidence of the accused's guilt would, therefore, seem to be conclusive, especially when it was found that Jim's boots fitted *exactly*



X Where body was found.

The arrows indicate supposed path taken by the murderer.

the impressions discovered in the snow the following morning."

"Um," replied Dr. Forbes reflectively, "but where did the motive come in—*cui bono*? What object had Jim Sellan for killing his neighbour? Had they quarrelled?"

"Yes, it was shown at the trial that the two had not been on good terms for a long time. There had been some trouble between them about a small sum of money Jim had borrowed from the old man, and which he said he had paid back. Upon one occasion, it is said, Jim had threatened to get even with 'that rascally thief,' as he called him. It was also pretty well known that old Bishop kept money hidden away in the house, and the place had certainly been ransacked the night of the murder."

"Was there any money found in Jim's house?" asked Dr. Forbes.

"Well, not exactly *in* the house; but then, of course, the murderer was cunning enough to conceal it."

"Then some money was actually discovered upon Sellan's premises?" continued the doctor.

"Certainly; a strict search was made, and upon raising the sill of the front window, outside, which was loose, they found eight sovereigns and some silver wrapped up in a piece of old newspaper."

Dr. Forbes smiled enigmatically.

"Ah, that of course was another link in the chain of evidence. The poor devil must have felt that justice was weaving a pretty tight noose round his neck when this circumstance came to light. I understand then that this money was found beneath the sill of the window facing the lane?"

"Precisely."

"And then did Jim Sellan confess his guilt?"

"On the contrary, he sullenly and obstinately declared that he knew nothing about the whole business; and that if money had been found hidden around his cottage—either inside or outside—he hadn't put it there."

"What time did he leave The Golden Fleece do you say?"

"About two o'clock in the morning, so the landlord stated at the trial, which

of course substantiated the prisoner's statement."

"Had he been drinking?"

"Oh, no; Jim was not by any means what you would call a drinking man. He usually sat around the inn looking for odd jobs in connection with stable work. Indeed, this is how he practically earned his livelihood. He appears to have done this on the night of the murder."

"And who got the old miser's money?" inquired the doctor after a moment's pause.

"His nephew, Ephraim Bishop; and here I may mention a somewhat curious incident in regard to the case. At the time of the old man's death Ephraim was engaged to a pretty, dark-eyed girl living in the village, named Marguerite Everall. They had been courting for over a year, and were to have been married as soon as Ephraim was in a position to raise a mortgage which was hanging over his place."

"Excuse me," broke in Dr. Forbes, "but is that the Miss Everall who lives opposite the church? I refer to the dressmaker."

"The same person. Well, for some reason or another, which has never, as far as I know, been clearly explained, the match was broken off. Ephraim, who was always of a somewhat retiring disposition, became ten times more so after the girl had jilted him."

"That, of course, is not surprising. By the way, he was a shoemaker by trade, I think you said?"

"A shoemaker—yes. However, he did not pursue his vocation very long after his uncle's death and his own love affair. Indeed, if I remember rightly, he went abroad for five or six years, and is said to have made a fortune. I honestly believe he was passionately fond of the girl. When he returned home Miss Everall was still unmarried, and he at once renewed his suit, but all to no purpose. Finally, he settled down on his uncle's old place, where, as you probably know, he now resides—a quiet, religious, respectable member of society, living alone with an old servant, and in all respects, a model parishioner."

"And Jim Sellan?" inquired Dr.

Forbes; "the jury, I suppose, brought in a verdict of 'Not Guilty'?"

"Not guilty!" exclaimed the rector, in astonishment; "why, bless me! how could they possibly have done that, my dear sir? The Judge summed up against the prisoner, pointing out the quarrel between the two men, and calling special attention to the tell-tale footprints, which accurately fitted the boots worn by Sellan on the night of the murder. Finally, the jury rendered the one verdict which was generally expected, viz., 'Guilty'."

"Then Jim Sellan was hanged?"

"No, doctor, he was not."

"How was that if he was found guilty of the crime?"

The rector considered a moment.

"If I recall the circumstances correctly," he answered, "one of the jurymen at first stood out for a verdict of acquittal, arguing that the proof against Jim had not been established entirely to his satisfaction—the evidence after all being purely circumstantial. In the end, however, he yielded to the majority; but only on condition that a recommendation for mercy should form a part of the verdict—upon what grounds I know not. The consequence was that the death penalty was subsequently commuted to imprisonment for life, so that Jim had a pretty close shave. And now, doctor, you have heard the strange story of the Tell-Tale Pasture."

"A strange verdict, Mr. Brewster."

"Why so? The proof of guilt to my mind seems overwhelming."

"Yes, truly; but not against Jim Sellan."

"Not against Jim Sellan! Good gracious, doctor, what a man you are for giving one the cold shivers! Do you actually think that the wrong man has been punished all these years? For Heaven's sake, don't say that!"

"That is exactly what I do say. I say deliberately that, in my opinion, Jim Sellan never murdered Hiram Bishop—there was not one jot of reliable evidence offered against him. Remember, he was an ignorant man; public opinion was against him; and circumstances, of course, pointed strongly in his direction. Imagining his case was hopeless, he

probably sullenly accepted the fate which he thought was in store for him. What was his word, he would argue, against such an apparently irresistible array of evidence? The quarrel, the footsteps, the expert testimony, the money found on his premises, and no one else but himself suspected? He would at once resign himself to the inevitable."

The rector's face became very grave.

"Forbes," he said solemnly, "I have a high regard for your sound judgment as a medical jurist—there is no man's I value more so. In this case, however, I sincerely hope, and I must frankly state, that I believe you are mistaken. Look at the evidence—circumstantial, I admit; but consider it from every standpoint, what do you find?"

"As you say—consider it from every standpoint; and what *do* you find? You find a lazy, indolent fellow sentenced to death for the murder of an old miser. What would he murder him for? For his money? Is it likely that Jim Sellan, in his sober senses, after spending the early morning hours at the village inn, where he was employed attending to some horses, would all at once conceive the sanguinary design of slaying an inoffensive neighbour with whom he had had some petty difference a year or two before? Would any sane man, and one whose disposition you declare was not naturally vicious, calmly walk out of his cottage, tramp across a pasture upon which snow had recently fallen, leaving tell-tale tracks behind; commit a murder, take a few paltry pounds, hide them in a place where they would assuredly be discovered the next morning, and then go quietly back to bed, and sleep soundly until roused by the villagers? No, sir, the whole theory is contrary to reason, logic, and criminal experiences."

The rector's fingers twitched nervously.

"Then who did kill Hiram Bishop if Jim Sellan did not do so?"

Dr. Forbes rose from his chair, and walked towards the window looking out upon the pasture.

"Ask Marguerite Everall what she thinks about it," he answered quietly.

"What!" ejaculated the clergyman, greatly agitated, "you don't mean——"

"Hush! my friend, do not forget that 'walls have ears'."

Just as he uttered these warning words, there was a ring at the bell.

"Mr. Bishop," announced the butler.

"Admit him," answered the perturbed rector; and then the stillness of death fell upon the apartment. Even the very portraits in their frames, in the subdued light of the lamp, seemed to glance expectantly towards the door.

Again it opened, and a man, somewhat past middle age, and slightly above the average height, entered the apartment. His hair was white; and, at first glance, his countenance suggested to the observer some deep-seated grief. Probably he had not recovered from the blow dealt him by the faithless Marguerite in his youth—perhaps the tragical death of his uncle had weighed upon his mind, and prematurely aged him. Or perhaps, who knows?—some deeper sorrow still was gnawing at his heart, and slowly sapping away his energies and vitality. In the soft light of the room his face looked sallow, and his eyes hollow. As he entered he paused—he had evidently expected to find the rector alone.

"Good night, gentlemen," he said respectfully; "I hope I am not disturbing you, but I wished to see Mr. Brewster on a small business matter, which, however, can readily be put off till another day."

"You are not disturbing us at all, Mr. Bishop," responded the rector; "permit me to introduce you to Dr. Archibald Forbes, of West Nymphsfield, whom you may possibly already know."

Mr. Bishop bowed.

"I have frequently met Dr. Forbes," he said.

After a short conversation between the three gentlemen had taken place, the Reverend Charles Brewster spoke up:

"If you have any desire to see me privately, I am sure Dr. Forbes will excuse me for a few minutes."

"By no means," answered the other; "my business has reference only to the proposed restoration of your church. I

understand that you are short of funds, sir. If I remember rightly you require——" and he began to fumble in his pocket, apparently in search of some paper or memorandum.

"My dear sir," said the rector smiling, "as you state, we are sadly in want of money to carry on the work which it has been my ambition to accomplish for many years."

"And that sum is——"

"Five thousand, five hundred pounds."

The visitor drew out a check book, but without the slightest ostentation.

"As you are aware," he said, "I have always taken a very lively interest in the church and church work. You have a pen and ink at hand?"

The rector shot a swift and exultant glance at Dr. Forbes, who sat in his chair apparently absorbed in "Lives of Old English Worthies"; then he walked to his desk.

"Mr. Bishop," he said, "here are pen and ink—the church of St. James is already greatly indebted to you for many charitable donations; but 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

Mr. Bishop seated himself gravely before the desk; he considered a moment, then he filled in a cheque, folded it, handed it to the clergyman, and said:

"Gentlemen, permit me to wish you 'good-night'," and without another word took his departure.

The moment the two were alone, Dr. Forbes looked up at his clerical friend—

"Come now," he said; "admit that I am gifted with second sight—that cheque is filled in for six thousand pounds."

The Reverend Mr. Brewster started—"Six thousand pounds!" he exclaimed; "that would be a godsend, indeed."

Then he unfolded the paper, and looked at the figures.

"You are a true prophet," he announced joyfully; "it is precisely for that amount. We can now proceed with the work of restoration."



The next day Dr. Archibald Forbes paid a mysterious visit to London, where he interviewed the Minister of Justice,

with whom he was on friendly terms. In reply to a certain question addressed to him by the master of Rockstowes, the Minister answered:

"The man's time will expire in a few days; here is the order which I promised to give you. It will meet all requirements."

The following evening Dr. Forbes was once more seated in his office. His wife was sewing in an arm-chair opposite.

"Edith," commenced the doctor, "I am going to drive over to East Owlpen to-morrow."

"To visit the Rev. Charles Brewster again?"

Her husband smiled.

"No," he answered, "not the clergyman this time. I am about to interview two people—the one is Mr. Ephraim Bishop, the other Miss Marguerite Everall."

"Is that the gentleman who gave such a liberal donation towards the restoration of St. James' Church?"

"The same."

"And what is the object of this important interview?"

"My dear, I am anxious to carry out, or rather to put to a test, a certain theory which I have evolved in regard to a murder committed a number of years ago."

"Of course, for your new volume, 'A Disquisition on the Detection of Crime and Criminals,'" responded his wife, laughing.

"You are always accurate, my dear," he rejoined.

"You consider it a crime," she continued jocosely, "to give so largely in aid of the church?"

"By no means," replied her husband; "but I wish, for my own satisfaction, to prove that a certain convict is not guilty of the crime for which he was condemned. It will necessitate, I am afraid, a somewhat dramatic *dénouement*; but, under the circumstances, I consider it perfectly justifiable."

"If that be the case, I sincerely trust you may succeed," Mrs. Forbes answered; "though of course I do not know the circumstances to which you refer."

"You will know later on," was the rejoinder.

The next evening Dr. Archibald Forbes drove over to East Owlpen. He directed his coachman to stop at the cottage of Miss Marguerite Everall.

Dr. Forbes descended from the vehicle and rapped at the door. It was opened by a neatly-attired, attenuated maid-servant.

"Is Miss Everall at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you please hand her my card?"

A minute later Dr. Forbes was seated in a diminutive parlour. The whole arrangement of the room indicated the artistic taste of the lady of the house; and, as Dr. Forbes cast his eyes around, he could not fail to observe that cleanliness, order, and method, entered largely into every detail of domestic management.

Very soon a gray-haired lady entered the room. The name of Dr. Forbes was almost a household word throughout the whole country. His wealth, his personality, his charity—all combined, sufficed to render him popular wherever he went.

Miss Everall, for this, of course, was the lady, curtsied.

After a few introductory remarks, Dr. Forbes commenced:

"You will doubtless wonder, Miss Everall, what my object really is for calling upon you. As a matter of fact I desire to procure some information which, I believe, you are in a position to give me."

Miss Everall's face slightly flushed.

"Information from me!" she exclaimed a little nervously. "Of course, if it is possible, I shall do all in my power to render you a service. But, in what respect, sir, can I be of assistance to you?"

"You will pardon me, I am sure, if I should appear to ask you a number of questions which, at first sight, may seem inquisitive. Still, if you consider my visit an intrusion, or my questions wearisome as I proceed, pray do not hesitate to say so."

And Dr. Forbes laughed genially.

An uneasy expression passed over Miss Everall's countenance.

I cannot imagine——” she began.

“My dear lady,” interrupted the doctor, “you have, in all likelihood, heard that, like many literary men, I have a hobby?”

“You are a great writer, doctor. All the world of course knows that, but——”

“Please do not flatter me,” broke in the visitor. “I have driven over to see you this evening to secure, as I have already stated, a little information. That information, you may be sure, possesses some degree of importance, or I should not have ventured to intrude upon you.”

“Proceed, doctor.”

“You have lived in East Owlpen the greater part of your life, I believe, Miss Everall?”

“I was born here.”

“Consequently you will be well qualified to tell me something about the history of the people?”

“It is very possible, doctor. There are few persons who have resided in this locality with whom either in the conduct of my small business, or in friendly intercourse, I have not come into contact at one time or another.”

“For example, one James Sellan, who resided here twenty-five years ago?”

At the mention of this name Miss Everall’s face turned as pale as marble.

“James Sellan!” she exclaimed; “James Sellan! And what can I tell you about him? It is true,” she continued, recovering herself, and assuming a more dignified tone, “that we went to the village school together; but, as we grew up, we naturally drifted apart. As a boy, he was indolent, but good-natured, and was always ready to protect the weaker children from being tyrannised over by their stronger companions. I believe he is now in the penitentiary.”

“Precisely, for the murder of one Hiram Bishop. Do you know?”—and the doctor regarded her closely—“that I never heard of this case until a few nights ago. I may explain that I am now compiling a work, dealing with crimes and criminals, and, in gathering together certain data respecting this James Sellan, I have been induced to visit you for the purpose of verifying what information I have already obtained. I ask you then, from your knowledge and recollection of this James

Sellan, Miss Everall, would you have considered him likely to have turned out a murderer?”

“I should scarcely have thought so, but then, of course, I may have been deceived,” she answered in a slightly tremulous tone.

“For my own part,” went on the doctor, glancing carelessly out of the window, “I must frankly confess, after hearing the details of the crime, that I do not believe James Sellan was the culprit.”

It was almost with a gasp that Miss Everall replied:

“Then who do you think was the criminal?”

“We must first of all ask ourselves,” answered the doctor, “who was mostly interested in the old man’s death? Old Hiram, I understand, was worth a considerable sum of money?”

“I believe,” responded the lady in a faint voice, “that his nephew came in for his uncle’s fortune.”

“Ephraim Bishop, the philanthropist?”

“Yes, sir.”

“No one else?”

“Not that I am aware of.”

Dr. Forbes then proceeded to discuss the character, habits, and personality of James Sellan, concerning whom Miss Everall gave a minute description as far as her recollection carried her.

The doctor then thanked her for the information; and, having apologised for having trespassed upon her time, took his leave.

“John,” said he, as he stepped into his carriage, “drive to the residence of Mr. Ephraim Bishop.”

Upon reaching that gentleman’s house, Dr. Forbes discovered the subject of his visit sitting in the parlour.

“I have called,” said the doctor, the usual salutations having been passed, “to invite you to spend Christmas Eve at my house—Christmas day falling on a Sunday this year. I am entertaining a few friends; and, although I am aware that you do not care very much for society, I shall esteem it a personal favour if you will break through your usual rule and partake of Christmas cheer at my table. I am anxious also to discuss this question

of church restoration, as I intend to follow your praiseworthy example, and surprise your good rector. There will only be a few old cronies present, all of whom will be personally known to you, so I hope you will accept my invitation. I can promise you an interesting evening."

Mr. Bishop hesitated.

"You know, doctor," he objected, "it is a long way from East Owlpen to West Nymphsfield, and——"

"No, no!" interrupted the doctor; "no excuses, my dear sir; I shall send my carriage for you, so your objection falls to the ground."

"Really then, under these circumstances, I cannot very well decline."

"Excellent! Next Saturday then at seven o'clock, Christmas Eve."

The matter having been thus arranged Dr. Forbes drove away eminently satisfied with his afternoon's work, while Mr. Ephraim Bishop returned to his fireside wondering greatly who the "old cronies" mentioned by Dr. Forbes to meet him on Christmas Eve would turn out to be.



It was a strange assembly that sat in Dr. Archibald Forbes' library on the night of December the 24th, 1898. There were nine guests in all; first, there was the rector of East Owlpen; then there was Mr. Grimes, village constable, now retired; next came the blacksmith, well over sixty years of age; the remainder were all men of a past generation. Rockstowes had probably never before witnessed so miscellaneous a gathering. The staid old butler regarded, with no small indignation, each new guest as he arrived.

"What in blazes can the maister be thinkin' of?" he snorted to himself, as he admitted them one by one; "outside o' the passon there ain't a gen'leman among 'em—they be nawt but a passel of yokels!"

Even the guests themselves were ill at ease at first. They were shown into the smoking-room, and there they sat in solemn silence—these middle-aged and old men, who had known one another for the past fifty years; and, in their boyish days, had played tip-cat and marbles together.

Gradually, however, the geniality of the host, assisted by a stiff glass of hot grog all round, thawed, as it were, the social frigidity of the atmosphere, and the conversation became freer and more animated.

All at once the retired constable glanced around the room; then he glanced round again—then a third time, observing each guest with keen attention. Finally, his countenance exchanged its wonted complacency for an expression of intense surprise. Suddenly he seemed to have made up his mind to say something, and blurted out:

"Well, gents, if this baint the most wonderful coin-ci-dence that ever I 'eard of!"

"What's that, Mr. Grimes?" inquired the startled smith, while the rest of the company regarded him like so many stuffed owls.

"Do you mind Christmas Day, 1874, when old Hiram Bishop was found a murdered in his bed?"

"Surely!" came from a number of voices.

"Well, gents; a lookin' over this 'ere company I do hereby declare——" for the retired constable was always very judicial in his observations—"that every man 'ere present was with me at the time that the body was diskivered!"

The eyes of each guest opened wide with astonishment.

"All exceptin' Mr. Ephraim Bishop," added the smith, "and he——"

Here the smoking-room door was abruptly opened:

"Mr. Ephraim Bishop!" grunted the old butler.

At this announcement a look of positive stupefaction spread over the countenances of those present.

"This 'ere baint a coin-ci-dence," whispered the retired constable hoarsely to his next door neighbour; "this be a hintermission o' Providence! I allus said summat was *ultra vires* in Jim Sellan's case."

Mr. Bishop cast his eyes around the room. Whether he was surprised at the social standing of the guests, or whether his lifelong acquaintance with them rendered their presence a thing only to

be expected, we are not in a position to say. He greeted the company solemnly and wished each one in turn the compliments of the season; then he took a vacant seat beside Mr. Grimes.

"And now, gentlemen," said Dr. Forbes, glancing at his watch, "our circle is complete—we will proceed to enjoy some of the good things of this life."

He led the way into a room suitably decorated for the season. It is unnecessary to state that the table was loaded with all that is typical of an English convivial repast. There was a great roast of beef at one end of the table; a big turkey at the other; not to mention a plum pudding, and every other delicacy with which we so fondly associate Christmas cheer, and afterwards doctors' bills. It was when dinner was over, and the well-satisfied guests were enjoying their "churchwardens," and chatting away about old times, that Dr. Archibald Forbes remarked:

"Yes, gentlemen, as our worthy Mr. Grimes was saying, it *is* a curious coincidence that you gentlemen should be dining together at my house to-night; and that the same company, twenty-four years ago to-morrow morning, should have been the first discoverers of an awful tragedy. Your good rector was telling me the details a few nights ago. And, strange to say, I presume owing to the powerful impression which it created in my mind, I had the most extraordinary dream the other night.

He paused and surveyed his guests, who were listening intently.

"Well, sir," croaked the aged sexton, "and what better time to 'ear about 'orrid dreams, an' murders, an' spooks, an' witches, an' ghouls, an' churchyards, an' ghostesses, than on a Christmas Eve? Give us the wision, doctor. Christmas Eve wouldn't seem Christmas Eve as I used to spend it when I was a boy, if summat of sich like warn't told."

The rest of the company loudly applauded the speaker's sentiments, and called upon their host to relate his dream. The rector of East Owlpen, however, looked grave, and glanced uneasily in the direction of Mr. Ephraim Bishop. The latter was filling his glass with port wine,

but the rector noticed that he frequently cast furtive glances towards Dr. Forbes.

Thus invited, Dr. Archibald, having sipped his wine, moistened his lips, cleared his throat, began thus:

"Well, gentlemen, as you all appear to be so anxious to hear the dream to which I have referred, and as our old sexton declares the present to be a suitable occasion for narratives bordering on the supernatural, I will ask you to give me your attention for a few minutes, and when I have concluded I think you will admit that it was a very remarkable vision, and undoubtedly, as I have suggested, had its origin in the rector's recital of the Tell-Tale Pasture tragedy."

At this point Mr. Ephraim Bishop poured out another glass of wine.

"I dreamt," proceeded the doctor, "that on a certain winter's night, when the whole country was covered with a light snow, that I was standing in a little room in some strange locality; a fire was burning brightly in the grate. There was a bedstead in one corner partly surrounded by curtains; it was one of those old-fashioned four-posters, and I distinctly remember watching a human form lying beneath the sheets. I noticed, too, how restless the figure was, tossing to and fro continually. Occasionally a head would rise up and turn in the direction of an old Dutch clock that kept solemnly ticking away on the mantelshelf. It seemed to repeat over and over again—'Mur-der—mur-der—mur-der.' So vivid was the phantasy that I remember the time as indicated by the clock. It was precisely two minutes to twelve—the witching hour of night, gentlemen; just the time when you might expect 'murder most foul' to be committed."

"Aye, aye; that's reet, that's reet!" broke in the old sexton, "murder most foul, just when the church clock's a striking the hour o' midnight, and ghostesses come out o' graves and scare folks. That's reet, that's reet! Go on, maister, go on! I've seed 'em."

"To continue my story," went on the doctor. "Half an hour more elapsed, and then the figure rose from the bed. Somehow, as often happens in dreams,

probably within your own individual experiences, I could not distinguish the face of the man. I know only that I saw him get up from the bed, dress himself slowly, and go forth quietly from the room, carrying in his hand a dark lantern. From the cautious and nervous manner in which he performed these movements, I concluded that he had some evil object in view. Again, and this, too, frequently occurs in dreams, I found myself unable to follow him; so I wandered round the room. There was a cupboard in one corner, and curiosity impelled me to open it. I did not expect to find the extraordinary object which I did find—Gentlemen, what do you suppose I discovered? One guess all round.”

Instantly there was a buzz of excitement. One suggested one thing, another, another, all more or less unlikely. The old sexton gleefully hinted at a “bloody axe.” Finally it came to the philanthropist’s turn.

“Come now, Mr. Bishop,” cried the doctor cheerfully, “it has come to you. What do *you* suppose I found?”

The company then noticed that Mr. Bishop’s face had turned an ashen gray—he seemed to have aged ten years in as many minutes. Beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead, while his hand shook painfully as he tossed off another glass of wine.

“I am not feeling well,” he answered in a hoarse voice. “I am afraid it is the tobacco smoke. It never agrees with me.”

“Oh, you will be all right in a minute or two,” replied Dr. Archibald Forbes gaily; “besides it will only take a few moments more to wind up my narrative.”

“Maister Bishop do look bad, don’t ee?” whispered the loquacious gravedigger to his next-door neighbour; “’is should be a ’andsome funeral wi’ all the money ee’s got.”

“Well, to bring my dream to a close then,” continued the host; “I was saying that I found something in that cupboard which greatly astonished me—nothing more nor less than a *pair of boots*, newly made, but of the most extraordinary pattern. Upon examining them I discovered that the heels, and the soles were

reversed, so that a man stepping forward would therefore have his tracks reversed, and anyone following in his footsteps would be actually travelling in an opposite direction!”

A murmur of astonishment followed the speaker’s last words. Ephraim Bishop gazed at Dr. Forbes, his countenance twitching with horror and consternation—even his very hair seemed to be rising on end.

“Why then,” went on the doctor, “could not Jim Sellan have been wrongfully accused of the murder of Hiram Bishop? What proof was there that he *did* commit the crime? The Judge said, ‘tell-tale footsteps.’ But, gentlemen, why could not the same ruse have been adopted in the murder of Hiram Bishop as was adopted by the man in my dream? For, in my dream, I saw him once more return to his room. His face was haggard and pale, and his teeth chattered like one smitten with the palsy. What did he do next in order to save his own neck from the hangman’s noose? Gentlemen, he staggered across the room and opened the door of the cupboard. I heard him mutter: ‘Another must swing for this night’s deed!’ Then he took the shoes with the reversed soles, and I watched him go forth a second time into the darkness, with the shoes under his arm. He afterwards, I suppose, put them on at the dead man’s door, and walked to the house of the poor wretch whom he had determined to hang for the murder which he himself had committed. And after a while, gentlemen, I fancied I saw him come back—his face as white as the snow which had received his treacherous tracks. He threw himself upon his bed, but he did not sleep. He writhed, and twisted, and moaned like a martyr undergoing the torture of crucifixion. And the vision gradually faded away, and I awoke cold, and shivering, at the recollection of this phantom horror. And, somehow or other, gentlemen, it seems to me that my dream is a revelation. It urges me to cry out that some foul wrong has been committed, and that Jim Sellan, who was sentenced to death twenty-four years ago for the murder of Hiram Bishop, never committed the bloody crime. And

if that be so what must he not have suffered during those long hours, days, weeks, months, years! I feel," and here the doctor dropped his voice, "I feel—nay, I know it—that Jim Sellan was unrighteously accused of shedding the blood of old Hiram. And if he were here this moment, standing before you men who found the battered corpse, I think he would swear before God Almighty that I speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

And as Dr. Archibald Forbes pronounced these solemn words, the door of the apartment slowly opened, and a man with iron-gray hair, stooping shoulders, and a pale, wan face, upon which years of silent suffering had left their indelible record, entered the room. Slowly the gaunt figure approached the table. Slowly it held up its right hand, and in a voice that quivered with passionate and suppressed emotion, exclaimed:

"Yes, gentlemen; I, James Sellan, do swear before Almighty God that I am innocent of the murder of Hiram Bishop!"

A hush fell upon the assembly; strong men breathed hard, tears trickled down weather-beaten cheeks, while Ephraim Bishop, the former shoemaker, and present philanthropist, with a groan that sounded almost like a wail fell forward

on the table, his head resting upon his outstretched arms.

Dr. Archibald Forbes rose from his seat and approached the smitten guest; he touched him upon the shoulder; then he gently shook him, but there was no movement in response. The doctor took his wrist in his hand. A moment later he turned towards the pallid faces of the spectators.

"Ephraim Bishop," he said in a low voice, "is dead. Thus has Heaven established the innocence of Jim Sellan. Jim!" he continued, grasping the hand of the released convict, "from this day forth you are my property; and if, in happier years to come, there is anything I can offer that will in any way compensate you for your unjust and cruel punishment, ask and it shall be yours!"



¶ Six months later Jim Sellan was united in marriage with Miss Marguerite Everall and the two are now living happily together in the little ivied cottage which Dr. Archibald Forbes has placed at their disposal for life. And when Ephraim's will was opened it was found that he had bequeathed all his possessions to Miss Marguerite Everall, the wife of the man whom he had so cruelly injured.



The Christmas Baby

By *NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY*

ROGER BARNEWALL stood up from his lonely dinner-table, pushed back his chair, gave a chuck to his waistcoat, then walked to the fireplace and stifled a sound, half-yawn, half-sigh, as his gaze wandered from the hands of the clock on the mantelshelf to get lost in a long and steady abstraction in the heart of the blazing logs. It was Christmas Eve, and he had noticed the logs before with a dim sense of gratitude to his house-keeper, who always took such care of him and saw that nothing should be wanting in that household to the due and proper celebration of the festive season. Brightly-berried holly shone on picture and chandelier, the dinner-table was decorated with shining leaves, late chrysanthemums and early narcissi; the whole room, as well as the big house of which it was only a slender part, spelt wealth and luxury, comfort, taste, and refinement.

Roger Barnewall had dined wisely, and not too well, since he was dyspeptic; and the fact of eating one's dinner alone and in silence does not tend, perhaps, to that extraction of the gastric juices so necessary to the process of good digestion. His slender slice of turbot had been food for the gods, his chicken, young and tender, had been roasted and basted to a turn. A successful and brilliant lawyer, he had everything of comfort and of peace in his home that wealth and the untiring solicitude of his manservant and two women servants could bring him; and yet, as he gazed into the embers fast paling and crumbling into gray ashes and dust, he asked himself what was the good of it all, this luxurious, empty life of his, steadily growing so hopelessly dull and lonely.

It was not that he lived selfishly, for

Roger Barnewall, hard-headed man of business though he was, had a very tender heart towards all humanity, as well as towards the whole creation of dumb creatures, and everyone connected with him, from his man to his cat, might be certain of having an enviably good and soft time of it. Nor did his charity end at home, for many a hard-up and suffering fellow-creature knew the depths of his good-nature. A pile of letters lay ready for posting on a side table near the door. One contained a cheque for twenty pounds, a Christmas gift to an old clerk crippled by rheumatism; another held a donation hardly less generous for an aged servant who had waited on his mother—one and all brought a message of cheer and goodwill to some poor body in need.

But fate had been singularly unkind to him in leaving him peculiarly and absolutely alone in the world. His father and mother were dead long since; he had never had a brother, and an only and dearly-beloved sister, many years younger than himself, had gone against his wishes and quarrelled irrevocably with him in order to marry the man of her heart, a worthless and dissipated scamp. She had emigrated with her husband to a farm in Canada, and had died there a year or so after her marriage, and her brother, who, loving her with a more than common love, had ceased all communication with her from the day she had defied him, felt even still a hard resentment and jealousy, if not actually hate, towards the man who had robbed him of her affection and the comfort of her presence. Yet on this Christmas Eve, as many times lately, he felt a certain pain of remorse for his treatment of his dead

sister and her lover. He might have helped her, have gone over, or at least have written to the husband at the time of her death. And now—it was too late.

Then there had been Alice—but that was twenty long years back, for Roger Barnewall, though still a handsome man with hardly a silver streak in his raven locks, was already nearing fifty—Alice, the one girl in the world for him, to whom he had given himself heart and soul. In those old days he had been a poor man; Alice's father would not hear of her marriage with the briefless young barrister, and his daughter was too dutiful and devoted a child to go against his wishes. But less than a year later, sad and broken of heart, she had fallen into a rapid decline; not the best medical advice nor all the care and wealth her father so freely lavished on her could now keep her with him, so the old man, as well as the despised and rejected suitor, was doomed to be lonely and desolate for the rest of his days. Even then, already too late, Roger Barnewall had set a firm foot on the ladder of success, and was mounting it surely, step by step; but from the day of Alice's death he had never looked at another woman, all the pent-up love of his heart had been lavished on his one sister, and she had cast him aside for a worthless—

"Shall I post your letters now, sir?" his man (Davis) asked, suddenly awakening his master out of the brown study into which he had fallen.

"Do," Roger answered. "Or, stay, I will stroll out and post them myself." None of the few bachelor friends who were wont to drop in and share his solicitude were likely to trouble him to-night, most of them being out of town, and the atmosphere of quiet and loneliness about him had suddenly become unbearable. His man brought in his hat and coat, and, lighting a cigar and bundling the pile of letters into one of the deep pockets, Roger Barnewall found himself a moment later striding quickly along in the frosty night.

A light sprinkling of snow had fallen, making the pathways wet and slippery and rendering pedestrianism a matter of some difficulty and caution. Waggoners guided their horses carefully down the

hill leading to the village, for Roger Barnewall lived some little way out of town, and his steps, too, were directed towards the village and post-office. Stars glistened frostily in the sky, and everything seemed to foretell a spell of hard, "seasonable" weather.

"God help the poor—and the little birds!" he ejaculated, as he drew the collar of his heavy frieze coat closer about his ears. A man, half-drunk and staggering, was making his way slowly down the road in front of him; in his arms, to Roger's alarm and indignation, he carried a small child—a little fair-haired baby girl of three or four years, bare-headed and ill-clad for that bitter night. The man was talking fond, half-maudlin baby-talk to the little one, who, all unconscious of her danger, prattled back to him with an innocent, childish confidence which sent a queer pang of envy mingled with pity and indignation straight to Roger's lonely heart.

As every now and again her companion gave a sudden lurch to the right or left, the other man's heart leaped up in alarm. Roger longed to take the little one into the safety of his own arms, but being a bachelor and strangely shy of children, he felt reluctant to interfere. Then, as the cause of his perturbation mounted a slight ascent crossing the river bridge, there suddenly happened what Roger feared. The man stumbled, recovered himself, then slipped and came down heavily, still clinging to the child.

With a muttered imprecation, Roger dragged the prostrate man aside and lifted in his arms the poor little mite so rudely shaken at last out of its confidence, and now crying with all its might.

"How dare you risk your child's life in such a fashion, you ruffianly scoundrel!" Roger indignantly demanded, feeling angry enough to kick the fallen man into the gutter. Then he stopped, seeing that blood was flowing profusely from the other's head; he was breathing heavily, stertorously. It was plain that he must be seriously hurt.

Two or three people gathered, and one man with a bicycle offered to go for a policeman. Meanwhile the little one, yet more frightened by her father's

silence, clung nervously to Roger, weeping as though her heart would break.

"There, there, poor little soul, I will take care of you," Roger found himself whispering in the child's ear. Her thin, bare arms and hands were pitifully cold; a pair of well-worn house shoes were on her feet, whilst a faded rag of a dress and a couple of threadbare petticoats were all that stood between her tender body and the biting cold blast.

"God help the poor!" Roger said again with the same mingling of pity and indignation in his breast as he looked down at the unconscious man at his feet. He was evidently a stranger to the neighbourhood, a dark-bearded man, with some traces of good looks which poverty and dissipation had not entirely removed—some poor, weak-natured beggar fallen on hard times and "gone under," Roger thought, more tolerantly, remembering his loving talk to the child.

A couple of constables arrived, carrying with them a stretcher.

"A bad case enough, and it's well if he ever gets over it," one of them said, as they lifted the unconscious stranger from the ground. Where his head had rested, beside the kerbstone, lay a large pool of blood, already half congealed.

"What's to be done with the kid?" the man asked as Roger turned the child's face away from that ugly sight. One soft, cold little hand lay in his; some queer, unsuspected instinct of tenderness had prompted him to open his great coat and fold the tiny, shivering body against his own warm heart.

One of the constables ran his hands hastily through the stranger's pockets, and drew forth three halfpennies, a broken penknife, and a small piece of lead-pencil. That was all; there was nothing to show who the man was, or to where he belonged.

"I suppose we must take her to the station till we find out who she is," the constable debated, with a questioning look at the child. "What's your name, my girl?" he went on, addressing the little one in kindly tones.

"Pamela," she lisped.

"Sounds outlandish, don't it? Pamela *what*, tell me?"

"Pamela. Dat's all. Daddie calls me 'Pam' for short."

"Well, where do you live, Pam?"

"I lives with mine daddie." No further answer could they get.

Roger's heart went out with a new tenderness towards her. Pamela! It had been his dead sister's name.

"I think—I think I should like to take charge of her, for to-night at least," he stammered, moved by a strange impulse to bring this forlorn little waif without further delay into the warmth and comfort of his own fireside, to feed her up with milk and cakes and sweets and everything that a little girl liked, to play the good Santa Claus, and to make one lost little child and his own lonely heart as happy as might be for this one Christmas. Davis would stare, to be sure, and he was not certain that his staid house-keeper would be altogether pleased with such an unconventional visitor. But Mary—yes, Mary, the soft, good-natured Irish housemaid, she would be the one to take charge of the child, he thought gratefully.

"All right, all right, sir. Most kind-hearted o' you, sir, I'm sure," the constable had said, with a wondering look, touching his helmet respectfully as he and his companion marched off with their limp and heavy burden. A very few minutes later Roger had deposited his small charge on the hearthrug before his own dining-room fire, where the little creature, soon forgetting her sorrow, laughed and prattled merrily as she held out her hands to the cheering blaze.

"Bless her little heart, but she don't make a bit strange," Mrs. Walters said cheerfully, much to her master's relief, as she came in and looked at the visitor. "I'll be bound you're hungry as well as cold, my poor little one," she went on in motherly tones, "and I'd best see about getting you something to eat. But you want your face washed badly; ay, and your hands too. I'll send Mary to take her, sir," she added, as she bustled off.

Mary had little trouble in coaxing the child upstairs to the bathroom, where, in open-mouthed wonder and admiration of the shining pipes and beautiful tiled walls and floors, the little one passively per-

mited the maid to wash her face and hands and brush her crop of shining golden curls.

"That's better," the master of the house said as Mary brought down her charge again, and set her on the hearthrug for his inspection. But his eyes answered a questioning look in the maid's own as they fixed themselves with a disapproving glance on the child's ragged garments.

"How on earth are we going to dress her?" he asked, with a sudden sense of his own masculine inaptitude. There was certainly nothing to fit this small person in the whole of that big house. And to-morrow would be Christmas Day!

"I could run out myself, sir, and get her a few things," Mary ventured tentatively. "Being Christmas Eve, the shops will be open for a long time yet."

"The very thing," he answered, with relief. "I'm glad you thought of it. Get her a complete rig-out. You'll know what a little girl wants, and I say," as the housemaid went off carrying a handful of gold coins, "be sure to buy her some toys, and a doll, the biggest and prettiest doll you can get in the village."

Mary went off, well pleased with her commission, and Roger sat down in a low armchair, and took the child on his knee.

"Where does your mammie live, dear?" he asked, seeking again to ascertain the child's identity as the little hand crept confidently into his own.

"In Hebben," she lisped. "God tooked her, and left nobody but daddy and me. And then daddy got lonely in America and we comed home, but daddie's money got all spended, and that made him queer and cross sometimes; but he's a very kind, good daddie," she affirmed stoutly, with something like a challenge in her shining blue eyes as she regarded her benefactor with a sidelong glance.

"I'm sure he is, my pet," the man said softly. "And when do you go to sleep, Pamela?" She had eaten a hearty meal of bread and milk, followed by a thick slice of Christmas cake. Her little eyes were already drowsing in the warmth of the fire.

"I goes when daddie goes, but sometimes I goes to bye-bye on his lap."

"You dear rogue," Roger said, hugging

the child closer as the little head with its silken yellow curls drooped wearily against his breast. Long before Mary returned bringing with her a plentiful supply of small frocks and pinafores, nightdresses and petticoats, shoes and stockings, and a great wax doll that obligingly went to sleep whenever you laid it flat, Pamela had herself "gone to bye-bye" with her soft, little cheek laid close to Roger's heart; and as he looked down at the rounded outline of the baby's face, and listened to her soft, regular breathing, he experienced such a strange, tender, wistful kind of happiness as he had never known before.

A loud knock at the front door startled him out of his reverie.

"It's a constable as wishes to see you, sir," Davis said. "Shall I show him in here, sir?"

Roger had risen with a sudden feeling of shyness, still holding the child in his arms.

"Take her, Mary, and put her to bed," he said to the waiting maid, as he carefully transferred his charge to her arms. "And see that she wants for nothing, like a good girl."

The constable was shown in

"Beg pardon for troubling you so late, Mr. Barnewall," he said. "It's this chap as got hurt this evening, sir. The doctor ordered him to hospital, and he's mortal bad, not likely to last till morning. A little the worse of liquor he seems too, but as well as we could make out, sir—he got his senses only for a few moments—he says as how he knows you, sir, and was looking for your house—something about asking you to do for the child, Mr. Barnewall," with an apologetic glance. "I don't know if it's right, sir. He says his name is Perry Bertram—or, maybe, it was Bertram Perry."

Roger started. "Bertram Perry!" he cried. "Did he say that was his name? Is the child his own?"

"So it seems, sir," the constable said.

"Heavens, his child, my own sister's child!" Roger said, with no attempt to hide his emotion. "I never heard, never dreamt, that a child of hers existed." He felt stunned. How bitterly he blamed himself now that in his stubborn pride and

jealous anger he had so utterly ignored this man, his sister's husband, even in the midst of his great trouble. He had not recognised him at the time of the encounter but the beard and moustache—in the old days Bertram Perry had been clean shaven and boyish—made a wonderful difference. Yet he might have known that head, with its crisp curls, the clear-cut forehead and weak, handsome face.

"I suppose you've no message, sir," the constable said, fingering his hat and preparing to leave.

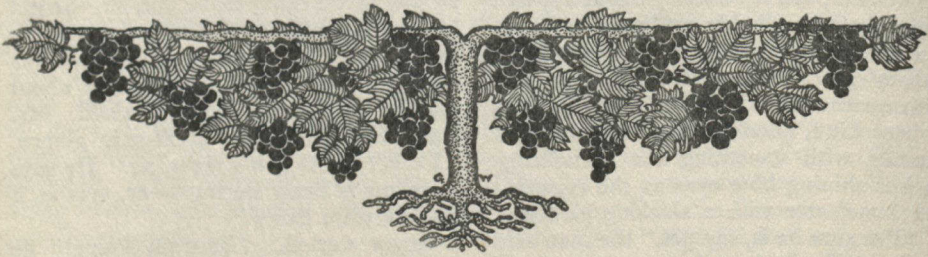
"Yes—stay, I'll come with you," Roger answered. And when, a couple of hours later, Bertram Perry opened his dying eyes for a last look on the world, it was to meet those of Roger Barnewall resting on his face with a pitiful and forgiving gaze.

"It's all right, old fellow, I'll stand by you and the little one; I'll take good care of her," Roger told him huskily, and the other, after one look—the long, long look of a dying man—closed his eyes wearily, but with a little sigh of satisfaction.

A short time later, when all was over,

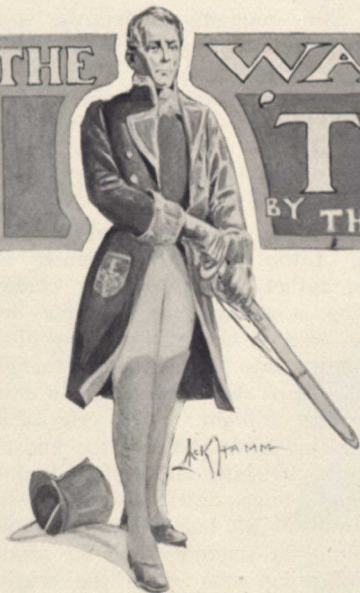
and Roger had quietly arranged every detail of the dead man's funeral, he returned to his home, knelt down by the side of the baby's bed, and prayed as he had not prayed for years. His heart was full of a new happiness, tinged though it was with many a regret. He had now something to live for, something to love and work for; he felt almost as though his dead sister had been restored to him, as though Alice, or the child that might have been his, was now miraculously given into his care, to fill his lonely, dull life and the silent house with the light and joy and laughter of happy childhood. Gratefully and humbly he prayed in that solemn hour, while the Christmas bells rang out across the snow, for grace and health and strength to fulfil fittingly the dear and sacred charge that was entrusted to him.

"Pamela, my own little Pamela," he whispered, as the child stirred, and he lifted the little dimpled fist outthrust towards him to his lips and held it there, "how little I thought when I brought you home with me to-night that I was about to entertain an angel, such a dear and lovely angel, unawares."



THE WAY OF THE TWELVERS

BY THOMAS STANLEY MOYER



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK HAMM

A PRIMEVAL stillness was over all the country of the glen. It was a vast stillness, this quietude of the full June day—spreading, serene, leafy. The sun glowed down upon the great sweep of forest foliage, and searched in tiny streams, now a little bank of moss and now a dainty flowering cup that reared its sturdy frailty in the gladsome welcome of the mute things. From out the deep, sombre shadows of the forest a summer haze, light and ready to vanish, hung far and wide over alternating and crude fields. It was the drowsy touch of summer. In the clearings the ripening grain made frequent place for rough-hewn, blackened stumps and mighty roots. In all things was the impress of the pioneer, of the heroic, and the spirit of that waning, glowing day was serenity, and domesticity and peace.

The humming of the bees, even, was a weary, contented thing. When a sportive squirrel barked, his jarring chatter seemed but to deepen the spell of the solitude—perhaps, more truly, the spell of the sublime. The great branches

dipped their wealth of foliage, with never a stirring leaf, deep into the warm, dark shadows of the wood. Over all was the great pathos of the early days. For the philosophy of the dreamer, and the imaginings of the souls of women, there was much of eloquence in it all, too, perhaps. A mute voice spoke peace—eternal peace, and yet a strange, beguiling thing, it seemed—there but to nurse the powers of preparation, to await movement of life and stern sounds of human truth. Truly thus, for when that stillness approached nearest to solemnity, and when a little of length came into the dark shadows, with an epic glory came another voice. Deep into the long, vast glen, far over the dark forests, searching the rude fields, it came, in a flash of life and joy—the triumphant blare of a bugle!

A bugle in the midst of that thrall of the primeval!

Sharp, proud, happy notes they were, such as thrilled the Greys at Waterloo; such as made Balaclava; such as wrote a Dargai on Scottish colours. Ah, the glory of those notes!

In the rude fields where breathed the scents of hay-time—a Brown, a Jones, a Smith—Saxons all!

How often—ah, how very often—it requires a Saxon to interpret a bugle!

Strange rustics, strange tillers, this trio of Saxons strong! Out there making hay in the forest plots, it appeared that Brown and Jones and Smith liked burlesque or prepared for tragedy. Upon

each good maker of hay, a long sabre of British steel, high boots, striped breeches of the pattern of men of the horse—of the cavaliers of old Lincoln. Tunics of the days of the "Twelvers." Pretty men of the soil! On the crude fence of rugged stumps hung the three tunics that were making for themselves, in their helpless way, a reputation, an epic memory—tunics of the Lincoln Dragoons!

Close upon the staccato notes of the bugle came to the ears of the toilers the furious rapping sound of the hoofs of a flying charger.

The aisles of the forest, the vast, dark recesses of the glen rang echoing with life and the joy of arms. A crashing of brush, a great clattering of loosened stones, and then from out the wood dashed the headlong bugler.

Bare-headed, set-faced, stalwart, and in that cloth of early romance whence sprang Queenston and Niagara. In the furious boundings of the animal, the good sword of this rider leaped and tugged, and beat the charger's ribs like a mad and conscious thing. Well, were they not indeed animate things—these blades of 1812? Frightfully potent at times—burning, untameable, refusing all sheath—such blades as flamed at Waterloo when the "ravine" was passed.

Like the flight of an arrow came this man. Straight over the crude, sprawling fence in sheer lust of power, defying chance and mishap. It was the mode of 1812.

Brown and Jones and Smith had donned their tunics, and now, buttoning with one hand, they saluted sharply with the other. The panting horse stopped within a yard of them, reined back to his very haunches, pawing, trembling, frantic for more of flight and wild career. There were good steeds amongst these soldier-tillers.

"My boys, it's boot and saddle. Come! Your mounts! Every pistol you can carry! And in God's name, be quick!"

Very attuned to the spirit of the moment, these fellows—supple, dashing makers of hay—wielders of epic swords!

What a good scurrying of boots and

jingling of spurs inseparable! Hearts to the matter close!

Into the stables and forth into light—a fitting moment. With each an ever-caparisoned horse. Ready horses for ready men—plunging, quivering, shuddering in the fine emotion of the higher brutal!

Ah it was a goodish setting-off—a tingling, happy, knightly thing. And then those arms, those arms of Lincoln brawn! Mighty flesh and blood! Blades of flame!

Straight off into the depths of the woods. Little now of solemnity and repose; rather an intoxicating clamour of flying, scouring, clattering life—irresistible onset of heated, bounding blood. Deep down into the depths of the glen rolled loosened stones, rattling and crashing sounds of flight. Shrill cries of flitting, fearing birds arose in the midst of the rapid swishing limb after limb of drooping foliage, and the constant rapping thud of all but a score of hoofs. Deep into the shadows rang the sounds, and following soon arose the cries of furred and feathered denizens, questioning so unseemly a clatter. A thousand voices seemed to rise.

The face of the messenger was white and set. When sober cavaliers ride wooded mountain paths at full fling of rein, with that pallor on their cheeks which was the pallor of these men, then apparently the hour of the sublime is at hand—the hour of heroics.

Interposing streams and rocks and tangled brush were many and defying, but the waters were splashed to spray, the rocks leaped, the brushwood torn to a thousand shreds. Big, genial, manly cavaliers, one and all. And how they rode!

Ever in the lead galloped he who bore the bugle. On his shoulders glittered the insignia of a King's commission. It was *his* triumph, that career of speed and glory. There was delight in its very rhythm.

Five fleeting minutes, and a mile of crude, rugged forest trail was left behind in its gloom. Then the mountain brow! Beyond was the panorama of

the forest masses, which withdrew here and there in tiny patches to harbour the golden, nursling fields. Here the cavalcade drew momentary rein.

Far below, where the great woods began their slope to the waters of the lake, a tiny, meandering yellow thread sought its way past straggling dwellings—a road of corduroy. A glass was clapped to the eyes of the officer.

"Ah!"

That was all—a volume. The face seemed to grow a little whiter. His expression was steadfast to the point of grandeur. Brown and Jones and Smith met a look. It made them tingle. Brown, lingering an instant, thought he saw the flash of steel along that thread of corduroy, and when he spoke of it, Jones was sure he had seen patches of gray amidst the deeper green of close-hanging foliage, and Smith swore by all the gods of war that it was even so.

Then away! away!—an onset as clamorous and swift as the flight of fiends! Ahead was near to half a mile of sharp descent.

Smith began to rein in. It broke the rhythm of the pace. In front the bugler heard. His eyes, seeking out one by one the uncertainties and perils of the path, did not cease their searching.

"Hasten, Smith!"

Smith at once declared that he was bound to founder his charger at so frightful a pace down hill.

"Very well! Kill him! Hasten!"

Then Smith, who was a Saxon, plunged on and on, tie with Jones, close to Brown. With pleasing exactness the bugler kept his two good lengths. It was not without

its precision—this crash of horse of Lincoln.

Near the foot of the hill-path lay a boulder from an overhanging crag—an immense, jagged mass that made the good steeds prick up their ears in uncertainty. The example was in front—the man with the white face. Then it looked very much as if the example were about to be dashed to ruin at this gigantic obstacle with so sharp an incline beyond it.

Draw rein? Ha! This was old Lincoln. These men wore blades of cavaliers. Draw rein? Never! Slap over it! Free and clear! Sheer lust of confidence! Then, Brown and Jones and Smith. Crash! Crash! Crash! and the succeeding patter of the pace. Never a hoof that touched! The way of the "Twelvers!" Then the mountain road was left behind with its clouds of dust and the cries of wild and frantic forest creatures.

At Forsyth's the bugle wound a clear and searching "*tantara, ta-ra.*" It was no longer an insensate note, but a living voice—an

eloquence ineffable. There were hearts at hand to bound in rhythm. Four more goodly blades! They darted out from the homely gates and caught the pace, following close—following like a whirlwind. Ah, glory! Ah, wild career! Eight blades of Lincoln Dragoons!

They found, presently, the yellow thread that our "tillers" had seen from the heights. This road was narrow. The cavaliers were but two abreast—except the bugler. He was, as we have said, very precise with his two good lengths.

Of a sudden every one of those eight



"A heavy body rolled to the bottom of the stairs"

good chargers plunged forward yet faster in their vicious onset. Far over the echoing, clattering forest-aisles made by the road of corduroy—far beyond in the direction of the lake—had come the echoes of a fusillade of sharp, rapid shots.

The bugler seemed verily to grow all in a moment.

“God!” said he.

Warriors—plain, blunt Lincoln Dragoons—are frightfully sincere when the breath of supplication comes in that way. For a little it seemed as if this man were about to cry out in sheer agony at the impotence of his frantic pace. He leaned forward then, far down upon the charger’s neck. His hand caressed it. He seemed to speak something as he stroked it. What magic then? In a flash the animal’s course became a succession of long, plunging, quivering leaps—the maddest career in all the ken of cavaliers.

Frail, soft-eyed fawns, hovering in mute wonder by the narrow trail, wheeled about and off in frantic terror, flitting like arrows to depths where those mad sounds took on more of soberness, where they no longer quailed from that discordant, jarring, flying thing of nameless awe.

Another stretch of woodland road, perhaps a mile—scarce three minutes of the onset—and a little rising ground was gained. In one great sweep of triumph they mounted it, one and all. Just at its crest the field glasses of the bugler were again brought to bear in the direction of the lake. But never a tittle of the pace did he lose. Those two good lengths were his pretty whim. He had his little whims, this bugler of the Lincoln Dragoons.

“Lakeview, my boys—the colonel’s. Half a troop of them, my dear fellows; they must not take him, nor—nor—” but the voice of this good knight of George the King fell to a murmur—a breath—a note of prayer. He rode—he rode—he rode.

Catching this shade, Brown’s eyes caught Jones’ eyes, and Brown and Jones said thereby, in their inimitable silent way:

“To the death, Brown—beside him!”

“To the death, Jones—beside him!”

Again there came a rapid crackling of gun-shots. It was much nearer now. For five good miles these steeds of Lincoln had sped on like swallows before the lightning. And the climax of their powers was not yet.

“The pistols, boys! Then, do not wait to reload—the blades!”

Yes, the blades! Near to four good feet of British steel! The blades! Brief moments then of surpassing anguish. Great beads of perspiration burst forth on eight white faces. Goodish fellows—these flying, crashing Saxons of the Lincoln Dragoons!

Five of the cavaliers were without helmets. Several had left their tunics, none knew where. They liked their sword arms free. Small need to cover those arms, in any case, albeit they revered the uniforms of their King. And it was a way of the “Twelvers.”

And now came hoarse voices along with the sharp reports of carbines. Through the great trees figures could be seen flitting here and there from cover to cover, pausing often to fire from behind a great trunk, but advancing ever upon the house beyond. Their number the bugler could not tell, though the multiplicity of the shots roused a terrible strength within his being. Anxiety sickened him to the wildest desperation. Small spur did brave Brown and Jones and Smith need at his back, and small spur besides for those who followed, flying, brave Brown and Jones and Smith.

Brown’s scabbard clattered ringing against a close-pressed trunk. The spanking of the many hoofs upon the moist soil of the wood had not been heard, but not so the crash of Brown’s good sword. A loud shout burst from one of the besiegers. Not a hundred yards intervened. In frantic haste they gathered to the remote side of the clearing about the house. Small time then in which to curse their noisy firing or the last quiet approach of the cavaliers, who had left the corduroy for the moist, unsounding soil of the wood.

Then the foe stared with eyes that started. Eight bared heads, with blazing eyes and faces white with the pallor

of supreme moments, bearing down upon them like a tempest!

Quick as thought the carbines of the besiegers came to the present. In a flash, eight pistol shots had crashed out from the oncoming horsemen. Sad break then in the alignment of that pretty row of carbines. But they were no craven spirits—these foes of 1812. Their volley flamed out its thunder in the very echo of the pistols of the cavaliers.

Down went good Jones—crashing, cursing, rolling; then awfully still in a crimson pool. Ah, good, brave Jones, how still! How strangely mute and low and still! Brown saw and also Smith. Then the blades of Brown and Smith leaped from their scabbards. Thus, too, the bugler's blade and the rest of the flaming steel. Brawny, supple, tingling arms, with brands of fearful flame.

Ah, the slashing, thrusting, stabbing, fearsome play of our Brown and Smith! They heard well that plea—the lowly silence of one Jones. They thrust for their fallen dragoon of Lincoln—our Brown and our Smith—the way of the "Twelvers."

A strange pause by the bugler! Of a sudden his charger bounded off to the entrance of the heavily shuttered and barricaded house. He had heard a voice—a voice which was a prayer, a cry of anguish. Cavaliers of Lincoln heard well that cry. From within there came to his strained senses, so terribly alert, a fearful plunging, falling, crashing sound close upon the echoing crack of a pistol. A heavy body rolled to the bottom of the stairs. Then his good steed battered down the door with its ironed hoofs. They had their pretty tricks, these mounts of Lincoln Dragoons.

The bugler stepped over the prostrate, huddled body. It was quite still, too, with a ghastly silence. Perhaps this lowly foe communed then with our lowly Jones, sorrowing for the fearful strife. Perhaps!



"Kneeling, she bent over him"

Outside, the clash of ringing blades seemed to be receding farther into the echoing forest aisles.

The bugler dashed, sword in hand, to the top of the stairs. Another foe in gray was there, also, with sword in hand. The pistol of the dragoon was empty from the first discharge of the onset. That of the foe was loaded well. Then its crack and spitting flame and a spurt of hot, surging blood which gushed from the shoulder so near its muzzle. It was not the shoulder of the dragoon's good sword arm, however. Thank God for that! Half reeling to earth for the instant, suddenly his strength came back in a wave, back like a torrent, at the sound of that soft, trembling voice beyond the door above.

A dragoon of Lincoln was a goodly sort of foe of himself, but here was a dragoon and a trembling, faltering voice beyond a door besides, and the two—ah, the two! Well, the clashing of the blades was frightfully brief, and then

there were two silent foes at the bottom of the stairs.



To the swimming, clouding brain of the bugler came the sounds of an occasional shot from the distant recesses of the forest. The conflict was far beyond now. The strife was flight, as it seemed, and onset was now pursuit.

The cavalier leaned upon a pillar of the door, sick with his pain, torn with his emotions. Three times a word formed upon his lips, and so little of strength they had that no sound as yet came forth from them. Then at last a weak, choking voice reached beyond the door whence that other voice had come: "Little Belle—it is I."

He sank then—smiling, faint, resisting, but down—down—down—so low.

A lock snapped. A light, tripping tread of tiny feet, and then a cry, the cry of a woman whose noble heart was torn to bleeding. What a cry!

"Oh, God! My Jack! My darling!"

With the strength which that dear voice had before aroused within him, the bugler raised himself on his good, bared sword-arm. One long, keen look about him, and then he knew her story. In her soft, small hand she still clasped the butt of a pistol. Faint threads of

smoke wreathed yet about its muzzle. Through the panelling of the door was the jagged hole which the impact of a bullet makes in seasoned wood. Within the room prone upon the floor lay the body of his honoured colonel—the father of his Belle. He thanked God for the sound of a groan which came as he, too, brought forth a bitter sob for the cruel size of that pool of her father's blood. Looking deep into her streaming eyes, he knew her well for a daughter of old Lincoln. Kneeling, she bent over him.

Then, out of his faintness, the clouding of his brain, the great impotence of his mighty, humbled strength, this bleeding bugler still found means to be the cavalier, the knight, the man. For when her tender eyes came near to his, when her little hand was on his burning brow, then he—big, kindly, dashing cavalier of Lincoln—through his mists found once more his goodish sword-arm. He raised himself a little, and that arm, so fond, so gentle, encircled her tender neck in a caress of unutterable love, till he found her soft, sweet lips. He kissed his little Belle—a long, long lover's kiss—and sank away and down again.

It was the way of the "Twelvers," and he had his little whims—this bugler of the Lincoln Dragoons

Edelweiss

BY W. INGLIS MORSE

O LOVELY flower—
 How few in character like thee,
 Pure emblem of Humility!
 Above the realm of lonely pine,
 Thou yet dost bloom upon the mountain's brow,
 Nursed by the eternal snow.
 Such is thy power
 Which rules the life divine.
 Content to dwell apart,
 For e'er thou art
 A symbol of the Christlike heart.

Mr. Donald Macdonald

By J. J. BELL

THE elderly postmistress of Port Sunart sub-office was in a quandary. The mail bag which the bi-weekly steamer had just put ashore contained seven letters and postcards. The addressees of six of these were familiar to her; the addressee of the seventh was not—or, rather, he was too much so. The envelope, a tightly packed business one, was directed in typewritten characters to

MR. DONALD MACDONALD,
PORT SUNART,
ARGYLLSHIRE, N.B.

The postmistress read these words aloud several times, also the postmark, which was "London, E.C." She turned the envelope and examined the back with its Oban postmark. With a sigh she laid the packet on the counter, and from a tin labelled "Finest Cough Drops" took a pair of eye-glasses with a cracked lens. Some years ago these glasses had been lost by a tourist in the neighbourhood; they had been advertised as "found" on a half-sheet of note-paper stuck on the little window of the post-office, which was also the shop of Port Sunart; six months had passed without any claim; the soiled advertisement had been taken down, and the postmistress had felt justified in regarding the glasses as her own. They made her eyes ache, but she put them on when her official duties were exceptionally trying. Fortunately for her sight this was not often.

Placing them upon her nose, which the spring gripped rather painfully, she again took the packet in her hand and gazed upon it till the tears came. But no inspiration accompanied them.

"Father!" she called.

A narrow door at the back of the shop opened, and a very old man came slowly forth.

"Here iss a letter for Tonald Mac-tonald," she said speaking English, as she and her father always did when the matter was official. "And I am not knowing what I am to do wis it."

She paused and the old man looked inquiringly.

"There iss the letter. Can you read it?"

He peered at the address, and slowly repeated it.

"It iss plain enough," he said. "What iss wrong wis it, Flora?"

"How many Tonald Mactonalds are in Port Sunart?" she asked meaningly.

The old man began to laugh.

"Well, well, that iss a goot joke! Five Tonald Mactonalds, and a letter for one! Got pless me! It iss fine fun you will be hafing, Flora. There iss Tonald Mactonald, Fesdale; and Tonald Mactonald, Inverewe; and Tonald Mactonald, the Ness; and——"

"Will I not pe knowing it?" cried Flora irritably.

"Haf any of them peen puying stamps the last mons (month) or two?" her father inquired.

The postmistress shook her head.

"And there haf peen no letters for any of them since little Tonald Mactonald's sister tied in Greenock. And that will pe three years and more."

"Then what iss to pe done, Flora? Could you not send pack the letter?"

"How could I send pack the letter when there iss plenty of peoples to teliver it to? Do not speak such foolishness, father! If you will help me, you will go

to the five Tonald Mactonalds and tell them there iss a letter for one of them; but they must all come togesser to see who iss to get it."

"A fery goot observation, Flora," said the old man. "I will pe going now. Maype there will pe a fortune for one of the Tonald Mactonalds."



The five members of the ancient clan gathered in a semi-circle before the counter, behind which the postmistress, solemn and dignified, blinked through her glasses. The men replied to her questions in Gaelic. None of them had seen typewriting before. They examined and touched the packet gingerly.

"The letter was posted in London," said the postmistress. "Haf any of you got friends in London?"

There was a long silence, broken at last by Donald Macdonald, Inverewe.

Twelve years ago, he explained, he had tried the lobster-fishing, and had sent a consignment of the crustaceans to a man in London, who had never paid for the same.

"Perhaps," he concluded, "the man has reformed, and sends me the money at long last."

"That is very likely, indeed!" said Donald Macdonald, whose croft was called Sligachan. He spoke sarcastically.

"If the letter had been from Campbeltown," began Donald Macdonald, Fesdale.

"Or California," put in Donald Macdonald, the Ness. "I once had a cousin——"

"The letter is from London," interrupted little Donald Macdonald, who had no special address. He dwelt alone in a small hut on the shore, and was no great favourite in Port Sunart. "The letter is from London," he said dryly, "so there is no use speaking about other places. I am the only Donald Macdonald whose address is nothing but Port Sunart, and I will take the letter."

A murmur rose from the others.

"Do you know anypody in London?" demanded the postmistress as a tear rolled from under her cracked lens.

"How can I tell till I see the letter?"

retorted the little man, holding out his rough, weather-bitten hand.

The postmistress looked at the others. With one accord they forbade her to deliver the packet.

"What am I to do?" she said helplessly.

A tremendous discussion arose among the five, and seemed like to continue indefinitely, when the father of the postmistress, who had been watching the proceedings with an amused grin, held up his hand and called for silence. He was highly respected by the Port Sunart folk, all of whom were his customers, and not a few his debtors.

"If you cannot agree who iss to get the letter," he said, "we will send it pack to the post-office in London. Will not one of you open it and see what——"

Five hands were outstretched.

"One of you."

But that could not be arranged.

"Draw lots who is to open it," cried Donald Macdonald, Sligachan. "If it is not for him, he will give it to the right man."

After much talk the suggestion was accepted. The old merchant cut out five small pieces of paper, marked a cross on one, folded them up and shook them long and violently in an empty tin.

"The biggest man will draw first," he said, and this was agreed to in spite of little Donald's protest. "I am the oldest," said little Donald, vainly.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Donald Macdonald, Sligachan, whose mind was fertile in ideas. "I propose that the man who gets the letter stands a glass of good whiskey to each of the others before he opens it. That will make it fair for everybody."

This suggestion was also carried in the face of little Donald's objections.

The postmistress may not have approved of the method for the delivery of a portion of His Majesty's mails, but the glasses were causing her such discomfort that she could hardly consider anything else. Still, she was determined to keep them on until the business was concluded.

The drawing proceeded, and the crossed paper was the last in the tin. Little

Donald took the letter, and sulkily led the way to the inn, while Flora doffed her glasses and wiped her streaming eyes. She was doubtful as to whether she had done right, but the old man reassured her by saying:

"If it iss for none of them, you can still send it pack."

At the inn little Donald stood treat in a surly fashion. The others laughed as the glasses of Talisker were set before them. Never before had a man in Port Sunart been treated by little Donald, who was reputed to be a miser, though what he could have found in his poor fisherman's life to amass would have been hard to tell.

"You can open the letter now," said Donald Macdonald, of Fesdale.

Little Donald said nothing, but betook himself to the farthest corner of the tap-room. There he turned his back and the others heard the tearing of paper. It took him some time to understand the contents of the envelope. When he did so he swore under his breath and scowled blackly. Gradually, however, a sly smile dawned on his bronzed, bearded countenance. He returned the contents to the envelope, and turned towards the four, who had now grown mightily curious.

"For whom is the letter?" said two of them together.

"For myself," returned the little man, grinning. "I knew it would be for myself."

There was a short silence. None of the four knew exactly what to say. Then, to their amazement, little Donald called for five glasses of the best Talisker.

"You have good news?" they exclaimed.

"It will not be bad news," said little Donald pleasantly. "But it will be private."

The whiskey was brought and paid for.

The little man raised his glass. "Your very good healths, all you Donald Macdonalds!" he said. He gulped the neat spirit and left the tap-room.



☐ Alas for the four Donald Macdonalds! With the second glasses of whiskey four fiends, more potent than the fiery spirit

entered into them and would not be at rest. In two bosoms the fiends were Curiosity; in the others they were Suspicion. What was the letter about? Was it really for the man who now possessed it? Ere long the entire adult population—happily, in this case, a small one of some thirty souls—of Port Sunart was stirred to its minds' depths. The farming and the fishing were no longer the chief topics of conversation; the kirk controversy then raging was, for the time being, allowed to lapse; the hatchet was buried under an avalanche of suggestions and suppositions regarding the mysterious letter; while the possibility of a visit from the Royal yacht during the approaching summer was scarcely discussed.

Little Donald kept more aloof than ever, but it was observed, by those who contrived to see his face at close quarters, that he smiled the smile of one who knows something.

His entering and his leaving the lonely hut were closely watched, and at night the men sneaked along the shore in the hope of making discoveries. But nothing happened.

By the end of a week the situation had become desperate. It was rumoured then that the little man had been seen purchasing a postage stamp, though no confirmation of his having posted a letter could be obtained. One bold spirit made enquiries at the post office, but the post-mistress, donning her glasses in a hurry, sent him out in quick time. His Majesty's mails, she informed him with crushing dignity, were private.

From being desperate the situation soon became unbearable. The suspicious party called for action, the merely curious echoed the call. Some suggested a deputation, others pointed out that a deputation would either alarm or irritate the holder of the secret.

Then came Donald Macdonald, Sligachan.

"Leave it to me," said he. "I will find out what is in the letter." He was of the curious party.

And that evening Donald Macdonald, Sligachan, called on Donald Macdonald, Port Sunart. To his surprise he was received in quite a friendly fashion.

He was no hypocrite, and he came to the point at once.

"Is it a fortune?" he asked.

Little Donald stroked his grizzled beard, smiling a knowing smile.

"Well," he said slowly, "it might be a fortune to somebody."

What in all the world did he mean? thought the Sligachan Donald. Had the letter not been for the little man after all?

"I would give a bottle of the best Talisker to see the letter," he said, half to himself.

"I will let you see it for that, Donald Macdonald, of Sligachan," said the other quietly. "But you must swear to keep it a secret."

The crofter jumped at the offer.

"Where is the letter?" he cried eagerly.

"Where is the best Talisker?"

Eventually it was agreed that the bargain should be completed the following night.

"But what am I to say to the others?" asked the crofter.

"Oh, you can tell them that I give nothing for nothing," the fisherman calmly replied.

Early on the following evening the Sligachan man reached the lonely hut, his jersey bulging with his fee for knowledge.

"Come in, Donald Macdonald," said the fisherman. "You swear never to tell any soul what I show you?"

The crofter set the bottle on the table and took a solemn oath.

"Read," said little Donald, handing him the letter. "Remember, I never asked you to come here."

The other took the envelope in his big, trembling fingers. Three minutes later he flung the paper on the table, and with a fearful curse strode to the door.

As the crofter hurried homewards he met several neighbours bound for the hut. Each carried a parcel of some kind. They accosted him and endeavoured to extract information.

"It is nothing at all—nothing at all," he replied evasively.

"We will see for ourselves," they stoutly retorted.

They reached the hut and proclaimed their errand boldly.

"One at a time," said little Donald coolly. "Come you first, John MacTavish."

"I will give you this sack of potatoes," said MacTavish, slipping the load from his shoulder.

"It will do. You have offered it, remember."

John MacTavish took the oath, read the contents of the envelope, and departed cursing softly. He managed, however, to smile as he passed through the little cluster of neighbours.

"I am next," said a brawny matron at the door.

Little Donald shook his head. "I deal not with women."

She would have made trouble, but the men were in the majority, and impatient to read for themselves.

"Here are two pounds of fine butter," said Donald Macdonald, Fesdale, on gaining admittance to the hut.

"It will do."

Four minutes later Donald Macdonald went back to Fesdale, cursing.



It was after nine o'clock when little Donald was left to himself.

"I wonder how they knew my name," he said. "It is very strange that they should have known my name in London. But I have heard that the people who send such letters as this one"—he tapped the envelope—"are very clever. Perhaps they just guessed that there was one of the name of Donald Macdonald in Port Sunart. Now I remember, there was a Sir Donald had the shooting one year. But it is no matter. It has been a good advertisement for them, whatever. Now, I am finished with it."

He emptied the envelope and threw it on the fire. It was followed by a few closely printed leaflets. Finally the flames received a neat and brightly coloured booklet. As the cover of the booklet caught fire, little Donald read the title, and repeated it.

"*What is Indigestion?*" He smiled. "I thank the good God, I do not know," he murmured, and turned to his supper.

An Attempt That Failed

A REVIEW

By A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

ON glancing back at the Revolutionary War, the patriotic American is apt to experience one faint spasm of vexation. In the hurry of the moment, with so many things to do, Canada was not conquered. This omission has been variously explained. It was one of those errors into which even American generals occasionally fall. Victorious in nearly all directions, the founders of the Republic failed to include Canada in the wide circle of their achievements. By the enduring courage of Washington and his coadjutors, much was won. By the powerful aid of the French came the crowning fruits of the war. By the blundering of the British, a noble peace was secured, since almost everything not obtained by force was obligingly handed over by the negotiators at Paris in a spirit of amiable hospitality. Not everything, however, because Fox refused to consent to the cession of Canada. In an obstinate mood, before a British defeat became the solace of his declining years, Fox hurriedly left a Cabinet Council and affected dismay at the proposals of Shelburne's agent. The sorrowing Oswald went back to Paris to tell Franklin that Canada must be left out of the negotiations. Oswald felt the selfishness of keeping back so large a slice of the continent. It spoiled a really generous surrender. But Franklin, with a Christian resignation wholly admirable, was content to accept everything else and leave Canada to its fate.

Thus it is that a century and a quarter afterwards we find a new Empire eclipsing the fame of the old and Canada the

connecting link between the Asiatic and European dominions of Edward VII. Thus it is we find industrious American historians delving into the records and trying to explain a transaction not exactly satisfactory to a new school of American Imperialists with dreams of great navies, large armies, foreign colonies, and world-power. The latest of these chroniclers is Mr. Justin Smith, of Dartmouth College, who calls his entertaining book "Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony."* This ingenious title—in itself a pardonable conceit—is the keynote to the author's treatment of his theme, for he writes with a fine disdain for the style of the conventional historian. Lord Macaulay declared himself cheerfully ready to bear the reproach of descending below the dignity of history and proceeded to pen so brilliant a work that captious critics cannot stem the tide of praise with hints at inaccuracies and partisanship. John Richard Green also, openly defying the drum and trumpet histories, won so much popularity for his story of the English nation that modern writers have asked themselves whether it is not time to discard all the solemn stateliness of the past and imitate the pleasing directness of the bargain counter.

Mr. Justin Smith has succumbed a little to this temptation. He is a model of good humour. He is never dull. Through how many tons of material has he not waded?—books, pamphlets, newspapers and letters,—some of them accessible, some of them unknown to all but

*G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, Publishers.

earnest students, and some of them, thank heaven, still unpublished. With unflinching zeal he has mastered them all and presents for our edification a bracing picture of the campaign against Canada. If, despite all this weight of authority flung so deftly at your head, you entertain a doubt and begin to murmur deprecatingly: "But did not Montgomery?"—the author is pat with a crushing reply: "Look at Carleton to Dartmouth, June 7, 1775, (Pub. Rec. Off. Colon. Corres., Quebec, 11, p. 282)," and, being wise, you lay controversy aside, avoid the seductive footnotes, and read for sheer pleasure the author's vivid and captivating narrative.

That Mr. Smith knows how to produce a thoroughly readable book is undoubted. A New Hampshire man by birth he was educated at Dartmouth College and took his Master of Arts degree there. For a time he was a member of a famous Boston book firm and took charge of its editorial work. Later he travelled extensively, and having the tastes of the historical student, turned his wanderings through several continents to good purpose. His membership in such societies as the American Geographical Society and the American Historical Association is evidence of his bent. Already the author of more than one book, Mr. Smith, in "Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec," broke ground in the field covered by the present more elaborate work, and his mastery of the whole subject cannot be challenged. The chapters dealing with Arnold are notable for their strength and clearness. The theme, on the whole, is not the easiest for an ardent American to deal with.

In all its essentials the tale has been before us for generations. The invasion of Canada was part of the revolutionary movement which, in the early stages of over-confidence, threw itself boldly into every territory still adhering to the British allegiance. Canada might be cajoled—hence the overtures of friendship, thoroughly insincere and completely ineffective. The Canadians were not easily to be caught. The mass of the people were in a doubtful frame of mind. They had been subjects of the French king fifteen years before. To suppose them

devoted to their new rulers was to assume an absurdity. There was discontent and restlessness. The taking of Quebec by Wolfe had uprooted many things besides the old *régime*. Perhaps there was enough material for a general revolt, but the emissaries from the rebellious English colonies were not the leaders best fitted to stir it up and use it. When the invading forces arrived, the Canadians found themselves in a tight place. There was a period of great peril for the British cause.

The successful march to Montreal of Montgomery's army, and the surrender of the city made the prospect darker. Arnold's detachment moved through the wilderness on Quebec, and when Montgomery joined him, the attack on the city where Carleton was entrenched, followed. Montgomery's death was the real end of the attempt, and later efforts to retain what had been secured were futile. The invasion was foredoomed to failure from the first, as posterity, with its clearer vision and fuller knowledge, has realised. But it looked quite feasible at the time. Courage was not lacking; nor military skill, such as it was; nor diplomacy, with Carroll, of Baltimore, in Montreal* to argue with the Canadian priests. But every plan broke down. The rigours of the campaign were too much for the soldiers, who had a human preference for rations to orations upon liberty. The intrepid Carleton, like a true English bulldog, could not be driven out by temporary defeats, and a population not too well affected. The *habitants* had no fancy for the paper money of Congress and a ragged army. The Catholic Church continued to offer public prayers for King George with the invading army camped about the churches, and the clergy stood firm for the Parliament that had passed the Quebec Act. Such a situation was hopeless.

Fill in this picture, as Mr. Justin Smith does, with a wealth of contemporary record, add to it the colour which a regulated imagination can supply, and you have a glowing page in the history of the war. Perhaps too much can be made, in such cases, of documentary proofs. By poring over written evidence one^v is

apt to lose the perspective in grasping the certainties. But the author claims no amazing discoveries, and if he shows, here and there, the bias of national pride, he is, when at his best, honest in getting at the facts, and zealous to fit them in their proper places. But one grows a trifle weary of the ardent colours. All the author's geese are swans. In the voluminous list of authorities there is no mention of Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Political History of the United States*, with its deep insight into this very period. It is an admirable corrective of Fourth of July oratory, since if there is to be a science of history the flag must at times be furled and folded away. Our author's conclusions, therefore, suffer a good deal from giving the rein to a rampant belief that freedom shrieked every time a revolutionist fell.

In these two handsome volumes, with their valuable maps, plans and plates, the results of what are candidly termed the Eight Years of Failure are thus summed up: The war drew upon the British strength and so benefited the American cause; the fathers of the Republic recorded their belief that Canada ought to form part of it; the Atlantic fisheries were gained; that portion of Canada, south of the lakes, contains today three times the population of the portion unconquered; Quebec is free

forever from the rule of France. These are scarcely the reflections of either a scientific or a tolerant philosophy. It is hard to see the connection between the Canadian campaign and the concession of the fisheries. The old *régime* ended at the battle on the Plains of Abraham, since the mooted restoration of Canada to France was a dream which may have haunted the vision of Lord North, or captivated the inexperienced Oswald, but it could never have been seriously considered.

Far better, one would think, to regard the unsuccessful struggle and its present day consequences in a more generous spirit. Canada, twice unconquered by superior invading forces, surely teaches other lessons. A new community, free and vast, has grown up. Its future development holds no menace to the southern republic with its weighty problems, political and social, to work out. Between them there should be preserved a lasting peace, a friendly rivalry, and separate existence. To revive the past for any other purpose than to impress this truth on thinking men is to feed prejudice and misunderstanding. Among the failures of the campaigns against Canada we must regretfully include the inability of too many intelligent Americans to comprehend what actually happened.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

DISCUSSING the disturbed conditions of India before an English audience, Mr. John Morley, the Secretary for India, spoke of the difficulty of determining whether the disturbance was superficial in character or came from the depths. He gave the reassuring statement, however, that those responsible for the peace of India do not treat the matter very seriously, and are not alarmed for the future. As to this, of course, the great mutiny itself broke out after a few weeks only of threatening discord. Human foresight cannot pierce the veil of the future, and we can only hope that the increased skill and experience and humanity that have come to the British in India within the half century since the mutiny may suffice to avert a similar calamity in the future. Mr. Morley admitted the possibility of a movement towards racial unity springing from the masses of the people of India, and was not sure that this movement has not actually started, though this would appear to be a somewhat dreamish and unpractical view. Mr. Keir Hardie's speeches in India have certainly increased the difficulties of the Government, and there is little doubt that means would have been found to check his wild utterances had he not been a figure, after all, of some importance in the House of Commons and casting that influence in the main on the side of the present Government. Doubtless Mr. Keir Hardie's powers were exaggerated by the leaders of the agitation in India. When hundreds of thousands, at the lowest estimate, of Mr. Keir Hardie's fellow-countrymen implicitly accept his prophecies of a rapidly approaching era of Socialism, it is not to be wondered at that

the newly fired imaginations of the Orientals should be profoundly impressed by his sturdy advocacy of a ruinous creed. It is gratifying to note that Mr. Keir Hardie before leaving India had learned wisdom and had given expression to views saner in character and more becoming to an Englishman.



WE HAVE echoes in Canada of the unrest in India in the recent articles on British rule in India, from the pen of Mr. Saint N. Sing, which would, however, tend to suggest that the trouble is superficial rather than springing from the depths of Indian life. Mr. Sing represents the tiny minority of educated Indians who find it irksome and galling to their self-esteem to be subjected to the control of another race, or to admit of the superiority of that race in any way. He makes a passionate plea for autonomy, and charges the British, in their relations with India, with broken promises, and with degrading and oppressing the people of the great dependency. The plea for autonomy should be considered apart from the charges. The charges are too obviously based on a strong antagonism to Britain; otherwise it would not be seriously argued that the people of India are not to-day in a condition, in all probability, greatly superior to that which would have been their lot without Britain, though, indeed, what precisely that alternative would have been can be no more than a matter of crude conjecture. As to autonomy, if the people of India were fit for it, that alone would be the best proof of the benefit of British rule. But many wise and liberal thinkers, both within and

without India, realise that autonomy for India is wholly impracticable at the present time, and if attempted, could result only in the overthrow of the system of orderly administration that now prevails throughout its vast population.



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL once in a famous simile compared Britain in India to a sheet of oil spread over the surface of a vast human ocean and keeping it in a sort of artificial calm. Beneath that film of oil, he declared, "lie hidden all the memories of fallen dynasties, all the traditions of vanquished races, all the pride of insulted creeds." Mr. Sing would retort that Lord Randolph Churchill was an Englishman and knew little of India, forgetting that a man of true eminence possesses an insight into human affairs that enables him to speak with authority where smaller mortals may well hold their peace. Besides, though expressed with the force of genius, Lord Randolph's sentence contained the germs of truths that are obvious to all who read and think. Moreover, more shining representatives of India than Mr. Sing confirm the views of the English statesman, while the settled and definite judgment of several generations of close study and on the whole successful administration of India on the part of English statesmen, is to the same effect. One of the leaders of Mohammedan India, Sir Syad Ahmad Khan, recently delivered a speech to a great gathering of his fellow-religionists, in which he discussed the question: "What would happen if the British left India?" "Would Mohammedans and Indians," he asks, "sit on the same throne and remain equal in power?" He replies to his own question thus: "They would fly at each other's throats. Our Mussulman brothers and Pathans would come out as a swarm of locusts from their mountain passes. Like a swarm of locusts would they come, and make rivers of blood to flow from the frontiers of the north to the rivers of Bengal. What would happen with the departure of the British would rest on the will of God; but until one nation conquered another peace could not dwell in the land." A

free and unfettered parliament of a people composed of such elements, or rather of many such peoples bound together only by the British "film of oil," would hardly conduce to better government. All such animosities of race and creed must be infinitely softened and moderated before India can become a democracy; and this may take centuries of time, during which England's rule over India may pass into other hands.



TURNING from India to Africa, the Imperial outlook is hardly more satisfactory. The weary Titan is staggering always under an infinite burden. A false step at any time may be the occasion of overwhelming disaster. Yet each step is a progress into the regions that are unknown, in which no pathway has been blazed by history. The two races in South Africa stand to-day in bitterest opposition to each other. The Botha Government has presented its million-dollar diamond to King Edward, as a token of loyalty, and it may be that the intentions of the Boer administration at Pretoria are entirely honest and sincere. There are signs, however, that the anti-British spirit that prevailed before the war among the Dutch population is returning in full force and that, despite the conciliatory attitude of General Botha, the restoration of Dutch predominance means the ruin of the British settler. As to the million-dollar gift, it must be remembered that Britain has just guaranteed a loan to the Boers of five million pounds, and this in reality provides the money with which the gift is purchased. This would be a small matter, indeed, if the great gift really represented any movement towards unity on the part of the two races and a common loyalty on the part of both to the British Crown and Empire. How far this may be the case it is difficult at this distance to judge; but, if we may credit a correspondent of *The Outlook*, the British prospect is of the darkest. "Once more," he says, "one hears that expression which before the war was the stereotyped form in which the fierce racial hatred of the Boer found vent—'Verdomed rooinek!' Nothing could be more sharply significant of the real trend of

feeling than this. Or again, you will hear as I have: 'We'll teach you damned rooineks who is going to rule the Transvaal.' 'It was you English had to ask for peace, not we Boers,' and much more of the same kind. The country, including the Orange River Colony, is being fast brought back to Boerdom. The South African Constabulary are to be abolished and superseded by the old, pernicious, Boer field-cornet system, which will at once give the Boer his military organisation. Also the Botha Government is doing its utmost to get back all the civil servants under the late President Kruger's Government, and if any symbolism be wanting of the trend of affairs, the announced intention of the Botha Ministry to rebuild the pedestal destroyed by the British in Pretoria market square, and thereon set a statue of President Kruger, is sufficient for those who know the Boer." Let us hope the correspondent of *The Outlook* is unduly pessimistic, but it is well to hear the grievances of a minority, and the British majority in the Transvaal have been forced into the position of a minority by the operation of the electoral law giving representation by territorial districts rather than by a count of population.



ALMOST immediately, too, the British Ministry at Capetown is expected to fall. The Jameson Ministry was enabled to hold office only by reason of the disfranchisement of the Cape Colony rebels after the war. These have now acquired the right to vote again, and may be counted on to exercise their franchise against the policy of the British party. This is reasonable enough, however unfortunate it may be for the British cause. Dr. Jameson is less highly esteemed by many than a man in his position would usually be, because of his participation, or rather leadership, in the Jameson raid of 1896. He may not have been an ideal choice for leader, but he appears to have been the only man who could unite the British. He is said, also, to have most attractive personal traits. His administration of Cape Colony for the last four years, a most critical period, has been admirable, tending to the softening of racial ani-

mosity and the development of the resources of the Colony, though the process does not appear to have gone far enough in either case to reconcile the Dutch to his premiership. One will see with regret the administration of Cape Colony also pass into Dutch hands, for this is what the success of Mr. Merriman would mean, despite his English name, but this seems to be inevitable. Let us hope that the generous treatment the race has received from the British people will combine with the expediency of the situation to hold firm to their allegiance the three provinces thus to be controlled by the Dutch. The British Empire is continually creating new precedents, and never was a precedent of harmony evolving from discord more sorely needed than to-day in South Africa.



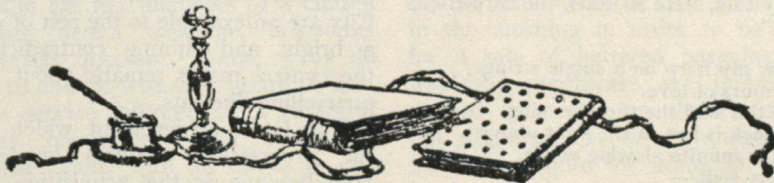
THE event which Europe has been awaiting with more or less dread for many years seems now to be directly imminent. The Emperor Francis Joseph has been ill for weeks, and the probability of his death is publicly canvassed. He is seventy-eight, and the cares of Empire have long lain heavily upon him. It has so long been the custom to speak of the dual monarchy as dependent only on the life of the Emperor that it is comforting to hear a new note in the discussion of what will come after. That the monarchy hung on his life for many years is conceded, but it is hoped that the length of his reign, as well as the personal popularity of the now aged monarch, have done much to bind the sections of the Empire in a more permanent unity. The Ausgleich or economic agreement between Austria and Hungary has been renewed for another ten years, which is in some degree a testimony to the unifying influences of the moment. The agreement has been in force since 1867, renewable decennially, and determines the various international questions between the two countries. Under the latest form of the Ausgleich it is said that Hungary will have to pay about one per cent. more as her share of the common expenses of the Empire. Something of the future of the Empire, after the disappearance of Francis Joseph, depends upon the course of its neighbours,

and most of all upon that of Germany. It is hardly conceivable that the Emperor William will imitate the example of his predecessor, Frederick the Great, and make the decease of the Austrian monarch the excuse for a seizure of Austrian territory. Yet none can say precisely what may happen, or what it may be conceived the interests of Germany demand.



THE remarkable rise in the cost of living witnessed during the last two or three years, and particularly during the last few months, is perhaps the most universal subject of discussion at the moment. In our own country we hear of simultaneous increases at various points in the cost of such staple commodities as milk, butter, eggs, meat and bread, and there is ample information to hand to show that these conditions are general throughout the civilised world. We know that prices in the United States are usually somewhat higher than here, and the proportion is maintained since the period of increases set in. The daily newspapers show that Europe is suffering from the same painful experience. At Belfast, bread is at the highest price for years. At Rome, the municipal council has appointed a committee to repeat the futile experiment of the French revolution and fix a maximum price for the necessaries of life, so difficult has the situation become. At Stockholm,

the rise in rents has been so great that workmen have been allowed to default in their taxes. The effect is plain and universal; the precise cause is more difficult to determine. In a general way we know it to be due to the remarkable expansion that is everywhere in progress, yet it is not easy to trace the direct connection between this vague and world-wide expansion and the increased price of carrots and turkeys in York or Carleton counties. The expansion of industry provides work for many who would otherwise be workless, and increases the work and consequently the income of many others who would be workless in some degree. Consequently the spending power of a large number of individuals is considerably increased, and an increased demand follows with which the increase in production does not always keep pace. The increased demand for labour on the other hand has increased the price of this product also, and has tended to put prices all round on a new and higher level. There may be some reaction, but it is not likely that the level of a year or two ago will ever be permanently regained. The upward tendency of prices has been in progress for centuries, but so startling a leap as that lately made is probably unprecedented. So, also, doubtless is the remarkable period of expansion and development that is responsible for the increased prices.



WOMAN'S SPHERE



THE BRIDEGROOM OF CANA

*"There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee . . .
And both Jesus was called, and His disciples,
to the marriage."*

Veil thine eyes, O beloved, my spouse,
Turn them away,
Lest in their light my life withdrawn
Dies as a star, as a star in the day,
As a dream in the dawn.

Slenderly hang the olive leaves,
Sighing apart.
The rose and silver doves in the eaves
With a murmur of music bind our house.
Honey and wine in thy words are stored,
Thy lips are bright as the edge of a sword
That hath found my heart,—
That hath found my heart.

Sweet, I have waked from a dream of thee,—
And of Him;
He who came when the songs were done.
From the net of thy smiles my heart went free
And the golden lure of thy love grew dim.
I turned to them asking, "Who is He,
Royal and sad, who comes to the feast,
And sits Him down in the place of the least?"
And they said, "He is Jesus, the carpenter's
son."

Hear how my harp on a single string
Murmurs of love.
Down in the field the thrushes sing,
And the lark is lost in the light above,
Lost in the infinite glowing whole,
As I in thy soul,—
As I in thy soul.

Love, I am fain for thy glowing grace
As the pool for the star, as the rain for the rill.
Turn to me, trust to me, mirror me,
As the star in the pool, as the cloud in the sea!
Love, I looked awhile in His face,
And was still.

The shaft of the dawn strikes clear and sharp;
Hush, my harp.

Hush, my harp, for the day is begun,
And the lifting, shimmering flight of the
swallow

Breaks in a curve on the brink of morn,
Over the sycamores, over the corn.
Cling to me, cleave to me, prison me.
As the mote in the flame, as the shell in the
sea;

For the winds of the dawn say "Follow, fol-
low

Jesus Bar-Joseph, the carpenter's son."

—*Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, in the University
Magazine.*



BUYING A BATTLEFIELD

IT may have been asserted ere now in these columns that many daughters of Canada have done excellently, but that the women of Hamilton excel all others. It is true—howbeit in sadness a Toronto scribe admits the fact. For executive ability and that exhilarating quality of comradeship which gives spirit to any enterprise, the women of the Ambitious City are an example to the rest of us, and a bright and shining contradiction of the cynical man's remark about women quarrelling like cats.

The latest achievement which proves the progressive qualities of feminine Hamiltonians is the acquisition of the Stoney Creek battlefield. Eight years ago, Mrs. John Calder, President of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society, learned that the historic old Gage house, with about five acres of land, was to be sold. Mrs. Calder at once secured the

property, becoming responsible for the purchase money until the necessary amount could be raised by subscription.

The property is now free of debt, and many hundred dollars have been spent in repairs and improvements. This is the only historic ground in Canada owned by a patriotic society, and but for Mrs. Calder's prompt action it would have been divided and sold for farming purposes.

On October 22nd, an ideal autumn day, hundreds of guests assembled at the famous old spot, when Mrs. Calder made a graceful speech, welcoming the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir Mortimer Clark, and handing him the clear deed of the property to give to the trustees. A guard of fifty members of the Thirteenth Regiment escorted the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Minister of Militia, Sir Frederick Borden, added military dignity to the occasion. The latter said he would use his influence to secure a satisfactory grant for a monument to be erected on the hill to commemorate the Battle of Stoney Creek. Mrs. Calder and the members of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society are to be congratulated on the success of their patriotic efforts.



CORDIALITY IN THE CHURCHES

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* has created more or less of a sensation by publishing letters purporting to be from a plainly-attired young woman who visits various churches in the effort to discover whether the members show any cordiality to strangers. The matter of addressing those who are not members of a church and giving them a "welcome," is a somewhat vexed question. Some of us do not go to church with any desire of having the service followed by a series of vigorous handshakes and invitations to "come again." In all the large city churches there are hundreds of young attendants who have no home life and whose residence is the cheerless boarding-house. To these stray hearers, the salutations of the reception committee may be pleasing, but in the majority of

cases official cordiality has something too effusive in its warmth.



A CANADIAN CLUB

IT HAS really happened, at last. The women of Montreal have come to the conclusion that the various Canadian Clubs throughout the land are doing such a good work and enjoying such a fine time that there is now an opportunity for starting Women's Canadian Clubs which shall have the constitution and general aims of those whose membership is masculine. It has been suggested by several Toronto women who have regarded with envious eyes the cosmopolitan intellectual menu of the Canadian Club, that the capital of Ontario also needs such an institution as a Women's Canadian Club. By all means let us have it. "But there are already so many societies and associations," objects one woman. "Very well, my dear Madam, you need not join." Only those who are more than willing to organise and sustain such a movement should be approached. "The members will quarrel like cats," said a cynical man. There is little fear of such a consummation. They are prejudiced and narrow-minded women who metaphorically tear one another's eyes out, and women who have enough interest in broad issues to desire the formation of such a club as that proposed, will be above the feline graces and vices.

"Aren't you afraid of being called unfeminine?" asked one timid woman, who confessed that she would like to belong to such a club. It is not considered unfeminine to arise at six o'clock in the morning in order to be in time for a sale of battered bargains, where would-be purchasers are jammed and pushed in a fashion that is anything but dignified. It is not called unfeminine to gamble for hours at a stretch in a stuffy drawing-room, nor is it considered unfeminine to attend Rugby football games and watch the first aid being hurried to the injured. Why, then, should there be any lack of womanliness in the wish to have an occasional

downtown luncheon followed by a stimulating address? There are charitable, religious, literary and patriotic societies already, but the Canadian Club is quite different from these in its flavour of social democracy—not the false democracy which brags and blusters—but the true sentiment which draws together for even a brief hour those who have a genuine desire to broaden and deepen their knowledge of what the world is thinking and doing.

It has been said that women are not "clubable." Some of us know better than that and can prove it. I may be too optimistic about the movement, since I cherish a belief in the sisterhood of woman. At any rate, the experiment is to be tried, and it is quite likely that within ten years there will be a Women's Canadian Club in every city of the Dominion—non-sectarian, non-partisan, but entirely positive in beneficent effect.



A CURE FOR UGLINESS

IF A fortune is to be made, the would-be maker will find an almost certain road to wealth in the concoction of a new skin food or the forming of a new theory on how to be beautiful. Every once in a while hopeful woman buys a pink brick warranted to produce a complexion of matchless youth. Then she listens to the voice of the advertiser, who tells her that a certain cold cream in an ivory jar is the only bloom of sweet sixteen. "All is vanity," said the Preacher long ago, and the modern pulpit declares the same. Some months ago I saw a daintily-wrought alabaster jar which a Canadian scholar and explorer had brought from Egypt, and which had been found in a tomb where thousands and thousands of years ago an Eastern princess had been buried. "What had the jar held?" was the natural question. Even yet there hangs about it a faint smell as of sandalwood. But it was nothing more important than a receptacle for a delicate dye which Her Royal Highness used for her eyebrows and eyelashes. Madame Eve, whom all her feminine descendants love so dearly, must have found some herb outside the

walls of Eden which promised marvelous "restorations."

But the very latest high priestess of the beautifying art has arrived in Chicago. According to accounts from that enterprising city, she teaches æsthetic physical culture by Christian Science methods. If you wish to become beautiful you must have thoughts to correspond. However, thought alone is not going to accomplish the desired effect. It is necessary to perform certain exercises every morning, during which season of twisting and turning you are to be filled with sublime or, at least, pleasing sentiments. You must put away not only all uncharitable words, but all such thoughts, while jealousy and envy are not to be given the smallest cosy corner in the heart.

"But what is a tubby woman to do? Beautiful thoughts won't give her a fashionable figure," a visitor remarked.

"She'll have to diet—also take cold baths."

So it seems that for beautiful features, thoughts of a lofty nature are sufficient. But in order to obtain a graceful figure you must add to your thoughts dry toast and a cold plunge.



DICKENS' LANDLADIES

SPEAKING of boarding-houses, why should they be such dismal affairs? Yet one can hardly recall a pleasant establishment of the sort in literature. Dickens, who knew his London as did no other son of the Great City, has given us some memorable landladies. There was *M. Todgers*, whose grievance was the excessive demand of the commercial gentlemen for gravy. Never could that harassed creature obtain a satisfactory quantity of the thick brown fluid which adds a joy to roast beef and potatoes. She was a bony and blighted creature, poor *M. Todgers*, who was delighted to tell the *Pecksniffs* about her better days.

There was the other landlady who befriended poor little *Jemmy*, and then there was the immortal *Mrs. Bardell*, of breach-of-promise fame, who made chops and tomato sauce objects of alarm to all single gentlemen. The designing

landlady who seeks another partner in her widower or bachelor boarder is portrayed for all time in wily *Mrs. Bardell*, who failed so ignominiously in her attempts to add *Pickwick* to her name. But, best of all these landladies was *Mrs. Lupin*, of the Blue Dragon. Who can forget the supper which *Martin* and *Mark* enjoyed on that glad night when they came back from their sojourn in the swamps of the Mississippi? One can fairly hear the logs crackling and see the rosy-cheeked widow with her cap strings gaily fluttering. There never comes a Christmas season but *Mrs. Lupin* and her cheerful *Mark* come back to those who love the writer who wrote in the Christmas spirit. What a Christmas Eve could be spent at that old inn where the firelight dances on the Spanish mahogany, and the wind creaks the old sign to and fro as the ghost stories are told in Irish whispers around the hearth! The words at the close of one of Dickens' winsome tales come back—"Lord, keep my memory green!" Not while there are hearts to love the merriment and to feel the pathos of Yuletide will Charles Dickens' be forgotten.



A CANADIAN SINGER

MADAME BESSIE BONSTALL entered upon her public musical career as a member of the Ovide Musin Concert Company, with whom she travelled for two seasons, visiting almost every city of this continent. At the close of her engagement with the great violinist, Madame Bonstall went to England, primarily to study oratorio with the prominent London teachers; but a meeting with Sir Arthur Sullivan resulted in an engagement at the Savoy Theatre, where, under the management of D'Oyly Carte, she remained for two seasons, successfully taking prominent contralto parts in the then popular Gilbert and Sullivan operas.



MADAME BESSIE BONSTALL

Afterwards the *impresario* Vert became interested in Madame Bonstall, and booked her extensively for London concerts and drawing-room engagements, eventually filling her time so successfully that she severed her connection at the Savoy. This made it possible for her to devote more of her time to the serious study of oratorio, which she continued for two seasons under the able direction of Mr. Charles Santley, the eminent English baritone. Upon her return to America, Madame Bonstall was engaged in tour successively with Sousa, Dr. Carl E. Dufft, the Redpath Grand Concert Company, and "Banda Rossa." Since her marriage, Madame Bonstall's home has been in Toronto, where her occasional appearances in recitals are appreciated, as her voice is of that rare order, a rich and "cello-like" contralto.

Jean Graham.

The Front Window

THE PHENOMENON OF CHRISTMAS

ALREADY from the Front Window we could at least imagine a quickening of the Christmas spirit. It may have been merely a suggestion, but for us at least there was in the faces of those who hurried by an eager anticipation of the greatest of all festivals.

"It's the same old story," said our friend, after someone had observed that Christmas would soon be upon us.

We were not so content as he was to read it as the same old story, and immediately the issue was raised, Was it quite the same? Had this age of materialism reached its limit, or were we still assuming a more and more prosaic attitude? There was agreement that the festival itself, apart from its religious aspect, presents a most profound phenomenon, the development of a custom that was in an earlier stage but the secularisation of a religious observance. Disagreement arose, however, on the assertion that the spirit of Christmas had been reduced to the level of commercialism. Was it now not an occasion of giving and receiving rather than of adoration? Was it not clear to every observant person that there was a growing obligation to give, that Christmas was becoming an occasion for solicitation and even demand? Were not the postman, the milkman, the newsboy, and the score of others creating a sentiment that tolerates the practice of giv-

ing, but that dwarfs the affections and degrades the true purpose of the festival?

These were some of the points on which we did not agree, but as we ourselves have the audience just now, we are unfair enough to insist that, whether for weal or for woe, the material side of Christmas dominates. The occasion is regarded in altogether too practical a light. Even among children the removal of Santa Claus from the range of imagination so acute as theirs destroys one of the most charming illusions of childhood.



FOR children, after all, Christmas is the ideal occasion for merrymaking, and it is from children that most response is received. Who of us has been so unfortunate that he cannot recall the delightful impression of a full stocking on Christmas morning? Our friend of the non-secular Christmas had no recollection of such rhapsody, and he was therefore a champion of the practice of setting children right regarding the myth of Santa Claus. He had been set right himself early in life (in our opinion, too early), and he therefore knew nothing of the peculiar delights of a stocking bulging with all that is dear to a child's heart. But we who were of a less modern school have still so fond a remembrance of the visits of a great but unknown benefactor that we are unable not to wish that every person might have

the same experience. For us Christmas was a time of tremendous importance, and small quarter was given to anything that did not happen to be in sympathy with it.



THE village store was invariably an outstanding evidence that the time of rejoicing was near at hand. Undemonstrative to a degree in the usual course of events, it nevertheless blossomed forth with unwonted enthusiasm as the festival approached, and made display of trinkets and sweetmeats such as were never seen at any other time during the whole year, at least not short of the county seat. It was no uncommon thing to see candy dogs with blue noses and chocolate rats with tails of extreme length. And there was a kind of paste-board cat, covered with paint that had a most delightful Christmasy smell. Sometimes, perhaps only in fancy, we can smell that paint even yet, and to us it is still of all things the most suggestive of Santa Claus. The painted cat had a close rival in a highly-coloured bird, that perched on the end of a long yellow or red stick and chirped in quite an effective manner if well shaken. Peppermint and conversation lozenges, gum drops, bulls' eyes, mixed, and the regular line of sticks at six for five cents made up most of the staple confections, and it was indeed an off season if there was not a pretty liberal supply of candy hearts and harps, with mottoes, printed on highly-coloured paper, stuck near the centres. A luxury for older folk came in the form of oblong tins of oysters, but all who could eat them were suspected of having an extraordinary palate.



HAVING regarded these things with envious eyes—all but the oysters—for weeks before Christmas, we children of the village were as a rule pretty well posted on the ability of the store to furnish delicacies of a nature sufficiently varied to satisfy the demands of a somewhat exacting community. We had a pretty fair idea, too, of what gain there

was in buying ten cents' worth of stick candy at the *Grange*, rather than at the store, where there was, of course, the alternative of the chocolate rats. But two sticks more on an annual purchase of so considerable an amount as ten cents' worth was in itself almost a recompense for the two-mile walk to the roadside building where they would be counted out on a certain specified day, once a week, to a Member in good standing, or to any one holding a certificate from a Member. To go to the *Grange* afforded also an opportunity to drop into the store of the village on the next concession and just take a look around for anything extra that might happen to be on exhibition there. It is a fair saying that distant hills look green, and so it is quite as fair to say that to the childish imagination distant stores have peculiar attractiveness. There was also a well-defined impression that the store farther away accepted eggs as a medium of exchange at a cent or two more a dozen than could be obtained for the same produce at our very door. So that it was no unreasonable thing for a robust youngster to trudge through snow and wind to the next nearest village with a full assurance that he would return with at least one stick more for his ten cents or dozen of eggs than he could at best procure at home, even though he should not continue his investigation as far as the *Grange*. There was also the hope that the hoof marks in the roadway would reveal a horse-shoe, a thing that was worth at least something to the smith. It was worth a good deal more to the finder, however, should the hind corks happen to be seen first; for, at worst, to come upon a horse-shoe was a trusted omen of good luck. But invariably there was the satisfaction of getting back to the home store with enough loyalty left to once more favourably regard the front window and its display of fat raisins, lemon peel and mixed pickles, and to rest in Santa Claus a good, strong hope that the candy hearts, the chocolate rats, the painted cat and the chirping canary (or ones much like them) would be distributed with un-failing promptness at the proper time.

Strange as it may seem, old Santa frequently left gifts that closely resembled some of the things we had already beheld with longing eyes at the store, but, of course, he was a personage of extraordinary discernment, one who on occasion could tell to a nicety just what was wanted, but it must also be said of him that at times he failed lamentably. His failures, however, were oftener than otherwise due to the naughtiness of certain children, for in all fairness to the great benefactor it should be recorded that in the end it could always be calculated that he had given according to desert. So that if a child particularly desired a chocolate rat, his conduct during the few weeks preceding Christmas would decide the issue.



OF COURSE, these things had all to do with the spirit of Christmas. Our friend of the non-secular celebration had but little sympathy with them. His experience had been different, and therefore it could scarcely be thought that he would have fallen in with our enthusiasm. He still stood at the Front Window, maintaining that the eagerness, the happiness and the anxiety apparent in the faces of the shoppers was due as much to a proper appreciation of the religious aspects of the festival as to cost, suitability and advisability, or to roasts, joints, nuts and raisins, wines and cigars. He did not ignore the secular spirit, but he steadfastly declined to acknowledge its dominance. Doubtless he had been reared in the school that pits the reality of the Nazarene against the myth of Santa Claus, and that sees in the Star and the Manger of Bethlehem greater reason for joy and celebration than in the fabrication of the sled and the reindeer. Perhaps it were better for all of us had we come by the same school, but still for some the fact remains that the material side of Christmas is the side that asserts itself, and that the great festival is in our day more secular than religious. That is our training, and it is to the awakening on Christmas morning, rather

than to the lesson at Sunday school, that our memory most readily reverts.



CHRISTMAS morning was a time of first-class felicity. At best, even before unkind remarks in the child's presence had aroused suspicion of the genuineness of the transaction, doubts would arise, but the greatest of all misapprehensions was the dreaded possibility that old Santa might get away without seeing the stockings, taking it for granted that there were no little children in the house. That was good reason for trying to stay awake to give warning in case such a calamity threatened. But sleep always intervened, and Christmas morning broke for the final test. It would be still almost dark when the little arms would reach out to feel for the stockings, and few things have ever come since to rival the ecstasy of the moment in those far-off days when Santa Claus and his benefactions became a magnificent reality. The fulness of the stockings, the crackling of paper inside, the scattering of nuts and lozenges, the smell of the painted cat, the length of the tail of the chocolate rat and the delightful chirping of the canary on the stick, all come back to the memory with peculiar vividness. Who had dared to hint that there was no such person as Santa Claus? And who had dared to say that he might not be around this year? If the contents of the stockings had not been sufficient assurance of his visit, did not the bits of paper on the floor attest his real presence, and was not the pencil which he had left behind, after having marked down what he had given, all that any reasonable person could demand as a final proof that old Santa had not yet grown weary of his hobby.



THE disillusionment was cruelly sure to come. A cousin, older than we, one of the non-secular school perhaps, but not our friend of the Front Window, in a moment of commanding mischievousness had let out a suggestion that

it might be a wise thing to lie awake and weigh the personality of Santa Claus in the balance. Curiosity had already been aroused to know what the old fellow really looked like, and it needed only the cousin's whetting to set the whole inquisitive machinery in motion. Thus it came to a tussle with sleep. To lie awake in those days for two hours or more was not an easy task, but it simply had to be done, even if the creaking of the bedroom door at the crucial moment came just in time to prevent an utter failure of the whole undertaking. The creaking of the door was of itself sufficiently agitating, but when two figures appeared instead of one, the effect was extremely petrifying. At first there was

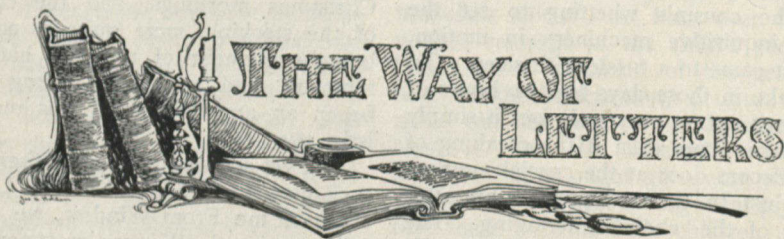
a suspicion of two Santa Clauses, but when the sound of a familiar voice was heard in the words "the little darlings," the bubble was indeed ruthlessly burst.

The morning dawned quite like other Christmas mornings, and the contents of the stockings were quite as enticing, but the glamour of romance had been removed, and two more young minds began an appreciation of this materialistic age.

And yet are we quite sure there is no such person as Santa Claus? Looking out from the Front Window, we are not fully convinced. We are almost persuaded that Santa Claus presents a most striking phenomenon and that he might be located in the Spirit of Christmas.

The Editor





MR. ROBERTS BELOW PAR

AFTER reading "The Young Acadian, or the Raid from Beauséjour," by Charles G. D. Roberts (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, 50 cents), there is excuse for regret that so excellent an opportunity to produce a first-class historical romance was lost. It is, however, perhaps fair to an author so distinguished as Mr. Roberts is to acknowledge the probability that he wrote the book for the sole purpose of presenting in a plain yet interesting way some incidents of Acadian life immediately prior to the expulsion by the English, throwing in a little spice in the form of fiction. If that was his object, it was not the usual object of a conscientious artist. The work is lacking in originality and literary distinction, for although the author has shown superb qualities as a poet, his prose in this instance at least is commonplace. The work has no historical value, because the facts are easily available elsewhere, but there is the addition of some fiction, an Acadian youth, who takes part in a bloodthirsty raid, rescuing a little English girl and by so doing saving his own life. The purpose of the work may be to instruct juveniles, but the author might have attained his purpose much better by giving his young readers literary finish as well as plainness. Mr. Roberts is a poet in the true sense of the word, and for that very reason one regrets to see his name to a piece of work that strikes one as not being worthy of it. Hack-writing is a pitfall that those in particular

who have reached an exalted position in literature should avoid.



THE WORK OF GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

PROF. GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, a Canadian who has been distinguishing himself, particularly in the United States, as a poet and *litterateur*, is the author of two recent publications of conspicuous merit. The first is entitled "Some Reminiscences and Early Letters of Sidney Lanier," which was published by the Sidney Lanier Daughters of the Confederacy. As Prof. Clarke was for a number of years professor of English at Mercer University, Macon, Ga., the birthplace of Lanier, he had an opportunity to gather much original material regarding the poet, and besides that he contributes an appreciative review of Lanier's work. A more pretentious volume by the same author is entitled "Shelley: Selected Poems" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Linen, with portrait of Shelley, 50 cents net). This volume represents a great deal of discriminative selection and the result of a close and sympathetic study of Shelley and his art. It aims at giving the different phases and periods of the poet's work, thus enabling the reader to form a comprehensive opinion for himself. There is also an illuminating introduction and scholarly criticism of the various aspects of the subject. Prof. Clarke is a graduate of McMaster University, and a contributor to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

SYMPATHETIC VERSE

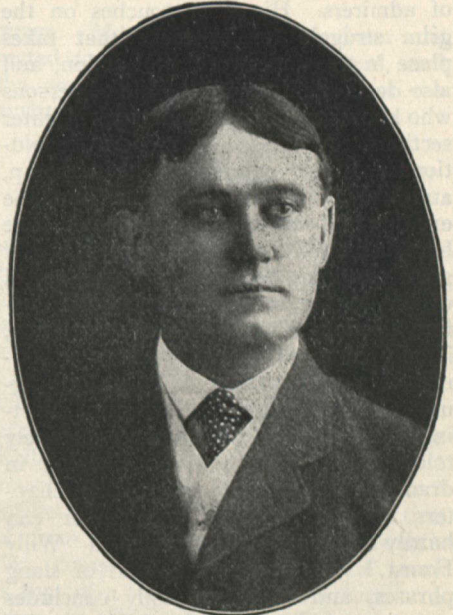
DR. WM. J. FISCHER, a young Canadian writer, author of "Songs by the Wayside," has published a second collection of verse under the general title of "The Toiler" (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.25). He continues to show a keen appreciation of the more ennobling sentiments and emotions, and indeed it is a distinguishing feature of his work that it displays but little that even suggests or illuminates a page from the gross or vicious avenues of life. There has been in the production of the book a conscientious search for pleasing or uplifting themes, with the result that we have, if not a profound or deeply psychological collection of verse, at least a chaste, wholesome volume. Many of the poems are well worthy of a quotation, for instance, "The Garden and the Child," "A Prayer for To-day," "After Parting," and "Night on Lake Ontario," but on this occasion "After Parting" will perhaps suffice to show that while most of the poems in the book deal with nature, there are others that appeal to the human affections in a more intimate way.

AFTER PARTING

The wind blows cold down the dark lane to-night,
 And here alone, I wonder that my heart
 Should beat so wildly, for when I did part
 With him, my poor, old, trembling heart felt
 light
 And gladly hopeful. Am I thinking right?
 O will he like the noisy, troubled mart,
 And will the city's red crimes, glaring,
 smart
 His white, white soul, so lily-like and bright?

O God! I wonder, when the shadows fall,
 Will he forget to breathe the prayer I
 taught
 His childish lips long, long ago, when
 naught
 But joy was mine? Nay, he will surely call
 Thee, Lord, to father him, when sin-be-
 fraught,
 And I will mother him with prayers—MY ALL!

Dr. Fischer would have strengthened his volume had he more assiduously avoided repetition of thought and phraseology, particularly in his poems on nature subjects, for as it is he impresses the critic with a dearth both of original ideas and means of expression. In



DR. WILLIAM J. FISCHER, AUTHOR OF
 "THE TOILER"

some instances he shows a tendency to be unpoetic in his choice of words, and occasionally a line is encountered that is unnecessarily commonplace. Dr. Fischer, however, possesses, after all, a great attribute—sympathy. He feels perhaps more than he can express. Some men express more than they feel. In the rare instances where we find a writer of both feeling and expression, we find also that subtle quantity called genius.



PEMBERTON'S NEW BOOK

WHEN "The Lodestar," by Sidney R. Kennedy, appeared for commendation, it was considered by certain literary critics to be a Connecticut story of doubtful merit, and largely due to this, was placed on similar footing to that held by some books whose authors have not as yet proved their knowledge of any particular phase of human life. It is hardly likely that full sentiment of the foregoing will follow Max Pemberton's novel of the same name (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.), which will assuredly be instrumental in adding materially to this writer's steadily increasing number

of admirers. His story touches on the grim struggle for existence that takes place in the underworld of London, and also deals slightly with the life of persons who know something of that city's brighter sections. A phase of modern revolutionary Russia enters into its make-up, and Warsaw is used as a centre for some exciting and rather revolting scenes. The hero, Alban Kennedy, an English lad of good material, becomes part and parcel of life in the so-called underworld, before destiny ushers him forth to enjoy, if only in a questionable way, the luxury of a millionaire. A Polish girl figures as heroine, and the love story affecting these two is unique and is nicely told. The narrative is not lacking in dramatic incident, and a few spicy chapters appear, in which the reader can hardly be other than interested in "Willy Forest," who possesses a fund of slang phrases, and who frequently concludes a sentence with an amusing "Eh, what?" which the reader might learn to expect, but seldom does. The book has twenty illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen, which add greatly to its attractiveness.



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANCE

Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT is a writer with several "successes" to her credit. Her latest work of fiction, "The Shuttle," (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, \$1.50), will probably be popular and rank among the best selling novels of the United States cities, for is not the heroine the radiantly beautiful and fabulously wealthy "American" girl with whom lesser novelists have made us familiar? The book concerns itself with the love-affairs of the two daughters of *Reuben Vanderpoel*, the "multiest" millionaire in modern fiction. His elder daughter, *Rosalie*, who is a Nineteenth Century edition of *Patient Griselda*, becomes the wife of *Sir Nigel Anstruthers*, a vicious aristocrat of an ancient type. In fact, *Sir Nigel* makes the depravity of the traditional wicked earl seem a poor thing. About twelve years after this unfortunate wedding, *Betty Vanderpoel*, the beautiful and opulent heroine aforementioned, goes to England

and undertakes the rescue of her luckless sister. Of course *Betty* has a romance of her own, in which an impoverished and somewhat irritable "lord" figures as the hero. The story is tawdry and hackneyed, and the style in which it is written will not recommend "The Shuttle" to those who care for literature. It is a striking example of the shrieking note in American fiction to which the *Saturday Review* recently drew attention.



AMONG BAVARIAN INNS

SO MANY books of travel are written about what might be regarded as the popular countries of Europe, from the standpoint of the tourist, that it is a pleasure to occasionally happen on something that goes off the beaten track. "Little Pilgrimages Among Bavarian Inns," by Frank Roy Fraprie (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$2), is an account of little journeys to the Bavarian Highlands and to various quaint inns and hostleries in and out of the ancient towns, together with reminiscences of student and artist life in Munich. Bavaria stands apart from those countries of the "Continent" that are mostly affected by tourists, and therefore it is not generally so well known, nor have its people, according to Mr. Fraprie, become extortionate in their treatment of visitors. The volume is splendidly illustrated.



CLEVER CHARACTER SKETCHING

"THE Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," by Zone Gale (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25), is a collection of stories, most of which have been appearing during the last six months in the popular magazines. The ordinary writer of romance would consider that the author has chosen unpromising material—the household of a Darby and Joan who have reached the golden wedding mark, and whose old Italian servant, Nichola, is a Latin edition of Mrs. Poyser. But a more delicately charming volume than the chronicles of this old-fashioned trio could not be found in the modern book-store. In-

deed, it is necessary to go back to "Prue and I" to find a companion for Pelleas and Etarre. The author's delightful sense of humour keeps the sentiment from degenerating into sickness, while Etarre's gentle fashion of making fun of their elderly foibles takes the reader into her wise confidence and soothes the weariest book reviewer into appreciation of the charms of the old-world drawing-room. But one must not forget Nichola, who "was born upon the other side of every argument. In her we can see the history of all the world working out in a miniature of the wrinkles. For Nichola would have cut off her gray hair with Sparta, hurled herself fanatically abroad on St. Bartholomew's Day, borne a pike before the Bastille, broken and burned the first threshing-machine in England, stoned Luther, and helped to sew the stars upon striped cloth in the kitchen of Betsy Ross."



POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

THERE is so much to be learned about English literature, its history and its makers, that persons ordinarily placed might well despair of ever attaining a comprehensive knowledge of it. With that fact in view, a work entitled "The Bookman Illustrated History of English Literature" was recently completed by Thomas Seccombe and W. Robertson Nicoll (London: Hodder and Stoughton. Cloth, \$1.85). The work is published in two splendidly typed volumes, and it is well illustrated with full-page *Rembrandt* photogravures. The first volume deals with the subject from Chaucer down to Dryden, while the second volume follows on from Pope to Swinburne. But there are in all seven distinct books. The first is devoted to a study of the King's English as Caxton and the early English writers knew it, and from then on down the development of literature is traced as far as 1900. The work may therefore be regarded as well up to date. It was written, not for specialists or scholars, but for the general public, and it is an historical survey rather than an exhaustive study of the English lan-

guage. Most attention has been directed to the biographical element, and the environment and personality of the authors is well set forth.



A HIGHLY DRAMATIC TALE

ONE of the most intensely dramatic tales of this season, one indeed that already has been dramatised and performed at the Savoy Theatre in London, is entitled "The Shulamite," by Alice and Claude Askew (Toronto: Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25). The principal characters are Deborah, wife of a Boer farmer in South Africa; Simeon Krillet, her husband; Robert Waring, a young Englishman, and "Tant Annie," Krillet's sister. They form a collection of four extremely interesting personalities, complex and varying. The story is that of a narrow, mean existence at a farm on the veldt, where Deborah, the embodiment of Solomon's description of the Shulamite, is subjected to the merciless treatment of her unappreciative husband. There she comes to know Robert Waring, and the mutual affection that is nourished between them lays the foundation for a very sad and tragic end. The renouncement by Deborah of all hope of a happy life, even after the death of Krillet, as it is, provides a most intense example of long-suffering humanity.



GENESIS OF CHURCHES

THE latest publication by Mr. James Croil, author of "The Missionary Problem" and "The Noble Army of Martyrs," is entitled "Genesis of Churches in the United States of America, in Newfoundland and the Dominion of Canada" (Montreal: James Croil. Cloth, illustrated, \$1). In many respects it is a very valuable volume, embracing as it does in condensed form the chief points of interest regarding the various denominations on the American continent. It represents a great deal of earnest work by the author, who has taken infinite pains to remove what might be regarded as the ponderous parts of church history. It is well illustrated with repro-



MISS ETHELWYN WETHERALD

Whose forthcoming volume of poetry entitled "The Robin and Other Poems" is said to possess exceptional merit.

ductions of photographs of many of the chief church edifices in North America.



BOOK BY A GREAT SPORTSMAN

SPORTSMEN the world over will be interested in a volume entitled "Hunting Trips in North America, by F. C. Selous, the famous hunter (London: Witherby and Company. Cloth, 16s. net). Mr. Selous might be called the hunter *par excellence*, but he is, as well, the author of several volumes, besides his latest, dealing with travel and sport. "Hunting Trips in North America" might well have been changed to "Hunting Trips in Canada," although there is one chapter that deals with woodland caribou in Newfoundland, and another that describes a trip to King George's Lake in the same country. The rest of the volume deals almost entirely with hunting trips in Canada, particularly in Northern Ontario,

Northern Quebec and the Yukon. The pages are devoted mostly to large game, such as moose, and there are valuable hints and instructions regarding equipment, arms, ammunition, etc. The volume is well got up. It contains sixty-five reproductions of photographs.



NEW SETTING FOR THE CRANE

ONE of the handsomest publications for the holiday season is Longfellow's "The Hanging of the Crane," in a beautiful setting (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Ornamented cover, \$2). This poem is one of Longfellow's best, and it can be much more fully appreciated after being read in a setting such as this, because Mr. Arthur I. Keller, whose paintings are reproduced at full-page size in colours, has caught the spirit of the poem in an exquisite way. These paintings have added interest in the fact that they have as a background the Craigie House at Cambridge, where Longfellow hung his own crane in 1843.



NOTES

—Mr. R. H. Paget, who is well known by publishers in Canada, has been appointed publisher for the great firm of Cassell and Company, of London, who have recently opened a Canadian branch at Toronto with Mr. H. Button as manager. This is a big position for so young a man, but Mr. Paget has had ten years of rather unusual experience in the publishing business, serving in succession with the Macmillan Company of London, the Oxford University Press, Archibald Constable and Company, and Cassell and Company, first as American representative and later as manager of the foreign department, which position he still holds.

—It is reported by the Canadian publishers of "The Letters of Queen Victoria" (Montreal: The Cambridge Corporation, Limited), that the sale of the work has reached enormous proportions, the delivery to the publishers, even early in November, having reached 500 tons.

What Others Are Laughing at

EXCELSIOR—MODERN VERSION

THE sun had streaked the east with flame,
When to a restaurant there came
A youth who, somewhat overwrought,
Had burning in his mind this thought,
Excelsior.

"What wish you?" did the maiden say,
"We've shredded planks and devilled hay,
"Or bloated bran, or grated cobs."
But still he answered 'tween his sobs,
Excelsior.

They laid him on a modern bed,
With ample pillows 'neath his head.
What filled those pillows, fair to view,
What filled that luscious mattress, too?
Excelsior.

Such living was our hero's end,
And when they packed him home to send,
He looked so frail, and yet so grand,
They used with an unstinted hand,
Excelsior.

And now he's in the churchyard laid,
Beneath the yew tree's useless shade,
One single word upon his tomb
Tells his ambition and his doom,
Excelsior.

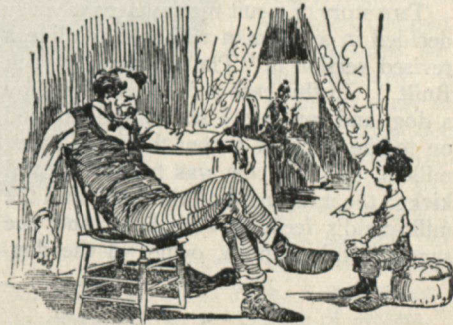
—Toronto News.

A BOY'S CHRISTMAS COMPOSITION

"CHRISTMAS comes every year and it is the best day in the year exceptin' fourth of july which is a better day to fire off guns and pistols Hookey fired off an old gun one fourth of july and it kicked him

agin a hidrent and an awful bunch grewed on his head and he didn't know much for two hours Christmas is the best time to get presents my sister Lucy hung up her stockin' and I put a mud-turtule in it and she was fearful mad you bet if my aunt Rachel should hang up her stockin' it would hold a dump-cart full of things William Bradshaw eat so much candy and puddin' one Christmas that his folks had to put him in a grave after he died I should like to see old Dudley the truant officer in a grave and so would all the boys I should like to have it Christmas and fourth of july all the time."—
The Kazooster.

PITFALLS



WILLIE: "Papa, will you tell me a story?"

PAPA: "Yes. What shall it be?"

WILLIE: "Oh, tell me that story over again about when you was fishing up in Maine."

MOTHER (calling from next room): "Willie, come out here this instant! Don't you know your papa joined the church last week on probation?"—*The Kazooster.*

THE ETERNAL LOTTERY

GOVERNOR VARDAMAN of Mississippi tells an amusing instance of the negro's attitude toward matrimony.

A darky clergyman in the State named had married two negroes; and after the ceremony the groom asked, "How much yo' charge fo' dis?"

"I usually leave that to the groom," was the reply. "Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less."

"Five dollahs is a lot o' money, pahson," said the groom. "Ah'll give yo' two dollahs, an' den ef ah finds ah ain't got cheated, ah'll give yo' mo' in a monf."

In the stipulated time the groom returned. "Pahson," said he, "dis here arrangement's a kind o' spec'lashun, an' ah reckon youse got de worst of it. Ah figgers that yo' owes me a dollah an' seventy-five cents."—*Harper's Weekly*.



HARD ON ONTARIO

THE consumption of whiskey is steadily increasing, which is easily explained by the fact that Ontario in the last few years has had an unusually large number of elections.—*Montreal Star*.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

THE story of a suit for damages recently decided in a German village reads like a revised version of "The House that Jack Built." In this case a cat was chased by a dog, and ran into a stable and jumped on to the back of a cow that was being milked, and the cow was frightened and kicked the milk-maid off the stool, and the milk-maid's feelings were hurt, and she sued Captain Schorn, owner of the dog,

and her employer, Dairyman Herr Kameler, owner of the cow, for damages, and the court awarded her £7, and each defendant had to pay one-third. So there you have the whole matter in a breath. As the local poet wrote:

This is the dog of Capt. Schorn
That chased the cat of Herr Von Dorn
That scratched the cow with the crumpled
horn

That kicked the maiden all forlorn
Whose testimony duly sworn
Of feelings hurt and clothing torn
Impelled the judge all shaven and shorn
To mulct and fine that very morn
The dairyman and Herr Von Dorn
As well as gallant Capt. Schorn

Who owned the dog
That worried the cat
That scratched the cow
That kicked the maid
That milked in the barn at Redwitz.

—*Selected*.



NERVY

"TOMPKINS has got more nerve than any man I ever met."

"What now?"

"He came over to my place yesterday to borrow my gun, saying he wanted to kill a dog that kept him awake nights."

"Well, what of it?"

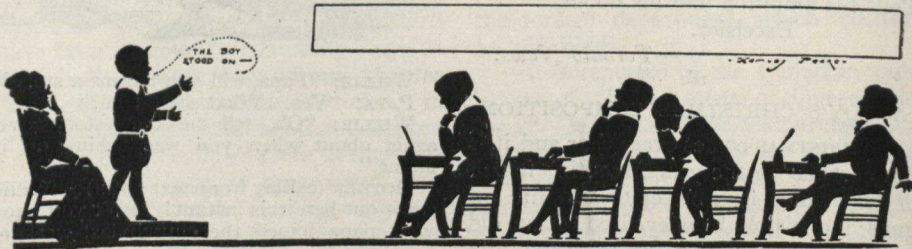
"It was my dog he killed."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.



MORE PARTICULAR

COMMERCIAL GENT (travelling in tobacco): "That, sir, is a cigar you could offer to any of your friends."

HOTEL PROPRIETOR: "Ah, yes; I can see that. But the point is, have you got any that I could smoke myself?"—*Punch*.



THE SCHOOL BORED

Canadian Industrial Genius

JOHN YOUNG HARKIN

WORTHY descendants of the greatest industrial nation in the world, the Canadian manufacturing houses have again and again produced something which is entirely new and unique in the mercantile world.

The clothing business was a constant striving towards cheapness, with the consequent tawdry fashion and flimsy fabric, before the advent of the semi-ready idea. And this all-conquering idea was not born in either a ready-made factory or in a tailor shop.

It was the outcome of a keen analysis by a master mind. Expensive shoes were being made from the finest leathers in big factories. Why could not high-class men's cloth fabrics be tailored and brought to the finishing stage for quick delivery to gentlemen?

That was the problem which took several years in the solving, and which has received the encouragement of every thinking man during the varying vicissitudes which all original ideas must encounter.

The projectors can always congratulate themselves that in all the years of their working towards the goal of achievement, no man ever lost a dollar in giving to the idea his practical aid. From the first garment the semi-ready garments have been guaranteed absolutely. At times they met with unfair claims and unjust criticism, but in every case the broad nature of a generous guarantee was observed. "Satisfaction" was defined in its acutest dictionary sense.

The semi-ready business is to-day the best established industry in Canada, with as great a volume of business offering as can be well taken care of in the largest fine tailoring factory in Canada.

The experimental stages were passed some years ago, and with the system on a solid foundation there came to the organization plenty of capital and substantial men.

Early in 1906, Charles H. Nelson, for many years a member of the firm of H. A. Nelson & Sons, of Toronto and Montreal, joined the organisation in company with Alfred Wood, a well-known Canadian journalist, who had just disposed of the Ottawa *Free Press*. Messrs. Nelson and Wood secured a controlling interest in a new company, called the Semi-ready, Limited, which company bought up the business of the old company. After a careful study of the system, they decided upon a thorough re-organisation of the thriving industry, and they secured the interest of Charles P.



CHARLES H. NELSON
President of Semi-ready, Limited.

Creamer, of New York, a gentleman who is described as a "master of system," and who was interested in one of the largest manufacturing and wholesale houses in that city.

The President of the Company, Charles H. Nelson, is well known throughout Canada. He had retired from active business some years before, but inactivity did not suit him, and he took up the strenuous life with renewed zest. No man in the Canadian



ALFRED WOOD

Vice-President of Semi-ready, Limited

commercial world is more highly thought of than Mr. Nelson.

The Vice-President of the Company, Alfred Wood, is a business reconstructor, an able writer, and with a high order of talent in business publicity, he has an inherited genius for rebuilding and reconstructing. His newspaper experience has been invariably successful, and on several occasions he had taken hold of valuable newspaper properties which had been mismanaged and brought them back to life and prosperity with some profit to himself. And because he does it all with a smile, some people think his work is always easy. In Toronto, Mr. Wood is best known, for it was in that city that he first climbed the ladder from the printer's case to the proprietor's chair.



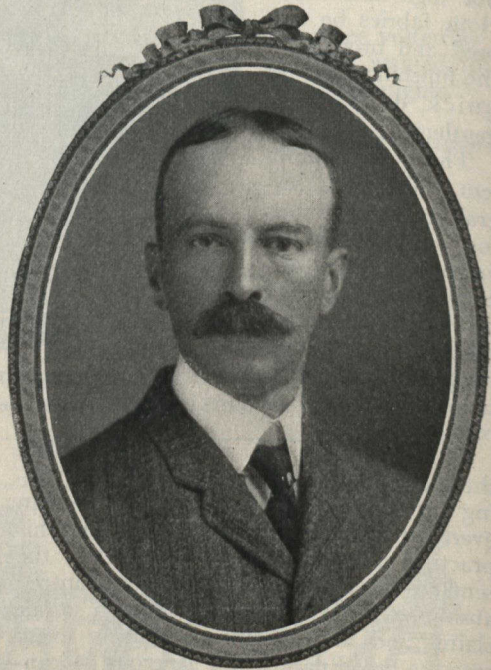
In the Dominion of Canada there are now over 100 semi-ready tailoring stores and exclusive agencies. From Halifax to Victoria, in nearly every town and city between, there are merchants who proudly proclaim their rights of agency.

The strength of the organisation is in the confidence of the public. Semi-ready clothes may seem higher in price to the uninitiated,

or to those who are not judges of fabric and workmanship, but the general public know that there is more real value in a Semi-ready suit than can be produced by the custom tailor. System and organisation, when backed by intelligent motive, cannot fail of achievement. In the semi-ready business these modern methods are reproduced in their highest form, and are coupled with a close, human attention to the wishes of their patrons. Much system leads to mechanical inertness, unless it is linked with human interest.

J. H. Brownlee, a director of the Company, and the chief designer of Semi-ready tailoring, is at present in England, where he visits the woollen markets twice each year to make selections from the mills and to secure special and exclusive fabrics. While journeying abroad, he studies the fashions, and secures new ideas which can be adapted to his own designing.

The Managing Director, C. P. Creamer, recently announced that a change of system inaugurated by him in the Semi-ready factory, had resulted in a saving of nearly a dollar on each suit made, and this saving will be given to the patrons of semi-ready tailoring.



CHARLES P. CREAMER

Managing Director of Semi-ready, Limited.

BOVRIL

In almost all ages and in almost all countries beef has been regarded as the strength-giving food par excellence. But it is not always possible to obtain beef just at the moment when nourishment is required, and again it is not always that the system is in a condition to draw the full store of nutriment from the meat. Each of these difficulties has been overcome; and the nutriment and stimulus of beef can be obtained at any time with very little trouble, and in a form which admits of immediate assimilation by even the most delicate invalid.

BOVRIL is guaranteed to be the pure product of prime beef. All that is in beef is in Bovril.

A teaspoonful of Bovril alone stirred into a cup of boiling water makes a strengthening and stimulating bouillon.

GOLD MEDAL



FOR

Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition
1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

When You Were Engaged

the young lady received a box of

Stuyler's

almost daily. How often does your wife now receive a box of these delicious confections?

REPENT

and mail your orders at short intervals to 130-132 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada

Is that for me?

What better Christmas gift for the man of the house? or the woman who shoots? or the boy or girl old enough to learn the use of firearms? Handsome and useful and perfectly safe from accidental discharge—if it's an

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolver

Until you pull the trigger it cannot shoot. Throw it down, let it drop, kick it around, and it won't go off, even if you

Hammer the Hammer

Safety feature a part of the firing mechanism—no buttons to press, no lever to pull. Straight-shooting, hard-hitting, simple and strong, can't get out of order. Many imitations, but none as good.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

Richly nickeled, 3-in. bbl., 22 rim-fire, 32 **\$7.50** center-fire, or 3½ in. 38 center-fire cartridge,

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

Richly nickeled, 3-in. barrel, 32 centre- **\$8.50** fire, or 3¼ inch 38 centre-fire cartridge,

receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 145 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

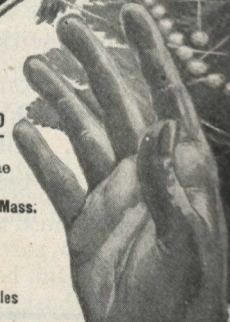
New York: 99 Chambers Street.

Pacific Coast: 1346 Park St., Alameda, Cal.

Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.

London, England: 13 Colium Street, E.C.

Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles



The Social Whirl

The claims of the society season make many claims on the society and evening dress of men and women. An occasional sending of your finest costumes here means that they are kept in good condition—bright and attractive—for every and any function.

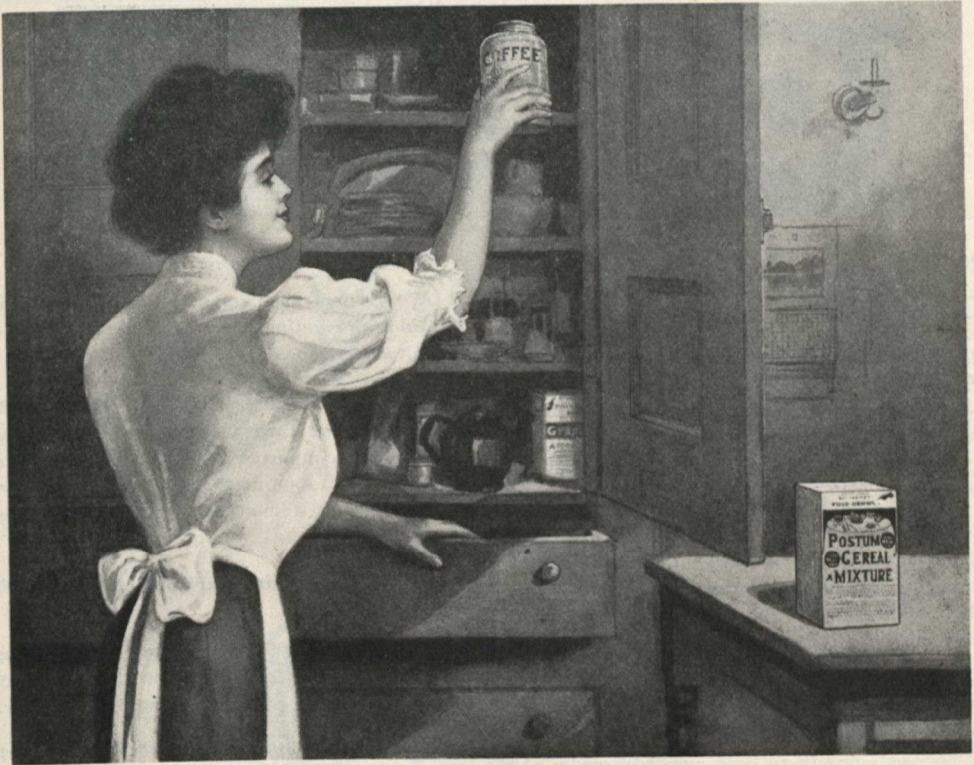
R. PARKER & CO.

Canada's Greatest Dyers and Cleaners

TORONTO

CANADA

Branches and Agencies in all Parts of Canada



A Wise Mother

When she learned the facts, put the Coffee Canister in a far corner of the cupboard and began serving

POSTUM

to the whole family. The change brought steady nerves, sound sleep and good sturdy health. To get the agreeable flavour and sustaining food qualities, Postum must be made properly.

Therefore, be sure and boil your Postum according to directions on pkg.

"There's a Reason"

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



Q. What is CALOX?

A. Calox is a trade name given to a new dentifrice in powder form.

Q. How does it differ from other powder dentifrices?

A. By containing compounds which break up on the addition of water into active oxygen and hydrogen peroxide and render the powder an efficient antiseptic and germicide.

Q. Are not all tooth powders antiseptic?

A. They are claimed to be, but are not, because no antiseptic has hitherto been known that could be used in sufficient quantity to sterilize the mouth without injury to the teeth or soft tissues.

Q. Why should a tooth powder be antiseptic?

A. Because decay of the teeth is caused by acid producing germs that set up fermentation of food particles producing lactic acid, which corrodes the enamel and starts tooth decay.

Q. Are there any additional reasons for using an antiseptic in the mouth?

A. Yes. Many disease germs enter the body through the mouth, which is also frequently the breeding place of these germs, particularly those of diphtheria, pneumonia, consumption, typhoid fever, etc.

Q. Is there any tooth powder sufficiently antiseptic to destroy mouth germs?

A. Only one—CALOX, the oxygen tooth powder—by its liberation of oxygen and simultaneous formation of milk of lime.

Q. How does oxygen act as an antiseptic?

A. By combining chemically with the organic matter left in the mouth and destroying or oxidizing it. It is also fatal to germ life by its powerful action on the protoplasm or living substance of the germ.

Q. What is the value of milk of lime?

A. To neutralize any acids present in the mouth, to aid in preventing deposits of tartar, and to counteract sensitiveness of the teeth and gums.

Q. Why are most dentifrices highly flavored?

A. Because it was thought, years ago, that the essential oils imparted antiseptic properties to the preparation. As a matter of fact they merely irritate the gums and markedly impair the sense of taste.

Q. What ingredients are objectionable in dentifrices, and why?

A. Insoluble gritty substances, powdered barks, etc., because they collect under the margins of the gums and cause recession or deposits of tartar.

Q. Which is the best form of dentifrice—powder, paste or liquid?

A. Powder by all means. Liquids are deficient in cleansing power, pastes are highly objectionable because they contain large quantities of sugar, glycerine and fermentable substances which increase the danger of decay.

Q. Can decay be prevented?

A. Yes, by proper care of the teeth. An occasional visit to the dentist, coupled with the proper use of the tooth brush and CALOX, will prevent decay of the teeth.

Q. Will any dentifrice whiten the teeth?

A. Only CALOX, upon which patents have been granted in the principal countries throughout the world. CALOX generates oxygen, nature's bleaching agent, in the mouth, and it is the active oxygen liberated that whitens the teeth. It is the only dentifrice that will really whiten the teeth.

CALOX is sold by all Druggists in metal bottles, dainty for the toilet and secure for the travelling bag. 25 cents

McKESSON & ROBBINS, 91-97 Fulton Street, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Sample and Booklet on "How to Care for the Teeth" from

National Drug & Chemical Co. - Montreal, Canada



MOGUL

Egyptian Cigarettes

(Cork Tips)

15c. per box



CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

To Resist the Cold

You need something more than clothes merely—they can never supply that inner bodily warmth that defies all external cold, and which is a matter of healthy tissue, good blood and good circulation.

“CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP” supplies the essential elements which generate this priceless inner warmth.

It supplies it more quickly and in greater abundance than anything else—because it contains all the fat and tissue making qualities of ripe corn—ready for immediate assimilation into your blood and tissues.

See that you and your children partake plentifully of it. Commence to eat it now. Simply delicious with bread, crackers, pancakes, porridge or made up with pastry and in puddings. For cleanliness, purity and your convenience your dealer has it in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air-tight tins with lift-off lids.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd.

Established 1858

Offices: Montreal and Toronto

Works: Cardinal, Ont.



PRIESTLEY'S

"HUGUENOT" CLOTH

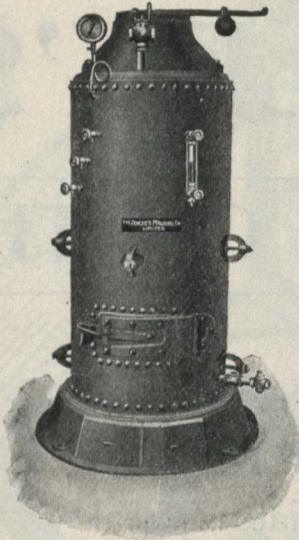
PRIESTLEY'S unrivalled dyeing and finishing have produced a cloth sure of immediate appeal to the present day's demand.

"HUGUENOT" Cloth contains all the durability and close texture of the old-time serge, with the soft, rich, draping qualities of a French cashmere.

Fashion's Favorite

Colors include the latest shades, rich tints of red, green, blue, brown, and new evening shades.

FOR SALE AT ALL THE BEST DRY GOODS STORES



☐ This cut shows our Standard Vertical Power Boiler with mountings as regularly furnished.

☐ We build them in all sizes, from 4 to 60 H.P. Larger sizes built to order.

☐ All Boilers are built for 100 lbs. working pressure.

☐ Only the best material is used throughout and the workmanship is above suspicion.

☐ Bulletin 103 containing particulars mailed on request.

☐ With large facilities we are in a position to make prompt shipments, of single Boilers or of carloads.

THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.

Limited

General Offices:
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Plants:
SHERBROOKE, - QUE.
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Sales Offices:
Sherbrooke, St. Catharines, Rossland,
Halifax, Cobalt

Kindly address nearest Sales Office

LUCKY IS THE WOMAN

WHO WEARS
D & A CORSET
No 242

Because in this charmingly-shaped popular-priced model, the embodiment of grace and fashionableness, as well as *comfort* and beauty, reigns supreme, hence the stupendous demand created for this "*Shapely*" Model.

Its stylish, narrow waist and well-rounded hip brings out all the long lines and swan-like grace of a slight, willowy form, as well as the graceful curves of the figure in a very artistic manner, and lends an air of lissome beauty to a figure of medium proportions.

The arrangement of garters at centre causes the wearer to stand erectly and walk gracefully—a hygienic feature of much value, which holds the corset snugly in place, whether standing or sitting.

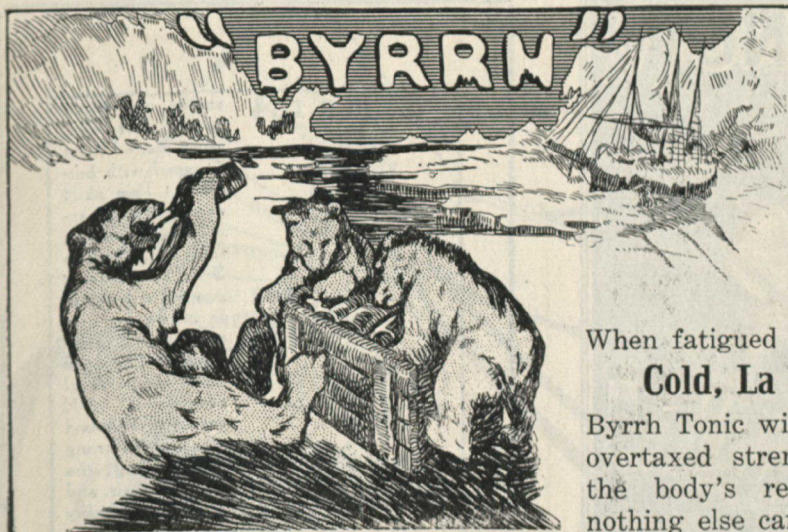
LEADING DRESSMAKERS throughout Canada are very enthusiastic over the merits of this Superb Model, because it will make your new costume fit perfectly, thereby greatly facilitating their work and giving you the best figure you ever expected to have. For tall and average height medium figures. Made of French Coutil; sizes 18 to 30.

Price, \$1.75

Artistic Corset Booklet mailed free.

For sale wherever Corsets are sold, but if your dealer has not this particular "D & A" style or any other that you may select, kindly advise us and we will see that you are immediately provided with it.

Dominion Corset Co., Mfrs., Quebec, Montreal, Toronto



"Byrrh" Tonic Wine

When fatigued you are apt to take
Cold, La Grippe, Etc.

Byrrh Tonic wine recuperates the
overtaxed strength and increases
the body's resistant powers as
nothing else can.

Byrrh Tonic Wine is made from a choice Old Port and some of nature's
best Restoratives. It is much better than a medicine for you, and should
be in every home.

BOTTLED IN FRANCE BY VIOLET FRÈRES, PROPS., THUIR

HUDON, HEBERT & CO., Agents for Canada, MONTREAL



GANONG'S G.B. CHOCOLATES

The latest and daintiest arrangement
for Chocolates

The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams, Nougatines,
Caramels, Fruits and Nuts. $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2,
3 and 5 pounds. Full weight in every box.

35 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

GANONG BROS., Limited, St. Stephen, N.B.

WHY NOT?

MAKE YOUR
FURNITURE
LOOK LIKE
NEW?

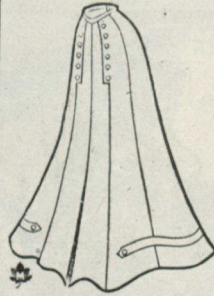
EASILY
APPLIED.



MAJESTIC FURNITURE POLISH

MAJESTIC POLISHES, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

STYLE 164



shows our seven gored skirt with fancy plaited front trimmed with buttons. This skirt ranges in price, according to quality, from \$5.25 up to \$7.75. Every one of our skirts is made on our own premises by competent tailors under our personal supervision. All our skirts are bound with an extra strong

quality of binding to prevent sagging; the waist-bands are made of woven mohair, and in the stitching throughout the best quality of silk is used. All of our skirts can be made in any of the materials we have in stock. Write for our catalogue.

AGENTS WANTED—We have an excellent proposition to offer to good capable agents.

DOMINION GARMENT COMPANY
Box 280 Guelph, - Ontario.



NO HOUSE

is now considered complete
without at least one

BRICK MANTEL

in red or buff colors

Prices from \$15.00 up

For Summer Homes,
Club Houses, etc., they
are the correct thing

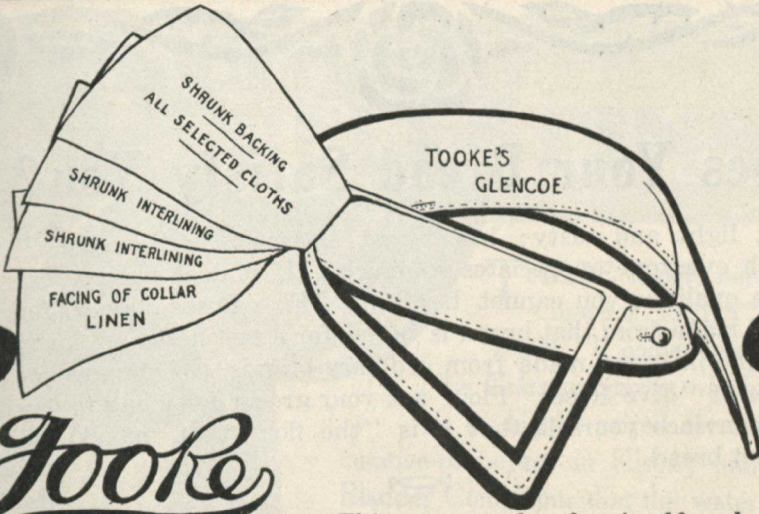
Send for Illustrated Catalogue

Milton Pressed Brick Co.

Works and Head Office

Limited

MILTON - ONTARIO



Tooke
COLLARS

This cut speaks for itself,—shows the thoroughly shrunken interlining. It's this interlining that makes the collar keep its shape when laundered. These collars are 4-ply. It's the careful attention to these details that makes these 2 for 25c. Tooke Collars the most popular and best collar value in Canada.

24

TOOKE BROTHERS, LIMITED

MONTREAL

A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL USERS OF
MATCHES
AND OTHER WARES
MADE BY
EDDY
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1851
UNIVERSALLY RECOGNIZED AS
CANADA'S BEST

Does Your Bread Satisfy You?

Is it light and tasty; has it that indescribable "goodness" which everyone appreciates so much? If it does not possess these qualities you cannot be using "Five Roses" Flour, for bread made from that brand is noted for a tastiness and flavor unfound in bread made from ordinary brands. If you are not a user of "Five Roses" Flour ask your grocer for a bag to-day and convince yourself that it is "the flour that makes the perfect bread."



LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, Ltd.

MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, KEEWATIN

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, OTTAWA, TORONTO, LONDON, ONT.; ST. JOHN, N. B.



The Pleasure of a Letter

is heightened when it comes to you indited upon faultless note paper.

BARBER-ELLIS Correspondence Papers

bear the "hallmark" of quality. Your stationer can supply you with Crash Linenette and French Organdie, two of our best.

THE
Barber & Ellis Co.
Limited

63-71 Wellington St. West, Toronto

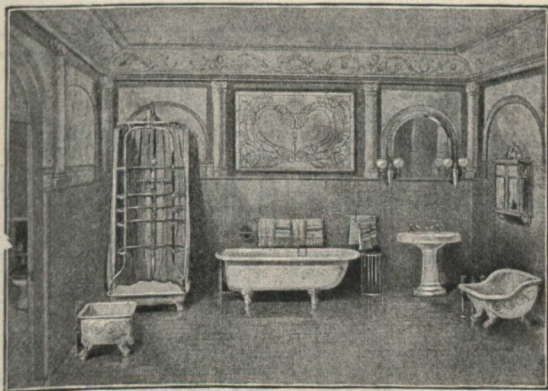


VICHY CELESTINS.

THERE is only one
Genuine "VICHY"
Water. It comes from
the *Celestins Spring*, which
is so highly prized for its
curative-properties in Kidney and
Bladder Complaints that the water
is bottled under French Government Super-
vision and sealed with a special label to
prevent substitution.

ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS

NOWHERE DOES PERFECT WORK COUNT MORE



than in the sanitary equipment of a modern home. Poor plumbing is synonymous with loss of health, loss of comfort, loss of savings, loss in property values.

"STANDARD IDEAL" PORCELAIN ENAMELED WARE

installed in the bedroom, bathroom, kitchen or laundry guarantees health for the family, reduces home expenses and adds to the cash value of the home.

Practical in construction, lasting as iron, finished in pure white enamel, with no joints, crevices, or lodging place for dust, dirt or microbes, "STANDARD

IDEAL" WARE is the finest gift of the master-artisan's craft to the home-builder. Moderate in first cost, it soon pays for itself and becomes a valuable asset.

"STANDARD IDEAL" WARE LASTS A LIFE-TIME. Your architect or plumber will tell you no modern home is properly appointed without it.

THE STANDARD Ideal COMPANY, Ltd., PORT HOPE, ONT.

Sales Offices and Sample Rooms:

Toronto, 50 Colborne Street Montreal, 128½ West Craig Street Winnipeg, 156 Lombard Street

How S Calcium Carbide Reaches You

It is a well-known fact that a cylindrical-shaped package is much stronger than a square one—a barrel is always stronger than a box.

This is the reason we have adopted steel drums, each containing 100 lbs., for packing S Calcium Carbide.

These are approximately the same size as nail kegs.

How Calcium Carbide is packed is very important, because of its susceptibility to moisture.

These cylinders are not only much stronger, but more easily handled than our old square packages.

They are made of soft sheet metal, specially imported by us direct from Welsh mills.

The round opening in the top is 8 inches across, instead of 5 inches, as in the square packages, thus giving readier access to contents.

This opening is closed by means of a screw top, made additionally tight with a washer.

Over this screw cover is a guard, in the shape of a steel cover, which is crimped to the sides of the cylinder.

As moisture depreciates the lighting value of carbide, it is very important that the cylinder be absolutely moisture-proof.

We are the only manufacturers of carbide in Canada using these steel cylinders.

Price lists and other particulars will be sent you on receipt of your address.

THE SHAWINIGAN CARBIDE COMPANY, Limited
MONTREAL



THE KLONDIKE HENS are the best laying hens in the world. Send for free illustrated description. Klondike Poultry Ranch, Maple Park, Illinois.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH

This standard Canadian Dentifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aroma of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—Harmless and efficient.

At all druggists, 25c.



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"



GOES LIKE SIXTY
SELLS LIKE SIXTY
SELLS FOR SIXTY

\$65

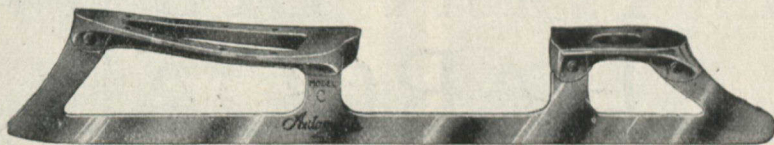
GILSON GASOLINE ENGINE

For Pumping, Cream
Separators, Churns, Wash Ma-
chines, etc. **FREE TRIAL**
Ask for catalog—all sizes

GILSON MFG. CO. LTD. 106 York, Guelph, Ontario.

NO CHRISTMAS GIFT

So appropriate for LADIES or GENTLEMEN as a pair of



“Automobile” or “Cycle” Skates

The Lightest, Strongest, and Handsomest in the World

“The Skate everyone is boosting.”

See them at all representative dealers.

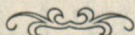
Manufactured by

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR COMPANY, Limited

BRANCHES: Winnipeg, Man.; Vancouver, B.C.

TORONTO JUNCTION

A Whiskey with a World-Wide Reputation



Teacher's "Highland Cream"

THE PERFECTION OF OLD SCOTCH



WM. TEACHER & SONS

Distillers, Blenders, Exporters

Glasgow, London and Manchester

AT ALL LEADING HOTELS

DID YOU EVER TRY

BEAVER BRAND CHARCOAL

FOR LIGHTING YOUR FIRES?

One trial would satisfy the most fastidious as to its EFFICIENCY,
ECONOMY and SUPERIORITY over all other kindlings

FOR SALE AT ALL GROCERS, 10 CENTS A SACK

Departments in { Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, London, St. Thomas, Hamilton,
Berlin, Galt, Guelph, Stratford, Brantford, and Woodstock

The Standard Chemical Company of Toronto
LIMITED

Laurentides National Park

THIS renowned hunting and fishing territory takes on increased popularity yearly. Dates for hunting and fishing may be applied for at any time. Increased accommodation will be provided for sportsmen by 1st September, 1906, in the great Caribou Barrens. For information of any kind re sport

ADDRESS

The Hon. Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries
QUEBEC, P.Q., CANADA



The Christmas Present That Lasts A Lifetime

There is just *one* Christmas present that every woman prizes far above all others, because it means pleasure, comfort and luxury—not for one, but for *many* Christmases—and this present is a

Singer Sewing Machine

Or a Wheeler & Wilson

The man who gives wife, mother, daughter, sister or sweetheart, either one of these machines for Christmas makes a gift that will last for a lifetime as a serviceable and ornamental part of the household.

By This Sign



You May Know and
Will Find Singer
Stores Everywhere

Goods Delivered Without Charge

In order to put Mail Order customers on precisely the same footing as City Shoppers and give them every advantage of Toronto styles and prices, we will pay all the cost of sending goods from the Store to their nearest Railway Station in Ontario and the Eastern Provinces, and as far West as Winnipeg, on all orders of \$25 or over. There are one or two necessary exceptions in the case of extra heavy goods, of which our catalogue gives full particulars. This free delivery offer wipes out the last difference between shopping by mail and shopping in person, and gives wide selection of goods that are the fashion of the hour at the time they are bought.

Whatever advantage there is to enormously big stocks, exclusive styles, and close prices, is at the service of every family the world over, with freight or express charges fully prepaid anywhere this side of Winnipeg. The further fact that we handle only reliable goods gives every assurance of satisfaction, and Toronto's reputation for style adds to the attractiveness of our special delivery offer.

We give ample choice of the best the world affords at no extra expense on account of distance, with every facility for prompt shipments and less to pay here than anywhere for goods of equal quality.

The item illustrated and described below is a sample of value to be found in our Fall and Winter Catalogue.



Unequaled Value

This Splendid Coat **\$5.00**

Excels anything heretofore offered at the price; made of black Cheviot Frieze. Warm, serviceable quality; shoulders lined with goods of self, sleeves lined with sateen, 45 ins. in length, with slotted seam down centre of back; collar trimmed with velvet and braid, cuffs and patch pockets; just such a coat as the good dresser likes to wear. Comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure **\$5.00**

ADDRESS:	<p>THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED</p> <p>TORONTO, CANADA</p>	DEC. DEPARTMENT C.M.
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COWAN'S

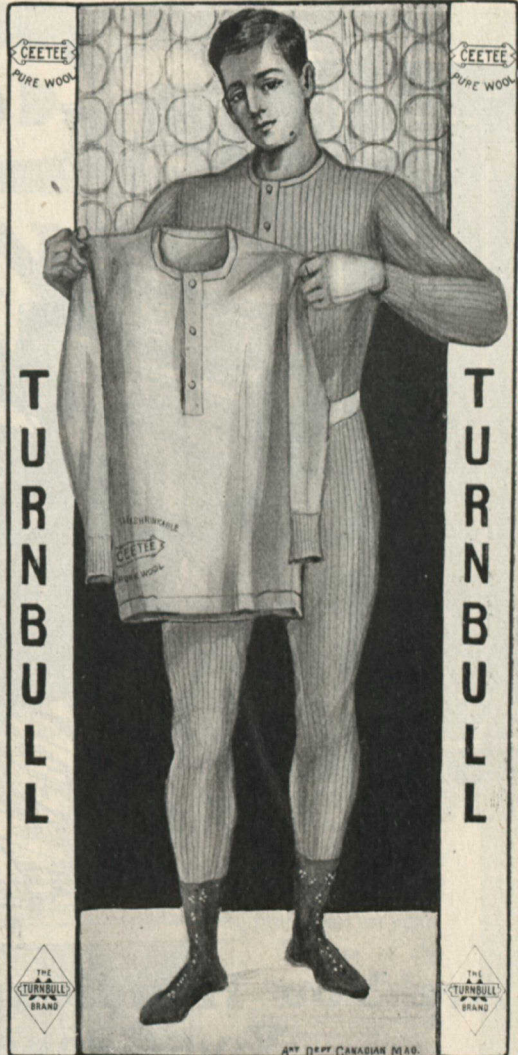


Such dainty and delicate Confections are

COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

191 DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03



TURNBULL

TURNBULL



ART DEPT CANADIAN MAG.

TO ENJOY real comfort your Underwear must fit right, feel right and come out of the laundry same size as it went in.

"CEETEE" Underwear possesses all these qualities. Wear it once and be convinced. We replace any "CEETEE" garment that shrinks.

SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS
THE C. TURNBULL COMPANY
OF GALT, Limited



Are You Handicapped With a Piano You Cannot Play?

THE mission of a piano is to **provide music**. If it does not perform this mission you might better sell it at once and get something really useful.

There is no longer any excuse for keeping a useless piano in the home. The Pianola will give you instant mastery over its technique; Or, better still,

YOU CAN EXCHANGE IT FOR THE PIANOLA PIANO

We are constantly taking in exchange for the Pianola Piano all makes of pianos, and it would be a pleasure for us to give you a private demonstration of the Pianola Piano. No obligation is incurred in securing our exchange proposition.

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO.

32 West King Street, Toronto

Limited

C.M.

MASON
and RISCH
PIANO CO.,
Ltd., TORONTO

Send me your booklet explaining why I should have a Pianola or Pianola Piano in my home. This in no way obligates me to purchase.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Province.....

PANDORA RANGE

A Strikingly Handsome Range

The owner of a Pandora is always proud of the impression this strikingly handsome range makes upon her neighbors.

The solid, compact appearance of the smoothly finished body, the bold, large pattern of the carving, and the brilliance of the heavy nickel coating, combine to produce an effect that is distinctly pleasing to the eye of the most critical observer.

The Pandora Castings undergo a "special process" to make them easily and quickly take a lustrous shine.

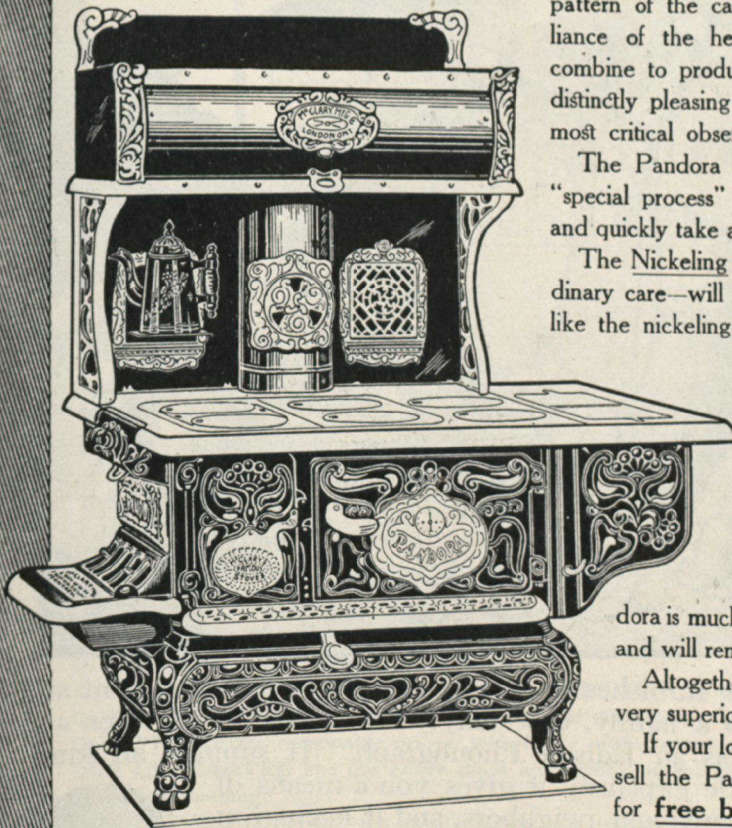
The Nickeling is done with extraordinary care—will not chip and crack like the nickeling on ordinary stoves, but will retain its smoothness and brightness for years.

Because of the absence of any fine, fancy carving, which catches and holds the dust, the Pan-

dora is much more easy to polish and will remain clean longer.

Altogether, the Pandora is a very superior range.

If your local dealer does not sell the Pandora, write direct for free booklet.



McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN

The Edison Phonograph as a Christmas Present



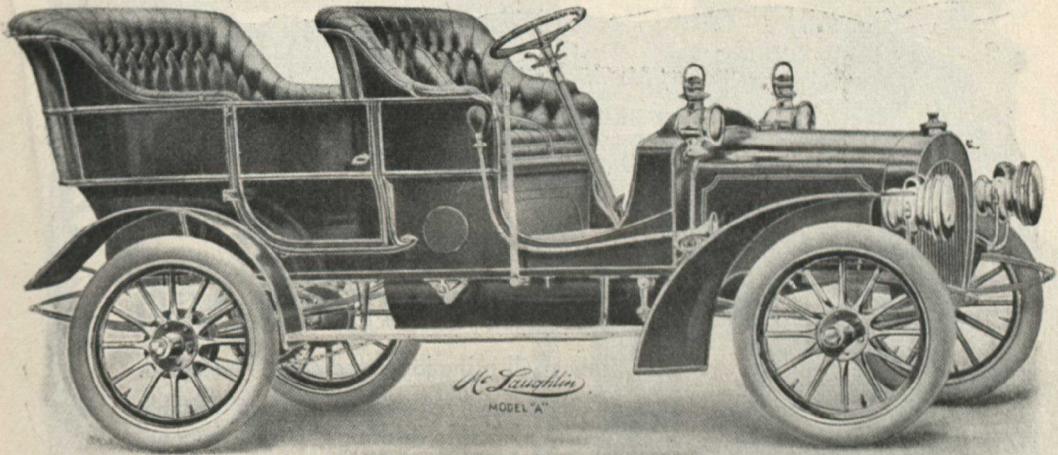
NO single thing furnishes so much entertainment, amusement and enjoyment to a family, especially where there are children and young folks, as an Edison Phonograph. It supplies all kinds of amusement at little expense; it gives you a means of entertaining your friends and neighbors, and it keeps you up-to-date with every kind of music by the purchase of **NEW RECORDS** for a small sum, all of which combined, make the home the most delightful spot on earth. A small sum invested in an Edison Phonograph will do this.

Have you seen and heard the new model with the big horn? If not, go to the nearest dealer and see it, hear it and buy it. If you cannot do that, write to us for a complete descriptive catalogue.



TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO. 6 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J.



McLaughlin Automobiles

A BUSINESS LINE

4-Cylinder, 40-H.P. Shaft Drive, Touring Car. 4-Cylinder, 28-H.P. Shaft Drive, Touring Car.
2-Cylinder, 20-H.P. Chain Drive, Touring Car. 4-Cylinder, 20-H.P. Shaft Drive, Runabout.

In presenting our Automobile line to the Canadian public, we are not offering an experimental car. The science of Automobile construction has been developed to such a degree of perfection that certain mechanical principles have become accepted as "standard," and indispensable to properly constructed, successful, pleasure giving Automobiles.

To these demonstrated principles we shall strictly adhere, and by applying them in harmony with the motto of "**ONE GRADE ONLY AND THAT THE BEST,**" which has placed our Carriages in the front rank in the Dominion, we will produce a line of Automobiles that will "deliver the goods" under all conditions, and become a medium of sustained pleasure and profit to their owners.

OUR FIRST CONSIDERATION is a thoroughly efficient machine, with the cost of annual maintenance reduced to a minimum.

OUR SECOND CONSIDERATION is price.

Both of these problems have been solved in the **McLAUGHLIN** line, and properly solved.

OUR AUTOMOBILES are practical, economical machines.

OUR PRICES are reasonable prices, with fancy profits entirely eliminated.

OUR GUARANTEE has our entire plant and reputation behind it, is broad and liberal, and means something.

OUR CATALOGUE, with full specifications and prices, is now in the press, and will be mailed when issued free to intending purchasers upon request.

McLaughlin Motor Car Company, Limited
 OSHAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA



A Suggestion for Christmas

A GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO

Is a gift that will bring joy to the entire household.

☐ Sympathetic and responsive in action, durable in construction, artistic in design, perfect in tone.

☐ Canada's Supreme High Grade Piano.

EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited

97 Yonge Street, Toronto

HAMILTON SALESROOMS: 127 KING STREET EAST



- Pin-Puffs
- Waves
- Wigs
- Braids
- Transformations
- Pompadours

Nothing could be more acceptable than
XMAS GIFTS OF HAIR GOODS

For SISTER, MOTHER or SWEETHEART

A Dorenwend Switch, Coronet-Braid or Cluster-Curls

Will delight the heart of any woman who admires a smart head-dress. Send us a sample of color required, and state the price you wish to pay. We will send the goods, daintily packed, direct to you, or to your friends, free of all charges, to arrive on any date desired.



Gold and Silver Mounted Combs
Barrettes Pins
Hair Ornaments
In all the latest imported designs

Dorenwend's Patent Toupee

for gentlemen who are bald, is a masterpiece of scientific hair construction. Start the new year by looking ten years younger. Ask for our booklets of ladies' or gents' goods.

Dorenwend Co. of Toronto

103-105 Yonge Street

Limited



Twenty Years of Floor Laying

have qualified us to advise as experts in this branch of house furnishing. Write for our catalogue of floor designs

ELLIOTT & SON
Manufacturers LIMITED
79 King St. W., Toronto



It is now positively known that falling hair is caused by a germ, hence is a regular germ disease. Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs which produce this trouble. It also destroys the dandruff germs, and restores the scalp to a healthy condition.
Formula: Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Water, Perfume.
"The new kind" does not change the color of the hair.
R. F. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.



Our new hockey skate is the climax of 42 years' experience in designing and making Canada's best skates. The **VELOX** has two standards under the front which better distribute the weight. Brackets under front and heel insure strength. Runners especially made to prevent cutting too deeply in ice.
Price \$6.00 per pair.



The best rink skate you can buy. Especially adapted for fancy skating. Rich and elegant in appearance. The **BEAVER** was originally intended for ladies. Its ease and grace so attracted the men that they demanded that we make **BEAVER** skates for them, too. That shows the popularity. In ladies' sizes, 8 to 10. Prices from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per pair.

If STARR SKATES are not sold by dealers in your town, we will send them direct on receipt of price. Write for booklet.
STARR MANUFACTURING CO., Limited, Dartmouth, N.S.

Starr Skates

CHRISTMAS

Greatest Pleasure
is the giving of

Waterman's

The Pen with **Ideal** the Clip-Cap

Fountain Pen



A gift more expressive of faithfulness and good feeling cannot be conceived. It is always at hand; the little Clip-Cap fastens it to the vest or coat, so that it is ready when you want it. Like the friend who gives it, a Waterman's Ideal can always be depended on—at home or abroad, in office, school, store or street, it will serve you as long as there is a drop of ink in the reservoir.

It is a gift of beauty; Christmas styles are silver and gold mounted, and the stores are full of them. It can be exchanged to suit the pen habit of the user, whether man, woman or child. Beware of substitutes; buy only from responsible dealers.

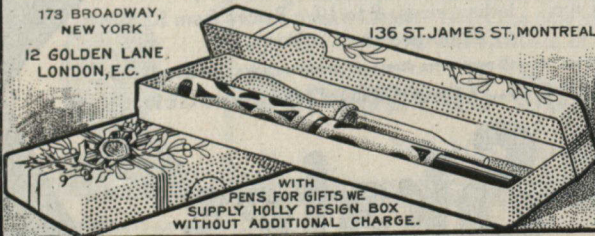
Clip-Cap Costs 25 Cents Additional

L. E. Waterman Co. of Canada, Limited

173 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK

136 ST. JAMES ST. MONTREAL

12 GOLDEN LANE,
LONDON, E.C.



WITH
PENS FOR GIFTS WE
SUPPLY HOLLY DESIGN BOX
WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE.



PLAIN	FILIGREE	CHASED	GOLD MOUNTED	PATCH
Nº12 \$2.50	Nº412 \$5.00	Nº12 \$2.50	Nº22 \$3.50	Nº402 \$7.50
..13 3.50	..414 7.00	..13 3.50	..22 4.50	..404 10.00
..14 4.00	..415 8.50	..14 4.00	..23 5.00	..18 KT.
..15 5.00	..416 9.50	..15 5.00	..24 5.00	GOLD
..16 6.00	..417 11.00	..16 6.00	..25 6.00	FILLED
..17 7.00	..418 12.00	..17 7.00	..26 7.00	Nº 0504
..18 8.00		..18 8.00		\$15.00



*If it
Isn't
an
Eastman
it isn't
a
Kodak.*

The Kodak Christmas Story

Wherever children are there's a Christmas story, yes, an all the year round story for the Kodak to record—a story that grows in interest as the years go by.

Let the grown folks with a Kodak and the Children with a Brownie join in building the family Kodak Book. And there's no better way to begin than with pictures of Christmas day.

Kodaks, \$5.00 to \$112.00. Brownies, \$1.00 to \$9.00.

*The Kodak Baby Book—now
in press, ready in January—free
at the Kodak dealers or by mail.*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
Toronto, Canada



"WHITE SEAL"
AND
"BRUT IMPERIAL"

A MAN IS KNOWN

by the Champagne he gives
to his friends

Be sure it is

Moët & Chandon White Seal

of the marvellously grand
vintage of the year 1900

Superior in quality, dryness
and bouquet to any Cham-
pagne produced since the
great vintage of 1884.

Obtained at principal Clubs
and for sale by leading wine
merchants throughout the
Dominion.

JOHN ROBERTSON & SON

Limited

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA AND ALASKA

41 COMMON STREET, MONTREAL

Fry's 

Pure Concentrated

Cocoa

**"No
Better
Food"**

*— Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E.
E.C.*

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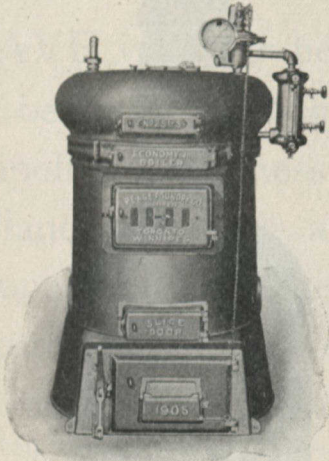
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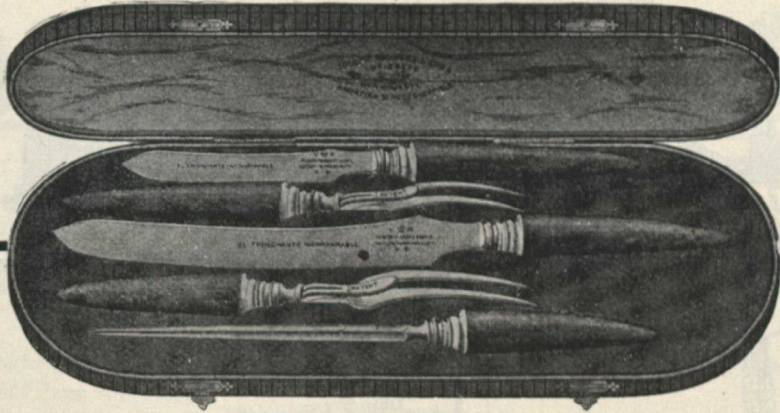
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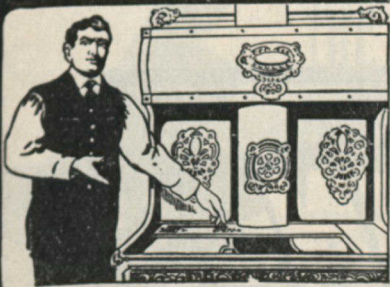


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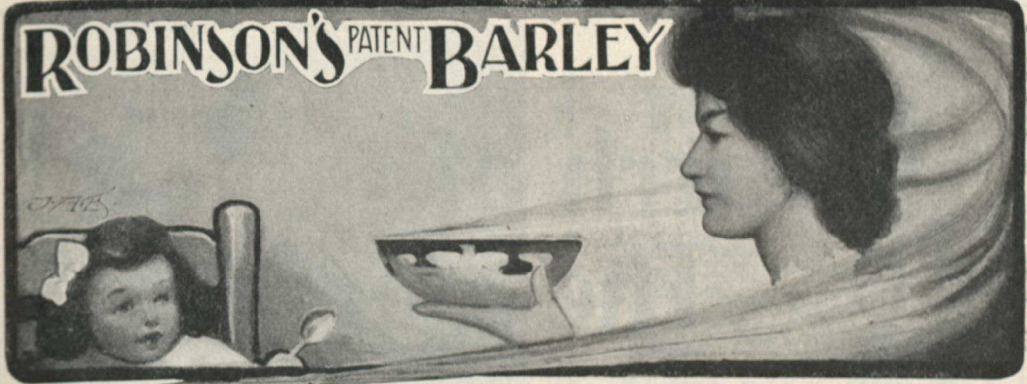
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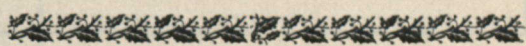
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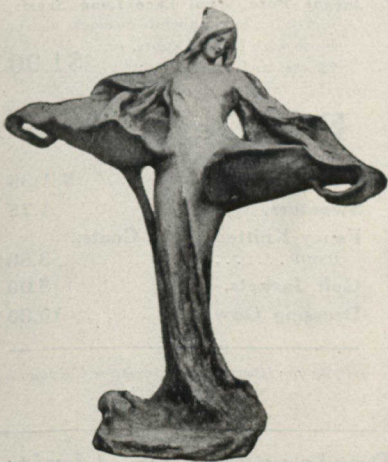
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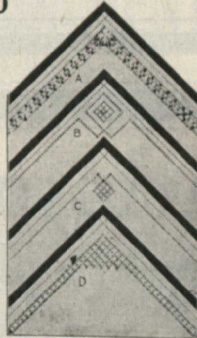
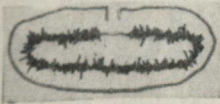
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a demand that has leaped from a local to a national one and from a national to a world-wide one in seventeen years. There is a story of typewriting achievement back of this. Let us send it to you in booklet form.

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The Underwood Condensed Billing Typewriter describes itself in its title. An invoice (and as many carbon records as may be required), as well as the salesbook entry, are made at the one writing.

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Interested in Telephones?

Let us tell you. Canada invented the telephone. Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, while living in Brantford, Ontario, some thirty years ago, invented the telephone. The wise men of that time thought that the invention of Prof. Bell was a nice toy to be used for amusement and they could not be induced to believe that it would come into general commercial use and command the investment of hundreds of millions of dollars. Only a very few of the so-called wise men of that time could be induced to invest in Bell Telephone stocks. But the few who did invest made thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars and have lived to see the Bell Telephone in general use all over the world.

Canada also Invented Central Energy Automatic Telephony

Lorimer Brothers, while living at Brantford, Ontario, (now known as "The Telephone City") invented or rather discovered the principles of Central Energy Automatic Telephony and many a man now living will see the day when practically all of the hard, nerve-racking, insanity-producing work, now being done by girls in central telephone offices, will be done by these electrically driven machines. Of course many people are skeptical about this. Some think that it will do all right for a small office. Many want to wait just like MANY WISE MEN (?) of Bell's time.

The Live, Pushing Cities of Peterboro, Brantford, Edmonton and Lindsay have investigated and adopted this wonderful system (Canadian Machine Telephone Co., Toronto) and by so doing have insured to their citizens an up-to-date telephone service.

Rural Telephones. We are in a position to furnish magneto telephones and supplies for rural lines.

We might be able to help you formulate your plans and finance your Company. Write for information. Our engineers are at your service.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Ltd.

Duncan Street, Toronto, Canada

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**THE STANDARD OF
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Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try it. Boiled or fried, it will please you.

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All use for old-fashioned Cod Liver Oil and Emulsions because VINOL is much better.

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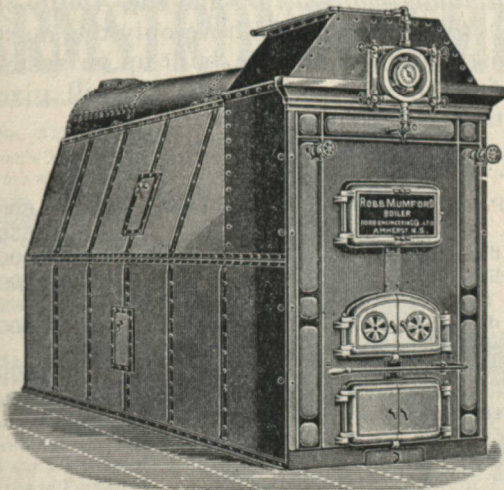
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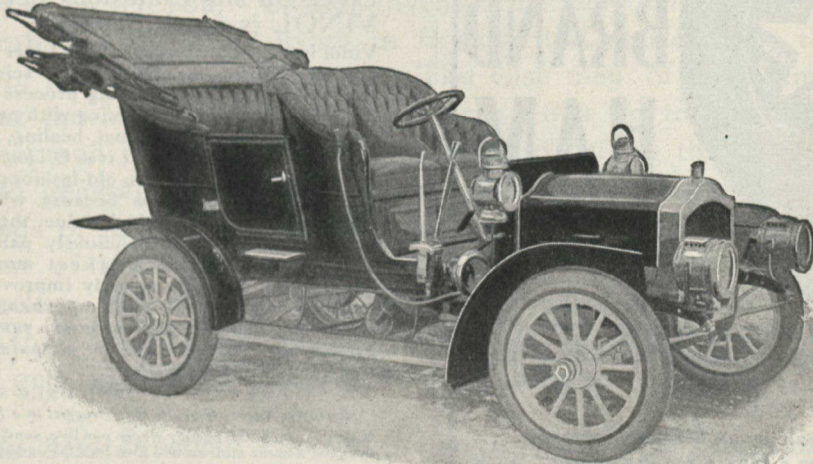
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THREE MODELS

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|---|----------------|
| Model G —2 cylinder, opposed motor, 18 H.P. handsome four-passenger Touring Car Stylish Runabout | \$1,600 |
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| Model K —4 cylinder, vertical 50 H.P. motor, The Premier Canadian Car. A luxurious seven-passenger Touring Car, perfect in design and finish (fully equipped)..... | \$4,500 |
| Limousine body on same chassis, seating five passengers. The finest town carriage procurable..... | \$5,500 |

IN ALL MODELS—Selective sliding gear transmission, metal to metal disc clutch, shaft drive, double brakes, positive in action, nickel steel in all shafts and gears.

WRITE US ABOUT THESE CARS

We are open for agency propositions in unrepresented Territory
Get in with the right car for 1908

Canada Cycle and Motor Company, Limited

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A LEADER AMONGST LEADERS

AFTER BEING IN USE

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Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

IS JUST AS POPULAR AS EVER

BECAUSE

It is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance;
It refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume;
It is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving;
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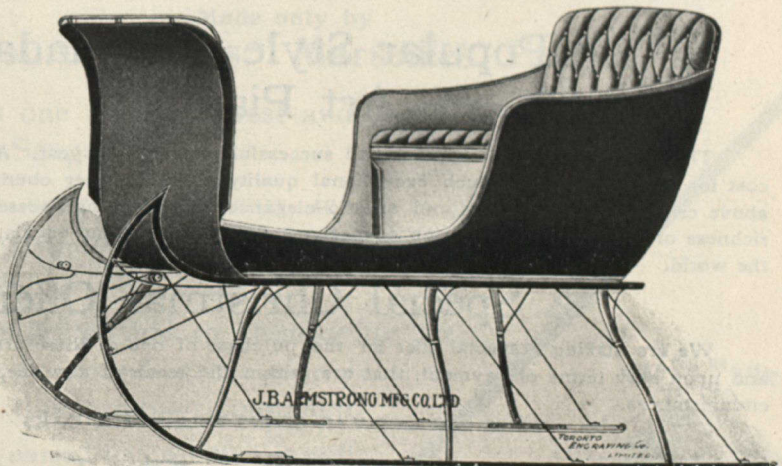
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STYLE 55—LOUIS XV DESIGN

A Popular Style of Canada's Art Piano

This style is the most popular and successful piano of the year. At a very moderate cost for an instrument of such exceptional quality, the purchaser obtains a piano that is above criticism in its beauty and artistic elegance, and one that possesses a charm and richness of tone, with a perfection of mechanical excellence, that equals the best pianos of the world.

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Chapped Hands and How to Prevent Them

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EVERY WOMAN, every one in fact, who appreciates smooth hands, and who cares to escape the unpleasant soreness which a chapped skin causes, should use

"Shell Brand" Castile Soap

Made only by
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This is one of the purest and most refined of Castile Soaps.

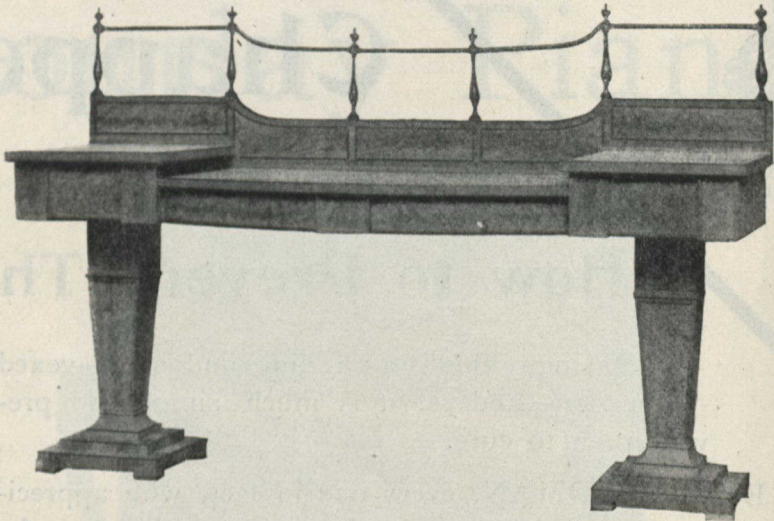
Such a soap used always, tends to prevent chaps, roughness and soreness of the skin.

To use warm water and to thoroughly dry the skin will be found great aids in the prevention of this common complaint.

See it bears the name "La Coquille" as well as the brand.

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Renews Edge
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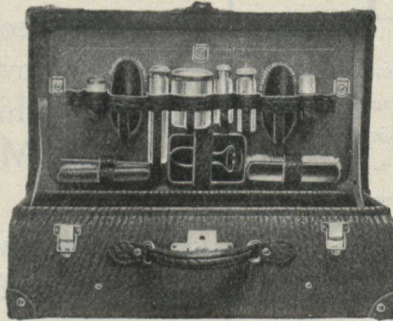
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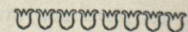
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in all the fine leathers that are tanned and selected specially for our fine trade.



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 Bags**

for ladies and gentlemen in all the newest styles.



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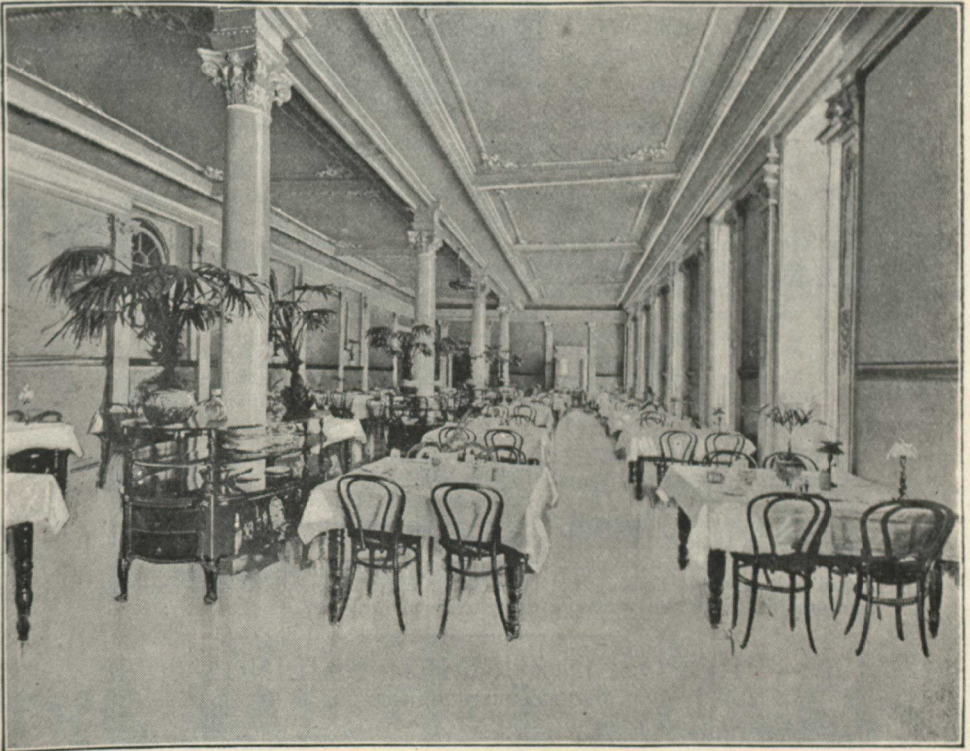
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The St. Catharines Well and The Welland Inn

THE FAMOUS MINERAL SALT SPRINGS

situated at St. Catharines, Ont., 11 miles from Niagara Falls, on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, is a happy combination of family hotel and sanitarium. The Welland is designed for a resting place and possesses all the essentials at moderate cost. Mineral Salt Water Baths of various kinds, Massage, Electricity and Special Tonic treatments for overworked minds and bodies. Write to the Manager, The Welland Inn, St. Catharines, Ont., for illustrated descriptive matter, and apply to Grand Trunk Agents for particulars regarding routes and rates.

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Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL

G. T. BELL,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
MONTREAL

THE ALLAN LINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

¶ The Allan Line begs to offer to the Readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE its schedule of sailings for 1908, as appended below, and to call attention to several features of importance:

FIRST—The Allan Line was the first to place steamers on the Canadian route under contract with the Canadian Government. Mail Service established in 1854, with four steamers aggregating 10,000 tons.

SECOND—The Allan Line was the first to adopt steel construction—"Buenos Ayrean," built in 1881.

THIRD—The Allan Line was the first to adopt Side or Bilge Keels to minimise rolling. Now all steamers are so fitted.

FOURTH—The Allan Line was the first to adopt TURBINES instead of reciprocating engines. There is practically no noise or vibration in a turbine-driven steamer.

The new yacht built for His Majesty King Edward; the Battleship Dreadnought, besides many other steamers of other lines have followed the example set in the now famous vessels of the Allan Line, "Victorian" and "Virginian."

¶ THREE NEW STEAMERS have been added to the fleet this year—SS. "Corsican," "Grampian," and "Hesperian"; the last named to be launched before December 31st. They average over 10,000 tons each; are splendid examples of the shipbuilder's art, and while safety has been the first consideration in their construction, they will be found to embrace every device that will add to the comfort of passengers during a trans-Atlantic trip. They are veritable floating hotels of the highest class, while the rates are arranged to meet the wants of every class of traveller.

1908—PROPOSED SUMMER SAILINGS—1908

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

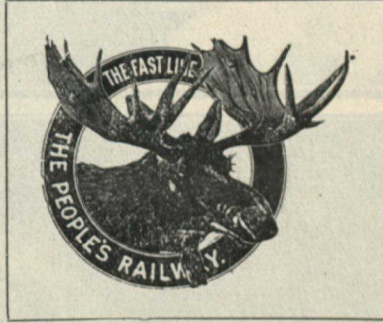
From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL	From QUEBEC	From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL	From QUEBEC
Thurs. 16 April	-x CORSIKAN	Friday 1 May	1 May	Friday 31 July	-x VIRGINIAN	Friday 14 Aug.	14 Aug.
Friday 24 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 8 "	8 "	Thurs. 6 Aug.	-x CORSIKAN	" 21 "	21 "
Thurs. 30 "	-x TUNISIAN	" 15 "	15 "	Friday 14 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 28 "	28 "
Friday 8 May	-x VIRGINIAN	" 22 "	22 "	Thurs. 20 "	-x TUNISIAN	4 Sept.	4 Sept.
Thurs. 14 "	-x CORSIKAN	" 29 "	29 "	Friday 28 "	-x VIRGINIAN	" 11 "	11 "
Friday 22 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 5 June	5 June	Thurs. 3 Sept.	-x CORSIKAN	" 18 "	18 "
Thurs. 28 "	-x TUNISIAN	" 12 "	12 "	Friday 11 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 25 "	25 "
Friday 5 June	-x VIRGINIAN	" 19 "	19 "	Thurs. 17 "	-x TUNISIAN	2 Oct.	2 Oct.
Thurs. 11 "	-x CORSIKAN	" 26 "	26 "	Friday 25 "	-x VIRGINIAN	" 9 "	9 "
Friday 19 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 3 July	3 July	Thurs. 1 Oct.	-x CORSIKAN	" 16 "	16 "
Thurs. 25 "	-x TUNISIAN	" 10 "	10 "	Friday 9 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 23 "	23 "
Friday 3 July	-x VIRGINIAN	" 17 "	17 "	Thurs. 15 "	-x TUNISIAN	" 30 "	30 "
Thurs. 9 "	-x CORSIKAN	" 24 "	24 "	Friday 23 "	-x VIRGINIAN	6 Nov.	6 Nov.
Friday 17 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 31 "	31 "	Thurs. 29 "	-x CORSIKAN	" 13 "	13 "
Thurs. 23 "	-x TUNISIAN	7 Aug.	7 Aug.	Friday 6 Nov.	-x VICTORIAN	" 20 "	20 "

x Royal Mail Steamers.

Further information will be supplied by any Agent of the Line, or

H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal.

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THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

For Xmas and New Year holidays specially low rates for the general public, teachers, students and commercial travellers.

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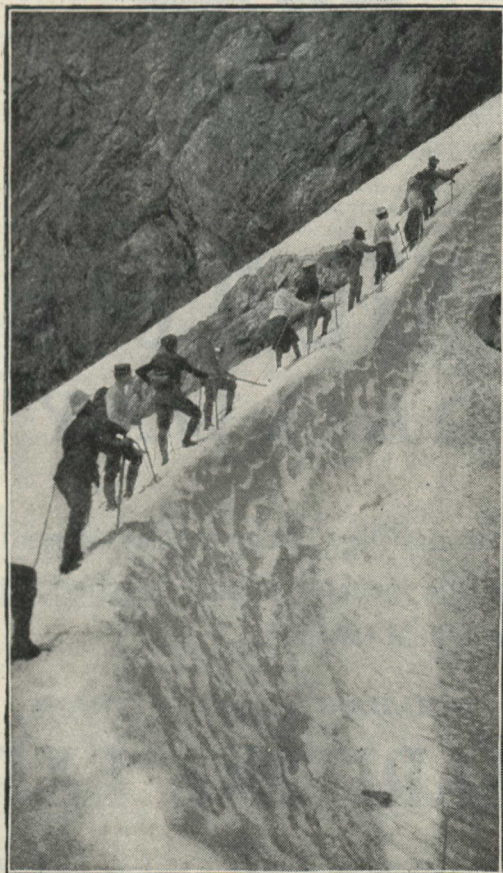
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Leaves Montreal daily for Quebec and Riviere-du-loup; daily, except Saturday, for St. John, Halifax and the Sydneys, with connections for Prince Edward Island.

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50 Switzerlands in one



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The Grandest
Mountain Peaks
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At Banff, Lake Louise, Field, Emerald Lake, Glacier, are splendid Chalets and Hotels. At these world famed resorts you may ride, hunt, climb, sketch, botanize, bathe in warm mineral springs, or go boating. Words fail to tell of the beauty of this region which is one of the scenic marvels of the world.

Reached by the superb trains of the

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Write for Challenge of the Mountains.

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S. S. "OTTAWA" (formerly the White Star Line S. S. "GERMANIC")

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Connection for principal points in Manitoba and the West.

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BERMUDA

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From New York, 48 hours, by the new Twin-screw Steamship "BERMUDIAN," 5,500 tons.
Sailing every ten days up to 18th January, 1908; from that date every Saturday.

FOR A WINTER'S CRUISE GO TO

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Sailings from New York every ten days by the new S.S. "Guiana," 3,700 tons;
S.S. "Parima," 3,000 tons; S.S. "Korona," 3,000 tons, for

**St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe,
Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados and Demerara**

NEW YORK for BERMUDA and NASSAU, BAHAMAS, S.S. "Trinidad," 2,600 tons, is in-
tended to sail from New York 11th and 25th February and 10th March, 1908.

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The Ideal Winter Trip To the Tropics

This is only one scene of the many interesting pictures constantly met with by tourists

on Pickford & Black's winter cruises to the British West Indies from Halifax.

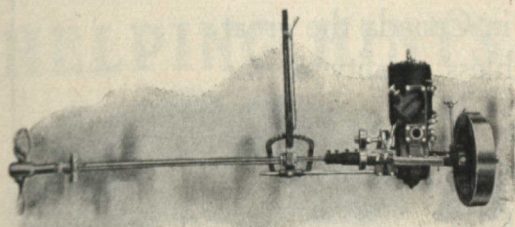
A splendidly fitted steamer leaves Halifax every twelfth day for the Tropics, calling both ways at that delightful spot—Bermuda.

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because he knows they are the standard throughout the world. They are not dear.

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The latest example of the advance
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An ornament to any salon or draw-
ing-room. A delight to the musician.

Produced by the notable house that
has made known in Canada the great
virtue and matchless quality of the

Steinway

The finest of all fine instruments.

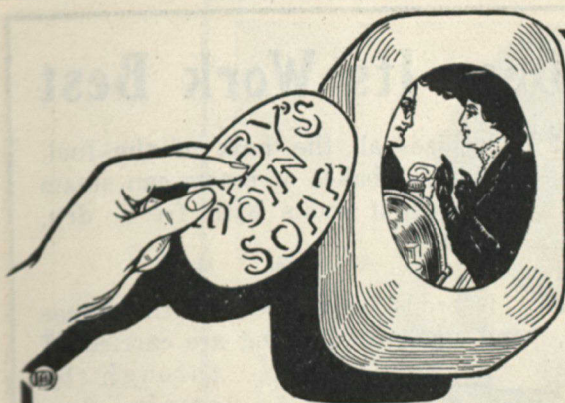
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Which Supplies all that is Best in Music

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A tablet of “Baby’s Own” will wear to a wafer-like thinness—and then so as not to waste any, this wafer can be stuck on to the next tablet of soap.

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LADIES!! We will help you by demonstrating to you one of our

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No matter how euphonious the name—no matter how bright and plentiful the nickel plate—the range must do its work right, economically, and with the least possible labor.

You do not want a kitchen ornament—nor do you want to become a kitchen drudge.

To do your cooking with economy of food, fuel, and labor your range must be efficient.

∞ ∞ ∞

The Imperial Oxford Range, Series "100," is the biggest advance in range construction ever known. It is the result of our many years' experience in range construction. Every innovation which it introduces has been tested and proven perfect in operation.

The oven of the Imperial Oxford Range, Series "100," is large enough to hold two big roasts or four 10-inch pie plates. It is the only oven which is so perfectly ventilated that, though

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∞ ∞ ∞

It broils better because the fumes and smoke of broiling are carried off through the smoke flue without heat-waste, and so cannot foul the kitchen's air.

The fire-box being oval-shaped cannot get clogged with ashes, and the Oxford two-way grate-bars won't gather clinkers.

A self-acting catch keeps

the lifting hearth out of the way when desired and the ash pan is so well fitted that it catches all the ashes.

In a few minutes you can change the fire-box from coal to wood—and it burns either fuel with the utmost economy and efficiency.

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