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Dominion Illustrated



Christmas Number

SABISTON
Lith. & Pub. Co. Montreal

Gray's

Syrup of Red Spruce Gum.



WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

WINTER ushers in the true term of Canadian enjoyment, and just now sleighing, tobogganning and skating parties are the rage. The novelty makes the excitement, and hence the rush after winter sports. But these very sports are conducted, as a general rule, with a carelessness of the laws of health that entails retribution in the shape of Sore Throat, Cough, Hoarseness and a derangement of the respiratory organs. It is satisfactory to know that there is a prompt and effective remedy at hand in the shape of

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

WHICH CAN BE HAD AT ALL DRUG STORES.

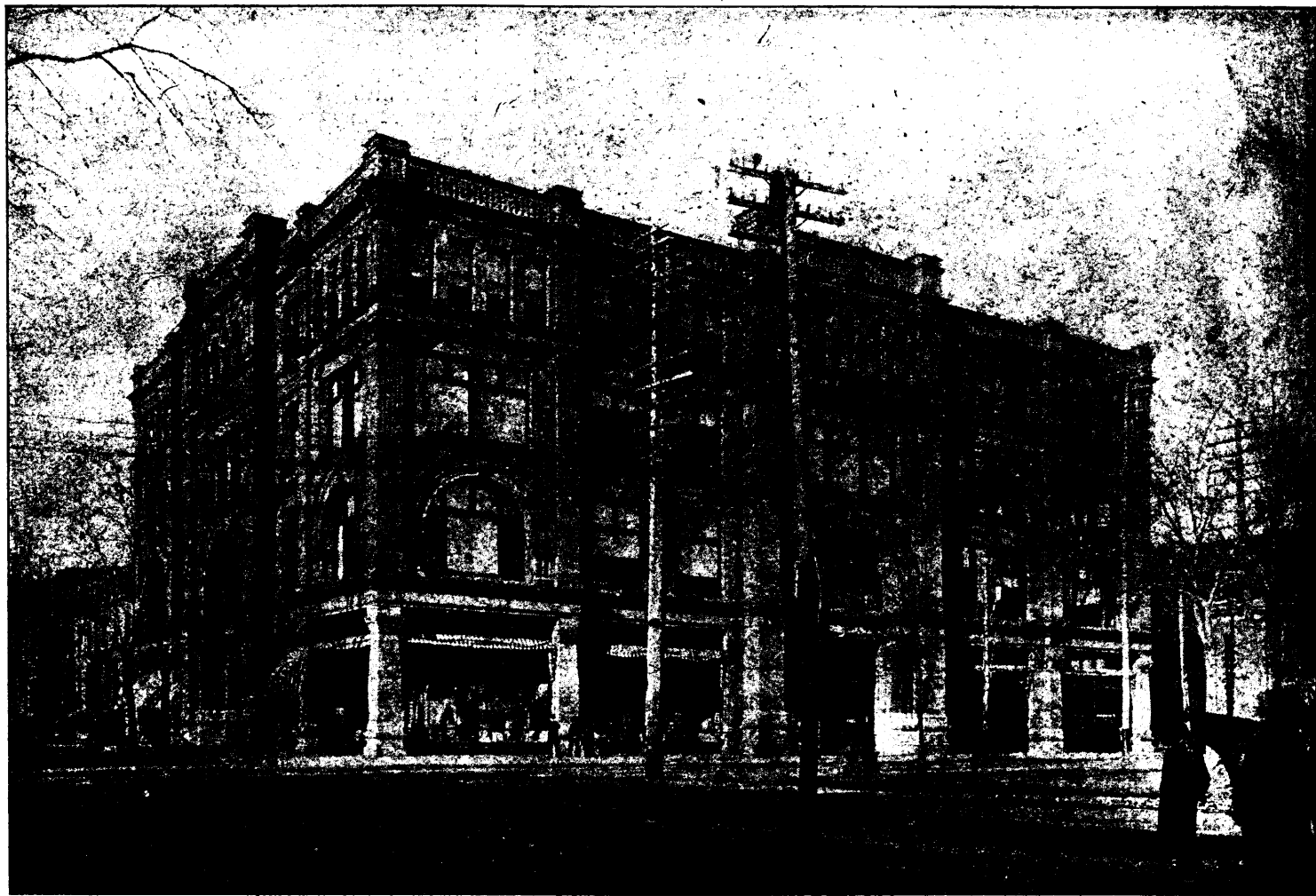
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KERRY, WATSON & Co.,

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PRICE, 25 & 50 Cts. PER BOTTLE.

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THE COLONIAL HOUSE, MONTREAL.

A GREAT CANADIAN HOUSE.

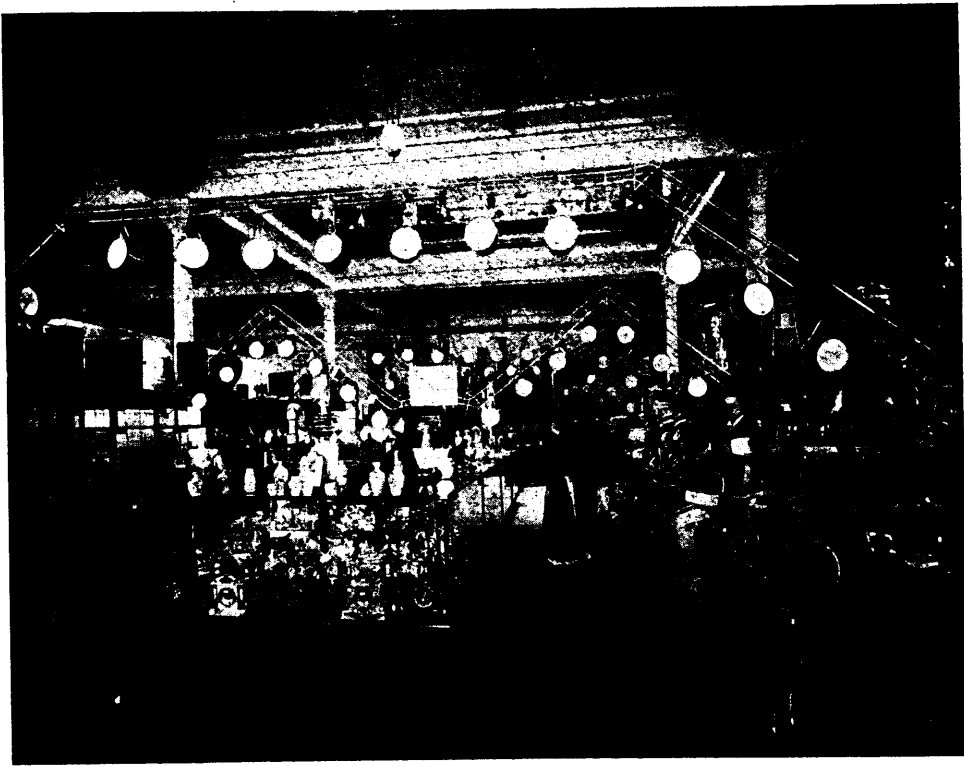
Overlooking Phillips Square, from St. Catherine street, Montreal, is that magnificent structure known as the Colonial House, the proprietors of which are Messrs. Henry Morgan & Co. It has a frontage of 160 feet, a depth of 130 feet and a height of four storeys and a basement, built largely of red English sandstone,—the entire front and sides being faced with this variety. One of the finest buildings in Montreal, it is an establishment which has not its equal in the country. There are two entrances, the principal one at the centre front, and the other on the Union Avenue side.

Passing through the handsome doorway, from St. Catherine street, one is immediately struck with the solidity and beauty of every part, while the ground floor spreads out on every side into numerous departments. Directly on the right are the telegraph offices of the C. P. R. and G. N. W. Co.'s and a telephone for the convenience of customers, while the left side is occupied by the drug department, under the management of Messrs. K. Campbell & Co. Opposite to us, against the rear wall, is the main stair-case, which, dividing into two parts, leads to the storey above, and so on to the fourth floor. Down the centre is the fancy goods department, having a fine display, in the large show-cases, of Christmas presents of all kinds, such as silk goods, lamps, purses, toilet cases, clocks, bric-a-brac, toys, etc., in endless variety. Leaving the telegraph office on our right we pass between two counters,—the fancy dry goods and that for ladies' cuffs, collars, handkerchiefs, laces, ribbons, etc. Continuing our tour we see others for prints, muslins and crêtonnes, for dress goods—a very large department—and for silks and velvets. At the end of this latter counter is a dark room, fitted with electric light, for the purpose of showing the evening shades of silks and dress goods. Next we view the departments for linens and cottons, black goods, and blankets, flannels, quilts, etc. Passing in front of the elevator and stair-case to the western half of this floor, the gents' furnishing department is entered, then the tailoring and ready-made clothing sections. Here is seen a large stock of ready-made clothing for boys and youths, finished in the latest styles and from the best fabrics. The Union Avenue entrance opens directly into this department, of which custom work and ladies' riding habits are the specialties, two experienced cutters being in constant attendance. Above the entrance, and overlooking this floor, is the cash counter, where two lady clerks are kept constantly busy giving change. This is the terminus of the Martin Electric Cash System, which runs

throughout the establishment, consisting of eleven lines,—one to the basement, three to the second and third floors, and seven to the ground floor. Continuing our inspection we pass the hosiery and glove counters, and reach the departments for Butterick's patterns and publications, and stationery and books, gaining our starting point through the haberdashery section.

Now we will take the passenger elevator and descend to the basement. The feature which first draws our attention is the department for kitchen utensils, cutlery, plated-ware, hollow ware, wooden ware, wire goods, agate ware, kitchen novelties, brass and copper kitchen goods, brushes, housefurnishings, etc. The engine and boiler rooms are also interesting; three Babcock & Wilcox 50 h. p. water tube boilers are used for heating and power, while two Lawrie engines drive the three dynamos, which supply electricity to the 5 h. p. motor for the cash system, the motors for the passenger and goods elevators, and for lighting. These dynamos are of the Thomson-Houston system, manufactured by the Royal Electric Co. Altogether there are 80 arc and 260 incandescent lights through the building. In one corner is the parcel room, where all packages are received and sorted into districts for delivery, by the firm's five expresses, through the city. Next is the marking room, where all consignments are opened and goods priced by a member of the firm previous to distribution through the building. The remaining portion of the basement is taken up by the reserve stocks of oil-cloths, carpets, and other heavy goods, hosiery, blankets, Butterick's patterns, stationery, and crockery.

We again take the elevator and thus ascend to the second floor—a paradise to the gentle sex,—for the millinery, dressmaking, ladies' underwear, mantle, fur, boot and shoe and crockery departments are here situated. In each of these the goods are displayed in fine style, and comprise manufactures from the lowest price to the most expensive. The mantle department is very large, and, with the dressmaking and millinery sections, is supplied with cutting and fitting rooms. Attached to the dressmaking department is a dark room for trying on ball dresses. High priced goods are kept in cabinets to preserve them from dust. There is still another part of interest to the ladies, devoted to travelling requisites; while in boots, shoes and slippers for ladies and children, only the finest French and American goods are handled. Gents' fancy slippers, ladies' walking boots and the "Goodyear Glove" brand of rubber goods are some of their lines. Taking up nearly a quarter of this floor, china, crockery and glassware is displayed on stands, and comprises every variety, such as Majolica, Doulton, Terra Cotta, Limoges, Japanese, Bisque wares, also lamp goods and china ornaments of all kinds. A



IN THE FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT.
A GREAT CANADIAN HOUSE.

special feature of "Morgan's" is the ladies' parlour, beautifully furnished with easy chairs, etc., and having a magnificent mantel, ornamented with Danish pottery. It overlooks St. Catherine street and the square, being in every way a place where ladies can rest, read or write,—books and other requisites being provided. On the west side are the general offices, two sample rooms, and the private offices of Mr. James and Mr. Colin Morgan.

Ascending once more by the elevator we reach the third floor, and see on our right the furniture department, consisting mostly of imported goods from Grand Rapids, Michigan. Here beautiful bedroom, dining-room and parlour suites delight the eye, while dispersed around are single pieces of individual excellence. English bedsteads are also handled. Next we come to the curtain and upholstery section, in which the range is very wide, from the cheap to the highest priced goods. We now enter the carpet room, which is in four divisions, according to the quality, and comprises the products of English, Scotch, French and Dutch factories in carpets, rugs, mats, matting, etc.



AMONG THE DRY GOODS.
A GREAT CANADIAN HOUSE.

Lastly we visit the fourth and last floor, divided into upholstery, mantle-making, dressmaking, millinery, tailoring and carpet work-rooms. This latter is the finest in America, 75x60 feet in dimensions, having a portion, 54x26 feet in size, divided into square feet for fitting carpets, while in every way the arrangements are most complete. From this height we can view the different floors through the central well.

In order to gain a just perception of this great enterprise let us descend by the stair-case and thus view each floor from a point of vantage. On our way we pass the mail order department, which is steadily becoming very important and rapidly increasing, while in connection with this Messrs. Henry Morgan & Co. are now issuing a catalogue of their prices. Strictly retail, the business extends from Halifax, N.S., to Vancouver, B.C., and, while Montreal contributes largely to the annual trade, that from the country shows a steady growth. In all there are about 500 employees, each department being under the superintendence of an experienced head, who is himself directly subject to the management. The members of the firm deserve the highest praise from their fellow citizens, for they have built up and established, upon the most solid basis, an enterprise which has not its equal in Canada. Mr. James and Mr. Colin Morgan are now the active partners, though Mr. Henry Morgan, the original founder of the firm, is still to be met with during business hours by his many friends.

IN A HOUSE OF JEWELS.

Probably one of the most trustworthy indications of the prosperity of any country is the expenditure of money for jewellery and articles of vertu for personal and household adornment. It is characteristic of highly civilized peoples, that in such matters they invariably prefer quality rather than quantity, and quiet elegance than dazzling conspicuousness. In no branch of business that we know of can the increase of wealth and refined taste be more readily detected than that of the jeweller and silversmith. The transition from the village jewellery store, with its small and inexpensive stock of jewellery, watches and clocks, to the palatial warehouses of our large city jewellers is not a thing of a day, but a gradual development which quietly keeps pace with the growth of the community.

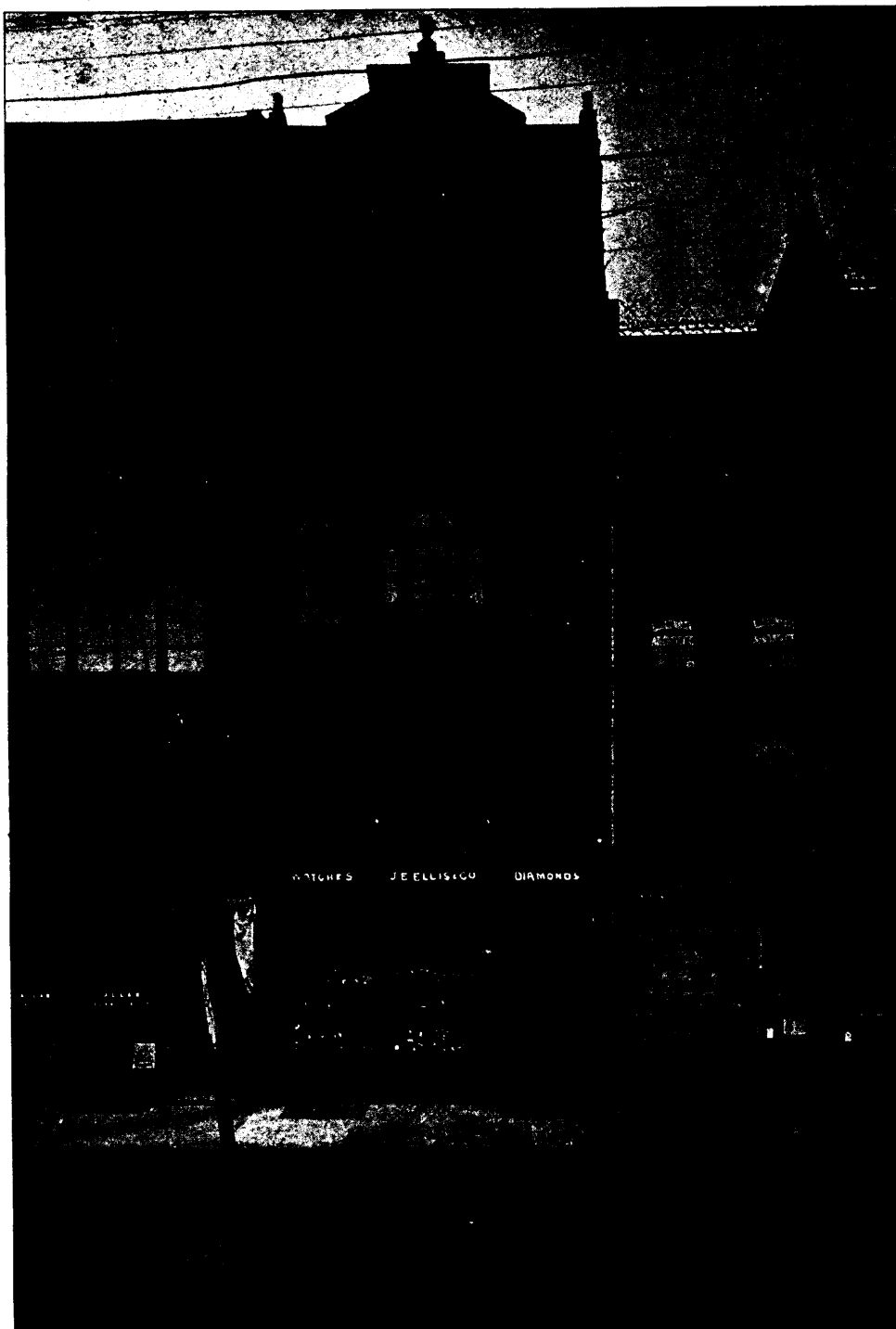
With such thoughts as these in his mind the visitor to the immense establishment of Messrs. Jas. E. Ellis & Co., of 3 King street east, Toronto, cannot fail to be struck with the magnificent display of diamonds, watches, clocks, jewellery, bronzes, and art goods of all kinds shown by that enterprising firm in their new warehouse. Here, under one roof, are brought together the choice productions of the best home and foreign manufacturers, and there are but few of the civilized countries in the world that have not been laid under tribute in order to add to the beauty and effectiveness of the display.

The connections of this house since their foundation nearly a third of a century ago have always been of the highest character. They import all European novelties direct, having a special agent in London and Paris, who is always on the alert to secure the newest and most desirable goods as soon as they are placed upon the market. The display of diamonds and other precious stones, watches, fine jewellery, sterling silverware, plated ware, French clocks, bric-a-brac, statuettes, bisque ornaments, etc., are not excelled in Canada. Diamonds, rubies and other precious stones are carried loose, and set to order in any special design. Their stock of sterling silverware is very extensive, as they are agents at this point for the Gorham Manufacturing Co., the most celebrated manufacturers in this line in the world. A specialty is made of the manufacture of presentation plate and medals, which are executed in the highest style of art and the most finished workmanship. The line of watches shown embraces all the leading makers of Europe and America. All their fine watches as well as their manufactured goods are made expressly for their trade and bear the imprint of the firm, and the public in purchasing from this house receive the guarantee of their long and honourable career.

As may be supposed, a business of such magnitude was not built up in a day, but is the growth of years. It was originally established at 31 King street east, in 1836, by the Rossin Brothers, and continued by them until 1852, when it was purchased by the late Mr. Jas. E. Ellis, who was at that time a young man in the prime of life and possessed of every requisite necessary to the building up of the magnificent business which still bears his name. In 1854 Mr. Ellis was joined by Mr. M. T. Cain, a gentleman of practical watchmaking experience, with whom he had formerly been associated in business in Liverpool, England. Although the original store, with its small glazed windows and goods suitable to the times, would be laughed at by Torontonians of the present day, they were looked upon by those who preceded us as the biggest and best things of their kind on this side of the Atlantic, and many a thrifty merchant has satisfactorily fitted himself out with a timekeeper of English manufacture, or a gold ring or other jewellery for his wife or sweetheart in the old store, the very location of which has been forgotten except by few of the oldest members of the "York Pioneers."

By 1871 the business had increased so much as to necessitate a removal into larger premises. These they found at 35 King street east, which held them in bonds until 1881, when its rapid development forced on them still another removal. This time they were fortunate in securing a good lease of the new warehouse at the south-east corner of King and Yonge streets, the most prominent and central stand in the whole city. In their new home the business developed at a faster ratio than ever before, and although the firm were considerably cramped for room they held on and made the best available use of the space at their command until the expiry of their lease which occurred a few weeks ago. Nearly two years ago, in anticipation of this event, the firm were fortunate enough to secure the option of purchasing the handsome new cut stone warehouse, 3 King street, immediately east of the quarters they then occupied. Of this they at once availed themselves, and some months ago commenced to fit it up in readiness for the removal of their business. Their new premises are well worthy of the inspection of every member of the craft visiting Toronto, for not only are the fittings elegant in design, but strikingly attractive on account of the solidity and richness of the material and workmanship. The whole interior of the warehouse is finished in a style of elegant plainness, if it may be so termed, which is conceded by most of the leading jewellers abroad to be the most suitable for this class of business. In anticipation of more commodious premises, the firm this season imported very largely of European and American bric-a-brac in addition to the lines regularly kept by them heretofore. In their special lines of diamonds, fine jewellery, sterling silverware, French clocks and bronzes, art goods, etc., Messrs. Ellis & Co. have always held a leading position, and with their increased facilities for handling business will doubtless continue to add to their already high reputation throughout the Dominion as one of the leading houses in the jewellery trade.

The late Mr. James E. Ellis, founder of the business, retired from it in 1881, since which time it has been carried on by his former partner, M. T. Cain, and his son, J. E. Ellis, Jr. The former retired from active participation in the management about a year ago, since which time the sole supervision of affairs has been in the hands of J. E. Ellis, Jr., who has grown up with the business from his boyhood. He is a gentleman of large and varied experience, thoroughly versed in every detail of the craft, and perfectly competent in the estimation of those who know him best to keep up the same ratio of prosperity that has hitherto been experienced. A specialty of this firm is the manufacture of



THE JEWELRY HOUSE OF J. E. ELLIS & CO., TORONTO.

tower clocks, and that they have overcome every difficulty in this undertaking is amply evidenced by the admirable timepieces they have furnished to the Dominion Department of Public Works and the Canadian trade generally. These clocks they guarantee to be fully equal to anything similar imported from abroad.

The firm also construct electric dials for use in public buildings, schools, offices, etc., for which they possess many advantages over ordinary clocks—as with this system, if ten dials are in use in a building, they all indicate the same time as the standard, with one clock only to regulate; correspondence solicited; estimates furnished on application.

The Messrs. Ellis & Co. are practical men in all departments of their business, giving the same their personal attention, and owners of valuable timepieces can leave them in their charge when repairs are needed with the assurance that the best results will be obtained. As an endorsement of this fact mention can be made that Messrs. Ellis & Co. hold by special appointment the position of official government and railway timekeepers. In view of the above facts it is no wonder that the house does a large business, and that their establishment is the resort of wealthy and refined citizens.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE JEWELRY HOUSE OF J. E. ELLIS & CO.

In order to give our readers a better idea of how this firm's ware-rooms have been fitted up we have had the accompanying views prepared and trust that some of them may be able to get pointers therefrom in the way of fixtures, inside decoration and window display.

THE PROGRESS OF ART MANUFACTURE IN CANADA.

It is a matter of no small pride to Canadians that at a period of her growth when most nations would be confining their efforts almost exclusively to the pursuit of agriculture and kindred industries, Canada should have been able to show the world that whilst she was foremost among agricultural nations of the earth her sons were nevertheless capable of successfully competing with the older countries in the manufacture of high class art goods.

This was more conspicuous, perhaps, in the line of musical instruments than in any other. Visitors to the Colonial Exhibition which took place in London, England, in 1886, were all amazed at the exhibit made by Messrs. Mason & Risch.

This firm, having adopted a high standard at the outset of their career, have steadfastly adhered to it, and to-day it is safe to say that few firms, if any, on the Continent of America, turn out an instrument superior to that bearing their *imprimatur*.

The pianoforte trade of the Dominion centres in and around Toronto. In point of fact it may not be known that that city now ranks as the second on the continent for its output of pianos. In the line of special fine art goods Messrs. Mason & Risch may fairly claim to have been the pioneers in Canada. Being always anxious to seize every opportunity to improve, and sparing no expense to attain that object, and whilst not ignoring pecuniary advantage (which formed but one amongst several objects of consideration in the direction of increased exertions), yet artistic excellence has always been with them *facile princeps*.

The placing on the market (in an improved and practically perfected form) of the Vocalion is also another important event in the musical world which has helped to place Mason & Risch in the front rank of art manufacture, especially in the United States. This beautiful instrument, which has been justly termed the most important musical invention in the nineteenth century, is manufactured by the firm at an extensive factory in Worcester, Mass., the principal ware-rooms being 10 East 16th street, New York; Lyon, Potter & Co. being their Chicago agents and depot for the Western States.

Great as is the sensation which this marvellous instrument has already created, especially across the border line, its possibilities are as yet but slightly understood, and the musical public may look for further developments of a most startling and unexpected nature.

It is, however, with the pianofortes which this firm manufacture in Canada that this paper has particularly to deal. Amongst those who may have visited the firm's head office in Toronto, who is there that has not been struck with the marvellous portrait of the great master, Dr. Franz Liszt, by the Baron Joukovsky, designer of the famous Parsifal Scenes at Bayreuth. The presentation of this picture to Messrs. Mason & Risch by the great master, Franz Liszt (by whose command it was especially painted for them), was in itself a most graceful tribute to Canadian art industry. It may not be uninteresting to give the master's words when writing the firm on the subject, which were as follows:—

Messrs. Mason & Risch:—

Very Honoured Gentlemen.—The Mason & Risch Grand Piano you forwarded to me is excellent, magnificent, unequalled—(*ist vortrefflich, prächtig, musterhaft*). Artists, judges, and the public, will certainly be of the same opinion.

With my sincerest regards I desire to send you my portrait. It has been painted for you by Baron Joukovsky, son of the renowned Russian author, and personal friend and instructor of the Emperor Alexander II.

But now this Liszt portrait has turned out to be so remarkably successful, that people here wished to have a second similar one from Joukovsky for the museum. The painter kindly complied with the request, by which a delay of two or three months is necessitated in my forwarding the first portrait to Toronto.

Baron Joukovsky made the original sketches for the "Parsifal" scenes at Bayreuth, which were so successfully carried out.

Excuse, very honoured gentlemen, the delay, and accept the assurance of my highest regard.

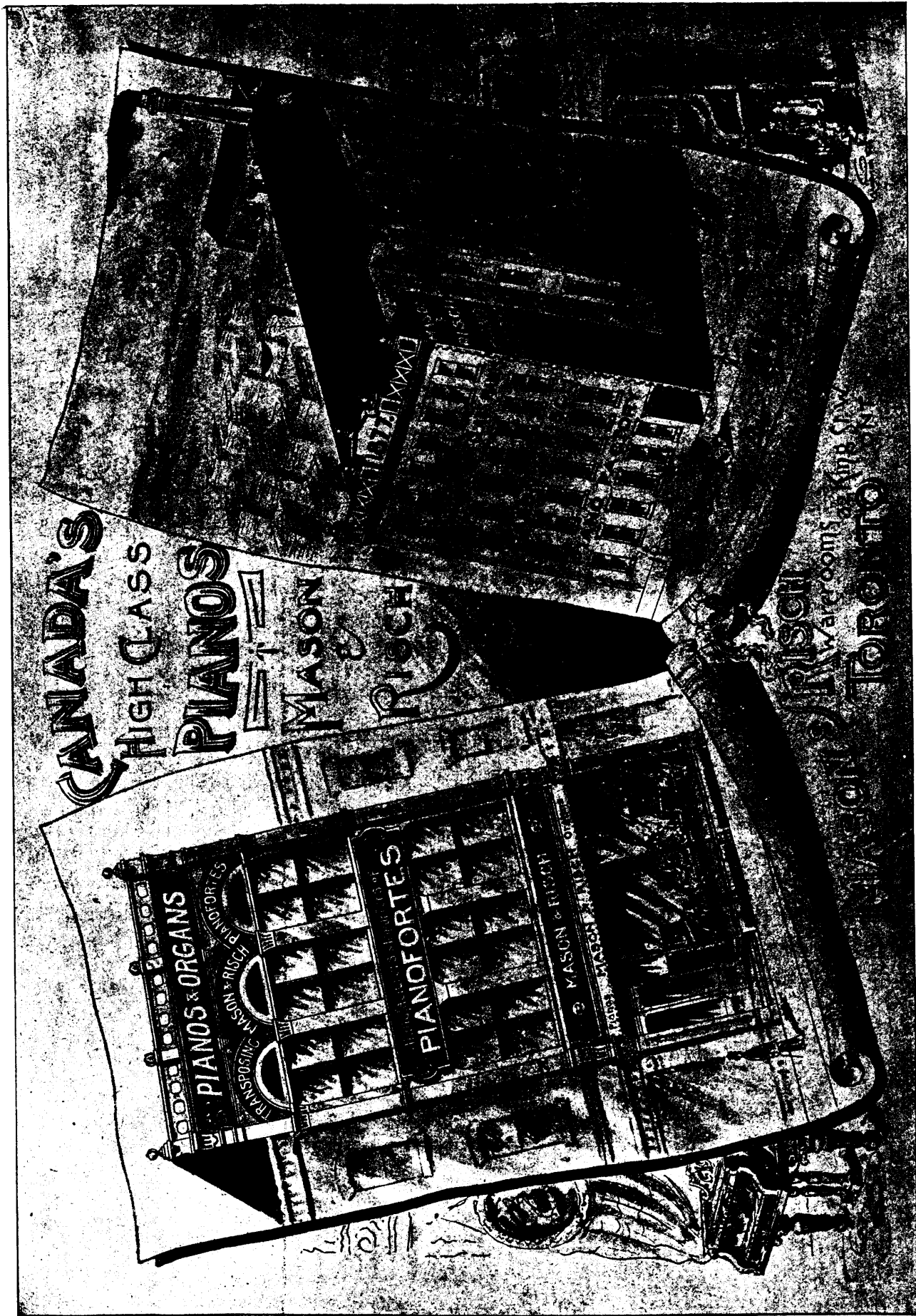
Weimar, 10th November, 1882.

F. LISZT.

The firm have just finished the reconstruction and redecoration of their premises, 32 King street west, Toronto, on a most extensive scale, the result being a suite of rooms which, for general elegance of design and harmonious blending of colour in the scheme of decoration, is probably not excelled in the Dominion.

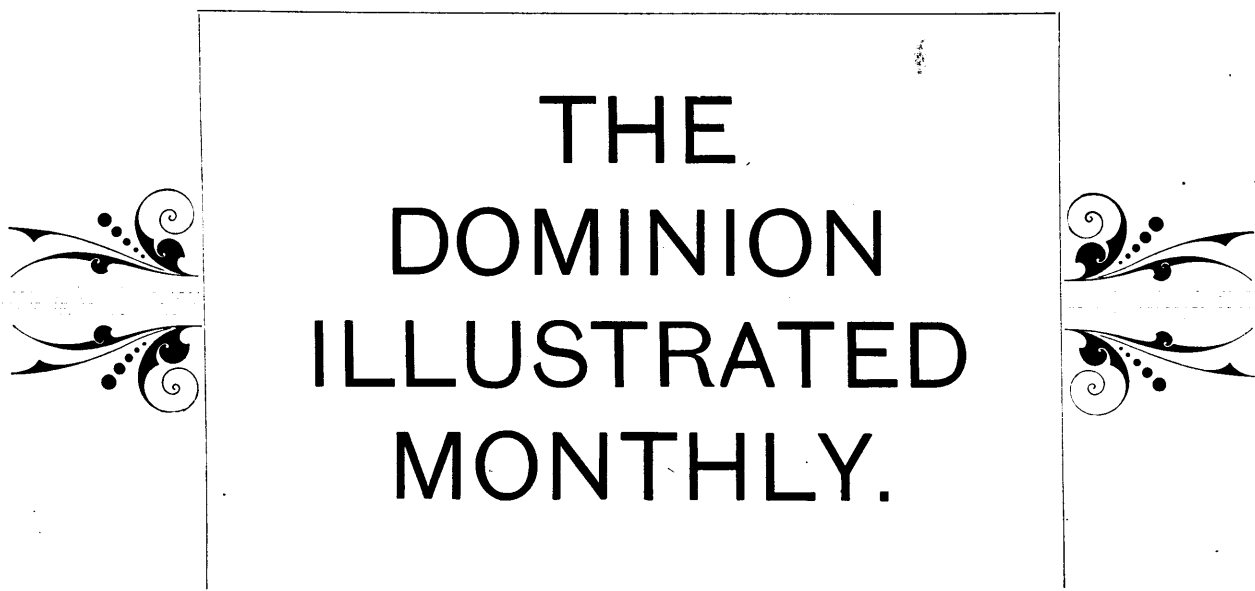
Chef d'œuvres of the great masters of painting and elegant statuettes adorn the premises and make them the most pleasant and artistic rendezvous of the city. Visitors to the Queen City of the West should not fail to visit these ware-rooms, and we need scarcely say they will not only receive a cordial welcome from the firm, but they will be amply repaid by what they will see and hear.

The firm's representatives in Montreal are Messrs. J. William Shaw & Co., whose spacious ware-rooms are centrally located at 1811 Notre Dame street, between McGill and St. Peter streets.



THE GREAT CANADIAN ESTABLISHMENT OF MASON & RISCH — (See preceding page.)

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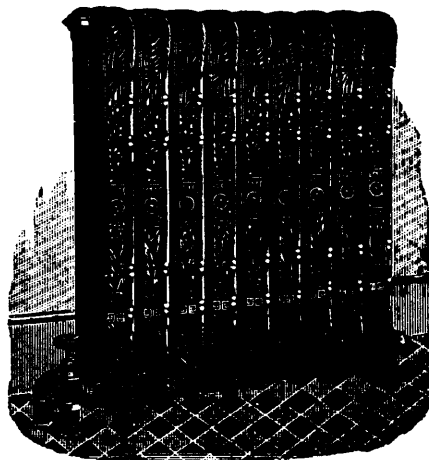
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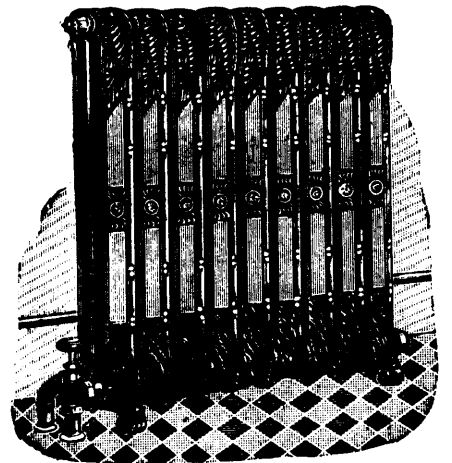
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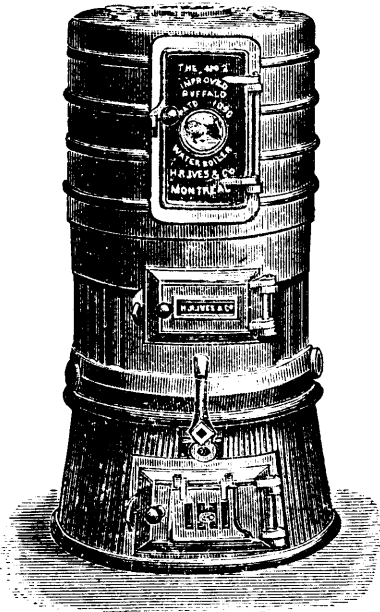


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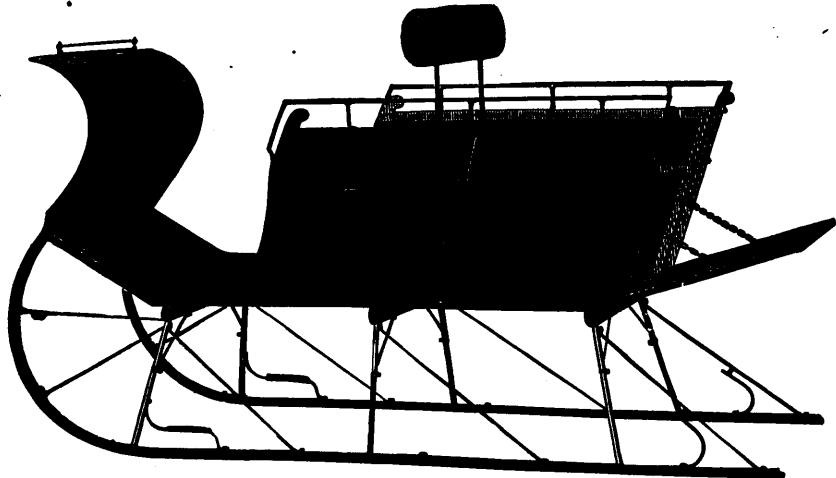
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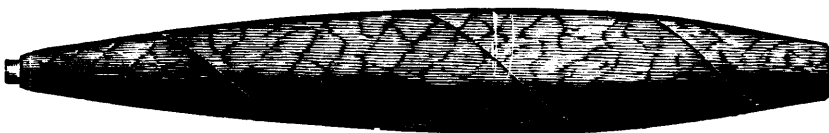


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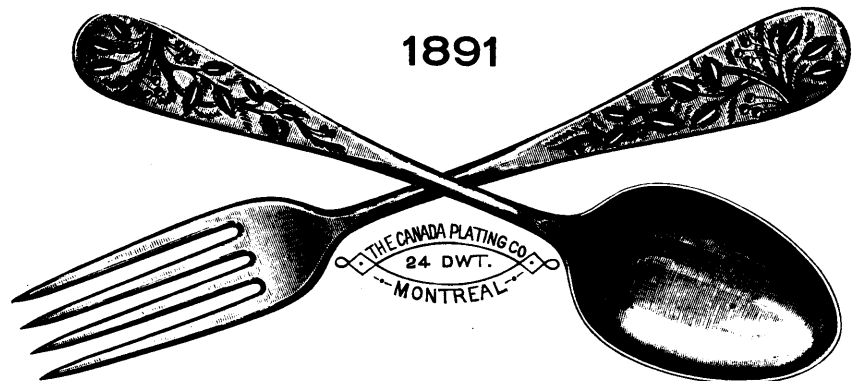
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1891



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TAE SABISTON
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A WOOD FROLIC.



THE morning star was bitter bright, the morning sky
was grey ;
And we hitched the teams and started for the woods
at break of day.

*Oh, the frost is on the forest and the snow
piles high.*

Along the white and winding road the sled-bells
jangled keen
Between the buried fences, the billowy drifts
between.

*Oh, the frost is on the forest and the snow
piles high.*

So crisp sang the runners, and so swift the horses
sped,

The woods were all about us ere the sky grew red.

*Oh, the frost is on the forest and the snow
piles high.*

The bark hung ragged on the birch, the lichens on the fir,
The lungwort fringed the maple, and grey moss the juniper.

Oh, the frost is on the forest and the snow piles high.

So still the air and chill the air, the branches seemed asleep,
But we broke their ancient visions as the axe bit deep.

Oh, merry swing the axes and the bright chips fly.

With the shouts of the choppers and the barking of their blades
How rang the startled valleys and the rabbit-haunted glades.

Oh, merry swing the axes and the bright chips fly.

The hard-wood and the soft-wood, we felled them for our use,
And chiefly, for its scented gum, we loved the scaly spruce ;

Oh, merry swing the axes and the bright chips fly.

And here and there with solemn roar, some hoary tree came down,
And we heard the rolling of the years in the thunder of its crown.

Oh, the frost is on the forest and the snow piles high.



Oh, many a sled was loaded above the stake-tops soon,
And many a load was at the farm before the horn of noon ;
Oh, merry swing the axes and the bright chips fly.

And ere we saw the sundown all yellow thro' the trees
The farmyard stood as thick with wood as a buckwheat patch with bees ;
Oh, the frost is on the forest and the snow piles high.

And with the last returning teams, and axes burnished bright
We left the woods to slumber in the frosty-shadowed night.
Oh, merry swing the axes and the bright chips fly.

And then the wide, warm kitchen, with beams across the ceiling
Thick hung with red-skinned onions and homely herbs of healing.
Oh, the frost is on the forest and the snow piles high.

The dishes on the dresser shelves were shining blue and white,
And o'er the loaded table the lamps beamed bright.
Oh, merry swing the axes and the bright chips fly.

Then how the ham and turkey and the apple-sauce did fly.
The heights of boiled potatoes and the flats of pumpkin pie,
Oh, the frost is on the forest and the snow piles high.

With bread and cheese and doughnuts fit to feed a farm a year,
And we washed them down with tides of tea and oceans of spruce beer.
Oh, merry swing the axes and the bright chips fly.

At last the pipes were lighted and the chairs pushed back,
And Bill struck up a sea-song on a rather risky tack,
Oh, the frost is on the forest and the snow piles high.

And the girls all thought it funny, but they never knew 'twas worse,
For we gagged him with a doughnut at the famous second verse.
Oh, merry swing the axes and the bright chips fly.

Then some one fetched a fiddle and we shoved away the table,
And 'twas jig and reel and polka just as long as we were able ;
Oh, the frost is on the forest and the snow piles high.

Till at last the girls grew sleepy, and we got our coats to go,
We started off with racing teams and moonlight on the snow,
Oh, merry swing the axes and the bright chips fly.

And soon again the winter world was voiceless as of old,
Alone with all the wheeling stars and the great white cold.
Oh, the frost is on the forest and the snow piles high.

Charles G. Roberts



Christmas and its Festivities.

BY J. M. LEMOINE F.R.S.C.



All hail to thee! dear old Christmas Eve of our youth—with thy sweet, never-to-be-forgotten memories—the long-looked for *messe de minuit*, with its flaming tapers, green arches and grave, inspiring church music, without omitting the exciting homeward drive, over whitened streets and moon-lit snow—the sumptuous midnight repast—*le réveillon de Noël*—and all the expected gifts of the morrow! All hail to thee! Other climes may rejoice in other, grander ways of solemnizing thy glories, but nowhere does your yearly advent gladden more hearts than in our Canadian homes. And still, to the student, you do come, as a mysterious masquerader, veiled under a strange guise,—clad partially in raiment borrowed from a distant—very distant and misty past.

Our modern Christmas customs are interwoven with pagan rites and ceremonies: there can be no doubt on this point.

“By such an amalgamation,” says the ‘Book of Days,’ “no festival of the Christian year was more thoroughly characterized than Christmas; the festivities of which originally derived from the Roman saturnalia had afterwards been intermingled with the ceremonies observed by the British Druids at the period of the winter-solstice, and at a subsequent period became incorporated with the grim mythology of the ancient Saxons. Two popular observances belonging to Christians are more especially derived from the worship of our pagan ancestors—the hanging up of the mistletoe and the burning of the yule log.”

As regards the former of these practices, it is well known that in the religion of the Druids, the mistletoe was regarded with the utmost veneration, though the reverence which they paid to it seems to have been restricted to the plant when found growing on the oak—the favourite tree of their divinity Teutates—who appears to have been the same as the Phœnician god Baal, or the sun, worshipped under so many different names by the pagan nations of antiquity. At the period of the winter-solstice a great festival was celebrated in his honour. . . . When the sacred anniversary arrived the ancient Britons, accompanied by their priests, the Druids, sallied forth with great pomp and rejoicings to gather the mystic parasite, which, in addition to the religious reverence with which it was regarded, was believed to possess wondrous curative powers. When the oak was reached on which the mistletoe grew, two white bulls were bound to the tree, and the chief Druid, clothed in white (the emblem of purity), ascended, and, with golden knife, cut the sacred plant, which was caught by another priest in the folds of his robe. The bulls, and also human victims, were sacrificed, and various festivities followed. The mistletoe thus gathered was divided into small portions and distributed among the people, who hung up the sprays over the entrances to their dwellings, as a propitiation and shelter to the sylvan duties during the season of frost and cold. The rites in connection with the mistletoe were retained throughout the Roman dominion in Britain, and also for a long period under the sovereignty of the Jutes, the Saxons and the Angles.”

* * * * *

Each year the revolving wheel of time brings round a festival dear to Christian nations: Christmas Day. Since the fifth century, by common consent, its date is fixed for the 25th December; various the displays and usages which mark the auspicious day in different countries.

In merry old England, the Lord of Misrule then for the time asserts his boisterous sway, among the young, whilst their demure elders look on the day as one sacred to family meetings.

The “hopefuls” count as a certainty on a liberal allowance of plum-pudding, nuts and mince pie, to be followed by games, music, conjuring, snap-dragon,—whilst the yule clog is blazing on the hearth and the parlour hung with holly, invites the coy maidens to trust themselves for a moment under the mistletoe bough.

Of old, the good time used even to invade, in a conspicuous manner, those revered seats of learning, Oxford and Cambridge, where the was-

sailers pompously introduced the grim boar’s head, bearing in its extended jaws an apple or a lemon, to the famous old health:

QUOT ESTIS IN CONVIVIO,
CAPUT APRI DE FERRO,
REDDENS LAUDES DOMINO.

A delightful legend in England shed its glamour over Christmas: the legend of the miraculous thorn tree of Glastonbury Abbey, in Somersetshire, “which tree always blows on Christmas Day.” It had sprouted from the staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, a dry hawthorn-stick, stuck by him on a hill, where the saintly gentleman and his weary companions had rested; that thorn, however, had been grubbed up in the time of the civil wars, but others had been raised from it in the lawns.

In Scotland, the Lord of Misrule made room for the Abbot of Unreason, until the year 1515, when, it seems, this important potentate was dethroned by act of parliament.

The Church of Rome, the Church of England, the Greek Church, all unite in celebrating the festival of the birth of Christ—*Dies Natalis*—“Noël,” as the French style it.

In England, one day was deemed insufficient; the joyful time was enlarged; it began on Halloween and ended with Candlemas Day.

In the country parts of old France the peasantry solemnized the fête with numerous simple lays. Some of these touching carols and traditions came over, from old France to new France, two and a-half centuries ago, and flourish here to this day.

That charming old traveller and graceful writer, Xavier Marmier, of the French Academy, relates some of the modes of keeping Christmas in the foreign lands he visited, after his return from Canada in 1850. Under his hospitable roof it was my privilege to be recently entertained. Beginning with his native province

—la Franche-Comté, Mr. Marmier alludes to antique, simple Christmas lays—*les vieux Noël*s—composed by the rude mountaineers and sung at night-fall. “These were followed in my youth,” says he, “by tales of supernatural occurrences on Christmas Eve.”

On that marvellous night a boulder on the mountain brow, shaped like a pyramid, turned thrice on its base during Midnight Mass, when the priest recited the genealogy of the Saviour.

On that same night domestic animals were gifted with speech; when the farmers entered their stables they told them, in doleful accents, how they had been cruelly used—half starved and ill-treated; quite a revelation for the masters, in some cases.

On Christmas Eve the sands of the sea-shore, lofty mountain ridges and deep valleys opened out and revealed to the starry heavens treasures concealed in their depths.

On that identical night the graves cast up the departed; the old village pastor, dead for years, awoke from his long sleep, rose in their midst, beckoned them to follow him, and, all to meet round the cemetery cross, to join



in reciting the prayers of the nativity. This over, each one indulged in a glance at the hamlet of which he was once an inmate, surveyed his former dwelling, then all vanished; the silent grave reclaimed its tenants. "I was then too young," he adds, "to attempt climbing the mountain brow to witness such thrilling spectacles. My father owned no stables; the only domestic animal we possessed was a tortoise-shell cat which had not a word to say."

"I can recollect the Swedish Christmas; it is named Julnat, that is, the night of the wheel, because at that season of the year the sun's wheel turns towards the winter solstice. This name is an old Scandinavian designation, dating as far back as the pagan era; but at present the Christian holiday is observed in a Christian-like way, and recalls many pleasant memories. Julnat is an idle time for the diet; the law courts are closed, business ceases—to allow families to re-unite from afar. The thoroughfares resound with the tinkle of sleigh-bells and noise of vehicles bringing home youths and maidens to the paternal roof. It's a brisk time for match-making, family re-unions and pleasant surprises; an aged couple will be deploring the absence of a hopeful son from the family group, when possibly a jingle of bells is heard at the house-door, and joyful accents proclaim the arrival of the looked-for guest, who possibly has braved the wintry blast to take his share at the Julnat.

Then is the time of the verdant Christmas tree exposed to view on a lofty table, bright with flaming tapers, typifying the celestial light, which has spread from the manger at Bethlehem to the whole world. It is studded with the offerings, selected by the good house wife, for her guests; the eve of Julnat the dwellings in cities and villages are aglow with lighted tapers, hung on the Christmas tree. The poorest Swede must own a tree, even if he can afford but one taper. The festival lasts several days; the farm animals even benefit by it; that day they are entitled to an extra ration, whilst a sheaf of wheat is fastened to the barn roof for the wee birdies to peck at, lest food should fail them in the dreary winter." (*L'Arbre de Noël.*)

In England, Cock Robin is not forgotten at Christmas.

"Amidst the freezing sleet and snow,
The timid robin comes;
In pity drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs.

And leave your door upon the latch
For whomsoever comes;
The poorer they, more welcome give,
And scatter out your crumbs.

All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes;
The loaf is never all your own,
Then scatter out your crumbs.

Soon winter falls upon your life,
The day of reckoning comes:
Against your sins, by high decree,
Are weighed those scattered crumbs."

—ALFRED CROWQUILL.

"Here comes holly that is so gent,
To please all men is his intent.
Allelujah!

Ivy is soft and meek of speech,
Ivy is green, with colours bright."

The Christmas holly, mistletoe, and ivy, sacred to Druidical worship, recalls another relic of similar origin, but handed down much modified, in fact, at present, nearly obsolete in French Canada.—LA IGNOLÉE.

Practised until some years back, in some of the oldest settlements on the St. Lawrence, it consisted in a serenade by a band of juvenile masqueraders knocking at doors and windows, with music and song, and begging for offerings—generally eatables—for the poor, with threats of revenge if gifts were refused. The benevolent object degenerated, however, in drinking bouts; the offerings diverted from the original objects were exchanged for refreshments,—not all of the Blue Ribbon type.

A piece of pork, with the tail adhering—LA CHIGNÉE—was the traditional offering expected.

LA IGNOLÉE had its legends in prose and in verse, and closed the Christmas time just before the new year began. The curious will find an outline of these legends in the Edda—or sacred book of the Scan-

dinavians. The mistletoe played an unenviable part in connection with the Scandinavian gods, Odin and his kind wife, Friga. Their colleague Balder, the god of poetry and eloquence, was supposed to have lost his life through the perfidious conduct of another denizen of Olympus, named Loake.

We find in Mr. Gagnon's precious store-house of Canadian songs this legend, or song, quoted thus—page 240—as sung by the masqueraders:

"*Bonjour le maître et la maîtresse*
Et tous les gens de la mai-on.
Nous avons fait une promesse
De venir vous voir une fois l'an,
Une fois l'an . . . Ce n'est pas grand' chose
Qu'un, petit Morceau de Chignee

"Un petit morceau de Chignee,
Si vous voulez.
Dites nous le!
Nous prendrons la fille ainee
Nous y ferons chauffer les pieds
La Ignolee! La Ignolee!
Pour mettre du lard dans ma poche!

Nous ne demandons pas grand' chose,
Pour l'arivee.
Vingt-cinq ou trente pieds de Chignee
Si vous voulez.

Nous sommes cinq ou six bons dro'es,
Et si notre chant ne vous plaît pas
Nous ferons du feu dans les bois
Etant a l'ombre;
On entendra chanter l'ecoucou
Et la coulombe!"

Christmas melodies, some of them, composed by great masters, fill an important space in Roman Catholic hymn books. To M. Ernest Gagnon, the painstaking collector of *Chansons Populaires du Canada*, I am indebted for the following "CANTIQUE POPULAIRE DU CANADA FRANÇAIS," set to music by him, the words of which are ascribed to the eminent French Roman Catholic divine, Fléchier:

CANTIQUE POPULAIRE DU CANADA-FRANÇAIS.

I.

Dans cette étable,
Que Jésus est charmant!
Dans son abaissement!
Que d'attraits à la fois!
Tous les palais des rois
N'ont rien de comparable
Aux beautés que je vois
Dans cette étable.

II.

Que sa présence
Paraît bien en ce jour
Malgré l'enfance,
Où l'a réduit l'amour!
L'esclave est racheté,
Et tout l'enfer dompté,
Fait voir qu'à sa naissance
Rien n'est si redouté
Que sa présence.

III.

Plus de misère:
Jésus, s'offrant pour nous
D'un Dieu sévère
Apaise le courroux.
Pour sauver le pécheur,
Il naît dans la douleur,
Pouvait-il, ce bon Père,
Unir à sa grandeur
Plus de misère.

IV.


S'il est sensible,
Ce n'est qu'à nos malheurs:
Le froid horrible
Ne cause point ses pleurs.
Après tant de bienfaits,
Notre Cœur, aux attraits
D'un amour si visible,
Doit céder désormais,
S'il est sensible.

V.

Que je vous aime!
Peut-on voir, vos appas
Beauté suprême,
Et ne vous aimer pas;
Ah! que l'on est heureux
De brûler de ces feux
Dont vous brûlez vous-même!
Ce sont là tous mes vœux:
Que je vous aime!



J. M. de Macie
1/2 new Garage, near Dundas St., 1891



The Wedding of Eis-Koenig and the Snow-Queen

This was in past time,
Ere the pale Snow-Queen
Came, soft embracing
Hillock and hollow !

* * * * *

Fierce was Eis-Koenig's wooing,
Nothing deterring,
Till in glad triumph he bore her
Swift to the desolate North Land,
Singing the song of his full heart :

" O, Love may not stay in the Summer night,
Or swing in the secret cells
Of the roses and lillies of Southern lands
Or the jasmine's scented bells, -

" For Love knoweth well that the truest hearts
That the heart of Love hath found,
Beat high in the rush of the stormy blast
Where my breath all else hath bound !

" Then fly from those drowsy sweets afar,
On the wings of the Northern gale,
And in merry fetters thy heart I'll bind
And give thee leal loves that thou can'st not find
Where thy subtler arts prevail !

" And my Queen shall shake out her starry wreaths
Over field, and bush, and tree,
For the children who laugh in the frosty morn,
And shout in their careless glee !

" Then away to the merry North with speed,
Away, sweet sprite, away !
And thou'lt find no paradise half so bright
As the realms of Northern Day !"

Then flashed the word of Eis-Koenig
Through the night reaches,
Back to the ears of his people,
Creatures of earth and of under-world,
Creatures of air and of water, -

" Prepare ye the place
Of the Fair One ;
Make for her pleasure
All that surpasses
Beauty aforetime !"

Fast flew long troops of the Ice-Gnomes,
Gladly concurrent,
Shaping with delicate fingers
Silently, eager,
Bowers of fair tracery, never
Seen in the North Land aforetime !
Piling in grandeur fantastic
Heaps upon heaps of the clear ice,
Chiseled in marvellous beauty ;
Lining the caverns with crystals
Hung in festoons of pure whiteness,
Sparkling in light of the moonbeams !

A Legend

AR in the North Land,
Over the pine-tops,
Sometimes the bright Day
Flings her long beauty
Ere the still Night comes
With shadows enwrapping !

Long lived the stern King
Lone in the North Land
Under the pale lights
Shifting and glowing ;
Where the grim icebergs
Ever point upward,
And swift whirling snowflakes
Dance not to songs of the children ;
Where the glad laugh of the springtime,
Summer's forerunner,
Comes not in visions of beauty,
Nor lingers in blessing !



Crouched in grim fear of the tyrant
Winter returning,—
Not bounding forth with glad greetings,—
Thus in its beauty immortal
Waited the land
For her coming ;
For they knew naught of the Snow-Queen



Silently came she
Deep in the night time,
Clothing the whole land
In her pure mantle ;
Making the stern bergs
Into white wonders ;
Smiling with softness,
Radiant, entrancing,
In the bright morning !

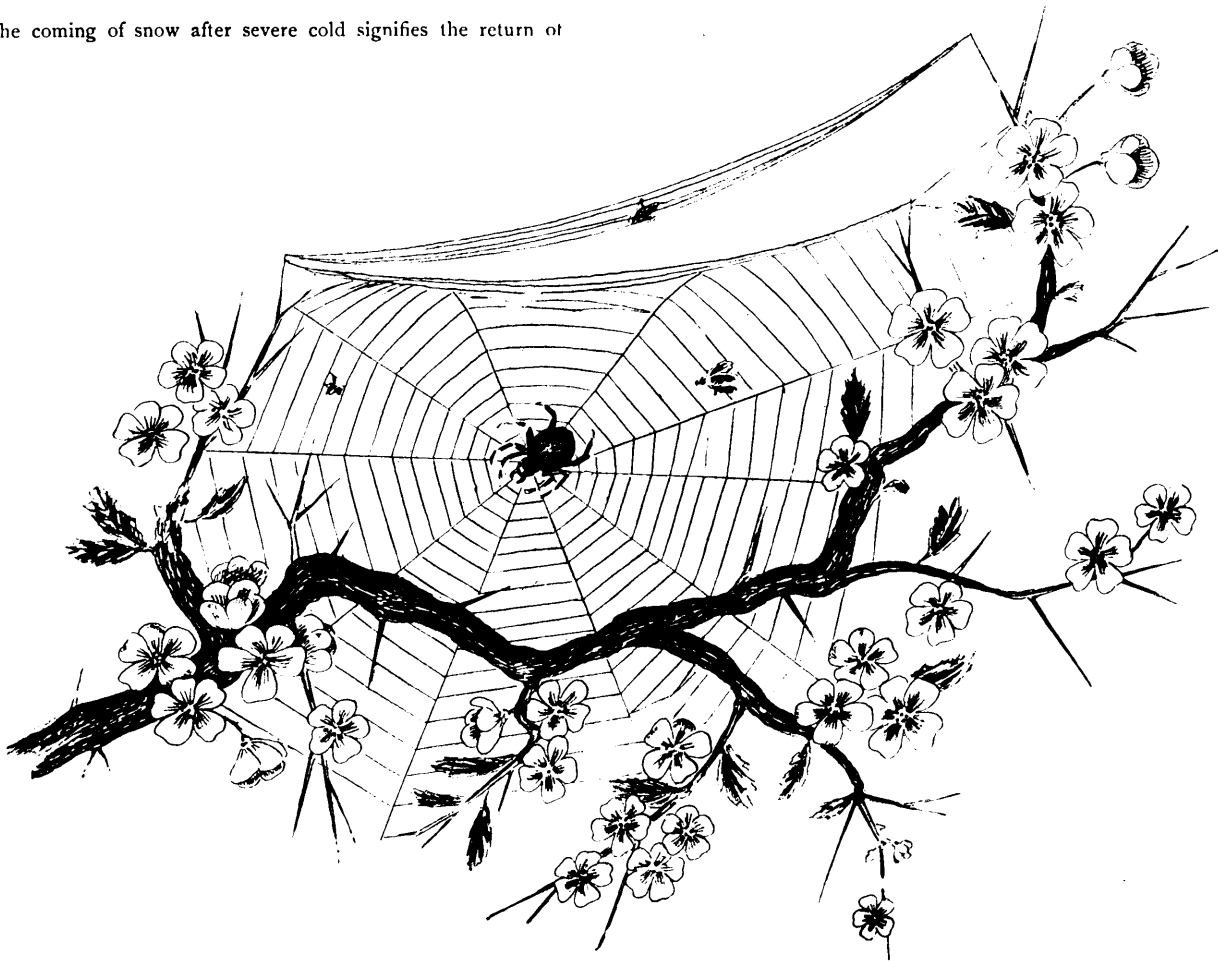
Songs of the people can tell us
How they rejoiced in her coming ;
Turbulent winter no longer
Revelry held in the pine-tops,
But spread out his arms to the children !

Thus to the home that awaited
Came the pale love of Eis-Koenig ;
Thus, when the cheerless December
Brings the drear season,
Comes she, the joy of the North Land,
Clad in her garments soft-whirling !
Still we look forth for her coming,
Bringing the bright days of winter ;
Still the fair children light-hearted,
Greet her returning with rapture !

May Livingston

Bringing the fair days,*
Bright to all people,
And glad for the cattle !

*In northern countries the coming of snow after severe cold signifies the return of milder weather.



THE WHISKEY STILL AT GOLDEN VALLEY

I.



HE was small and demure, this girl, but her eyes were dark and wistful, as she squeezed the brindle cow's udders and made the rich, creamy milk gush in quick streams into the foaming pail below. Appealing as she did there, sitting on the rickety three-legged stool, her small, firm hands moving above the rolled-up sleeves of a tattered old coat of her father's and the dark, sedate eyes shaded beneath the brim of an old straw hat, no one would have given her the character she had acquired in Golden Valley of being "stuck up." The cold November stars glimmered frostily down on her through the loose chinks of the scanty barn, and the chill wind tugged at her ragged coat as she finished milking and stood a moment to harken to the autumn anger of the lake as it thundered on the beaches half a mile

below.

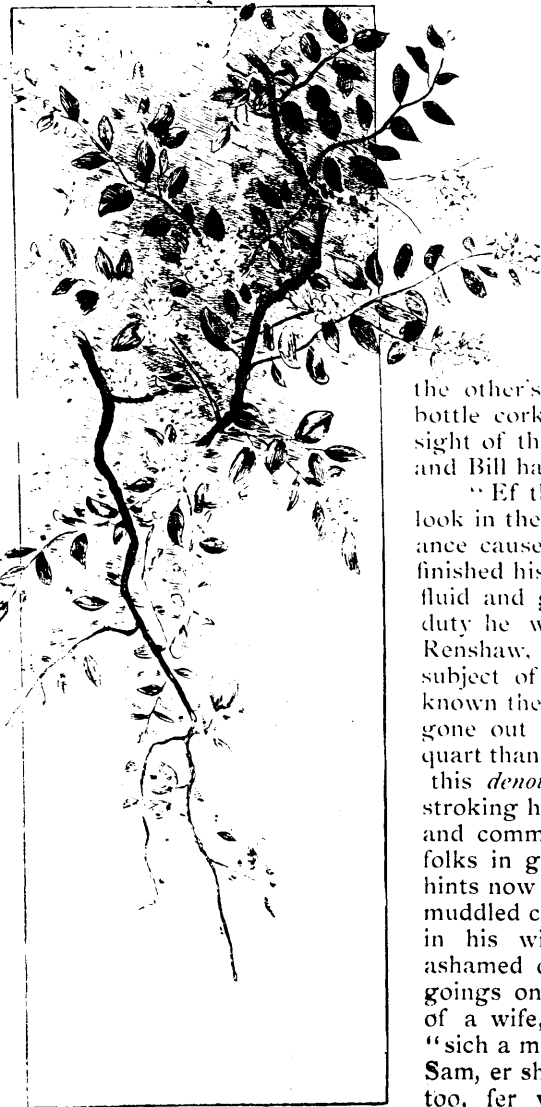
"Keziar! What's got the gal?" said a querulous voice, and a thin, sallow woman similarly attired came around the corner of the barn. "Father's crazy for his supper, an' us wonderin' what's kept yeh."

"He ain't goin' out agin to-night?" asked the girl, quickly following her mother up the well-worn path.

"I'm afear'd so," said the woman, wearily, like one who had no mind in the matter. "Bill Jukes is here."

"Oh," was all the girl answered, but the evening wind surprised a look on her small, dark face that made it look demonical in the gloaming, and the way she clenched the milk-pail in her small fist boded no good for the aforesaid Mr. Jukes, whoever he might be. But she hid her feelings, and quietly followed her mother into the small, rude house, silently proceeded to put the milk away and help her mother place the meal on the table. Her slight form flitted about like a shadow elf in the dim fire-light, followed by the admiring gaze of Mr. Bill Jukes, who sat by the fire trying to smoke and exchanging occasional bits of conversation with her father, who sat near in evident impatience for his evening meal.

Mr. Jukes was a small, shrewd man with an evil leer and a full whisker, who had a notoriety for getting other men into trouble and getting off with a free skin, as people expressed themselves on the subject. He was a new man in the place in contrast to the old settlers, who had cleared their own land, and spend his time, to all appearance, between running a shattered tavern on the main road near the shore and in doing a kind of business in a less open way. He held a sort of influence over Sam Renshaw, Keziar's father, a weak, lazy man, fond of drink and good company, who, were it not for his over-worked, broken-down wife and quiet, active daughter, could never have managed to eke out an existence by scratching a scanty crop on the surface of his rocky lakeside peninsular farm. Whatever connection there was between the two men it certainly had a bad effect upon Renshaw, increasing his habits of drinking and laziness.



There were vague hints of an illicit still being run somewhere on the peninsula, but they were only surmises. The men were too careless and the women too cowed to let any light into the matter. As Mr. Renshaw was too thirsty and Mr. Jukes too sly, matters had remained very much as they were, this cold, November evening, in the precincts of Golden Valley, until a little fact revealed itself to the astute mind of Mr. William Dukes, or Jukes, as he was called by his cronies, a little fact but a very startling one, when considered in connection with its circumstances. Mr. Jukes, the schemer, the man of wits, was over head and ears in love.

"Wish she wasn't so skeery," he mused, as after supper he watched her put the things away, "wimmen is mest tickler folks to handle, but they most succumb ter me, only this one is most special skeery; some-thing like a partridge, she air, but I'll wind up the dad, got him most round my finger now, an' then I'll have her an' this bit of land, which ain't mortgaged ter any great extent, I reckon. Guess I'll begin ter study her ter-night," and which sage conclusion he leered under his shaggy eye-brows and prepared to make himself comfortable for the evening.

"Say, Bill, hain't we better be goin'?" queried Mr. Renshaw, who felt decidedly in need of a treat. "Say, Bill, hain't we better be goin'?" Got some folks ter see down ter the point ternight, Maria," he explained in a wheedling way to his wife, who sat silently at the far side of the

room spoiling her weak eyes trying to mend some socks by a flickering tallow candle, and she, poor woman, being quite used to the excuse which had been his only explanation for being away most of the night, for nearly two years, merely said, "Sartinly, Sam, sartinly," and went on with her mending.

But Mr. Jukes had no idea of going.

"Guess we'll postpone that business to-night, Sam."

"Hell! what's up now?" glared his thirsty partner.

"Merely I feel most comfortable where I am," and Mr. Jukes crossed his legs, puffed his pipe, and leered at the ceiling, showing no fondness for the inclement night outside.

"Bill!" fairly whined Mr. Renshaw.

"Oh, that's it Sam!" and as if reading the other's thoughts, he went to the door, fetched in a black bottle corked with a corn cob, and placed it on the table in sight of the astonished company, for this was a new tactic, and Bill had foreseen the emergency.

"Ef the wimmen folks'll excuse me," he said, noting the look in the girl's eyes, "seein' I've allus helped the temperance cause, an' you, Sam, in need of some comfort," and he finished his speech by pouring out half a cup of the gurgling fluid and gulped it down as if it were milk, in which little duty he was quickly followed to a greater extent by Mr. Renshaw, who had no more qualms of conscience on the subject of business down at the point. But had Mr. Jukes known the real state of Keziar's mind he would rather have gone out in the storm and have drunk lake water by the quart than have spoiled his little project. Having got through this *denouement*, he thought it about time to begin, and stroking his whiskers, he began to flatter Mrs. Renshaw, and commiserated with her on the hard lot of "wimmen folks in general and her's in particular," throwing out side hints now and again to the astonished Mr. Renshaw, whose muddled conscience could not grasp this new state of mind in his wily partner, to the effect that he ought to be ashamed of himself for his neglect of his family and for his goings on generally, "seein' as he had a poor, slavin' critter of a wife," and here Mr. Jukes leered fondly at Keziar, "sich a monstrous pooty gal fer a daughter. Better look out, Sam, er she'll be marryin' an' leavin' yeh, an' sarve ye right, too, fer yer goin's on," he continued, with a look of

reproval. But as that gentleman only glared in mute astonishment, and no one else spoke, Mr. Jukes, feeling he had things all his own way, branched out in another direction.

"Say, Sam," he said, slapping that gentleman on the leg, "ain't yeh, never wondered why I niver got married?" and Mr. Renshaw, whose mind was on the bottle, never had any worry on the subject, he merely answered, "No, Bill."

"Well it's most curis thing ter me, Sam, seein' as I had many a chance, an' taint too late yit, Sam, taint too late yit," here he leered fondly at Keziah, "an' I got a comfortable propety, a comfortable propety, Sam," and Mr. Renshaw, who was getting down in the bottle, and was misty on things in general, merely echoed "a comfortable propety, Bill, a comfortable propety."

"Then," continued Mr. Jukes, "I've thort on the matter, I've medertated on it by morn' an' by night, as the Scriptor sath, an' I've come to the conclusion that it ain't fair ter the wimmen folks, an' ter humanity, my remainin' single, an' I ain't agoin' ter," here Mr. Jukes, rose in his excitement, "I ain't agoin' ter, Sam, any more." Having maintained which solid matrimonial intention, he gulped down another half cup of the liquor, and leered fondly at Keziah, and patronizingly at the others. Then seeing no response to his palpable hint, he thought further to help his cause, by a little knowledge, and he proceeded:

"Knowin' es I'd hev' hed the pickin' an' choosin' fer years back, an' bein' averse ter widders, an' knowin' as a 'spectacle man, as hes helped the valley in many ways, es I hv', ken hev' his pickin' an' choosin', an' knowin' as no young sculp of a feller sech as that fool John Rodney ken come between a 'spectacle man and the gal he wants."

Whatever Mr. Jukes intentions were he had no further chance to carry them out, for Keziah, who during all this little scene, had sat as seemingly unconscious as a small brown statue, engrossed in her knitting, rose just at this point, and taking the black bottle from under Mr. Jukes' nose, without a word, walked deliberately to the stove, took off a cover and jamming bottle and whiskey into the blazing coals, calmly replaced the lid.

"Hell!" shrieked Mr. Renshaw, "she'll set the house afire."

"Better I had," she answered with the look of a demon at the collapsed Mr. Jukes. "than thet ye should bring home a' insult te yer daughter in her own house," and suppressing a sob she climbed up the ladder to her bed.

"Well, well, I mistrust as I've kinder mixed things," muttered Mr. Jukes as he picked his way home under the stars, "I mistrust - I kinder mistrust as I did."

II.

The October morning air was bright and crisp with frost, as Jake Rodney leaned on his axe-handle and surveyed the smooth, straight trunk of the sturdy beech he had just fallen. There was just a faint suggestion of himself in the woods about him. Strong and cleanly formed, and long of limb like a young tree, there was all the rugged sternness of the woods in his face, and the kindly warmth and strength of the woodlands in his eye. There was a shyness, too about him that suggested the faun or satyr. Though his gaze was on the fallen beech, his thoughts were on more serious matters than falling trees; to speak plainly, he was in love, and Jake Rodney, the giant among the young men of the valley, was a perfect lamb when in the presence of a woman. This morning his thoughts bordered on something like self contempt. "You fool," he ejaculated, addressing the supine tree but meaning himself, "why can't you tend ter yer farm an' leave wimmen folks alone. "Taint no use, though," he mused, "it's got me too strong, an' I'll either hev' ter do it or run away, an' no one ever knowed Jake Rodney running away from a bar, much less a woman." "By gosh! I'll do it," he almost shouted, "I've been a screwin' up my mind fer it fer months, an' there's no use waitin' fer evenings. But when I see her my feelin's all get mixed. God! there aint no girl like her in all the whole world," and he looked out over the wild lake and wood landscape, frosty, golden and shrivelled under the clear October sky. "I wish I were not so strong; it seems my soul

grows like life at thought of her, an' like a spring my thoughts get too choked for utt'rance." "Little leaves," he went on, picking some from the ground, "yer got God's beauty like my love. Little twigs, yer shapely like her form. Gosh, sure, I'm man enough to tell her so. "Here goes," and driving his axe up to the head in the butt of the fallen tree, he shouldered his coat and strode with a quick tread over the crisp fallen leaves, through the smoky air of the woods down into the valley beyond.

He had scarcely got out of sight when an evil laugh broke on the still air and Mr. Jukes emerged from behind a neighbouring tree. "Well, of all the gol darn fools, he's a soft one! Oh, that's his tack, is it? I intended to give him a hint as ter my intentions, but he did seem so monstrous big, seems as if he might get mad an' mistake a fellow for a cord wood stick an' split him. But I'll fix him yit. The bar may be shy, but the fox is cunningest, an' I'm the fox every time." All this ran through Mr. Jukes' scheming brain as he too left the woods in the same direction as where Rodney had gone.

Meanwhile Jake Rodney had pursued his way, his steps following the beating of his heart, taking him in the direction of the Renshaw farm, which was separated from his own by a vacant lot further down the valley. As he neared the house he gave his feelings a "final hitch," as he expressed it to himself, and entered the open door without knock-



ing as was the custom in the valley among neighbours, and taking a vacant chair near the window, began squeezing his great knuckles as if they contained the mysterious key to his locked up speech and faculties.

Keziah, who was churning, went on with her work as if nothing were unusual, and looked as calm and cool as a small iceberg, though her poor heart was riotous within her. She knew by his face that something strange was about to happen, but, girl-like, she stood her ground with the advantage of her silence.

After a moment or so, when the room appeared to him to wheel round less and less fast and Keziah and the churn seemed to anchor in one spot, his faculties began to thaw out in the determination to say something or be a fool. Poor fellow, his idea was to tell her his thoughts concerning her as they came to him in the woods, but all he could get out was, "Little twigs little twigs little leaves" and with the blood surging to his brain in shame he stood before her, a Samson shorn of his strength, in the presence of the woman he loved. Then in despair, he burst out, "O, Keziar! Keziar! hev' pity on me, hev' pity; you know you know O I'm a darn fool," and sitting down in the chair from which he had risen in his qewilderment, he hid his face in his hands and burst into tears. The churn dash was motionless now, but there she stood before him, red and white by turns, like the foam from the dash, ready to fly;

not a word did she utter. Then catching a look at her face through his fingers, he jumped up and shouted, "Keziar, I—I love—that is, I want—" and then with a howl of despair at his lack of words, rushed out of the room and was gone.

III.

The creaking of waggon wheels was heard coming along the road that wended its way like a great brown snake through the middle of Golden Valley, to the lake beyond, and the sound of a man's voice lazily abusing his horses floated down the hazy afternoon. After awhile the vehicle came into sight, revealing itself as the bi-weekly mail, as bumping and rattling down round a small stony hill it drew up in front of the log house belonging to Mr. William Jukes, which possessed the delightful appellation of the Golden Valley hotel. The only creature in sight was a mangy dog that stuck its tail between its legs and slunk round the back of the house. "Hi, I say, the house, there!" called out the driver, whisking a fly from his off horse's back, but no response came from the stillness within. "Hello, Bill! Jukes!" "Guess yid better get out," he said, turning to the solitary passenger, "They'll be about somewhar," ("but say, ye want ter be tarnal careful, old fossiliferous,") he muttered to himself as the stranger climbed out of the wagon, and slowly wended his way into the house. He was a tall, sedate looking man, his face almost hidden in a growth of whiskers, a pair of green goggles and a large slouched hat. He wore long leather boots reaching almost to his thighs, and carried a canvas bag containing some small stones slung under his arm, and a small stone hammer, after the manner of geologists. Just then Mr. Jukes crept round the corner whence the dog had gone.

"Hello, Bill, I've fetched ye a boarder. He's just gone in as ye came round."

"Nuthin spicious about him, Si, I hope. You know if you'd bring me anythin' spicious—"

"Ain't nuthin' spicious 'bout this critter," answered the driver with a wink, and tapping his finger on his forehead, "cept spicions that he ain't all there. Of all the darndest critters I ever brought into the kentry, he's one. Gone clean mad on stones. It was rocks all the way up, as if we haint had enough of that kinder thing in the blamed kentry."

"Blamed ef he ain't zamined all the stones twixt this and Beaconsville, an' no conversation worth a damn. Jest grunted "driver, stop a moment," then he rips out them damn dictionary words an' hops out an' goes tap, tap with that infernal hammer of his'n."

"Praps he's huntin' mines, Si," suggested Mr. Jukes.

"Well, he'll carry all the gold outen this kentry in his vest pocket. No, Bill, it's my 'pinion he's one of them damn ijits them colleges turn out; but I'd cure him, Jukes, I'd sarve him up stones fer supper an' breakfast an' put a few sharp corned ones into his bed, an' I guess that 'ud fetch him. Well, so long, Jukes," and touching up the lazy horses he rumbled off down the valley road, and turning a corner, was soon lost to sight.

Mr. Jukes, whose curiosity was aroused, found his guest evidently enjoying the rude meal which had been served by a shock-headed female, and when questioned by Mr. Jukes, answered only by a few grunts that might have meant anything, positive or negative, and that gentleman came to the conclusion that if appetite were a sign of lunacy the stranger certainly had the symptoms very bad.

But after his appetite was appeased the stranger returned to the bar-room, and removing his goggles, showed a pair of eyes that could have looked Mr. Jukes through and through, could have bored holes down into that gentleman's character, so to speak, but which seemed turned in upon himself as if his mind were too much engrossed in his own affairs to notice such a personage as Mr. Jukes appeared to be.

Emptying his bag on the table, he began to classify the stones therein. There was a sort of innocence about the stranger's manner that disarmed the usually guileful host of the "Golden Valley," and before he was aware of the fact he was deeply interested in the stranger's description of the different stones and the peculiar terms he applied to them.

"Curious, aint it?" thought Mr. Jukes, "May be an ijit but knows a pile all the same."

"Now, this bit of rock," said the stranger, holding it up to the light, "this is a fossil, and it has been where I found it for twenty thousand years, and was here when all this country was a great ocean."

"Do tell now!" exclaimed Mr. Jukes in evident awe of the stranger's knowledge, "twenty thousand years, hit's a spell of time, haint it?"

But all the time he was muttering to himself, "well, he do hev them symptoms pretty bad."

"This kentry all a ocean! I guess ye can't fool Bill Jukes on ijits."

So the "stone bug," as Mr. Jukes mentally entitled him, went on leading that gentleman more and more to a belief in his lack of balance, when suddenly taking up a fragment he said, "Now that is a curious bit of rock; that's what is called a stone icicle. It is made by water dropping from other stones. They are generally found hanging from the roofs of limestone caves," and turning his retrospective eyes full blaze on Mr. Jukes' sneaking

little ones, "You have never seen anything like that hereabouts in caves, have you?"

Whatever it was, perhaps the horrible idea of stone icicles that froze the blood in Mr. Jukes' veins, but his face grew white and livid even through his growth of beard as he rose to his feet, and with an amount of energy unnecessary under the circumstances, said he would be damned if he had ever seen "one of them things before," or ever was in a place where "one of them things growed."

But the stranger never seemed to notice his excitement, and with-drawing his eye at once, much to Mr. Jukes' comfort, had turned them in upon himself and seemed to be muttering out-landish words over his stones.

So Mr. Jukes left him but as he expressed it to himself afterwards, "ijits might be ijits, but they have a most darned uncomfortable way of puttin' things sometimes, they have."

IV.

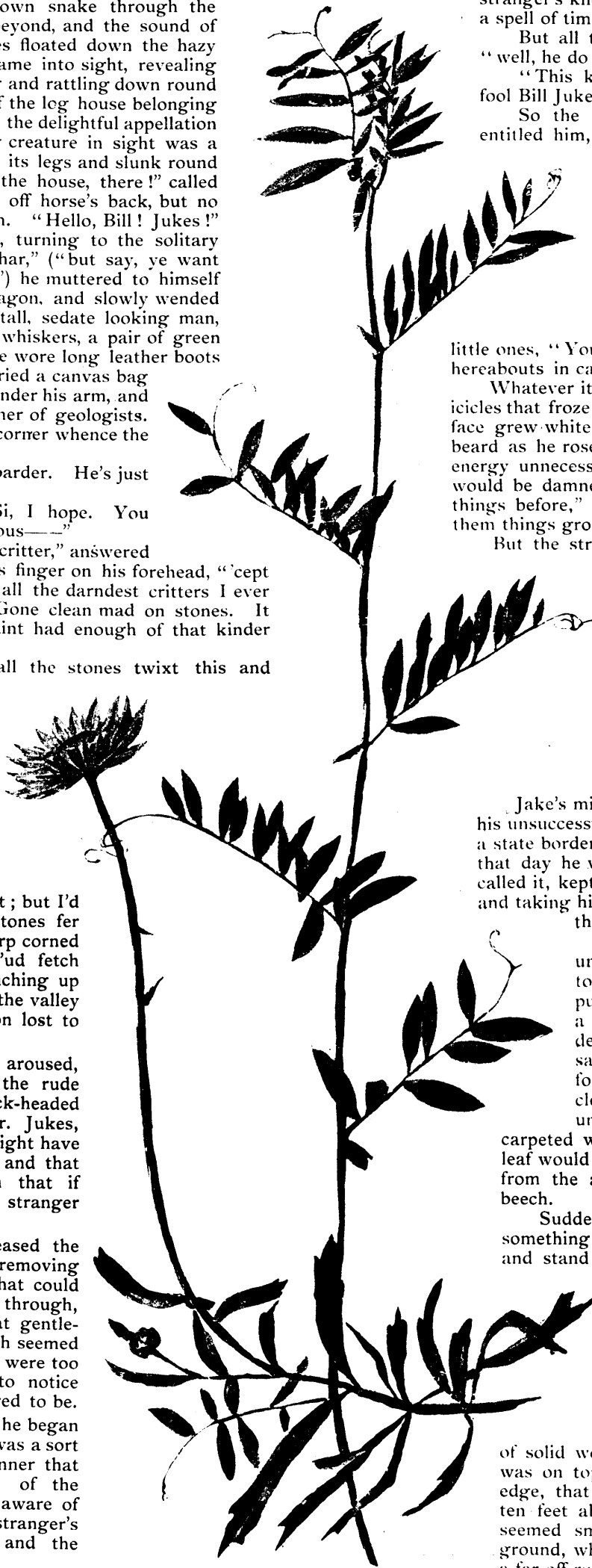
Jake's mind had been in a sad turmoil ever since his unsuccessful attempt at love making, and was in a state bordering on self contempt and despair. All that day he worried over his "fool attempt," as he called it, kept it with him at his work all afternoon and taking his trouble with him to bed, the result was that he lay awake all night.

At daybreak, finding himself as unhappy as ever, he got up and started to roam through the woods, trying to persuade himself that he was looking for a lost lamb, which he had given up for dead some time back, but in reality to save his vague unrest. He walked on for some moments breathing the cool, clear air like a tonic, and enjoying half unconsciously the beauty of the leaf-carpeted wood, wherever now and then a golden leaf would flutter down past him on the dark earth from the almost naked branches of maple and beech.

Suddenly he was brought to a standstill by something which caused him to jump back quickly and stand gazing in open-mouthed wonderment.

For some time he had unconsciously wandered into the most unfrequented parts of his woods, where, further up the valley, in the dark bush, a great cliff of limestone jutted out, about thirty or forty feet in height, and ran parallel with the side of the valley. At the foot of this cliff was a tangled mass

of solid wood mixed with under-growth, and it was on top of this cliff, not fifty feet from the edge, that Jake now found himself, and scarcely ten feet ahead of him a small column of what seemed smoke and steam was rising from the ground, while somewhere under his feet he heard a far-off rumble of subdued sounds,



Now, Jake had little of the element of superstition about him, and less fear, as might be expected of a young back-woodsman of six feet, and his mind as soon as it asserted itself, slowly attributed the strange occurrence to some natural cause, but the nature of that cause he was slow in working out.

Jake's was one of those peculiar natures that are partially paralyzed by any sudden surprise, and it was some moments before he could think enough to put two and two together and to couple the sounds underground with the smoke issuing therefrom. Then it vaguely dawned upon him that there were people below, but why they were on his farm and what they were doing there was still a mystery to him. Then, as often happens, a sudden memory flashed over him, and muttering to himself, "the cave! who'd a thought?" he turned quickly back and followed the cliff for some time, swung himself on to a tree and lowered himself by its branches to the foot of the cliff, where he soon struck an old wood road.

Walking back along this and forcing his way through some obstructing brush wood, he came to an entrance in the rock. After crawling and stumbling along its windings for some distance, he suddenly drew back and gazed anew, struck with shocked amazement. Before him was a cave of considerable size, which was damp with steam from a large kettle, which was built into a rude stone furnace in one corner, and about the place a number of small casks were scattered.

As each object met his gaze he became slowly aware that he was looking for the first time on the apparatus used for making contraband whiskey, and there in the glow of the furnace, smoking their pipes and chatting, sat Keziah's father and William Jukes.

Now, Jake was as innocent a young man as could be found anywhere, and living as he had been, alone by himself, really knew less than anyone else of the general talk of the settlement; but he, among others, had known for some time in a vague sort of a way, that somewhere up on the peninsula contraband whiskey had been manufactured off and on for years, but exactly where had never been located, though the government had made several vain attempts, how real is not known, to discover its whereabouts, and even, astonishing to state, a good reward had failed to discover the secret. Probably the popularity of the article manufactured was stronger than any other inducement. A true realization of the punishment of the offence had been fixed in Jake's mind fully a year before, when in a newspaper from further down the country he had read that no mercy would be shown the offenders, and that four years penitentiary would be the least punishment meted out to those caught in the business. This dreadful penalty now came home to him with a great horror as he realized that this secret crime was actually being perpetrated on his own land, and that the father of the girl he loved was one of the participants. There went a sickening chill through his heart. Reverencing the dread hand of the law as he did, at the thought of Keziah's father being an unconvicted felon under its ban, the very shame of it already seemed to cling to him and belong to him, but he had already made up his mind to suffer anything rather than inform on the father of the girl he loved.

A great hate began to rise in his heart against the man who he knew had led miserable, weak Renshaw into all this through his selfish love-of-drink and hatred of real honest work.

"Yes, William Jukes," ground out Jake between his teeth, "if I war devil enough to forget the holiness of my love for the purest and most unfortunate girl on earth, I'd kill ye in yer tracks as ye deserve, that I would."

But poor Jake's impotent hate was not enough to protect him from an even worse revelation, for as his mind gradually got used to the horror of his situation, his ears having got rid of the singing in them, he began to be aware of the conversation carried on within, and he soon caught, with a sense of indignity, the mention of his own name and that of Keziah, and it became clear even to his bewildered intellect that this man Jukes, not content with ruining the poor shiftless father, had actually the audacity to aspire to the love of Keziah, and he regretted his own lack of manhood in not having long ago saved her from this worse fate than death.

He saw that even Renshaw, in his selfish fear of Jukes, was willing it should be so. He heard Jukes, with his evil leer, relate what he had overheard Jake saying to himself in the woods, and the coarse chuckle of the two after it was told. Jake felt that in the eye of the law it would be his duty and that it would be easy to go straight to the nearest authority and inform, but he realized with a sickening feeling the heart-break for Keziah and the poor wife. So waiting to hear no more, he felt and stumbled his way out and wandered aimlessly through the woods like a blinded animal, whither he cared not, as if in vain effort to throw off the horrid web of criminality that he felt was wove about him.

V.

Early that afternoon Keziah, having got her chores done up, was busy spinning wool for winter use. The weather having moderated, it was quite warm, and with her wheel just inside of the open door, she paced back and forth to the music of its dreary hum, now louder, now lower, as the soft, snowy rolls of carded wool leaped out into fine yarn as if by magic from the tips of her small shapely fingers.

Far out in front of her under the soft, hazy day, she could see near at hand the rude, stony and stumpy fields of her father's farm, with its poor, delapidated fences and stone heaps, and then further out and down, the snake-like road, the ragged autumn woods and bleak, impoverished farms of Golden Valley, and out beyond all, the distant glimpse of lake and sky that blended and lost themselves in mist round the far-off edge of the lonely world.

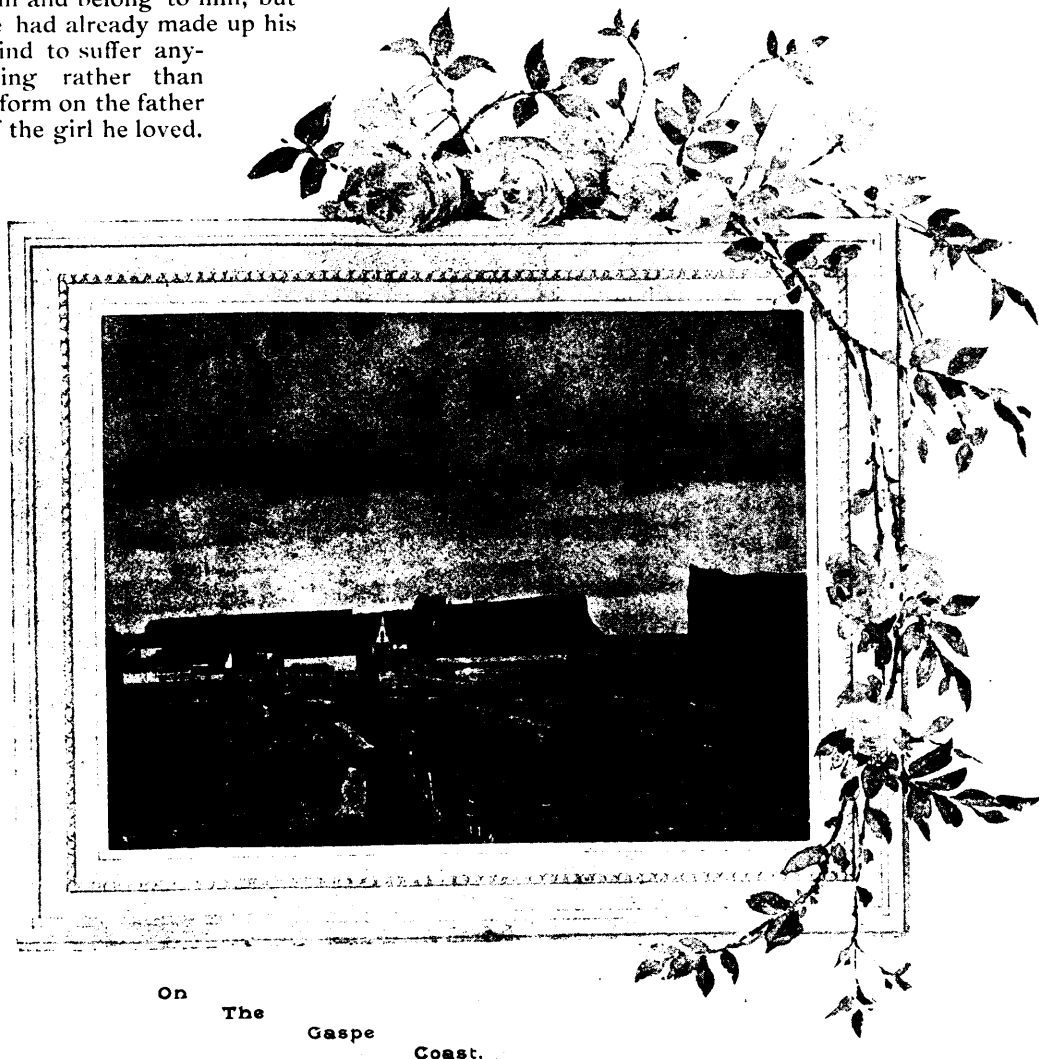
She made a very sweet picture as she paced back and forth, framed in the doorway, in the autumn afternoon, her dark, shining hair combed neatly back and twisted in a heavy knot at the back of her head, and her bright eyes sedately hid under the long, dark lashes that fringed the faint, delicate rose of her cheeks.

She was alone this afternoon, her mother having gone off early in the morning, taking her knitting for a day's visiting at a neighbour's further down in the valley, and her father, as usual, lounging and drinking at the Golden Valley hotel.

Keziah's thoughts were generally grave, but they were sadder than usual this afternoon. For some months back she had had a dim idea that there was something wrong in her father's relation with Mr. Jukes. She had never expressed her thoughts to her mother. All open words were avoided but there was an unspoken acknowledgement of a common sorrow.

Many words and actions of her father, his long absence at night and his frequent drinking spells, together with Mr. Jukes' visits at the house and his evident influence over her father, all caused her many hours of worry and fear, and all the more so as she perceived that this, in connection with overwork and fretting was gradually breaking down her mother's health. Of late this feeling had grown into an ominous fear of impending evil, but into all this gathering shadow one little ray of light had entered, a thought that will ever be sweet to youth, no matter how embittered the conviction, that Jake Rodney loved her, and it was from such a mixed dream of chequered shadow and light that she was awakened this afternoon by an unusual occurrence.

In casting her eyes over the fields, she noticed what at first seemed to be a sheep moving from spot to spot and which then resolved itself into the strange figure of a man moving around the bend of the road and coming slowly up the hill. It had a grotesque manner of stopping in places and tapping with what seemed to be a hammer it carried in one hand. After a while she noticed that it began working and creeping its way along the edge of the lime-stone cliff, and now and again she would lose sight of it as it crept along like a fly on a window pane. For a time it held her curiosity until it vanished from sight around the angle of the wall,



On
The
Gaspe
Coast.

It seemed about half an hour after that she suddenly caught sight of the face of a strange creature gazing at her from over the top of a stone fence. It wore a full beard, green goggles and slouched hat, and immediately showed itself to be the head of a tall man wearing long boots and carrying a canvas bag and a small stone hammer, the identical "stone bug" that had given Mr. Jukes that little start down at the Golden Valley hotel, and who, leaping over the stone fence, came forward and asked in a gruff voice for a drink of water.

Keziah, who had been transfixed like a startled fawn, went to a water bench and fetching a tin dipper full of clear spring water, offered it to him, gazing at him all the time in a curious way from under her long, dark lashes.

"Thank you, that's good," he said, taking off his goggles and searching her face with a pair of dark eyes that seemed to burn right through her. "Won't you let me come in and rest for a while, it's hard work climbing over those rocks and stones."

Without a word Keziah went and got him a chair and he sat in the doorway and watched her spin. It seemed to rest him to watch her as she moved to and fro at her work, for he sat for a time gazing at her in silence, as if she were some new variety of being, but after a while he opened his bag, and taking out a small stone handed it to her, with the question, "What do you think of that?"

Keziah took it timidly and turned it over curiously in her hands.

"It looks like a bird's nest turned into stone, sir," she said, shyly.

"Yes, you may have it," he said, smiling at her.

"I'm a stone man, you see," not seeming to notice her lack of thanks, "I live on stones, eat stones, walk on stones, sleep on stones, think of stones all day long," and he laughed genially at her, showing a fine set of glistening white teeth, "and perhaps a handsome girl like you can tell me what I want to know. I'm looking for all sorts of curious things in rocks, among others, holes in rocks, great holes called caves, some as big as a house or a barn; you find them sometimes in fields, and sometimes in cliffs like that there, you know what I mean."

"Yes," she answered, slowly, "I think I do."

"You don't know of any near here," he asked, eagerly, "and that you could remember to have seen or heard of?"

"You don't mean the haunted cave, do you?" she asked.

"Yes, I do, that's a good girl," and his face lit up with a quick light.

"Is it near here?"

"Not more'n half a mile. I got near the entrance once when I was berry pickin', but folks never go near there, and few ever speaks of it in the valley, least father an' mother never does. It is on Jake Rodney's farm."

"Who's Jake Rodney?"

"A young man who lives near here, up the valley."

"Does he live alone?" he went on, not seeming to notice the dark flush on the girl's face; "he is sociable, isn't he?"

"Well, no, he keeps most to himself, and isn't hard workin'."

"Well, now, could you show me this strange cave this afternoon?"

"Why yes," she answered, wonderingly.

"And you never talk much, do you? You won't say anything to anybody about this matter, will you?" and he stooped down and placed a gold dollar in her hand.

"Why, no," she answered, "why should I?" but she did not seem to have the courage to give him back his money; so still holding the coin, she put the spinning wheel away, put on a close, dark sun bonnet, and closing the door, preceded him down a path towards the road that led to the base of the cliff.

After walking for about five minutes they came to an old wood road that went through the bush beneath the cliff, and just then a man came hurriedly around the bend in the road. It was Jake Rodney. There was a strange, wild look on his face, as of great agony, and suddenly seeing them, he stood like one in a dream, then giving Keziah a quick look of despair, he darted into the woods and was gone.

"Who was that?" asked the stranger, turning his eyes on Keziah.

"Jake Rodney, the young man we was speakin' about," she answered, nervously, for Jake's strange actions had frightened her.

"He owns the land the cave is on, you say."

"Yes."

"He drinks, don't he?"

"No," she answered, so sharply that he looked at her curiously, then, in a softer voice, "but he seems to be in trouble."

"Well, said he, looking at her in a dry, quizzing way, "this young Mr. Jake Rodney, who owns the land the cave is on, and doesn't drink, but is in trouble, seems to be a rather odd young young man."

He said this so queerly, that for the first time a cold little chill came over her, and a misgiving that some wrong would come of what she was doing. The gold coin seemed to burn a hole in her palm as she began to wonder with dread why this strange man should be so anxious to see a cave, and why he took so deep an interest in Jake Rodney and asked so many queer questions; and why Jake had acted so strange and sad-like, and her heart began to smite her lest there might be something wrong about the cave that would cause injury to Jake. Then her father's queer ways of late came back to her, and without really being clear, she came nearer guessing the truth than she knew.

Only she had given her word she would have turned and refused to go further; but in a few moments she said: "There's no need of my

goin' further, you are close to the entrance now; this road leads right to it, so I'll go back," and before he could answer she had turned and left him.

But the coin seemed to burn her hand all the more as the misgiving of what she had done troubled her mind, and hurriedly turning, she ran after him in the direction of the cave.

"Say, Mister," she called out, and he turning round and stopping, she hurried breathlessly up to him, and holding out the coin, said: "You don't mean any bad—any bad to Jake Rodney, do you?" And seeing that he did not offer to take the coin, she dropped it at his feet.

There was something so pure and honest about her in her evident trouble that the man was visibly affected, as he answered, "My poor girl, all I can say is that if Jake Rodney is as deserving of your sympathy and regard as you imagine, nothing that I can do will hurt him in any way. But if you are mistaken in your estimate of him, why the sooner such evil men as you suppose me to be get hold of him the better it will be for you."

"Well, all I can say is," she answered, doggedly and sadly, "I can't take yer money, fer—fer—I love him," and turning slowly she went down the road into the shadows.

The stone bug stood looking curiously after her for some seconds, then wiping his eyes and blowing his nose with his handkerchief, stooped and picked up his coin, then went once more upwards in the direction of the cave.

VI.

Mr. Jukes' suspicion began to be aroused that the "stone bug," as he called him, was not all the fool he pretended to be, and this idea was enlarged by the testimony of several of the inhabitants, whose curiosity as to the queer stranger had been awakened by his peculiar interest in certain natural objects, an interest inexplicable to their imagination.

"He come ter my house," said an old man with wall eyes and a lame leg, "he come ter my house, he did, an' he asked fer a drink of water, an' then he asked fer caves, holes in rocks, so he did, an' my old woman, she's kinder deaf, an' told him as we hadn't no calves ter sell, an' he went off kinder queer lookin', but Mandy heard it all from out door an' took him fer a lunatic, that she did. But he did the same ter Jones' and Sampson's, an' jest asked fer caves, caves, as if he were a lunatic er had a purpose. I'd have my spicions of a man as drinks nothin' but water an' keeps enquirin' after caves, that I would. Taint nateral, an' mind my word, somethin' awful I come of it, Bill Jukes; airthquakes er fevers air liable, mind my words," and he hobbled off, leaving Mr. Jukes in no enviable frame of mind.

"I didn't jes like his look when he gave me that start," he muttered, "and then them lies about rocks ten thousand years old, I might a knowed as a man as 'ud lie like that weren't ter be trusted. Ef he's found out about that still, why all my little business is busted, an' me runnin' the danger of bein' jailed fer some time. After my runnin' it fer nigh six yer, an' gettin' the use of that fool, Sam Renshaw, for nothin' but the drink an' the little I give him. It won't do, it won't, I'll have ter skeer him, that I will, like I did the others," and Mr. Jukes went and took a drink to brace himself up for the purpose, but the more he meditated the more difficult the project appeared, and when the stranger came home for his supper Mr. Jukes decided it would be better to postpone it till the morning.

"Most difficul' subjec I ever approach," he explained to the bed clothes, as he retired to sleep off his indifferent cargo of false courage.

But when he awoke next morning the position was as difficult as ever. "Needs more meditat' on," he thought, and as meditating meant liquidating, he proceeded down stairs and fortified himself "considerable," as he expressed it.

"Curious he ain't up yit. Must be 'fraid ter meet me. Most men's 'fraid of my eye. Now's the time ter know 'bout this sneakin' on a honest man's secrets," but as Mr. Jukes re-ascended the rude stairs his courage again sank low, and it was a very timid rap he gave at the stranger's door.

"Taint manly ter let yer feelin's git the better of yeh," he moralized; then finding no answer to his knock, he rapped a little louder, and the door being slightly ajar, he peeped in. Then with a howl of rage like an Indian war whoop, he leaped into the room.

The stranger's bed was empty and had not been slept in that night.

For the next two days Mr. Jukes, as he expressed it, "kept close to himself," and awaited developments in fear and trembling, with sad prospects of the penitentiary; and as for Mr. Renshaw, when the state of affairs was communicated to him he got comfortably drunk, and reeling home went to bed, and covering his head with the bed clothes, announced to Keziah and her mother that he was "dangerous ill," and warned them to let no one disturb him, as he was near to his final account. "Jukes kin fix fer himself," he meditated, "an' as fer me, I'm a dead man ef they ketch me."

His wily partner, when his fears had had time to wane, if not wholly abate, began to look about him for some way out of his predicament, and finally decided to keep close, and if anything were discovered, to let the suspicions fall where they naturally would, on Rodney. Here he saw a chance to help himself and get rid of his rival in love.

At the end of the third day Mr. Jukes was surprised early in the morning from his adverse meditations and matutinal slumbers, by the advent of the wall-eyed gentleman with the news that a queer looking team and a number of men, "suspicious lookin', like sarchers," were

coming down the bend from the direction of Rodney's farm. Mr. Jukes, having got hurriedly into his clothes, and having fortified himself and made sundry necessary preparations as to his bar, stole to the door in time to meet the party as it halted in front.

"A pretty piece of business this to find in this here part of the country," said the leader of the party, a tall, strongly built man, "you don't know who's been a running it," he queried with a searching look at the host of the valley, who had hard work to keep his teeth from chattering and his knees from going together.

"Lord in heaven! what's it ye've been a findin'?" that gentleman responded, advancing to the waggon, and in a kind of simple wonderment gazing at his ravished property as if it were a new kind of dangerous fire-arm or wild beast.

"Well, of all the curious kind of things I ever seed, this beats my time."

He assumed a look of open-mouthed child-like wonderment that baffled the officer, for such he was. And the wall-eyed man followed suit to such a great extent that the discoverers were dumbfounded at the guileless aspect of these two children of the wilderness.

"You tell me you don't know what it is?" said the leader, advancing threateningly, for he was not the cleverest of detectives, and was following a poor clue at best, but had hoped to get a scent of matters here, though he had only his own suspicions to work on.

"Well, how ken I know when ye've jest showed it ter me?" returned Mr. Jukes indignantly.

"Jist so," echoed the wall-eyed man, "jist so, how could we know when ye've jist showed it to us?"

"Well, it's a whiskey still, if yer so damned ignorant," and the officer looked at him for the effect of his words, while the rest of the party gazed in a disappointed manner as if they would like to move on.

"A whiskey spill, well, my kidneys, jist think of it, Hank—a whiskey spill."

And the wall-eyed man expressed himself in an equally child-like way, while the discovering party looked on in amazement, while these two innocent denizens of Golden Valley skipped about the waggon and peered at the different parts of the apparatus with that delight with which country boys survey a steam engine for the first time.

"No use trying to get anything out of those darned idiots—"

"Been up in these rocks too long to know anything," said another, while the most of the party smiled at the childish interest shown by Mr. Jukes and his wall-eyed confrere.

But the leader, whatever his thoughts were, kept them to himself. It was his duty to fix this business on some one in the vicinity or fail, and he was just as willing to suspect the first man he met as not, even if it were the guileless pair before him.

"Look here," he said tersely and sharply, "we're looking for the parties that have been running this thing. There is a good reward for valuable information, and we ain't going to leave the vicinity till we find out. Come, now, no fooling, let us hear what you know about this business."

The wall-eyed man opened his mouth and gaped at this practical threat, while Mr. Jukes came valiantly round from behind the waggon and enquired, "Ye hain't told us whar ye found this here whiskey—what ye call it?"

"Yes, jist so, yer hain't tole us," sighed the wall-eyed man, with his mouth open.

"Why, up at those caves yonder," said the leader in evident disgust at this lack of knowledge.

"Caves—caves," said Mr. Jukes, as if racking his memory, "ye don't mean on Jake Rodney's"

"Why, yes, I suppose, I don't care who the devil owns the farm they're on, but we got it there jist the same, and it's a bad thing for the man who owns the farm."

"Jake Rodney! Well, now, that's queer, ain't it, and Mr. Jukes looked at the wall-eyed man and the wall-eyed man returned the compliment, and they both ejaculated, "Jake Rodney! who'd a thought it? wall now, who'd a thought?"

"That now explains somethin' curious—." Mr. Jukes was going to say something but checked himself.

"Say," he went on, "the gove'ment won't be too hard on the fellow as is caught, will it?"

"The government can't be too damned hard on the man in this case, that is an old offence," returned the other, "and I advise you to speak up what you know, or you may get into trouble yourself. This Rodney is the man I've been told to look after, and I was going to ask you to take me to where he lives."

"Ef that's what ye want," returned Mr. Jukes, with an alacrity which ill agreed with his last words, "I'll go, but mind ye forced me. It ain't pleasant ter inform on yer neighbours, but yer want ter be careful, as I shouldn't wonder but he's dangerous, and may show fight."

"Well, there's no time to lose. Jim, bring them hand-cuffs," and leaving two of the party to guard the waggon, the rest started off on foot in the direction of Rodney's farm, Mr. Jukes walking on the side of the road farthest from the man carrying the hand-cuffs, and the wall-eyed innocent hobbling labouriously behind.

VII.

That morning poor Jake had awakened from a troubled sleep to the more horrible reality of existence. The misery of the whole revelation of

the crime perpetrated on his farm still clung to him, and do as he would, he could not get rid of it. He felt that he ought to go away for a while, and yet he hated to for fear that harm might come to Keziah in his absence. The longer he pondered the matter the more he realized that his secret was too dread to bear and that he must go away from the vicinity before he revealed it to somebody, for it seemed written on his heart, and he had a wild fear lest it might be read thereon.

"Yes, I will go to the shanties, that's the best place," he had said to himself for the twentieth time that morning as he cooked and ate his scanty breakfast. He made up his mind he would call and get Jim Dobson, a young cousin, to look after his cattle morning and evening for a while, so putting together a few things in a bundle, he left the house and was going down the lane to the road when he was met at a turn by Mr. Jukes and the search party.

"There's yer man," said that gentleman to the leader, as he slunk to the rear.

"Is your name Jacob Rodney?" asked the leader, eyeing Jake with a scrutinizing glare of non-approval.

"Yes, what you want?" answered Jake in amazement at this strange deputation.

"You're wanted down the country for something you'll know later on. Running away, eh?" and he winked at two of the party who, before Jake could collect himself, had stolen up on each side of him, and with a quick clever grip and twist, snapped the hand-cuffs on one hand and then on the other.

The locking of the hand-cuffs brought Rodney to himself with a flash of anger, and throwing himself quickly forward, he knocked both men heavily to the ground. Then the great shame of the thing over-powered him, and in a helpless way he groaned, "God in heaven! what have I done?" and looked in a dazed manner at the party about him. Then he realized slowly but surely that all this had connection with the whiskey still, and he saw that bad as it was he could only clear himself by making it worse for Keziah and her mother. But the shame, O, the horror of those terrible things on his hands that burned into his flesh as their disgrace burned into his soul, and it was with a sickening heart that he answered when the officer asked rudely, "Well, are you coming quietly or not?"

"My God, yes, it's bad enough without my making it worse," he said.

As they went down past the Renshaw farm, by a strange perversity the leader wanted to get a drink.

"Don't take me there," gasped poor Jake, "God, don't take me there."

"Why not?" queried the leader with severity, "come man, don't be a fool, you know you must go where we like," and with head buzzing with shame and madness, Rodney staggered into the yard in front of the open door. One of the men went and asked for some water, and Keziah, who wondered at the unusual crowd, was fetching the water with a strange premonition at her heart, when she saw Jake with the hand-cuffs on, and dropping the pail, which upset and spilled on the ground, she went forward with a white face to where he was and said, "Oh, Jake, Jake, what does this mean?"

"Oh damn the girl," thought the leader, for he was thirsty and in a hurry, but seeing her evident trouble, he said in kindly tones, but still sternly, answering for poor Jake, who spoke not, but wished the earth would open and swallow him up where he stood, "It means that he's arrested for running a whiskey still on his farm, and I may as well tell you," he continued doggedly, "that it'll go hard with him. We caught him jist in the act of running away."

"Oh, Jake, tell me what he says is a lie, tell me, Jake," and she would have gone forward and touched his poor manacled hands, but the leader of the party, who foresaw a scene and hated one, now wished he had granted Jake's request not to come here, and said, "Stand off girl. Hurry up with your drinking, men, we must go."

"Say, Jake," said the girl, looking fiercely at the leader, "can I help ye? How about your cattle, Jake?"

"God, yes, Keziah," he said, speaking for the first time, "My, if I weren't goin' off and forgettin' the beasts, they'd want water an' feed, too, after a while, ef ye'll tell Jim Dobson."

"I will," she answered with a suppressed sob, "an'—an'—ye'll be back soon, Jake, ye'll be back soon."

"I don't know, God knows, I don't, things is lookin' dark. It may be years," and he stumbled blindly off down the yard between the two men.

But she was not satisfied. She went with them out of the yard. The horror was heavy on her, but she was practical.

"Ye'll write to me, Jake?" she queried.

"Yes, Keziar, if you wish it, that is if I'm allowed to."

"Remember, Jake," she said, "I'm yer friend, I'm yer friend," she repeated, gazing after him.

Then he turned and the two men were forced to stop and turn too. "Keziar," he said, "pray fer me, pray on yer knees that I may not go to the devil with all this on me," and turning around he went down the hill with the others.

The whole party stopped at the Golden Valley Hotel for a hurried meal before they proceeded with their prisoner on the return journey down country to the county town.



A Scene on the Richelieu.

As the waggon was about to move off Mr. Jukes actually had the temerity to approach the prisoner with a mild commiseration in his manner.

Then Rodney forgot himself and his wrongs for the time being. He lifted up his manacled arms above his head with a fierce movement, "Go away, Bill Jukes, scoundrel, fore I smite ye to the earth," and Mr. Jukes went with alacrity.

VIII.

Keziah stood like a statue, her face white and set, and her small hand clinched, watching the party till it disappeared round the bend in the road, then returning to the house, walked deliberately in, and going over to the bed where Mr. Renshaw lay huddled in the clothes, pretending to himself and any portion of the universe that might be interested that he was asleep and snoring, placed her small firm hands on his bony side and shoulder and shook him as if she would bring him to pieces, with the result that the rope bed rattled and creaked as if it would come down at every shake.

Now, Mr. Renshaw had stuck to his bed for three days, a slightly unusual occurrence, though Keziah had known him to do it at previous periods when trouble threatened him, and it made her suspect that all was not right just now.

"They may drag me out," he pondered, "but they don't git me no other way. Jukes kin fix fer his self, but I'm a dead man if they git me."

Whether in his dreams or waking, he had had a partial knowledge of what had taken place at the door, and for a short time had buried his head deeper in the bed clothes, holding his breath, so to speak, and was just comfortably recovering and congratulating himself, with his nose

and one eye partially out, when he was thus rudely attacked, so the air was soon loud with his clamor and expostulation.

"D—d—damn it, gal, yer k—k—killing yer d—dad! What hev I d—d—done, g—gall?"

But she shook him until his bones and teeth rattled like castanets.

"There," she said at last, stopping and getting her breath, and surveying him fiercely, her dark eyes blazing, while he lay on his side and wept weakly, and moaned to his pillow that he was cruelly murdered by his ungrateful daughter, "cruelly murdered!"

Just then Mrs Renshaw came in at the door from an errand at a neighbour's.

"My gal, what yer doin'?"

"Oh, Mariar, I'm dead; she's kilt me; I'm dead, Mariar!" and he began to weep louder than ever, but Keziah, with a determined face, proceeded to shake him harder still, while his curses and shrieks filled the house.

Again Keziah desisted, and his voice sank to a low moaning.

"Are ye mad, gal?" gasped the astonished mother.

"No, I ain't," she answered, "but he's asleep, an' I'm jest wakin' him up."

"Wakin' him up?"

"Wakin' him up. I've got something ter tell him. He's been asleep these three days, yes, months er years fer that matter, an' I want ter tell him—" (here she looked fiercely at the white-faced woman and then at the miserable man on the bed who called her daughter) "I want ter tell him that Jake Rodney's took ter jail," and help it she could not, the tears would come.

"Ter jail, ter jail! my God, gal, what fer?" said the mother.

"Fer havin' a whiskey still on his farm, that's it," the girl went on fiercely, "an' I—I helped ter show it. Yes, Jake Rodney, the only man—the only decent man in the Valley, took ter jail on suspicions which air all lies, an' him, like a coward er dog lyin' there, an' him my father."

"Oh, Lord! father, this is dreadful," and the pale woman approached the bed, "father, this is dreadful."

But Mr. Renshaw merely whined, "Say, Keziar, they didn't get Bill Jukes, did they?"

"No," she fairly blazed, "an' don't mention his name ter me again, er I'll kill ye if ye air my father."

But Mr. Renshaw drew back his head under the bed clothes.

"They didn't git Jukes," he muttered, "and they can't git me; I'm a dead man if they do."

And Keziar, with a set face, turned about and went out, for something in his question, "Did they get Bill Jukes?" had set all her faculties to work.

"If I can find out, I don't care if he is my father, I'll save Jake," and she set to work at some chores in the yard in the pale, chilly autumn air.

After a while her mother came out.

"Mother," she said, leaving her work, "this is a bad business about Jake, and I'm afear'd, mother, as father an' Jukes is at the bottom of it."

"Oh, gal, don't speak of it. It's heart-breakin' ter me. Poor Jake, I'm sorry fer him, an' I allus thought he'd a married yeh, Keziar, but it's all done fer now," and with a weak sigh she returned to her work.

"Mother, I'm goin' ter save Jake ef father has ter go ter jail."

"O, God, child! what do yeh mean, an' he yer father? It 'ud break my heart; bad as he is, he's yer father."

"I don't care if he was my husband," returned the girl, "it aint right ner just. I've only my suspicions, but I'm goin' ter make him tell the truth if I hev ter worry him ter death."

But as she realized the degradation of the whole matter, and what seemed worse, the slight clue she had to work upon to prove poor Jake's innocence, she felt as if all life were a horrible mistake, and her dark, beautiful face took on a premature sadness that was akin to the shivery autumn air and landscape about her.

IX.

The drear, late Autumn was now setting in, the weather grew black and rainy, then grey and cold, the frostiness of the nights increasing to intensity, and Keziar and her mother with the bulk of the meagre farm work on their hands, had enough to think about. But the determination to justify Jake never left Keziar's mind. As the days and week went on it grew to a fierce passion with her. She never asked herself now if she loved him. Her heart was engrossed in another matter more important, the freeing of his character from the hideous stain that lay upon it. Whether indoors spinning or in the barn milking, or performing other chores, it was always with her. Toward her father and mother she was preoccupied and silent, and went about her work as if nothing unusual had occurred, but they little knew of the slumbering human volcano that her thoughts made her.

Mr. Renshaw, after waiting for a day or so till he was sure that the law had once more withdrawn from the settlement, suddenly declared himself cured, and disappeared in the direction of the Golden Valley House, where he and Mr. Jukes commiserated with each other on the loss of the still, but chuckled over their scapegoat in the person of Jake Rodney. At least, Mr. Jukes did the most of the latter, for Mr. Renshaw, weak and cowardly as he was, in the depths of his selfish heart had a superstitious pang with regard to Jake's taking off, though he religiously hid it from his more callous partner in iniquity.

News reached the settlement from time to time regarding Rodney, in a general way, as news and scandal generally reaches such places, and also in a special way in the shape of a clumsily written note to Keziar. The first was to the effect that he was lodged in Rocktown jail awaiting the spring assizes. Circumstances, said the voice of the rumor, were strongly against him, and, added to this he made things worse by an obstinate refusal that was almost fierce, to say anything on the matter. The letter to Keziar was short and unsatisfactory except to state that he was comfortable and well treated, but hated the confinement and the having nothing to do, and asking her to think well of him no matter what turn things took. This was all. So Keziar had to bear up as best she could under the circumstances.

Winter soon set in hard and cold with frequent snow and storm until all Golden Valley was buried in a great cloak of glistening silence, fretted by icy winds at night and morning.

All through this period little news came from the world outside,

The snow and ice-bearded forests creaked their lonesome branches and moaned in the eerie stillness.

A few of the settlers went into the woods to chop, a number went to the shanties, and the rest, the lazier and older ones, stayed at home, kept close to the fires and gossiped when they got the chance. Of this class were Mr. Renshaw, Mr. Jukes and the wall-eyed gentleman.

Of course, as men who talk must get dry, Mr. Jukes produced some spirits that had been sent to coventry during the advent of the law, and this being much to the common edification, things went smoothly most of the winter, though Mr. Renshaw's conscience at times showed alarming symptoms of really rising to self-reproach, and running over. But the potatoes at the Golden Valley Hotel possessed a marvellously sooth-

ing power, something like a dipper of cold sap has on a kettle of maple syrup when it has a tendency to boil over.

Even Keziar was trying to assume the character of a tactician, and had made up her mind to endure the presence of Mr. Jukes, who, under the more favourable opportunity of Rodney's absence, had renewed his love-making, though with the greater caution, remembering his previous failure, and Keziar actually schooled herself even to endure his leer of admiration when he looked her way, though at times it was as much as she could do to hide her hate and disgust.

In this way the months went on, the sun had wheeled south, and had returned on his northerly track, burning his way back to the spring equinox. The heavens had grown sharp and clear, and then soft and misty toward the end of February, till one bright morning Keziar went out past the dripping caves to the noisy, clamorous barn-yard and felt it was spring.

She went into the barn, and loosening the cow and heifer, was driving them out, when she heard a loud cackling in the loft, and then followed the noise of a hen's wings as she flew out of the gable above.

"It's a wonder I didn't think of eggs before," she said to herself, and quickly climbing a ladder against the wall, emerged into the hay loft above.

After scrambling about for a few moments and disturbing a few more pullets from an interesting occupation, she sat down on the hay with half-a-dozen new-laid eggs in her apron.

She looked at the eggs, but her mind was anxious about the approaching assizes, when Jake's trial would come off. Word had come that they would be held earlier this spring, and Keziar realized with a sinking heart that she had accomplished nothing towards solving the matter and bringing home the guilt to Mr. Jukes and her father, though she felt in her heart that they were the guilty ones.

"I've a great notion to go down myself and tell them all I know—or suspect," she added with a sigh, "but they'd never believe a poor girl like me." Then the horror of the long journey and the strange people overcame her with dread.

She was just going to slide down the hay to the top of the ladder, when she heard steps

enter the barn, and the voices of Mr. Jukes and her father rose in altercation from below.

"Look here, Sam Renshaw, this has gone on long enough," Mr. Jukes was saying, "an' I'm about sick of this here business with her playin' fas' an' loose. I mean business, so you better speak ter her. You must talk right up ter her as if yer wer her dad an' had a right ter, an' not as the mean whiplash with the crack all outen it, as ye



air. I'd take the high an' mighty outen her if she was my darter, I would."

Mr. Renshaw's answer was weak and complaining. "For God's sake, Bill, give me a little more time, won't yer? I'm afear'd of her, Bill, that I am; you don't know that gal as I do. Talk up ter her, Bill! I'd sooner talk up ter you; yes, I would, an' you know it, by a damned sight."

"Say, Sam Renshaw," returned Mr. Jukes, fiercely, for he could be fierce when he had a meaner man to cope with, and the circumstances, coupled with his own fears, were forcing him on to show his wolf teeth at last.

"Say, Sam Renshaw, do you want to be jailed? 'Cause if ye do, this looks mighty like it fer us two, an' I'm always free to run away, having no dependencies on me. If that feller, Rodney, gets off, anyway we're in fer it, whether the law gets us er not. But if I'm married ter her meanwhile, an' he gets six months more down there, an' gets word sent ter him ter that effec', he'll niver come back. I know him; he's too high an' mighty not ter be a fool."

"Don't, Bill, don't talk like that; don't mention jail, Bill; O, I dasn't, Bill; I dasn't speak ter her; I'm afear'd she knows more about us runnin' the still than we suspec', Bill."

During the animated conversation, Keziah had quietly untied her apron, and wrapping it about the eggs, stowed it away in the hay, and, grasping a double-pronged pitch-fork that lay near, slid quietly down to the top of the ladder.

Just then Mr. Jukes' bullying words came, "It's the jail, then, for ye, unless I get her, an' that at once, fer I'm goin' ter have her."

"Well, yer not."

There had been a rustle of skirts, and, pitch-fork in hand, her eyes blazing, Keziah stood before them.

It was Mr. Jukes' turn to do the trembling now, and he retreated, with a livid face, to the log wall, while Mr. Renshaw remonstrated, with a sort of wheedling indignation, that it wasn't right to spy on honest men's business.

"Business of two cowardly scoundrels," she blazed on them, "but I've caught ye at last," and, walking deliberately forward, she placed the prongs of the fork quickly and cleverly on each side of Mr. Jukes' neck, and pinned him to a crack in the log wall, not enough to prevent his breathing, but enough to make him be careful as to his movements so as not to render himself uncomfortable.

"Look, dad," she said, with a sort of irony in her voice, "look at yer partner, now Mr. Jukes, of the whiskey-still business, the man that let Jake Rodney go to jail fer his guilt, the man who'd send you ter jail er marry yer daughter ter save his own skin. You'd take the high an' mighty outen me, would ye? and she gave the fork a quick prod that made Mr. Jukes squirm like a speared eel, while he looked from her to her father out of his small, bead-like eyes, like a frightened rat, but never spoke a word, while Mr. Renshaw, strange to say, looked on quite impartially with a sort of admiring astonishment at the strange development of the powers of his unnatural daughter.

She kept Mr. Jukes there in that uncomfortable position for over five minutes, till she thought she had punished him quite enough.

"Now, Bill Jukes, whiskey-still owner, that the wimmen folks is dyin' ter git, when I take this here fork from yer neck I want ye ter go, an' ef ye don't go quick it may ketch ye it a more worse position next time. I'm goin' down ter Rockton at once, an' dad he's agoin' with me to inform, and if you're found around these parts they'll get ye as won't be as easy as I will; now, git!

And, without a word, the great Mr. Jukes, the conquerer of women, slunk out, and so slinks off the stage of our story, as Golden Valley knew him no more.

"Well, I'm obliged ter be red of that scoundrel, Jukes," said Mr. Renshaw, meekly, but with the air of a conqueror, as, a few moments afterwards, he followed Keziah into the house. "I do believe, Keziar, as that bad man had a spell over me."

X.

Keziah entered the house and emptied the eggs into a tin dish on the table.

"Mother," she said, and there was a red spot on each of her cheeks, "Mother, I'm goin' down to Rockton at once, an' dad's agoin' with me."

"Heavens, Keziar, what you mean?" dropping the knife into a pan of potatoes in her lap.

"It means," she returned fiercely, "it means I'm goin' as a witness to tell what you've known all along, and I've just found out, that that scoundrel, Jukes, and father here ought to be in jail instead of Jake Rodney."

"Oh, Keziar, Keziar, ye wouldn't jail father?" moaned the miserable woman. "He's yer father, Keziar, yer father."

"Yes, Keziar, I'm yer father; I dassent go, Keziar—I dassent," whined that personage, from the fire, where he was weakly huddled in a chair.

"Yer must and that ends it," said the girl, sternly.

"We're goin', Mother, so say no more."

"Where's the money?" objected the woman, with her apron to her face.

"Yes, where's the money? ye can't go without that," echoed Mr. Renshaw, who saw a loop-hole at last.

"I've the money I saved from the butter."

Mrs. Renshaw raised her apron again for a moment to her face, succumbed and went on peeling her potatoes, while Mr. Renshaw huddled lower in his chair and saw no loop-hole now.

* * * * *

Three days afterwards Mr. Renshaw, in the custody of his daughter, and looking very flabby and unhappy, was helped from the stage to the platform of the hotel, where they were to stay that night and take the train next morning for Rockton, which was some distance down the line.

That was a long and dreary morning for Keziah. The motion of the train, the smoke and the noise altogether, made her head ache.

On they went, the noise getting more and more into Keziah's head and the gas into her lungs. She first grew listless; then dreamy, then before she realized it, she was fast asleep.

It was over an hour before she was awakened with a start and a cold feelin that follows sleeping in a car in the day time as the result of being worn out.

She sat up quickly. A fat woman was smiling at her; her father was gone.

"He's in the smoking car, yer father, ain't he? He woke some time ago, and said he needed a smoke, an' not to disturb ye. It was jest before we passed the second last station."

"Oh dear me," said Keziah, suppress a desire to cry, "he must have got off."

"Why, what would make him get off?" asked the woman, eyeing her curiously.

"Oh, I must hunt for him," and Keziah started to get up.

Just then the conductor came along the aisle.

"Say, Miss, that old man was your father, wasn't he?"

"Yes," faltered Keziah anxiously.

"Well, I'm sorry to say he got left two stations above. I saw him on the platform and thought he'd got on again, but he ain't on the train."

Keziah could stand no more. She hid her face in her hands and burst into tears.

XI.

It was the morning of the commencement of the assize court at Rockton, and Jake Rodney had risen from a restless sleep on the couch in his cell. Life had for some months seemed to him a hideous dream, from which there was no waking, and though he was to be tried and probably sentenced this morning for a crime he had never committed, for his case was the first on the docket, he seemed to care as little as if he were going forth to his daily work, for the previous months' disgrace of imprisonment had worn an agony of tension into his soul that only years would destroy. Two things had been rooted firmly in his consciousness, and had been growing during all this period of agony. One was, whatever came, to never disgrace Keziah's father, the other was a sort of growing madness to serve his time and go out and find Bill Jukes, wherever he might be, and slay him.

At half-past nine a crowd of farmers, a few townspeople and some boys and women were congregated in front of the steps leading to the front door of the old brick court house in front of the jail. At ten o'clock the clerk took his seat at the table, where a number of lawyers had already gathered, then Rodney entered escorted by a constable. After a few moments the judge, a short man with a bloated red face, entered in his robes and began making some notes, stopping every now and again to whisper to the sheriff, who sat near.

Rodney surveyed the place as one in a dream. All was new and strange to him anyhow, but under the present adverse circumstances, it effected him like a fantastic nightmare, where the red face of the little judge loomed in realistic prominence.

It was a strange start that he was brought to himself, by the constable, who was nudging him.

"Say," he said, "mind the judge; he's speaking to you."

"What," gasped Rodney, and he was now all alert. He distinctly heard the words addressed to him, "Guilty or not guilty?" and he realized he was required to answer. It would be dishonest to say "guilty," but if he were to say "not guilty," they might suspect his secret, so he clenched his fist in his dilemma, and returned the judge's gaze fiercely, without uttering a word.

"Ain't you going to speak?" said the constable, "you'd better speak."

"Prisoner!" said the judge again, his face getting purplish, "do you hear me, "guilty or not guilty?"

"What's the use?" said poor Jake, despairingly, "would yer let me off, if I said I wa'nt."

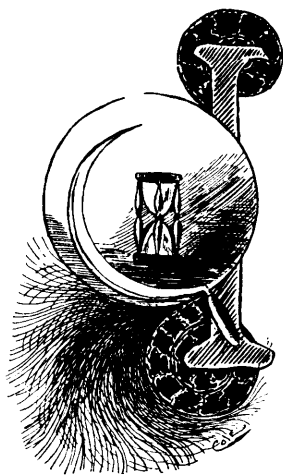
Here a titter went round the court.

"Proceed with the case!" said the judge.

The constable pushed Rodney down in his seat; the crier cried "Silence!" and a man got up at the table below and began to charge against Rodney. He described the finding of the still, the circumstances, etc., etc. Just as he had got down to work, there was a commotion at the door, and a tall, fine-looking man entered the court and wended his way up to the table. He was followed by the individual called the stone bug, minus the long boots and goggles, and Jake's heart gave a great jump—there was Keziah.

He sprang up as if he would go to her, but the constable grasped his shoulder.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 32.]



It came through the fields of air,
It came through the silent night,
Born low on a sigh of the western breeze
Like the far off voice of tumultuous seas,
In a tempest's waning night.

I heard the wonderful song,
It made its home in my breast,
The music of all the world was there
It hushed all murmur of pain or care,
A psalm of infinite rest.

Ever more clear and pure
Ever more strong and sweet,
Till some kindred chord in the outside air
In response to the melody throbbing there,
Sang "Come" to my restless feet.

I heard the mysterious call,
I rose and followed it straight,
O'er many a mount, through many a dale,
By blazing meadow and shady vale,
To the sunset's roseate gate.

And never a halt or stop,
Till the song I could scarcely hear,
It had sunk to an echo faint and dim
Of some melodious wonderful hymn
So I knew that the end was near.

Lower and fainter yet,
And more imperceptible still,
As I journeyed on, but I climbed one day
With faltering courage, so steep the way
The crest of a long, long hill.

There far as the eye could scan
Was naught but the fathomless deep,
While down at the crag's great base the waves
Crept in and out of the blind black caves,
And whispered ever of sleep.

I looked at my hair, 'twas white,
My hands were bony and long,
The years of my life had vanished and fled
Though they seemed but as days that had quickly sped
In pursuit of that fugitive song.

Then out of the Ocean's heart
Came swelling a grand refrain,
And through it there pulsed an angelic voice
Saying "Weary mortal rejoice, rejoice,
Thou hast come to thy rest again."

"The song that stole into thy breast
Was the song of an earthly love,
It was but an echo faint yet true
Of that mightier song that is pealing through
The musical halls above."

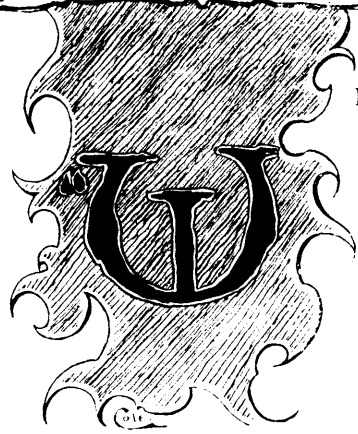
So, prone on the storm swept bluff,
My face to a golden sky,
The breezes played with my toil stained dress,
And I waited and begged in my loneliness
To taste of the worst and die.

Then out of the void, a sound,—
From the dim vast space, a breath—
That fanned the flickering flame of life
Till it flared, went out,—and ended the strife,
I slept—and the sleep was Death.

Alan Sullivan.



THE MAJOR'S PORTABLE FORTRESS.



UHAT a disreputable pair of dogs you have with you!" ejaculated Bill, referring to a villainous bull-dog and an equally villainous quadruped with a wolf-like snout which the Major had chained in the yard. "Can't say I admire your taste in pets."

"My dear boy," said Major Mendax, "they were not of my choosing. They were both forced on me by gratitude,—one by the grati-

tude of the owner, the other by the gratitude of the animal itself."

"Story!" cried Bill; and little Bob promptly suspended his historical researches and took a chair close to his uncle.

"I have told you so many incidents in my chequered career, my boys," said the Major, "that I really cannot remember whether I ever informed you that I was for a short time a justice of the peace in a certain new settlement in the North-West. One of the most puzzling cases on which I had to pass judgment in my magisterial capacity was a case of the disputed ownership of a big bull-dog. The defendant, who had brought the dog home with him after his last eastern trip, was a man of seeming respectability and reputed piety, who took a pronounced interest in many benevolent movements. The other claimant was a new arrival, who had come shabbily dressed and with no introductions, and had had much difficulty in finding employment. His claim was generally scouted, and he was set down as an impostor.

I had prepared myself for my magisterial duties by studying the decisions of just judges, such as Minos and Solomon, and I had taken a hint from the latter in my recent judgment upon two rival claimants for the authorship of some popular verses, entitled, "The Beautiful Blizzard." I had decided that the poem should be cut in two and each claimant enjoy the fatherhood of one half. Although I myself thought either half of the poem much less objectionable than the whole, the true author, rather than see this mutilation of his offspring, preferred to surrender it whole to the impostor."

In the case of the bull-dog I had no such handy precedent. The beast seemed equally affectionate to each claimant. It came to the call of each. Each knew its name. The shabby plaintiff said it had strayed from him in the streets of a city. The respectable defendant said he had bought it from a city dealer, whom it proved impracticable to subpoena, for he happened to be dead. The only witness available was the bull-dog.

"Clear the Court!" I commanded. "The claimants and the dog will remain on the floor. The court officials and the bar will take to the gallery. Each claimant will then proceed to set the dog at his adversary. The man the dog obeys is the true owner; the man it worries is the impostor."

To this fair ordeal the seedy plaintiff agreed cheerfully; but the smug defendant obstinately demurred. It would involve cruelty to his opponent, he said, and there was absolutely no precedent for it.

I awarded the dog to the plaintiff, who soon afterwards left the settlement, having lost his situation—through the influence of the defendant, as some suspected. Before leaving he insisted on my accepting the bull-dog as a keepsake. My just judgment had

vindicated his character for honesty, he urged, and this was the only way he had of showing his gratitude."

"And how about the other dog, with the wolfish snout?" queried Bill.

"It is not a dog at all," said Major Mendax; "it is a wolf. It is in fact one of those Dacotah wolves, from whose jaws I was saved by the spouting of the geyser—an incident which, by the way, has, since its publication, supplied the motive of a story to more than one appreciative litterateur. The next time I encountered that pack they at once pursued me with increased ferocity, remembering their former disappointment.

It was early winter and there had been a moderate fall of snow. I was in a large sleigh, or *traineau*, with closed sides and doors like those of an open carriage, only higher. The vehicle was intended for long journeys and expressly designed to keep out the cold and, when turned upside down and the removable front seat taken out, to form a refuge against wild beasts at night and against blizzards at all hours. I was well armed and had lots of ammunition.

My horses were fast and might have outrun the wolves to the nearest ranch, though this must have been nearly twenty miles away. But a couple of large wolves, which had strayed from the pack on some private foray, suddenly emerged from a pine thicket on the left of the waggon path and sprang at the horses' throats. Leaping frantically to the right, the horses broke the shaft and traces, overturned the sleigh, and galloped wildly off into the untrodden snow of the prairie.

I found myself lodged safely underneath the upturned sleigh, with only a few bruises, which I did not feel at the time. One door was two or three inches open, the catch of the handle having been broken, probably by the concussion of my body. This aperture a wolf first struggled to enlarge by pushing with his snout. Then, finding this impracticable, as the door was jammed against the compressed snow, he began to scrape away the snow on the outside with his paws. As I did not covet the honour of a closer acquaintance with his wolfship, I took a spare trace which I knew to be underneath the seat and tied

the handles of the two doors securely together, leaving the existing aperture. I found that the open door, though jammed on the outside by the snow, could easily be drawn to, while the opposite door could be shut or opened at will. Of course when I opened either door the other was pulled to by the trace which connected their handles, and naturally each door could only be opened the same number of inches.

By this time the wolves had quitesurrounded the sleigh, and their howls were not melodious.

I now began my revolver practice. I opened the right door and potted every wolf I could get a peep at. Then I opened the left door and proceeded as before. By the time their carcasses obstructed the view on both sides, I was almost stifled with the smoke of the powder.

When some of the smoke had oozed out, several wolves were visible through the crack between the hinges of the partly open door. I accordingly resolved to make a hole about an inch in diameter, below the upper hinge, with my jack-knife and file. It would take some time, I knew; but what is the good of a bastion without a loop-hole! After it was finished I shot a couple of wolves as they passed. Then I opened the opposite door with a view to scooping a similar hole between its hinges. Before doing so, however, I had to shoot three or four wolves who had dragged away the bodies of their comrades killed at the beginning of the fray and were scraping and howling furiously, apparently thinking that the vulnerable point of the fortification lay here where an opening had been seen first.



My first shot through my second loop-hole was at a wolf of which I caught a glimpse in the distance, and which, more cowardly or more hungry than the rest, was greedily devouring the carcass of a comrade. This particular animal I have reason to believe I missed.

But the pack generally persisted bravely in the attack, and crowded into the places of their dead fellows in the imminent and deadly breach, clearly proving that wolves can neither forget nor forgive a sell. I blazed away until I had seemingly killed all the pack. A merciful shot had stilled the howls of the last wounded wolf, as he dragged himself past one of my loop-holes.

The outlook was now wholly obstructed by dead bodies. Silence and darkness reigned around the fortress.

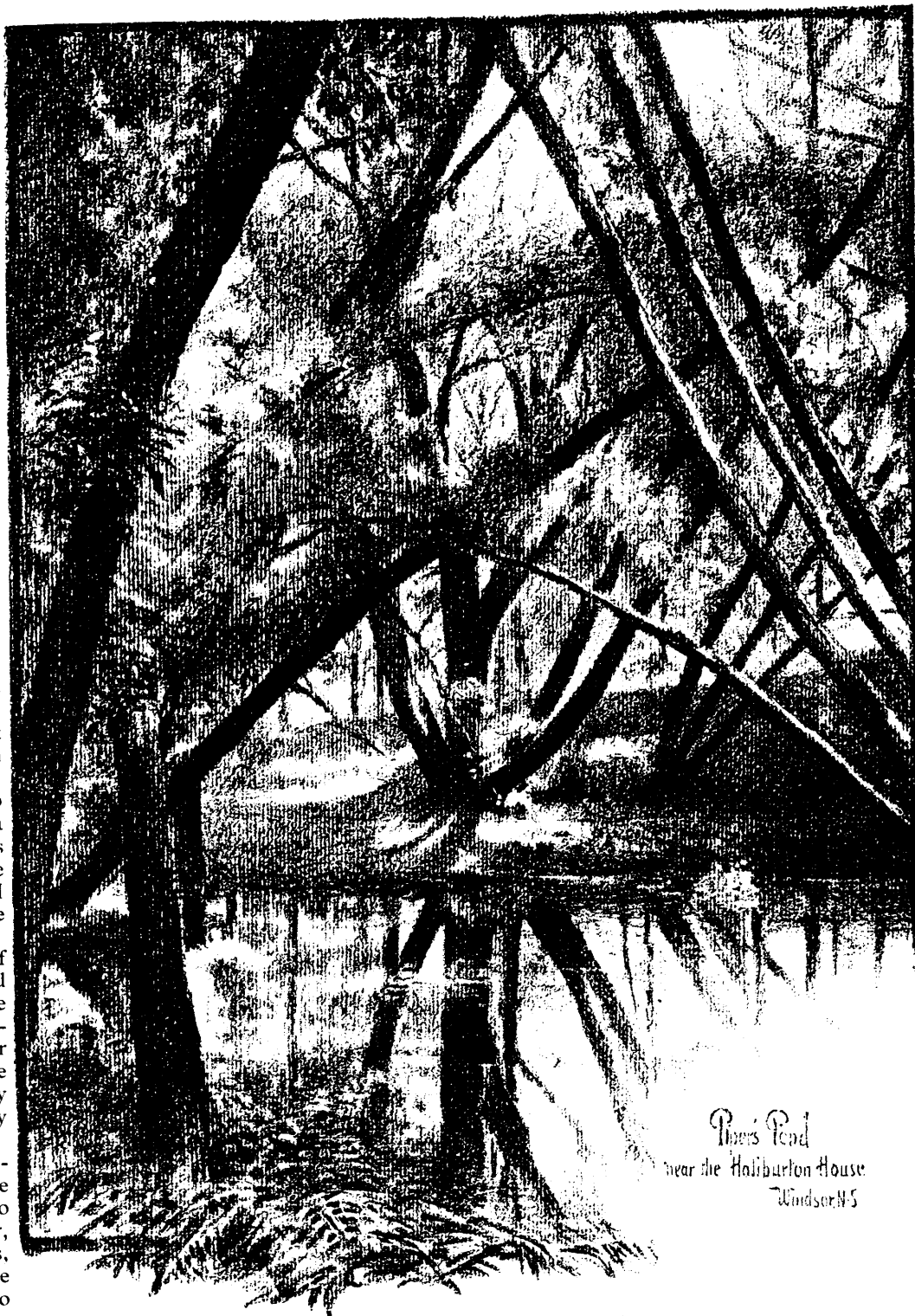
At last I ventured to heave the sleigh over. I emerged into the light with both pistols loaded. I clambered over a heap of carcasses and looked around to see if there were any enemies remaining to be reckoned with.

There was only one living thing in sight. A most remarkable looking beast was coming towards me, whining and cringing, like a dog called back by his master to be chastised. His stomach literally swept the ground, but this was not strange, for his department of the interior was swollen like the paunch of an alderman. He was the very wolf now in my possession, though no one could have recognized him as the same animal,—he was so stuffed and looked so nervous and guilty. As his mien was conciliatory, and I knew he could not possibly eat any more meat just then, I suffered his first fawning caresses in a puzzled sort of way.

He meant to express how indebted he felt to me for kindly leaving him alive and only firing a warning shot at him when I was slaying all his tribe. He wished also to show his gratitude to me for providing him with so hearty a repast. I regret that he still says his grace after meat in the same ungraceful, if expressive, way.

He was, moreover, the last cowed survivor of an extinct pack, and he always personally preferred eating to fighting; and now, in this supreme moment, he was fain to stoop to the most unconventional and domestic dog-like methods in order to conciliate so terrible an enemy and to secure the patronage of so liberal a caterer. I need not say that I responded magnanimously to his friendly advances.

He has been my faithful and obedient dependent ever since, and I have always found him quite good-tempered and intelligent. Indeed he ate so much wolf on the occasion of our first meeting, and tried the taste of so many of his comrades, that he always smiles slyly when he hears 'The Yarn of the Nancy Bell.' And when you come to the refrain :—



"I emerged into the light, with both pistols loaded,"

'O, I am a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig !'

he sometimes loses all sense of decorum and slopes away, shaking his sides and, I am sorry to say, licking his chops also."

"Oh, what a whopper!" laughed the boy.

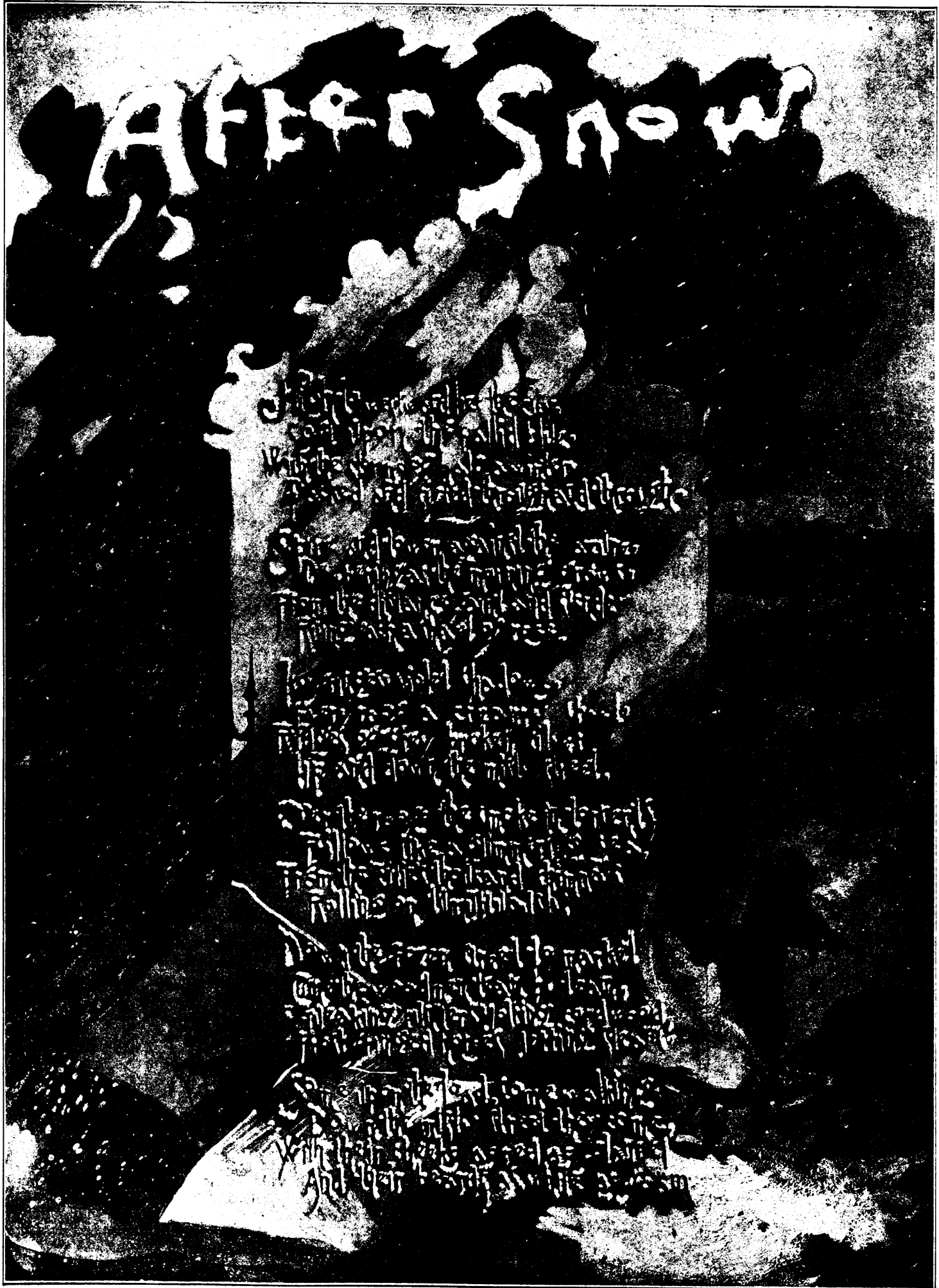
"You may also notice," continued the Major, "that he never barks, as dogs do, at a peddler carrying his pack. This is, most likely, because on a certain memorable occasion he himself carried a large portion of his own pack."

"Oh! uncle," said Bill, "this is really atrocious!"

"You haven't told us how you got back through the snow," said Bob.

"Why, on my feet, of course! Did you fancy I would travel (in Hood's parlance) upon my feat of arms? Or did you suppose my horses would have returned to demand my bones from the wolves? The nearest ranch proved to be within twenty miles, and I reached it before midnight, safe but dead-tired. Happily no more snow fell, and with two loaded revolvers and a Winchester, and a tamed wolf of strange and formidable proportions, I was not much afraid of being attacked by man or beast upon the way."

J. Blake Crofton





"Googin's Ghost."

CHAPTER I.

"GOOGIN" was dead!

There could be no doubt about it. At all events, no reasonable doubt; for the Doctor had so pronounced him—and, if a doctor does not know when a man is dead, who shall decide the question.

In "Googin's" case, it is true, a young doctor had been called in. A young doctor, as we all know, is liable to be woefully mistaken about the state of his patients—apt to diagnose wrongly, even despite most pronounced symptoms. Therefore, in this instance—but, no matter. Having the facts, the reader can put them together and draw his own conclusions.

It may be that in a simple matter of this kind the majority of us will be willing to let the doctor's opinion stand. But, of course, that does not affect the principle upon which the universal distrust of the young practitioner is based. "The atrocious crime" will still continue to be charged up against him, *nem. con.* Medallist he may be, with all the theoretical equipment possible and all the zeal and devotion to his calling imaginable, the medical man, if he be

"In the morn and liquid dew of youth,"

has to meet this charge—he must answer to this unanswerable bill of indictment. Only when he comes before us with hair duly silvered—or better still, gone—can he expect himself to be entitled to our calm and unshaken confidence in his acquirements and his professional judgment.

Young Dr. Karl Krauss, the medical authority *in re* the announcement of "Googin's" demise, had no such passport to public confidence. His hair was blonde and thick and obstinately curly, without the suspicion of grey, or giving sign of any probable depilatory inroad in the immediate future. He could not conceal his youth any more than he could reduce his great height and muscular frame. "I am young," he would frankly admit, "but if I live I guess I shall grow over it." And the people had no alternative but to wait and make the best of it meantime.

The young doctor passes a hand along the stiffened limbs of the motionless figure. "He has been dead for several hours," he says, "for *rigor mortis* has set in. See?"

But no one seemed disposed to verify the statement by feeling the body.

"I guess the Doc.'s about right." It is Butcher Bickle who speaks, and he proceeds to turn down his shirt-sleeves, an invariable preliminary to beginning a controversy or delivering himself with positiveness and at some length. "But yet," he adds, with quiet deliberation, "it 'pears most impossible to b'lieve the old man's gone. It don't seem nat'ral to think uv the Kunnel ez bein' dead, do it, neighbours?"

There is eloquent silence on the part of the neighbours. "Course we ain't expected to dispute our doctor's word, more 'specially one ez is tryin' to airn our good opinion by doin' his level best—that is, for one so young, 'en a new beginner in business. But look at that there corpus—ef it *is* a corpus—'en say if you ever see ennything look more like a pusson takin' a quiet snooze."

There did seem to be some foundation for Mr. Bickle's entertainment of dubiousness. The great, gaunt frame in the big arm-chair, with feet outstretched towards the fireplace, in which still blazed a huge log, looked natural enough

The massive head, covered with heavy, long locks of steel-grey hair, lay forward on the broad breast, which one could almost believe was quietly heaving in the regular course of deep slumber. The stern-set features bore no unwonted pallor. The great sinewy hands lay easily enough one each on the arms of the big chair.

"Say, Doc., kin the man r'ally be dead? Blame a lamb's last bleat, but I don't seem able to get it sensed into me!"

Butcher Bickle turns his gaze from the inert figure in the arm-chair to the young physician, who stands, with one hand on the old-fashioned mantel, looking reflectively into the coals beneath. The latter faces his interlocutor and says rather absently: "Dead? Ah, yes! Quite so." Then, recovering his wonted alertness and quiet self-possession, he adds, with just the faintest sarcasm: "When you are as dead as he, Bickle, we can all safely conclude you will never hear another lamb's last bleat."

"Must 'a come onto him rather sudden, Doc?"

"Aye. Just as one would fall asleep."

"Heart d'sease?"

"So we may call it, Bickle. The failure of the heart's action."

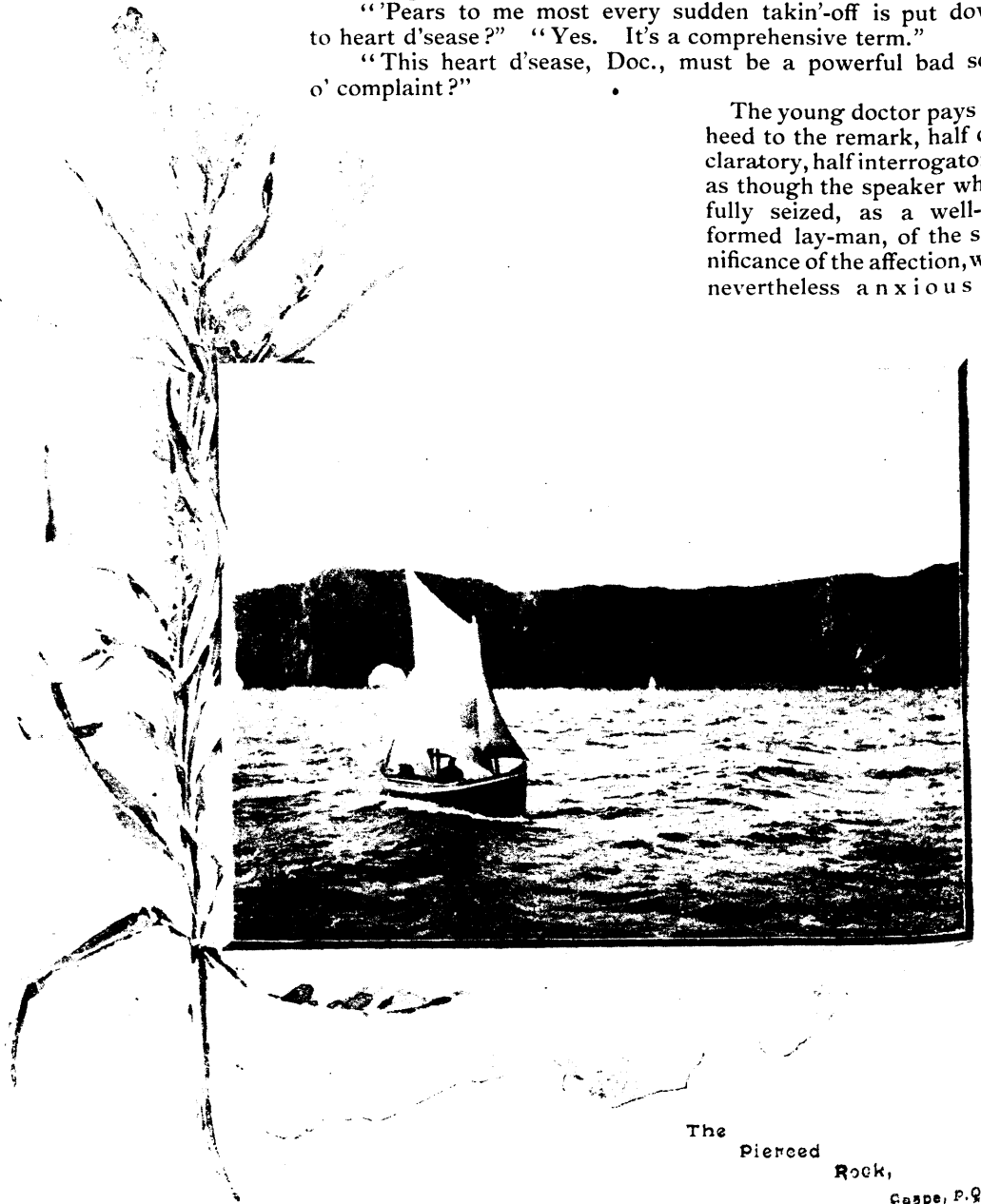
"Like a watch stoppin'?"

"A good illustration."

"'Pears to me most every sudden takin'-off is put down to heart d'sease?" "Yes. It's a comprehensive term."

"This heart d'sease, Doc., must be a powerful bad sort o' complaint?"

The young doctor pays no heed to the remark, half declaratory, half interrogatory, as though the speaker while fully seized, as a well-informed lay-man, of the significance of the affection, was nevertheless anxious to



The Pierced Rock,

draw out professional opinion on the subject, not merely forself-elucidation but also for the enlightenment of the company. The truth is, Harry Bickle is in one of his disputatious moods, and ready to discuss powerfully any subject—from the creation of the universe to cattle raising.

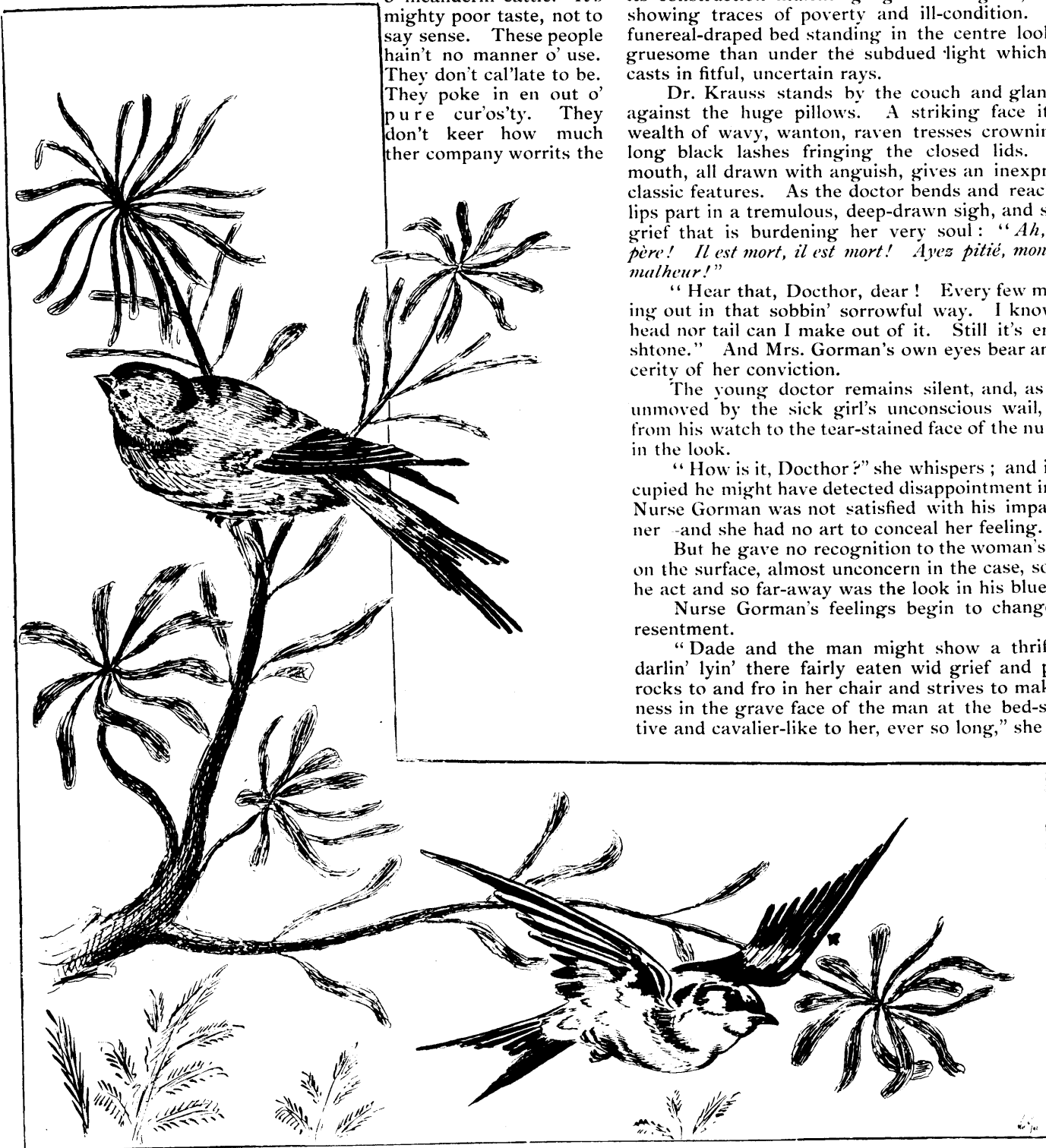
"Say, Doc.," he proceeds, "my idea of this stroke business is that it takes a man all of a heap and lays him out like a lightnin' flash. Now, it ain't like fellin' a beast, for when you fetch your beast a clip o' the sledge there's more er less pain en kickin', 'cording ez you hit him fair en hard; whereas, in a stroke a feller jest drops like —"

"See, here, Bickle!" Dr. Krauss directs a pair of dark-blue, expressive eyes on the loquacious butcher, and the glance is full of meaning and power combined. "I think we may postpone this—er—debate—for the present. The circumstances and surroundings scarcely justify it. I fancy you will agree with me in so saying? Yes. And, another matter, Bickle. Two or three of us are enough in here just now. You might as well intimate to the rest that they will show proper feeling by withdrawing. You, Cran, as the undertaker, have a right to remain—you are needed. And, I suppose, you, Jessop, as a member of the household, claim privilege. As to you, Bickle, you esteem it a duty to lend your aid on an occasion of this kind, and I respect your inclinations. Now, to business!"

The burly butcher loses no time in carrying out the orders which left only a quartette with the dead.

"Yer right, Doc," he says, "right as right. I wish I'd had yer nerve, and I'd gin it 'em stiffer. Mercy gracious, the way idle, loafin' persons crowd a house whar a corpus lies, is a fright. Men, en women, too, et never darken yer door while ye live, en never think it wuth while knowin' ye mebbe, 'll troop inter yer home when yer dead, like a drove o' meanderin' cattle. It's mighty poor taste, not to say sense. These people hain't no manner o' use. They don't cal'late to be. They poke in en out o' pure cur'os'ty. They don't keer how much ther company worrits the

o' meanderin' cattle. It's mighty poor taste, not to say sense. These people hain't no manner o' use. They don't cal'late to be. They poke in en out o' pure cur'os'ty. They don't keer how much ther company worrits the



poor family. Sech mean monkeyin' ought to be agin the law, with a big fine to meet partic'lar cases. Blame a lamb's last bleat, but it shed."

Giving some directions to each of the three men, Dr. Krauss dons overcoat and furs and passes out into the great gloomy hall.

A door opens and a fresh-looking matronly face peers out.

"Docthor, dear, is it you?" Mrs. Gorman need scarcely have asked the question, for the tall, massively-built figure of the young physician was before her very eyes as she spoke. He does not deem it necessary to formally establish his identity to the woman, but simply says: "Well, nurse, and how is it with the patient now?"

"She'd hardly taken the dhraught till she dhropped asleep—the Lord be praised!"

"Good!" he says. "She needs it. Give her the other powders, one on each awakening. We must keep her quiet. Poor girl!" he adds, to himself.

"Aye, indeed!" sighs the kind faced woman, accepting the words and tones as inviting reciprocal expression of feeling. "Poor gairl! Alone in the world is she to-day. And it's myself that well knows how ill able she is to go out and do battle wid it. God help her! While he lived she had a home, such as it was, and in troth it was mane enough. But now, that he is gone, sure the Lord Himself knows what'll become of the child! Docthor, dear, will ye have another look at her?"

He hesitates. "No—and yet—"

Mrs. Gorman leads the way into the great, darkened room and softly raises a blind, through which a gleam of December sun steals, as though afraid to venture its golden presence within the gloomy chamber. The light reveals a sombre-hued, shabbily furnished apartment, everything in its construction indicating age and neglect, and all its appointments showing traces of poverty and ill-condition. The tall, old-fashioned, funereal-draped bed standing in the centre looks even more gaunt and gruesome than under the subdued light which the flickering fire-place casts in fitful, uncertain rays.

Dr. Krauss stands by the couch and glances at the face outlined against the huge pillows. A striking face it is—olive-hued, with a wealth of wavy, wanton, raven tresses crowning the shapely head, and long black lashes fringing the closed lids. The tender, red-lipped mouth, all drawn with anguish, gives an inexpressively pitiful air to the classic features. As the doctor bends and reaches to feel the pulse, the lips part in a tremulous, deep-drawn sigh, and she voices in delirium the grief that is burdening her very soul: "*Ah, mon père! Mon pauvre père! Il est mort, il est mort! Ayez pitié, mon Dieu, en un si grand un malheur!*"

"Hear that, Docthor, dear! Every few minutes she does be breaking out in that sobbin' sorrowful way. I know it's Frinch, but neither head nor tail can I make out of it. Still it's enough to milt a heart o' shtone." And Mrs. Gorman's own eyes bear ample testimony to the sincerity of her conviction.

The young doctor remains silent, and, as though to show himself unmoved by the sick girl's unconscious wail, he slowly raises his eyes from his watch to the tear-stained face of the nurse, who can read nothing in the look.

"How is it, Docthor?" she whispers; and if he had been less preoccupied he might have detected disappointment in the tone of the enquiry. Nurse Gorman was not satisfied with his impassive face and cold manner—and she had no art to conceal her feeling.

But he gave no recognition to the woman's altered air. He showed, on the surface, almost unconcern in the case, so quietly and so coolly did he act and so far-away was the look in his blue eyes.

Nurse Gorman's feelings begin to change from disappointment to resentment.

"Dade and the man might show a thrifle o' heartt over the poor darlin' lyin' there fairly eaten wid grief and pain," she mutters, as she rocks to and fro in her chair and strives to make out a touch of tenderness in the grave face of the man at the bed-side. "And him so attentive and cavalier-like to her, ever so long," she adds. "Shure haven't I

thought he'd laid siege to me poor gairl's love, and won it, too! And to think that now whin —"

He lays a hand gently on the hot brow and softly turns aside the stray curls. That one act disarms Mrs. Gorman, and all her resentment vanishes in a moment.

The sick girl grasps the hand and murmurs: "*Oui, mon père. Je vous aime! Votre petite Adèle je suis toujours— toujours! Est-ce que je sais combien vous*

m'aimez? Ah, ciel! C'est—plus que je comprends!" "There it is again, Docthor!" exclaims the nurse, in a broken voice. "What does she be sayin'?"

He lifts a hand in deprecating gesture, and, with gaze still intently fixed on the patient, mutters to himself: "*Es ist der Vater mit seinem kinde.*" Then suddenly turning to the woman, he says in natural tone: "She dreams her father is with her and talking of his great love for her."

"Ah, yis," the nurse exclaims, bitterly. "*His* great love for *her*, in-dade! Troth, I'd believe it existed if I'd seen more of it. Handsome is that handsome does, Docthor dear. A father who r'ally loved his child would be afther showin' it more than did the masher for my poor bawn. Shure, he made her poor—he kept her poor—and now he's left her poor. What undher Heaven is goin' to become —"

"Mrs. Gorman!" interrupts the doctor, paying no attention to the outburst, "the young lady is very ill. Doctor's medicine cannot well reach the source of her malady. The healing must come from within more than from without."

"And from Above, Docthor," the woman piously interjects.

"I suppose so, Mrs. Gorman. But Providence helps those who help themselves. Unremitting care and kindly ministrations are what our patient chiefly needs just now. We

must secure absolute seclusion and quiet for her. Make arrangements for a long and weary time of it, Mrs. Gorman."

"What's that, Docthor? Do you mane —"

"I mean," he interposes, shortly, "that your charge has a severe attack of brain fever, the upshot of intense grief and anxiety, I should say. It may be weeks—it may be —" he pauses, and his tone of almost insistence softens as he adds: "But, see here, Mrs. Gorman, you are an experienced enough nurse to know that in a trouble of this nature we want rest, quiet, sleep—aye, oblivion. Now, you take the best possible care of our sick one, and I'll do my part. As for the—the other arrangements"—he indicates the direction from which he has come—"I'll attend to them all. No need to delay the funeral. It will take place to-morrow—the sooner the better, considering what demands our attention here."

"And about her—when she wakens? It'll break her heart—if it's not broke already—whin she wakes and—and finds him—gone!"

"She won't waken to know anythink, nurse, for many a long day. The fever must run its course. She has youth and strength. But—she has had trouble."

"Throuble, is it? That she has," Mrs. Gorman exclaims, lowering her apron from her face. "What wid that wild-man father o' hers and his crazy fits, to say nothin' of her bein' poor and ill-kept, and shut up in this ould ramshackle, and denied the commonest pleasures ivery young gairl needs to make her thrive, it's a wonder the poor darlin' didn't give out before *he* did. The masher was a could-hearted, cruel man—I *will* say it!—and it's a heap o' sins he'll answer for on account of this unfortunat gairl, who might have been —!"

"Hush, woman!"

Mrs. Gorman drops the knitting she has taken up, and her lower jaw at the same time. The words are unexpected and the voice is strangely husky and unnatural. She stares in blank amazement at the young doctor.

"Pardon me, nurse," he continues, in a gentle tone, "but it does not become us to talk thus of the dead—and of the living," he adds inwardly. His face is strangely set, and the look he turns on the woman seems one rather of grief and reproach than of anger. "We must not forget," he goes on, "that however hard, or unlovable, or eccentric, he was nevertheless a gentleman born and bred, a soldier, a scholar, a —. But, no matter. Do not let us judge him as the outside world did. Who knows what he was at heart?"

But Mrs. Gorman is not to be conciliated so easily. Her hidden feelings are roused. "I know this much, so I do, and that is that no man who r'ally wanted to act the thrue father to a tendher, beautiful, young and motherless gairl —"

"Well, well, Mrs. Gorman," the doctor breaks in, with his hand on the door-knob, "for her sake let it drop. Now, good-day, and, like the whole-souled, good-natured woman you are, do your duty, as you ever do. The dark days will soon be over." He passes out of the room, through the ponderous old porch, down the ruined steps, and into the sunlight of the glorious winter day.

"*Ach, die Welt is so schön!*" he exclaims, looking around at the lovely landscape, the sun glinting and glistening on snow-shrouded objects all about, while the crisp, keen air lends vigour to body and exhilaration to mind in the contemplation of the scene. "And yet," he sighs, there is rain in the heart and storm in the brain. My soul looks forth *durch Regen und Wind!* She was mine. I should have claimed her before. Must I lose her now? *Gott im Himmel, nein!*"

He has passed down the ill-kept path to the great gate at the road, when a sudden thought strikes him. "*Ja, es ist besser!*" he mutters. "*Aber wo ist der Hund?*" He gives a low whistle, and the next instant a huge stag-hound comes into view from the farther corner of the old house, and, at sight of him, bounds eagerly forward and leaps up on him with every manifestation of delight.

"*Ach, Fritz, guter Hund!*" the young doctor says, patting the huge brute affectionately. "*Kom mit mir!*" And the sagacious brute follows him at heel. "Thy mistress, Fritz, lies within, sick unto death. Thou comest with me till she is better. Eh, dog?"

The tail-wag of the big hound is answer, at once dignified and sufficient, that Fritz has not forgotten the language of Vaterland, and further that he is more than pleased to change quarters and companions—for the time.

CHAPTER II.

"Googin" is dead—and buried, now. Butcher Bickle's misgivings on the matter of the dissolution have been set at rest by the interment.

"When I see a corpus laid out," he says, "see for myself en help at the job, en then see it planted deep into the cold airth—why, en course, that settles it. That corpus, I say, is right dead en no mistake. I 'low I *was* doubtful o' Googin—first, cos it seemed so mighty onusual to hev him turn up en kink, en second cos we unly had the young doc.'s word to go on. But I give in right now. Thar hain't no use'n a man holdin' out cranky en obstinate, like a buckin' steer. Blame a lamb's last bleat'ef thar be!"

Mr. Bickles slowly rolls down his sleeves and prepares for a post prandial harangue. "I guess I've knowed Kernel Googin's long en 's well 's enny man in this yer shop o' mine," looking from one to another of the half dozen loungers.

"Better'n enny o' ye," he continues, noting no sign of dissent. "In fact, I reckon I *may* say," he proceeds, emboldened by the silent acquiescence, "better'n enny other man in the village—'ceptin', maybe, Hiram Jessop thar, who, livin' at the Pines, ought to



be expected to know the old man en his ways sorter fairly." Mr. Bickle looked straight at the person referred to—an ill-favoured Cassius type of man—uncertain whether even *he* would care to dispute supremacy with him in the matter of intimate acquaintance with the deceased.

But Hiram Jessop was not of those in whom Butcher Bickle's utterances, whether assertive or speculative, inspired admiration and awe. He cared nothing whether what he said to or about that important personage detracted from his native dignity or impaired his public usefulness. As a matter of fact, Mr. Jessop's walk and talk were not characterized by anybody's opinions or feelings. On this occasion in particular he recognized no reason why he should concede what appeared, with himself in the question, to be a debatable claim, so he growled hoarsely: "Yes, I guess you'd better rule me out of the race, Harry. I've worked at the Pines almost since the Colonel struck the ranch—some twelve years—and I've had great chances to drop onto the old man's game. I wasn't no pardner of his. Oh, no! Frenchy never made no chum of me, his hired man! Hired man—ha! ha! ha! Mr. Jessop utters a hoarse laugh as he repeats the words, while his evil-looking face takes on a grin betokening at once the cruelty, cunning and treachery of his nature. "Excuse my smile, gentlemen, but 'hired man' is good! Why, I seen the day I could have bought and sold a whole camp of such chaps—with all his money; aye, by Heaven, with——. But, pshaw! What am I dealing?"

Mr. Jessop appears to have let his feelings somewhat overcome him for a moment. He pauses, looks furtively around the group, and then proceeds, with a forced laugh: "I guess I could do it now, and so could any gentleman in the room. 'All his money,' did I say? Frenchy died without a nickel, beyond what'll bury him and perhaps send the girl off somewhere. You hear me?"

"I ruther think we did yar ye," Butcher Bickle observes drily. "En I reckon it beats most of us to und'stand what's wrong o' ye. Who said Googin wasn't poorer'n a sick calf when he went? Does enny feller in my presence b'lieve the Kernel left his pile?"

"Wall, I dunno," remarks an old man on the meat-block, "but I shedn't be s'prised ef the Kernel war a miser en left a heap o' money hid away some-whars!"

"Then it's an infernal fake, and you're a cursed old fool to cotton to it!" roars Mr. Jessop, bringing his fist down on the counter with a tremendous bang. "I tell you old Googin croaked dead broke—died as he lived, poorer than a beggar; and the man who says he left stuff behind him is a liar and a fool!"

Butcher Bickles raises a huge hand in indignant protest. "Hiram Jessop," he says, sternly, "I don't want no sech style o' debate en no sich manner o' langwiche in this yer shop. Ey you can't be f'ar en proper like in a quiet little talk, we'll be thankful t' git on 'thout yer company. No offence, but I mean it, good en straight. Blame a lamb's last bleat ef I don't!"

"All right, Harry, all right!" Jessop hastens to declare. "Let the play go on—I'm not in it. You can't blame me for being bitter on the whole Googin business, when you know all I've had to stand choring for twelve years for the old duffer!"

"He paid ye wages?"

"Starvation!"

"But yet he paid 'em. En 'twas what was 'greed?"

"I took them, at any rate."

"Ef ye warn't satisfied, why did ye stay?"

"That's none of your d——"

"Steady, now, Hiram Jessop! Call off yer collie, or——" And the burly butcher takes a step towards Jessop in a menacing way.

"Oh, come off, Harry," grows the man in subdued and expostulatory tones.

"I don't mean to give ye guff. If you'll only let me say what I want to, in my own lingo, there won't be no cause to scrap. Hear me. I never had no love for Googin. He worked me like a slave, he used me like a dog. I never got a word from him that wasn't a command. He was a hard man. I knew him right from cut to rake-off, and he was simply a dead terror. Any harm in me giving you all this?"

Somewhat mollified by the other's change of air and apologetic words, Mr. Bickle condescends to observe:—"You hed the chances, Hiram, to study up the Kernel, I've improved 'em a heap ahead o' ye. I see him laugh en crack a joke en talk sociable 'long o' me. I never found him no mis'ble slave-driver like you make him out. He war cranky en cross, now'n then, en fond o' talkin' sarcasm. But *that* don't go to prove him mean en or'nary, enny more'n it makes him out to be kind en amiable. Remember once he said to me: 'Bickle,

men is wolves—human wolves—with the same instincts and actions towards thar fellers, as each hungry animile in the pack has to-wards th' others. Men—he says—feeds en fattens like wolves en cultures on the weak en wounded 't fall by the wayside!' I said: 'Wall, Kunnel, not wishin' to be contrary with a good customer'n gentleman you bin outen the world more'n me en see a pile more'n ever I hope to. But, all same, what little I know o' my feller-critters don't seem exactly to p'int to 'em as bein' right down howlin' wolves though I *will* say lots of 'em is mean, hungry en low 'nuff to need keepin' out o' the road of.' 'Thar it is, Bickle,' sez the Kernel, 'mean, hungry en low 'nuff to keep away from! Yes, yes. You hain't had my experience, but ye got the notion o' the thing. Study it out, en some day mebbe you'll fall in along o' my idee on the subject.' The Kernel war soured on somebody, fur a fact!"

"Count in the whole table, Harry!" Jessop ventures, gruffly. "He hadn't a good word for any man in the gulch in the world!"

"We'd jest as lief count you outen this gatherin', *Mister* 'Hi' Jessop!" thunders the butcher, enraged at the interruption. "Yer too cussed uncharitable en vulgar for enny company o' gentlemen. Und'stand?"

"Cert. I take it up. I ain't at home here, anyhow. You people are all too truly good for me. But say, before I slide, listen to me. If Googin didn't leave anything behind him but a tough memory, there's a trifle he promised one day in my hearing to send back after he had toed-up. And that was, gentlemen of the jury, *his ghost!* Ha! ha! ha! I'm giving it to you straight, gentlemen. And blister me if I don't hope the old coon'll be able to keep his promise and haunt some of the infernal jacks that are blathering soft-hearted mush and gush about him!"

Saying which Mr. Jessop strode out of the shop, closing the door with a vicious slam.

"Blame a lamb's last bleat!" Butcher Bickle gasps, "I never knowed Hi Jessop war such an ugly customer!"

CHAPTER III.

THE PATIENT AT THE PINES!

"She has 'pulled through.'" But it has been a hard struggle of four weeks' duration, and she finishes—to have further recourse to the vernacular—in uncommonly "poor form." Still, she lives passively; moves—with difficulty, and has her being, in uncertain and unsatisfying degree. The one pronounced and gratifying feature in her condition is that her appetite is resuming sway.

"She wants to ate far more than you allow, Docthor, dear!" Mrs. Gorman declares with mock severity.

"And I'm afraid, nurse, you are *particeps criminis* in the unsanctioned gratification of her *gout*," observes the doctor in a tone whose gravity the laughing eyes seem to belie.

"He means, nurse dear," explains the patient in a weak voice and with feeble attempt to smile, as she notes the puzzled look on her attendant's face, "that you are a party to my disobedience in diet. And I am afraid she is. I have scarcely to think about a delicacy before here it is beside me and nurse urging me to enjoy it."

"Indade, Docthor," Mrs. Gorman essays to protest, "ye're not fair; nor for that matter is Miss Adèle. Shure it's more than this bawn I've nursed through a long illness, and I've never before had a wurrd at all o' complain from docthor or patient about disobeyin' ordhers. Is it overatin' yet accuse me o' favorin'?" Arrah, thin, ye don't know me sentiments on that same thing. Overatin', well or sick, I've preached against this thirty years. I hould that if all of us were more careful what and how much we put into our shtomachs, there'd be less call for docthors.

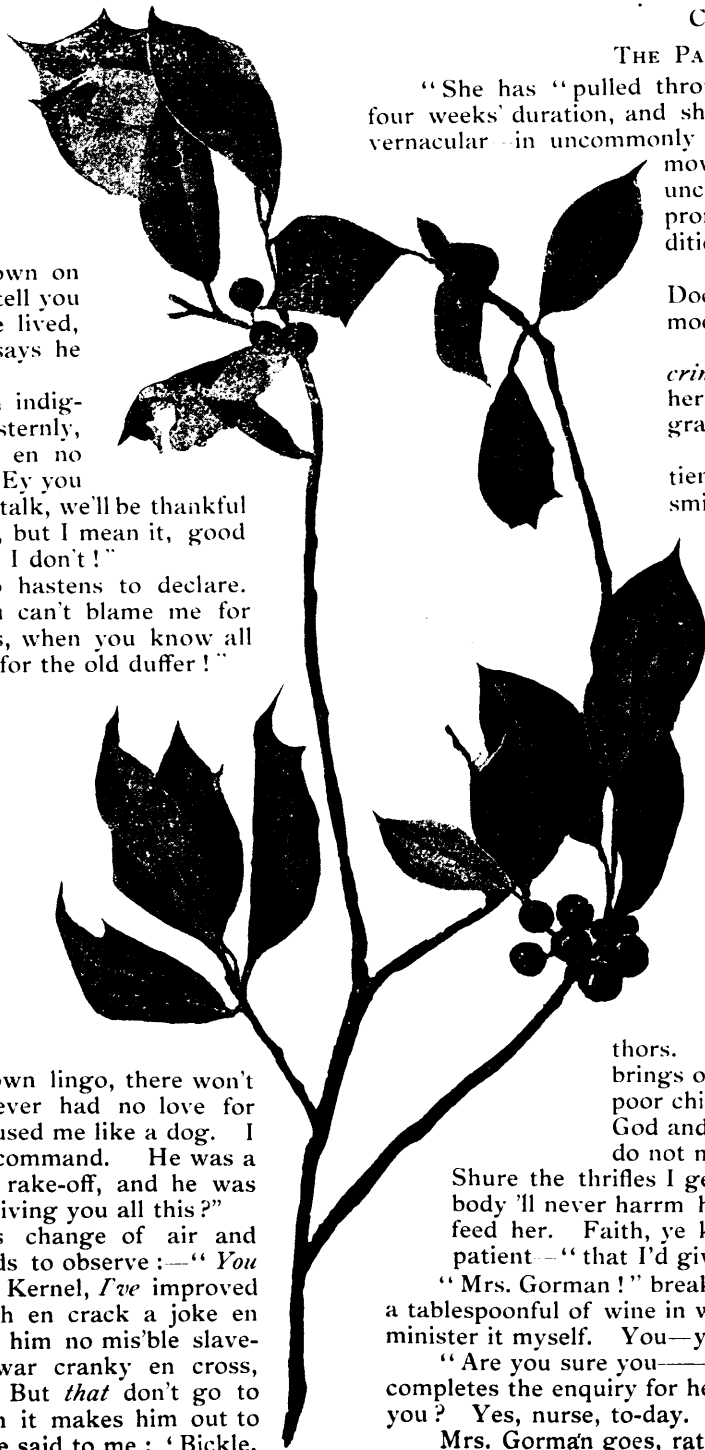
It's the carnal nature in us, Docthor, that brings on most o' the ills o' life. But spakin' o' this poor child, snatched from Death's jaw by the grace of God and the efforts of your own devoted self, I r'ally do not mane to lether ate herself back into a relapse.

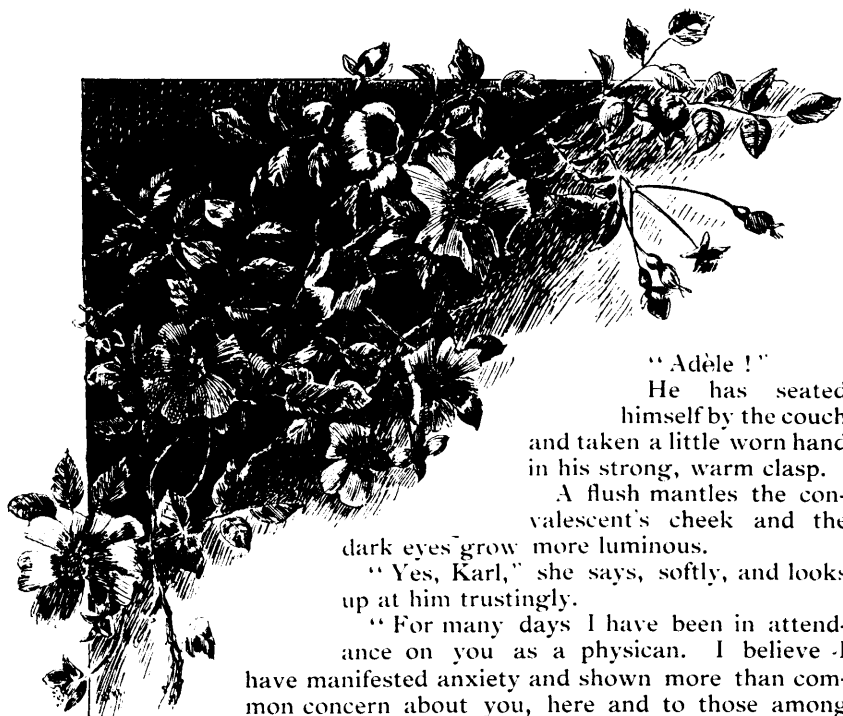
Shure the thrifles I get to keep the breath o' life in her poor, worn body 'll never harm her, if she will only let me say 'whin!' as I feed her. Faith, ye know, darlin'—turning a loving look on the patient—"that I'd give me life's blood to——"

"Mrs. Gorman!" breaks in the doctor, abruptly, "I'll trouble you for a tablespoonful of wine in which to mix this powder. There! I'll administer it myself. You—yes, you may go out for half-an hour's airing."

"Are you sure you——" she begins, dubiously, and he laughingly completes the enquiry for her: "that I can manage that long without you? Yes, nurse, to-day. Hurry, now, and go!"

Mrs. Gorman goes, rather reluctantly and not hurriedly.





"Adèle!"

He has seated himself by the couch and taken a little worn hand in his strong, warm clasp.

A flush mantles the convalescent's cheek and the dark eyes grow more luminous.

"Yes, Karl," she says, softly, and looks up at him trustingly.

"For many days I have been in attendance on you as a physician. I believe I have manifested anxiety and shown more than common concern about you, here and to those among whom I have gone in and out in my work. But I solemnly declare that to no one have I appeared in the dual rôle of your doctor and your lover."

The roseate flush deepens on the olive cheeks and the big eyes are suddenly suffused, but only to beam the next instant with intensified love and trust.

"Your life and your reason were in the balance," he proceeds. "So great was the issue I resolved to shut out from my breast every tender sentiment, every natural instinct, every human feeling that would not subordinate itself to the one great, all-absorbing ambition to save that life and preserve that reason. I concentrated my very soul in the task—my fullest knowledge—my keenest intellect—my best physical powers—all were wholly surrendered to the effort. I have caused myself—God knows with what a struggle—to forget what you were—to me. I have realized only that a life, young and precious and full of bright promise, was assigned to me, under Providence, to save. *Gott ist gut*. I have fought the fight and won!"

She looks up at him with a smile of ineffable sweetness and grateful resignation.

"And now"—the grasp on the little hand tightens and the voice takes a higher range and a jubilant ring—"may I not claim my reward? You forbade me press my suit while your father lived. I obeyed. He has gone, and the self-imposed claim of your undivided love and care, which for so long you have held sacred, no more binds you to a life of loneliness and seclusion. Adèle, I want you—now! I would take you hence and make your path—ah, how much of rain has fallen upon it!—all sunshine and flowers. You promise—I shall patiently wait its fulfilment—only give it to me to-day—here!"

For answer, the other little waxen hand stretches out, and both nestle in his big palm.

He kisses one—he kisses the other—and then, bending over the curlcrowned head he touches the brow with his lips and softly says: "*Liebe!*"

CHAPTER IV.

"Say, Doc., it's true, true ez holy Scripture. I see it myself!"

Butcher Bickles, labouring under some species of undue excitement, accosts Dr. Krauss, who is on his way to the Pines. Mr. Bickle's customary deliberate down-turning of shirt-sleeves has given place to a hasty, nervous movement, altogether surprising in one of his temperament.

"Why, why, Bickle, the Doctor exclaims, "what is wrong? You seem all of a fluster."

"Kim inside, Doc., kim into the shop! All of a fluster, eh?" Mr. Bickle pants. "I ruther reckon I am. I've simply bin in a all-fired stew since 'leven o'clock last night, when I see—the—the—ghost!"

"The what?" And Dr. Krauss's usually grave face relaxes into a pronounced smile.

"The spook, Doc.—the ghost—*Googin's ghost!* I seen it, as I live en am a honest, sober, truthful man!"

Mr. Bickle is unquestionably in earnest, for he is actually unable to button the left wrist-band.

"Nonsense, man!"

"Jest what I said when Slim Hooker told me he'd seen the thing. But it hain't no nonsense, Doc.! It's straight, dead-level bizness. Countin' me, this makes five as has seen *Googin's ghost*. Blame a lamb's last bleat, but it makes a feller's skin git goosey!"

Then the burly butcher tells how, when returning from a cattle-buying trip, he is suddenly confronted on the road near The Pines, by

an apparition which, he is ready to go before the magistrate and make solemn declaration, was the departed spirit of the late master of that gloomy retreat. "Same clo'es—same kind o' walk—same ga'nt figger—the deadspit o' the Kernel, or my name's Annernias!"

Dr. Krauss, leaving the butcher in an advanced stage of mental fermentation, with the assurance—all unavailing, though, to shake Mr. Bickle's conviction to the contrary—that what he had seen was no supernatural thing but only a bare tree or a tall stump, proceeds cheerily on his way.

His patient is rapidly recovering health and strength, and the young physician, each time he sees her, adds another wing, or tower, or turret, to his castle—the castle that looms up with more and more clearness and promise as the days of his probation flit by.

Mrs. Gorman meets him in the hall-way and with mysterious gesture calls him to one side.

"I want to spake to ye about that man Jessop," she whispers. "I've never liked the creature, and, faix, there's no love lost between us for the matter o' that. But since the masher died, I've rayson to fear he's up to no good, prowlin' around the place at all hours night and day. Didn't I tell ye about findin' him in the masher's room, rummagin' at the desk, a fortnight ago? Then I should have. The man is a snake, I do believe. It's plottin' mischief he is these days, and the sooner we send him to *Dungledy-coach*, which is nayther here nor there, the safer it'll be for us. Marrk my word, Doctor!"

"I quite agree with you, nurse," he says. "I don't fancy that hang-dog chap you call Jessop. But, while here, you must have a man about the place, and I will consult as to whom we shall get. And now, how is it with —"

But Mrs. Gorman does not wait to hear the rest of the enquiry. She hurries along to the door of the sick-room, throws it wide open, and declares triumphantly: "Let that be your answer, Doctor. Isn't that a surprise for ye? Doesn't she look now like her own swate self this blessed minnit?"

Nurse has her charge seated in a great arm-chair, before a cheerful hearth. The sun of a clear, beautiful mid-winter morn strikes the big window and, flooding the ample, lofty-ceilinged room, fairly transforms it with light and warmth and cheer. A pot of daisies shows its lovely flowers among the bloomless green of the plants on the wide sill. In a swinging cage a canary is essaying to recall the lost notes of his summer's song.

"Truly heartsome and health-giving," is his comment, as he takes in the surroundings. "You are to be congratulated, nurse."

He takes a transparent little hand and looks down lovingly and longingly at the girl.

"And you —" Mrs. Gorman withdraws "to see that that slip of a girl in the kitchen is makin' the broth as I told her." "You are wonderfully recuperative, *liebe!*" he says.

"How could it be otherwise," she replies, with a weak smile, "when I have such a skilful and attentive physician and such a dear, devoted nurse? But my memory—oh, I haven't any. It is a poor, painful blank. I know that papa is dead, but yet I have no real recollection of the circumstances, and I only realize my loss in a dull, unfeeling way."

"Memory will come back, dearest, with rest and the return of bodily strength. We must take you away from here—soon. You



shall not stay a day longer than can be helped. No, no!" he adds, with earnestness growing into vehemence. "These scenes must be obliterated from your memory. These long, cold, unlovely years shall not haunt you and blight your future. For the present, loved one, I do not want you to think of anything except me." He smiles and tenderly smooths the low brow.

"That won't strain me much, you think?" she asks, with a feeble attempt at old-time archness. "Are you not placing a low estimate on your importance to me?"

Then the faint smile, giving place to a look of pitiful eagerness, she lays the other hand on his arm and says pleadingly: "You mean it, Karl? To take me away? Do! I want to leave all—behind and begin my life anew. Oh, if I could but go home, home to my own sunny, southern France!"

"You shall, little one," he says, soothingly. "Have I not lived there myself? And are there not many warm hearts to welcome me back? I can there practice the profession I love better than my life, and next to you. It is settled, sweetheart.

"Our hoard is little but our hearts are great."

With love the stimulus, what can not one do and dare?"

"I think," she says, absently, "my father had a return to France in prospect—for me. He has hinted such to me at times, but only vaguely. And"—she pauses and places a hand over her eyes—"Oh, if I could only collect my thoughts!" she says, wearily. "But I cannot."

"Do not distress yourself trying to," he gently advises. "When you are stronger we shall search your father's papers. Perhaps he has committed his wishes for your future to writing. It may be he has left a will—even though there be no other treasure to make disposition of than your own—to me priceless—self. I well know that the world went ill with your father, Adèle. Why, to one of his rare genius and masterful spirit, riches and honour did not come, I have often wondered."

She looks dreamily before her, without answering. Papa was not always poor and obscure, Karl," at last she says, speaking slowly, and still gazing into space. "Once he was very wealthy and highly stationed; but trouble came—he lost all and fled. I was but a child at the time and motherless. I do not know the sad story. He never told it me. I only gather a faint idea, from chance words let drop at times, of the great loss and grief that blighted his life."

Mrs. Gorman enters, with a look of apprehension on her glowing face. "Faith," she exclaims, "if that man Jessop isn't hatchin' mischief I'm a Turk! I've just discovered him packin' his bag as if he meant to cut his shtick. It'll not be our fault if he's not thavin'!"

"Probably," laughs the Doctor, "he has a shrewd suspicion that his usefulness here is gone, and is merely anticipating the order to take himself off. I'll take care he doesn't steal anything of value, Mrs. Gorman. Indeed, you must be present when I notify him to-morrow and pay him up. We'll have him searched if he is in such a hurry to go."

"A rat deserting the sinking ship," ventures the occupant of the easy-chair, catching the doctor's facetious mood. "Jessop has not been such a favourite of ours as to imagine we are absolutely resolved on taking him away with us."

"And it's goin' to lave ye are?" Mrs. Gorman looks from one to the other in dire consternation. Who? Whin? What for? Where to? Is it—? Ah, yes. I know!" And she heaves a deep sigh. "I had me notions about it long ago. And, signs on it, here it is. Well, Docthor, dear, the darlin' is worthy of ye—or of any man alive.

It's me that has had her from a chit of a child that knows it. May an honest ould Connaught woman's blessin' rest on ye both. As for Mary Ann Gorman,—well, the world is big, and the Good Lord'll —"

"Nurse, dear," interrupts the girl, turning a reproachful glance towards the woman, "You pain me. Do you think I could ever give you up? leave you behind me? For shame! Wherever I go, there goes, too, my faithful old *bonne*—if, like 'Barkis,' she is willin'!"

"I'd follow ye to the uttermost corner of airth, alan!" And, kissing her charge's cheek, she indulges in what she appropriately designates, "a laughy-cry."

CHAPTER V.

A wild, wierd night has fallen. The mirthful moon vainly endeavours to hold sustained and jocular conversation with the glum old earth, which seems irresponsive to the occasional preliminary smile she manages to bestow through the veil of scudding snow-clouds floating and flaunting before her bright face.

Inside The Pines the invalid's room is aglow from cheerful hearth and mellow hanging-lamp. Nurse Gorman and her care are indulging in a quiet talk, sad as to the present, but hopeful of the days to come.

Suddenly the deep bay of a dog sounds out on the frosty air.

The slight figure in the great chair starts in affright.

"Saints above!" ejaculates Mrs. Gorman. "What a yowl that was! It's that murtherin' big dog o' yours, Miss Adèle, I'm thinkin'. But what an unholy noise for the baste to make! Don't shtir, darlin'!"

She goes to the window and peers out.

"'Sh!" she whispers, shrilly, as the girl utters a frightened little moan. "Be aisy, acushla? Sure, if it was Ould Nick himself comin' to throuble ye, I'd close wid him and make wigs on the green?"

"That was Fritz, I know, nurse. And he is angry. What can it ever mean?"

The furious howl of the hound once again breaks the midnight silence. Even Nurse Gorman's stout heart begins to quail at the unearthly sound.

The young girl glances at the old-fashioned clock. "Twelve, and the Doctor not here yet," she mutters, while a nervous tremor takes possession of the fragile form. "He was to bring the medicine himself, wasn't he, nurse?"

"He was that, alanna. But he said he had a long thrip to make, and it would be late before he came."

"Do you think he will come yet, nurse?"

"Do I think? Don't I know. Did he ever yet fail in his shmalest promise to us? Have patience, ma-

vourneen!"

Outside the darkness deepens. The lowering clouds portend a heavy fall. The tall pines, towering aloft around and about the old house, sway to the freshening breeze in lordly, boastful bend, as though bidding the storm come on and struggle with them to the death!

Suddenly a man emerges from the gloom of the old building, and swiftly makes his way towards the road. At the sound of approaching footsteps, crunching the crust as they traverse the frozen snow, he stops. He draws an old tattered cloak from beneath his arm and hastily envelops his gaunt form. From his pocket he pulls and old-fashioned, broad-brimmed hat and claps it on over the tight-fitting cap he wears. Then, hastily smearing his face and hands till they glow with unearthly phosphorescent light, he turns back the slide of a dark lantern he carries and mounts the low wall.

And so it comes to pass that, as Dr. Krauss rounds the winding road, there appears to him, in all its hideous, terrifying distinctness, "Googin's Ghost!"



"*Gott in Himmel, was ist das?*"

Involuntarily the exclamation escapes him. The next moment his sturdy, steel-nerved manhood asserts itself, and, with a stenorian "hold!" he strides forward to grapple with the spectre.

But the movement is anticipated.

Fritz, the massive stag-hound, is at heel. Fritz notes the apparition as quickly, and, even as his master takes the first pace, Fritz clears the distance intervening in three mighty bounds and springs upon the gruesome figure, topping it to the ground with a howl that wakes the frosty echoes far and near.

The young Doctor is quickly beside the prostrate figure, which the dog has pinned to earth and over which he utters another blood-curdling

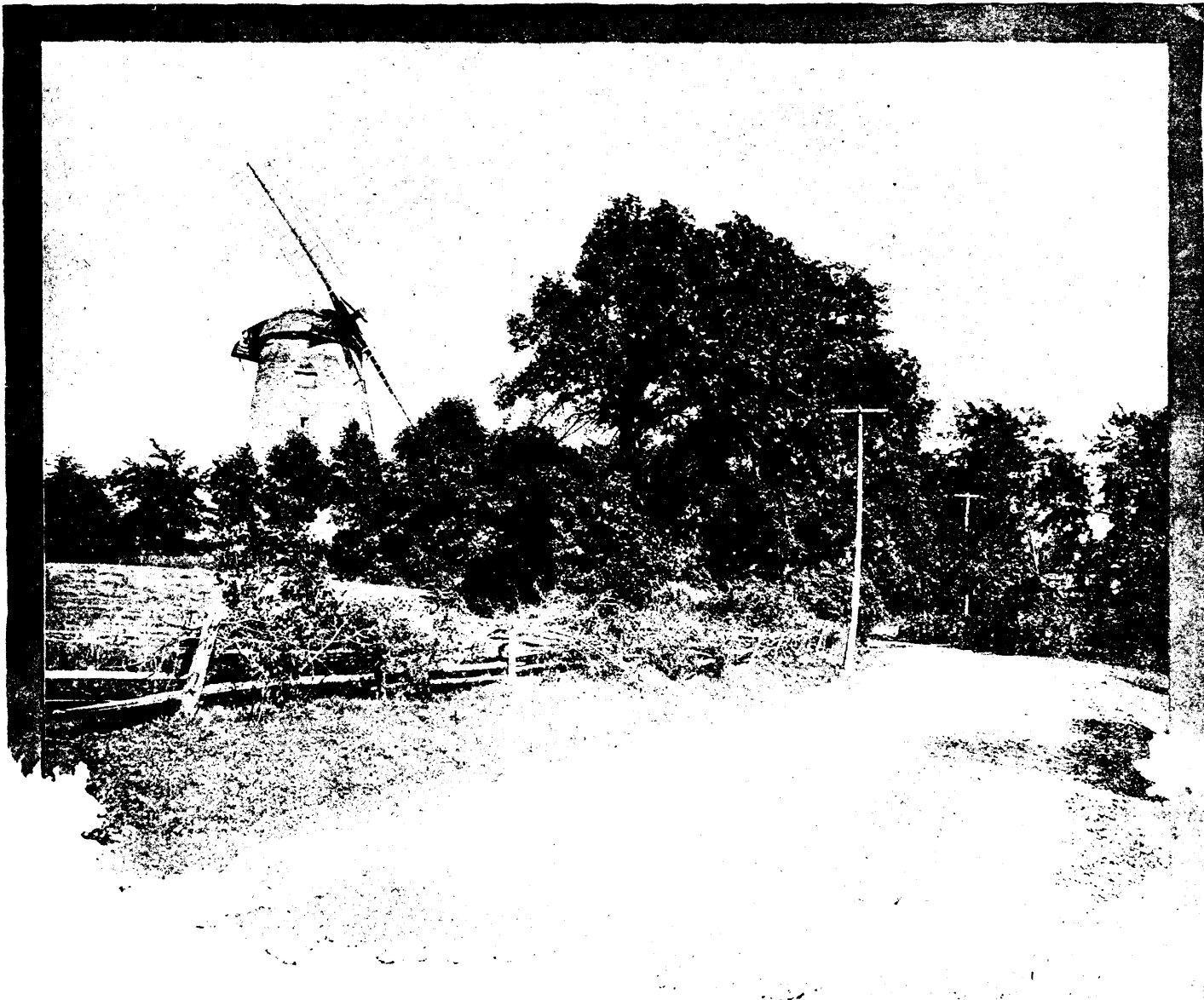
"Curse the brute!" growls a hoarse voice in a fury of mingled rage and terror. "Say!" it continues, in a louder key, "pull off your pup. You've got the drop on me. The game's yours."

pot. It's tough to let it go, but my bluff's no good and the sand is out of me."

He throws a package from beneath his coat as he speaks, and the Doctor deftly catches it.

"What is this, Jessop?"

"What is it?" the man repeats savagely. "It's what I've hunted these premises for for quite a spell. And I'd have got away with it good and solid only for wanting to get even with the gang of dough-heads and duffers down the village by playing spook. I've done the spook act once too often. Don't quite catch my drift, eh? Well, I found the old man's pile. And ——. But you got it now. I'm euchred. I played my level, but this dog here held the hand. Now, what's next? Mean to jug me for robbery?" The man asks the question with apparently reckless unconcern, although there is that in the tone that belies the bravado.



On the Queen's Highway, Near Lashine, P.Q.

"Steady, then!" enjoins the Doctor, "till I take this lantern and investigate. If you attempt to stir the dog will tear you from limb to limb."

He turns the light full on the captive ghost, and there is revealed the upturned face of—Hiram Jessop!

The ordinarily ill-favoured visage of The Pines' man-of-all-work is now distorted with anger and blanched with fear. In his hand he grasps a pistol, but the great dog holds him in such a position that he cannot use it to advantage.

"Easy, Fritz!" the Doctor says, quietly, as he stoops and removes the weapon. "Now, Jessop," he continues, grasping the ghost by the arm, "up and explain what all this midnight masquerading means! But, look you! Be on your good behaviour. The dog wants only half an excuse to be at your throat—for blood!"

The man rises to his feet cowed and sullen.

"Yes," he snarls, "I get your drift. Blast the cur—and you, too! I'd have been fixed for life if you two hadn't chipped in. Here, take the

"I guess I ought to, Jessop," the young doctor says, sternly. "You are self-confessed guilty of a very despicable as well as daring theft. Whatever there may be in this box ——"

"Oh, there's good stuff in it, and a heap, too," Jessop growlingly interjects, "and dont you forget it!"

"Whatever the contents and their value may be," the Doctor calmly proceeds, "the money is the all of a young orphan girl whose interests it was your duty to protect, as the servant of her dead father. Now, just reflect a moment what you've done."

"Preaching is easy, Doc.," the man says, with a coarse laugh, "especially when you've got the call. But you might as well stash it. The old Colonel never gave me no cause to love either him or his. He used me worse than I did the old pair of mules I've worked on this crazy ranche for ten yeats past. I've got some little human feeling, if I am a tough. Old Googin did his plumb best to knock it out of me."

"And you try to settle the score with the dead by robbing the living!"

"See here, Jessop," he says, with suppressed fierceness, drawing himself to his full height and laying a powerful hand on the thief's shoulder, "Come with me to the road. The way to the village is yonder; the way to the nearest railway station lies in that direction. I won't trust myself to think and say how I feel towards you. But—you take *that* direction! You can be out of this country in twelve hours. And if I ever hear of you being within the borders of Canada again, I swear I'll hunt you down myself, and with these very hands of mine"—he grasps the fellow neck and hip—"I'll . . . He stops, his passion almost overmastering him.

"I'd do it now," he hoarsely declares, "only I fear I should crush the life out of your carrion body! Go, you cur!"

And, exerting his hurculean strength, the Doctor lifts and hurls him through the air.

Then he stands and watches the uncanny figure as it gathers itself up from the snow-covered ground and slowly passes down the road out of view.

And Fritz looks up at his master with an air of unspeakable disappointment at not having been permitted to assert himself more in disposing of the "ghost," whom he evidently regarded as his own legitimate and exclusive prey.

* * * * *

In the warmth and brightness of the invalid's room at "The Pines" three persons sit, in silent astonishment, regarding several piles of crisp, new-looking Dominion Bank notes, done up in neat, tight packages, with numbers and denominations written on the bands

"Praise the Lorr'd I ever lived to see this day!" Mrs. Gorman reverently ejaculates. "The very sight of all that money does me ould heart good. And to think it was so near a goner! Oh, the sneakin' murtherin' thafe of the worrld! Didn't I always say he was a shnake?"

"My poor father!" the girl moans. "My poor, dear, loving self-sacrificing father! It is all clear now, Karl, what he meant when once he stroked my hair tenderly and said: 'I keep you poor, my child, that I may enable you to score a victory over poverty!'"

* * * * *

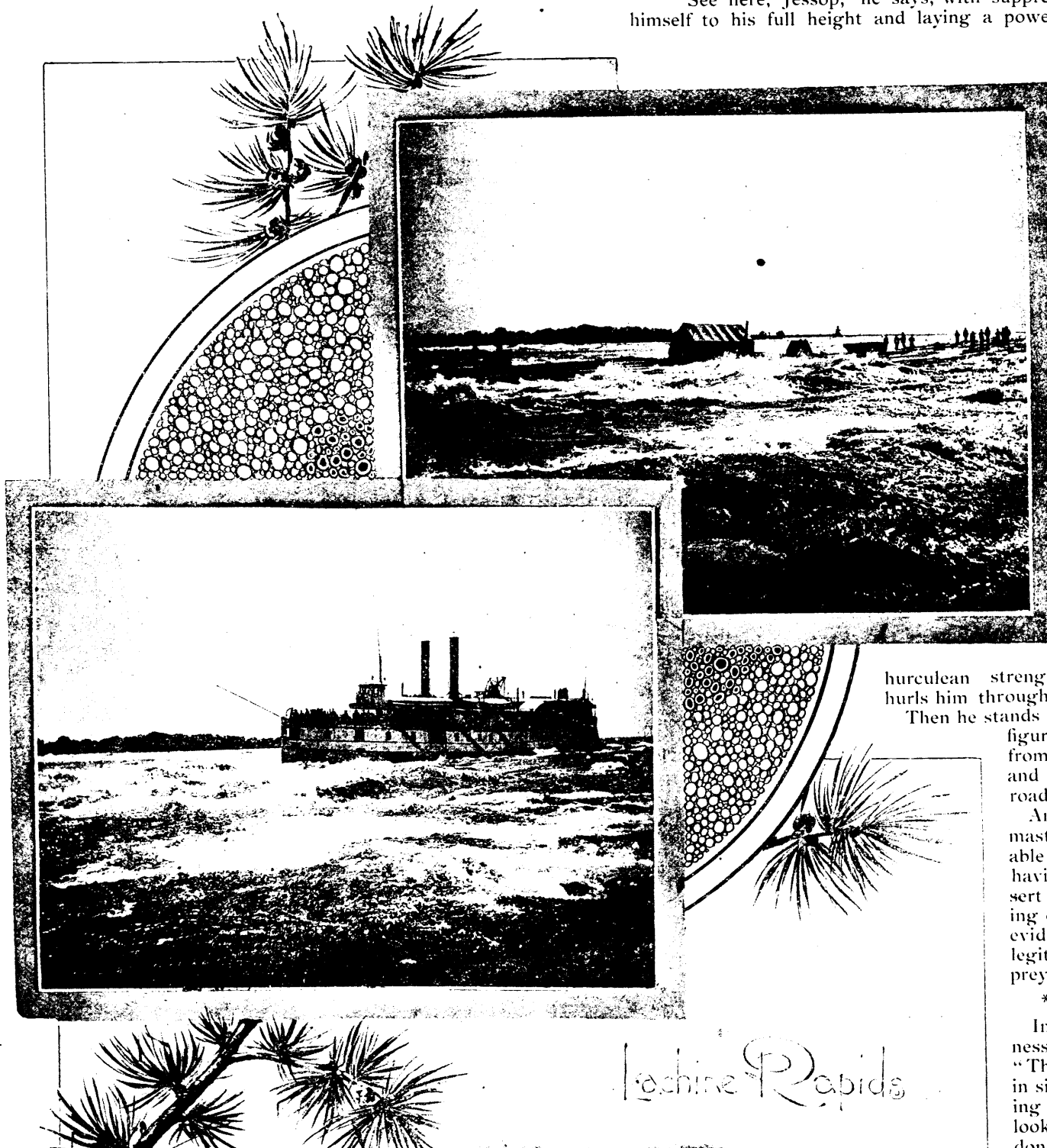
"To all whom these present may come, greeting:

"I, Pierre St. Onge Gougin, late of the Town of —, in the Province of —, France, but now, by God's decree and the insincerity and treachery of friends and fellow-countrymen, domiciled in "The Pines," an unlovely, unhallowed small farm holding in the suburbs of the village of B—, Western Canada, being in sound and sane mind, though of embittered life and uncharitable feeling, do make this my last will and testament:

"I give and bequeath, unreservedly and unconditionally, to my daughter Adèle Marguerite, the contents of this box, in which this document is deposited and the whereabouts of which I shall disclose in a sealed letter to my daughter, under date of this instrument, marked 'to be opened only after my death.'

"Said contents are current bank notes of the Dominion of Canada, aggregating the sum of Thirty Thousand Dollars.

"This sum, I will explain, represents the honest earnings of the intellect which God has mercifully spared to me during these twelve years of exile, and which I have devoted, in the seclusion of my study, to literary and scientific labours. These have yielded me money but not fame, for I have wrought in the bond of secrecy and under assumed name, having no ambition to be known to the world as I once was, else might ruin to reputation and fortune again overtake me through the machinations of enemies and the instability of fancied friends. I have no spark of love in my heart for my fellows, in whose hearts I have found none for me. There is no such thing as loyal, disinterested friendship in life. A man's best friend is himself. The world is unloving, uncharitable—unyielding in its severity to him who cannot do battle for himself by himself.



Machine Rapids

Scarcely does the grave close over the orphan daughter! You're a pretty specimen of a man, aren't you?"

"Bah!" I'd have snaked the loot long ago if I'd got onto the hole!" exclaims the wretch, with an oath. "Aye, and throttled his nibs, too, into the bargain—if I wasn't scared of the old Satan. D'ye think I've hung it out all these years except in the hope of getting a clutch on his pile and skipping? But, say. Let's have an answer—am I to be jailed for this job, or will you let me leave right now and forever? Really it don't make no differ to me, as I now feel. Only I'd like to know. See?" He shrugs his ungaily shoulders and leers into the face of his captor. But yet a tinge of anxiety is noticeable in the braggart declaration.

Dr. Krauss regards the ugly customer with an expression of mingled anger and repugnance, which deepens at the man's insolent air and words. But his voice shows no trace of the feeling as he says:

"You ought to be handed over to the constable, Jessop, and get the full benefit of the law. You are vile and vicious enough to . . ."

"Let me give you the word—*string*. But, pshaw, they don't hang for larceny in these parts! If you have any particular wish to get me stand a better chance of neck-stretching, just let me take a walk now. I'll be on my way to the wild and woolly West, where I hail from, before daylight! Out there, the use of the noose is more general, you know. Is it a go? Come, Doc.! You've got the cash. All I want is leave to meander. But, as I told you, it don't matter two bits how she goes."

The young doctor ponders a moment. Then resolution comes to him.

"As I came to 'The Pines' to seek seclusion, and have employed it only as a cover for myself and my work, I would wish that my daughter leave it as soon as convenient after my demise, and with it the sad and bitter memories of her stay within its gloomy shelter,—poor, friendless, companionless and unknown. I have kept her in poverty that I might leave her in wealth—and able to appreciate it. She knows my wishes as to where to make her future home, and I can trust her to accord them respect as far as is right and expedient."

"I owe no man anything save hatred. That is an obligation which I cannot hope to discharge. Let the debt die with me.

In conclusion, as I shrank from publicity in life, so I court none when I am dead. Even my daughter shall not know who I was or what I have done. It is enough that I leave with a competency and a name she is entitled to bear, and to bear proudly.

"As for me I simply seek rest—eternal rest.

"Given under my hand and seal this 10th day of November, A.D. 188—.

PIERRE ST. ONGE GOUDIN.

Witnesses. } HIRAM JESSOP.
 } HENRY BICKLE.

"Nurse, dear!"

"'Sh, acushla! Think how late it is, and me havin' to be up be- times to start that chit av a gairl at riddin' up to-morrow. Go to sleep! But what's the matther, darlin'?"

"Do you believe a man would—would love his—his—promised wife less because she is—is—an heiress?"

"Shure he didn't ask ye when ye were an heiress. I mane he didn't know ye were an heiress when he asked ye."

"But he seemed so grave and sad about my legacy!"

"Troth, alanna, he'll get over that!"

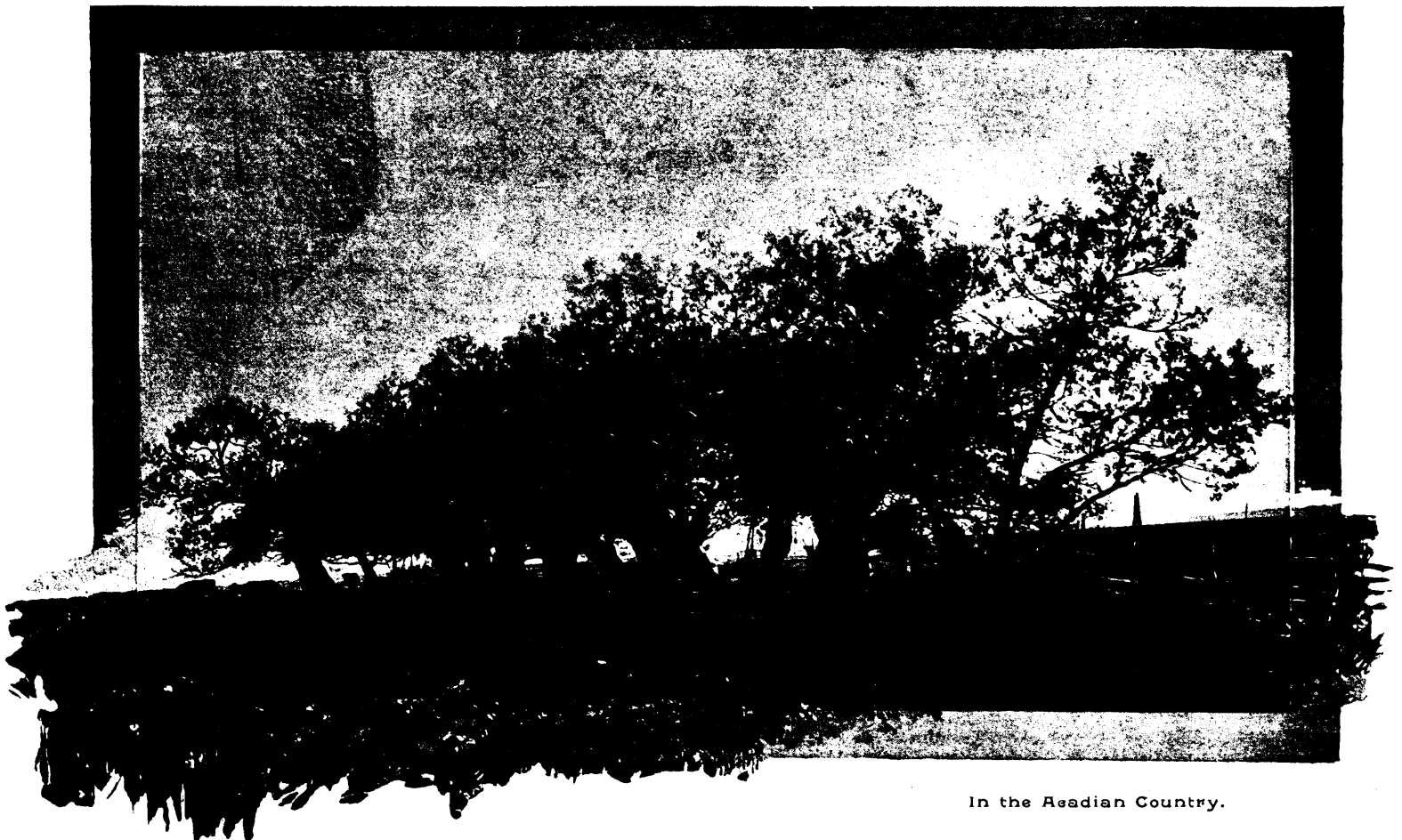
Talbot Osborne

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THE soft blue arch of turquoise, crystal clear,
Curves o'er the hills and streams that sleep below
The virgin robe of pure and stainless snow
That clothes the sleeping landscape everywhere,
Covering the withered herbage—brown and sere,
And swathing the dark pine-trees, bending low
Their dusky limbs, that violet shadows throw
Upon the stainless marble of the mere.

Hark! o'er the stillness, break the glad sleigh-bells
Sweetly, athwart the keen and frosty air,
Of thousand happy hearts their music tells,—
Of glad home-greetings, echoing everywhere—
While Christmas weaves once more his mystic spells,
And the clear church-bells strike the note of prayer!

*Agnes Maule Masham
(Lidell)*



In the Canadian Country.



Brighter Days.
Roundel.

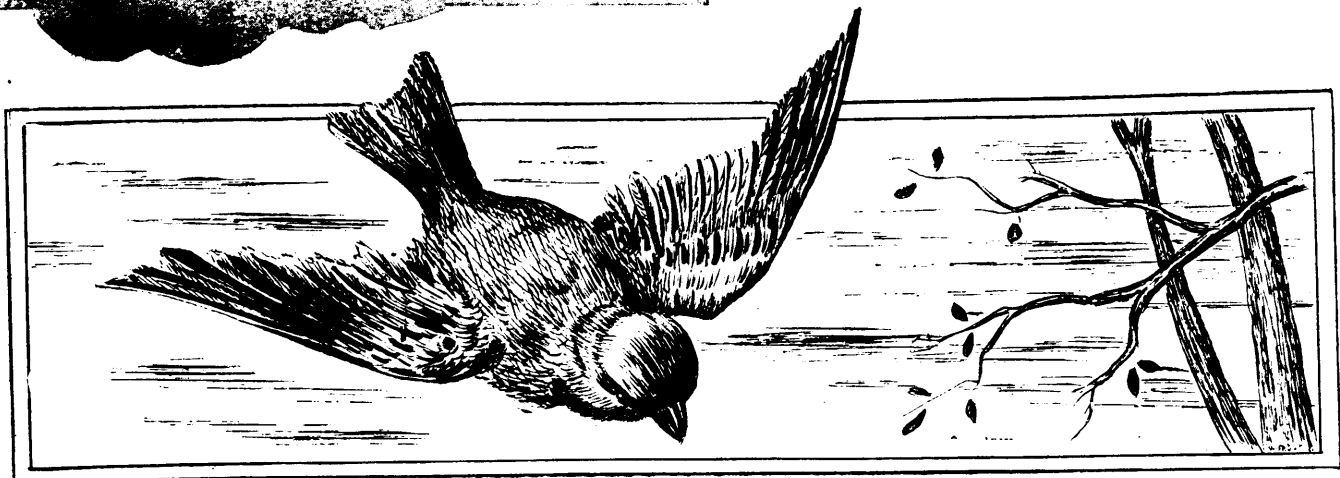
*Oh, brighter days will come, full soon,
Though now obscured heaven's cheering days
And joy will touch life's chords to tune
In brighter days!*

*So whispered Hope, when, through a haze
Of grief and care, each high clear noon
Was shadowed to dim mistful gaze*

*Oh, clinging Hope! Still closely thou
The sky with clouds, still dark life's ways,
And, still, with loving voice you croon
Of brighter days.*

Montreal.

Helen Liebermann.



The Whiskey Still at Golden Valley.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 16.]

"Sit down," he said.

The tall man bowed to the judge and the judge bowed to him, then he found Keziah a seat, and the prosecuting lawyer stopped talking and looked at him, and the judge looked at both.

The tall man stood up. "I'm here to defend the prisoner, my Lord," he said, looking at Jake, and sat down.

Then the prosecuting lawyer came over and whispered with the defence, while the judge made some more notes, then the sheriff went down and they all talked together, the "stone bug" joining in.

Rodney stared at them, then at Keziah, who sat with pale face and eyes cast down, and the crowd looked as if it smelled a secret in which it had no part, while the jury gazed impartially into space.

After a while the sheriff went back and whispered with the judge, and the judge began to eye the prisoner curiously, as if he were some new specimen worthy of being looked at.

At the end of ten minutes the prosecuting lawyer stood up. "My Lord," he said, hesitatingly, "it—it seems I've got the wrong party," and he looked at Jack as if he were to blame for being so peculiarly unfortunate. "And—and," he continued, "owing to the strong evidence furnished by my able friend here," denoting the tall man, who was the cleverest and most noted lawyer in the country, "and of which your Lordship is already probably aware, I see no reason for wronging the prisoner by—by prolonging this case any further," and he sat down.

The tall man stood up. "I move, my Lord, that the prisoner be honourably discharged without the case going to the jury at all, there being no evidence against the prisoner, the prosecution having withdrawn its charges."

The jury looked on in blank astonishment at this suspension of their impartial and important functions, and after making a few more notes, the corpulent judge arose.

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up," he said, and Jake, all in a tremour at the change things had taken, managed to get on his feet, "I am happy to acquit you honorably before this court as guiltless of any participation in the crime for which you have been held. Prisoner at the bar, you are free!"

"What!" gasped poor Jake. "Does he mean I'm free ter go?"

"Yes," said the constable, "an' you can thank Lawyer Ridley, as things was strong against yeh. He's the very devil for getting men off, he is," and he escorted Jake out of the prisoner's box. Jake was in a hurry to get to Keziah, but he had to shake hands with the tall lawyer, and even the sheriff and prosecuting lawyer, who had evidently forgiven him for not being the right man.

"You thought too much of the girl to disgrace the father eh?" said the tall lawyer with a smile.

"I'll give yeh my farm for this yere work," said Jake, with unsophisticated gratitude.

"No, no, you won't," laughed the lawyer, "go home and work it; that's a good deal better. Take this, you'll need it," and he pressed a roll of bills into Jake's hand.

"No!—no!" stammered Jake.

"Yes, you will," said the lawyer, firmly, "I have faith you will pay me some time, only I don't want you to worry yourself about it; you have had a lot of trouble, but you are richer than you think. Knowles, the officer who found the caves where the still was, says you have one of the richest lime-stone quarries in Ontario on your farm, and as it is near the lake, we think it can be easily worked, so you see I am not exactly disinterested in this matter."

It was now June in the precincts of Golden Valley. The rich, hot afternoon had waned into evening, and the sun had set in a rich, soft glow of gold, over the leafy, pulsing hardwood forest, and one by one the stately stars had come out in the misty heaven overhead. Keziah and Jake sat together on a bench in front of the door in the twilight, while Mrs. Renshaw, who looked infinitely happier under the new order of things, sat on another bench with her knitting. There was a wifely look in Keziah's face as she looked up at Jake in the starlit gloom. Since Jake and Keziah had returned, the two farms had been united to all intents and purposes, and they lived at the Renshaw house till Jake had time to build a new house, as he intended, on his own place. quarry had been inspected by a party sent up, and was soon to commence on it, so Jake had good prospects of being ultimately the richest man in the Valley. As they sat there in the glad-brooding silence of earth, heaven and wave, steps were heard approaching up the path, and a strange, limping figure approached in the dusk. It was Mr. Renshaw returning from his enforced banishment. How he had subsisted and acquired means of travel, only gentlemen of his temperament can explain.

But there he was. He certainly was more ethereal looking, and slightly the worse for wear as to his attire, but on the whole, as a member of society, it might truly be said that perhaps Mr. Renshaw had improved.

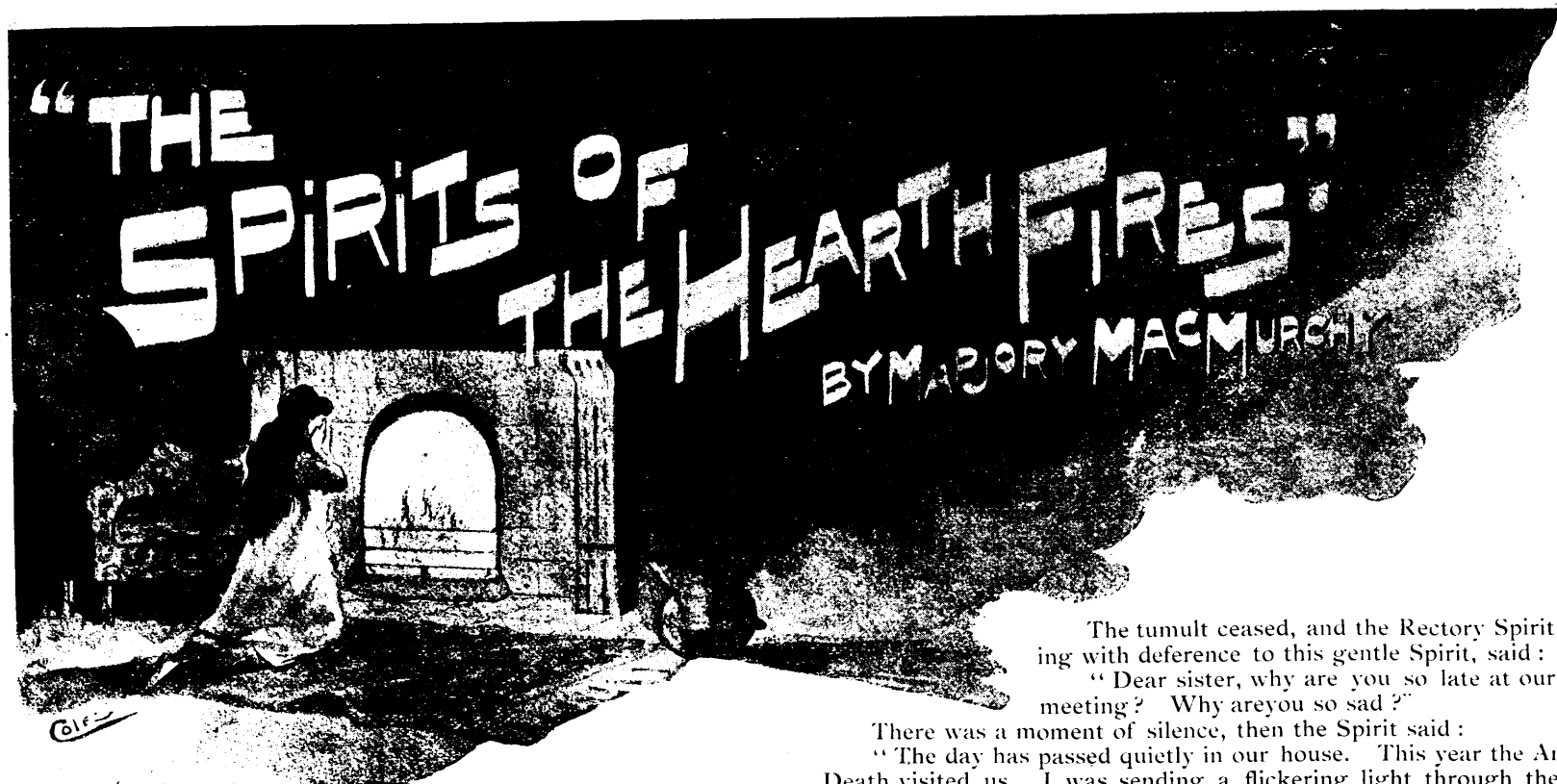
"Glad ter see yeh again, Jake," he said meekly, but insinuatingly. "Sorry I missed that train, Keziah, but them trains never did make proper time."

"Father," said Keziah, kindly but sternly, "you'd better come in an' have some supper."

"Wall, I'm most obleeged," he explained to them half an hour after, as he sat in the doorway aiding digestion with his pipe, "I'm most obleeged ter hev got rid of that scoundel, Jukes; seems as if that bad man did hev a spell over me."

William Wilfred Campbell





The tumult ceased, and the Rectory Spirit, turning with deference to this gentle Spirit, said:

"Dear sister, why are you so late at our Spirit meeting? Why are you so sad?"

There was a moment of silence, then the Spirit said:

"The day has passed quietly in our house. This year the Angel of Death visited us. I was sending a flickering light through the room before I ascended my chimney to join you, when a soft footstep sounded on the stairs and the eldest daughter, a gentle girl, entered the room. Half-undressed, she had thrown a cloak round her shoulders, and come to weep and pray alone. Her long hair streamed over her shoulders, her face was pale and her eyes were wet with tears, her slender, round arms gleamed white against her dark hair. Singing on her knees on the rug, she clasped her hands and gazed despairingly at me. The anguish in her face touched my heart. The soft lips quivered, the eyes became wild in their intensity of grief. Suddenly she stretched out her arms and cried, —it was like the cry of a weary soul for comfort— then hid her face in her hands.

At her cry a wonderful glory filled the room, and there stood beside her an Angel, tall and beautiful, with white wings drooping, and the pity of God in her face. She laid a tender hand on the girl's bowed head and there was a great peace.

In the Angel's eyes I read marvellous things—mysteries of life and death, of all pain and sorrow and partings made clear.

The Angel stayed but a moment, and went as she came, but left behind a bleeding heart strengthened and comforted."

The Spirit ceased, and no word spoke the other Spirits, but all gazed on each other kindly, lovingly, until an anxious Spirit (who had a large family of stirring children to keep warm) said:

"I can quite understand how uneasy you would be for fear the poor thing should catch cold."

The Spirits smiled and then laughed; all the more readily because their eyes were dim and their lips unsteady.

The Rectory Spirit, who was evidently the leader of the assembly, stretched forth his mighty arms and spoke:

"Be true to your names, my comrades; fill your homes with joy, light and warmth; rest the weary; warm the cold; cheer the despondent; dry the rain-beaten traveller; drive all evil vapours away, and weave happy day dreams for the children, who, gazing into your hearts, see there bright futures, long and useful days, proud renown before them; gladden the hearts of the old with sweet memories of the past; woo the careworn man from his anxious thoughts; lighten up with your merry blaze the faces of the young and fair; in the wildest, saddest, darkest night send a radiant flame of hope leaping to the skies."

Proudly and gladly the spirits answered, "We will."

The first, faintest light in the East.

A Spirit, lifting a hand, cried: "Hark! I hear the children!"

And in a moment every misty form, every kind face, had vanished, and the lazy columns of smoke loitered upwards to the brightening sky.

The morning star in beauty gazed upon the earth; the light came slowly on; the city stirred in its sleep.

A glory touched the Eastern clouds, and then the first sunbeams—swift, strong, beautiful—gilded the tapering spires, sped joyously from roof to roof, from street to street, and with warm, loving kisses waked the city from its sleep.

TWILIGHT is coming over the streets of the city, the stream of people that all day has hurried to and fro, hastens still more as twilight darkens into night.

Such a busy stream—and yet if a press of carriages blocks for a moment a crossing, no impatient murmur follows. If one

man jostles another as he passes, the jostled man does not turn to send an angry glance behind him, but smiles, as if to be jostled was only a pleasant reminder of the presence of your fellow-men.

For it is Christmas Eve. Cheery sounds ring in a Christmas chorus, bright lights shine from gay windows, heavy carts, laden high with many shaped parcels, rattle down the streets, pleasant secrets are busily discussed.

The Cathedral bell strikes again. On the clear and frosty air ring out the strokes of twelve, and then from steeple, tower and belfry comes a burst of music. Strong arms, inspired by stout and loving hearts, ring out a Christmas greeting to the silent, sleeping city.

The bells cease; the last echo is whispered from the steeple and lingers round the chimney-tops of the houses by the Cathedral. Stealing slowly from these chimneys columns of smoke pause and loiter on their way to the sky. They take form and shape; first, a misty, undefined figure, then a kindly face, until at last, leaning or sitting on each chimney, may be seen a figure wrapped in a dark cloak—here a grey—here a brown—and over there, on the great kitchen chimney of the Rectory, sits a great, jolly spirit, clad in black, with a round, red face, grey hair and flowing beard. He came up shouting with laughter and now claps his hands gleefully as he rolls from side to side. He calls loudly to his fellows, and a belated spirit pops his head from a chimney near. There is only one chimney vacant. It leads to a grate fire in the Doctor's house, which is the next door on the left from the Rectory.

The Rectory Spirit begins eagerly to relate to the others his day's experiences. They laugh, applaud and wonder, as the occasion requires. Tossing his brawny arms, he cries: "Ten turkeys—ten geese—ten pairs of chickens and a pig have I roasted this day, without mentioning the pies, cages, jellies, creams, and other little knick-knacks which were compounded with my assistance."

He laughed until an uneasy brick threatened to fall out. The Spirit with a frightened face, patted it into place again, and then leant over and inspected it anxiously on the outside.

The Spirit of the Lawyer's house seized the opportunity to relate how the day had been spent there:

"All the children are home, you know, and it makes the house so different; nearly all day long they were out, but as soon as it grew dusk they gathered round me (this was the Spirit of a hall fire), and played 'Blind-Man's Buff.'"

But here a young lady Spirit exclaimed:

"Don't you want to hear about the wedding in our house?"

"And about the engagement in ours?" cried another. And immediately there arose such a wrangle that no spirit, much less a man, could hear himself speak.

As this was going on, from the vacant chimney rose a gentle Spirit. Her robe of light, cloudy grey was wrapped closely round her, and over her head was drawn a hood which shaded a kind, pure face, with tender, sorrowful eyes.

Marjory Mac Murchey—



Children

FOAM

Out forever and forever,
Where our tresses glint and shiver
On the icy, moonlit air;
Come we from a land of gloaming,
Children lost, forever homing,
Never, never reaching there;
Ride we, ride we, ever faster,
Driven by our demon master,
The wild wind in his despair.
Ride we, ride we ever home
Wan, white children of the foam.

In the wild October dawning,
When the heaven's angry awning
Leans to lakeward, bleak and drear;
And along black, wet ledges,
Under icy, caverned edges,
Breaks the lake in maddened fear;
And the woods in shore are moaning;
When you hear our weird intoning,
Mad, late children of the year;
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Lost, white children of the foam

All grey day, the black sky under,
Where the beaches moan and thunder,
Where the breakers spume and comb;
You may hear our riding, riding,
You may hear our voices chiding,
Under glimmer, under gloam;
Like a far-off infant wailing,
You may hear our hailing, hailing,
For the voices of our home;
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Haunted children of the foam.

And at midnight, when the glimmer
Of the moon grows dark and dimmer,
When we lift our gleaming eyes;
Then you see our white arms tossing,
Our wan breasts the moon embossing,
Under gloom of lake and skies;
You may hear our mournful chanting,
And our voices haunting, haunting,
Through the night's mad melodies:
Riding, riding, ever home,
Wild, white children of the foam.

There forever and forever,
Will no demon-hate dis sever
Peace and sleep and rest and dream;
There is neither fear nor fret there,
When the tired children get there,
Only dews and pallid beam
Fall in gentle peace and sadness
Over long surcease of madness,
From bushed skies that gleam and gleam
In the longed-for, sought-for house
Of the children of the foam.

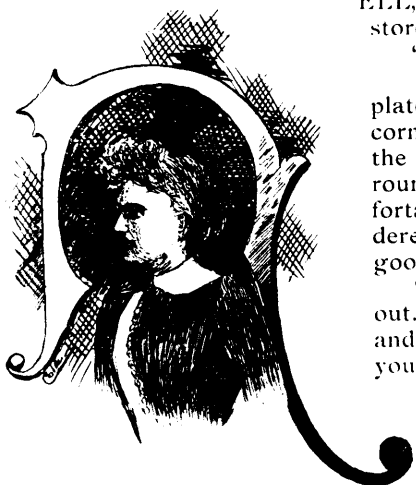
There the streets are hushed and restful,
And of dreams is every breast full,
With the sleep that tired eyes wear;
There the city hath long quiet
From the madness and the riot,
From the failing hearts of care;
Balm of peacefulness ingliding
Dream we through our riding, riding,
As we homeward, homeward fare;
Riding, riding, ever home;
Wild, white children of the foam.

Under pallid moonlight beaming,
Under stars of midnight gleaming,
And the ebon arch of night;
Round the rosy edge of morning,
You may hear our distant horning,
You may mark our phantom flight;
Riding, riding, ever faster,
Driven by our demon master,
Under darkness, under light;
Ride we, ride we, ever home,
Wild, white children of the foam.

William Wilfred Campbell



ACQUAINTANCE WITH GIRLS IN LEADVILLE



ELL, I've asked the five fellows in our store to take Christmas dinner with us."

"Jack! You don't mean it?"

Mrs. MacIntyre paused, a pile of plates in her hands, on the way to the corner cupboard. Her husband stood at the door turning the handle irresolutely round and round. He looked uncomfortable. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a handsome, good humoured face.

"Yes, Nell, I hope it won't put you out. You know they are all Canadians, and Christmas is a lonely time when you're far from home. We'll talk it all over to-night when baby's asleep."

He opened the door as if to avoid further discussion, and went out in the snow-laden air.

"Put me out," repeated Nell, indignantly. "Put me out in this place." She laid the plates in the cupboard and looked.

The two little rooms which composed her home were scarcely as big as one ordinary sized room. There was barely room for her and Jack to eat their dinner. How could they manage with five more! and five men!

Nell sat down and be-

Nell took him up and began hushing him mechanically, rocking to and fro in a rocking chair, while the tears coursed slowly down her rounded brown cheeks. She was barely twenty-two this little dark-eyed mother, and the prospect of getting dinner for five strange young men, with the limited resources at her disposal, appalled her.

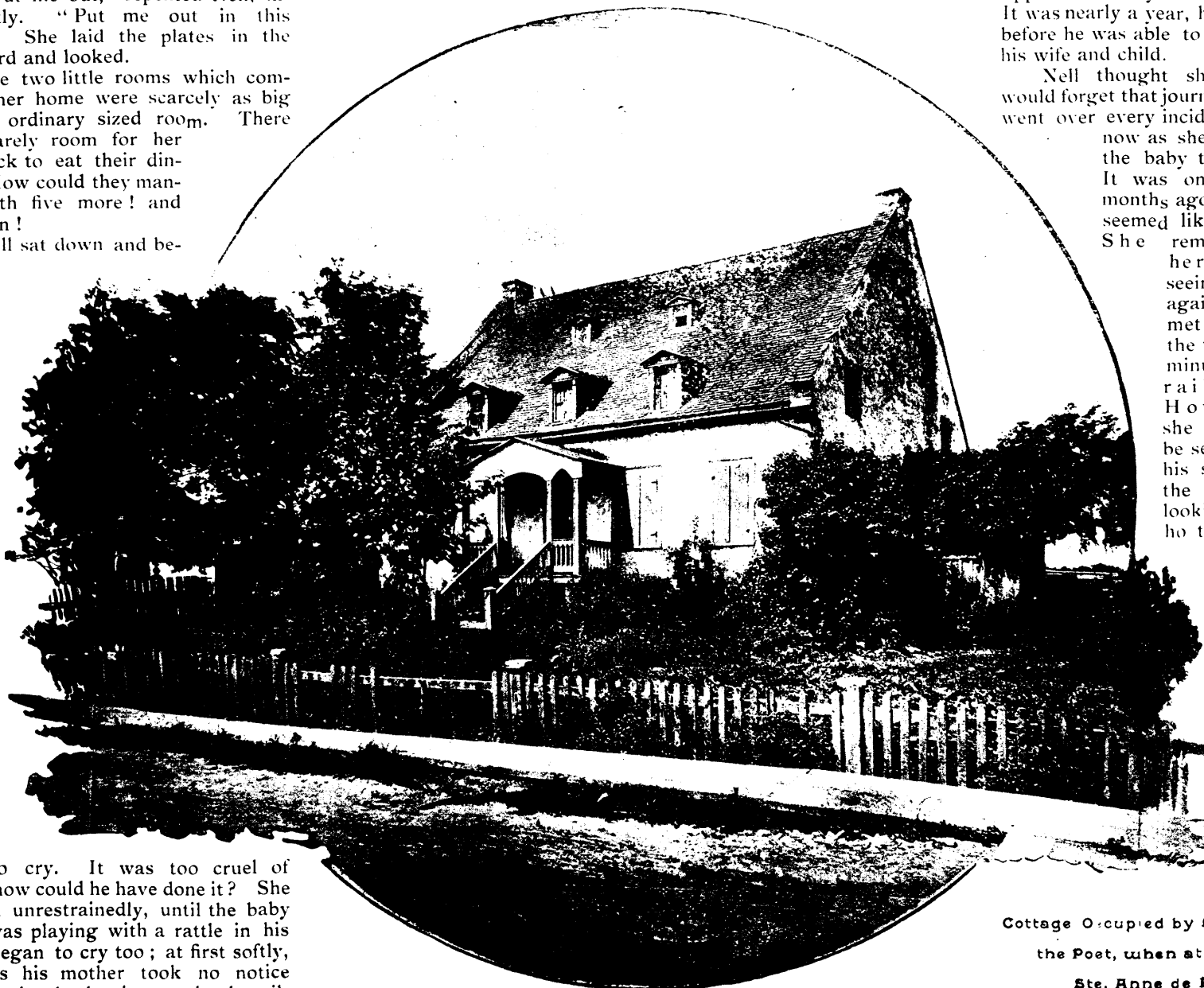
It was just three years since her marriage in the small vine covered church in the quiet Canadian village on the banks of the Ottawa in which she was born and brought up. Her father was a Church of England clergyman, and she had been carefully guarded from all knowledge of the world. When she married handsome Jack MacIntyre she had every prospect of spending the rest of her days quietly and peacefully in her native village.

The young couple had a pretty little home, and everything went merrily for the first year or so, and then a wave of hard times struck the place; Jack was obliged to close his store. It was then that, growing dissatisfied with life in the east, he was seized with the prevailing western fever. He left his wife and month old baby with his father-in-law, and pushed his way to the Rockies. After knocking about for some time, he got a situation as clerk in a large mining store in Leadville, the silver-tipped cloud city of Colorado. It was nearly a year, however, before he was able to send for his wife and child.

Nell thought she never would forget that journey. She went over every incident of it

now as she hushed the baby to sleep. It was only three months ago, but it seemed like years.

She remembered her joy at seeing Jack again, as he met her at the then terminus of the railroad. How glad she was to be seated by his side in the queer looking trolley that was



gan to cry. It was too cruel of Jack, how could he have done it? She sobbed unrestrainedly, until the baby who was playing with a rattle in his crib, began to cry too; at first softly, then as his mother took no notice of him he broke into a loud wail.

Cottage Occupied by Moore,
the Poet, when at

Ste. Anne de Belleque.

to carry them across the range to her newhome. This was in the stirring days of '79, and the big, lumbering stage was full both inside and out.

She remembered the drive through Weston Pass, the rugged towering mountains on one side, the rushing, tumbling river below the narrow road, where tremblingly she had looked down and felt that one false move on the part of the horses would toss them hundreds of feet below to a certain death. She could see again the eight toiling, galloping horses, the brigandish looking stage driver flourishing a long whip and uttering every now and then a long string of oaths, as he urged his horses to further exertions, oaths which terrified the simple clergyman's daughter even more than the wild river tossing below, or the jagged overhanging rocks above, looking as if they might at any moment dislodge themselves and crush the stage to atoms. Once when Nell heard a man ask the driver where he last saw Bill Smith or some such name, and the driver had answered laconically, "Yesterday at the little church on the corner," she felt relieved to hear him speak of a church, but when she told Jack about it, he only smiled curiously, and later she learned that the "little church on the corner" was a saloon. She remembered her disappointment when at last they reached Leadville. The crude, ugly little city, the absence of anything green, the dearth of trees, for Leadville is almost above timber limit, the barren unclad mountains circling round, and her future home, two tiny rooms in a long terrace of pine shanties. Accommodation of any kind was hard to get in Leadville at this time, and Jack had been glad to secure even this miserable shelter at \$25 a month. The partitions between their own rooms and their neighbours on either side were only of canvas, the clapboard ceiling was covered with unbleached cotton. Nell remembered her terror as she lay in bed resting after her tiresome journey, and she happened to look up at the ceiling and saw it move gently up and down with every gust of wind. Flap, flap it went. Nell could not believe her eyes, then she felt sure the house was falling, and called in an agonized voice to her husband, who was building a fire in the other room. She laughed heartily when he explained that the ceiling was only unbleached cotton and that she might expect to see it go flap, flap quite often.

Nell had become accustomed to her two rooms by this time, and had even in her dainty thrifty fashion managed to make them look cosy and home-like with some little touches about them which reminded her and Jack of their old home in Canada.

Nell remembered her first Sunday in Leadville, when there was such a heavy snow storm that the streets were impassable and she could not get to church, and that was only the middle of September. Of course that snow had quickly vanished, but plenty more had come to take its place, and now that December was here, the white covering lay many feet deep over everything. The mountains so bare and ugly before, looked now when the sun shone on them like great walls of glowing crystal. They always made Nell think of the gates of pearl spoken of in the Bible.

The hardest experience Nell had had in her new life was soon after her arrival, when one never to be forgotten morning a man and a boy were lynched in the square near by. It was not a very uncommon occurrence in those days in Leadville, but on the young Canadian woman, fresh from the pure seclusion of a country clergyman's home, it made a terrible impression. She put down her curtains to shut out all thought of the horrible spectacle. She tried to go about her work as usual, but she could not keep her thoughts off this frightful thing so near her. She started violently when there came a brisk knock at the door, and a neighbour came in, a tall, thin woman, with rather a pretty face, who had been kind on several occasions to the MacIntyres. She was dressed in all her best finery, and she looked surprised to see Nell quietly washing the dishes.

"Why," she exclaimed, "ain't you coming down to see the bodies?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Nell, turning pale.

"Well, now, you'd better come. I never seen a man hanged yet, and I ain't going to miss this chance. It'll be real exciting. Come along, do, it is enough to give you the blues staying here with the blinds all down like that. Come, ain't you going to change your mind?"

"No, no, please go away and leave me."

The woman went out wondering what had come over Mrs. MacIntyre, and poor Nell had caught her baby to her breast and holding him close there sobbed as if her heart would break.

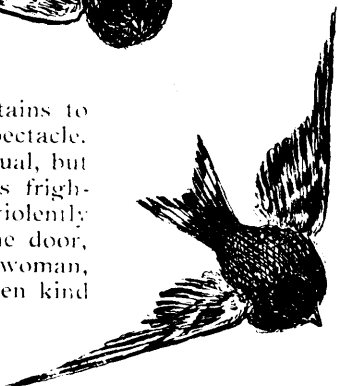
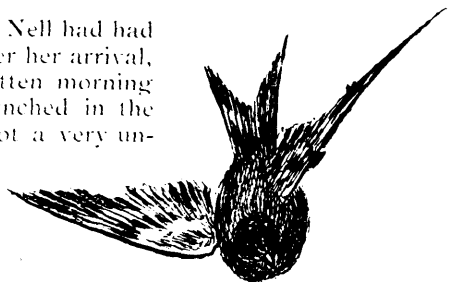
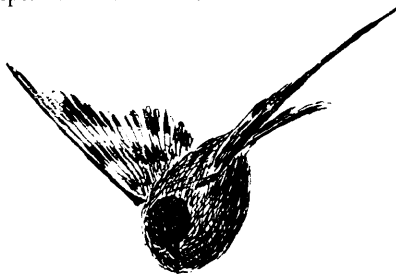
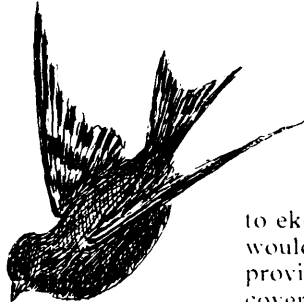
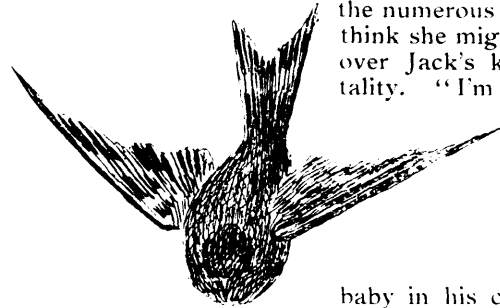
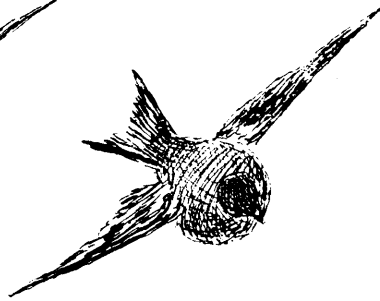
She remembered it to-day, and began to think what a goose she was to be crying now, over the prospect of a Christmas dinner. She thought of these young men, her fellow countrymen so far away from their homes, of how few were the influences for good in their life in this rough mountain town, and that if they did not spend Christmas day in her house they would probably spend it in one of the numerous saloons. She began to think she might have been more cordial over Jack's kindly project of hospitality. "I'm thankful I was not cross to him," she thought to herself, "though how I'm ever going to manage the dinner is more than I can tell," she added, ruefully, as she laid the sleeping

baby in his crib, and began finishing up her work.

Half an hour later Mrs. MacIntyre was singing as cheerily as a bird, for she had planned out her dinner, and meant it to be a happy one.

Christmas day was fair and bright, and the dinner a grand success, all the merrier, perhaps, because of the many make-shifts resorted to, of kegs to eke out the scanty chair supply, kegs which would wobble at unexpected times, of improvised dishes of empty tomatoe cans, tin covers, etc., and many other devices of a similar nature. The turkey was none the less appetizing because Jack was obliged to carve it in the pan on the stove, the potatoes not less mealy, because Nell had to lift them from the pot in which they were boiled to her guest's plates; nor the plum pudding the less appreciated because it had come all the way from Canada, the dearly beloved home to which one and all hoped to "return some day."

Linda Bell Tolson





CHRISTMAS POINTS



T Christmas time a writer of "Points" should certainly not suffer from any lack of them. It is, in fact, a season of points with icicle-points, and of plenty *in plenty*. There is a great deal of point to the festival itself. Aside from its sweet and sacred significance, the busy old word has learned, perhaps to some extent by practice and force of habit to "chase dull care away" at this time for once in the year anyway. The great heart of the world beats faster and more joyously at Christmas time; and the observance is not merely a matter of form, neither is the joy feigned. Therefore, whatever they may say as to whether or not the observance of New Year's Day is to be kept alive, there can be no doubt that Christmas, with all its joviality, its thronging memories and tender associations, has come to stay. Truly it were a spluttering pen and a paralytic tongue that would not be swift on such a theme.



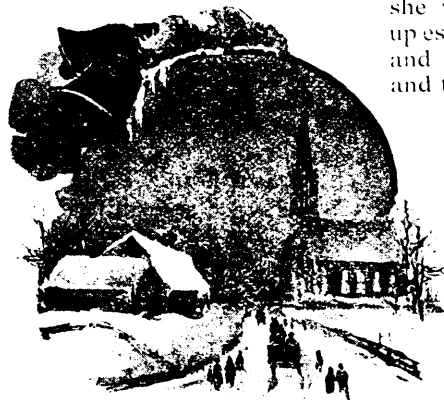
Many Christmas associations cluster naturally and appropriately about childhood. Childhood has its mythology no less than age; a near and realistic Santa Claus gives place in maturer years to Grecian personifications of virtue and supernatural abstractions. Some sombre misanthropes there are who are trying to abolish Santa Claus the patron saint of children. Few on attaining maturer years ever regret once having wondered at and trusted in the genial old gentleman. To this day I can remember how grieved I felt when my faith in him was first shaken. The cares and responsibilities of maturer years come soon enough. By all means let the children keep their Santa Claus, and the rest of their juvenile mythology. There is probably no reader of this journal who has not in his day laughed and wept over his nursery rhymes and fairy tales; who has not in imagination fought with Jack the Giant Killer, or danced with Cinderella. Blessings on the head of the old nurses who gladden the days of childhood with bright fairies and visions of splendour.



What a library the literature of Christmas, were it collected, would make. What theme could be more prolific. The poets, especially, being in touch and sympathy with the people, have united in celebrating the glad season. To probably Milton's appropriate *Memoriam*, are it is difficult to an abundance. literature is hard-treatment of the Dickens' *Christmas* example. No derstood festivity pathized with it more, than Dickens did. And as described in *Pickwick Papers*, what a jolly Christmas they used to have at Manor Farm and Dingley Dell, and how old Wardle used to beam with good nature, and how the clergyman used to be drawn out, and how Sam Weller used to enjoy it all too. It is all as fresh and vivid to us as if we had been guests. Yes; the literature of Christmas does a very good work in helping to keep the heart of the world warm, and in diffusing a little Christmas cheer wherever it goes the whole year round.



As regards thermometers and degrees of latitude there are Christmases and Christmases. It strikes the Canadian as odd when he reads of his friends in remote corners of the earth playing tennis at this time, or reclining in hammocks, clad in muslins and blazers. Or perhaps they write of the pleasures (it makes us northerners feel chilly to think of it) of sea-bathing on Christmas day; or of sunstroke from over-exertion at cricket. But it is under just such a sun that half the world spends this festal season; which emphasizes the truism that half the world does not realize how the other half lives. A "green Christmas" with us is neither usual nor welcome. We look for the traceries of frost, the exhilaration of the cold and bracing atmosphere, and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells. In her winter garb the earth looks a if



she were decked out and brightened up especially for the occasion. Besides, and what is perhaps more practical and to the point, it makes a difference to our merchants; Christmas trade is always brisker when the sleighing is good. With good sleighing and, perhaps, a slight flurry of snow in the air, it is a grand sight to go shopping in some of our large cities on Christmas Eve. The streaming lights, the scintillating snow-flakes, the fur-clad crowds, the jingling bells, the splendid wares, the jovial greetings and exchanging of compliments, all combine to minister to the keenest enjoyment. It seems to be quite usual, so far as I can remember, to have a snow-storm, sometimes a heavy snow-storm on Christmas Eve. The clerk of the weather seldom disappoints us. So that we have little reason to be dissatisfied with our thermometer or our degree of latitude.

The traditional holly and mistletoe are not so accessible here as in England, but we have evergreens in abundance for decorative purposes. Our churches and residences are sometimes as gaily decked as our shop windows. The fun of the thing is in getting the evergreens, or other decorating material. The task is usually assigned to youth and beauty that are only too eager to undertake it. There is the trip to the woods, sometimes over times *through* and it is a *catite*. The deco- words or mot- on a back- felt or flannel, evergreens,—a design certainly. It is the custom, those who thus residences to leave their handiwork up over New Year's Day. A little bit of green here and there effects the eye pleasantly in the midst of so much whiteness. The huge rafters of our rinks are festooned with it; or if the rink be out of doors, small bushes are stuck here and there in the surrounding snow banks. This late and sturdy vegetation which can weather the wintry blast, is more or less symbolic of the warm hearts that celebrate this festival and laugh at frigid skies and ice and snow.



The observations as to the abundance of Christmas literature apply equally to Christmas art. As religion has been the great patroness of

art, so this religious festival gives an annual impetus to it. And just as there are appropriate poems innumerable, so also there are appropriate paintings and frescos all over the world. Then think of the thousands of highly artistic Christmas cards that are turned out annually. In this particular it seems each year as if artistic ability could go no further, and yet it seems only to surpass itself in each succeeding year. For this reason the interest in the cards, however beautiful, is only too transient; and the old cards are soon laid away out of sight. It seems a pity that this should be so; that a thing of beauty should "blush unseen," or fail to be a "joy forever." But if the Christmas cards surpass themselves each year, how can one sufficiently praise the great illustrated journals. They eclipse itself. As we have what is called fugitive literature, so I suppose Christmas cards and Christmas journalism might be termed a species of *fugitive art*, but none the less high art.



* * *

But after all, one of the chief features of the season is its good-fellowship and humanitarianism. It seems at this time as if we were really beginning to learn to love our neighbour as ourself. So that all the turkeys given to the poor, and all the kind things done and kind words spoken tend to wheel the world around one notch nearer the millennium. The world is not indifferent to epicurean pleasures, and at this season is inclined to deal graciously with its appetite; and there is the good-fellowship of the table. And finally among the sweetest of all the sweet features of Christmas is the appro-

priate music of the sanctuary. In the sanctuary and out of it are heard the manifold voices of Christmas,—

Christmas sounds are in the air,
Mirth and music everywhere,
Wintry winds like trumpets blare,
Cracking ground and creaking bough,—
Hark, the frost is snapping now;
Thus does nature's tymbal go.
Now the sleigh-bells ringing clear
Speak the wintry season here
To enhance the Christmas cheer.
Church-bells now in deeper voice
Ring their rounds in cadence choice
Bidding the wide world rejoice.
Deep the organ's baritone
Pipes the swelling chorus on;
Mark, all voices blent in one.
See, the fireside's red, red glow
Crackling roars, and stories go
Round the hearth of ghosts and snow.
Clicking plates in melody,
Clink to jolly company,
Ladle, cup and all agree.
Rippling, happy note so gay,
Laughter trills its tunesome lay,
Welcoming this happy day.
And all hearts from clime to clime
Dance together keeping time
With the flooding Christmas chime,
Till its peals ascending high
Pierce the portals of the sky
With the thanks our songs imply.

William H. P. Walker



SONG.

I.

SONG, and the theme divine! O soul,
intrust
To the still night thy burden sweet!
And thou, blest Minstrel, breathing
dust
To fire, Celestial Paraclete!
Brood on my lips, and in me beat;
Rekindle all my breast within!
Behold, Arch-Love, throned high in
Rapture's seat,
And bid th' obedient Muse the strain
begin!

II.

The World's great Joy hath sprung to
bloom in Thee,
Shrined in this temple, lowly-great!
To Him Earth's princes bow the knee,
And Empires yield their idle state:
On His bright brow we read not hate,
But everlasting tenderness!
Song is Thine own! O bid my heart
elate,
My lips unloosed, Thy loveliness to
bless!

III.

Thine th' seraphic strain! With lifted hands,
Before the throne they whitely flame;
With folded wings th' cherubic bands
The ever-during anthem frame;
And they who hailed with long acclaim
His entry, who to Salem came:
Then let Thy sons, redeemed from every land,
Exalt with them the Universal Name!

IV.

And thou, O mournful Earth! as once when young,
Chanting amid the Sons of Morn,
Let thy great gladness find a tongue;
For grief, let rapture upward borne
Salute His ear! And thou, lov'd Star
Rejoicing Hesper, beaming far!
Thou, too, soft Phœbe, smiling, Him adorn!
Ye suns, proclaim how vast His glories are!

V.

Ye who on Bethlehem's haunted fields of Him
So sweetly carolled, yet again
Stoop, girt with rosy cherubim,
And lark-like ring the jubilant strain
Down silent hill and shadowy plain!
And ye, who hailed Him to the skies,
When back He came, renew the glad refrain,
And let your songs to ecstasy arise!

VI.

Ye wintry storms, your wild wind-harps new-strung,
Rude-handed, sweep! Your anthem raise,
All ye green forests,—throbbing song,
O'erflow with His spontaneous praise!

Ye summer birds the boughs among,
And ye, ground-nested, upward fly,
And pour the artless liquid strain along
Through the blue temple of your boundless sky!

VII.

Sound, hill and plain His praise! and you, ye streams
That freshen through the vales, o'erflow
With music meant for Him! Ye gleams
Of wandering fires that round Him glow,
Praise Him! Ye mighty rivers, show
How first He led your waters forth!
Praise Him, ye South winds, where your fervors blow!
Praise Him, ye caverns of the icy North!

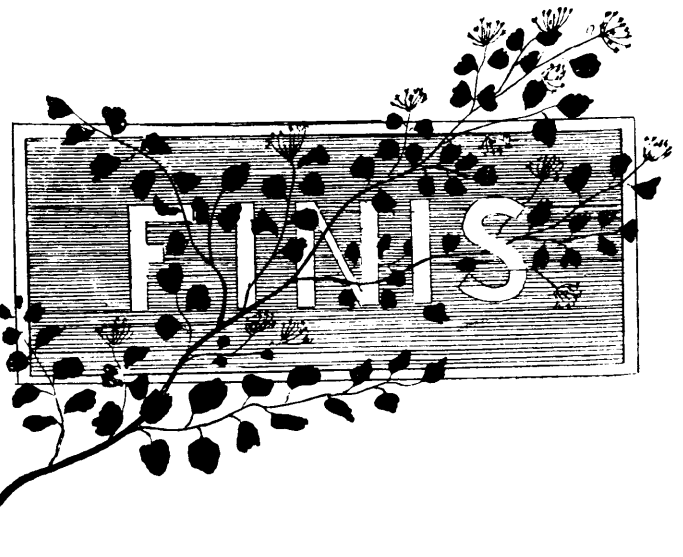
VIII.

Praise Him, ye rolling Deep! lift up your waves
Of multitudinous song! Upraise,
Ye shores each sounding billow laves,
Your chant monotonous, and praise
Him, too! Praise Him, ye hosts that go
Through deep-toned ocean! Tribute bring,
Ye hills! Ye mountains from your peaks of snow,
With harp aflame your thunder-anthems ring!

IX.

But chiefly you, O wondrous-moulded dust,
Fair-hued from His creative hand,
And soul-imbreathed! With glorious lust
Of praise, His honors through the land
Songful diffuse! Youth, in his bloom,
Unite with hoary-creeping Age;
Matron and maid, th' magnificent song assume,
Clap your glad hands, and swell the tuneful rage!

Arthur J. Lockhart.



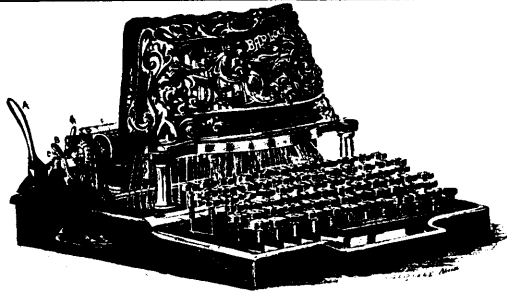
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Replacing Chemicals Soda and Ashes. ECONOMY OF TIME AND SOAP. Whiteness and Preservation of Linen No more Stains of any kind.

Manner of employing the LESSIVE PHENIX.

WASHING IN THE BOILER.—Take 6 pounds of Lessive Phenix to 200 (two hundred) pints of water. Dissolve it in boiling water; pour it in the boiler and strain this mixture constantly boiling till the operation is finished. Rub each piece at a time, adding half as much water, and rinse.

HOME WASHING.—Dissolve in boiling water, through the mixture over the linen which has been placed in the washing-machine or in any kind of utensil. Let it boil well. Rub it in the mixture as we have said above and rinse.

NOTA.—For ordinary linen boil the articles for four hours, but those used in the kitchen or house work require six hours. By no means employ soda or any chemicals. A larger quantity of the mixture will not spoil or hurt the linen.

NOTA BENE.—Before adding the water for washing, put aside a little of the Lessive which has been left when straining. This Lessive will help to remove any spot. It is sufficient to soak the piece marked in this mixture and rub it between the hands.

Flannels get quite smooth washed with the Lessive Phenix.

The Lessive Phenix is an indispensable article to clean floors, kitchen tables, silver and all household utensils. Counterfeiter will be prosecuted. EVANS & SONS (LTD.) SOLE AGENTS.



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CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

Madame Hubbard Ayer's celebrated Recamier preparations for the toilet.

VINOLIA TOILET LUXURIES.

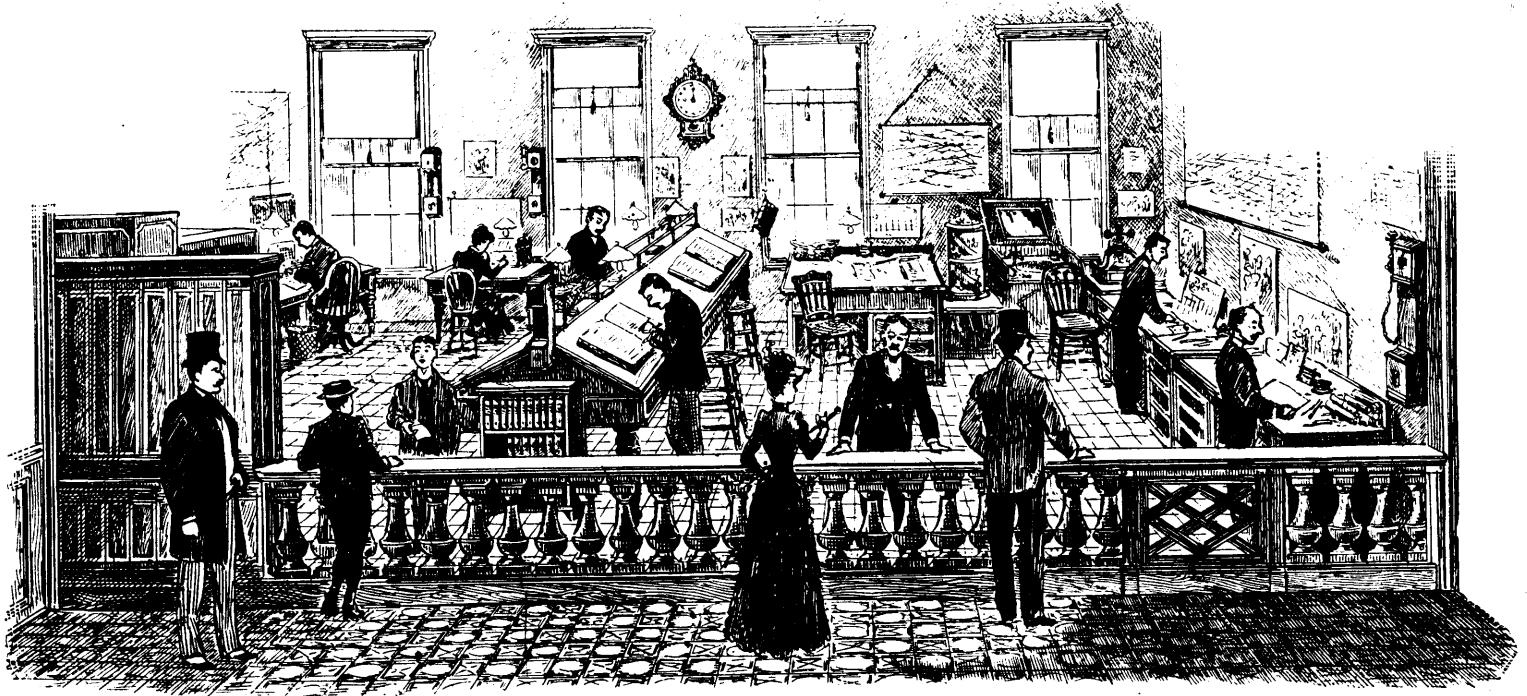
Lundborg's, Rimmel's, Roger & Gallet's, Ricksickers, Lubin's, and Atkinson's fashionable perfumery.

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Physicians' prescriptions scientifically prepared by qualified chemists

A GREAT CANADIAN LITHOGRAPHIC CO.



GENERAL OFFICE.

THERE are times when it is permissible, without incurring the charge of egotism, for people to talk about themselves. The publishers of this journal, in availing themselves of the present opportunity to talk, not about themselves, but about their establishment and the development of a most important industry, feel that in doing so they are not passing the limits of propriety. Nor do they ask the intelligent reader to take their word for it all. This magnificent Christmas number, in all the details of design and preparation, is the work of the establishment, without foreign aid of any description; and it is presented, so to speak, as a guarantee of good faith. It is to the establishment which can produce such work in all its details that attention is now directed.

There are, doubtless, readers of the regular weekly issues of the *Dominion Illustrated* who are unaware that the publication of this journal is but a small part of the work done on the premises of the publishers, the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Co. Few, indeed, even of those who dwell beside it in the great city of Montreal, are fully aware of the remarkable development of the company's business within the last two years. There is now a great and flourishing industry, of immense commercial value, and a source of employment to a very large number of skilled artisans as well as to work people of ordinary skill and capacity. Such an establishment is a public benefit, and the success of its promoters is accompanied by corresponding benefits to those who must labor for their livelihood, as well as to those who avail themselves of the products of the business. This company have to-day the largest lithographic establishment in Canada. And yet the business was only founded four years ago, and was once scourged by fire.

In 1887, Messrs. Sabiston and Berger began business as lithographers at 71 St. James street, Montreal. At the end of three months Mr. Berger retired, and Mr. C. W. Trenholme joined Mr. Sabiston in the prosecution of the enterprise. To show how the business has developed, it may here be noted that the weekly pay roll in 1887 was only about \$60, as compared with \$1,400 in 1891. At the end of four months after Mr. Trenholme had entered the business the firm were the victims of a disastrous fire, which destroyed their premises and entailed heavy loss. Mr. Trenholme then retired, and once more Mr. Sabiston conducted the business alone. His courage and persistency were rewarded by a steadily increasing patronage, and so rapidly did business develop that at the close of the year 1888 he resolved to organize a joint stock company. He had,

after the fire, removed to the present *Herald* building, at the foot of Beaver Hall Hill. In March, 1889, a joint stock company was formed, with the following directorate:—Mr. Richard White, president; Mr. A. Sabiston, managing director; the Hon. A. W. Ogilvie, Mr. David Morrice, Mr. C. J. Hodgson and Mr. Smeaton White.

The new company removed their plant to the *Gazette* building, corner of Craig and St. Francois Xavier streets, and since that date the steady growth has called for a continual increase in the plant and the number of employes, until now the premises are almost too cramped for the accommodation of the business.

In August, 1889, the company acquired a bindery, which is to-day the most extensive and best equipped in Canada.

In August, 1890, they purchased the *Dominion Illustrated*, which was then in the market, and removed the plant to their own premises. To the ordinary weekly publication of this journal they added the publication of special numbers, devoted to the interests of different cities. Thus, they have issued a Sherbrooke number, a St. John number, a Montreal number, and others, and will issue immediately an



MANAGER'S OFFICE

Ottawa number, to be followed by a Halifax number and a Toronto number, both now in preparation, and these are to be followed by others. The work done in this way has received high tributes from the daily press of the country, while no pains have been spared to make the weekly issue a high class illustrated and literary journal.

To briefly epitomise before proceeding to a detailed description of the establishment, the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co. do general lithographic work, publish the *Dominion Illustrated*, are bookbinders and have the largest and best equipped bindery in Canada; execute photo engraving, map engraving, commercial engraving, fine colour printing and chromo-lithography. Their business relations extend throughout the Dominion, from all portions of which orders are constantly being received; while they have even received enquiries from the United States, a fact that proves how wide and how admirable has grown their reputation during these few years of their establishment. Employment is now given to more than two hundred persons.

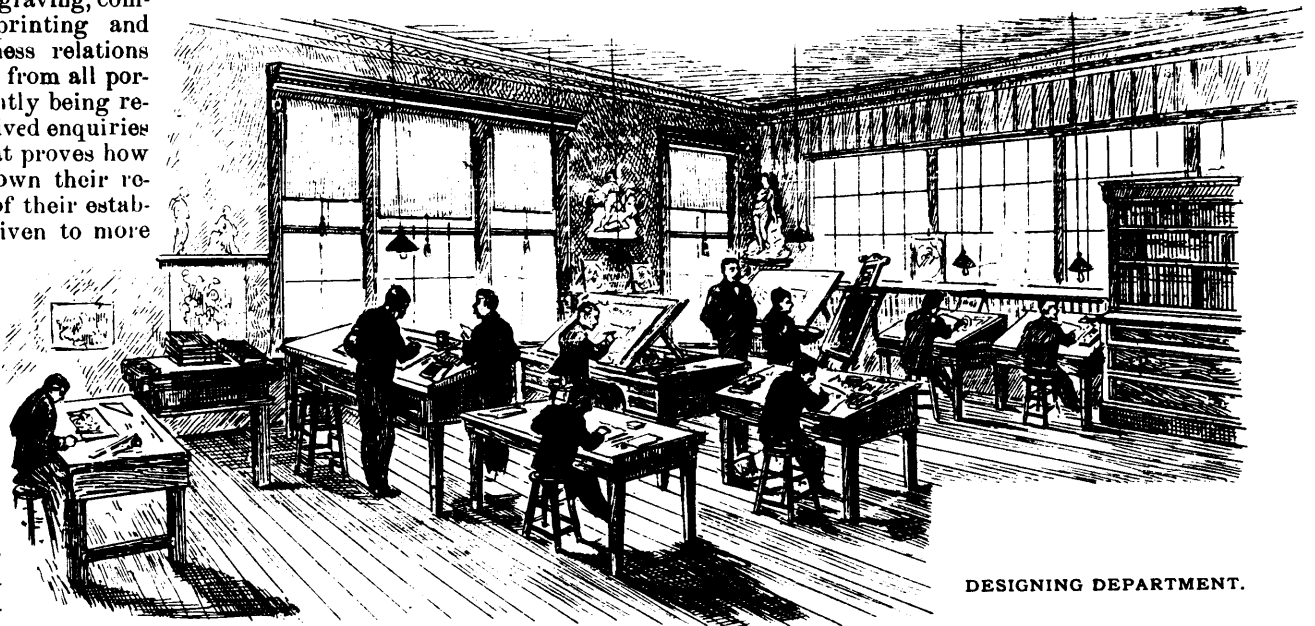
THE PREMISES.

For the purposes of their extensive and varied business the company occupy space on four floors of the Gazette building, taking the whole area of three floors, except some small offices, and the larger portion of the fourth. On the first floor are the general offices, the board room, general manager and business manager's rooms, editorial rooms, press room, composing room and stone polishing department. On the second floor, ranged along the Craig street side, where there is plenty of light, are the artists' rooms, except one department which is on the top floor; the varnishing and drying machine, cutting machine, and the shipper's department. The whole of the next floor is occupied by the bindery, which is a literal hive of industry. On the fourth floor are one of the artist departments, the photo gallery and dark rooms, the zinc etching and plate mounting departments, the stock room, and the shipping de-

partment of the *Dominion Illustrated*. All the machinery is operated by steam, and the hum and whirr of industry is constant, working overtime constantly being rendered necessary by the steadily-growing volume of orders to be filled.

LITHOGRAPHIC WORK.

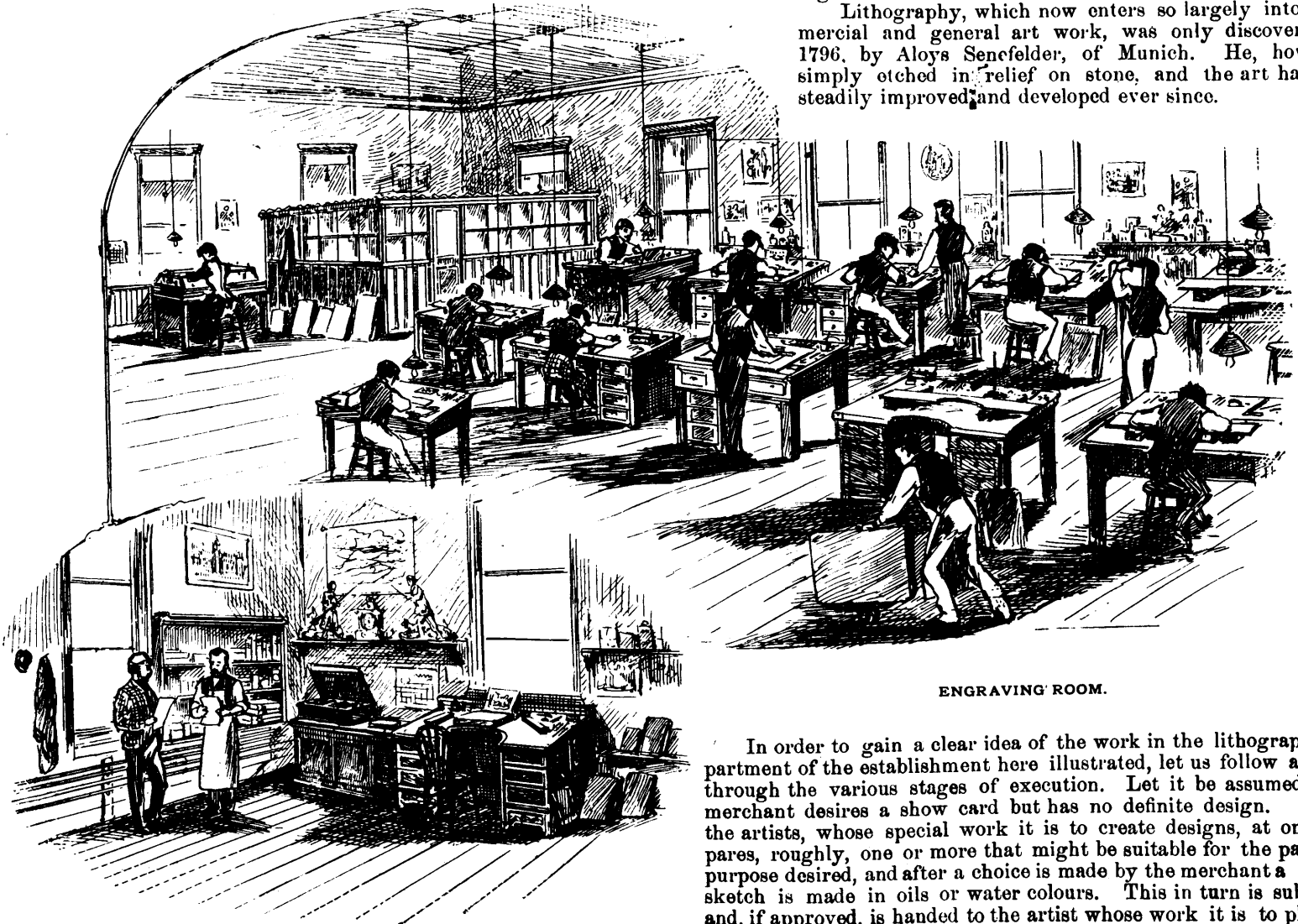
Lithography is defined to be the art or process of putting designs or writing with a greasy material, on stone, and of producing printed



DESIGNING DEPARTMENT.

impressions therefrom. The process depends, in the main, upon the antipathy between grease and water, which prevents a printing ink containing oil from adhering to the wetted parts of the stone not covered by the design. Lithographic stone is a compact, fine grained and brittle limestone, susceptible of a high polish. It is obtained almost exclusively from Bavaria, that elsewhere obtained being of inferior quality. The stones are quarried in blocks of various sizes and are sold by the pound, varying from two cents to fifteen cents per pound, according to size. The thickness runs from two to four inches.

Lithography, which now enters so largely into commercial and general art work, was only discovered in 1796, by Aloys Senefelder, of Munich. He, however, simply etched in relief on stone, and the art has been steadily improved and developed ever since.



ENGRAVING ROOM.

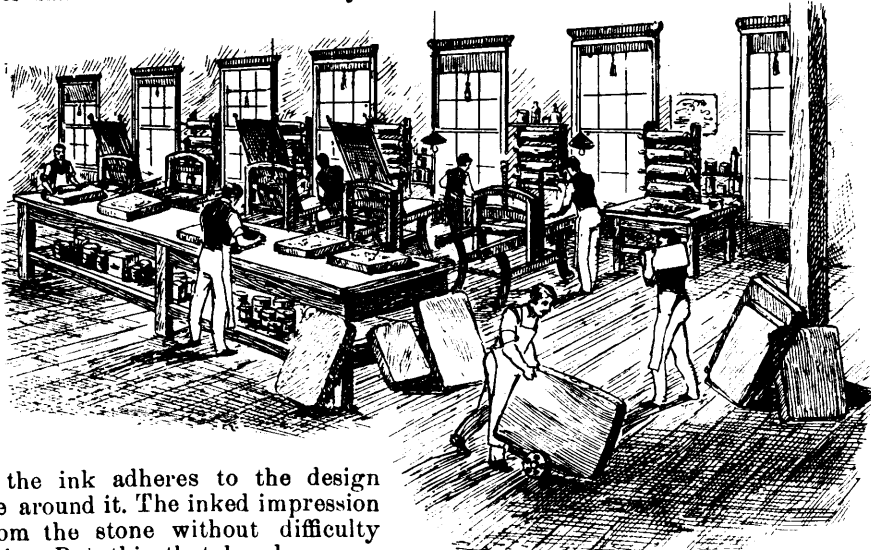
In order to gain a clear idea of the work in the lithographic department of the establishment here illustrated, let us follow an order through the various stages of execution. Let it be assumed that a merchant desires a show card but has no definite design. One of the artists, whose special work it is to create designs, at once prepares, roughly, one or more that might be suitable for the particular purpose desired, and after a choice is made by the merchant a finished sketch is made in oils or water colours. This in turn is submitted, and, if approved, is handed to the artist whose work it is to place the

design on stone. The stone has meantime been prepared by giving to the surface a fine or coarse grain, as may be needed, by rubbing it with a smaller piece, with finer or coarser sand between them as may be determined by the quality of surface required. The design is first faintly traced upon the stone, and then carefully filled in with a black crayon of which the ingredients are tallow, wax, soap and shellac, coloured with lamp black. The shellac imparts the degree of hardness or softness required in the different grades of crayon work. When the design has been placed upon the stone the surface of the stone is treated with diluted nitric acid and gum arabic, by which means the part covered by the design is rendered more porous and the surface around it eaten down so that the design stands slightly in relief. The stone is then washed, and, if an inked roller is passed over it the ink adheres to the design but is rejected by the wet surface around it. The inked impression may now be taken upon paper from the stone without difficulty by simply pressing the paper upon it. But this that has been prepared, with so much care and skill (it may take the artist a week or a month to do it), is only the first keystone.

the impression of all the different colours, and is ready to be fitted with a hanger by the trimming machine and hung on somebody's office wall. In this combination of colours the most minute care must

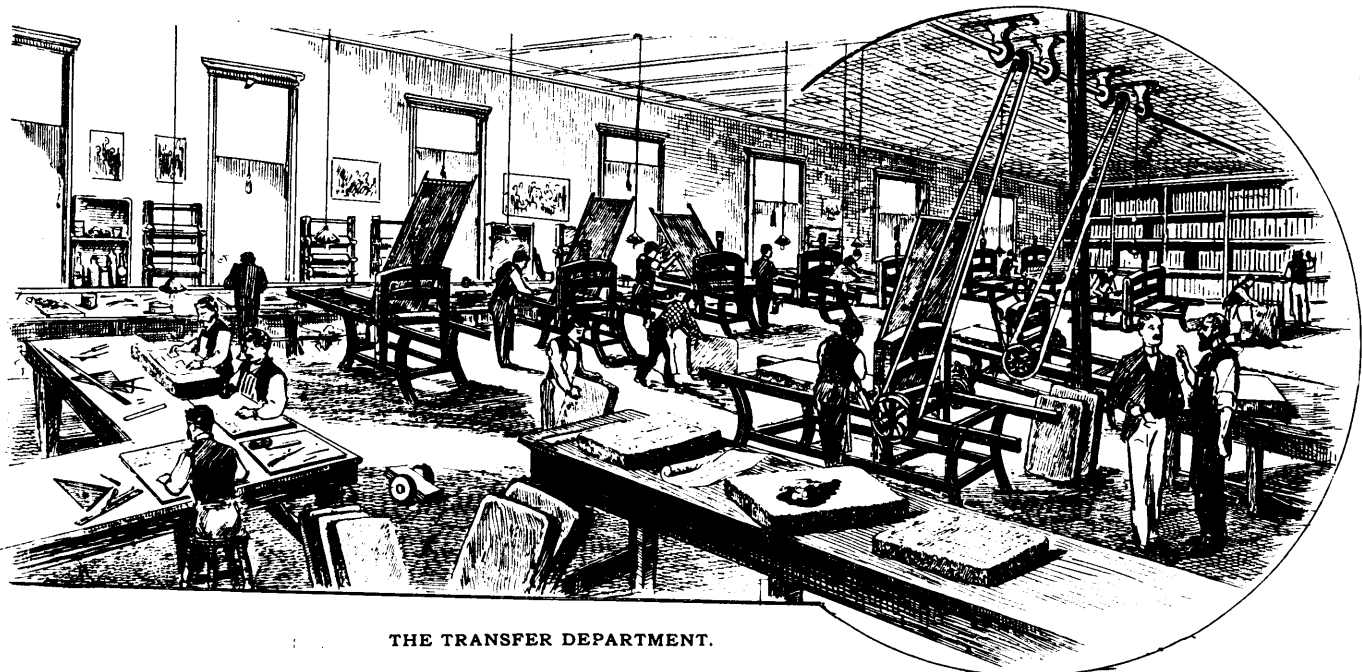
be exercised, both by the artist and the pressman; for the displacement of a colour, even the twentieth part of an inch, it will readily be seen would spoil the whole card. If, as is sometimes the case, twenty or thirty shades of colour are required, it will be seen how exceedingly accurate must be every detail of the work. The printing must always proceed according to a prescribed order, else the result would be an inartistic jumble of colours.

In the case of our show card, or any large engraving, say 22 x 28 or 24 x 30, or larger, the stones go direct to the press after leaving the hands of the artist. In the case of a small label, such as a lobster or tomato can label, however, of which a very large number are to be printed, the smaller stones are

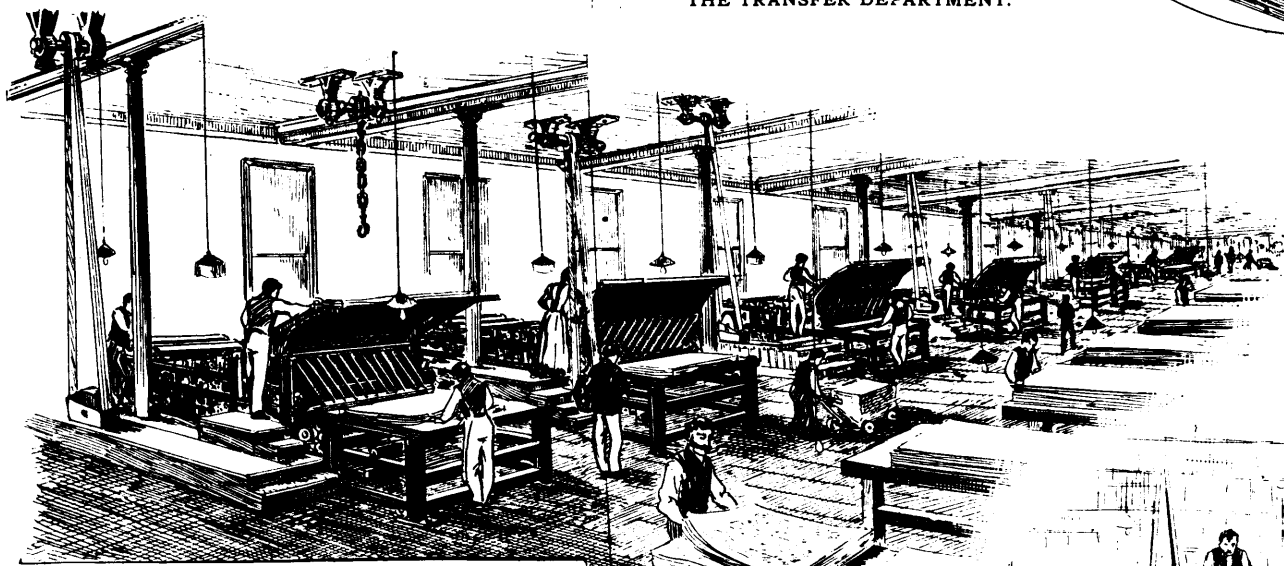


PROVING DEPARTMENT.

Before the printing begins there must be as many stones prepared as there are colours in the original design. For every colour there must be a different stone. On each one of these is placed the impression taken from the key-stone. This is done by sprinkling the impression on the paper with red chalk dust and then pressing it upon the new stone, when the design is left in red upon the surface of the latter. The artist then sets to work, and with his crayon and acids treats each stone as he did the key-stone, except that, guided by the original coloured



THE TRANSFER DEPARTMENT.

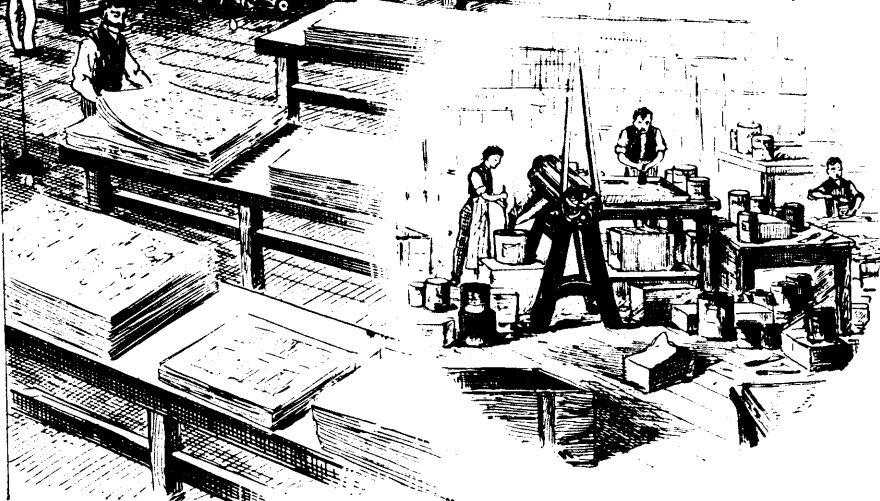


LITHOGRAPHIC PRESS ROOM.

drawing, he brings into relief on each stone a portion of the design which is to appear in some particular colour. For only one colour can be printed at a time upon the card. Proofs are taken on paper by the prover under the artist's direction from each stone when finished, with ink which must be mixed to the colour to appear in the finished card, and all these proofs are sent to the pressman, to guide him in mixing the different inks for use in the final process of printing. The stones are then taken down stairs to the steam press room, and the card goes from press to press until it has received

sent to the transfer department, where by a comparatively simple process the original design is reproduced a great many times on large stones, and the latter are sent to the presses, so that with every turn of the press, a dozen or two dozen, or even more impressions of the same label (or rather of one of the colours to appear on it), are made at once instead of one at a time. These labels when printed must be varnished, and this is done by a very

simple process. The large sheets of paper on which they are printed are passed through the varnishing machine, a large cylinder, from which they pass out upon the dryer, making a journey through the air to the other end of the long room and back again, simply suspended, each one, on a small stick across a small frame, and by the time each



COLOR GRINDING.

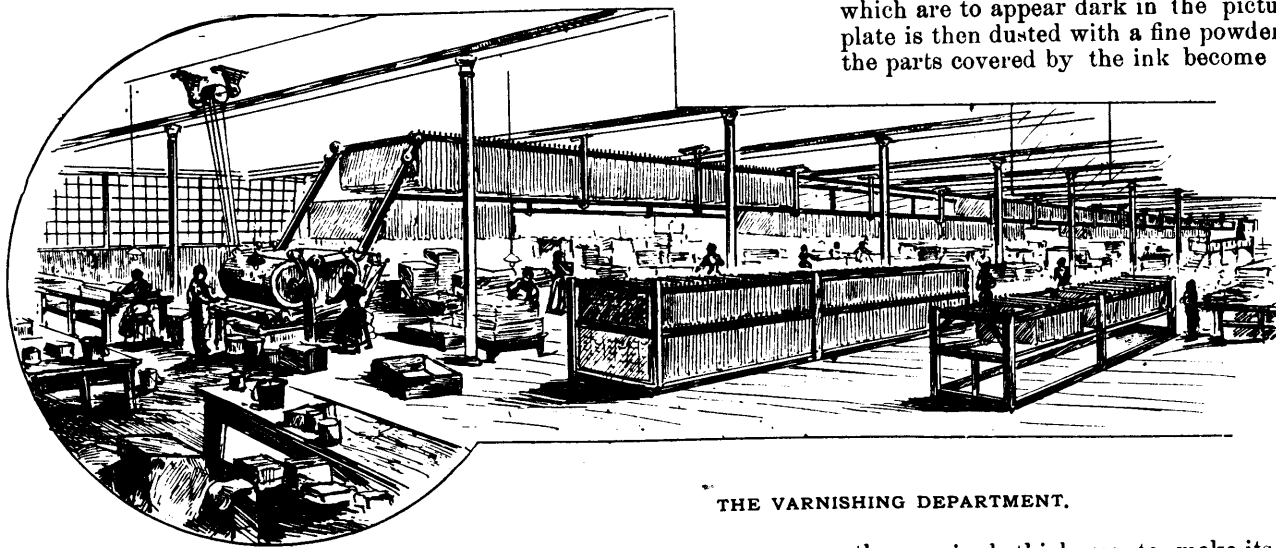
sheet gets back to the hands of the two girls who stand ready to take them down, it is perfectly dry and ready to go to the cutting machine and the shipper. For show cards, or "hangers," there is a trimming machine, by which each card is fastened within the tin top by which it is to be suspended.

To revert for a moment to the stones, when the printing is done, if there is no probability of a repeat order from the same design, they are sent to the polishing department, where, with a combination of sand, pumice stone and "elbow grease," they are once more made ready for the engraver, and for the impress of a fresh design.

With regard to the steam presses, to which reference has also been made, the reader will note in one of the illustrations that there are six of these. Each has a capacity of 10,000 impressions per day. They are of the latest improved pattern, and were manufactured by the Campbell Printing Press Co. of New York, who have established the reputation of making the best lithographic presses in the world. It has been stated that there must be an impression made by the press for each colour in a design. To illustrate this, it may be further stated, as an example, that 30,000 completed copies of one of the supplements accompanying this number, being printed from fourteen stones, would require 420,000 single impressions. From this the reader will gain some idea of the labour necessary to reproduce this class of work.

THE ARTISTS' DEPARTMENT.

The artists' department is a very important one, and there are here employed a staff of thirty-one persons. Of the four branches, we have already spoken of the designers, whose duty it is to prepare suitable designs for the different classes of lithographic work that may be required. The second branch includes the engravers, whose duty it is to engrave on stone, from the designs given them, all classes of commercial work, such as business cards, letter heads, bill heads, drafts, bonds, coupons, checks and maps. The third is the pen department, where lithographic work—such as birds'-eye views, labels and posters—is put upon the stone



THE VARNISHING DEPARTMENT.

with pen and ink. The fourth is the chromo-lithographic department, where expert artists reproduce oil paintings or water colours, as the case may be, from the works of the best painters, such as, for example, the supplement "A Type of Canadian Beauty."

In addition to these is the artist staff of the *Dominion Illustrated*, whose duty it is to make sketches as illustrations for this journal, either in connection with the stories, or as ornamental drawings, comic sketches or whatever may be required in that line. Sometimes wash drawings are made, sometimes pen and ink sketches. From the former what are called half-tone engravings are made, from the latter what are termed line cuts.

All the artists in the establishment are talented and skilful, and among them are found natives of Canada, England, Scotland, Germany and other countries. As it is the constant aim of the publishers to produce the very highest class of work, they are naturally guided by this desire in the selection of those by whom the work is to be done. A visit to the artists' department, when the different branches are in full operation, is a source of valuable instruction to the novice, as well as of interest and pleasure.

PHOTOGRAVURE ENGRAVING.

Photogravure work may be best described in connection with the *Dominion Illustrated*, all the illustrations which appear in the weekly issues of this journal, as well as those which embellish this number, being photogravure engravings. Let us assume that the editor of this journal

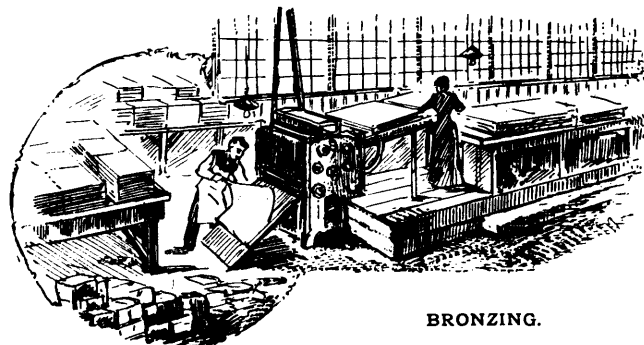


STONE POLISHING.

desires to reproduce a view of a building or a bit of landscape, or a portrait or group of persons, such as appear in each weekly issue. An ordinary photograph is first secured, and these are constantly reaching the office from photographers or other persons in all parts of the country. This photograph is handed over to one of the photographers of the establishment who re-photographs it, producing a negative on glass. It then passes to the zinc etcher, who first fixes the impression in a kind of film produced by chemical action, which film is then soaked off and placed reversed upon another glass. The next step is to take a plate of highly polished zinc and cover it with a solution which is sensitive to the action of light. The glass is then laid upon this, with the film pressed against the zinc, and on exposure to the action of light the negative is re-produced upon the zinc. But though present it is not yet visible. The zinc is covered with a coating of ink, carefully rolled on, and is then developed in water, with the result that the photograph is exactly re-produced, those portions which are to appear dark in the picture being covered with ink. The plate is then dusted with a fine powder and heated, with the result that the parts covered by the ink become impervious to the action of acid.

The next step is to immerse the plate in an acid bath, the acid eating away those portions of the plate not covered with ink and powder and bringing the latter into relief, in the same way that the artist on stone brings into relief the design traced with his crayon. It may be necessary, however, to repeat the dusting and acid bath process several times—according to the required depth of the engraving. When the process is finished the artist does a little skilful re-touching here and there, to heighten the effect, and the plate is then ready to be mounted on a wooden block of

the required thickness to make its surface level with the type when placed on the steam press to be printed. When mounted it goes to the composing room, where the printers place the type around it and it is ready for the press. This process that we have briefly described is called half-tone engraving, and is used in the reproduction of photographs



BRONZING.

or wash drawings. There is another process exactly the same, except that no screen is used by the photographer. It is called "Line work," the impression being re-produced in lines instead of the tiny dots of the half-tone process. In line work the work of the acids in giving the required depth of the plate, which is greater than in half-tone work, is supplemented by the "Routing machine," operated by steam and guided by a skilled workman. The illustrations in this article are "line work," being reproduced from pen and ink. A photograph could not be reproduced as a line cut without re-drawing. The illustrations which appear

this department, as in all the others are always confronted with an amount of orders that necessitates hard work and frequently working over time.

It is not necessary to speak at length of the work of publishing the *Dominion Illustrated*. It has its own editorial staff, composing room, steam press, mailing department and other necessary adjuncts of all newspapers. Its distinctive feature is the photogravure work, which we have just described, and which produces the fine illustrations that enrich its pages from week to week. Whoever has the bound volumes of this journal from its first issue has a Canadian picture gallery of rare value, as well as a collection of charming literary contributions by foremost Canadian writers of prose and poetry.

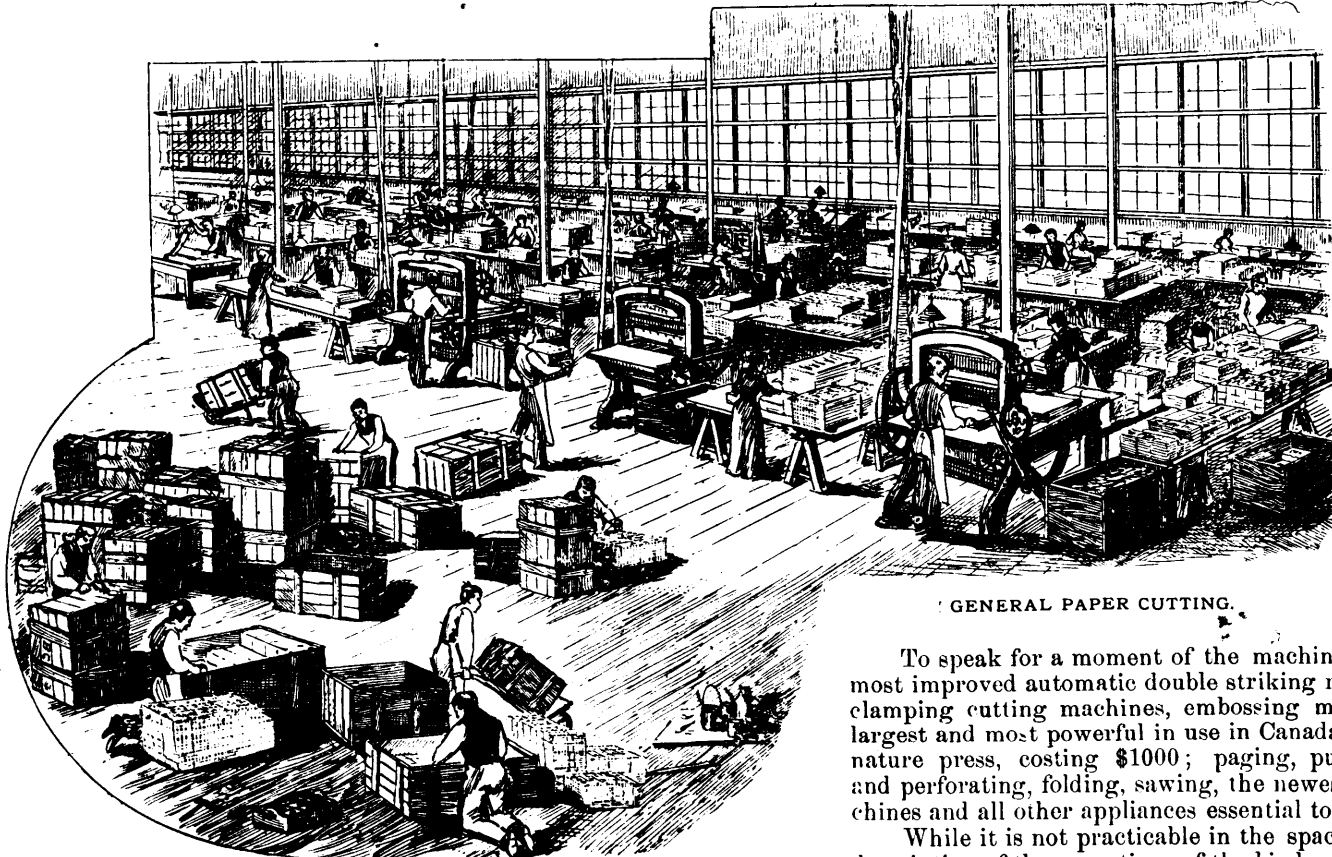
THE BINDERY.

Busy as all the other departments are constantly kept, the bindery of this establishment is the not a whit behind in this respect. The amount of work turned out is enormous, giving employment to no less than eighty-three skilled operatives. When it is stated that every kind of binding, from that of the cheapest small pamphlet to the most expensive blank book or presentation albums done, the variety of work turned out will be apparent.

To speak for a moment of the machinery, there are found here the most improved automatic double striking ruling machines, powerful self-clamping cutting machines, embossing machines, one of which is the largest and most powerful in use in Canada; a new patent hydraulic signature press, costing \$1000; paging, punching and isleting, stabbing and perforating, folding, sawing, the newest improved wire stitching machines and all other appliances essential to the most complete equipment.

While it is not practicable in the space allotted to give a technical description of the operations of the bindery we may briefly refer to some of the work. In the case of an ordinary pamphlet, when it comes from the printer, it is sent at once to the folding department, where by a simple and yet exceedingly intricate machine the folding is done with great rapidity. Next it passes to the wire stitching department, where three machines are in constant operation. After being stitched it passes to the covering department, and thence to the hydraulic press, into which a large number are placed and subjected for about a minute to a tremendous pressure, coming out as solid as a board. One step yet remains—they must go to the cutting machine to be trimmed—after which they are ready to be placed in the hands of the shipper.

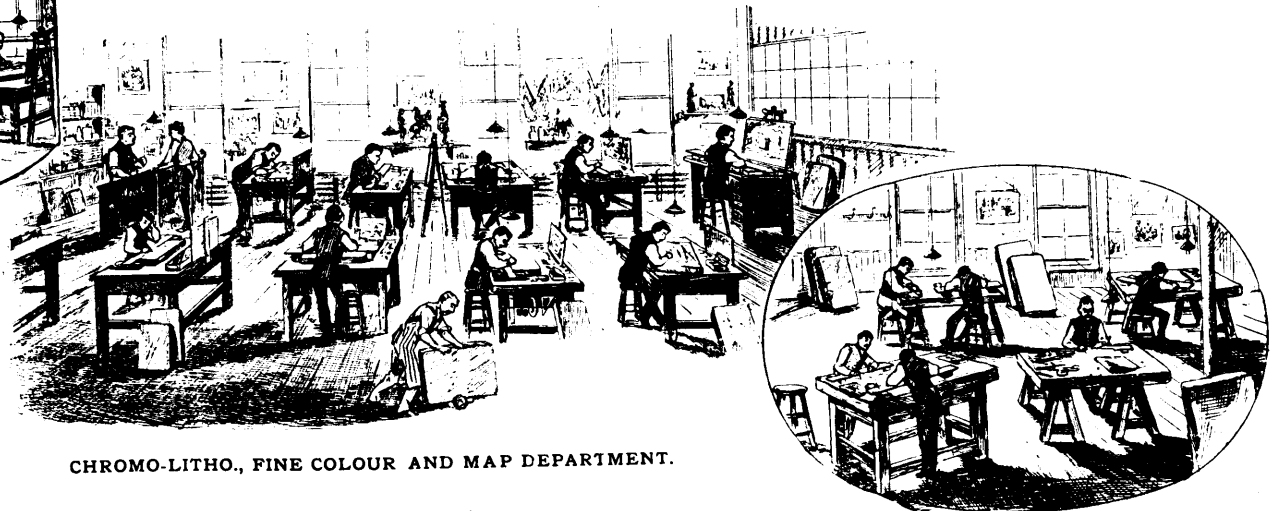
Let us now follow a blank book through the various stages of binding. This department is fitted with the best machinery obtainable, under the care of skilled operatives. The sheets of paper must first go to the ruling machine, through which they pass as rapidly as the machine can be fed, and come out ruled and dry, the mechanism being so perfect and varied



GENERAL PAPER CUTTING.

PACKING DEPARTMENT.

from time to time in the stories, the ornamental initial letters and scrolls or designs of that character are line work, reproduced in the manner described from sketches by the artists of the *Dominion Illustrated* staff. Those who see them will now understand with what care and intricate labour even the production of an initial letter by this process is accomplished. When the paper has been printed the different plates are dismounted from the blocks, numbered and stored away, so that if one is required, it may be years afterwards, for reproduction, or to rent to another publisher or to sell outright, there is no difficulty in at once laying hands



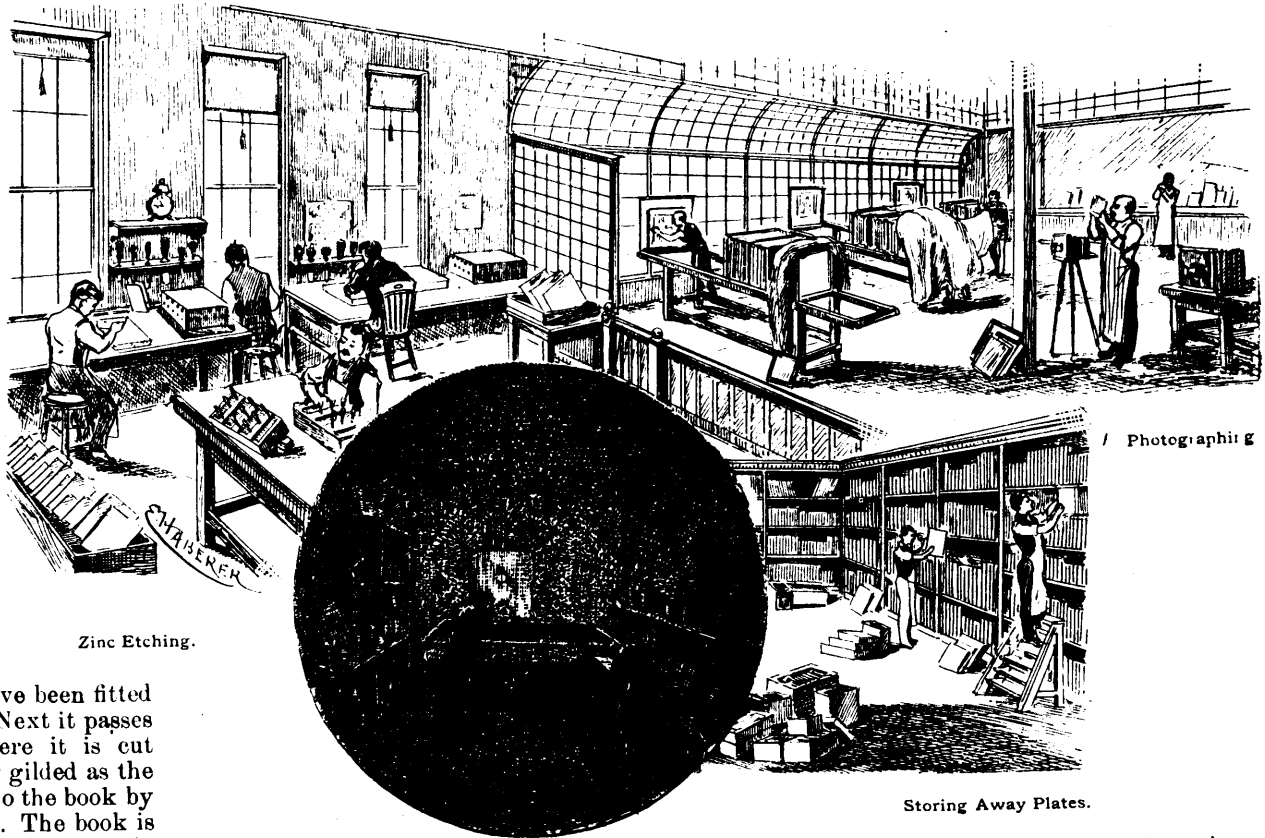
CHROMO-LITHO., FINE COLOUR AND MAP DEPARTMENT.

upon it. In addition to the cuts made for use in the pages of the *Dominion Illustrated*, the photogravure department is constantly rushed with orders for commercial work of that class, such as cuts of buildings or portraits to appear on plain white cards or letter heads or envelopes, or as advertisements in newspapers; besides filling orders for other journals that require cuts of this kind for special issues or any other purpose. The artists in

in adjustableness that the most intricate order in the matter of ruling can be filled. The sheets next pass to the folding and sewing departments and thence to the blank book forwarding department, where the book is marbled and bound up. This marbling of the edges of a book is a most

ingenious process, performed by hand by skilled workmen. The man who bends over his handsomely finished day-book or ledger has little idea of the amount of inventive genius and skilled labour necessary to its production.

If now we turn to the letter press binding department, the same superior equipment is found. It is fitted with the most improved machines and the best designs, suitable for work from the cheapest to the highest grade of art work bindings. Let us suppose that some subscriber to the *Dominion Illustrated* desires the issues for six months bound. They are first placed in the hands of a young lady who carefully removes the advertising pages and collates the sheets, when the whole is ready for the pressing department. From the press it goes to the sawing machine, by the keen teeth of which grooves are made across the back to receive short cords. Thence it goes to the sewing department where the book is sewn, after the cords referred to have been fitted into the grooves across the back. Next it passes to the forwarding department, where it is cut and shaped and the edges marbled or gilded as the case may be, and the boards attached to the book by the cords on which the book is sewn. The book is then lined up and covered, and passes to the finishing department, which is fitted throughout with the newest tools and designs only. The book is here finished in plain lettering or in the most elaborate style of the most expensive bible or album work.

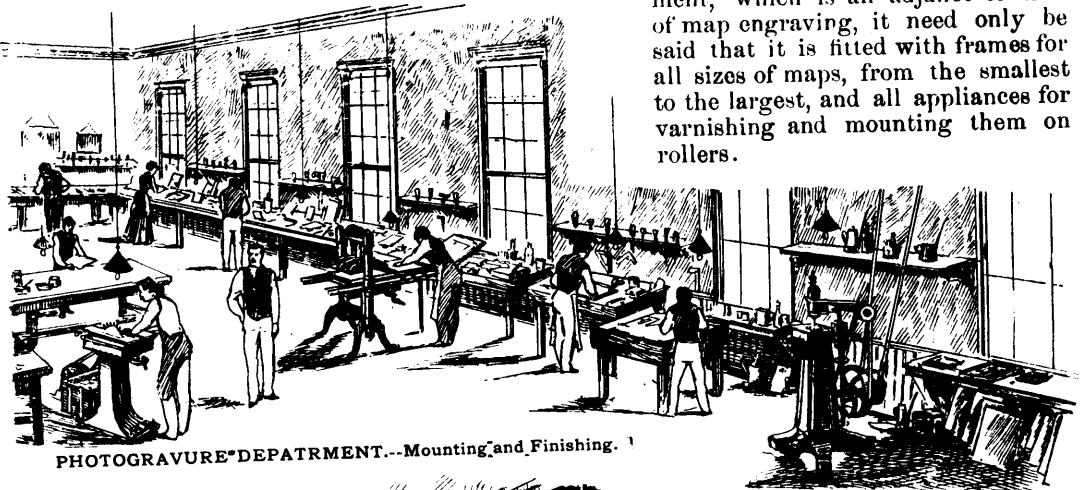


Zinc Etching.

Dark Room.

Storing Away Plates.

Of the map-mounting department, which is an adjunct to that of map engraving, it need only be said that it is fitted with frames for all sizes of maps, from the smallest to the largest, and all appliances for varnishing and mounting them on rollers.



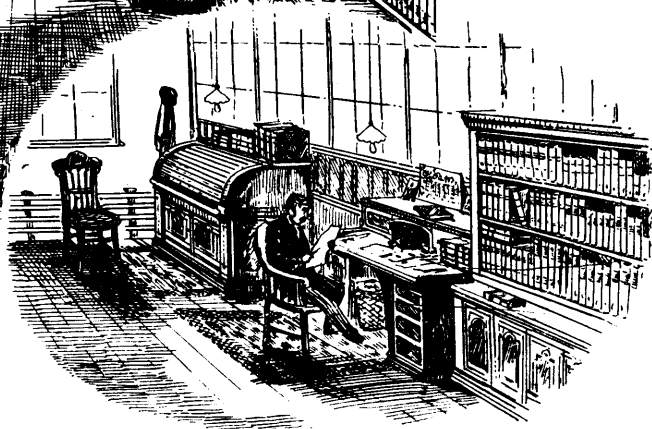
PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT.--Mounting and Finishing.



DOMINION ILLUSTRATED BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL ROOMS.

What has here been written fails to do justice to the establishment of the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co. A great deal more might be said about the work of the departments briefly touched upon, and about others of which nothing has been said. Enough, however, has been stated, with the aid of the illustrations, to convey to every reader some idea of the extent of the establishment, the scope of its business, and the important position it holds as one of Canada's valuable and flourishing

Nothing has yet been said of the embossing department, which is fitted with the newest improved embossing machines for work, either in plain lines, gold, or the new style of cloth stamp work in the different coloured inks, as turned out by the best London and New York houses.





DOMINION ILLUSTRATED COMPOSING ROOM.

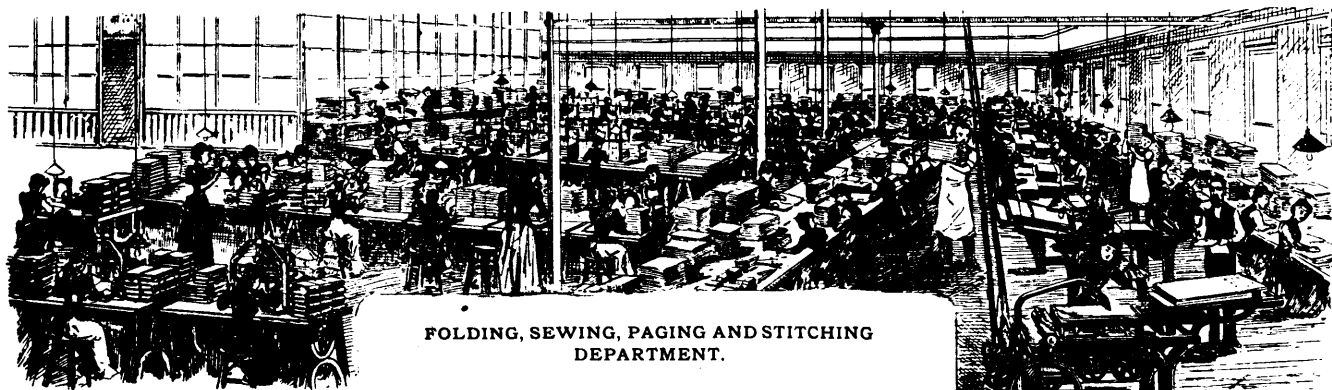


DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MAILING DEPARTMENT.

feel that every reader, and especially every Canadian reader, will rejoice that this country has reached a stage in the development of art publication where such work can be produced without the aid either of American or European houses. The publishers feel that this year's issue surpasses that of last year in finish and delicacy of treatment, and so marks another step in advance. Next year, it is their hope and purpose,

a yet greater step in advance will be apparent, and those who wait and watch for next year's Christmas number of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, as it will then be known, will be rewarded by a richer and finer publication than that herewith presented.

The last sentence anticipates an important announcement with reference to the higher class journalism of Canada. The *Dominion Illustrated*, which has met with so large a share of public favour and recognition



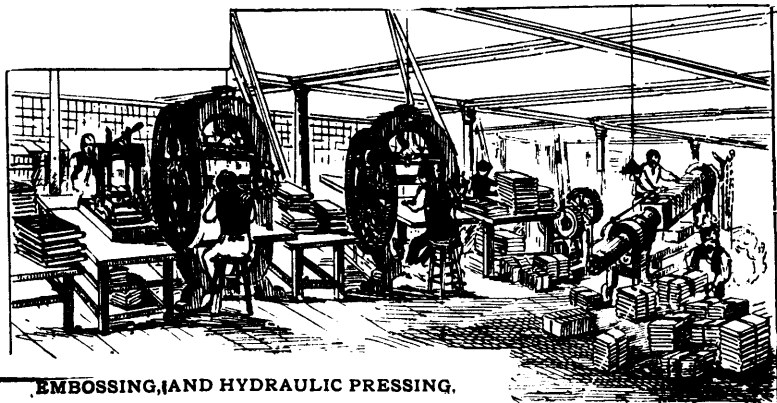
FOLDING, SEWING, PAGING AND STITCHING DEPARTMENT.

industries. When the reader further bears in mind that all the work necessary to the production of this Christmas number was done in the establishment, he or she will be convinced that the statements herein made are based on solid fact.

Work on this number was begun months ago, and has been going on steadily ever since until the day of issue. Every little spray or ornamental design, however small, that adorns its pages, had to be drawn by an artist, reproduced on glass by the photographer and on zinc by the artists of the photogravure department. Every illustration had to be treated in like manner. Then there was the preparation of the supplements, the most delicate and difficult of all. The literary worth of the contents is beyond question, since leading Canadian writers are the contributors. So far as the mechanical work is concerned, the publishers

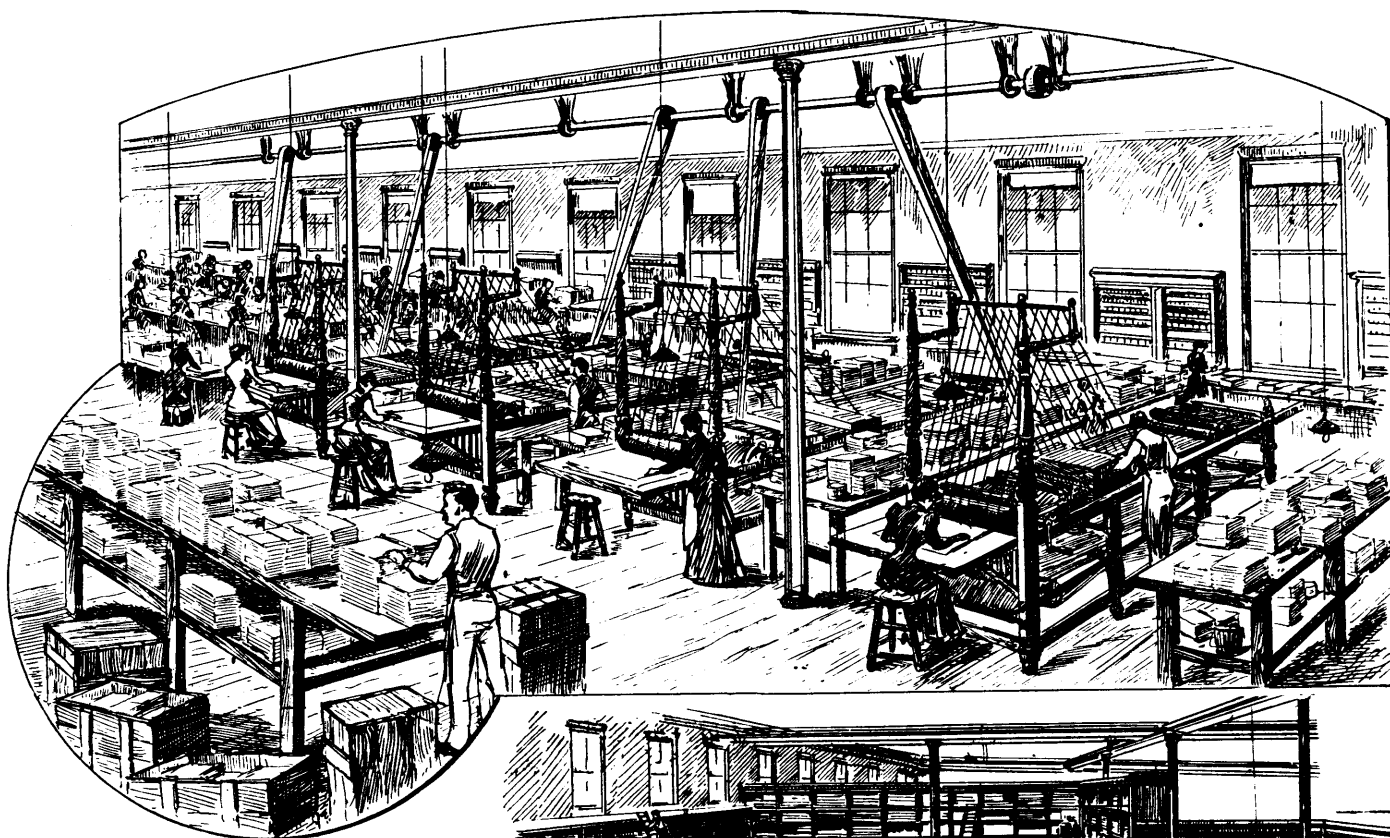


DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PRESS ROOM.



EMBOSSING AND HYDRAULIC PRESSING.

since it became the property of the present publishers, will, with the beginning of the year 1892, appear as a monthly magazine instead of a weekly. Its form will be changed somewhat. The size of page will be smaller than at present, and there will be 64 pages in each issue. Of course such large illustrations as often appear in the weekly will not be possible in the monthly, but it will nevertheless be handsomely illustrated throughout, and so maintain its interest in that regard. In its literary contents there will be a marked change and improvement. The best

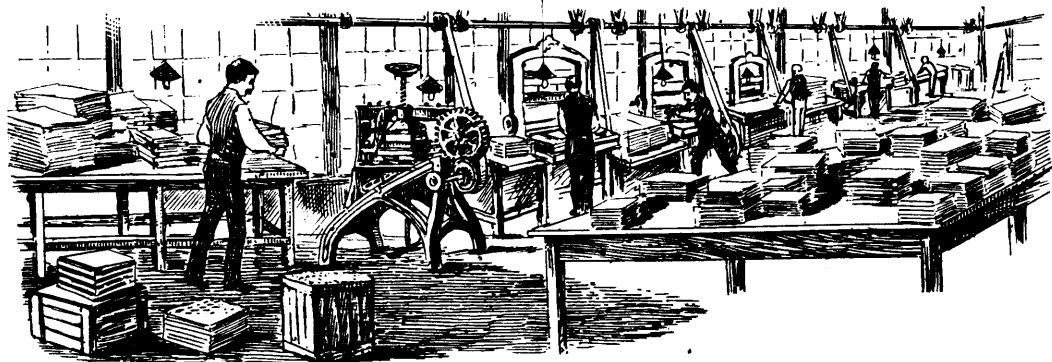


RULING MACHINES.

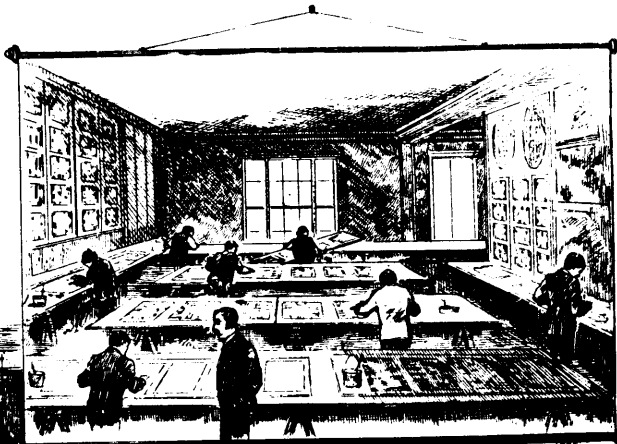
writers in Canada will be among its contributors, and its whole tone will be intensely patriotic and Canadian. This magazine, as a Canadian illustrated monthly, will occupy a distinctly new place in the Canadian literary field, and the publishers feel that a warm welcome will be extended to the new-comer, and that as time goes on they will be enabled to extend, enlarge



THE GENERAL STOCK ROOM.

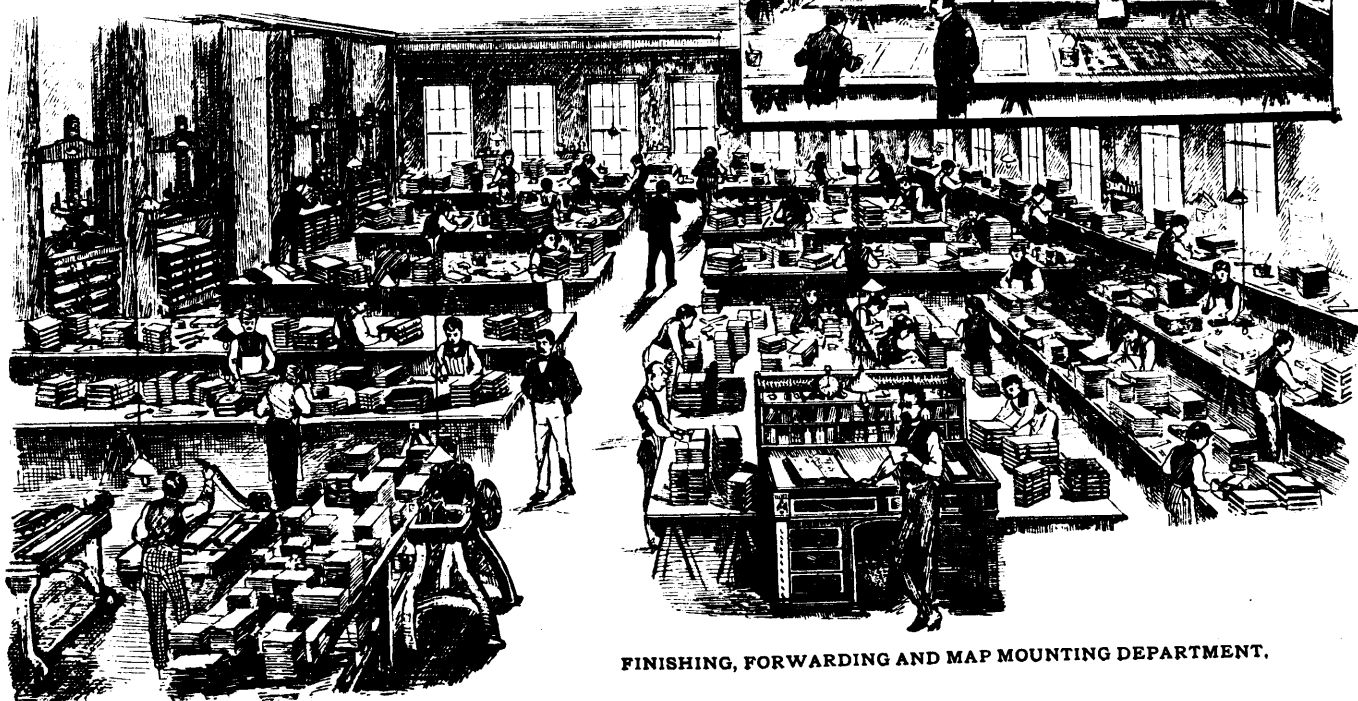


THE BINDERY PAPER CUTTING DEPARTMENT.



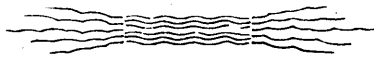
FINISHING, FORWARDING AND MAP MOUNTING DEPARTMENT.

and in every way improve the character of the journal. There are many excellent American magazines that have subscribers and numerous readers in Canada. But that should not in any way interfere with the success of a purely Canadian journal—indeed should rather be a guarantee of its success—for no reader of a foreign publication but will rejoice that Canada is entering the same field under such favourable auspices. The price of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* will be \$1 50 per year.



It will be for sale by newsdealers throughout Canada, and the publishers trust that the most cordial public support will greet their effort to give to Canada a high class monthly periodical.

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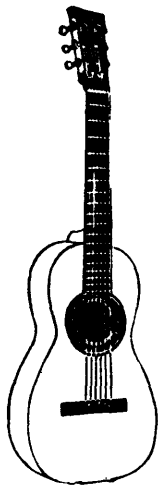
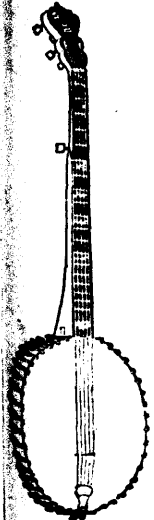
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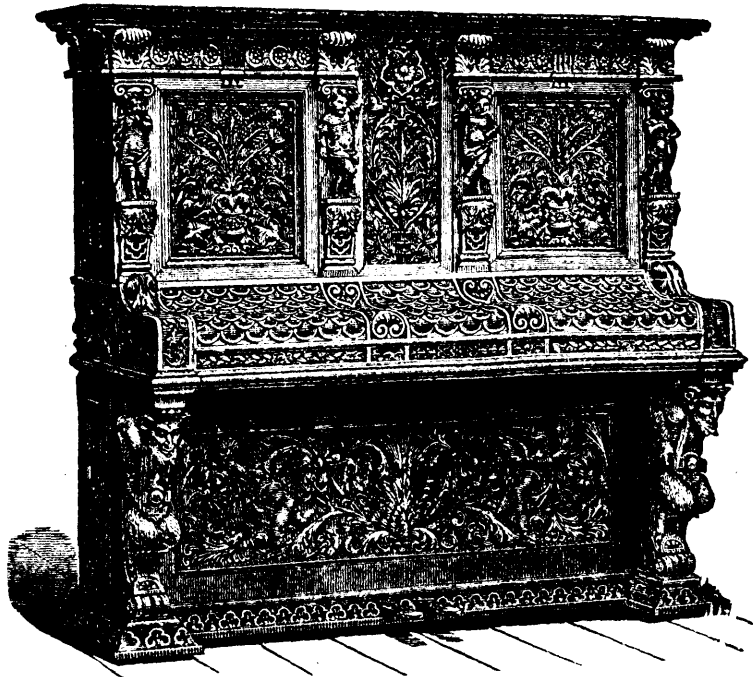


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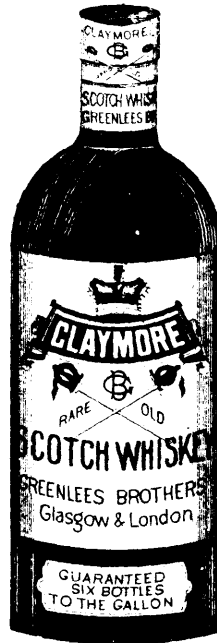


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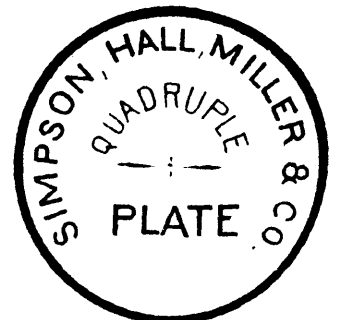
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