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No. 3 MARCH, 1908. Vol. II.

Asiatic Question.

It is just about twenty years since the Yellow Peril began to be talked about. The subject was introduced to public notice in a very clever pamphlet. The interest of this pamphlet to-day is that it furnishes a remarkable contrast to the propaganda of the Exclusionists. The writer depicted in vivid colours the intelligence, the industry and the aggressiveness of the Orientals. He pointed out that their danger to the white races lay not in their inferiority, but in their superiority. In the ultimate issue they overran the world by reason of their numbers, but their numerical superiority only became effective because it was directed and controlled by intelligence. He treated them as the masters, not the servants, of the white races, and their triumph became in his hands the logical conclusion of natural forces intelligently applied.

The Exclusionist has so far approached the question solely from the standpoint of inferiority. The only protest lodged against Oriental immigration, whether into Canada or the United States, has been in the interests of white labour; the suggestion is that unrestricted immigration means flooding the market with Orientals and displacing white labour. Undoubtedly this is a correct proposition, but is it not taking altogether too narrow a view of the subject? By narrowing the issue, the Exclusionist is ignoring broader considerations, some of which, at any rate, are more potent than the one he urges.

* * *

WESTWARD HO! has never agreed with the methods of the Exclusion League; it has always sympathized with its objects. Now that the League has been made an International one, it is the more important that Canadians should thoroughly understand the question in all its bearings. Whilst Canadian and American Exclusionists have some things, they have not all things, in common. The interests of the former are distinct; where they touch questions of International policy they merge on all the broader issues.

There has been a great deal of talking at cross-purposes; at one time the League has stated that the question is primarily a racial one; again it has declared that it is purely an economic one. WESTWARD HO! holds the view that both aspects of the case are predominant, and that neither can for a moment be ignored. It is in the highest interests of civilization that such racial differences as exist between the Mongolian and the white man should be maintained in their integrity.

The history of the world furnishes no instance of the commingling of such races, and the profoundest students of anthropology are a unit in concluding that it would be disastrous.

Only less fatal would be the peopling of any Province of the Dominion with the yellow races to the exclusion of the white, a self-evident proposition which need not be discussed.

* * *

It is when the economic side of the question is considered that difficulties begin to arise. WESTWARD HO! strongly urges the necessity for educating public opinion as to the real character of the achievements, the policy, and the ambitions of the Mongolian races. This phase of the subject is less insistent with respect to the Chinese than the Japanese, not because the former will always be less formidable, but because at the moment they are less aggressive. It will be many generations before the subjects of Nippon, whatever the extent of their colonizing agencies, approach in the slightest degree to the population of the Chinese empire. There is the further consideration that the closest students of human nature are unable to fathom the Chinese mind, whilst the Jap is now an open book. The civilization of the former is buried in antiquity. Its records are in evidence for at least 6,000 years. Japanese history is practically contemporary with the Christian era. China is still asleep, or at any rate is barely waking up. At intervals during the last half century it has fitfully yawned, only to close its eyes and steadfastly refuse to be aroused. What the disciples of Confucius will do when they fall in step with the march of modern civilization, the profoundest philosopher cannot even surmise. Japan is wide awake, with every nerve a-tingle; with its eyes steadfastly fixed on a fair horizon. Its policy has been decided on, its course is mapped out, its mission is in the word of one of its greatest statesmen, "To lead Asia." This is an intelligible programme, there is no deception about it. He who runs may read, and he who talks Exclusion without mastering its provisions is ill-equipped for the controversy.

The ambition of Japan is to stand on International equality with the white races. It admits no point of inferiority, and is straining every nerve to gain and maintain its forces. In military and naval warfare it has established equality, if not supremacy. Its victories in the sphere of arms have been so brilliant as to dazzle the onlooker, and confuse his judgment with regard to the achievements of Japan in other fields. A few facts carefully pondered will tend to correct any misconception on this point.

* * *

The foundation of all national prosperity is education, and Japan is to-day the most highly educated country in the world. It has 30,000 public schools, 120,000 teachers, and 5,500,000 pupils. Last year over 1,000,000 pupils graduated. No other country can approach these figures proportionately to its population. When Canadians talk of an inferior race, and when they consider that a Japanese invasion is most to be feared from the standpoint of labour, let them recall the fact that the school attendance of Japan is practically equal to the total population of Canada. Let them consider, further, that the English language is on the curriculum of every public school, and that the average Jap scholar is better versed in mathematics than the Canadian scholar in ordinary arithmetic. It should also be remembered that the Japanese people are firm believers in higher education, that they have numerous universities for women, and that in all of these the three primary subjects are domestic science, Japanese literature, and English literature. In the Japanese army, in time of peace, are 6,000 officers and 1,000,000 men; in the navy, 50,000 men. The navy tonnage is 500,000, and the tonnage of the mercantile marine 1,000,000.

* * *

The industries of Japan are little understood outside its borders. There are over 7,000 factories, the various industries employ the following number of hands: Silk manufacture, 120,000; cotton, 80,000; ship-building and machinery, 28,000; weaving, 59,500; printing, 8,000; paper mills, 6,000. In these the highest

wage paid is 35 cents per day and the lowest 10 cents. The average farm in Japan consists of two acres, the value of its product is $60 per year, and on this sum a Jap will support himself and family. Several years ago Japan commenced to build steamers for export, and actually furnished a gunboat in the United States navy.

In addition to the industries mentioned, sugar raising, dyeing, papermaking, glass-blowing, lumbering, brickmaking, pottery, and brewing are all firmly established and flourishing. Japan has an extensive and remarkable railway system, with 5,000 miles in operation, although the empire only contains 161,000 square miles and is about the same size as California. To put it another way: In one-twentieth the area of the United States, Japan has a population of 50,000,000. In connection with the subject of immigration there are two significant facts. The first is that Japan retains control over all immigration into the empire; the second is that while there are only 3,000 white people in the whole of Japan there are 200,000 Japs in foreign countries.

* * *

Reverting for a moment to the State railways, the skill of Japanese management is marvellously illustrated by the following figures: Passengers carried last year, 150,000,000; freight carried, 20,000,0000 tons; gross earnings, $22,-000,000; expenses of operation, $10,000,-000; profit, $12,000,000. What other country in the world can show profits exceeding 50 per cent. of the gross earnings of its railroads? Notice how the Jap has imbibed the principle of thrift and economy. Last year there were 3,000,000 depositors in the State Savings Bank, and the amount of their deposits exceeded $20,000,000, a sum equal to that saved by the Austrians, and more than the savings of the Dutch or the Swedes. Look at the Government finances, with an expenditure of $150,000,000 (double that of Canada), a trade value of $250,-000,000, a currency of $200,000,000, and a property valuation of six billions.

* * *

Little more than twenty years ago Japan adopted popular representation and a modern constitution; the British model was copied exactly. In addition to the House of Representatives, there is a House of Lords, consisting of Princes, Marquises, Counts, Viscounts and Barons. The people were divided into three grades, and social status accorded in the following proportions: Nobility, 4,600; gentry, 2,200,000, and common people, 42,000,000. With all this modern machinery, in the adoption of which the Japanese have shown themselves to be the greatest imitators the world has known, let it not be for a moment supposed that they are not governed by something more powerful than mere machinery. Their constitution rests on fundamental principles, among which the strongest are "reverence for superiors," "self abnegation," and "an absolute conviction that the empire is family." Such an example of solidarity, springing from conviction and devotion, has rarely been seen. Their policy has been well described as "Constitutional Imperialism."

* * *

Japan has slept for 250 years; it is now wide awake. The people can, because they think they can. They are awake not for the purpose of furnishing diggers and delvers for other lords of creation, but for the purpose of becoming a governing and a ruling race. Their competition in the labour market might occasion momentary inconvenience, but it fades into insignificance in the light of the above facts and of the infinitely profounder conception which they furnish of the ambition and the policy of an awakened Japan.

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A Deal in Heifers.

Frank Dilnot.

WILLIAM and his partner Simon were the blacksmiths of North Hyben. They owned their forge, insulted customers, and maintained a determined and rasping rule over the village. They were unpopular, but they could not be ignored. Stalwart upholders of law and order and the Church, they took a fierce delight in speaking well of some of them behind their backs. Squire Brierley they thought much of, but that did not prevent them from telling him of his faults in farming, or criticising the archiecture of his new house. Consequently there was no particular cause for remark when Mr. Panyon fell under their disapproval. Mr. Panyon was a superior squire who farmed for recreation and did not make it pay; but the Panyons had held their heads erect in Hyben for generations, and were accorded an hereditary respect.

Now, William and Simon had come to the conclusion that Mr. Panyon was living beyond his means, and they not only spoke loudly of it between themselves and to the villagers, but took opportunity of reproving Mr. Panyon in person.

"If," said William, "you was to do away with them there beagles you're keeping, Mr. Panyon, you'd be able to get new harrows and not trouble us with this continual patching up of the old 'uns. 'Pend upon it, sir, I should get rid of they beagles if I was you. You ain't thought any more of because you keeps beagles."

"How dare you speak to me like that?" said Mr. Panyon.

Later in the day William said to his partner:

"This 'ere Panyon is getting a bit overbearing. He was right down rude to me this morning."

"Ah," said taciturn Simon.

"Shan't stand much more of Panyon. Rettie can write out his bill presently."

"A hity-tity lot," said Rettie, the elderly spinster sister of William. "I hear they have's the butcher call there every day, and there's people like we, living very well, ain't had any butcher's meat, what with the pigs and the fowls, for a matter of thirty years, not since our poor father died."

That evening William trudged up to Mr. Panyon's house with the bill. He looked with grim disdain on the flower beds along the drive and the whitened steps leading up to the front door.

Mr. Panyon came out to see his visitor.

"Can you let me have this little account, Farmer Panyon?" said William, handing over the bill.

"Certainly. But it's rather extraordinary, isn't it? Of course, if you're in want of money——"

"We ain't," interrupted William. "We ain't in no want of money. Weve got the bit of farm, which is freehold, our own, mind ye. But what with beagles and holding your heads so high, we thinks you're getting a bit too finnicking. We ain't particular about doing your work at all."

It was in the next week that Simon brought to the forge the story that Mr. Panyon's financial affairs were approaching a crisis, that his creditors were beginning to press him, and that Panyon House, the pride of North Hyben for the last 150 years, was in danger.

"Never heard o' such a thing," said William. "Never thought o' it. Believed he was as safe as houses. Who told you, Simon?"

Simon gave incontestable proof.

"Well, to be sure!" said William.

Within a month the difficulties of Mr. Panyon were common property, and the respect of the village had gone to zero. The labourers forgot to touch their hats,

but with their usual contrariness, William and Simon made scathing interruptions in the village gossip. In the attitude of impartial observers they severely blamed Mr. Panyon and at the same time ruthlessly crushed anyone else who happened to criticise him.

"Going to have a sale," said Simon. "The auctioneers'll be at Panyon House in October."

"Dear, dear! Why, he won't get but next to nothing for them Berkshires and they Jersey heifers."

"Yes, and there's two or three about here as is going in to make money out of it. They've been reckoning for days on this sale."

"He must owe a terrible lot," said William, reflectively.

"I don't know," said Simon. "I heard say as a hundred pounds would put him straight again."

"Dear, dear," said William, "and this is what comes o' beagles, and of course it serves him right."

"And then there's that eldest girl of his," said Simon.

"She's much too stuck up for me," growled William.

"Maybe," said Simon, "maybe. But d'ye remember how she used to drive that fast trotter, hands up, hat at the back of head, and the colour in her face? She's going to take a place as mother's help, or something of that kind."

"That's a sort of servant, ain't it?"

"I reckon so," said Simon.

"What about Panyon?"

"Trying for a job as farmer's bailiff, 'tis said."

"Bailiff!" said William. "And his old father was a gentleman."

That evening William picked a basket of Jargonelle pears from the famous tree that slimbed the side of his cottage, and walked up to Panyon House.

"We was looking at the pears this afternoon," he said to Mr. Panyon, "and we've got more than we knows what to do wi', so I brought you a few. And I wanted to tell ye, Mr. Panyon, as us bean't in no hurry for that money."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Panyon.

"I suppose," said William, hesitatingly, "you ain't wantin' to sell them Jersey heifers of yours?"

"If I could get a fair price I should be only too pleased to sell them."

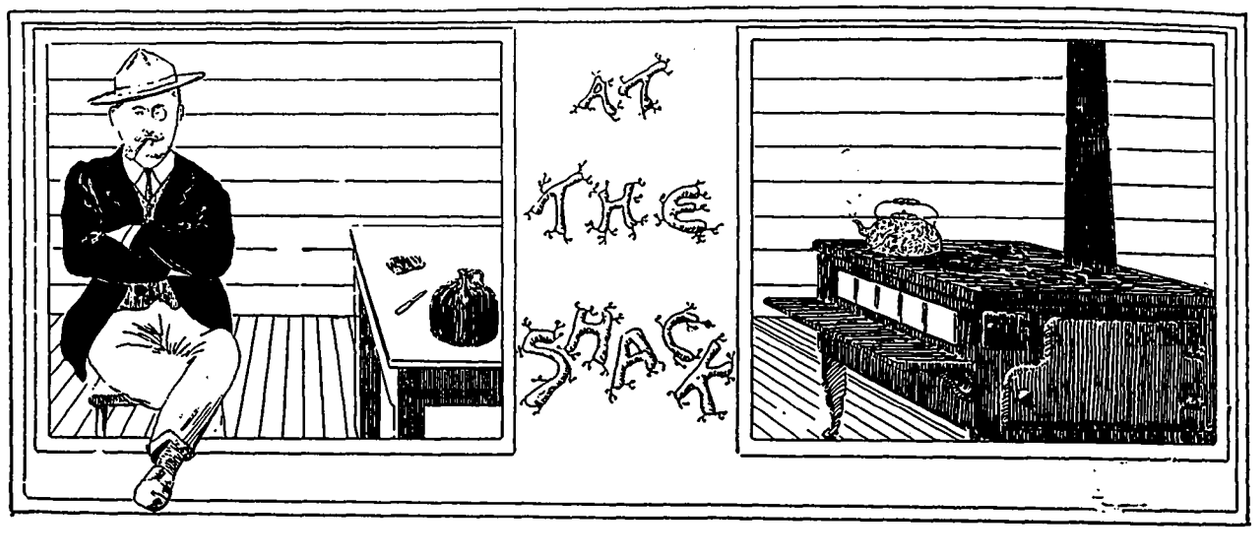
"Well, me and Simon, we've had a hankering after Jersey heifers for years. We saw yours, but we were afraid you wouldn't like to part with them. If you was to let me and Simon have the six we'd snap 'em up at once. What would you say to a hundred pounds for the six?"

"That is a good price," said Mr. Panyon. "It's rather more than I should have asked."

"We'll be glad to get 'em at that," said William. "We'll fetch 'em in the morning. We've always had a hankering after they heifers."

On the following Tuesday, William and Simon surreptitiously took the heifers to market at Harton. They afterwards boasted of what a good bargain they had made, and no one in the village but themselves knew that they had lost £33 over the matter.

This action of the crusty but good-hearted old bachelors turned the tide of Mr. Panyon's affairs. Others bought and paid good prices for his stock, and he was not forced to go as farm bailiff nor his daughter as a mother's help.



Percy Flage.

IN this latest and best of young centuries, opportunities of leisure come rarely to those who are neither remittance men nor union labourers.

The *fin-de-siecle* luxuries of a past decade have become the wonted use and necessity of the present; the wizardries of Edison, the patents of Bell, the breakfast foods of Battle Creek, and the paper flags of the Tobacco Trust have grown in a night from gifts of great service, to tower and loom threateningly over us like an uncorked evil genie.

That is to say, the Ordinary Man's daily bread is so garnished with butter, treacle, china, d'oyleys and finger-bowls, with their correlative monthly bills, that the O. M. is of necessity constrained to toil so assiduously as to bar him from the fair hours of easy thought that all honest considerations of belt politic and ward elections demand.

Our attention has been drawn to an up-to-date admonition of Ecclesiasticus, beginning:

"The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he that hath little business shall become wise."

Directly in line with this, and very apt, was the statement last year by Gertrude Atherton that three of the very best works on American history were by Britons, a fact imputed by her in part to "the greater personal leisure, and the inherited method of treating history in a spirit of serious and noble deliberation," more common to the writers and statesmen of the old country than to the more hurried ones of the United States and Canada.

How best to attain the heights of easeful horizontality whence one may view the circumferential landscape with the least waste of effort, and whether it is wiser to strive for the required end by raising the wages of our judges and legislators something nearer to the nightmares of avarice, or to encourage them to a Cincinnatus-like simplicity of life by swearing them to vows of poverty (chastity and obedience optional), is a question that would probably be ruled out of order by the Speaker of any self-respecting House.

That being as it may, the endless problem remains for the independent thinker to decide whether the twelve hundred-dollar government supporter or the equally valued oppositionist is right or wrong in his attempts to make history and to unmake geography, or whether they are both fooling.

In the stress of circumstance and the tide of time, one is fain to fall back on one's earlier studies, and to fit if possible the questions of to-day to the indexed files of yester year.

Even so, one may mistake.

I had been trying to recall the arguments of a work called "The Undesirable Jap," that I read some time ago.

It was pithy, graphic and convincing in its pictures of the desolation awaiting those unhappy lands exploited by the ruthless invader.

With economic art it traced the process of disintegration awaiting the commerce and civilization of the once happy nations that threw down the barriers of race and exposed the brawn of Europe to competition with the rice-fields of Asia.

In forcible language it depicted the cunning, the skill, the small economies, the large ambitions, the clannishness, the questionable virtues, and the unquestionable vices of England's aggressive allies, and in plaintive detail it recited scores of cases where single spies, treated with generous kindness, had been followed by battalions of hungry cousins, seeking the crumbs of Britain's affluence.

Oh, it was the most corroborative demonstration imaginable! But when I finally laid hands on the book I found that my memory had played me false.

Its title read, "The Unspeakable Scot," and its fulminations were against oatmeal, not rice! And its weak satire was aimed at the people that sang "A white man's a man for a' that."

To trust to memory for one's illustrations of an argument is no safer than to quote unverified authorities, and may lead one into as awkward a position as embarrassed an artistic friend of mine whose hero worship was greater than his historical accuracy.

Wishing to please the citizens of an American town where he sojourned, and filled with honest admiration for the Father of that country, he designed in oil an almost life-sized painting of Washington crossing the Delaware, and presented it to the Carnegie Library.

It was grandly conceived and faithfully executed, down to the detailed buttons of the General's buff waistcoat.

The likeness, taken from other portraits, was admirably depicted under the wintry moonlight of a storm-swept sky. The Delaware, in turgid darkness, was choked with grinding ice-floes, and George (through some unfortunate association of ideas) skipped from block to block with an activity so lifelike as to make the beholders almost hear the bay of the bloodhounds, and dimly discern the form of baffled Legree in the blackness of the farther shore!

It is a dangerous matter to meddle with local colour, unless one takes pains to absorb more than he transfers.

To know the manners and men of other nations, or of other centuries calls for greater effort than the reading of a book and the purchase of a tourist ticket.

Some authorities maintain that it is impossible to know two people at one time—that to understand the Gallic necessitates the sacrifice of one's Teutonic identity, and to grasp the teachings of the Koran is to forget the meanings of Christianity. It is doubtless an extreme view, but it illustrates how faulty must be our most unprejudiced judgments on other ways than our own.

That biographer is fortunate who pens the life of one with whom he has entirely lived—and that historian is happy whose chosen period lies within the years of his own age, or whose periods lie in the safe distance where "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The life of a century gone is not easy of apprehension, even in England, where the records are strewn as thickly as the leaves of ballambrosa. Harder yet, in our land, where 1808 saw Canada an unfathomed and untabulated wild, with few records taken note of save by the religious brotherhoods and the fur traders.

How, for instance, is one to relate the voyage in that year by Simon Fraser down the great river that bears his name, to the waters of the Pacific?

It would be well worth the while of our Westminster friends to attempt something in the line of a commemorative ode to that achievement.

It calls for the "wisdom that cometh by opportunity of leisure" to do it justice, and lacking that we can only offer a few hasty lines as a stimulus to better efforts:

SIMON FRASER—1808.

Pomp of the voyageurs,
Pride of the daring!
Lofty the birch lifts her light prow aloof.
Whither the voltigeurs
Valiantly faring?
What are these waters that put ye to proof?

"En avant, Boucher! Garde biens les rochers!
Allons nous chercher la grande mer d'Ouest!"

Clerks of La Compagnie,
Bondmen and boatmen,
Fill the four galleys that follow in file—
Fearless to villainy,
Cheerful cutthroat men,
Dash the swift paddle in swaggering style.

"Prendo le droit, Pierre Roy! Keep to the fair way!
Down the white stairway that falls to the West."

All the wide watering
Gulletted sudden
Where the hills throttle the wild leaping thing!
Chasms gape, guttering,
Gasp, and are flooden,
White combing currents convulsively spring.

"Vite donc, Belanger! Crains pas le danger!
"Houp! la grande plonge, et toute d'suite pour l'Ouest.

Straight as an arrow flies
When the thumb scraping
Twangs the taut cord to the rebounding bow!
Straight to where narrow lies
One stream escaping
Yonder dun boulder that shoulders the flow!

"Bully boy, Waccun! Right by the black one!
"Now the ways lack one more bar to west."

Now we run merrily!
Hark to the sounding
Pebbles a fathom beneath our canoes—
So we swing warily
Where the bend rounding
Shows the wide shoal and the intricate sloughs.

"Qu' dis tu, Quesnel? Is yon the channel?
"Oui, M'sieu Simon! Cest la route pour l'Ouest!

Here a high sundering
Monolith towers
Ripping the river to ribbons of foam
There the slide thundering
Scatters in showers
Traitorous eddies that sapped the hills dome.

"D'embarquez, Gagnon! Camp in the bay yon—
Hai, mes compagnon? Sol se couche dans l'Ouest!

Soon through the willow wet
Flames in the twilight
Speak the quick camp neath the epinette tree
Where in fierce silhouette
Shadows on high light
Dance like the crew of a chasse gallerie.

Sainte Anne the Holy! Ward thou the lowly!
With trust in Thee wholly, we win to the west!

The Arctic Brotherhood.

Godfrey Chealander.

THE unique as well as the most beneficial institution in the great golden Northland is the Order of the Arctic Brotherhood. By the "great golden Northland" here, is included not only Alaska, but also the Canadian Yukon, as well as Northern British Columbia, for the Brotherhood has twenty-two camps scattered in every important section throughout the three territories. Its membershp is about five thousand and comprises the very best of the brawn and brain of the most cosmopolitan gathering of citizens, be they from the American or Canadian side, that ever settled in a new country before. Within its ranks are to be found governors and ex-governors, bankers, miners, and business men, United States senators and congressmen, members of parliament, judges, lawyers, doctors and men in every line of profession.

Hundreds of men in the early days of the "stampede," with no other capital than a pick and a shovel, but with upright, stalwart characters, joined the order, and away from home and friends as they were, they found within its fold elements that in a large measure helped to supply in the far Northern wilds the things which they had left behind at their own firesides. And thus they became imbued with fortitude and those staying qualities so essential to success on the trails and in the Northern haunts. Most of these men have "made good," and are to-day possessed of heavy pokes filled with the precious yellow metal. Their love for the Arctic Brotherhood is strong, and nearly all of them have joined the "life membership brigade," which consists of nearly one thousand members.

The organization had its birth in a spirit of jollity among a crowd of returning argonauts on board one of the steamers bound for Skagway in February, 1899. The name "Arctic Brotherhood" was decided upon as the most fitting synonym for such an extreme Northern organization. A number of "cheehaquas" (those who had never been in the country before) were initiated by a number of "sourdoughs" (those who had been in the country some years previous) with improvised ceremonies for the occasion.

A coincidence of more than passing notice occurred several months later when the snows were melting off the mountains. Facing the bay of Skagway and standing sentinel over the town is a large mountain. It was discovered that on this mountain on the side facing the town and bay, a number of crevasses were visible, forming in gigantic outlines the letters "A B." These letters, some four hundred feet in length, are plainly seen for two or three months during spring. They are as perfect in contour as if chiseled by a mighty master hand, and as Skagway was made the home of the first camp of the order, it was but natural that the discovery of the initials of the organization on the face of this mountain should be considered an unusual omen, the Great Creator having stamped his approval, so to say, thousands of years before the institution of the Arctic Brotherhood. The mountain was accordingly named by the United States Geographical Society, in honour of the event, the "A. B." mountain.

The order, strong as it is in the composition of its membership, and standing unitedly for the very best interests of the Northland, radiates its influence in many directions. Politics are strictly excluded in the deliberations of its councils, but those questions which affect the territories and the people as a whole are always considered and promulgated, and

coming from such a source of men, and with such unity, and with purposes so non-personal and non-political in character, great heed and attention is given to measures advocated by the Arctic Brotherhood in the Congress of the United States and in the Dominion Parliament.

This pioneer organization of the North has acted the good Samaritan on numbers of occasions. It has more than once rescued some of its members from perishing in snowstorms on the trails. It has succored the sick and helped the needy and in distress. One of its cardinals principles is, "If a brother falls gently lift him up. If he fails imbue him with fortitude to bear his failure patiently."

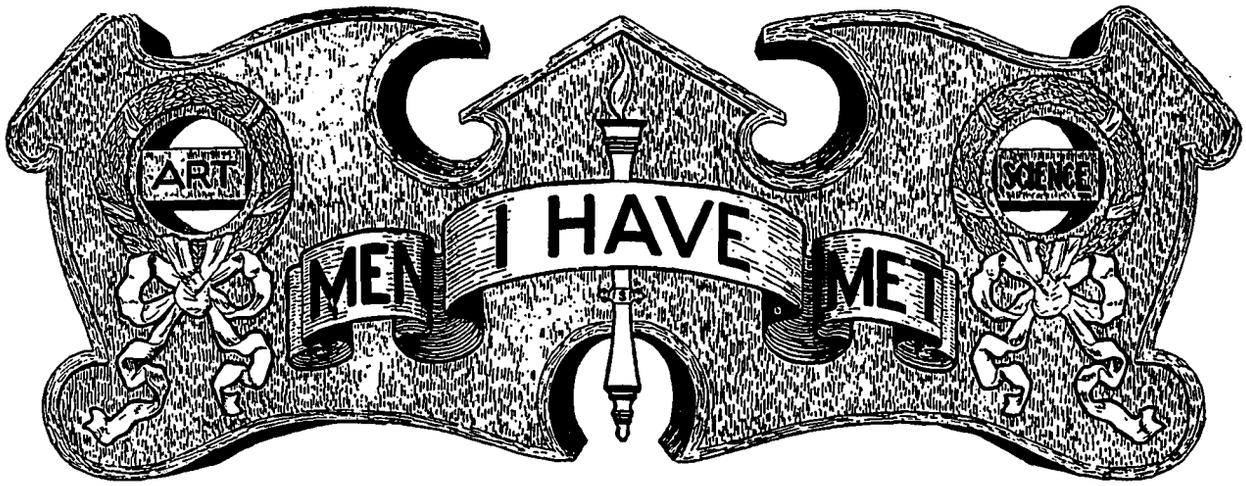
In the early days in the North, and the "early days" here is meant the days of the great gold hunt in 1897 and 1898, when upwards of one hundred thousand people thronged the trails of the Northern gold-fields, there was much rivalry between the subjects of Great Britain and American citizens over the boundary line between the two countries. The order adopted as its motto, "No Boundary Line Here." This happy choice of motto assuaged the bitter feeling between the two peoples to a greater extent than any other one thing, and fostered, instead of a spirit of hatred and dissension, a genuine spirit of harmony and good fellowship; and hand in hand the two countries on either side of the "line" has ever since under its benign influence prospered and advanced.

The Arctic Brotherhood will erect a handsome building of its own on the grounds of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, to be held in Seattle, 1909. This building will be permanent in character and in it will be entertained during the exposition its own members as well as friends of the order, and after the exposition is over it will be deeded in trust to the Regents of the Washington University, upon the grounds of which the exposition will be held, and designated for fraternity uses among the students from the North. It will also be open to the public at all times, as in it will be exhibited a choice collection of Alaskan curios, souvenirs and relics. A real Arctic garden will surround the building, in which will be found live plants, bushes, shrubs and flowers transplanted from Alaska and Yukon, many of which will be gathered from hundreds of miles north of the Arctic circle.

An imposng site has been selected for the structure. It is in full view of the Cascade Range and Mount Rainier, which though majestic, being over 14,000 feet high, is still some 7,000 feet lower than Alaska's own grand mountain, Mount McKinley, which measures from base to top over 21,000 feet.

Her Little Hand.

Her little hand! So small and white,
Ah, could I only claim the right
To print a kiss on it, I own
That would for all past grief atone.
The world would seem to me all bright
From fertile plain to rocky height;
The darkest clouds must take their flight,
If she would give to me alone,
Her little hand.
If she were Queen—and I a Knight
Of bygone age, by chance I might
Her homage pay; but now unknown,
In dreams I press, when hopes have flown
Like midnight phantoms with the light,
Her little hand.



Hon. W. S. Fielding.

William Blakemore

I FIRST met Mr. Fielding at Glace Bay, Cape Breton, in the summer of 1904. It was on the occasion of the visit of the Canadian Mining Institute to the mines of the Dominion Coal Company. The gathering was a large and notable one. The late lamented B. T. A. Bell was then the Secretary of the Institute, and had brought down from Montreal a party of ladies and gentlemen, by the St. Lawrence route, on the Bona Vista, in charge of Captain Fraser. Others came by the Intercolonial, and when the whole party rallied at Sydney Hotel there were few short of a hundred visitors, in addition to local recruits.

Among the notabilities who attended the sessions were Mr. Fielding, the then, and Mr. G. H. Murray, the now, Premier of Nova Scotia. The former had taken a great interest in the formation of a company which had just absorbed all the old coal mines on Cape Breton Island. It was a gigantic undertaking, and although in the fourteen years which have since elapsed the company has seen many vicissitudes, no one who understands the situation denies that the men who founded the Dominion Coal and Steel Companies were the industrial builders of the Maritime Provinces.

The part which Mr. Fielding took in all these negotiations was necessarily a prominent and important one. His official position placed all the threads of the negotiations in his hands, and it says not a little for his business acumen and diplomatic skill that he was able to conduct them to a successful issue.

I was greatly impressed with Mr. Fielding at our first interview. What struck me most was his receptiveness and his wide knowledge. He was a most interesting and sympathetic talker; he seemed to have the history of the Maritime Provinces at his finger ends. And not only so, but he had studied trade matters all the world over, and was thoroughly well posted on Canadian commerce in its relation to that of other countries.

Even at that time he had grasped the possibility of developing an export trade in coal and iron ore from Cape Breton and Newfoundland to Europe. He was particularly strong on statistical matters and could quote copiously from the blue books of England, Canada, and the United States. It is true he had been for many years Premier of Nova Scotia, but I have yet to meet the Provincial Premier who knew as much about business affairs outside his own domain.

It was not difficult even then to foresee

that Mr. Fielding's future lay with finance. Although a lawyer by profession, he is essentially a business man, quick to see the advantages and disadvantages of every deal, and especially quick to discover its bearing on the public interest.

Our first chat at Glace Bay was the precursor of many to follow, and during the four years that I resided in Cape Breton I received many marks of his kindness. I jokingly told him one day that he reminded me the moment I saw him of the great French tribune, Leon Gambetta, and the resemblance has continued. He is neither so tall nor so stout, but in form and feature, in gesture, in copious and passionate delivery he is the very counterpart of the French orator; the main difference is that he lacks the emotion which characterized his prototype.

I told Mr. Fielding at this time that his talents were wasted in provincial politics, and that his right place was at Ottawa. He modestly disclaimed the suggestion, but I thought that I knew the kind of material of which ministers are made, and ventured to predict that if he went to Ottawa he would be offered a portfolio at once, and that if his health was spared he would one day be Premier of Canada. I still expect to see the whole of this prediction fulfilled.

Since his accession to cabinet rank, no man has come on so surely as Mr. Fielding. There was a time when his star looked as if it might be eclipsed by the greater brilliancy of Tarte and Sifton, but his sterling qualities wore them down. The former, alas! is no longer a competitor, yet in the day of his revolt even his brilliance availed him nothing against the more enduring character of Mr. Fielding, and he was broken on the wheel.

Sir Wilfried Laurier, who has always been an excellent judge of men, clearly indicated his opinion of Mr. Fielding when he selected him as his colleague to attend the first Colonial Conference in London. Sir Wilfrid's judgment in this matter has been endorsed by public opinion, and Mr. Fielding has now attained to the position, the most desirable of all on the part of a public servant and the most impregnable, that of a statesman who is universally regarded as a "safe" man.

Whatever may be said by his poltical opponents, Mr. Fielding has been a brilliantly successful Finance Minister. When his work has been discounted, as his critics are fond of discounting it, by reference to an era of general prosperity such as has never been known in the history of Canada, it still remains that Mr. Fielding has handled the business of the country with skill, with courage, and with scrupulous honesty. No breath of suspicion has ever been raised against him; and while colleagues on his right and his left have been forced to retire in obloquy because of more than questionable practices, he has remained a poor man, but rich in the respect of all who know him.

Mr. Fielding is not an orator, yet he is one of the most forceful and effective speakers in Canadian public life. His speeches read better than they sound, because every line is charged with matter. He is a diligent student and one of the most careful of men in preparing his speeches. He would be more impressive in the delivery if he were less fluent and less copious, but he rushes on like a whirlwind and allows neither himself nor his hearer breathing space.

Mr. Fielding is essentially a man of the people, a plain man of simple ideas, governed by fundamental principles. Never tortuous or complex, he sees the issue clearly and makes for it by the straightest line. He has sound judgment, and in spite of the annexationist ideas which he harboured twenty years ago is now a loyal Canadian and an ardent Imperialist.

I think one reason why he possesses the public confidence to such a degree is that all men realize that he is an intense Canadian. To my mind, he embodies the very spirit of Young Canada, and when the time comes for him to succeed Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whether on the Treasury bench or as leader of the Opposition. it will be recognized not only by every section of his own party but by all who have studied the characters of our public men, that there could be no other selection.

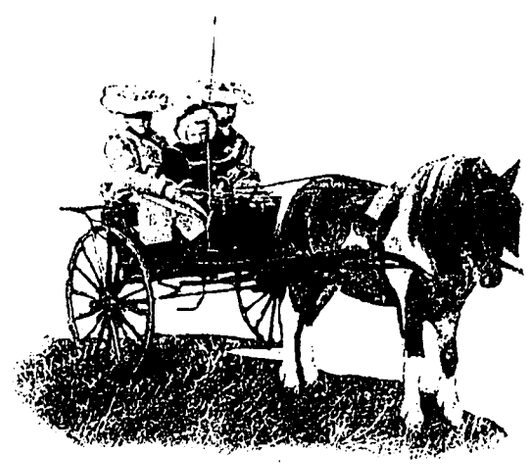
D. Thomas Tees.

Vancouver, February 20, 1908.

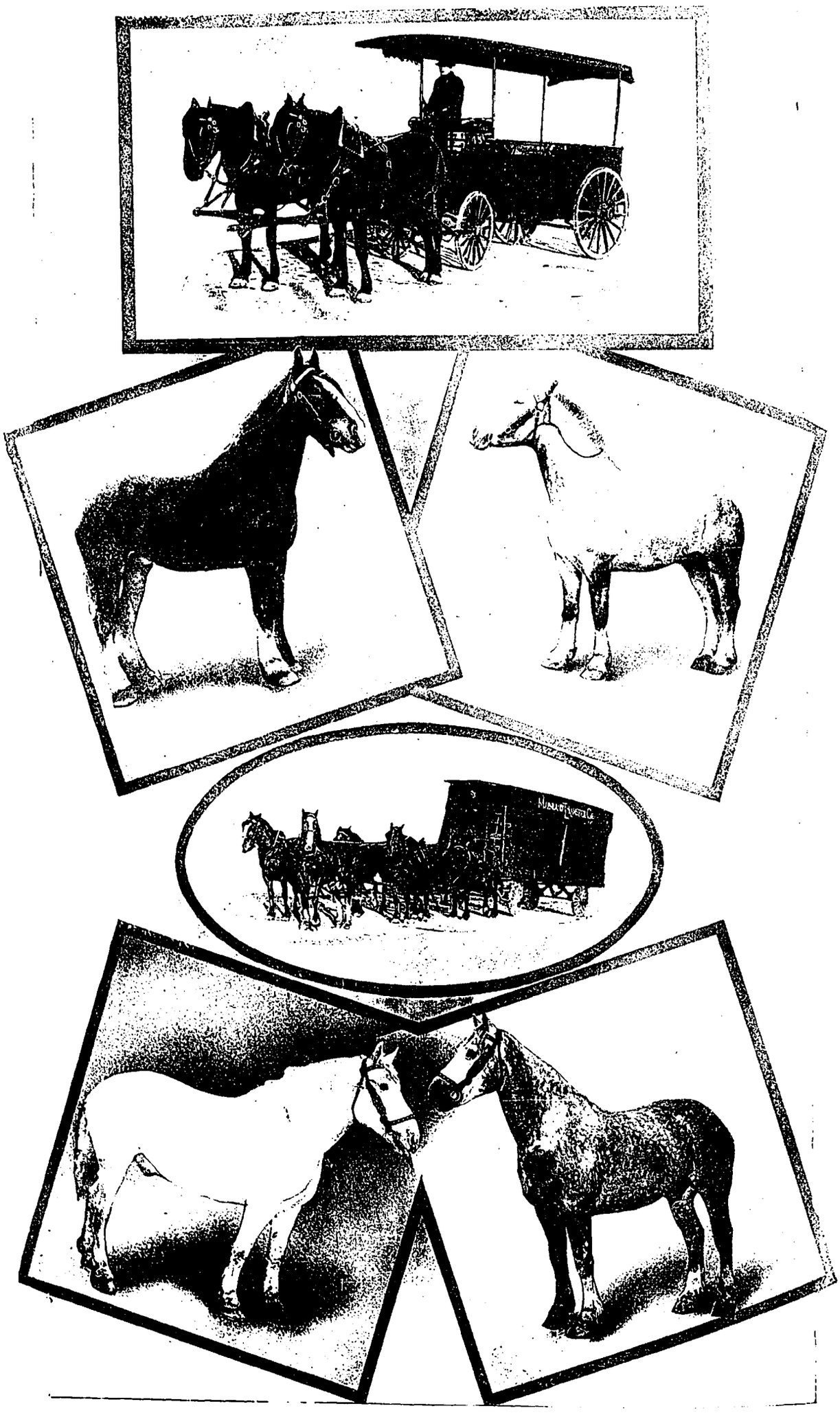
MY Dear Little Daughter,—Next month, just four weeks from today, the first Horse Show ever held in British Columbia, on modern lines, will open. It will occupy six performances. That is, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 19th, 20th and 21st March, at half-past two in the afternoon and at eight o'clock in the evening, the programme, as it will be arranged, will begin. As you cannot come to me, I thought I would write and tell you all I know about a Horse Show. In the natural course of events, when a Horse Show is to be held, a list of classes is prepared and distributed among people who are likely to send horses for competition. To describe what *classes are*, I must here copy one or two from the prize list that was issued by the Executive of our Horse Show.

For example: Class 69 is among the

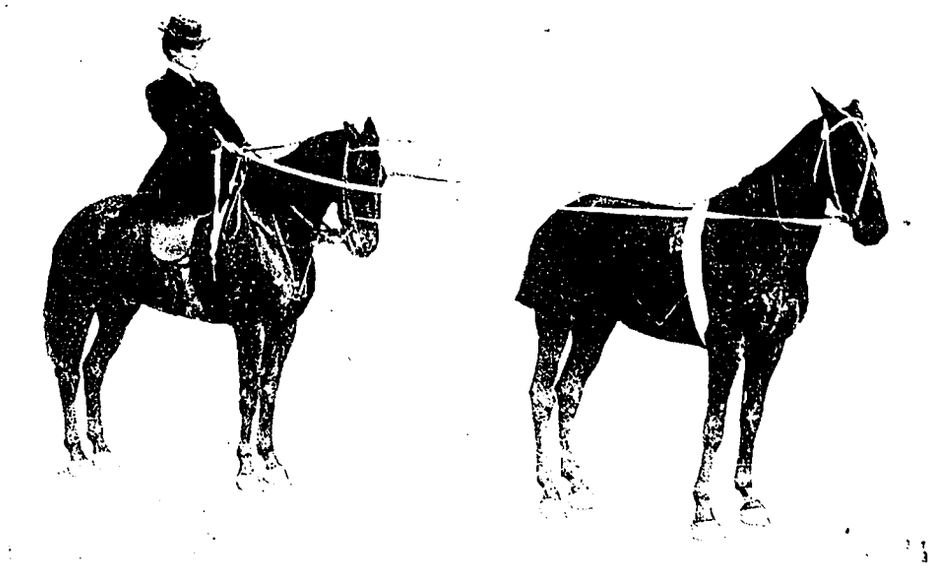
H. E. Padmore (Vancouver) on his Mare, "Hickory."



A Handsome Shetland, entered by R. Thorburn, Vancouver, B.C.



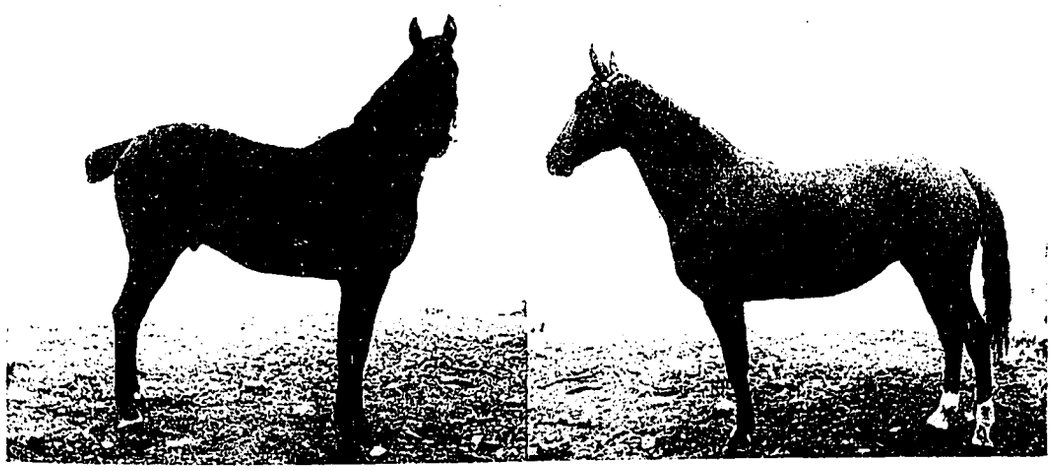
Some of the Mainland Transfer Company's (Vancouver) Entries.



Mrs. A. M. Cronin (Portland) riding "Brussels" and driving "Nip."

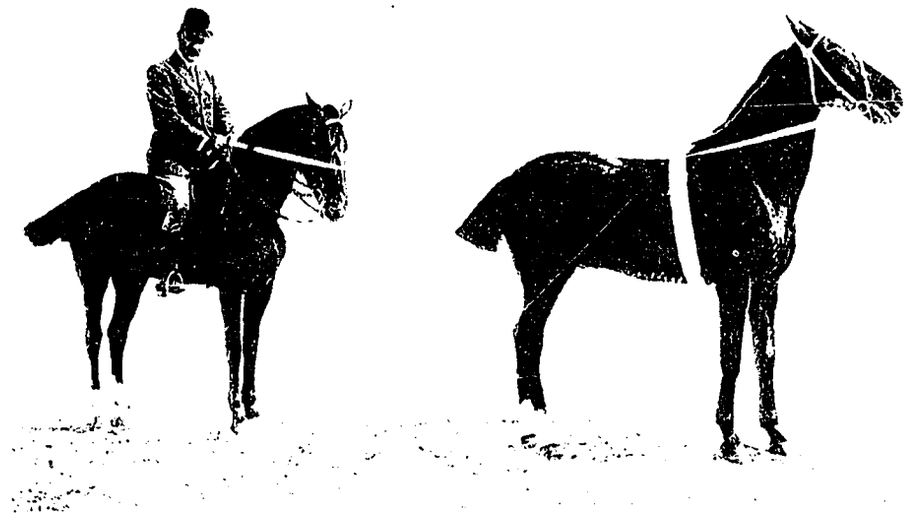
harness classes, and reads as follows: Horses 15 hands 2 inches high and over, to be shown before a brougham, victoria, or other appropriate vehicle. Horses to count 60 per cent., appointments 40 per cent. In due time owners send to the secretary their entries for this class, and as entries close on the 28th February, the secretary will then make up a programme which may show that at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening the Horse Show will commence with this class, and perhaps eight or ten horses are driven into the ring, where the judges, two in number, look carefully over them, and in fifteen or twenty minutes give their award. The best exhibit gets a blue rosette, fastened on the bridal of the horse, and the owner receives a silver cup or perhaps a gold watch or some other beautiful thing that has been put aside for the winner in this class. The second best horse gets a red rosette fastened on the bridle, and the owner gets a less valuable prize. The third best horse gets a yellow rosette. Then the three winners are driven once around the ring and leave it, followed by the other horses that competed in the class.

Perhaps the second event on that evening will be Class 90, which reads as follows: Ladies' Hunters, 15 hands 1 inch high and over. To be ridden by ladies over six jumps each 3 feet of timber with 6 inches of brush on top. Conformation and quality to count 50 per cent., performance over jumps, 50 per cent. There are, perhaps, 11 entries in this class,

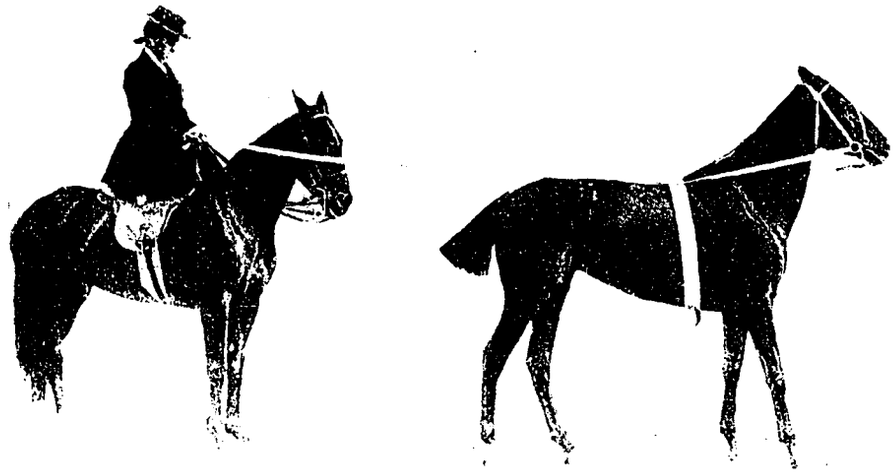


"Highland Gaines" "Thelma"

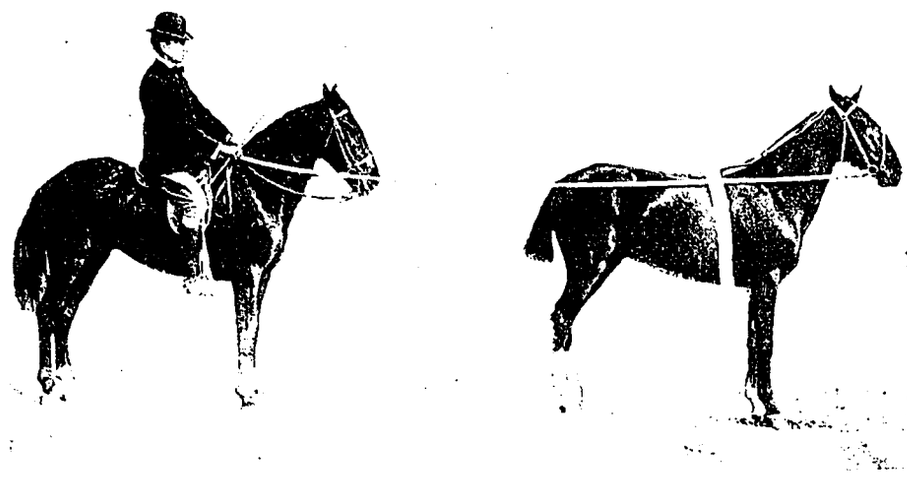
Entered by Miss Bernice A. Baker, Tacoma, Wash.



James Nicoll (Portland) riding "Duchess" and driving "Tony."



Miss Anne Shogren (Portland) riding "Julithia" and driving "Jane."

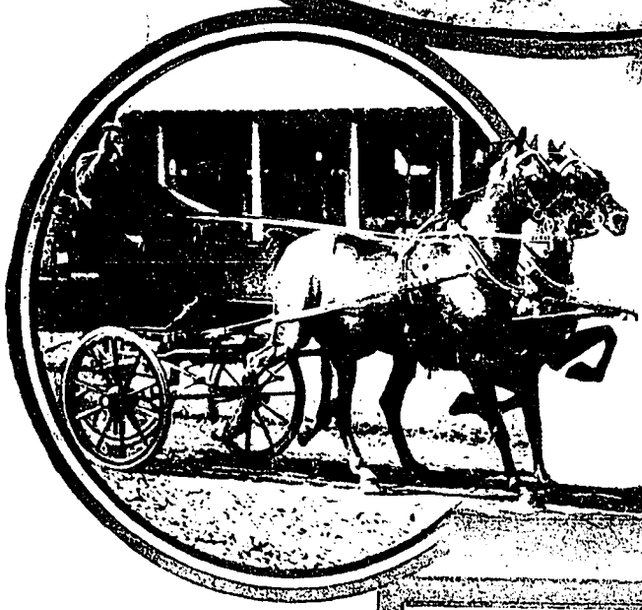


A. M. Cronin (Portland) riding "Rattler" and driving "Antipope."

which according to the programme come into the ring at twenty minutes past eight, the previous class having consumed twenty minutes of the judges' time. Well, these hunters are taken by the lady riders over the jumps, and the judges give each horse as many marks or points as they think they are entitled to for jumping. Then they compare the appearance (or conformation) of each horse, and give each as many marks as it is entitled to for conformation, and the horse which takes the highest aggregate of points is given the blue ribbon and first prize, the next best the red ribbon and second prize. There will be, perhaps, ten or fifteen classes judged each afternoon and evening. All sorts of horses and all sorts of vehicles will come into the ring. Beautiful stallions of various kinds, such as racers, trotters, Clydesdales, and beautiful little ponies not four feet high; great big draught horses, weighing 1,800 pounds, or nearly twice as much as many of the saddle horses; horses called roadsters, which are driven by gentlemen through Stanley Park; horses in grocers' waggons and butcher carts; tandems, fours-in-hand, pairs of horses before beautiful carriages, that perhaps the day previous took a lady and her friend through the park, driven by a coachman dressed in blue or grey livery.

Well, you would be surprised to see how people will sit for two or three hours in the Drill Hall, watching with almost breathless interest each event. Of course, if a lady or gentleman in the audience sees in the ring a horse owned by some dear friend, possibly a lover, her or his interest is intensified. And this is something that is continually happening. But I cannot begin to describe the appearance of the Drill Hall. It will be decorated with material of various colours, and with all the various kinds of flags belonging to Great Britain and her colonies. I would not be surprised if the Stars and Stripes will be seen there, for you know we are very near the United States, and we have a great many good friends there. For instance, the Hunt Club of Portland will occupy two boxes, and the least we can do is to drape their boxes with the flag of their great coun-

W. J. Cavanagh's (Vancouver) "Lady Patchen."

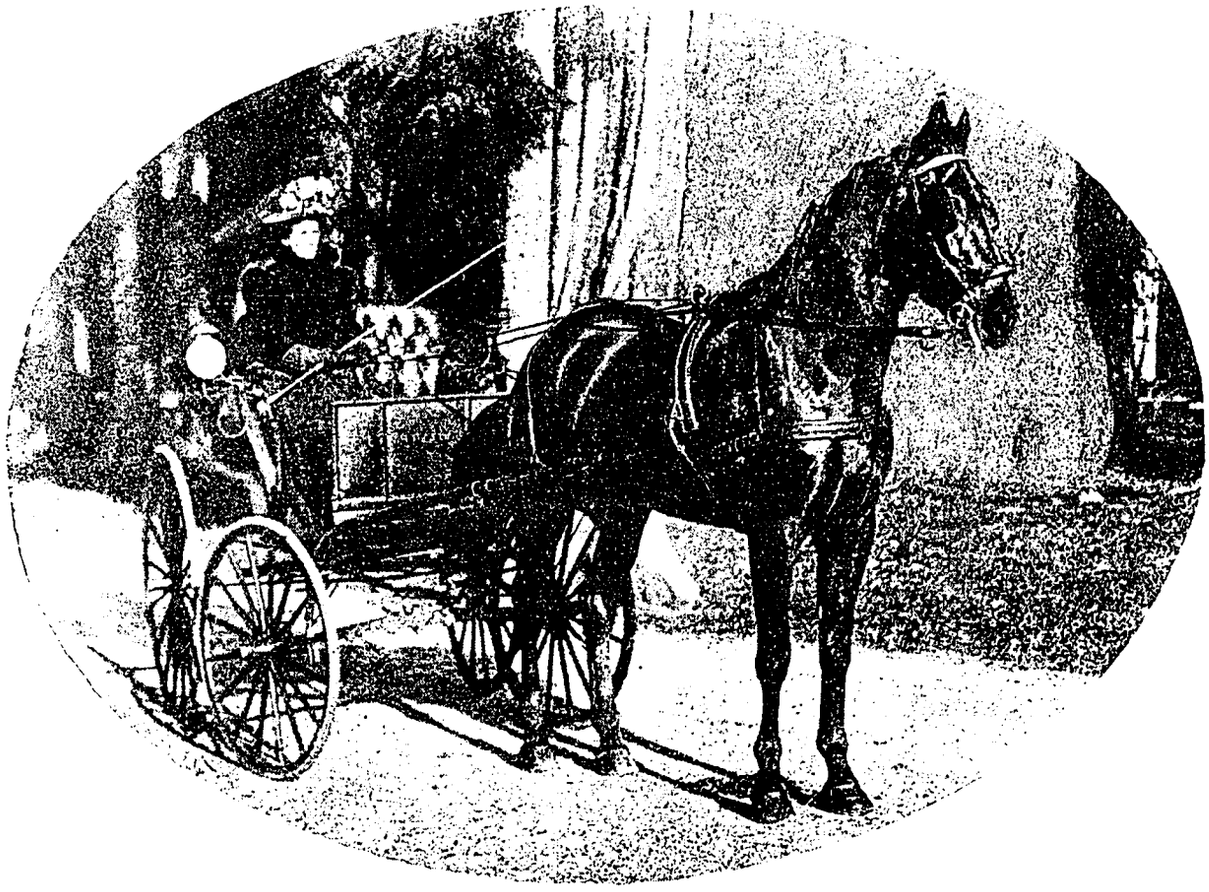


Ino. W. Considine, Jnr., and his Welsh pony "Punch."

Some of Mr. J. W. Considine's Seattle entries: Top picture, "Lady Arva" and "Lord Nelson"; Centre, "Allen Bell" and "Colonial Bell; Bottom, "Lady Arva" and "Lord Nelson," driven by Mrs. John W. Considine.

Pair of Heavy Dray Horses entered by R. Thorburn, Vancouver, B.C.

try. We have many friends in Portland, Tacoma and Seattle, who are coming to our Show, and who are sending very beautiful horses and equipages to compete for the trophies—saddle horses, driving horses, ponies, and other beautiful horses that are trained like the trick horses you have seen in a circus. So you cannot wonder that we have a soft feeling in our hearts for the people of the neighbouring Republic, who are so kind and so generous. Then there are a large number of very beautiful and very useful horses in all parts of British Columbia,



"Chaswick," a Vancouver entry by Mrs. F. A. Fee

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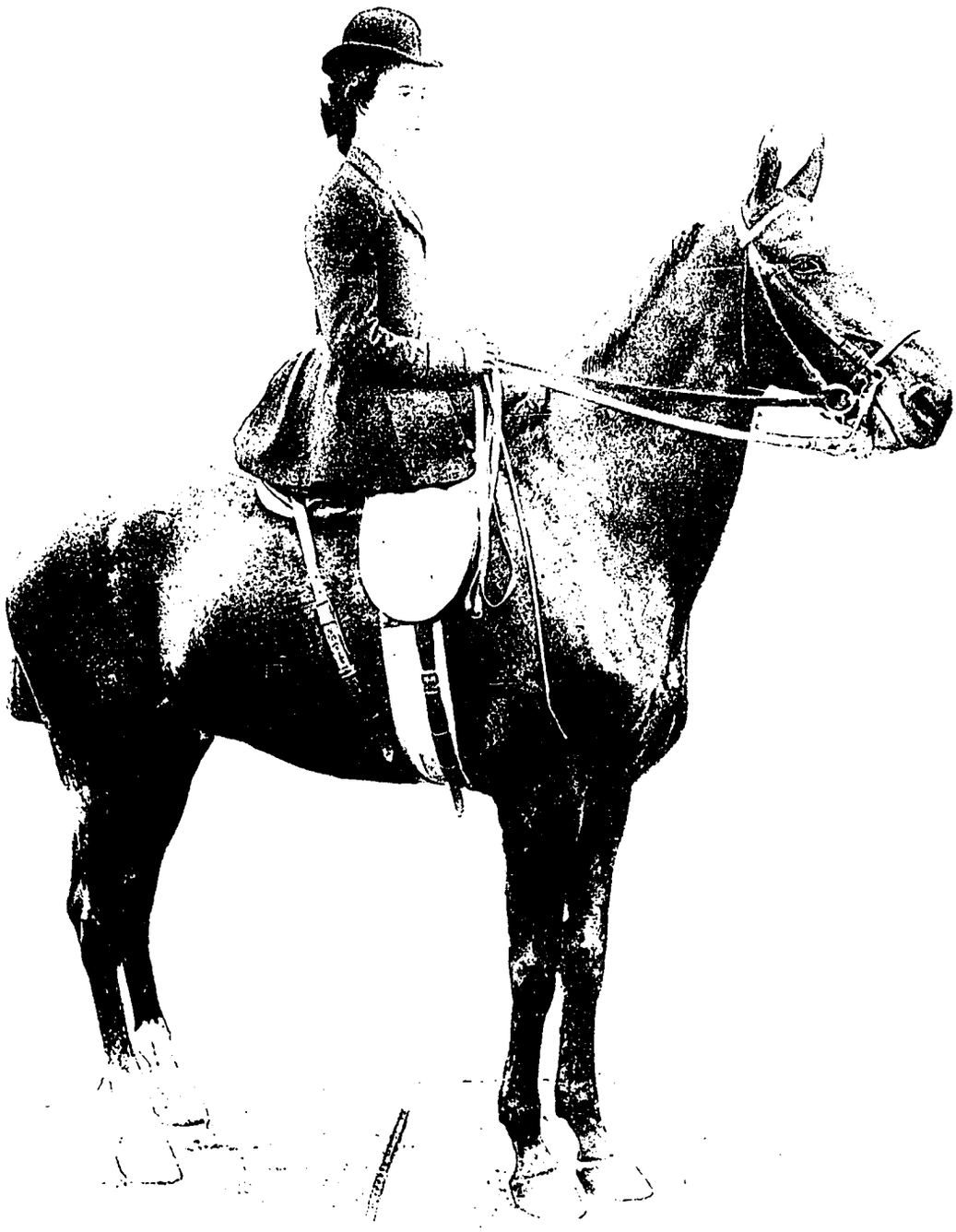
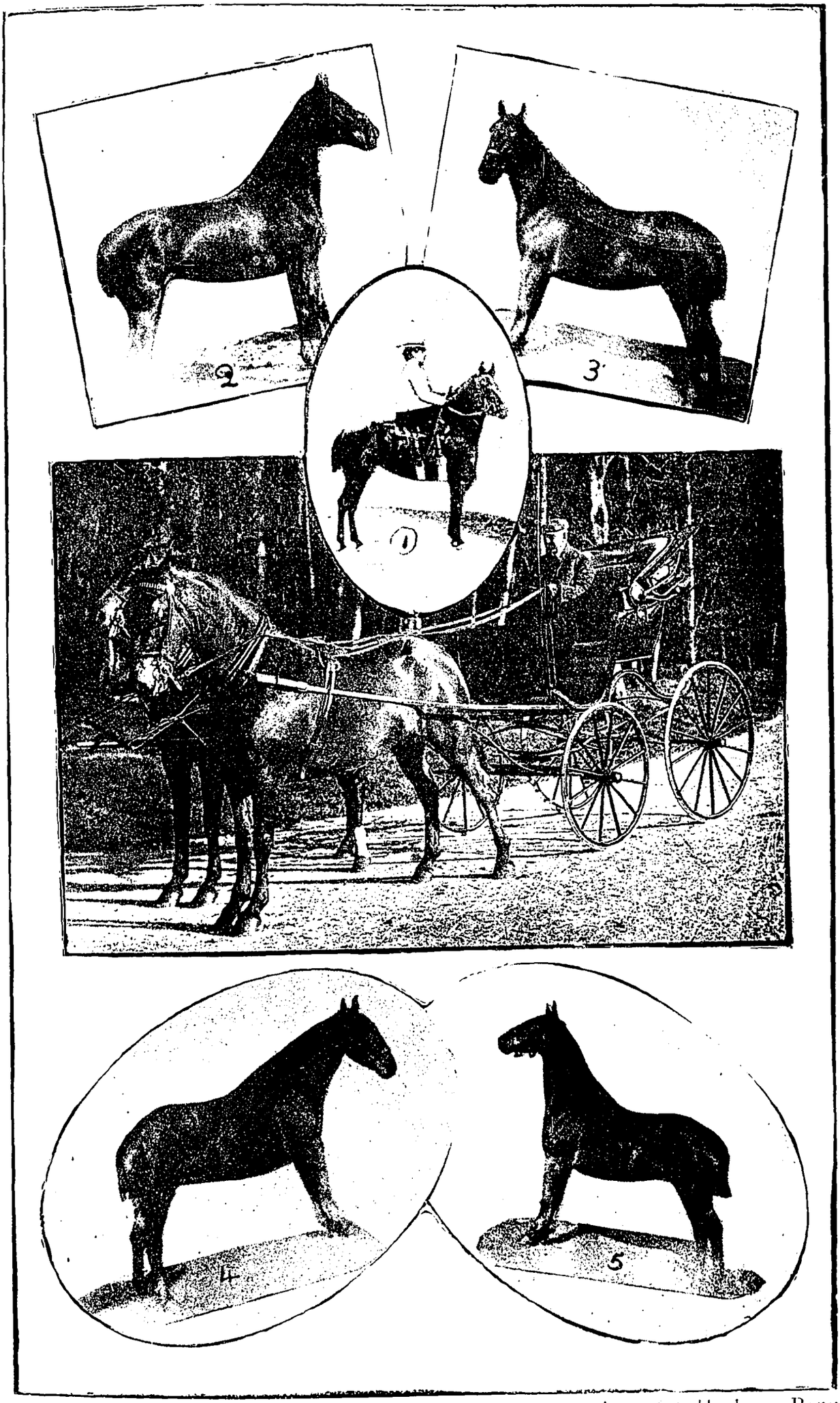
Alberta and Saskatchewan, that will be sent to our Horse Show.

Oh, I do wish you could come and sit with me in my box. I would enjoy it so much more, and you could ride or drive some of the horses in the ring. I know you would love to see the ladies, who will be so beautifully gowned. They will wear hats of all shapes, with feathers of all shades. You see, the ladies who have taken boxes will invite friends from a distance to visit them for Horse Show week. They will then have a lunch or dinner every day for visitors and friends, and take them to the Horse Show afterwards. One very nice lady who has taken a box was heard to remark that it would be filled with American Beauties. Whether this meant roses or ladies, I leave you to guess, but I am quite sure that the eyes of many a young gentleman (and possibly of some elderly ones) will be turned toward that particular box. And as it would not be at all proper if a hat or a gown were worn twice during the Horse Show, you can imagine what



A Portland Entry—Miss Kiernan's "Tony Clauss."



Some of Messrs. Holland and Rolston's (Vancouver) entries:—(1) Hackney Pony Mare, "Clover Leaf," Miss A. Sowden up. (2) Registered Hackney Mare, "Madcap." (3) Registered Hackney Mare, Cherryripe." Centre team, "Madcap" and "Bronzewing." (4) Hackney Gelding, "Robin." (5) Registered Hackney Mare, "Bronzewing."

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a busy time the milliners and dressmakers have for some weeks previous. Then the men find that they need a new set of harness or a new dog-cart or a new brougham and new things of various kinds, which causes a great lot of money to be spent. In fact, that is why the

A few of the Trophies on Display at Henry Birks & Son, Ltd., Vancouver, B.C.

merchants of Vancouver are so glad to have a Horse Show, and therefore are only too pleased to donate prizes for it. So there is great commotion here now, and it will increase every day till the Horse Show is over. The hotels will be full, the cafes will be full, and I suppose some of the people will be full, too. All the shop windows will be dressed prettily and decorated with the colours of the Vancouver Hunt Club, which are racing colours of King Edward, viz., purple and gold. The shop windows will, for two or three weeks previous to the Horse Show, display the prizes. The prizes, I hear, include a gentleman's road waggon, a pony cart, several sets of harness, several gold watches, a number of silver cups, a candelabrum, a parlor timepiece, a parlor rug, a large chair, and a great many other costly and useful articles.

The papers say that each prize given to the blue ribbon winners will be worth from twenty-five to two hundred dollars. Now, do you wonder that people within a radius of three hundred miles are sending horses to our Horse Show and coming to see it? Yet they are not coming because of the prizes to be won, but because they love horses and love horse shows. There have been great horse shows in Winnipeg, Man., in Seattle, Wash., in Portland, Ore., and everybody who has seen one wishes to see another. So that the first Vancouver Horse Show is attracting people from a distance and perhaps there will not be enough

J. A. Mitchell's (Victoria) Handsome Hackney Mares, Empress" and "Czarina."

seating capacity in the Drill Hall for all the people who will wish to see it.

Now, don't you think you would like to come? I am quite sure you do, and I hope we will have another Horse Show next year, and that you will be here to enjoy it with me. Good-night, my dear little girl, for it is long past midnight.

YOUR LOVING PAPA.

L. McLeod Gould.

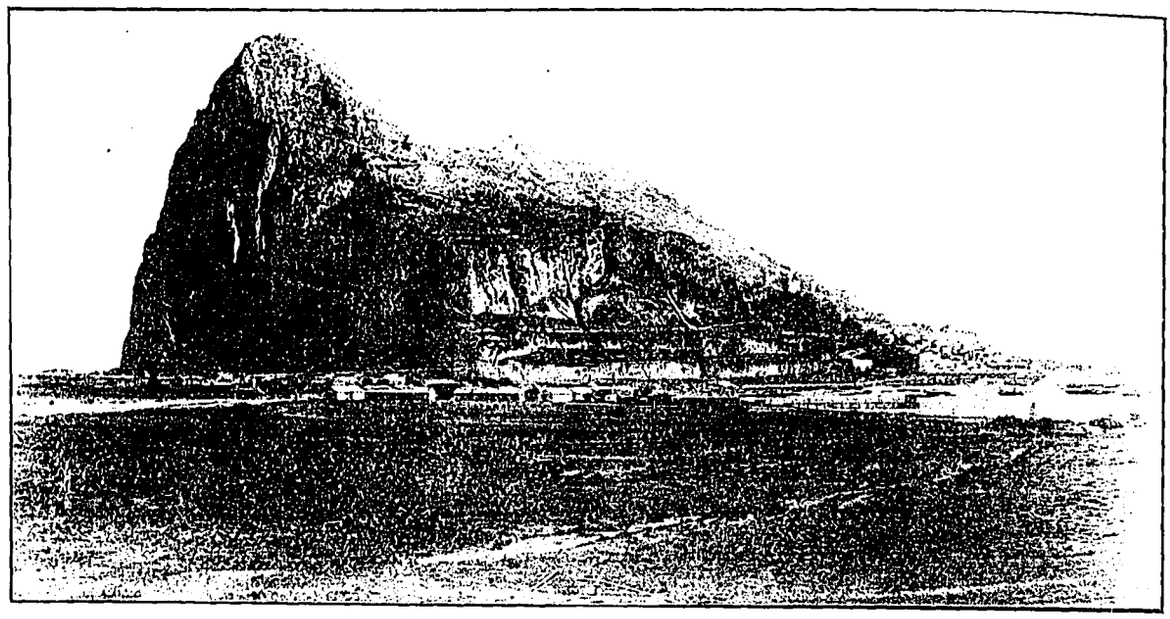
VERY often and very anxiously have the eyes of the civilised world during the past few years been turned on that mysterious portion of the globe called Morocco. Mysterious indeed it is that a country which borders so closely on the centres of civilization should still maintain the traditions of an effete barbarism and should evidence opposition to the march of progress by acts of brigandage which are more in keeping with the pages of romance than with the history of the twentieth century. The capture of Kaid Sir Harry McLean and the negotiations, pending his release, between a savage rebel and a proud empire have caused more than a passing interest to be taken in Morocco by the man in the street, and the fact that civil war is raging in the interior has added to this interest. The recollection also that it was in the neighbourhood of Tangiers that M. Perdicarris was seized some years ago, and that Tetuan, of which I make mention, was in the hands of the Pretender, Raisuli, only a few weeks after I had visited it, may excuse the inclusion of a short article on the northern coast of Morocco within the pages of a Western magazine.

In the summer of 1902 I was making a tour through the Mediterranean with a friend of mine, Mr. Gordon, and while at Gibraltar we determined to go over to Tangier intending to return the next day. "Gib." at that time of the year was well nigh insufferable as the Rock seemed to collect all the heat during the day to give it out in double measure during the night. Accordingly we packed a bag for one night, and taking a little steamer, Gibel Tarik, which plies between the two ports, we set out to visit the most popular town on the northern seaboard of Africa.

The passage only takes a few hours; schools of porpoises escorted the boat as she ploughed her way across, and the varied individuality of the passengers made the journey seem all too short.

The landing at Tangier is an incident never to be forgotten; the shallow nature of the shore forbids a direct disembarkation from the steamer itself to the pier, and we were met by scores of boats each manned by two brawny Moors. The noise which followed might well form a chorus for a dramatised representation of some portion of Dante's Inferno.

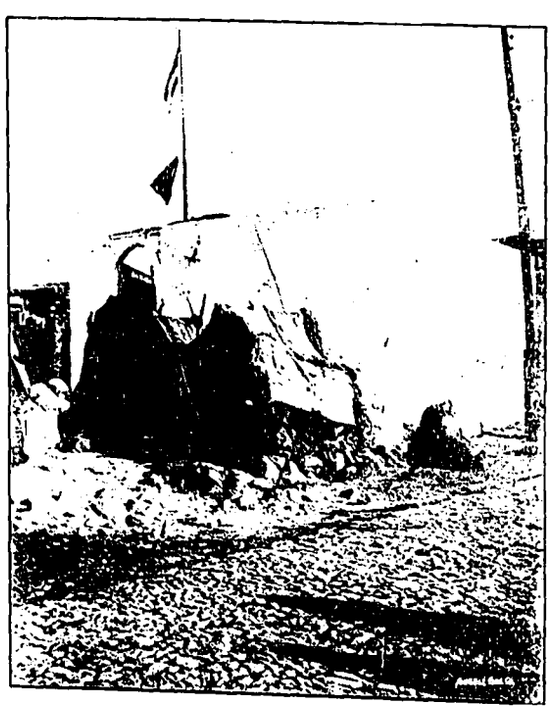
The shouts and screams, and what are presumably oaths and curses, deafen the



Gibraltar from the Spanish Lines.

traveller's ears as he takes his place in one of the dancing craft to be pulled from the steamer to the landing stage. If the noise at the steamer was an Inferno, words fail to describe the hub-bub which greets him here. Hotel-runners, porters, beggars, apparently all the riff-raff of the world, are assembled together to join in one prolonged howling. It seems as if order could never be conceived of such chaos, but the trusty boatman knows his own friends, and soon we found ourselves following a dusky Moor on our way to the Continental Hotel which looks down on the busy scene from its lofty position on the top of the cliff.

At the end of the pier we were confronted with another phase in the character of these strange people. If at the seaward end of the pier all was confusion and bustle, at the gate all was dignified silence and majesty. Here the Customs Officials sit; not smart-looking men in blue and gilt uniform such as we are accustomed to see awaiting us in Europe or America, but stately looking



Saints Tomb in Market Place at Tangier.

Main Street in Tangier.

old men who sit gravely by the gateway smoking their chiboukes. Few if any words are spoken by them; the porter explains that there are two more of the accursed religion come to spend money in the land of the Prophet for the benefit of the true believers, a head is raised or a hand uplifted and we are at liberty to pass where we will.

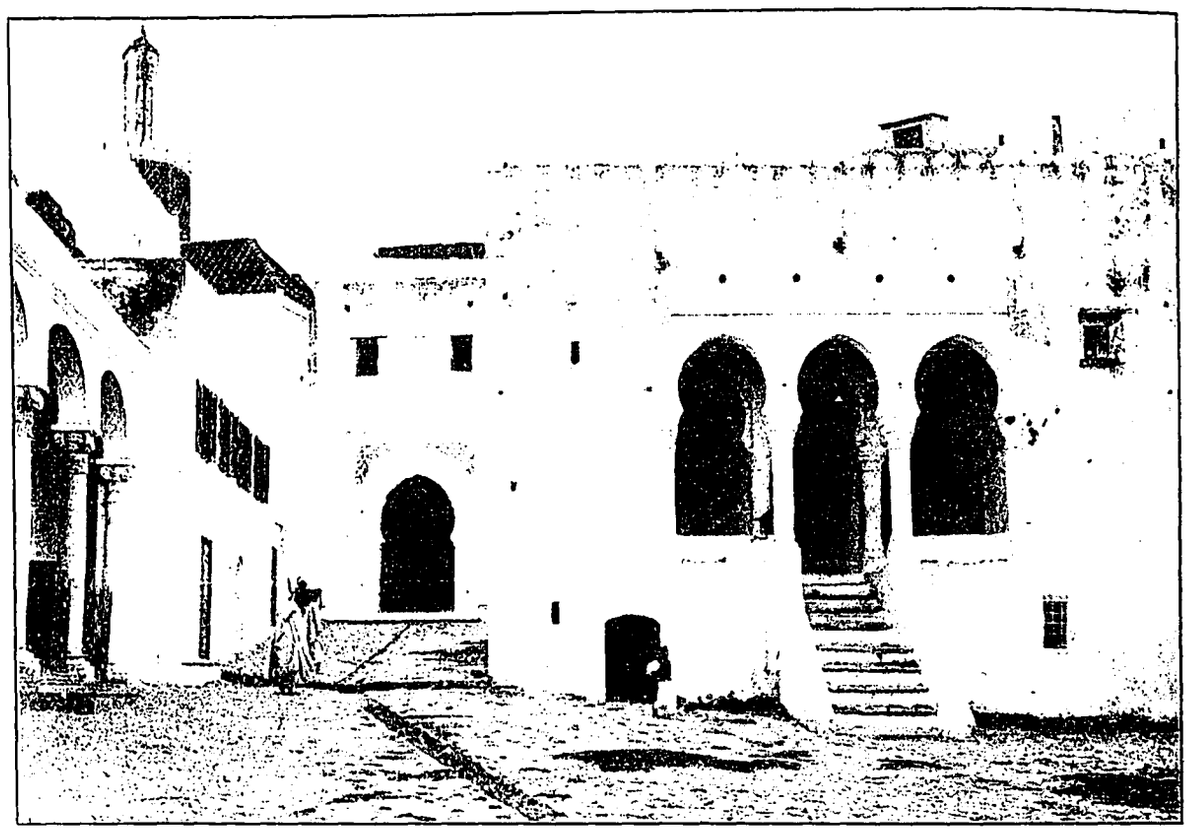
What streets meet our eyes! They are so narrow that there is barely room for two mules to pass each other; if one meets a camel coming down the street with a pack on its back it is necessary to squeeze against the wall for the camel will not give place to anything. There is no trouble with regard to the passing of vehicles as in this primitive land the use of carriages is quite unknown. We found it advisable to pick our way very carefully through the mud and garbage which littered every step. Gaunt, miserable-looking dogs were to be seen at every corner, finding a wretched sustenance in the heaps of rubish. The odours are not those of Cologne and it was a pleasant surprise to find that our hotel was a really comfortable hostelry where visitors were catered for in true European style. A gigantic negro served us with a very passable lunch and after a smoke we set out to see what was to be seen.

At the door of the hotel was assembled a collection of Arab boys ranging from 15 to 18 years, who were congregated there to offer their services as guides to the unbelievers, out of whom they make their living, but whom they are taught by their religion to consider as numbered with the irreclaimably damned. We chose the two cleanest, at least Gordon said that they were, though I personally could not see where the difference came in, and set out.

There are certainly some curious sights to see in this town. The main street is perhaps 18 feet wide, roughly cobbled and entitled to distinction as being possibly a little more dirty than the less frequented ones. Just off this highway were situated the offices of the ubiquitous Thomas Cook, where we were able to draw on our letter of credit. Oh, the horrors of a Moorish gaol! Two guards sat and smoked or dozed on the steps of the building; on the right hand side of the porch was a little grill through which we could see the wretched victims inside; some were heavily fettered, some chained to the walls, while others had the full use of their limbs. The stench was overpowering. As soon as these unfortunates saw us they commenced a piteous wailing and hurried to the grill to sell us little articles of basket-ware which they were permitted to make and dispose of in order to buy luxuries to mitigate their hard luck. In some such frightful dens or worse were the captives of the Khalifa confined before the power of the Prophet was finally broken in the Soudan.

In fitting proximity was the other great prison of Tangier, namely the Sultan's harem; although he rarely visits Tangier yet a goodly supply of his wives are kept year in and year out in this gloomy fortress palace. No one who has not travelled in a Mahommadan country can realise what it is not to see a woman's face in the streets. The women wander about like ghosts in the pursuance of their business, only allowing the upper part of their face to appear.

From this dismal spot we hurried to the market place, where all was life and activity; herds of mules were coming in with the produce of the country on their backs and there was the usual noise which is always to be found when these people are gathered together for the performance of any business. Though the Arab is a silent person in his own house and will sit for hours in conversation without raising his voice above a monotone, yet he is the noisest creature in the world when he is trying to get the better of his neighbour in some business transaction. In the market place is to be seen one of the old tombs of the saints which are dotted all over the town. It is the custom to hang a white flag over the tomb of any specially well-known saint and from the number of flags which we saw it would appear that Tangier had a particularly good record in this respect, though why the saints chose to be buried in some of the extraordinary places that we saw, we neither of us



Harem and Prison in Tangier.

could understand. At the top of the market-place is a very well known little house; it is, I believe, the only saloon conducted on anything like European lines outside of the regular hotels, in Morocco. It is a curious little hovel, kept by a Scotsman named McLean, who stocks excellent whisky and beer. While we were refreshing the inner man a snake-charmer appeared on the scene and after he had been assured of a fee, he provided us with the most remarkable entertainment I have ever witnessed. He allowed his pets to wander at their own sweet will over the floor which was rather embarrassing for us as we were given to understand that some of them still retained their fangs. After the usual tricks he proceeded to prove the truth of the old saying that a snake's bite will provide fire. He allowed one of the reptiles to bite him on the tongue and then stuffing his mouth full of straw he chewed vigorously; presently smoke issued out of his nostrils and soon he pulled out handfuls of blazing straw. If the trick was really all a "fake" it was a remarkably clever one. The charmer himself was blind in one eye and anything more repulsive than this ragged and dirty old man with one eye surrounded by his horrid pets, and pulling blazing straw out of his mouth is hard to imagine.

Thence we returned to the hotel for dinner. There was a very fair billiard table in the Continental, and while we were passing away an hour before sallying out once more to see the town by night, we were questioned by a stranger who seemed very anxious to know whether we intended to make the usual trip to Tetuan and Ceuta. This was the first we had heard of it and becoming interested we questioned him in our turn regarding it. He told us that it was very usual for tourists to make the round trip and finally wound up by assuring us that if we decided to go he would arrange the whole matter and be ready for us whenever we might wish to start. We agreed after a while to meet him the next day at the hotel at two o'clock, and then we sallied forth into the darkness with our guides to see Tangier by night.

The first thing I did was to tread on one of the innumerable dogs mentioned

above which haunt the streets in every direction; the beast resented the liberty by taking a goodly portion of my trouser away together with a piece of the enclosed leg. Finding nothing of interest, for the Moor has not yet indulged in the luxury of a music-hall, we soon returned home and turned in.

The next day at the appointed hour we were ready and so was our guide. Our passports had been vised by the Spanish consul and also by the Moorish government, and we found a large party awaiting our distinguished arrival, consisting of our guide, the soldier, three Moors to act as packers and be generally useful, and a Spanish cook. We started off amidst the applause of the idle youth of the town who are in no way behind their Christian brethren in making the most of an opportunity to jeer at their visitors when they have the chance. We set out then down the main street with a crowd of small boys shrieking out encouragement to our mules to make better progress, and even occasionally to our dismay urging them on with sticks and stones.

We had not gone far before our guide came up and besought us to see for ourselves how abominably he had been deceived in the character of the cook who, although he had signed on for a three-day trip, was even then suffering from a bad attack of cheap spirits. We turned round and there was certainly a most grotesque sight for us to view; the unfortunate Spaniard had been only too evidently indulging over-freely in the bottle and was vainly endeavouring to strike the happy medium in a six-foot way. With a muttered oath our guide consigned him to the place which he thought he would be most likely to adorn with success, and told us with many regrets that we should have to be content with the services of one of the Moors, adding, however, that we should then be spared the expense of the Spaniard's attendance. I might here remark that we never had any cause to regret the exchange.

On and on we plodded over the sand which lies so thickly on the land just outside Tangier. What a relief it was to halt for a moment at one of the watering places which are to be found in these districts. The first stages of the journey were not enlivened with many points of interest; perhaps the picturesque figure of the soldier was the most redeeming spot. Imagine an aged Moor of some 70 years, clad in the quaint garb of the East and armed with the long and nearly useless gun of the Moors (whose sale is, by the way, prohibited in order to discourage the people from arming themselves with more modern weapons), having a long sword, a small dagger and a pistol also thrust into his belt. A ruffian of the ruffians at first sight, and yet one look at his face and general physique enables one to understand that in the event of a fight the first to run away is usually the valiant guard. The thing which caught our attention more than anything else was his brutality to his pony; although our speed was limited to a slow walk to suit the pace of the baggage mules, he persisted in using a cruel spur. This spur looked like nothing so much as a six-inch nail fastened on the heel of one shoe, and for hour after hour he persisted, in spite of all protests, in digging it into the flanks of his unfortunate mount. On the other hand there was another trait in our guide which we found rather amusing. Whenever he met any of his countrymen he used to levy a sort of toll on them, either to the etxent of a drink from their flasks (which may, of course, have been filled with nothing stronger than water, according to the law of the Prophet) or of a fill of tobacco for his never-ending pipe.

As we gradually emerged from the precincts of the town, night began to fall in, and we were soon to our astonishment enveloped in darkness; I say to our astonishment, because the change was so sudden that we entirely lost sight of our escort and only found them by the help of the mules, which suddenly plunged down a steep bank and took us thence through a field of maize down to the spot which had been chosen as the resting-place for the night. This was situated just below the little village of Ben Hami. Here the tents were pitched and dinner was served, nor had we any reason to com-

plain of the absence of the drunken Spanish cook. Soup, fish, roast and sweet all followed each other in proper order, washed down with a fair claret which we had taken good care should accompany us, and a tiny liqueur glass of excellent brandy which our guide had recommended to us finished a hearty repast.

We sleepily mounted our mules, which seemed as much disinclined to make this early start as we did, and set out on what looked so bright and clear, it was a long way off, and it was past mid-day before we reached it. Tetuan is a far better specimen of a Moorish town than is Tangier; there are many places in it which smack of European influences, but the greater part of the town is purely native in its appearance. We were permitted to inspect a typical Moorish house here, and were much struck with its Oriental splendour.

South Gate of Tetuan.

was to prove our weary journey to Tetuan. Up the steep slopes of the El Fondak we travelled, and from the summit had a good view of the town where we were to spend the night. Imagine a pure white city perched on a hill and viewed across a valley which is rich in vegetation and you will have some idea of what Tetuan looks like to the traveller coming from Tangier. This is the city which only a few weeks later was besieged by the Pretender, and it is undoubtedly the most important point, after Tangier, in that part of the country. But though it

At this point we parted with all our escort except the soldier and the guide; the remaining Moors were to return to Tangier with the tents, etc., as we intended to sleep in Gibraltar again that evening. A liberal largesse called down on our heads all the blessings of Allah, and we thundered at the gates feeling as though we were indeed among the chosen. What a quaint ride that was through the city from the North gate to the South, by which we were to emerge on to the track which was to lead us to Ceuta.

The Canadian Rifle Clubs.

Bonnycastle Dale.

IN these days of peace congress and arbitration, when the thoughts of all the Powers are turned towards the cutting down of the immense expenditures—some of the armies cost a half a million dollars a day—the ultimate solution seems to be a voluntary formed citizens army, for home defense purposes only. If you would go with us on any of our Natural History trips you would speedily learn that all the animals, save man, use their natural weapons for defence of their homes and offspring rather than for weapons of offence.

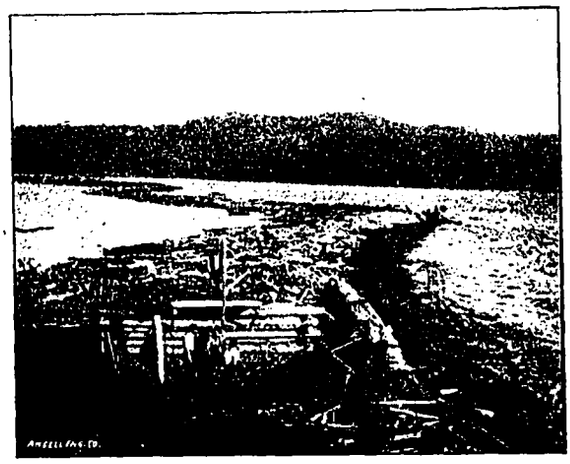
Here, in this excellently sheltered harbour of Sooke on Vancouver Island, we have a thorough illustration of a purely local association, just a mutual friendly gathering together, of the adult males to practice at a target, reared by their own labour; with rifles and ammunition furnished free by the Dominion Government. The same conditions and materials to form a Rifle Club like the one that three days a week practices on the long pebbly spit at Sooke exist in Duncan, Comox, Saanich, Ladysmith, Metchosin, Alberni and every growing place along the shores of this blessed island. Remember your joining one of these popular Rifle Clubs does not entail any further military obligation upon you. In any event you would be called out for home defense—and how could you defend the wife and little ones, the mother, the sister, or mayhaps the sweetheart, if you cannot use a rifle swiftly and surely.

One thing I would like to impress on the men in these places that may be influenced to start one of these very much needed clubs you will find that your fellow members will be widely scattered, that there will be a few days' work in erecting a shelter butt and a target, in placing danger signals along all paths leading to the range—the ocean sands and spits are excellent ranges—so it would be well for a man who can afford, for his country's sake, to spare a few hours a week during the few regular practice weeks, to sacrifice a little labour that much good may follow. Remember—I am not an alarmist—but in these days of powerful yellow journals, of unused navies that cost a million dollars per day, of powerful organizations that ramificate every nation, these days when, although we are still close to the great sheltering arm of the British navy—we do not give one dollar towards its support, more shame to us—we do not have its immediate presence to lend us that feeling of security that the naval Jack gives. In these days when a few armed Boers in defence of what they considered their rights and their homes, a mere handful of seventy-five thousand men, showed, that because they could handle a rifle swiftly and surely, they could hold back an army of over a quarter of a million men from the greatest fighting nation on earth, it is well for us to learn how to shoot. Also remember it is to the most mobile force that victory appertains. We will soon have three transcontinental lines terminating on our coast, our country is growing by leaps and bounds, even now we own the only great deposits of nickle, cobalt silver, pulp woods and hard and soft wood forests on this continent, and although we are not imperialistic enough to back up the great navy that daily makes it possible that our ever-growing merchant marine should sail the seas, we should not sit supinely down and let this great country defend itself.

Some of the most deeply thinking writers say that once the United States has filled her rapidly diminishing vacant lands she will extend out over Mexico

or Canada. Her only possible expansion on this continent.

The conditions of forming one of these rifle clubs are very simple. Thirty members, between the ages of 18 and 60 con-



The Range on the Spit at Sooke.

stitute a club. The rifles and ammunition are furnished free—there is a simple bond given by the members of the club for the preservation and safe return of the rifles. One hundred rounds of ammunition is issued free to each member, empty shells to be returned to the department. One dollar for each member of the club will be allowed by the department for care and maintenance of the range, etc. A Captain and Secretary have to be appointed, the rifles have to be kept very clean. Where you have no natural cliff to shoot into, a backstop has to be built—a matter of labour rather than much expense.

Now is the time for some man to write

300 yards, half-kneeling position.

to the District Officer Commanding at Victoria for a set of "Regulations for Rifle Associations." Personally I can speak of the good results obtained at Sooke in the few weeks the Club has been organized. The members come from far and wide, from home far up the trail, far up the shore, afoot, in rowboat, in Indian canoe—and by the way some of the Indian members are most excellent shots. There is the social part to be considered, the friendly meeting at the range, where one good-hearted member has daily supplied hot coffee for the lunches carried so many miles in the hunting coat pocket. There is the friendly rivalry at the different ranges. It is easier to hit that bally bullseye at 200 yards than at three- four, five or six, as I have found out with much care and patience. I have always held the record of being the worst rifle shot in the country. When I do beat a man they always print it with "even he beat him." I

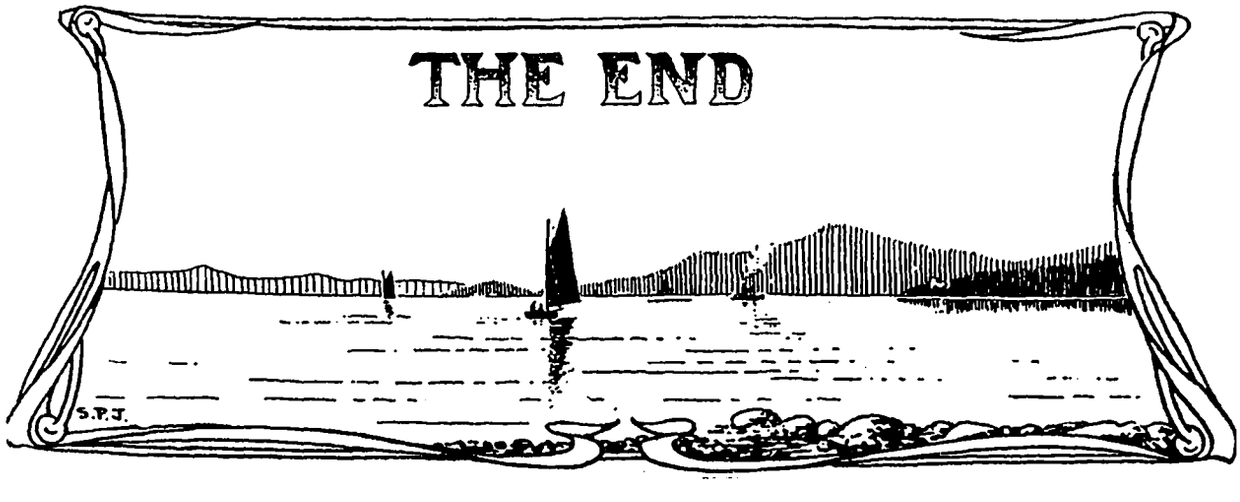
At the 300-yard range—shooting with rest.

must tell you of an incident of my boyhood days. I was a kind of mascot at the militia camp, you know, the boy they seem to like—to throw up in the blanket, to see choke with extra hot ginger beer at the canteen—and to poke his long thin arm through and get them a bottle when Johnny wasn't watching, the chap they take around to bump heads with whereever a lump shows on the canvas, well we were out at the range, at the five hundred-yard mark, four targets and four shooting squads. The bright hot sunshine was torn and echoed by the whizzing bullets, the "spat" of the extra bad shots singing back from the rocks behind the butts. Suddenly the word came to

cease firing—a green parasol, held by an ancient maiden lady, was calmly sailing along between the lines of firing men and the target. "Get the bally fool out of that," I heard my uncle exclaim. Then, as soon as a soldier came running up, "Go and ask that woman to go back." We lay in the shimmering heat watching the black legs and red coat go bobbing

Announcing a bulls-eye. Marker showing black disc.

along over the undulating field; there was a respectful touching of the cap, then a long series of questions and answers and gesticulations—then down sat the lady and the parasol looked like a green bulb amid the myriad golden dandelions that sprinkled the field. "What does she want?" savagely asked my uncle, for the sun would soon be too low for good shooting and these, his best men, were leaders in the camp competition, or else he would have been in the cool barracks. "She says," here his voice took on a low tone of respect, "that the Captain is her old beau and she is going to sit there until he comes to take her home." Poor uncle, poor Captain, all in one, my unfortunate mouth opened and I roared, the nearest squad had heard it all; they giggled and the laugh spread along the lines. Another messenger returned with the same story augmented with: "I think she's going to sleep, sir." If a look could have killed I certainly would have perished there, as my uncle glared at me as he stepped off with long military strides across that field, soon the messenger returned for me and amid the roar of all those Tommies I had to take the amiable lunatic's arm and escort her off the field, as that devil of an uncle of mine had told her I was the Captain's brother and would take her to the barracks. Scat? I can feel her skinny old face on mine yet as she kissed me before those roaring lines, but it was almost serious when I tried to skip, for the poor old soul had a knife, and it was only because my legs were quicker at twelve than they are now that I dodged her swift downward blow, just as her keeper arrived breathless to relieve me.



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The Two Widow Doolans.

C. Dell-Smith.

Author of "Many A Yarn," Etc.

TO really enjoy a vacation one must —at least that is my experience —avoid as far as possible the ordinary ruts on the road of travel and strike out for something new. For many years I joined in the summer rush of pleasure seekers and returned more or less disgusted, poorer in pocket and in health. My experience with the Cook excursion parties on the European trips was not at all satisfactory. No doubt their programme was very attractive for those who enjoy being "with the crowd," but somehow I was not built that way, and hence possibly the disappointment. It always seemed to me as if I were but one sheep (or lamb) in the flock, being driven from pasture to pasture at the behest of an inexorable shepherd, and never allowed to feast long enough to satisfy my hunger. Over many of the scenes to which we were introduced I should have liked to have pondered in delight, but time was the essence of the contract with the company—a prearranged programme had to be gone through within a limited number of days. On two of these trips a few of us did break away from the fold, and our experience was, to say the least of it, embarrassing. The Gaelic is a beautiful language—in its place; but it does not seem to be in vogue on the European continent, at least it was not in the days of which I speak.

Having seen all that was to be seen in the ordinary way, and being still dissatisfied, I consulted a much-travelled friend as to a prospective vacation. "Stay at home, my boy, if you wish to enjoy yourself," was his advice. "You are in the grandest country under the canopy of heaven—a country with a population of nearly 35,000,000 people. 'Tis true that 30,000,000 are abroad and less than 5,000,000 at home; but the country is here, and as long as it remains there's no place like it for fun and fancy, health and happiness."

Needless to say the country my friend spoke of was Ireland. I ventured to suggest that there was not a spot from Howth Head in Dublin to Slyne Head in Galway, or Fair Head in Antrim to Mizzen Head in Cork, that I was not acquainted with; but he would not accept the assurance. Now, my friend was a medical man—a dispensary doctor in a large but sparcely populated district in the west of the isle. He extended to me a very hearty invitation to spend my vacation with him, assuring me that I would enjoy it. With some misgivings as to the outcome I accepted, and that my gloomy forebodings were not justified, the sequel will show.

The ground I was to cover was all new territory to me, possessing many undreamt of charms—a newness and novelty all its own. The doctor knew everybody in his district, from the lowliest peasant to the lord of the manor, and was very popular with all, so that his friend was everywhere received with a genuine Irish "Cead mille failthe." In this particular part of the country there was said to be a considerable quantity of what is popularly known as "potheen" (an illicit distillation of whiskey) turned out. One particularly jovial old fellow who was reputed to be in the business would not, in reserved company, deny the soft impeachment. He was fond of denouncing that "alien government" which was trying to destroy "the decent industries" of Ireland, including, no doubt, that in which he himself was supposed to be engaged.

While the doctor was not wont to prescribe the "medicine" distilled by the old man and his compatriots, he was not at all averse to a real good drop of "mountain dew" judiciously imbibed and in season.

Of course the greatest caution had to be exercised in operating these private distilleries, as the police and the excise officers were ever on the look-out; the latter were certainly energetic, but the former could not be accused of over-officiousness, and for well-known reasons, which it is scarcely necessary to mention here. To be candid, the district had a bad name, whether it deserved it or not. There were frequent changes of officers, both excise and police, but still the "industry" was said to be a thriving one.

One morning while we were examining our book of flies in anticipation of a good day's fishing, a lad rode up post-haste, and, handing the doctor a note, said, with a broad smile, "She towld me to tell ye, doctor, to hurry up, for 'tis all up wid herself this turn." Mine host scanned the note, and telling the lad he would attend to it, told him to go back to the kitchen and have some refreshments and feed his horse. Then turning to me, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but I think we will have to let those trout frolic in their native element for another day. This old damsel is one of my clients, and it would never do to disappoint her. She takes those imaginary spells of sickness periodically, and as she can well afford the luxury, 'twould go against my tender conscience (not to mention the bank account) to deny her the benefit of an innocent drug."

Within an hour the horse and trap was in readiness and we were on our way to the damsel's domicile, some dozen miles distant. It was a beautiful day in June, and as we drove over those well-macadamised roads, lined at either side with sweet-smiling hawthorne and that profusion of wild flowers alone to be met with in the Emerald Isle, I wished that journey could be prolonged.

Along the road we were greeted by every person we met, as the appearance of the doctor on the scene naturally suggested a case of sickness—which, by the way, was something new in that part of the country. All enquiries were, however, amply satisfied when it was announced that it was just a call on Miss O'Dee, and that there was nothing seriously the matter with her. At one of the farmsteads we pulled up for a few minutes that I might be introduced to the family, and here we heard all the news, among other things that the new "gauger," or excise officer, was just that morning paying his first visit to the Two Widow Doolans.

Half an hour later we approached a little village of some dozen thatched houses and a general store. The latter was run by two widows named Doolan: hence the "The Two Widow Doolans," for so read the sign over the door, with the further announcement that there was "Accommodation for man and beast." Here one could get hardware, groceries, feed, dry goods, or "wet" goods, for the widows were duly "Licensed to sell beer, wine, spirits, cider, etc." Outside stood the gauger's horse and trap—the gentleman himself was inside.

The doctor took in the situation in a glance, and with one of those humorously suggestive looks with which I had become familiar, said we would pull up here.

On entering the premises we found the gauger in earnest conversation with one of the widows. The doctor approached, and in a very audible whisper, said: "Widow Doolan, please let us have a little of that good potheen of yours. I promised my friend here (jerking his thumb over his shoulder at me) a sample of the real stuff, and of course I knew where I'd get it."

Now I have met with ferociously indignant females in my day, but this particular Widow Doolan "took the bun,' or the cake, or whatever the expression is that conveys the idea of intensity. She was a stout little woman with a very liberal vocabulary, the full extent of which, with all its wealth of ajectives, she treated the doctor to.

"Ye know, doctor," she protested, "that I'm a dacent widdy-woman, and that I never sowld a drop of potheen in

me loifetoime. How dare ye ask me to give it to yerself or yer friend, and that forninst a gauger. 'Tis a shame for ye; but tisn't that it 'd be better than some of the poison that ye give the poor people for medicine."

"Now, Widow Doolan," said my medical friend, "you need not be in the least uneasy, for you know I would not introduce him unless I knew him to be all right. He would not say a word about it in a thousand years—'pon my honour, he's a straight."

The gauger cocked his ears perceptibly and instinctively drew nearer the disputants.

"Doctor," hissed the widow, "yer the lowest, the mainest, the snaikiest, the dirtiest craiture that crawls over Ireland, and if yer seed, breed or generation was here in the days of St. Patrick, 'tis drowned in the Atlantic ye'd all be. A dacent widdy woman to sell potheen! For shame on ye."

By this time the second Widow Doolan was attracted to the scene, and she was, if anything, more garrullous than No. 1. She certainly did open out. The lady wound up by ordering the doctor and myself to "laive the dacent house or I'll scald ye."

With an assumed air of offended dignity we quit the premises, having declared that since we could not get potheen we would not take anything else. No sooner had we got into our trap than the doctor broke down—or broke up. The echo of his hearty laugh is with me still. "Oh, Lord, what a time they will have there," was an intermittent exclamation in his wriggling, painful hilarity.

And they evidently had a time of it at "The Two Widow Doolans."

The exciseman took it for granted that he had a clear case against the widows. He besought them to produce the stuff, with the assurance that he would make it as easy for them as possible, explaining that if it were not forthcoming he would have to make a thorough search of the premises—and find it. The widows vehemently and conscientiously declared that there was no potheen on the premises, but to no effect, and challenged the official to substantiate his charge. And the gauger accepted the challenge. He hired a couple of men and proceeded to ransack the premises. They tore up the flooring from behind the counter—no potheen. They pulled down the goods from every shelf—still none of the illicit distillation was brought to light. They removed the thatch from the house, and yet failed to discover the object of their search. This was the work of one day. The following morning they started in on the garden, dug up the potato patch, played havoc with the onion bed, destroyed all prospects of lettuce production, ruined the rubarb, ravished the radishes, and guillotined the gooseberry bushes. But still no potheen. Again the store was attacked. Bacon was bustled about, tea tossed around, coffee confused, sugar sandwiched, dry goods distorted, canned stuff confounded, tinware tarnished, etc. Still there was no evidence of the presence of "mountain dew"—not even a smell of it. In disgust the guager quit the scene of desolation, a howling crowd of sympathetic villagers pouring out their wrath on the "spalpeen" that had ruined the home of two decent "widdy women."

Needless to say, my friend and I made different tracks on our homeward journey: it was not considered advisable to face the music at the "Two Widow Doolans."

A couple of days later we were favoured with a visit from the ladies themselves. I will confess to a feeling of discomfort, if not dismay, as I saw them approach; but my resourceful friend was equal to the occasion. The reception accorded was so gracious as to disarm even those pair of wrathful widows. Before they had time to unload their pent-up venom, the doctor had administered a soothing draught by way of a bewitching smile.

"Oh, but didn't we do it well?" was his somewhat mysterious exclamation, as he bent to and fro, pressing his ribs inwards, as if seeking relief in an impending attack of excessive mirth.

The widows did not appear to appreciate the situation, neither did I.

"What do ye main, doctor, after ruining our little mains of living?"

"That's where you women always show your want of business tact," re-

sponded the medico. "Why, Mrs. Doolan, I wouldn't injure a hair in your head. I knew that place of yours wanted a fixing-up in the worst way, and this is the cheapest way of getting it done. We'll make the gauger pay for it. Leave all that to me. I'll attend to it. We'll make out a bill of damages for that fellow, and you'll be at no loss."

This proposition put a different complexion on the situation. The widows proceeded to give a detailed account of all the damage done to the concerns—an account which did not by any means minimize the loss—while the doctor took copious notes. Nor did he seem at all disposed to cut down the bill, rather the reverse.

As is usual in a country district, the story of what happened on the occasion of the guager's search lost nothing in the telling. The whole district was roused to the highest pitch of indignation—that such treatment should be meted out to two poor "widdy women" was simply barbarous. Complaints were made to the police authorities, the local magistrates, the political agitators, and the excise department; in fact, the case gained a prominence that made the Two Widow Doolans the most conspicuous pair of ladies in the whole country, while it incidentally added to the popularity of the doctor, who took a very prominent part in the general movement to have justice done to the widows.

Justice may have been slow in this as in other instances—but it was sure: the widows were ultimately amply compensated, and the house, as renovated, would be a credit to a much more important community.

The incident, however, was not without its aftermath. Somebody had to be made an example of, and an order went forth for increased vigilance in the suppression of the illicit trade. A new sergeant was put in charge of the local police station, one determined to carry out the instructions to the fullest extent. He started in by accusing the men of not doing their duty, and vowed he would show them a wholesome example. Before the change at the barracks should become generally known, the sergeant donned his private clothes and sallied forth under cloak of darkness to make his first seizure. He had evidently got a "straight tip," for he made his way direct to a favourite rendezvous, where the real stuff was said to be always on hand. And he gained admission, too, and that without giving the password.

The little company did not appear to relish the presence of the stranger as much as whatever they had been moistening their palates with, and he was not slow to notice the fact. He produced his "card," in the form of a policeman's badge, and announced that he had come to seize "that keg" of potheen.

The announcement was received with apparent derision, but the new man was not to be put off; he clearly meant business, in proof of which he produced his revolver, and swore he would use it if he met with any obstruction.

Sergeant Flannery thereupon proceeded to search the premises with the air of one who was not new to such jobs, while the boys (all of whose names he had duly recorded in his official notebook) resolved it was time to be going home. He gained access to a loft over the kitchen by means of a very ricketty ladder, and there discovered the object of his ambition—a beautiful keg of beautiful potheen.

Of course, it was out of question for him to shoulder the keg and carry it over the miles of road that intervened between it and the bararcks, so he decided to do what struck him, unfortunately, as the next best thing. He filled a quart bottle from the contents of the keg, scratched a few characters on the staves with his pocket knife, and putting his precious sample in his pocket, made hasty tracks for headquarters.

Before the sergeant left the house, or 'shebeen," as such places are designated, all hands had cleared out, and he thought he would have time to reach the barracks and dispatch a couple of the men for the precious keg, before those interested in his movement would have returned; but he was mistaken—sadly mistaken. Scarcely had he left the house than it again became a lively spot. That keg was emptied in a little less than no

time, and when two somewhat sympathetic policemen did eventually arrive upon the scene, the keg was there—but there was nothing in it.

What happened when these men appeared at the bararcks and handed over to Flannery the odoriferous specimen of the cooper's art, I shall leave to the gentle reader's imagination. Suffice it to say that summonses were served upon every person found on the premises on the night of the seizure to appear before a bunch—no, a bench—of magistrates and answer to a series of charges duly set forth on official blue paper. A number of witnesses were also invited to attend court and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The day of the "trial" was a great event in the neighborhood, as the case was one in which all were more or less interested. I even felt as if I should like to hear it myself, and so informed mine host.

"Won't you come, Doctor?" I asked.

"Oh, no, thank you," was his decisive reply. "What if they put me in the witness box. They might ask some questions the answer to which might involve a conscientious scruple; but I would not have you miss the case for anything. Take it in, by all means, and be prepared to give me a graphic description of all that happens."

Well, I did attend court. The place was crowded. One would have thought from the efforts put forth to gain admission to the building that there was a breach of promise of marriage case on. There were five magistrates seated on the bench — an unusual occurrence — and when "the case" was called there was evident excitement. Among the witnesses summoned were the Two Widow Doolans, who occupied a prominent place near the bench.

Lawrence Hagarty was put in the dock, charged with having in his possession a quantity of illicitly distilled spirits, and with selling same, keeping a disorderly house, etc.

Sergeant Flannery was the prosecutor, while the prisoner was represented by Attorney McVitty. The plea was "not guilty."

The sergeant, having been duly sworn, detailed the conditions under which he made the seizure, and modestly asked if it would be necessary to call any witnesses.

Mr. McVitty as modestly suggested that the courthouse was not big enough to hold all the witnesses it would take to convict his respectable client.

With considerable ostentation the prosecutor proceeded. The identical keg with the identical marks was brought into court, and the bottle containing the potheen was also produced. Both were duly identified.

"What's in that keg?" asked McVitty, sternly.

"Nothing—now," admitted the sergeant.

"Then take it out of that. 'Tis no crime to have an empty keg in our house, is it?"

The sergeant proceeded to explain that on the occasion in question the keg was full, and in proof of his statement produced the bottle, which he swore he had filled from the contents of the keg.

"What's in that bottle?" thundered McVitty, to which the prosecutor replied "Potheen."

"We won't take your word for that," said McVitty; "you'd have to prove it."

Here every man who was in the house on the night of the seizure was called in turn. All admitted their presence on the occasion, but none would swear that they had partaken of potheen. They admitted having enjoyed the hospitality of "their old friend, Mr. Hagarty." They had had a little whiskey-hot, but they could ont say what particular brand of whiskey it was; it didn't taste like potheen.

The bottle was here uncorked and put into the hand of the witness, who was asked as to its contents. He could not, however, be induced to swear that it contained potheen.

"Taste it," suggested McVitty; and the audience laughed a dry laugh, as if every individual would like to be a witness under such circumstances.

A glass was produced, and a little of the sparkling liquor was poured into it. To the intense amusement of the audi-

ence, the witness, with a series of facial contortions, as if the stuff were repugnant to him, lowered the contents of the crystal, and having smacked his lips approvingly, declared in the most comical fashion: "I wouldn't take me oath that that's potheen."

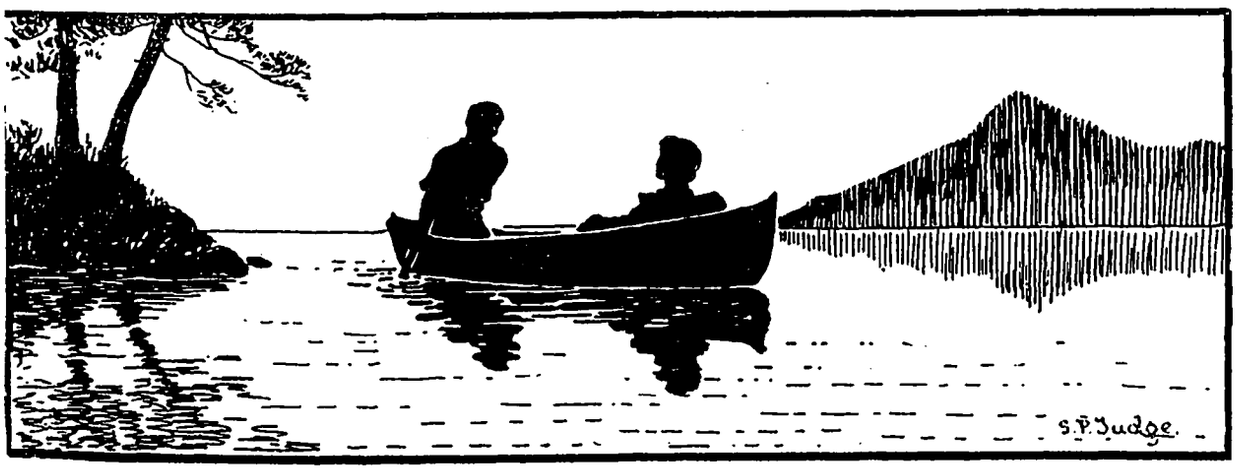
Several other witnesses were called, who went through the same "trying" ordeal, but none of them would swear that the stuff was what the prosecution represented it to be. The humour of the proceeding was fairly intoxicating. Finally, a big fellow was put in the witness box, who enjoyed the reputation of being an authority on such matters, and except appearances were very deceptive, he certainly was entitled to give expert evidence. He was first invited to smell the stuff, but his expanding nasal organ seemed to suggest the economy of appealing to his sense of taste instead. But he proved as great a failure, from the point of view of the prosecution, as those who had gone before.

McVitty here undertook to prove that the bottle did not contain potheen. (There was very little left of it by this time). The witness, he contended, should be given every facility of removing any doubt which might exist in his mind as to the nature of the liquid produced (and the aforesaid witness evidently aproved of the logic of this argument).

The big fellow having again put the concoction to the test—a rather copious draught this turn—was still undecided. Then several other witnesess were called, until finally there was no further evidence to be produced—from the bottle.

A more humourous and at the same time argumentative address than that of Attorney McVitty on behalf of his respectable and aggrieved client, it has never been my good fortune to listen to. He cited the "persecution" of the Two Widow Doolans, and denounced those "new" policemen, strangers to the district, for maligning the characters of reputable gentlemen such as Mr. Hagarty.

The case was dismissed, though there was no doubt in the mind of anyone present as to the guilt of the accused.



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Shakmut.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

Chapter II.

PETERSBURG had recovered from the domination of French adventurers. It was no longer necessary for even the men of Eylau to "point their toes, frizz their hair and imitate monkeys" as Rostoptchin had declared it to be in 1807, for Borodino and Waterloo had crippled the Great Beast, and Russia and Europe were again free to live their own lives and think their own thoughts.

It was good for those who loved Russia to be at home, and yet one of the men of Eylau was still a prisoner.

The years had dealt hardly with Maxim Stroganoff, and the drink, in which alone he found oblivion, had dealt more hardly still.

As he sat fingering his cards in that attic of the Fort, it was noticeable that his shoulders were bent, the face of him lined and sunken, but more noticeable even than this was a certain nervous shrinking and watchfulness which had become characteristic of the man.

"Curse that jack," he cried, bitterly; "I lose whenever he turns up."

"What then? You can afford to, your excellence. You have won more than any man amongst us."

"Yes, but—I wanted those stakes."

The Cossack, Yaksheem, laughed.

"No doubt, and so did I: and it's not often that I get what I want when I play with you."

But Maxim took no notice of him, now that the game had been lost and the stakes, nearly a hundred roubles, had been swept off the board.

Instead of watching the man, he was buried in a brown study of the card which had lost him his game.

It was only a Jack of Spades, dark and soiled with much playing, that the Russian noble had set up against the lantern, but as he leaned across the rough table of whip-sawn lumber, his chin on his folded arms, Maxim devoured the card with his eyes as if for him it held the answer to the riddle of the universe.

Like a dreamer who gazes into the dying ashes he read in it his past, and built from it his future.

Yaksheen Anadirsky had changed less than Maxim. Years ago he had taken on an exterior of cast iron, and neither drink nor Alaskan weather seemed to do aught but toughen it.

Turning from the table and kicking the logs together on the hearth, he threw himself into a seat, and spread his booted limbs to the blaze.

In Russia he would have remained standing as long as one of Miloradovitch's fire-eaters was in the room, and even here in private, in the attic below the roof of Baranoff's Alaskan stronghold, he still gave Stroganoff the title which all Russian peasants give to men of rank.

But this was the only concession which the Cossack peredovtchnk made to the broken noble.

The game of cards was not the only one which these two had played together, and in the great game of life as it was then played in those smoky seas, the Cossack's years of hardship and sinews almost harder than his heart had given him the advantage over a man who, until he saw Sitka, had known nothing worse than peril made attractive by all the pomp of battle.

For all but seven years these two had served together amongst the promishleniki, and had become comrades, drawn together by the one fact that they were both pure Russians amongst a horde of mixed blood, and though the two belonged to widely different classes, there

was between them enough to make understanding possible.

Lying back at his ease in the chair of lumber and twisted rawhide, which his own cunning fingers had fashioned, Anadirski watched his comrade and tried to understand him.

The noble, he believed, had won a greater game than that game of cards. In three more days he would be on his way back to Petersburg, to a world of which the Cossack's mind held no key, and yet this fortunate one was brooding as if another seven long years in Alaska lay before him.

"Yes, I would give all I ever won, never to have seen your cursed face."

It was Maxim who spoke, and the evil face on the pasteboard leered at him for reply, whilst the shadows leapt with the leaping flames upon the long wooden walls of the attic, and the winds of Alaska tore from the groaning pines the great night song of the North.

"All that you have won these seven years? That would be a nice sum, your Excellence, especially if you include your share in the loot of Shakmut's rancherie."

Anadirski spoke slowly, stroking his great grey moustaches, which stood out from his head like sword points, and as he dwelt upon the name "Shakmut" his keen grey eyes watched the other man closely.

At the mention of that name, Stroganoff started as if he had been struck, and his frightened eyes glanced over his shoulder into the shadows, and then pulling himself together, he turned fiercely upon his questioner, and asked:

"And why not? Why should I not include my share in Shakmut's skins?"

"True! Why not? Those were idle words you once said, when the crying of the Kalushes was still fresh in your ears. Then you had not learned to look on the killing of such men as we look on the killing of the seal pod. And yet you did say them."

The other put his hand to his head and remained for a moment silent.

"Aye! I did say them, and, by God, they were true words. But thou and that devil there have made me forget them. That loot was the price of Shakmut's blood, but if I do not touch it, I must face another seven years in this hell."

The Cossack whistled.

"Was it as close as that? Why, then, in the devil's name did you play tonight?" But he made no offer to return the roubles.

"Another seven years," the other muttered; "another seven years," and again he dropped his head and stared at the fateful card.

After a while he spoke, hesitatingly: "Yasha!"

"Nu! What are your commands?"

"Dost see a likeness to anyone in that card?"

"I saw none," replied the other, without moving.

"Come hither and look. Dost really see no likeness?"

The elder man rose reluctantly, and looked stolidly over Stroganoff's shoulder.

"No. I see none. I have not the woman's trick of seeing likenesses."

It was said offensively, and one might have expected to see the flush of anger upon Stroganoff's sensitive face, but instead a cloud seemed to pass from him.

"I suppose I dream," he muttered, and then rising from his place, he took the card and held it to Anadirski.

"It is not like Shakmut?"

"No, it is not like Shakmut, as far as I remember him, but I have a poor memory for dead savages. We have killed many since then."

"Thou art sure that he is dead?"

"Nay, that is for your Excellence to say. You had the killing of him, and as I remember, you left no room for a resurrection, though the skull of a Kalush is harder than the skull of a seal."

"No hope of a resurrection! And you believe that, Yaksheem?"

"Except in the priest's presence. I never saw a seal swim again after his brains were knocked out."

"Yes, I suppose you are right. I hope so," and with that Maxim Stroganoff tore the card in little pieces and threw them upon the blazing logs.

"You have spoiled our pack, and cards are dear at Sitka."

"One card—that cursed card—spoiled

my life, but lives are cheap at Sitka," the other retorted.

"Your Excellency makes mountains out of molehills."

"No, only seven years of hell out of an evening at Petersburg."

"Was it so? Well, if you won't play any more, tell me the story. There is no romance like that of the little tables, and the nights are long," and the peredovitchik swept the rest of the mutilated pack into a heap, and tossed it into an empty flagon in which the comrades kept their odds and ends.

"Wouldest thou understand it, Yaksheem?"

"Maybe, your Excellency. Cossacks travel far, and see many things."

"True, and no matter, anyway. The telling will amuse me, too, now that I know the end of the story," but he hesitated on the last words as if he were even now not quite sure, and instead of plunging into his narartive, asked:

"That little devil, Alexander Andreevitch, cannot prevent my going on the St. George?"

"Not if you pay the Company."

"True; and I can pay the Company."

"And the story, your Excellence?"

"Oh, it is an old one. Men say that the first Stroganoff who made money, made it at cards, and an old woman's life was the price of his success. She was his aunt or his employer—God knows, I forget which,—but she had a system and won as she pleased in any company. He coaxed her to give him the secret. She was old, very old, and rich beyond all her needs, even if she had had another hundred years to live. But she was obdurate. She would leave him her money, but she would not give him her secret. And then one night he went to her in her bedroom, and squeezed the life out of her skinny old throat, in an effort to squeeze out the secret, and some say that she told him before she died, and some say not, but at least from that time on, he won as she had won, until at the very crown of his career a knave of clubs broke him.

"Since then it has always been a knave of clubs, and ruin for men of my race."

For a few minutes he stopped and gazed into the fire.

"I swore that I would never play, and kept my oath until they laid us by our heels, idle in Petersburg, we who had played the great game of the north against Napoleon.

"Then there was nothing for us to do unless we would pay court to the French dancing master, and I played.

"I was to have married the day I came out here. The night before the marriage is a long one, and we went to pass it, at Katia Moukhin's in the Oozinskaia Pereoulok. I lost all in one throw, and it was the knave of clubs that beat me."

"And what brought you here?"

"She got me the billet."

"Katia Moukhin?"

"Yes, Katia Moukhin."

"Ah, then, men speak truly. They say that she works for little Sacha. They all come from her den—Golovski, Protkin, that mad Bereslav—and none go back."

"But I shall."

At that moment a board creaked loudly, and a chair straightened itself noisily, as seemingly empty chairs will do when no one is watching them.

Stroganoff started, but controlled himself.

"But I shall go," he repeated, steadily; "I have the money, and neither God nor the devil shall keep me."

He seemed to wait for an answer, but none came, until Yaksheem said:

"Well, you will not go back to her?"

"Who knows? I have nowhere else to go, and she was very pretty."

"Pretty! Aye, red and white, if she be like the picture Alexander Andrevitch has of her; but her teeth are sharp as a weasel's, and unless the painter lies, her fingers are short and sharp as a black bear's claws, crooked like this," and he bent his own like fishhooks—"she is a warlock Finn, as he is."

Stroganoff burst out laughing.

"Thou art a true Russian brother, with thy warlocks and familiars, and woodspirits. Baranoff is a cruel, cunning devil, beyond the reach of any master, but he is no warlock."

"He bade Oogak, the Kalush, shoot at him at close quarters. The man bends

a strong bow, but the arrows (he shot three times) fell away from the Governor as if his breast had been of steel."

"It was steel. Charlatan!"

"How?"

"How? Can you not guess that he wears a shirt of mail under his sheepskin. It is not his only trick. It is half by his jugglery that he holds these poor fools. Jugglery and firearms."

"You are very sure, your Excellence?"

"Sure? I know it. I——"

At that moment a log rolled forward and crashing upon the hearthstone sent up a tongue of flame, so that the shadows upon the wall rose up, bowing and swaying strangely, whilst the gathering storm outside drove the sea foam against the little casements of even that high place, and the howl of the wind suddenly drowned their voices.

The shadow of Stroganoff, which from his position, seemed to tower above the others, reared itself almost to the ceiling, but that was no reason why a brave man should have turned white to the lips, with unspoken words frozen in his mouth, and his eyes glued to the wooden walls.

"Your Excellence was saying ——"

"It was the level voice of the Cossack speaking in the first lull of the squall.

Stroganoff, with an effort, took his eyes from the swaying shadows.

"I was saying—I forget what I was saying," and again he glanced suddenly over his shoulder like a man who seeks to surprise one who mocks him behind his back.

"But the shadow, if that was what he sought to surprise, *faced* him as before, a meantingless outline of a man's head and shoulders.

"You were going to say that there was nothing supernatural in the world, except to the peasant-bred like myself," sneered Anadirski, watching the furtive, frightened glances of the younger man. Maxim's mood was not a new one to Yaksheem. He was used to seeing his comrade shadow-hunting, especially after a heavy night, but Maxim grew worse as the days went on.

"Was I?" and again he glanced behind him, and then turning to the table put his hands to his head and sat as if he would shut out sight and sound.

Obviously he did not mean to talk any more, and Anadirski, seeking something to wile away the time, turned to the shadows.

"There was his own shadow facing him, great as it should be, the head of it square, and on either side of it, as it were, a sword blade, the true presentment of Yaksheen Timiotheevitch Anadirski, peredovtchick or lieutenant to the autocrat of Alaska, with his essential moustaches duly emphasized.

But this other thing was curious. Stroganoff was sitting with his hands to his head so that the Cossack could not see his profile, and yet here was the shadow of him, hard cut and distinct, and yet——

Well, the Cossack knew nothing of the laws of light and shade, but the matter interested him.

He would help his comrade to see what his shadow was like in profile.

Stooping, he took a dead ember from the hearth, and sharpening it slightly he traced the outline with laborious and somewhat unsteady hand.

The picture pleased but puzzled him.

"Hi, Excellency," he cried, "see here. I have somewhat to show you."

Stroganoff started, but kept his hands to his head.

"You are not as good-looking as I thought you were."

"What childishness art thou talking of?"

"Come and see. The shadows and I have drawn your portrait."

Unsteadily Stroganoff raised the lamp from the table and held it up to the panelling, so that the light of it fell upon the charcoal outline.

The next moment he reeled, with an inarticulate cry upon his lips. But for the Cossack's strong arm he and the lamp would have fallen together upon the floor.

"Fool," the Cossack cried roughly. "What ails you?"

"Dost see what thou hast drawn?"

"Your portrait, as I said—no—no—by heaven, it is the Jack of Clubs——"

"It is Shakmut."

Chapter III.

The light in the cupola above Baranoff's castle, which during the night had glared red as a fiend's eye through the fog, had at last gone out.

Seen for many a mile along the rugged desolate coast, it had warned the timid Aleuts, and wilder Kalushas, that the Russian devil watched.

At last it went out, and in its place the grey fingers of the dawn, long and thin, but steady and very searching, crept in through the attic casements, and went groping their way over bare walls and wooden floor.

The ashes, dead upon the hearth, and the litter of drunken men, made the room look miserably squalid, and as the Dawn-fingers touched the eyes of the two men, emphasized their prematurely grey hair, and exaggerated the depth of their wrinkles, they made curious suggestions about the outlines seen indistinctly through the blankets.

Then the fingers of the Dawn passed on. The two sleepers looked so like corpses laid out for burial, that it was only natural that the Dawn should pass them by. Such as those belonged to the Night.

Passing round the room, the Dawn pushed the shadows back one by one, and at length came upon a rough charcoal drawing, outlined on the wooden wall of the attic, and seemed to linger there so long that it may be, that having nothing better to do, the Dawn tampered with the Cossack's work of art, for by and bye one of the sleepers, he who had groaned and tossed so in the night, stirred, threw a heavy arm free from his blankets, and turned with eyes yet unopened towards the drawing.

For a moment he lay like this, then stealthily opened his eyes, stared fixedly towards the picture, and at last sat up.

In his gaze, if the Dawn was any judge, there was expectation and fear, a great, white-lipped, wide-eyed fear, which had haunted him for many days, but this dropped from him as he gazed, and, shaking himself to make sure that he was awake, he called to the other blanket:

"Hi, Yasha! Wake up. Day is here."

"I am not going to get up."

"Then I shall finish the vodka. I am now pouring out a morning dram," and suiting the action to the words, he leaned out of his blankets, and reaching a black bottle and stone mug, which stood between him and his comrade, he poured out a stiff eye-opener with shaking hand.

At the first cluck in the throat of the bottle, the Cossack sat up and held out his hand for the mug.

In passing it to him, Stroganoff's hand shook so much that the spirit was spilled liberally on the boards.

"Holy Saints, man!" cried Anadirski, "are you still scared? Do you think the 'best purified' was made to wash floors with?"

"Drink what is left and look at thy picture."

Anadirski threw the vodka down with a dexterous turn of his wrist. The burning fluid touched nothing between his lips and the pit of his stomach. It was his boast that he could do this, and having done it, he sent the mug whirling to the rafters, caught it, right side up, in its descent, and set it down, pat, beside him, with a ringing "whoop la."

Then he kicked off the blankets, pulled on his thigh boots, and was ready for business.

"The picture? Oh, ah, the picture that I frightened you with last night. Shakmut's portrait, you called it. Well, Excellency," shading his eyes to look more closely, "it might be that or it might be a map of Sitka Bay, for all that I can make of it this morning."

"I suppose that we were both drunk last night, Yasha."

"Probably! Let us hope that we shall be to-night, anyway."

"And that is likely, altogether likely, gentlemen, if your servant may say so without offence," put in an old soldier, who, unnoticed by the sleepers, had been quietly preparing the samovar.

"Hello, Gleb, art thou there? And why sayest thou, uncle, that it is likely we shall be drunk to-night? As a general statement, we admit its accuracy, but why specially to-night?"

"Fair weather follows a storm, even

in Alaska, and there has been a storm this morning."

"Where? In the Governor's quarters?"

"Just there. The German woman, the one who teaches morals and embroidery to the young miss, has been caught drinking, and Alexander Andreevitch, good man, is roaring in consequence through the Fort like a mid-winter blizzard round the rocks of Chernaboor."

"She is outside on the sea front, cooling her heels. Pavlovitch, the secretary, has his head broken, and little Sacha's own pipe and the Company's inkstand lie outside on the rocks still."

"How got they there?"

"Through the window, Excellency. The Governor was in such a hurry that he had no time to open it. First, the pipe went because it would not draw; then the great inkstand because it was dry; and then the good man thought that that dolt Pavlovitch laughed."

"And?"

"Pavlovitch followed the inkstand."

"Now thou liest, uncle. Alexander Andreevitch could not lift Pavlovitch."

"Nevertheless, he threw him through the window."

"It is impossible."

"Your Excellency is right, but it happened."

"When the mad fit seizes him, he can lift mountains," growled Yaksheem. "Said I not that he was a warlock Finn?"

This time Stroganoff did not laugh.

"And what does he now, Gleb?"

"The fit has left him and he sits alone, hunched up, and talks, and drinks vodka and talks, and God knows to whom he talks, but by and bye he will grow tired of his own company and will call us, and there will be another praznik in Sitka."

"Did he make mention of us, Gleb, this morning?"

"It was of your Excellency that he spoke to Pavlovitch. I think that he had sent for your Excellency's account with the Company."

"Said he anything?"

"He cursed Pavlovitch for a fool. That was before he threw him through the window."

"And after that he said nothing?"

"Only to me he said: 'Maxim Petrovitch goes on Friday, Gleb.'

"'Just so, Excellency,.' I answered.

"'How then,' said he; 'he goes not.'

"'Just so, Excellency,' I agreed.

"'He thinks that he goes. They all think that they go,' he muttered, and then he laughed, and his face grew purple, and his eyes began to glow like coals, and I came away by the door, being too old to go out of the window. Your tea is served, gentlemen," and the old Fort gossip hobbled out of the room.

He, too, was a genuine Russian, and had some good-will towards these two of his own kind.

"What does that mean, Yaksheem?" asked Stroganoff, after a pause.

"Mischief for you, I'm afraid. Old Gleb wanted to warn you. The Governor will not let you go."

"He can't stop me. I owe the Company nothing, but such sums as I can pay. My term is over. I have Gouravitch's promise of a passage in the St. George. He dare not refuse to let me go."

"He will not refuse to let you go."

"He dare not tamper with Gouravitch. On his own ship Gouravitch is as absolute as the Governor in Alaska, and threatened, so men say, to hang Baranoff if he put his nose on board."

"There is no love lost between them."

"How, then, will he stop me?"

"I did not say that he would stop you. *Something will happen.*"

A chill which ran down Stroganoff's spine at those ill-omened words, made him furious.

"Thou art a fool," he cried. "Thou thinkest that little sot almighty."

"I know him, and I fear him. I who fear few men."

Stroganoff relapsed into silence.

After all, could the Cossack be right? In his own brain there was a volcano raging, and he could hardly think in any consecutive fashion.

If the Cossack was right, it meant that all his efforts had been wasted. That all his hopes were vain.

The seven years of waiting had been accomplished; the money for the Company had been gained, no matter how;

the wolf inside him had been curbed in spite of those festering weals; he had grinned when he would have bitten; taken a hand when he was hungering to fly at a throat.

All had been done as he had planned it nearly seven years ago in that cold rage which followed his humiliation, and now he was to be baffled because "something would happen."

It seemed so utterly simple and ridiculous.

The man was the servant of the Empress; under her sanction a contract had been made; he, Stroganoff had fulfilled his share of it, must not Baranoff fulfill his? Perhaps, but still something always had happened. No one ever had gone back save those Baranoff sent. Nay, more, men said, that he, the Governor himself, had been thrice recalled, but that the recalls had never arrived.

Something had happened.

He looked out to sea and the Cossack's fancies were no longer follies.

This Baranoff did rule in the heart of Alaskan fogs, a spirit of evil, inaccessible and invulnerable.

It was that outside world where men went by rule and wherein laws bound, which was the foolish fancy, and those voices which had talked in his ears for months were real, they were not the hallucination of a drink-sodden brain, and that shadow whose outline he could never quite catch, was ——

"Oh, curse it, I am going mad," he cried, and wrenching open the door he thundered down the stairs, leaving Yaksheem gazing after him in blank astonishment.

It was cooler on the beach, and the salt air acted on him like a tonic, and there at least lay one of the realities of life, a Russian man-of-war, very real and grim, in spite of the frayed fog curtain which, shifting back and forth, at one moment hid, at the next showed her to Stroganoff.

She, at least, had nothing to do with these haunted seas; she was no company boat, built at Resurrection Bay of green spruce, for which there was neither tar nor paint.

The day after to-morrow men would look out to that point, and she would be gone; those rigid pines would be there for ever, but she would be roaring back, following her own free will, to the noisy dockyards of the north.

And he would look back from her, and Sitka would be out of sight for ever.

He closed his eyes, and tried to picture Petersburg as it would be, but he could not do it. There had always been colour at Petersburg, and he had forgotten what that meant. It was all grey now in his scheme of the world.

He tried to hum a waltz that had been fashionable in his last year, but the mighty, insistent rhythm of the surf killed the puny tune before it could come to birth.

He tried to recall the scents of the ballroom; the smell of the stables.

In vain. Only the smell of the kelp, only the strong sea smell! There was no other smell, nor had been since the world began.

In despair he opened his eyes again, and at once they fell upon a vision such as only Alaska can produce.

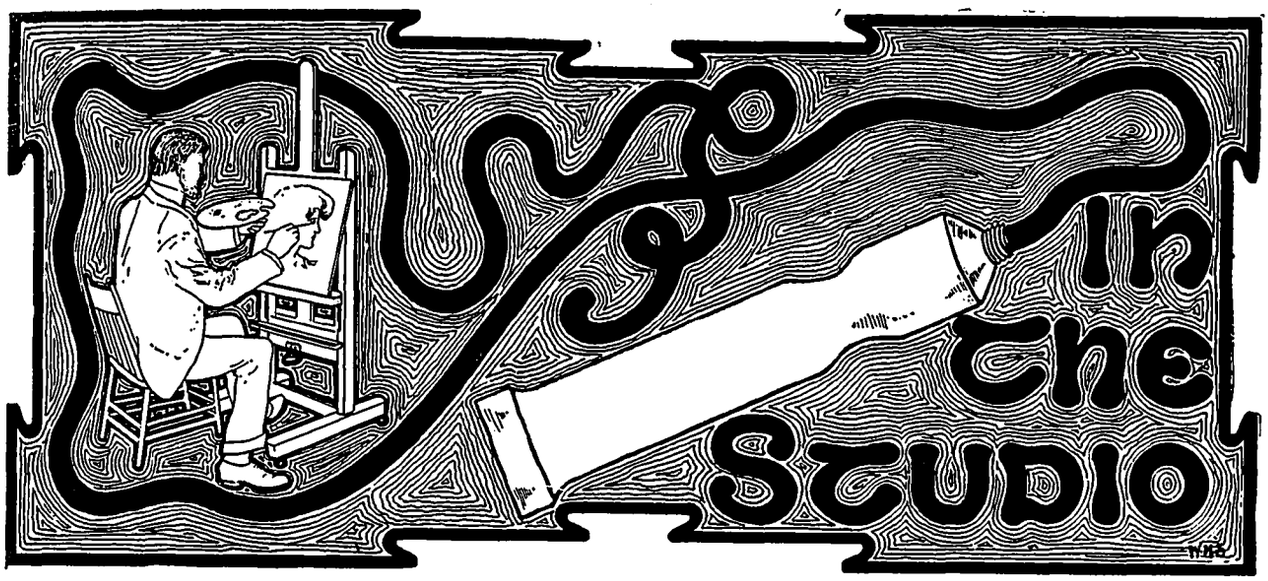
Everywhere grey fog and grey sea met, save at one point to the north.

Here lay a stretch of such ooze as the monsters of Earth's dawn crawled from, before the waters which were above the firmament were well parted from those which were below the firmament, and here the long growths waved back and forth to the slow measure of the sea, and a great winged beast with jaws agape stood guard over the Indian graveyard.

Maxim Stroganoff knew him, and knew, too the other dim figures, whose outlines showed through the fog, but the fact that they were of wood did not help him much.

He remembered that one kept guard near Shakmut, and Shakmut, they said, was a magician.

(To be continued.)



A. V. Kenah.

IT is an undeniable fact that even the simple operation of toning P. O. P. prints often gives the amateur photographer severe qualms, and notwithstanding explicit and complete directions by the manufacturers as to what to do and how to do it, satisfactory results do not always reward the tyro. Simplification of photographic processes is quite the keynote of the present-day market, and there are several excellent brands of self-toning papers procurable which do away with the bother of the separate toning solutions, but out here in British Columbia it is not always possible to get hold of them, and therefore it has occurred to me that the following process may be of some interest to my readers.

It is not my intention to introduce to your notice any combined toning-and-fixing bath, or even our old friend, ammonium sulphide, but rather to simply remind you that excellent tones can be readily obtained with the majority of the commercial brands of P. O. P. by simply putting them straight into a bath composed of: Hypo 4 oz., water 20 oz., after they have come from the printing frame.

The actual printing must be carried to double the ordinary stage, or otherwise the image will disappear once it comes in contact with this solution, and another important point to remember is that the print must be removed from the bath before the desired tone is reached. For guidance, I may remark that six or seven minutes' immersion will produce a fine brown colour, whilst eight to ten minutes will result in a colder tone. As soon as the print is in the solution you will find that it looses density and takes on the old familiar yellow bloom, but after about five minutes it will behave more rationally, but it will not be until it is actually dry that you will see the advantages of this simple process.

After the print has remained in the hypo bath long enough, it must be thoroughly washed and care should be taken that the prints do not stick together during the "toning" operation. For some reason or other all papers do not respond to this method, and according to Mr. Crook, who contributed an article on this method in a recent number of The Amateur Photographer, postcards give better results than paper. Anyway, although the process is by no means new, it is certainly worth trying and is also extremely simple.

Colour - Photography. — The Autochrome process of Messrs. Lumiere still

continues to make friends, and the demonstration which was given on November 5 ultimo, at the premises of the Royal Photographic Society in London, by Mr. T. K. Grant, the representative in England of Messrs. Lumiere, as so crowded that even the oldest members were compelled to play the role of wallflowers. From the report which has come to hand of this meting, I canont say that many new facts were disclosed, except that Mr. Grant stated that Wynne 14 or Watkins 2 served as a rough guide for outdoor exposure, but at the same time it as necessary to consider the subject in relation to the exposure, and that if it were found necessary to stop down to F. 22 the exposure would have to be increased by 50 per cent. over and above the time corresponding to the stop. One point I am particularly glad to note was that several of the very succesful pictures shown on the screen were copies or reproductions, and Mr. Grant stated that for copying Autochromes the two plates —the Autochrome picture and the sensitive Autochrome plate—should be placed together in the camera, both filter side downwards, and the lens pointed to a good clear north light. One of the great objections which has been taken to this wonderful process is that it has been contended that reproduction was not possible, but I confess that I have always been optimistic on this point, and the method advocated by Mr. Grant is one that should overcome this difficulty in a practical and simple manner. By the by, a full supply of all the necessary materials for taking photographs in colours by this method is stocked by Messrs. Fallowfield, 146 Charing Cross Road, London, W. (England), and I strongly advise my readers to drop them a line and get their price list. As I have previously stated, the process is not really a difficult one to work, and the results are such that they have won high praise from even such advanced critics as Royal Acadamecians. Personally, as soon as the spring comes round, I intend to send for a supply of Autochrome plates, as I can conceive of nothing more fascinating than the recording of the beauties of British Columbia scenery in all the glory of its natural colours.

Reveries of an Old Coin.

Henry Morey.

AH! That face has set me thinking. It reminded me of the Duchess; the dear, dear Duchess, whom I haven't seen for ages and ages.

I wonder how long I've been in this blamed old—— (Oh! I beg your pardon; but really, I've lived out West so long and been obliged to associate with such mean companions, that even my reveries are becoming vulgar.) I was wondering how long I had been in this musty old showcase. The antiquated penny to my left says it's only ten years. But I know better than that. It seems more like ten centuries to me. And I've been lying on my back, too, all the while; as if there were not a more comfortable position in which to place an old coin.

No wonder we become retrospective; and my thoughts carry me back now to that day when I emerged from the mould that fashioned me, a beautiful, shimmering, brand-new thing; with the Goddess of Liberty on one side of me and the American Eagle on the other—an enviable position, indeed.

Ah! those were halcyon days which followed. Silver days I might say. And I don't see why I shouldn't say golden days, for I've heard plenty of people use the expression who hadn't a speck of gold to bless themselves with.

If variety is the spice of life, then my life has been spicy indeed. One day the

property of a gorgeously clad prince; the next, owned by a ragged street urchin. One day nestling contentedly in the perfumed recesses of my lady's purse; the next, skulking in the dirty pocket of a thief.

And as for acquaintances! I made dozens of them every day, and with two or three exceptions they all seemed willing enough to part with me.

The first of these exceptions was an old miser. I suffered dreadfully from ennui as long as he owned me, and I grew to hate him. Once a month only did I see light during those hideous three years, and then only candlelight. But retribution came at last. And even while the old miser held his light aloft and gloated over us poor, shut-up, miserable things, death claimed him. Candle in hand, he sank to the floor with a terrified groan, and I and my companions chuckled with delight.

Now would we see the end of our misery. Now would we find our way back to light and the busy streets. Now would we feel and hear again the joyous chink-chink of exchange and live the lives which those who made us intended we should live.

And even while we mused, a lurid light began to dance about us. Tiny tongues of flame shot upwards from the floor, ever increasing in size and brightness, until the whole room was a delightful mass of crackling fireworks. We ourselves shone like so many little suns, each one striving to outdo his neighbour in the gay deception.

Though exulting with glee, I was just beginning to fear for my Goddess and Eagle, when the window came in with a crash; there was a hissing, scurrying noise; I was swept swiftly from the table on to the floor and whirled ignominously into a corner, like a naughty schoolboy. When I came to my senses, I found myself upside-down, and O, so wet! Even the Eagle was soaking.

My discomfiture was shortlived, however, for I was soon pocketed by a business-like person, who subsequently took a great liking to me. I also became very much attached to him, but more particularly to his watchchain. It took me some time to forgive him for punching a hole in me, but as the wound gradually healed so did my feelings, and we became very fast friends. I remember distinctly how, when not otherwise particularly engaged, he would caress and fondle me, now turning me this side out and now that, so that I never suffered much from being in the same position a very long time—a thing which a respectable coin of the realm cannot bear.

Like Mary's little lamb, "everywhere that Charley went I was sure to go." And we went into some queer places, I can assure you. I could say a great deal about Charley, for I knew more about him than anyone else, not excepting his sweetheart, Polly. By-th-e-way, I heard his propose to her, too; but it wouldn't be kind to say just how he did it. It was hard work to keep quiet through it all, for the Goddess was sweet on Charley herself. She was dreadfully jealous when Polly said "yes," and the Eagle was dying to scream—not out of sympathy with the Goddess, however.

I never knew whether the wedding came off or not, for Charley and I parted company soon after the engagement. Just how it happened I don't know. But I felt that the watch chain was gradually losing its grip on me, and one night I slipped noiselessly from it as Charley was going up the street, fell to the pavement, and rolled into a gutter.

Daylight soon laid bare my hiding-place, and shortly afterwards an Italian fruit vendor picked me up. He turned me over with a grunt, swore quietly because of the hole in me, but slipped me into his pocket nevertheless, and remarked: "Gooda luck! Maka de peanuta sell fine to-day." His peanuts did sell fine that day and much to my disgust he decided to keep me. Incredible as it may seem, for five years I was forced to act as mascot to that dago.

During that time I learned all the Italian cuss words that are in existence, a few others besides, and how to sell stale fruit.

I fully expected to end my days with this man; but once, when business had been very bad for a week, he got out of patience with me. This pleased me

mightily, for I was sick of his dirty pocket and dying to have done with him. "He'll drop me now," I thought; and I was right, for I soon found myself dodging about the city again and enjoying it immensely, too, in spite of the hole in me. On account of it, many persons refused absolutely to have anything to do with me—as if I could help it.

One Sunday morning I found myself in the pocket of a well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman. We were at church. I knew this by the subdued sounds of praise and prayer which reached me, and with which I was quite familiar.

During the singing of a hymn the gentleman fumbled with his fingers amongst the coins in his pocket. I knew from experience what he was feeling for—that hole which Charley punched in me. When he found it I as held in readiness for the plate, into which I was presently dropped. This was no new sensation for me, but I remember this instance particularly, as it was the beginning of a trying experience.

The janitor of the church was paid weekly, and amongst other coins I was handed over to him for his week's work. This janitor was in the habit of contributing to the church each week the sum which my face value represented, and he promptly placed me in the plate the following Sunday. To my surprise and disgust, on Monday I was again handed over to the janitor; and again, on the following Sunday, he deposited me in the plate.

I ought to be a very, very good coin, indeed, for I spent six months in this fashion before I got away from that church. I might have been there still, but the poor janitor went the way of all flesh and I went to his undertaker.

The undertaker tied a short string to me and gave me to his baby to play with. Baby had just found out the use of his teeth, and after giving me a couple of vicious bites, swallowed me, string and all! Just think of it! I, with the Goddess of Liberty on one side of me and the American Eagle on the other, swallowed by a baby! But this was no ordinary baby. No, sir. He had brains. He began his career when he swallowed me, and he kept pegging away until he was elected President of the United States. And he deserved all the honours he got.

Solitary confinement in a dark and damp cell was my lot for some days after this, and I began to despair of ever seeing daylight again. But baby, bless his heart! overate himself one day. Nature rebelled; there was a great commotion in my neighbourhoor, and, *presto pass,* up I came, smiling and brighter than ever. The baby yelled, the mystery of the lost coin was explained, and I was sent on my way rejoicing.

Another episode in my career I shall never forget. I belonged to an elderly gentleman at the time—an invalid. He had lived in America some years, and was on his way to England, intending to pass his remaining days in the land of his birth. After a splendid trip across the Atlantic, we were run down by a bungling old freighter, just within sight of land. There was the usual indescribable scene on deck. My master could do practically nothing to help himself, and his cries for assistance were painful to hear. No one heeded him, however, and he sank helplessly into the depths of the sea, taking me with him. Down, far down we went, until light and sound and hope vanished, leaving my master a corpse and me imprisoned in his trouser's pocket.

Days, weeks, months went by, and still we remained at the bottom of the ocean, held there by a portion of the wreck which lay heavily on us.

I was just beginning to give up hope of ever being rescued, when a strange thing happened. We were visited by the wierdest specimen of humanity I had ever beheld. He was clad in a rubber suit of a most clownish pattern. His feet were unnaturally large, judging from the size of his shoes, which were shod with metal soles a couple of inches thick. His head-dress (it could not be called a hat) looked more like a miniature lighthouse than anything else; and attached to it was a long rubber tube, which gave him the appearance of having been lately lynched. The light which emerged from the head-dress was very cheering, however. It was really a treat to be able to

see something again, and my spirits rose wonderfully.

The strangely-clad individual was at work amongst what appeared to be the shattered timbers of a sunken vessel. Surely something will come of this, I thought; and I was not mistaken. He came toward my late master's corpse, removed the object which rested upon it, and immediately it began to rise. I went up, too, and thoroughly enjoyed the sunlight and warmth that reached me through the mouth of the pocket.

The sea was rather choppy and there was a slight breeze blowing, which drove us landward. This pleased me mightily, for I was tired of being in that wet pocket, and longed to be on shore again. But disappointment awaited me. The choppy sea only served to dislodge me from my resting place, and with a zig-zag movement, bemoaning my fate, I sank towards the bottom once more. But I never reached there. A young cod spied me in my downward flight, concluded that I was a dainty tid-bit, and kindly took me in. Many times since then have I blessed that fish, for he was the means of my finding the Duchess, or rather of the Duchess finding me.

How long I remained inside of the cod I shall never know. But of this I am certain, that Jonah's record was infinitesimal in comparison with mine. The fish doubled in size during my stay with him. I became embedded in his flesh; grew up with him, so to speak; was part and parcel of him, in fact. But I never lost my identity for a minute.

He was hooked more than once, but on each occasion managed to break away. I knew that he would be caught eventually, as he was a very reckless fish, and waited as patiently as possible for the inevitable. It came at last, and just when I least expected it.

There had not been a hook in sight for many days. I was beginning to feel very despondent, when suddenly, as we turned the corner of a large rock, a most tempting bait came in view. This was too much for my cod. He was ravenously hungry and seized it at once.

Events followed thick and fast after this. There was a short, sharp struggle, and Mr. Cod lay at the bottom of a boat, floundering about in a most ungainly fashion.

I knew now that my release was at hand, and rejoiced exceedingly. Speculations were rife in my mind as to whether the particular piece of cod in which I was embedded would be boiled or baked or salted. I prayed that it might not be the latter, for then, perhaps, it would be years before I got into circulation again; and besides this I had seen and smelt some pretty tough specimens of the article in question, and had no wish to cultivate its closer acquaintance. And then the awful thought presented itself that I might very probably be swallowed again!

I hoped for the best, however, and the best happened.

Shortly after reaching shore, we were hurried on to an express train, which whirled away to London, where we soon found ourselves lying on a marble slab in a very fashionable fish and fruit shop.

My poor cod was decapitated at once. The horrible knife came within an ace of slaying me as well. It glanced swiftly by without harming me, however, and in doing so left a small hole near me, through which I could study my surroundings.

I think that day must have been a Friday, judging from the number of people who were buying fish. But none of them asked for cod.

At last a rather pompous, middle-aged gentleman entered the shop. He had a broad, red face, brimful of jollity, and I took to him immediately.

"What have you got in the way of fish this morning?" he asked of the proprietor.

"Salmon, halibut, mack——"

"O, the Duchess is tired of all those." replied the customer with the jovial face.

This made me prick up my ears. I had never, as yet, seen a duchess, although I had often heard them spoken of. This gentleman is the butler, I thought. And how delightful it would be if he would only buy the cod. I should then have a chance of meeting the Duchess.

"This cod looks nice and fresh," he

said, coming towards us; and I was all in a flutter at once.

"Fresh as a daisy, sir. Just caught this morning."

"Well, send that up, please. What's it worth?"

"Three-and-six," replied the proprietor, lifting us out of the scales.

"Now, what in the world does three-and-six- mean?" thought I.

Whatever it as, I wanted to tell the proprietor that the cod was worth just a dime more than that, but I couldn't.

So we were sent to the Duchess's. And all the way there I wondered what she would be like, and was greatly excited. We arrived at the house, or more properly speaking, the Hall, and were taken to the kitchen.

Cook inspected the cod and decided that it should be baked, so I prepared myself for a very trying ordeal. An hour in a hot oven is no joke, I assure you, and I was very glad when it was over. Dinner was announced, and presently we were dished up and carried away to the dining-room. What a beatuiful room it was, and how pretty the table looked, with its flowers and shining glass and silver. I remember it all to this day.

"And there! Ah, surely there is the Duchess," I thought, as I beheld a beautiful lady, with such a kind face, seated at one end of the table, with a large bunch of violets on either side of her.

There were only four at dinner, the Duke, the Duchess, and their two children—a little boy and girl.

The fish was served, and as luck would have it, the piece in which I was concealed was given to the Duchess. I wondered if she would see me before putting me into her mouth. She didn't, and presently I was crunched between her pretty, white teeth—and they were not false, I'm sure. The Duchess uttered a little cry of surprise, and a moment afterwards I found myself between her dainty thumb and forefinger, undergoing a critical examination. And how I did enjoy her sweet surprise.

"Why, Reggy," she said, addressing the Duke, "it's an American dime, and just the one I've been wanting so long for my collection. How very strange!"

"Very strange and very remarkable, dear," replied the Duke. "Let me see it, please."

So I went the rounds of the table, being especially admired and coveted by the children, whose loud "Ohs!" and wondering eyes amused me not a little. Dear little things! I would have given much to have been able to tell them all my adventures.

Then the Duchess took hold of me again, and a little thrill of pleasure went through me as she turned me over and over. Fancy being caressed by a Duchess! You can't imagine how nice it was. I fell in love with her at once, and began to envy the Duke and those dear little children.

The Duchess did not seem at all anxious to add me to her collection of coins, for which I was very grateful. She dropped me into her violet-perfumed purse, saying that she would have to show me to some of her friends.

Now I surmised that the friends of a duchess must be lords and ladies, princes and princesses, and probably kings and queens! and must confess that I felt a little nervous at the prospect of meeting so many grand people. You see, I had been accustomed all my life to plain American folks, with no bejewelled handles to their names, so my nervousness was quite excusable, I think.

However, they proved to be not half bad. When they heard my story, they opened their eyes and mouths just like ordinary folks would have done. This surprised me a great deal. I had expected to find them all as stiff as pokers, disdaining almost to glance at a modest little American dime, and that with a hole in it, too. But, no; they turned me over with evident interest and were glad to hear all about me. And the Princess M—— wanted to keep me altogether, but the Duchess, bless her, would not hear of it. They were all very nice, indeed, but none of them could compare with my Duchess. I was very glad when she dropped me into her purse again. I rolled as far into one corner of it as possible and buried my head, for fear the Princess M—— might get another sight of me.

Ah! I was very happy in those days, and so was the Duchess, I'm sure. I wonder where she is now? Twelve years is not such a very long time; and now that the West is developing so rapidly, who knows but what I may see her again.

One day I heard the Duchess talking very gravely about me. She was afraid of losing me, she said, and must not carry me about with her any longer. This announcement made me sigh for I knew what it meant. She took me into a room near the library, in which were all sorts of curious things. In one corner of it stood a handsome showcase containing old coins. These were not lying flat on their backs, staring at the ceiling all the time, as most old coins in collections are generally forced to do. No, indeed! Each one was standing on its edge, in a narrow slot, on a plush-covered revolving stand. And they were all clean!

The Duchess placed me in a comfortable little slot alongside of an old American quarter. This pleased me mightily, as I had not seen any of my brothers for a long, long while. I found out subsequently that all the coins in that case were American—an American colony, in fact—so I had plenty of company.

The Duchess used to come into the room every day for a half-hour or so, and give some part of it her attention. How we all waited for her coming, and watched her going about the room, dusting and arranging things. Sometimes she would open the showcase, pick each of us up in turn and rub us gently, first on one side and then on the other. On these occasions the showcase would be filled with the perfume of violets, on which we would feast for hours afterwards.

Coins don't like confinement, as a rule, but speaking for myself, I was quite content to be a prisoner of the Duchess.

An evil day came upon us, however, or night I should say. It was about six months after I had been placed in the showcase.

Everything was quite still at the Hall. Nothing broke the silence save the ticking of an old-fashioned clock which hung just above us. Presently the clock struck midnight, making a great clatter, and then subsided into its monotonous tick-tock again. Then we heard a grating sound near the window as if someone were trying to force it open. The noise increased until the fastenings gave way.

The window went up slowly with a creak, and a man crept through it and stood in the room. He wore a mask and carried a bullseye lantern, the rays of which he directed first in one corner of the room and then in another. Presently they rested on the showcase, and our fate was sealed. Evidently this was what he had been seeking, for he came quickly towards us and in a very few moments transferred us all from the showcase into his pockets. After appropriating a few other valuable articles, he decamped hastily through the open window.

Thus I was stolen away from the dear, dear Duchess, without a chance of saying farewell or of looking into her kind face once more. This happened many years ago, but I have never forgotten it nor shall I.

The burglar sold me to a dealer in old coins, who asked no questions. I was soon sent across the Atlantic again, and spent a few months dodging about dear old New York. I found city life almost as enjoyable as ever, in spite of my long retirement from it.

A gentleman going West got hold of me, however. He knew something about old coins, and, worse luck, he also knew of a certain museum in San Francisco that wanted a coin just like me. That accounts for my being in this dusty old showcase, to escape from which I'd give many times my weight in gold, if I had it; yes, and more, too.

Ah! there's a footstep. It's only the old janitor on his usual rounds, but I'll surprise him for once if I can only summon up courage to do so. I say! Mr. Janitor; *Mr. Janitor!* We're all on strike don't you know. And you will inform the management instanter that if they're going to compel us to remain in this musty old museum any longer they'll have to treat us differently. We demand, each of us, to be stood on edge, in a nice little slot, on a plush-covered, revolving stand—*revolving*, do you hear? We will not then be compelled to stare at quite

the same thing year in and year out; and the public will be enable to see our backs, which are very often much more interesting than our faces. We also demand an eight-hour day, no night work, and a warm bath at least once a year—— There! he's gone; and I know he didn't hear me. All that energy and nerve force expended for nothing.

No matter: I'll endeavour to be very patient and wait and watch for a certain lady to come and rescue me from this intolerable existence. She is tall, with dark hair and blue eyes. The prettiest and whitest of teeth peep out between her rosy lips when she smiles—and she smiles so sweetly. Her favourite perfume is violet, and her name is Emily, Duchess of I——. She has a weakness for old coins, more especially for a modest American dime of a certain date; and one day the door of this showcase will open, the air will be laden with the perfume of violets, a dainty thumb and forefinger will grasp me gently as they did long ago, and I shall be her prisoner and slave once more.

A Voice From the City.

De Courcy C. Ireland.

Sing me a song of the waste-lands,
    And the life that I used to know,
A song of the wild, free spaces
    In the land where the hunters go.

I'm tired of the shifting City,
    And the ceaseless cry of the street,
I long for the silent pine-lands
    Where the sky and the mountains meet.

Sing me a song of the ranges,
    And the days when I used to ride,
Of the endless trails that ended
    And the prairies far and wide.

A song of the golden bunch-grass
    With the great, wide sky for a roof
And the traffic's roar forgotten
    In the heat of a flying hoof.

Sing me a song of the free life
    When a man is a man again
When the joy of life calls madly
    And the pain is a lesser pain

And the reek of Town shall vanish
    Like a troubled dream of the night
That vexed our slumbers a season
    And faded away in the light.

The Thief.

Billee Glynn.

FOR SALE—A small, highly-profitable vegetable farm, in the Okanagan. An industrious, careful man can make a fortune. Ten acres, good house, accommodations: terms, $900 cash. The owner saved twelve thousand dollars in ten years on it, and is selling only because of broken health.

Mr. Jim Snoggles, reading this advertisement to his wife in one of their two stuffy rooms in an apartment house situated in the very heart of Chicago, threw down the paper and struck his knee with his hand, enthusiastically.

"I say, Sarah, that's for us," he ejaculated. "I'll draw my thousand from the bank to-morrow mornin' and start farmin'. I'se plum tired o' this here city life. I'se goin' to go West and grow watermelyons, that's what I'll do, and get rich. The lords o' agriculture, says Professor Crunch, are the backbone o' this here nation."

The colored porter to an educational institution, Mr. Jim Snoggles was proud of his mastery of the English language. So was Mrs. Jim Snoggles—and imitated him.

"All right, Me Lord," she returned. "Her Lady will go along with you whenever yo's say the word."

So the Snoggles went, were duly installed, and the watermelon patch was a matter-of-course.

Mr. Jim Snoggles watched it blossom and gurgled with delight; beheld the blossoms develop into green balls, and patted them with his hand; and at length when one melon nearest the sun took a spurt, promising early maturity, he forgot all the rest to hover over it exclusively.

"Oh, I'se got it in for you," he would say, coming out in the early morning and giving it a playful stroke with his hand; "I'se got it in for yo'—yo' big, juicy temptation yo'. Just yo' wait till I put a knife in you', will yo'?"

And the melon did—all but!

The morning its owner chose to pick it was glorious—almost as glorious as the smile that cut in two his face, and almost as bright as the long knife that glittered in his hand as he took his way toward the patch. He had sized the melon up the night before, and it was "plum perfect"—he knew it! Now—he hadn't even called Aunt Sarah! He approached cautiously as becomes a man with a mighty enterprise in hand; then suddenly stood still, his eyes bulging from his head.

All that was left of the melon lay at his feet, and that only the rinds.

That he swore as becomes an educated colored man, "roiled," is not stating it. He swore as becomes the abduction of a first-born, his vocabulary drawn from the four winds of his second-hand education; and when his wife, aroused from her sleep, arrived on the scene, half-dressed, he paused only for want of breath.

"What's the matter with you', cussin' like that?" she exclaimed. "One'd think yo'd gone clean batty."

"Matta'!" He caught her rist excitedly. "Look at that thar melon, will yo'. There's no matta'—that's what the mat. ta'—it's all rinds! Some moon-faced white man has gone and stolen that melon, and I'll wring his block off—see if I don't!"

Whereupon Mr. Jim Snoggles, bereft, commenced an imaginary wringing with his hands that would have been highly dangerous to the neck of any white man or nigger either, for the matter of that.

But his wife addressing him with the very pertinent question—"How's yo'

going to get him?" he returned suddenly to fact.

"How's I going to get him, how's I going to get him, did you say? Not going to get him at all, I guess—*till next time!*" he concluded, doggedly.

Then his wrath shot over him again, and he turned quickly to the house.

"Just yo' wait," he emphasized, and Aunt Sarah followed him accordingly, to behold the old gun taken from its place in the chimney corner.

It took half a day to clean the rust-eaten locks, but he stuck to it with grim purpose and many mutterings, and having finished went outside and swung it menacingly at creation—having no neighbours within three miles!

"The first one of yo's that ever dare to meddle with another one o' them thar melons in that thar melon patch," he pronounced, "'ill be killed deader than George Washington—just yo' raickon on that!"

It was that afternoon that he fell in love with the second melon. It was the best in the patch of course, almost ripe, and he caressed it affectionately.

"They daren't touch yo', me pickaninny," he said; "I'll protect yo' better'n Cuba. That thar old gun 'll carry to the end of the world."

And accordingly the night preceding the morning set for the feast of the second melon he took his place at the sitting-room window, which overlooked the water-melon patch, gun in hand ready for operation.

"Just another touch o' the morning dew," he said to Aunt Sarah, "to give that thar melon the right flavour and I'll guzzle her; and in the meantime she's worth watchin'."

So watch he did. But the night was long, and, during his attentions, came dreams of the morning feast that made the chair he sat on a veritable bed of roses. One last effort to keep open the closing eyelids and he fell to sleep murmuring, "Good, oosh—good!"

When he awakened it was to find himself lying on the lounge; the gun had fallen to the floor, and the morning sun was beaming in at the window.

With a start he pulled himself together and hurried out to the watermelon patch just as Aunt Sarah appeared at the top of the stairs.

She hurried down, calling after him, but on the verandah paused suddenly at what she heard. It lasted probably ten minutes, carrying a refrain of—"Rinds, rinds—rags, bones, and bottles—and nuthin' but rinds!" Then he bore down on her with a manner of grim, strained quiet.

"Yo' come here," he commanded, seizing her arm; "I wanter show yo' something!" And she went without a word.

He escorted her straight to the remains of the gouged melon. "Yo' see that?" he said.

"Yes," she replied.

He drew her to another part of the patch. "And yo' see that?" pointing to a melon that the day's sun would make perfect.

"Yes," she repeated.

"Well, that thar melon 'ill be good eatin' by night—but I'se going to leave it out just for the sake o' shootin' the feller that eat the other one—dye see!"

"But fo' sure and I thought yo' did watch?"

"Fo' sure an' I did. But I was mesmerized woman I tell yo' deader'n last year."

Aunt Sarah brought her hands together with a little moan. "O—o--o, there must be ghosts around this here place," she cried.

"Maybe," commented her spouse. "But if there aint I'se going to make one fo' sure if I had to hang for it."

So it was in pursuance of which project that Jim Snoggles again took position that night at the sitting-room window, gun in hand, and determined above all things not to go to sleep.

"Sure, I couldn't wink an eye if I tried," he assured himself, "an' I'm not gwine to try."

But after midnight when the moon looked double and the scented odors of the watermelon patch wafted to him carressingly, bringing in grander luxury visions of the morning feast,—after he had twice, thrice, nodded,—he was compelled to seek protection in a pin.

"I'll just hold it thar," he said, pois-

ing it on his leg, "and the first other nod plunge her right in."

But the pin giving too much confidence proved fatal to his plans. The visions came back in greater glory and his head fell forward on his breast.

Meanwhile Aunt Sarah had a poor night of it. The thought of her husband getting hanged for shooting a man clung to her mind like a nightmare. After hours of tossing around and listening she got out of bed and dressed with the intention of going down to persuade him to put away the gun. But fancying he might be asleep, and fearing to waken him to obstinate argument, she gave it up, and sinking back on the bed again soon fell to sleep. When she awakened it was long past midnight, and, with a start, she stumbled to her feet, wondering if anything had happened. The moon was still shining, though faintly, through the window, and running over she peered out. Then the next instant thrust her hand to her mouth in a quick effort to stop a scream. The outline of a tall man was vaguely apparent standing in the garden, and she could hear distinctly the "crunch, crunch" of teeth in a watermelon.

"O—o—o, I'll have to scare him," she gasped, "or Jim'll shoot him fo' sure."

So with a quickly-beating heart she fled on tiptoe down the stairs, and letting herself out the back way, approached the thief softly, keeping out of range of the sitting-room window.

"Yo'd better get out o' thar," she hissed; "if me man wakens he'll shoot yo'."

There was no answer. A few steps closer: "Hye, yo', get out o' thar," she sibilated again, "or he'll shoot yo' shure."

Still no answer. She went a little nearer, gave a low scream, and rushing up peered into the eyes absorbed on the watermelon.

"What's the matter with yo'?" she asked trembling.

The eyes looked at her unseeing, and turned again to the watermelon. She seized the man with convulsive strength and shook him fiercely.

"What's the matter with yo' enyway?" she screamed.

Returning sense slowly lit in the eyes, giving place to a startled look, and he drew his hand across his brow.

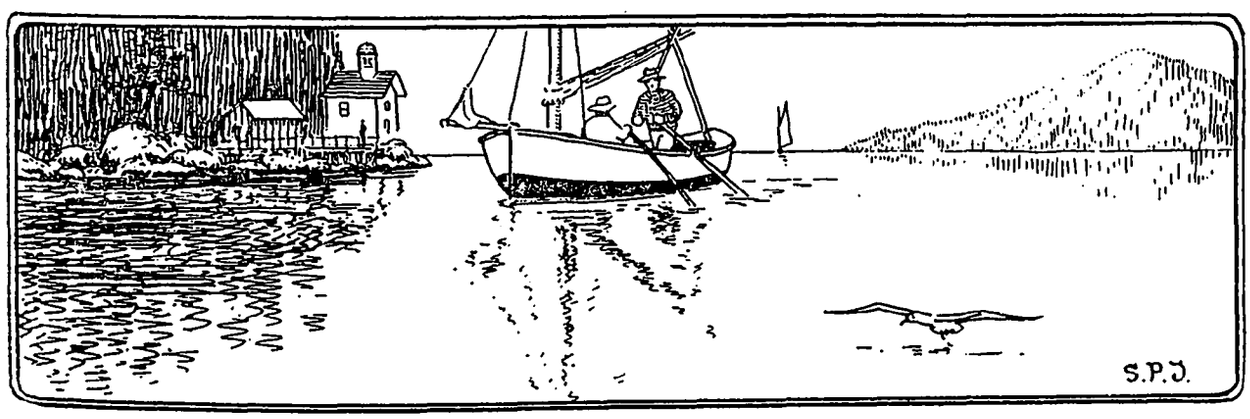
"Where am I?" she asked.

"Yo' in your own watermelyon patch fast asleep eatin' yo' own watermelyons, Jim Snoggles," she rejoined wrathfully. "Yo' big fool yo'!"

He sank to the ground crushed by the weight of the discovery.

"O—o, I'm gwone crazy, sure," he moaned hysterically.

"No, yo' not, nuthin' o' the kind," she emphasized. "But yo' just hankered so after them thar watermelyons that yo' went and eat them in your sleep.



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The Lily Shrine.

Blanche E. H. Murison.

Within an old cathedral, before a lily shrine,
I watched the jewelled glories through blazoned windows shine,
In rainbow tints of azure and deep incarnadine.

While glints and gleams of sapphire, of gold and chrysolite,
All merged and intermingled, as for some mystic rite;
A witchery of splendour, and tangled hues of light.

And like a faery fountain o'erflowing at the brim,
The sorcery of music flashed through the cloisters dim,
And woke the waiting silence with psalm and holy hymn.

A sense of benediction, a sweet serenity,
Filled all my heart with worship and solemn ecstasy;
While incense breathed petitions of pleading fragrancy.

Strange fancies stirred within me, and sudden radiancy
Shone through the chantry window with bright effulgency,
Upon that lily altar of love and purity.

And lo! in wondrous day-dream, I watched a scene unfold;
While from the silent places a sweeter music rolled,
Like waves of silver breaking upon a shore of gold.

Methought I saw a vision of legions kneeling there,
Till every lily petal before that shrine so fair,
Seemed heavy with the burden of supplicating prayer.

They came, an eager concourse that ever onward prest,
As tired birds at even fly homeward to their nest,
As weary little children creep to a mother's breast.

They passed, a contrite pageant all incomputable,
Appealingly entreating the Grace immutable,
Confiding in the mercy of Love inscrutable.

* * * * * * *

Oh Mother-heart! accept the invocation
We proffer thee here at thy lily shrine;
With lowliness and humble adoration,
We bow before this altar home of thine.
Oh Mother-heart! we need thy intercession,
Dark is the way, and lone the path of pain;
Thou hast known sorrow, hear our meek confession,
Plead with thy Son our pardon to obtain.
Plead all our weakness, all our faint endeavour,
All of our frailty, all we fain would be,
Tell of the struggle,—plead that we may never

Fall from the grace of Love's sufficiency.
Plead for the sad, the sinful and the weary,
For overburdened heart and soul opprest,

That, when the Dawn breaks through the shadows dreary,
Earth's tired children may at last find Rest.
Ave Maria! Ora pro nobis!

* * * * * * *

Then Fancy glided onward,—beyond all things terrene,
Above the little chapel all holy and serene,
There gleamed another picture, a far sublimer scene.

A wonder-world of rapture unfolded to my sight,
Where happy spirits mingled, where shone diviner light
Throughout the endless spaces of Beauty infinite.

And in those courts of glory I saw a Figure stand,
Whose sunbeam crown proclaimed Him the King of that bright land,
While round Him thronged in worship a joyous angel band.

In one triumphal chorus, they hailed Him as their Lord,
Jesus the Son of Mary, God's own incarnate Word,
Who was, and is, and shall be, for evermore adored!

And while sweet voices chanted, "Thine is the glory—Thine"!
Lo! Mary knelt a suppliant before her Son Divine,
And told Him all the story of earth's fair lily shrine.

Each penitent petition, each soft repentent sigh,
Each passionate entreaty, each low appealing cry,
She pleadingly presented unto the King most High.

All-pitying compassion shone on His sacred face,
The tender arms wide opened in sheltering embrace,
In-gathering to the refuge, a weak and erring race.

Then through the fields Elysian celestial music poured,
Ten thousand seraph voices acclaimed with one accord,
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna to the lord!

A golden mist was falling, the last triumphant tone
Had faded into stillness, and lo! I was alone
In silent meditation, before the lily throne.

But brighter, clearer aspect was mine, and I could see
The blessed consolation beyond earth's misery,
The wonderful fulfilment of God's theocracy.

I left the little chapel within the cloister'd shade,
I bowed before that altar home, and lily palisade,
And took with me a vision that time can never fade.

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"Our Boy."

R. Thompson-Tinn.

SIGNS of amusement flickered on the clean cut, strong face of Capt. Charles Acton as he lounged into his wife's boudoir moved by the lightsome purpose of teasing her.

A bantering mischievous article from her pen had appeared in the columns of a ladies' society paper. It had been written against a male reader who had ventured to censure modern woman and her ways.

Capt. Acton knew that his wife's attachment to theories of women's emancipation had no further foundation than existed in an impish desire to poke fun at crusty old Conservatives who looked askance, as so many do in England, at the onward marching woman who motors, cycles, runs her club and wishes even to vote without the help and guidance of masculine wisdom.

It was an amusement of Charles Acton's to pose as a sceptical critic of the disturbance in the old time relations of man and woman. He knew that his comments would be met by witty personalities which, if he could not readily parry, he would resent with a mock gravity that drew to himself the sweetest of apologies.

Bess and he had been married over six years and odd as it may seem to those who are acquainted with English military circles, they were still deeply in love with each other.

A brother officer had failed to keep an appointment to run down into Surrey for a game of golf so he had returned to his bright luxurious home in Kensington, somewhat unexpectedly.

The boudoir was unoccupied when he entered but had evidently been momentarily and hurriedly vacated. A sheet of note paper whereon the ink was still wet attracted his attention and, expecting to find more fun afoot, he took a surreptitious glance at the writing.

"What the devil!" he ejaculated, as he brought his well knit form erect with pain and bewilderment shown in his face. He gazed at the note paper in his hand and was chilled with apprehension. "What in the world can it mean," he muttered to himself.

He strode across the room in agitation, then, looking again at the half-finished letter, he read carefully:—

"My dear Jack, do write instantly and let me know how our darling boy is now. My heart is aching for the dear little chap. You really need not have any fear that Charlie will read any of your letters. He thinks most of my correspondence is about some silly woman's franchise affair and then he is not inquisitive—the dear boy. It would break his heart if he knew. Has the fever left any permanent weakness? Now, do write and tell me everything. If our little darling is better—"

"Our darling boy," and Bess' handwriting." His thoughts were at this moment arrested by his wife's footsteps.

A look of astonishment quickly passed from her bonny roguish face and with anxiety in her voice she enquired: "Why do you look—what is the matter Charlie??"

"Bess, is this some unholy joke or what?" A cry of pain, and "Oh, Charlie! you didn't read that," escaped from her lips as she snatched the letter from his hand.

"What does it mean Bess?"

"I cannot tell you. Don't—don't ask me, darling!"

"But you see Bess I have read it. I must know!"

She stood before him silent and his interpretation of the silence made suspicion grow apace now.

"Surely you see some explanation is required," and he intoned in his words the feeling of estrangement which was possessing him.

Then the look of awful sadness on her face, usually so bright and vivacious, stirred his affection and folding her in his arms he lifted her face and pleaded: "Tell me Bess, tell me."

Tears welled to her eyes as she looked into his, but her lips closed firmly on, "No, Charlie!"

A conflict of passion and suspicion gripped him. "Bess, Bess, I must know! Only tell me! God, how I love you! Whatever it is I can forgive you."

She drew away from him and stood trembling but unresponsive with her head sunk on her breast.

"You see what the letter implies," he pursued. "Is there no explanation then? Has this to come between us and—"

"Leave me Charles, leave me; I cannot possibly tell you."

With an effort he controlled himself as he saw that at present at all events no explanation would be forthcoming. He walked slowly from the room feeling the bitterness of sordid suspicion blackening a married life that had been, he had often boasted, the happiest in creation.

As the door closed behind him she threw herself on the nearest chair and gave way to tearing sorrow.

* * * * *

A few days passed and no relief came to the suspense in Capt. Acton's mind. He was possessed by what was to his straightforward character an inexplicable reticence to attempt further discussion of the subject that threatened to shred the core of their love. Think of it as he would he could not wholly convince himself that the evil import of that letter was true. Yet how restrain suspicion when she spoke of "our darling boy" and worst of all confirmed her apparent guilt by a refusal to explain.

Their only child died soon after its birth and the shock had prevented Bess accompanying him when his regiment was ordered to India.

During his three years' absence Ellen, his only sister, and Bess had lived quietly together in a cottage among the Cumberland hills.

News of Ellen's death reached him on his way home and he feared the effect on Bess' health, but the joy at their reunion soon brought back her buoyant spirits and there had been a throbbing vivid happiness in their lives since then.

His mind went back to days in India when Mrs. Selwyn's vindictive insinuations against his wife had amused him. "Bess, you know, had been a dreadful flirt."

"Her affair with so and so was really serious," and such like things said under cover of playful solicitation for their welfare, but with an ill concealed bite behind the remarks.

Devoid of the ridiculous aspect they had worn long ago, these innuendoes came back now imbued with a sinister meaning.

"Could anything have happened during these three years of separation?" "No, impossible," he thought. Ellen was with her and assuredly she would have let me know had there been anything amiss. Yet as old schoolfellows some strange idea of loyalty to Bess may have induced Ellen to keep such a thing secret or her sudden death may have prevented a disclosure timed for his return.

Yet further consideration reproached such opinions of his sister. Like Bess, she had a roguish, mischievous temperament, but she could not be guilty of this.

Who "Jack" could be he did not know and such a cognomen afforded little guidance in any attempt at identification. Moreover, he could not bring himself to search for corroboration of an affair that would bring such misery to Bess and himself. Yet what could be worse than his present suspense, but—well Bess must explain sometime.

Ominous signs of trouble in South Africa with the probability of active service intensified the tragedy of their estrangement.

They were seated at breakfast silent and gloomy as they were wont to be now when definite news of war came upon them. He pushed an official intimation across the table to Bess. She

read the crisp brief sentence which conveyed the orders to him to join his regiment at once and be ready for active service.

She murmured "Charlie" with tearful eyes; adding, after a pause, the matter of fact question: "What train will you take." Her rapid reconciliation to the practical astonished him into a curt "noon" in reply.

During the morning his mind was well occupied with the preparation of his kit and his brown, steady eyes softened as he glanced at Bess' pathetic face overlooking his packages as they were handed into the cab.

As they kissed at parting he promised to wire when and where they could meet.

Two weeks were spent in active regimental duties before the date of embarkation was announced.

"If Bess will only own up, and if it is true, I believe I could love her as ever. But this silence, "for no explanation had been essayed, "is unbearable," he often thought. Two days later they stood together on the deck of the transport at Southampton. Men and women near them were bravely keeping up commonplace chatter, but they stood apart from the crowd silently regarding the scene around them.

There were the cries of the women on shore as they greeted their sweethearts and husbands among the smart-stepping, clean built men filing on board.

There was the forced cheeriness among the older men of the rank and file and an easy happy swagger stamped most of the youngsters.

Then as the last line filed aboard amid chaffing, joking, weeping and shouting —came the warning bell. After that the National Anthem,—the ringing cheers—and then only the Good-byes.

Bess and Charlie looked into each other's eyes for a moment and as he folded his arms around her, controlled his tumult of feeling at parting thus, and spoke his "Good-bye Bess" clearly.

She could only kiss him passionately again and again.

They parted, and she walked slowly down the gangway to the tender which steamed alongside the liner into the open sea where the huge transport drew slowly ahead and gradually passed from the sight of the men, women and children waving their farewells from the deck of the tiny tender.

* * * * *

On the anniversary of Majuba the "Canadians," backed by the "Gordons" and "Shropshires," made the glorious rush on the Boer trenches which clinched the battle of Paardeburg and compelled Cronje to surrender.

A mauser bullet brought Capt. Acton to the ground a few feet from the first trench and as he came to himself his nostrils were assailed by the pungent smell compounded of gore, chloroform, iodoform and carbolic peculiar to the field hospital.

"Couple of weeks, old man," was the Doctor's greeting as he hurried past.

"Got to live, have I? Well, I wish Bess would own up," were his first thoughts. I wonder if that is Bess's cousin Hawley over there? Looks like him. Poor chap he has a bad look." Sleep stopped any further ruminations for a few hours.

A Cockney private of the "Gordons" with two ribs shattered by shrapnel had been laid near the officers' quarter of the tent. His voice brought Acton back to his surroundings by the enquiry as to whether they had been "tikin a bloomin Eve out of his side."

"Think you are fit enough to be moved across to Hawley," enquired the Doctor. "He wants to speak to you, Acton, something very important, he says, and I'm afraid the poor chap can't live long."

"It is Hawley then! Certainly shift me over!"

They placed their beds close together and Hawley opened his eyes and looked steadily at Acton for a few minutes before speaking.

"Charlie, I want Bess and you to take care of my boy."

"Your boy! Didn't know you were married Hawley!"

"I was, and to Ellen."

"Good God! To Ellen!"

"Yes. You'll never forgive me. But, well—we were married only three months when the boy came. Ellen made

Bess and I promise to keep it from you and as Ellen died a few weeks after the little chap came I thought it best not to tell you. But I'm going now and I want the little chap in good hands. It was all my damned wickedness—but I've paid for it, Acton."

Hawley's voice failed him for a while and Charlie saw he was going fast.

That letter had a meaning he understood now. "Jack" was a pet name Bess had given to Hawley in childhood and he could recollect reference to his presence in Cumberland in one of Bess' letters.

"Will you—take care—of the boy? It was Ellen's wish—for Bess—to do so—and Bess is willing—I know. She often wrote to me about him. Will you?"

"Yes, yes, I will."

"Thanks,—old chap."

Acton watched his head sink back on his pillow and in a few moments he gasped out his life.

* * * * *

"Hawley dying told me all. Forgive me Bess." The censor that passed that cable from Capt. Charles Acton to Mrs. Acton, Holly Drive, Kensington, London, remarked that there was nothing like a war for clearing up social messes. This looked like one too. Men that should be married, men that wanted to unmarry and men that weren't content with one wife had their difficulties settled by well aimed mausers.

Long before the issue of the war was decided Charlie Acton found himself invalided home. His wound healed rapidly and before the transport swung alongside at Southampton he was well enough to dispense with medical assistance.

The greatest trouble of his life had vanished like a horrible dream at break of day, but another trouble that bites deep in any man had come in its place.

Before he could be distinguished from the crowd of tunics and helmets at the bulwarks of the transport he perceived the figure he looked for.

There was a new expression of passionate longing and love in those eyes that brought a gulp to his throat.

"Bess, Bess, can you forgive me?" he cried as they embraced.

"Hush, hush, you silly boy!" was the answer, as she closed his lips with a kiss. Then she started, and drew towards him a sturdily built little chap with his sister's likeness stamped on his face.

"Charlie, dear, 'Our Boy'."

A Song of the Spire.

A Reminiscence of R. L. Stevenson by Rambler.

THOSE tapering fairy towers were my baby-joy. What infinite allurement lay in their distant prospect! What rapture of awe in their near presence! They were my infant vice, my embryonic paradise, the source of many an embroglio with a sorrowful ending.

Steeples, indeed, exercised an extraordinary fascination upon me in early days. If one were anywhere within sight, my little rotund body, unless securely moored to some permanent and immovable object, would assuredly drift away towards it, as if acted upon by some capillary or magnetic attraction. I used, to the best of my belief, no conscious cunning including the watchfulness of my nurse and parents. It was simply that, when not fastened down, I gravitated towards the nearest spirt: in obedience to some inexplicable but none the less manifest law of my being.

And oh! the ecstacy of one of those

pilgrimages! (They were of almost daily occurrence). I thought not of pursuit. I was in a delicious pain of expectancy, till I had reached my spire. There I would stand, gazing up at it, till my little soul shared the rapt hush which dwelt about its brows. And if perchance the bells pealed, my throat throbbed in unison with the holy madness of melody, which poured from the throat of the great white Songster above me; and I wept for joy.

The neck of infancy is, I believe, curiously supple; or whence comes it that I could stand with my head thrown back at right angles to the plane of my body for an indefinite period of time in those days? Alas! I look up no more. It causes my spine to crack like a sappy pine in a winter frost. Art-gallery crick-in-the-neck is a trifle compared to this big crick of the whole body: my sole reward now for ardent spire-gazing.

My parents and nurse were kept, I fear, in a perpetual state of anxiety by reason of this unlawful wanderlust of mine; and naturally enough came to regard me as an incorrigible rogue. But paternal castigation, which left me screaming with terror and pain, and spiteful feminine slappings which wounded my self respect were of no avail. The prowress of reform wrung from my quivering mouth,—salt with the taste of tears, were broken like gossamer upon the first occasion. Repentance was not in me. I had no thought of explanation; even had I been capable of such. Children do not analyze their emotions. My infant intuition taught me that sympathy was a thing not to be expected.

But one day—oh! a glorious day!—some visitors arrived at the house; and in the ensuing hubbub my nurse forgot to attend to my moorings. Consequently I soon found myself toddling in white apron and pretty blue frock with pearl buttons (Ah! little frock it seems a long, long time since you were cast aside) down the street, chuckling in the sunlight,—a beautiful warm bath without the misery of soap, my eyes rapturously fixed on a dark delicate stroke against the shimmering horizon,—my favourite spire.

I must have possessed a precious bump of locality in those days, for I seldom missed my way in approaching my gaol. But the faculty of returning home again. became very weak in course of time from disuse. I was dragged home ignominously, nine times out of ten, by a panting and exasperated maid Moreover, as these return journeys were invariably performed, with my head still turned longingly towards the receding spire, and my progress was in a crab-wise and confusing fashion, I grew unaccustomed to the reverse aspect of my route.

On this particular morning, I went forward merrily down wide boulevards, and across green sunny parks; (Oh B—, thou wert a fine and spacious city thirty years ago) until I stood in delicious awe on the broad stone flags at the base of the church tower. This was my favourite. Its snowy slope shot up clear into the sky, like a chariot-path to the Gates of Pearl, of which I had heard so much. I longed to perch, like the daring gulls, upon the top. Yet I felt it would be a wicked thing to do; as bad almost as to laugh in church. Oh! the sweet music that coursed through my little brain as I gazed at the radiant Cross, that stood poised in a manner marvellous to me at the height of the pinnacle. Far away, alone, ineffably shining, gloriously golden in the clear sunlight, it seemed to dwell amongst the holy choir of angels. I knew nothing of the symbol. It was to me—God. I cannot describe that complex childish emotion. It lies beyond the delicatest concept of maturity. But earth does not hold another joy, to be compared with the joy of that baby-dream at the foot of the spire.

As I drooped my eye-lids, wet with the rapture of my tiny soul, lo! a tall, tall man stood by watching me. He wore, I thought, a big, broad-brimmed black hat and a long flowing cloak. I recognized him at once, as the "boglyman" whom I had often met in the Parks. My head was full of wild stories about him, with which my nurse had been wont to frighten me into good be-

haviour. But I feared him not at all. There was I know not what beautiful magic in his eyes; and when he smiled, glancing now at me and now at the Cross on the spire,—I knew at once, that here was no bogey-man," but a friend; one who could comprehend my propensity for steeples. He had a real steeple-face.

I ran towards him with a little cry of delight. I wanted so much to tell him all the lovely things I had been discovering. He met me half way; and stooping down, for he was very tall—like some beautiful black church-tower, he put me on his knee.

"Little man," he said, "you've run away from your nurse again."

The sound of his voice conquered me at once. So different to ought that I had heard before, or have heard since,—it said to my childish intuition—"I understand." "Look," I crowed, as I nestled back into his black coat and waved a fat fist aloft, towards the golden blaze of the Cross, hovering above the delicate white shaft of the tower,—"look —isn't it boo'ful,—up,—away!"

"Yes," he replied, gently, and smiling comprehension.

"Do you come from there?" I asked: for I seriously suspected him of being a kind of fairy steeple-man. He laughed, and the laugh was so good to hear, that I laughed back in sheer delight.

"No! No!" he replied; "but I——"

Just then an angry squeal startled us both. I recognized the view-halloo of the pursuing Sarah, and tried desperately to make cover in the ample skirts of the steeple-man's coat. Alas! I was dragged from the one comprehending bosom I had met in life, haled forth and heartily shaken by my miserable nurse.

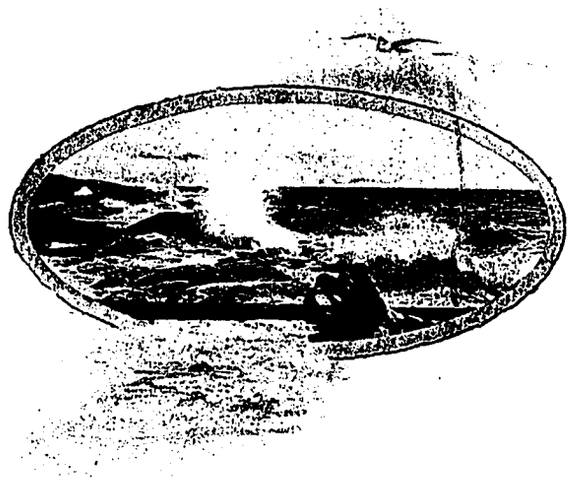
"Law! Mist'r!—'ave 'e bin a-worryin' you, too?" began the panting pursuer to the man in black.

"Not a bit," he replied, smiling. "Don't take him away. Let me trot him round a bit. I'll bring him back to lunch. I know the house."

"Darn't, mist'r," replied the inexorable Sarah. "Why, 'e ain't bin washed." Before such an argumentation my new friend stood abashed. But as I was being born off crab-wise and with reverted head, he called out cheerily:

"Bye-bye, little man. We'll go spire-gazing together some day."

That day never came. I learned later that my steeple-man, as I always called him, was an invalid and had gone abroad; that he wrote beautiful books; and that his name was not steeple-man, but Robert Louis Stevenson.



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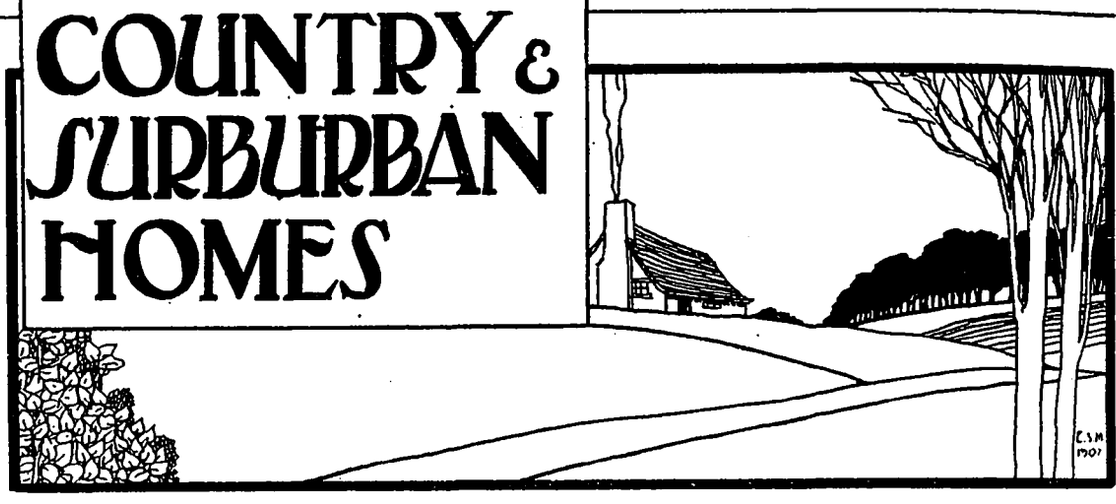
COUNTRY & SURBURBAN HOMES



BY E. STANLEY MITTON M.I.A.C.

NO matter how much money you are willing and able to spend upon your home; no matter how artistic and beautiful you wish it to be; you must bear in mind that the chief end is to make it inviting, comfortable and pleasant. And, fortunately, this end may be easily reached by any home builder, no matter how limited the means at his or her disposal.

Who does not remember the gloomy and depressing interiors of houses furnished in the early Victorian manner, so popular a decade or so ago? The slippery horsehair sofa and chairs, anything but inviting in appearance, or suggestive of comfort; the tomb-like mantles of plain white or black marble, and the lace curtains, starched and stiffened beyond the semblance of drapery.

To come right down to our own time, are you not familiar with the hideous plush set of parlour furniture, the "knick-knacks" table of uncertain use and strength, the useless, dust-collecting hangings, and the conventional, often hideous, wallpapers, dear to the heart of the average decorator? Of course you are, for, more's the pity, many homes are still being furnished (?) in this manner.

It will hardly be necessary, however, to warn WESTWARD HO! readers against these common and obvious errors of taste.

They are already aware that everything which smacks of the shoddy and tawdry is billed for oblivion. The purpose of this article is to suggest briefly ways and means for rendering the home cosy, comfortable, inviting and cheerful. For cheerful families will usually be found living in cheerful homes. I take it that cheerfulness depends more on light and colour than on shapes or sizes or ornaments, or even pictorial suggestion.

You can readily understand that no room finished in black could possibly be cheerful or pleasant. Nor, on the other hand, would a room decorated entirely in white be particularly inviting. In selecting the hangings for the different apartments, take their aspect seriously into consideration. You are hardly likely to make the mistake of putting a dark paper on the walls of a room where little light enters, or vice versa, and careful judgment and consideration will enable you to select a colouring that will suit the room to perfection. A shade that will give just sufficient light to be cheerful and pleasant.

It might be well for me to say a word, in passing, against the common practice of selecting wallpapers from small samples, or from patterns glanced over hurriedly in the shops. Frequently they reflect a large proportion of light, and if properly placed at the head of stairways, at the ends of halls and wherever the

walls are too dark or too solid, are great cheer bringers.

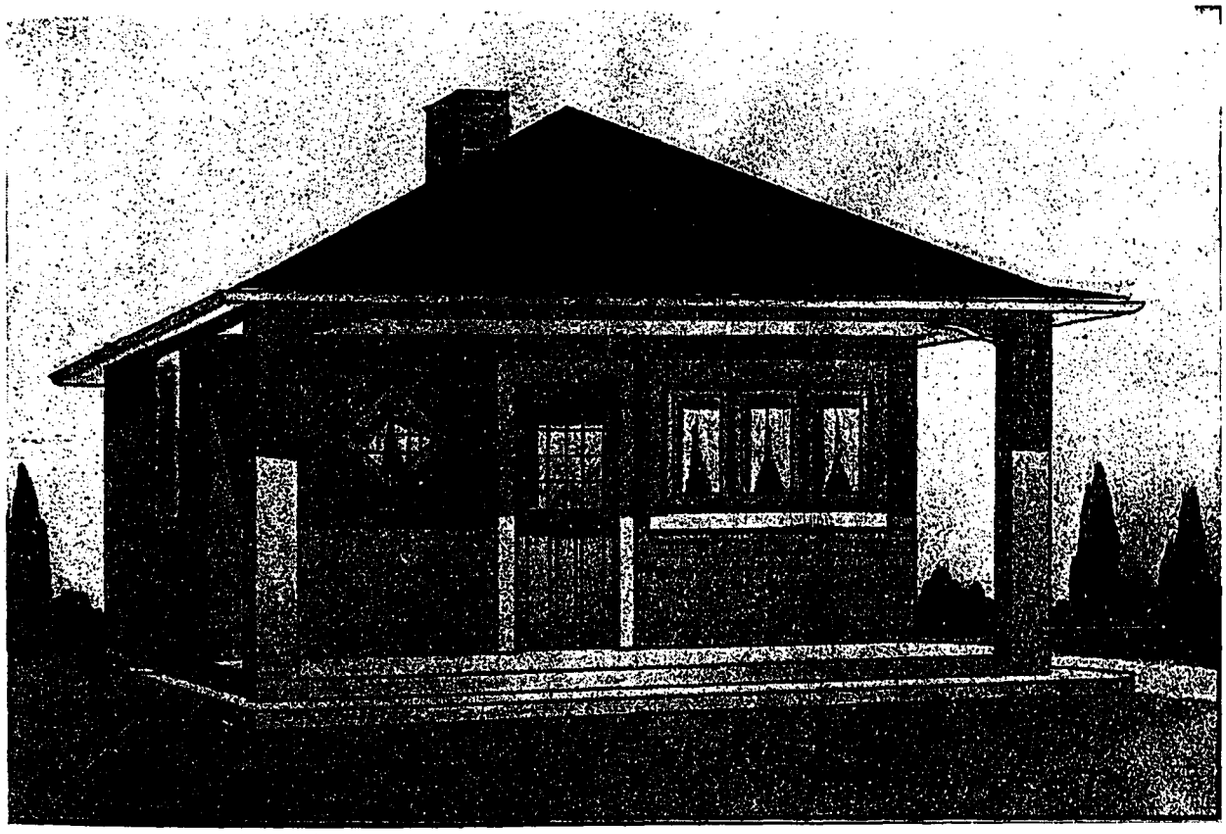
Equally important is the selection and placing of pictures. Large pictures tend to make a room look smaller, small ones to make it look larger.

If your house is of any considerable size, by all means make provision for a den or smoking-room; a place where the head of the household may rest after the labours of the day; where he may enjoy his evening paper and smoke a pipe or cigar in comfort and seclusion.

Many men are addicted to the practice of smoking in the living-room, but frequently housekeepers feel that smoke is harmful to the surroundings, and other provision should be made. Where the space is limited, the den can be made out of the cosy corner In a more spacious house it usually adjoins the library or dining-room, sometimes being furnished in part with Turkish hangings Book-cases may be placed along the walls, and old china, guns, steins, or articles of metal on the shelves will furnish the necessary atmosphere A large open fireplace with suitable wrought-iron dogs, and a cosy ingle nook provide the finishing touch of comfort

The furnishing of any home should indicate to a certain extent the personality of its inhabitants. The den is an excellent place in which to show the individuality to advantage. A pretty colour scheme is to have the falls a very pale brown, or plain canvas with a deep yellow ceiling and a freize of pure white. With a stencilled freize pattern this could be in dark brown with dashes of Indian red.

There should be little unnecessary bric-a-brac in the den, and no frail, unrestful ornaments or hangings to catch the dust.



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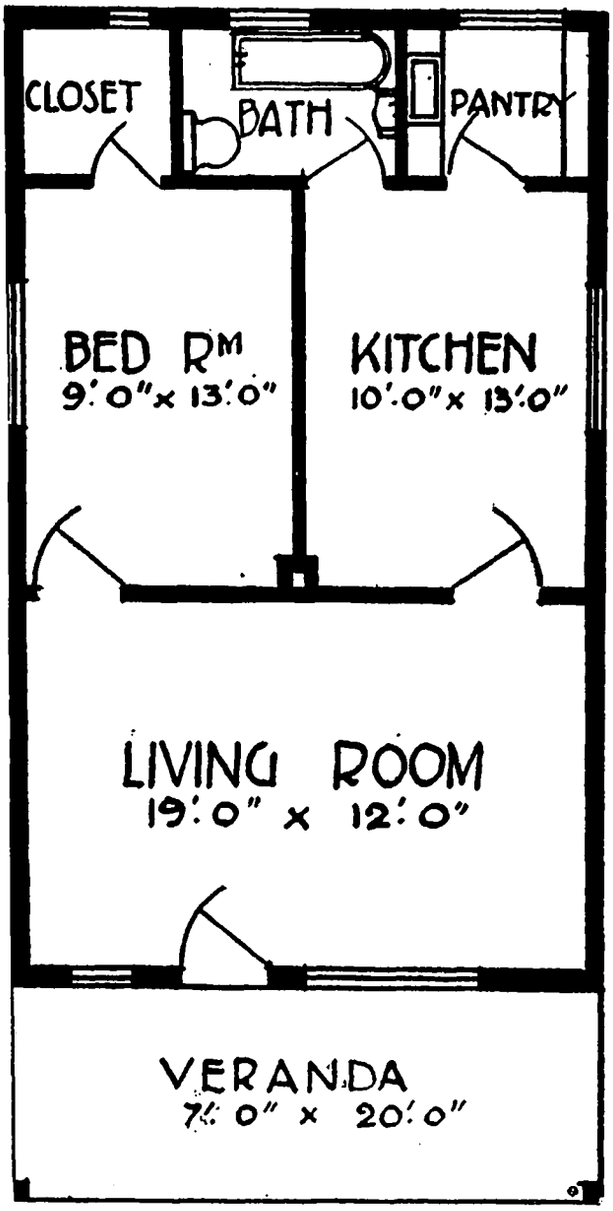
I have selected for illustration this month a fair specimen of the bungalow type of residence. A design especially suited to this climate, because, being usually built without basement, it is cheaper to build than a cottage on conventional lines.

A reason that will perhaps appeal to the woman of the family, even more than the low cost, is the fact that it is easy to keep house in, as everything is practically on one floor. It is really like living in an



apartment, without the janitor, or the neighbours on all sides.

The cost of erecting this design will range from $650 to $800, according to materials used. It would be extremely useful as a country cottage for the business man or as a hunting lodge.

The front would be of shingles coloured a nut brown. The flooring should be edge-grained and not wider than two and one-half inches finished. This is for polished or stained floors, which should be lightly stained, so that when finished they will show the grain of the wood. Fir is one of the best woods for interior finish in preference to cedar flat grain.

In the pantry I would recommend that a combination sink be used in place of the common sink and dirty draining board. The cost being the same, its use should be universal. Tilting bins will be convenient for flour and meal. Glass cupboards should be provided, with sliding doors, fitted inside with hooks and plate rails, etc.

A bungalow of the type illustrated will provide a most convenient, comfortable and artistic dwelling—a most popular style for a low-price country house.

The Affair at San Hueca.

John Haslette.

THE Paraguayan branch bank at San Hueca, some thirty miles from the capital, Assumpcion, is a pretentious adobe building; pretentious, that is, compared with the lesser and more humble residences that stretch away on each side of it, and opposite, forming the main street. There are six windows in the front, three above and as many below, the upper green shuttered and small, the lower guarded by iron bars to bar the way to inquisitive night prowlers. The main doorway is in the centre, its door massive and strong; to the ordinary individual seeming to say, "Abandon hope all ye of entering here."

Ludwig Heller thought differently as he stood outside in the narrow street, his sharp eyes concealed behind a pair of green spectacles, his poncho discarded for a suit of Teutonic tweeds much frayed and old. He had some knowledge of botany and that impudence which carries off a well-acted part; in short, he looked the picture of a learned European sent out to collect botanical specimens for an equally learned society. Across his shoulders he had slung a tin collecting

case, a harmless receptacle enough, which no one would imagine contained all the implements of the burglar's craft.

He looked thoughtfully at the door, now half thrown back to admit the various bank customers who passed in and out from time to time; he studied the barred windows at each side, returning again to his scrutiny of the door. The heavy lock which fastened it lay at the back, and could not be seen from the outside, so Ludwig wandered towards it in an apparently aimless manner, stood within the doorway, looked thoughtfully behind, and entering stepped up to the bank counter.

A drowsy Spanish clerk looked up from a book in which he was writing, and bowed with indifferent and languid courtesy.

"Bueno dia, Senor, what will you?"

"I hav' come to open a small account," said Ludwig, in very bad Spanish; "I am a German, Dr. Ludwig Heller, I make here examinations of your plants—flora. I stay here perhaps a month, not in the town, you understand, but out, away with a friend in his estancia."

The clerk nodded even more languidly. "Bueno, Senor, good. What amount do you desire to deposit?"

Ludwig drew a roll of notes and made a laborious calculation, giving German marks in their Spanish equivalent. "Three hundred and fifty piastres," he said at last.

The clerk smiled politely, took the notes, and placed them in a small safe which stood behind him, which proceeding Ludwig watched closely under cover of his green spectacles. A glance was sufficient, and showed him that the safe was of an old-fashioned pattern, which an expert would have no difficulty in opening; glancing away again his eyes fell upon a brass handle that projected from the side wall of the office. He turned to the clerk:

"Donnerwetter! my money will not be safe there," he cried, fussily. "It is a sum that I cannot lose. Why is it not put in a stronger place? You hav' another safe—naturlich?"

"Truly, Senor," said the clerk, calmly. "But it is for the very large amounts only."

"I do not wish to lose my money," Ludwig repeated, angrily.

"If the Senor desires then," said the clerk, indulgently, and reopened the safe, "his notes shall be put there."

He crossed to the side wall, inserted a key in a small keyhole hidden behind a plaster ornament, and turning it swung open the door of a large safe that was built in flush with the wall; he then placed the notes on a shelf within it while Ludwig still watched closely; he closed the door again, and going to his desk wrote out a receipt for the amount deposited, giving the pseudo botanist time to glance keenly round the room to mark its chief features.

When the clerk handed him the slip of paper, he began, in that fussy tone so much disliked by the easy-going Spaniard:

"You are certain that the notes are now safe?"

The clerk passed a hand wearily over his hair. "Ciertamente," he replied, slowly, "I sleep here and keep the keys."

"But it is not enough," fumed Ludwig. "The manager should see to it himself. Where is he?"

"To-day he is gone into the country to visit a client," replied the other, with as much amiability as he could assume.

"And will return?"

"To-morrow, Senor."

If he could have seen the quick gleam of satisfaction which came into the keen eyes behind those green spectacles, he might perhaps have suspected that his visitor's questions were ominous, but he was dull-witted by nature, and, fatigued by the excessive heat, only asked himself when this long-winded foreigner was going to take his departure.

At this moment a thin man, clad in the garb of a peon, appeared just within the door, and, advancing a pace, gazed round him with an air of intense stupidity.

"Pardon, Senores, I look for the house of a friend—it is a mistake."

"A thief—a thief!" screamed Ludwig, excitedly. "He has seen me enter, and comes to rob me."

"I see you come in——" began the peon.

"Donnerwetter! that is it," the choleric Teuton screamed again, and without further ado rushed at the still staring peon, who evaded his rush clumsily, only to fall against the half-shut door, which went to with a crash.

The clerk here interposed to prevent bloodshed, for the excited half-caste had drawn a knife and advanced towards his opponent.

"Senores, Senores!" he cried, imploringly, "not so hasty, I beg of you. Senor Heller, you have made a mistake, this man is a peon."

"How a peon?" asked Ludwig, uncomprehendingly.

"The servant of some neighbouring ranchero," the clerk explained, while the half-caste, seeing that no further assault was impending, replaced the knife in his belt with a muttered oath.

"Pardon; I hav' made a mistake," Ludwig said to him, holding out a silver coin, which he took with a mumbled "Gracias, Senor," and turned to go.

Ludwig walked before him to the door, looking at it intently as he advanced, and making a quick mental note of the position of the lock, swung it a little back that he might slip out.

"Good day, I will come again when I want money," he remarked amiably, and following on the heels of the half-caste, ambled down the street, while the tired clerk returned to his ledger, with an anathema upon all witless foreigners who wasted their energies upon such foolish inquiries, instead of taking a siesta in the shade.

When the peon left the bank, he strolled aimlessly up the "Calle Espada," as the main street was called, and coming at last to its end, struck out a little into the dry, sun-baked plain beyond. There he stood waiting until the shambling, tweed-clad figure who followed drew up to him, and greeted him smiling.

"Good, Chico," he said, softly, "you played your part well. It only remains now to draw off the Alcalde and his men upon a false scent, then the coast will be clear."

"It is so, Ludwig," said the ci-devant no trace of dullness apparent now in his bright, close-lidded eyes, "my horse is at hand. Stay! I forgot to tell that only the Alcalde and one vigilante remain in the town. The others rode out this morning. Where? Quien sabe, who knows?"

Ludwig returned no reply, but began to dishevel the shabby suit which he wore, tore off his collar, battered into utter shapelessness his green felt hat, and finally, taking the knife from Chico's belt, made several ragged slits in his coat sleeve. This accomplished, he set up a long, sustained shriek, that echoed faintly back from the houses beyond. At the sound Chico Llanos bounded off like a panther, and soon disappeared in a belt of trees fringing the plain.

Simultaneously Ludwig began to run townwards, where already a few men appeared, startled by the cry, and scanned him interestedly as he advanced at a run; a ragged, much-gesticulating figure that caused at first some amusement, until the purport of his wild shouts was understood.

"I am robbed—robbed," he cried, as he came up to the little group which had gathered; and one man there, the Alcalde, or local chief of police, walked up with a polite bow to question him.

A few words made his meaning plain; it appeared from his rambling statement that while strolling near the town he had been attacked and robbed by a half-caste.

The Alcalde was sympathetic, but indisposed to exert himself, at first at any rate, until the mention of a considerable sum which Ludwig offered for the thief's capture set him all agog to be off.

"I hav' lost a most valuable ring—an emerald, Senor," the latter explained. "Do not fail to catch him, and the reward will be paid to you—at once."

No further time was lost; the Alcalde hurried away, and returning presently, mounted and accompanied by the sole remaining "vigilante," asked Ludwig which way the thief had taken.

"There!" Ludwig said, pointing in a direction exactly opposite to that in which Chico had gone, and watched the two horsemen gallop eagerly off, with a satisfied gleam lurking in his eyes.

When they had gone almost from

sight he turned slowly, and made his way back alonk the "Calle Espada," followed by a sympathetic group, who protested that such a dastardly act had never disgraced their town before. Halting at last before a "posada" or inn, he entered and sat down to console himself with a glass of aguardiente.

And there he remained until the quickly-descending night wrapped about the town, smoking a rank black Manila cheroot, to all appearance the most hardly used foreigner in that land of barbarians.

The place was at last deserted by his late sympathisers, who found that sympathy had no equivalent value in the raw spirit of the country, deserted by all save the tavern keeper and his solitary guest, who sat at a little table in the corner, sunk in a reverie from which the former's most amiable if inquisitive remarks failed to rouse him.

Whether he waited for someone to join him there was not easily apparent, but there he sat for a good half-hour after the last guest had left.

At last, however, Chico Llanos, still in the peon's garb, entered the posada, and after a moment's hesitation stepped up to the table at which Ludwig sat. His air was deferential, more humble than is customary with the lower class South American, and he removed his sombrero, saying:

"I have returned, Senor, from the business on which you sent me."

"Good," said Ludwig, heavily. "Did you find the orchid for which I sent you?"

"No, Senor."

"You are a fool, Chico," said the other. "Meantime, I have been robbed of my emerald ring."

"Caramba! But where—how, Senor?"

The inn-keeper, who had listened to the conversation, looked up quickly, and Ludwig, noticing the fact, ordered two glasses of spirits. While he turned his back to get what was required, Chico leant forward, whispering softly: "The town is quiet, the bank closed; let us go."

Ludwig nodded assent as the man brought the aguardiente, and tossing off his glass rose slowly.

"I will go out—to walk," he announced, paid the inn-keeper, strolled to the door and passed out, followed by the latter's "Bueno noche, Senor."

Chico remained, sipping his loquor, for a few minutes, then rose and followed him.

They had previously agreed to take different ways in approaching the bank, so he did not go on after Ludwig's distant footfalls, but darting behind an adjacent house made his way by a circuitous route to the end of the "Calle Espada," down which he turned stealthily.

The night was dark and starless, as only a tropical night can be, not a gloomy grey, as in more northerly latitudes, but an impenetrable curtain of blackness that defied the keenest sight.

All was still as he made his way noiselessly along the deserted street, not a light burned in the houses, no sound broke the calm. He reached the spot where the bank stood, and waited for a moment to listen.

Presently a faint sound as of something scratching came to his ears, and gazing hard into the blackness in the direction from which the sound came, he caught sight of a thin, piercing ray. He moved forward again, and in a moment was beside Ludwig, who knelt before the bank door, a dark lantern in one hand, while with the other he worked a brace, the end of which rested against his breast.

He looked up, breathed a word of caution, and returned to his work. Chico loosened the knife in his belt, and sat down to wait.

The work took some time, for the door was massive and very thick, but Ludwig worked patiently and deftly, exchanged the centre bit for one he found more useful, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing a complete circle of perforations in the hard wood around the concealed lock. He paused then for a little, but having assured himself that no interruption need be feared, took a keen, thin saw, and began to cut between the perforations.

Five minutes, and the lock was taken out, laid aside, and Chico, rising softly, followed his companion, who had pushed the door back, and stepped into the bank.

There were two windows in the room which they entered, the third on that floor lighted a small side apartment in which the clerk slept; inside they were closely shuttered, and Ludwig, after placing a cloth over the hole in the door, lighted an acetylene lamp which he carried. The dark lantern he blew out and put aside.

The two men looked at each other, blinking in the vivid light, then Ludwig directed the rays upon the door of the clerk's room, and dropped one of his tools. Chico drew his knife and held it by the point, handle downwards, in his fingers.

Quickly following the sound of the dropped saw, a stir was heard from behind the door where the clerk slept, then the sound of a footfall. Chico's grip tightened on his knife.

In a minute the slight, pyjama-clad figure of the young man appeared in the doorway, heavy-eyed, startled, a revolver hanging loosely in his hand. He blinked, looked more clearly, and caught sight of the two men. In that moment, Chico's knife, deftly thrown, whizzed through the air and stuck quivering in his shoulder. He dropped the revolver, swayed for a moment, then slipped to the floor, wtih a low moan.

"Dead?" whispered Ludwig, in awe.

"No, I threw high. Quick! take the key while I gag him," Chico replied, and crossing to the prostrate figure, upon whose white pyjama jacket a scarlet stain broadened, he stooped down and inserted a ball of linen in his mouth. Ludwig meanwhile entered the bedroom and secured the key from under the pillow.

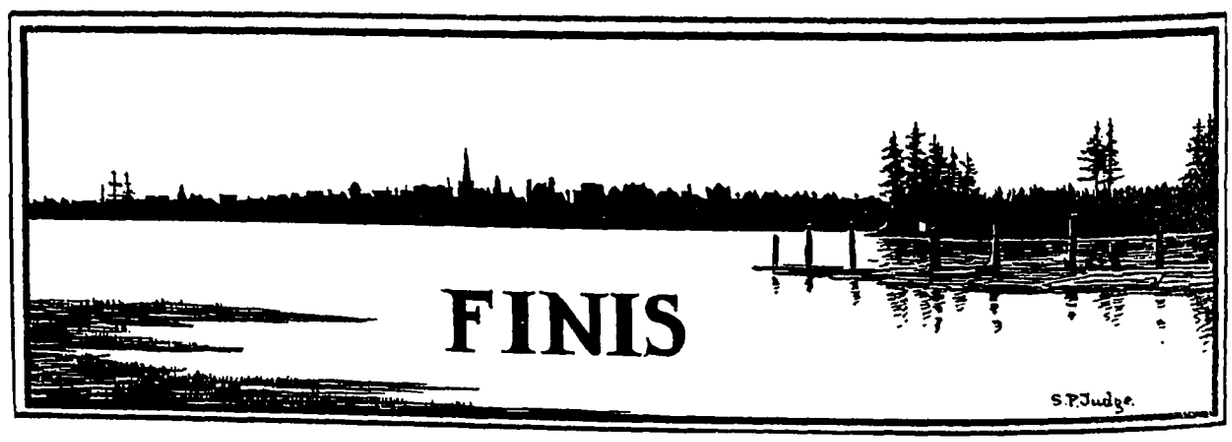
Then they set to work on the safe, opened the heavy iron door, and began to examine its contents.

"Railway securities—Santa Fe railway, no good," said Ludwig, throwing the papers aside. Mortgages—hum—ach! These my notes that I deposited, and here, Du lieber! a diamond necklace; two bags of gold, more securities—this we can use—more gold——"

His gloating comments were cut short by the sound of galloping horses, distant indeed, but perceptible in the still night air.

"The Alcalde has returned. Quick, Chico, take the gold, the necklace, these papers! Hasten!"

They worked like men possessed; gathered together their booty, extinguished the lamp, and went quickly out into the night. Ten minutes later the Alcalde and his men rode hastily up the street and passed. But within the dark bank the silence was only broken by the moans of the wounded man.



To Expense--A Widow.

Howland Hoadley.

AS the door of George Thompson's law office on Castlereagh street opened to admit Joe Beach, his entrance was acknowledged as he flung, rather than seated, himself in the nearest chair. Without looking at him the barrister busied himself putting away some papers before quitting work for the day. Presently he spoke:

"What do you say to a run down to Manley for a swim, old man? The office has been so hot to-day that the flies have sizzled as they buzzed against the ceiling."

Receiving no reply, he turned. The white, haggard face of his friend, with expressionless eyes fixed upon the opposite wall met his glance, and for a moment he was too astonished—startled—to utter a word. Slowly Beach lifted his head, exclaiming, with a mocking laugh, "Well, Thornton, the Old Party has won out; her offer was too tempting to turn down. We're to be married next week.'

"For heaven's sake, Joe, what do you mean? Are you drunk? Do you know what you are saying?" ejaculated the other, as he crossed the room.

"It's the gospel truth, George. You know how Mrs. Marian Hooper has been running after me this long while; well, to-day the climax came. She asked me point blank, to marry her. I'm sick and tired of the life I've been leading; I'm hopelessly in debt; and there's no possible chance that my dreams of happiness in the future can ever be realized, so I gave in. You see, by accepting her proposal —which I must say is generous enough— all my financial difficulties will be wiped out. and I shall enter upon an entirely new phase of existence. But, God! how I despise myself."

For a few moments neither of them spoke. Presently, pulling himself together, Beach walked over to the table, lit a cigarette, and remarked: "I believe a blow on the harbor would do me good, and I can tell you the details of the marriage contract on the boat."

Rather more than two years before, Joe Beach and George Thornton began an acquaintance at a bachelor dinner, which soon ripened into a strong friendship. Beach had come to Australia, like many younger sons of good families, full of enthusiasm in the expectation of making a fortune, but the glamour of the wonderful climate, the opportunity afforded for out-of-door sports, and the fascination of the unacustomed freedom, combined to drain his mind of all thoughts of settling down to a hum-drum life of business. He had had an adequate capital at the start with which to begin his Colonial career, but it had long since evaporated. A small allowance from a sister, married to a prosperous tea planter in Ceylon, together with occasional commissions dropped in his way by friends, afforded him a living and permitted him to keep up the necessary appearance in the social world of Sydney to which he had the entree.

At some function he had been introduced to Mrs. Marian Hooper, a widow of reputed wealth and owner of several large sheep stations in the back blocks of New South Wales. Almost immediately his bright, boyish face and winning manner attracted her attention, and on his part it was an utter impossibility to be other than courteous and obliging. Wherever he went he became a general favourite, for although he never made love, his demeanor towards all women was that of homage due without ostentation or open flattery. From the first day of their acquaintance, Mrs. Hooper made no secret of her infatuation for the young man, notwithstanding the fact that he was barely twenty-five; it being an open

secret that the lady acknowledged over forty sumers.

She had invited him to call the very afternoon they met, and afterwards continually manifested her favour. She invited him to dinners and theatre parties at which he was assigned the place of honour. Yet his nature was such that, although these attentions were distasteful, he seemed unable to disappoint her by a refusal, in spite of the gossip from all quarters. Behind her back, society smiled, yet accepted Mrs. Hooper's hospitality; for her entertainments were lavish and her chef an artist. Often Beach confided to Thornton how he hated this unwelcome, though flattering, partiality, and on more than one occasion he had tried to break away, but once in the widow's toils, such a procedure proved more difficult for him to accomplish than it would have been to most men. Matters reached such a state at last that Mrs. Hooper almost openly demanded his allegiance, yet Thornton well knew that while Joe was outwardly submissive, inwardly his better nature was in open rebellion.

A cab took the friends to Circular Quay, where they were just in time to catch the boat. Securing comfortable seats, their pipes well alight, Beach related the history of his surrender. Mrs. Hooper had met him that morning and had carried him home with her to lunch. As soon as the servants had left the room, without preliminaries of any kind, she had asked him to marry her, before he realized her intention. At first he thought she must be joking, but as she proceeded, telling him how she needed his companionship, how lonely her life was at her country home, and how meaningless the future would be without him, he became convinced of her earnestness, when it was too late. For a time he tried to treat her proposal lightly, but when she became more insistent, he told her frankly that it would be impossible to entertain the proposition; while he respected her highly, he did not, and never could, love her as she would have a right to expect if he gave his assent. Still she persisted; she did not expect him to love her—that would be asking too much—she wanted his company, his society; finally, she had bribed him, and—he had given in. She had promised that before the marriage took place she would hand him a certified check for ten thousand pounds sterling, together with the title deeds of one of the sheep stations, fully stocked, and equipped.

"I was so staggered at the valuation she placed upon me," confessed Beach, "that I had weakened and thrown up the sponge before I knew it, yet, by way of self-justification, I must tell you that my manhood and independence demanded still more before yielding completely. I stipulated that, if I consented, every three months, it would have to be distinctly understood, that I was to have my freedom, to go or do as I chose, for at least two weeks. Even to this she gave assent," added Beach, ruefully, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

For a while no further word was spoken, then the younger man continued, "I have given Mrs. Hooper your name, George, as my representative, and best man, and we are to meet at your office tomorrow at eleven o'clock to draw up the necessary papers to make the bill of sale binding, so it's up to you to protect my side of the bargain."

Half an hour before the appointed time Mrs. Hooper entered the office. Much to the relief of Thornton, Beach had not yet put in an appearance. He had determined to affect the release of his friend, if it was in any way possible, for he felt convinced that such an alliance could never result happily. As he rose to receive her, he noted the resolute, determined face, and immediately realized how futile would be any effort on his part to turn her from her purpose. Nevertheless he laid his views before her and brought to bear every argument in his power, but to no purpose; she was adamate. When at last young Beach entered, the triumphant light in her eyes proved beyond shadow of doubt the existence of a passionate love and her pride of possession.

Mrs. Hooper was of striking appearance. Decidedly tall for a woman, though of slight build, she carried her age remarkably well. Thornton had

known her by sight for some time, but had never seen her at so close a range. He noted that her cheeks were not innocent of rice powder, and that the raven gloss of her hair was a suggestive of artificiality, still he was forced to acknowledge, notwithstanding his prejudice, that she was a handsome woman.

The days which followed the drawing of the settlements dragged along somehow. Thornton was very depressed and saw little of Joe. Sometimes he fancied that his friend had been told by the lady of his efforts to break up the match yet his better judgment discarded the idea; it was more likely that he kept away by reason of a mistaken notion that he was despised. In his heart Thornton pitied his friend, for notwithstanding the fortune Joe would acquire by marrying Mrs. Hooper the young man was practically throwing his life away.

At last the wedding day came. On the appointed hour, as Thornton was struggling with a refractory tie, Joe Beach entered the room. He had aged perceptibly in one week and was sadly changed. Although he tried to appear happy his face was haggard and worn, as he greeted his friend. Only once, and but for a moment, did he let fall the mask and allow his real feelings to be seen. Just as they were about to depart grasping Thornton's arm, as if for support, he all but sobbed, "My God, Thornton, to think I should come to this." The next moment he had turned away, with a light remark that it was time for them to be moving.

At the parsonage they had not long to wait. Punctually Mrs. Hooper and a friend, who was to act as her witness, drove to the door, and, as Thornton assisted them to alight, the bride handed him an envelope, remarking, rather stiffly, that he would find she had complied with the terms of the contract. A hasty glance at the contents, as they entered the house, assured him that, as far as finances were concerned, Joe's future was secure.

The ceremony over, the party, after an elaborate breakfast, were driven to Redfern station, where Beach and his wife took the train for Mudgee, the nearest point on the railway to their future home.

It was six weeks before any letter came from Beach, and even then he did not mention his wife, or touch on his new life as a benedict. He gave a vivid description of a kangaroo drive, and was quite enthusiastic over a probable record wool clip. He stated that their nearest neighbour lived thirty miles from the home station, and the rest of the epistle consisted of platitudes. It was not until the close that he lifted the curtain behind which he veiled his unhappy home life. "In just six weeks, old man, my first three months of running in double harness will expire. I will then be permitted to enjoy two weeks of freedom in your company. You will receive a wire when to expect me. How I long for the bustle, noise, lights and smells, of the city. Country life may suit some people, but for me the monotony is fearful. It seems years since I saw a street car, or an electric light, and when I think of the theatres I become positively giddy. My holiday will last but two weeks, so be prepared; I mean to make the most of every moment."

Thornton had regularly forwarded Joe's mail; but a few days before he expected him to arrive, two letters from England came, which he determined to retain, thinking that his friend would receive them the sooner. The following day a wire announced that Beach had started for Sydney.

If Joe was the hen-pecked husband, his appearance did ont bear out the forebodings of his friend, and it was some time after his arrival before the exuberance of his greeting subsided. He reminded Thornton of a schoolboy home for the holidays more than anything else. For several days following his return Joe made good his promise to enjoy every moment of his time, and they were constantly on the go. Although it was late in the season, many of Beach's old set were still in town, and he received several invitations, but he declined them all, and as far as possible seemed to shun the society of women. Every afternoon they went to the races, dining together afterwards either at the club or wherever chance found them. All the

music-halls and theatres were visited in turn, while the card room of the club claimed Joe's spare time, as his newly acquired wealth had fostered a passion for high play hitherto unsuspected.

One evening toward the end of his first week, after a game of billiards, as Beach headed upstairs to take a hand in a poker game, then in progress, Thornton remarked that he would go to the office for an hour or so to look up some papers and to write letters, and would return later. To this the other assented, but urged him to go home, when he had finished his work, for he did not expect the game would be late. While Thornton was tidying his desk, he came across two letters addressed to Beach, which had not been opened. They were the ones that had arrived just prior to Joe's coming, which he had put away and forgotten. He hurried back to the club, and was rather surprised to learn that Beach had left some time before. Entering his diggings, all was in darkness, but as the light was switched on, Joe's voice called to him from the balcony. Handing him the letters, Thornton explained why they had not been produced sooner, but the other, cutting short his apologies, saying that they were probably of no consequence, thrust them into his pocket. For a while they chatted in the moonlight, but presently separated, and Thornton went to his room, leaving Joe, who promised to go to bed as soon as he had finished his smoke. How long he had been asleep Thornton never knew; he was roughly aroused by his friend shaking him violently by the shoulder, and crying out: "Wake up, I say, can't you! Man alive! I've had the worts of news! Wake up!"

The tone of his voice, as well as his entreaties, was sufficient to thoroughly arouse the sleeper, and, throwing on a dressing-gown, he hastened into the sitting-room, where he found his friend pacing hurriedly up and down the floor, his drawn face displaying the mental agony under which he laboured. Without speaking, Thornton drew him to the lounge, and laying a hand on his shoulder, waited patiently for him to regain his composure. Minutes slipped by, but Beach did not move. It was not until the postoffice clock chimed the hour, followed by the boom of the bell, which seemed to penetrate his dazed brain, that he was fully conscious of his surroundings. Once or twice he essayed to speak, but no sound came. Thornton went to the side table and poured out a stiff drink, which he forced him to swallow, and, in a few moments, Joe began:

"George, we have been very intimate ever since we met, and you know most of my history One of the letters which you gave me to-night brought me such news that I will have to tell you something of which I have never before spoken I was engaged to be married when I left England, and I'm still bound to the dearest girl in all the Midland Counties; for I have never written to anyone at home of my marriage.'

He rose and began pacing slowly up and down the apartment as he continued his narrative. "Ruth and I grew up together, and as far back as I can remember, she was always my best girl. It was the most natural thing in the world for us to consider our lives bound together, although there was never any lovemaking or spooning. We often discussed a time in the indefinite future when we were to be married, for neither of us were rich, though Ruth and her mother, who was a confirmed invalid, had a very comfortable income. Then an old uncle of mine died and left me two thousand pounds, which seemed a fortune. and I wanted to marry at once, but Ruth refused. She told me that she could never marry so long as her mother lived, as she needed her constant care and attention."

He paused in his monotonous tramp, and, helping himself to another drink, sat down, his elbow on the table so that his hand shaded his eyes. Then he continued: "For several weeks I coaxed and begged, but to no purpose. We had often talked of Australia as our possible future home, but when I pointed out how comfortably and safely the journey could be made, she only shook her head. 'Joe,' she would say, 'you cannot overpersuade me. I love you dearly, and hope to be your wife, but I owe everything to my

mother, and your happiness and mine must be sacrificed for her.' One evening after I had exhausted every argument, Ruth suggested that I should go to Australia alone, assuring me that she would surely join me. Perhaps I was nettled, perhaps—well, anyway, before I saw her again I had booked my passage and was to sail in a fortnight.

"When the time came to say 'good-bye,' Ruth whispered, as she clung to me: 'Joe, dear, have a home for me when I come; it may not be long before I can be your wife, perhaps sooner than we now think.' Oh! Ruth, Ruth! If you knew what I have done, how you would despise me! What a faithless lover I have proved myself!" moaned the poor lad in his despair, burying his head in his arms.

Thornton felt very uncomfortable, and knew not what to say to express his sympathy. His companion's story was sad enough, but it was nothing new; the denouement which had so upset his companion would be found in the contents of the letter; this he would have to learn; and presently, as Joe remained silent, "Tell me what the letter said, Joe," he asked, gently.

At the sound of his voice Beach raised his head in a dazed way, then as the meaning of the request dawned upon him, "Of course," he muttered, "how stupid of me; I did not tell you. Ruth is coming to Australia, in fact she must have already sailed. Her mother is dead; and she is looking forward to being married as soon as she reaches Sydney."

Sharing his trouble with another seemed to ease the burden somewhat, for Joe became calm, and for an hour the two discussed the situation, but arrived at no satisfactory conclusion, when at last they separated. Beach was sleeping peacefully on the lounge, fully dressed, when Thornton looked into the sitting-room next morning. The table was littered with time-tables and travelling guides. As he tiptoed across the floor, the sleeping man heard his step and was on his feet in a moment.

"Thornton," he exclaimed, "I thought it all out after you left me, and I know what to do. I must head Ruth off. To-morrow I shall take the train for Adelaide, catch the *Ophir* there before she sails; and I will reach Colombo in plenty of time to intercept Ruth on her way to Australia. She can stop with my sister, who lives these, for a time, and I can make up some excuse—trust me—why I will have to return without her. What do you think of my plan?"

"That's not a bad scheme," replied the barrister; "but what about yourself, if you take that long trip? There'll be no end of a fuss when you fail to show up at the end of your holiday. What do you think Mrs. Hoop—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Beach will have to say to your playing the defaulter?'

"No doubt she'll be very angry," was the reply. "But I can't afford to borrow trouble at this stage of the game. Hang it! what do I care, anyway? It will be time enough to think of that when I return."

So it was settled; and the next day Joe Beach took the train for South Australia, and three days later a telegram from Adelaide informed his friend that he had caught the steamer.

As might have been expected, when the allotted holiday time had expired, and Beach did not return, a wire from the anxious wife came to the office, which Thornton did not hesitate to open. The message was brief and to the point. He chuckled with unholy glee as he read these words: "Must I come to town or will you return immediately?"

Shortly after the noon hour, a day or so later, the lawyer heard a heavy step in the outer office, and opening the door was confronted by an elderly man of enormous stature and built in proportion. Notwithstanding his evident great physical strength, his manner was ludicrously timid and diffident, which was further heightened by the weak treble of his whining voice. "Excuse me, sir," he stammered, "if you are the lawyer, as the sign on the door says, perhaps you can put me right about something that's worrying me some."

Assuring his visitor that he was a legal practitioner, Thornton ushered him into the inner office, and motioned toward a seat. The stranger coiled his long limbs

about the legs of the chair, and for some moments sat staring alternately at the floor with blinking eyes, or peering into the crown of his hat, which he nursed upon his knees. By way of encouragement, the lawyer suggested that if he explained the nature of his difficulty it would expedite matters.

"Well, Mr.—Thornton, thank you," he began, in a hesitating voice, "I don't know just how to explain myself, as I never was much of a talker, but to get to my point I'll have to begin 'way back a good many years." Thornton nodded encouragingly. "I'm getting on in years now, sir, and it's about time I was settling down. I've knocked about the world a good bit during the last fifteen years, but the time has come when I should be in my own home." Dubiously he glanced at his listener for approval, and then continued: "I came to the colonies when the rush to Bendigo was in full swing and from the very first had luck at the diggings. With a sack of nuggets I returned to the city and presently got married. My wife and I started a public-house, but, although we made money fast enough and did a big business, we did not get along together somehow. I put up with her nonsense as long as I could, but one day, after a hard quarrel, I cleared out, bag and baggage. She was too ambitious; she wanted to own a sheep station and rise in the world, while I was easy going and content as we were. I never minded to come back, sir, but, a while ago, I kind of wanted to see the old woman again, so started to hunt her up."

He paused, and again began to study the lining of his hat. "I made a good deal of money," he continued, "while travelling about, quite a tidy sum, so was not hampered for funds in my search. On reaching Melbourne, I learned that my wife had sold out the hotel shortly after I left and had gone to New South Wales. It was stated, she had gone in for raising wool and had bought a sheep run. Two days ago I reached here, and from some wool brokers heard that she was the owner of one or more of the best stations in the country, and was a very rich woman. I hoped to have found her hard up, or at least not rich, for, as I've got money, had she needed help that way, sir, my coming back would have been, perhaps, more welcome.'

Again Thornton heard footsteps in the other room, followed by a sharp knock at his door. Excusing himself he entered the outer office to find himself face to face with Mrs. Beach, whose angry glances and flushed cheeks gave promise of a stormy interview. Without giving her an opportunity of speaking, Thornton hurriedly exclaimed: "Why, Mrs. Beach, so glad to see you. Please take a seat. I'm very busy for a few moments; I will be with you presently." But as quickly as he retreated, while closing the door, her voice was distinctly heard demanding the whereabouts of her husband. As he resumed his chair the old man was slowly uncoiling his great length to assume an upright position. Pointing a trembling finger towards the outer room he demanded, excitedly: "Who's that in there? I know that voice! That was the way Marian spoke to me when she was angry."

"What did you say?" asked Thornton, catching at the name.

"I thought I heard the voice of my wife in the other room, but perhaps I am wrong," quavered the old man, sinking into his seat.

"By the way, my friend," said Thornton, "it has just struck me that I do not know your name, nor have you told me yet in what particular I can be of assistance to you."

"My name is Hooper, and——"

"What's that?" ejaculated Thornton, springing to his feet.

"I said my name was Hooper, and I want to know the law. Can I go back to my wife, seeing as I left her fifteen years ago? I'm an old man, and I want my wife."

Suddenly the door of the office burst open to admit a very angry woman. "Where is my husband——" but the words froze on her tongue as the huge frame of the old man towered above her.

"Dan Hooper!" she shrieked.

Ten minutes later Thornton was inquiring at the cable office for the rate on a message to Colombo.

THE development of a country depends upon the extent and character of its transportation facilities. The development of the West has been coincident with the development of its railroad and steamship lines. The hardy pioneers, who forced their way across the prairies and over the mountains and populated the Western shores, found little to encourage them—aside from the natural advantages of the country—until the railroads from the East opened up avenues of communication over which millions now living on the Coast were enabled to come. Yet little has been done on the Coast, in comparison to what has been done in the East in the way of transportation development. Aside from the great transcontinental lines running into the larger cities, there is scarcely any development; consequently the population of the Coast has been naturally drawn toward the larger cities to the exclusion of the smaller centres and rural districts. The cost of living, the cost of doing business in territories not fully developed in transportation is always abnormally large, and this excessive cost is always a deterring element in the growth of such territories. The difficulty of communication and the difficulty of transportation are the two great drawbacks in the growth of population. When these problems are solved on our Coast we shall see a development unprecedented.

Business conditions of the past century have undergone almost constant changes. Competition, itself, which is the basis of our commercial life, has been undergoing an almost continuous change in form. In the early history of competition, when the means of transportation and communication were scanty, we find that the rivalry existing between two merchants in a small village constituted the only form of competition for public favour. With no means of getting to other markets, the residents of such a locality were forced to trade at the local stores. As means of transportation increased and the ability to get to a nearby town to trade came, the field of competition was extended so that the residents of that little village were able to draw into competition with the local merchants the stores of an adjoining village, and relieve themselves of the grasping tendencies of their home stores. As transportation facilities have increased from time to time during the past fifty years, and as the mail and telegraph and telephone have added to the facility of communication, competition has become more widespread until to-day we find almost the entire world to be in active competition. It is not the store next door which to-day is the keenest rival for business that a merchant has, but it is the entire mercantile world—wherever situated. This condition is particularly true with respect to rural trade. The Rural Free Delivery service of the United States mails, the extensive farm-line telephones throughout the country, and the ever-present trolly going by the farmer's door, have all tended to bring into active competition for the rural trade the great business centres of the country. The farmer is no longer isolated; he is no longer compelled to barter his products with the crossroads merchant, taking such prices for his

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goods as the merchant chose to fix upon them, and paying such prices for those things which he might purchase as the merchant demanded. Now, he finds a ready cash market for his products; he finds instantaneous communication with the entire world at his very hand, and in places where transportation has been well developed, he finds the utmost east in having brought to his very door, goods from any part of the world.

As the development of the electric road continues in this country—as one city after another has radiating from it electric lines running into the agricultural districts surrounding it, the rural districts will build up more rapidly and will furnish an added support to the already greater centres of population. The vast Puget Sound country may be said to be an almost undeveloped territory in this regard. Where you would find in Indiana, Ohio, or any other middle-western state from three to five, and even ten interurban electric lines radiating in every direction from any city of fifty to sixty thousand population upward, we find that in the entire length of the Puget Sound district there is but one electric road today—that connecting the cities of Seattle and Tacoma. It seems as though this one element of development, which the world generally recognizes as being the most potent of all, has been sadly overlooked by those seeking to develop our Pacific Coast. Puget Sound has Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, Vancouver, Victoria, Everett, Bellingham and Port Angeles, a group of cities unrivalled in opportunity, unequalled in location and facility for water communication, each of which is growing and increasing in population wth greater rapidity than any other city of its class in the world. These cities have about them the richest soil, most productive lands, and, were they properly supplied with electric railroad service between them and radiating from them to their dependent agricultural districts, would receive enormous impetus above that which they now have.

Interurban and suburban trolly development has reached highest development in the State of Indiana. The sight which greets one at the Indianapolis terminus of the Electric Traction System of Indiana is indeed a revelation. There, in the train shed accommodating eight or ten tracks side by side, are to be found the interurban trains leaving every few minutes for points in every direction from Indianapolis, some of the lines extending for hundreds of miles. The patronage which these roads enjoy is enormous. Millions of passengers are transported annually over the trolly lines of Indiana, and yet, in spite of this fact, an examination of the Railroad Commissioner's Report for that state for the past several years shows that this enormous patronage has not cut into the business of the steam roads of that state one particle. The number of passengers carried by the steam roads in Indiana has increased every year, showing that the electric service has developed its own patronage—that it has taught millions of people to travel who had not theretofore travelled. All this means increased advantage, increased business, increased development in every line for the cities which are the centres of these radiating systems of electric roads. It is undeniably true that the increases and improvements in methods of transportation and communication have worked to the detriment of the small country village and the local crossroads store in the rural districts, in that they have taken to the larger cities people who otherwise would have been forced to trade in the smaller stores. Nevertheless, the rural sections served by these roads have been greatly improved as a whole, for the residents of those districts are by such means enabled not only to reach a better market in which to purchase, but a much better market in which to dispose of their goods.

The mail-order business may be termed the latest method of competition. Today the great catalogues of these wonderful institutions are to be found in every farmhouse. Several of these great mail-order houses have a patronage that extends round the world. On account of the ease with which business may be done by mail, statistics show that in all communities where means of passenger transportation are scant, and where electric transportation is not developed, that at

least the bulk of the trading done by the rural residents is done with these mail-order houses. This mail-order trading generally goes to the largest cities in the country, to the detriment of the natural base of supplies. There is no factor so potent in overcoming this competition between the stores and business houses of what might be called "local cities," and the great mail-order houses of New York and Chicago, as the development of the electric-railway services radiating from those "local cities." Purchasers prefer to buy where they can see their purchases before them. Where means of transportation at reasonable rates are at hand so the people may visit cities for the purpose of buying, they will make the trip rather than buy by mail.

It will therefore be seen that it is not only to the advantage of the rural community that it have its means of getting to its market with its products to sell and to a favourable market in which to buy, but that it is also of vital importance to the city that is the natural centre of that rural community, that the means of getting to its market should be afforded to the rural district dependent upon it. The full development of any state cannot take place until the cities of that state are, through its transportation facilities, enabled not only to serve, but to be served by the rural districts dependent upon them.

The encouragement of electric railroad projects on the Pacific Coast is of vital importance to every city and to every rural community. The development of electric railway systems of the Pacific Coast will mean the development of thousands of millions of dollars' worth of assets now unmarketable. The building of electric-railroad systems will mean the creation of billions of dollars' worth of new values, which in turn will mean an unprecedented prosperity for all within the territory.

The destiny of the Puget Sound district is manifest to all who have been students of its history and its geography. Seattle and Tacoma have, by reason of

the transcontinental service extended to them in the early days and improved in recent years, become the two great cities of the Sound district. Beyond all question, another thirty years will see these two cities absolutely grown together, providing the intervening distance is properly served with electric railways. The natural tendency of two large cities so close together is to grow toward each other, providing there are proper means of communication. As the population increases, the demand for communication increases. As the demand increases, the demand for location between the two increases, and so the development of the intervening country follows. With its present Puget Sound Interurban System serving this territory between these two cities, and with The Seattle-Tacoma Short Line service with its line connecting the two cities by almost a straight route along the shore of the Sound, a fair start toward the ultimate destiny of the teritory has been made—yet there is room for other similar projects, not only between these cities, but radiating from each of these cities and connecting the other cities of the Sound in one splendid system.

The building of the Seattle-Tacoma Short Line is being watched with much interest, as its completion will mark a new era in the history of interurban railway promotion. Hitherto such roads have been built by funds received from the sale of bonds on franchises and rights of way. This plan of construction necessitated the raising of large sums of money, generally in the great financial centres and at almost prohibitive rates of interest and bonuses. To these factors has been due the difficulty of financing interurban-railway propositions. In the construction of The Short Line an entirely new system of finance has been adopted. A plan has been devised by which transportation of freight and passengers over the road may be paid in advance, so that those who would be benefited by the construction of the road might assist in the construction by merely anticipating their freight and passenger bills. This has been done by a provision in the by-laws of the company, whereby the stock of the company, which is sold

for construction purposes, is made redeemable at par in transportation, either of passengers or of freight, at the option of the purchaser at any time after the road is in operation. Thus, those who would use the road for freight purposes, as well as those who would use it for passenger service, are enabled to subscribe to the construction fund and then receive the amount of their subscription in the commodity which they choose to use later. The stock of the company is thus made readily saleable to the general public because of the guarantee that it can be exchanged for transportation at the option of the holder at its par value, thereby giving the purchaser an assurance that he may make his investment, watch the construction and development of his road, ascertain the earning capacity of his stock, with the assurance that he may exchange his stock at any time he chooses for a commodity which will be readily saleable upon the public market at a price higher than he is asked to pay for it.

The successful financing and construction of The Short Line upon these terms would open up an era of interurban railroad construction upon the Pacific Coast which promises to bring to its full development in the shortest possible time, that wonderfully rich and fertile land, and to assure to the cities which now adorn it, a future prosperity unrivalled by any other cities in the world.

"M. T. CO."

Elsewhere we present several photographs of horses belonging to the Mainland Transfer Company, Limited, the principal firm of truck and dray-men in Vancouver, B. C. When it is considered that the company is the cartage agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway and contractor for His Majesty's mails, besides having connections with different forwarding companies in Europe, Eastern Canada and the United States, it will easily be seen that its plant must necessarily be very large.

The initials "M. T. Co." seen on the numerous vehicles in every part of Vancouver, are familiar to all. The company does its own horse-shoeing, harness-

making and dray-building—all these industries being carried on at its own shops, and in addition also operates a wharf on False Creek, adjoining the stables. The company owns 110 horses, most of them being heavy dray horses, and is one of the largest employers of white labour in the city, having over 60 men on the payroll.

In connection with the M. T. Co. is a large storage warehouse, which has 55,000 feet floor space, the building being situated on a siding of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the heart of the city. The manager of the company, Mr. F. D. Gross, and the secretary, Mr. Willie Dalton, as is to be expected, take great interest in the forthcoming Horse Show. The company has presented two cups for competition, and also made many entries in the different classes.

SALES STABLES.

J. H. Brooks, the leading horseman of Vancouver, B.C., has on hand at all times the best assortment of draft horses that can be found in any part of Canada. He handled twenty-six carloads last year, and is looking forward to handle twice as many this year. He has men on the road who are expert horse buyers, and have strict orders to buy nothing but the best. Mr. Brooks takes pride in handling good stock; he encourages stockmen to breed nothing but blooded stock. When Mr. Brooks tells you a horse is sound and a good worker, you can rely upon his word. He has an eye like an eagle, and if there is a blemish on a horse it does not escape him. He is without exception one of the best judges of horses in Canada or the United States. Anyone looking for first-class brood mares or draft horses should consult him before buying elsewhere. His sales stables are in the rear of 975 Westminster Avenue.

ENGINE MAKERS.

Letson & Burpee, Limited, manufacturers for three years of the two cycle gasoline engines, have demonstrated beyond question its high efficiency. This engine in open competition with others of the same rating has easily proved its immense advantages and has developed superior horse-power. They are made in four sizes, ranging from three to twelve h.p., and are constantly growing in popularity. An important departure for heavier launches is their four-cycle engine. While of slower speed, and ranging from one to four cylinders, they are capable of producing from ten to forty horse-power. Where actual power boats are required, these engines should not be overlooked. The firm's offices are at 152 Alexander Street, Vancouver, B. C.

POWER DORY BUILDERS.

The modern power dory is the natural evolution of the old rowing dory so generally used by fishermen on the Atlantic seaboard, which was a narrow crank craft capable of being "nested" on the deck of fishing schooners. Later masts and sails were introduced by the more venturesome, which proved so successful that this style of boat was much sought after by the yachting fraternity. But the innovation of the gasoline engine has become even more popular, and to-day the power dory has almost exclusively

usurped the former types, and the Atlantic fishermen will frequently remain in the open ocean for days, in all sorts of weather, in these light but seaworthy boats. As a pleasure craft, the power dory in the East to-day is gradually taking the place of the more expensive launch—torpedo or compromise—varying in length from 16 feet to 35 feet, owing to their comparative cheapness and greater stability. Recognizing these good qualities and the demands there would be for such a boat, the B. C. Boat & Engine Co. have secured the services of an Eastern expert dory builder, and are now turning out these crafts at a figure so moderate as to bring them within the range of every enthusiast in boating. The B. C. Boat & Engine Co. are the agents for several of the very best gasoline engines, among which should be mentioned the "Ferro Auto" and the "Lamb," both of which have a world-wide reputation and are peculiarly adapted to the growing popularity of the power dory. For those who require heavier motors for commercial purposes, no gasoline engine will more highly commend itself than the "Automatic Marine," for which this enterprising Vancouver firm of boat and launch builders are also agents.

THE NEW PAPER MILL.

WITHIN thirty days Messrs. Mellon & Kolts, the fiscal agents of the British Canadian Wood Pulp & Paper Company, Limited, of Vancouver, disposed of the first 100,000 preference shares of the company, and the second allotment is now open for subscription. The sale of so large a block of industrial stock in such a comparatively short time, has been a matter of much comment in Western financial circles, and serves to demonstrate that even in apparent hard times people are prepared to back up an institution that has for its object the development of the country's resources. Upon the advent of the company, some fear was expressed that owing to the condition of the money market, sufficient capital could not be secured to float the enterprise, but the directors went boldly ahead, purchased their land, secured the water rights of Rainy River, on Howe Sound, twenty-five miles from Vancouver, let the contract for the clearing of the property, and began the purchase of machinery, ets., in a way that at once inspired confidence, and the fact that within thirty days sufficient capital had already been subscribed to build the first unit of the plant is a compliment to the directors of the company. From present indications, the first unit of the plant, with a capacity of forty tons of wrapping paper per week, will be in operation within four months. The company are now arranging for the immediate shipment of a 72-inch cylinder machine, which will be capable of turning out sixty tons of paper per week. Col. T. H. Tracy, former City Engineer of Vancouver, and Mr. J. C. W. Stanley, of London, an old, experienced paper mill architect, are directing the erection of the first unit.

The company originally offered the first 100,000 7 per cent. preference shares of the company in blocks of 100 at $1 per share, each 100 shares entitled to a bonus of 25 shares of preferred. Now that the first allotment is disposed of, the fiscal agents offer the second 100,000 preference shares at the same price, the only difference being that each 100 shares are only entitled to a bonus of 15 shares of preferred stock, while the first 100,000 carried 25. The payments for the stock are the same as on the first allotment, 10 per cent. on application, 15 per cent. on allotment; balance in eight calls of thirty days each, extending over eight months.

The company are still operating their demonstrating plant at 313 Cordova Street, Vancouver, which the public are cordially invited to visit and witness the manufacture of wood pulp and paper from refuse of the local saw and shingle mills.

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