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The Canadian Courier

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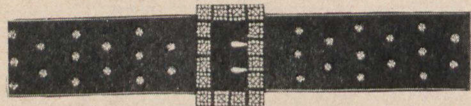

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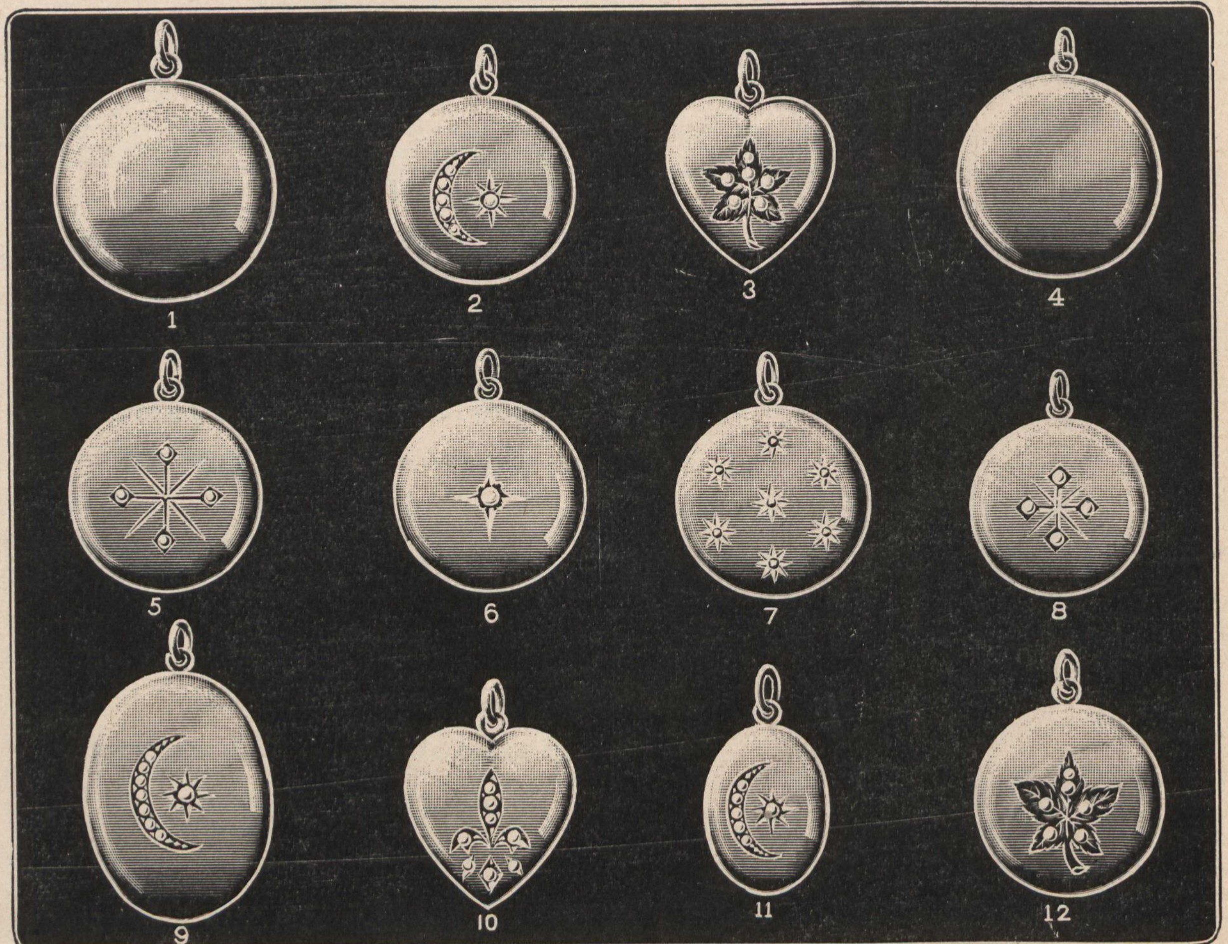

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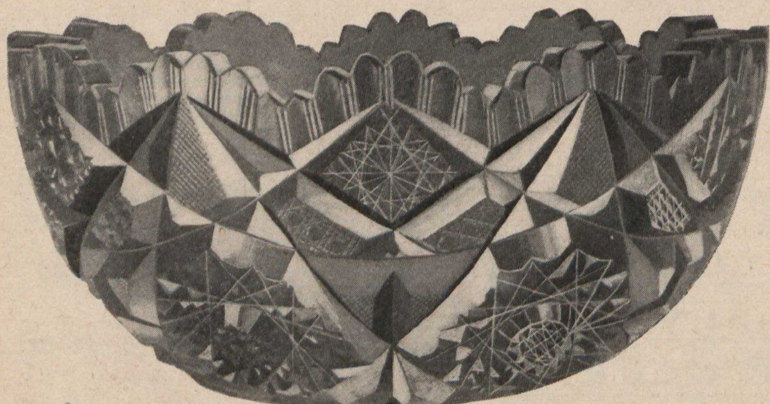

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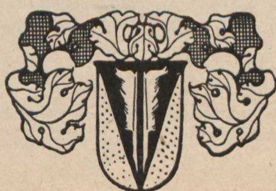
PUBLISHERS' TALK

WE believe that this issue will prove to our twenty-five thousand readers that The Courier is progressive and ambitious. The changing from a five to a ten-cent publication takes time, and The Courier has by no means attained the full development which it is expected to reach under the new price arrangement. We hope to eclipse this issue many times before the year closes.

NEXT week we shall publish the first of two illustrated articles on the Police Forces of Canada. There are several classes of these and their characteristics differ. They have never received the attention they deserve and we hope these articles will do them credit. Canada is noted for the efficient and energetic enforcement of her laws and for a notable prevention of crime. These articles will partially explain why this is the case.

SEVERAL articles on the Maritime Provinces, with new and striking illustrations, are in preparation and will appear shortly. This portion of Canada will receive special attention in forthcoming issues.

GENERAL appreciation of Mr. Rider Haggard's excellent serial is the story of our daily mail. The interest is well maintained by the author and the later chapters will be found to be even more attractive than the earlier ones. We deem ourselves especially fortunate to be able to publish a new novel by so distinguished an author.



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Vol. III. Toronto, March 21st, 1908. No. 16

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

Mr. J. E. Garneau

Mayor of City of Quebec

To be Mayor of Quebec in these days is indeed an honour. Mr. J. George Garneau, who has just been unanimously re-elected to that position for the next two years, will be able to play a conspicuous part in the Tercentenary Celebration next August. He will be able to extend the freedom of the city to representatives of royalty and to fifteen thousand of His Majesty's loyal troops. He will be the first Mayor in Canada who ever had such an honour.

Mr. Garneau is a strong public man. He has already been Mayor of the Ancient City for two years and has been a member of the Quebec Board of Trade and of its Council. He has a penchant for academics as well, particularly the natural sciences, and has been Professor of Analytical Chemistry in Laval University. Mr. Garneau has already been conspicuous in fetes of welcome. As Mayor of Quebec in 1906 he welcomed Prince Arthur of Connaught; moreover, his father, the late Hon. P. Garneau, did the honours in 1870 in welcoming the Duke of Connaught. He is not only president of the Tercentenary Committee of Quebec, but also of the Royal Commission appointed by the Canadian Government to take charge of the National Park scheme. Mr. Garneau is a busy man; but he is an ardent sportsman, an angler of note and is particularly fond of snowshoeing after moose and other horned things in that province of big game. Socially he is well fitted for the office of Mayor, and in the role of host he has the assistance of his accomplished wife who is a daughter of Major Benout, former Secretary of the Militia Department at Ottawa. Mrs. Garneau is a leading favourite in Quebec society and takes pride in the fact that she has a family of eight children.

Mr. Garneau is a son of the late Honourable Pierre Garneau, M.L.C., and was born on the 19th November, 1864. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary and graduated in engineering from the Montreal Polytechnic School, being the gold medalist of his year. He was for some time assistant engineer on the construction of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, but gave up the practice of his profession to enter the business of P. Garneau, Fils & Cie., now the Garneau Company, Ltd., of which he is vice-president. This firm has business connections from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

* * *

Major-General Lake

Inspector-General, formerly Chief of General Staff

Military circles are agog over the changes in the Militia Council necessitated by the death of Colonel Vidal, Inspector-General. General Lake, who is the only Imperial officer on the Council, has hitherto been Chief of the General Staff. In this capacity, he was the legitimate successor of the long list of general officers commanding which included Generals Middleton, Herbert, Gascoigne, Hutton and Lord Dundonald. General Lake did not have the authority which his predecessors had as he was subject to the decisions of the Council, a body created when Lord Dundonald caused such an uproar. General Lake's term of office expires next November, and while he remains he will be Adjutant-General, or second military member instead of first. The new Chief of Staff will be General Otter, who has recently been in command of the Western Ontario district with headquarters at Toronto.

Brigadier-General Otter

Chief of General Staff

The staff officers rank as follows: Chief of the General Staff, Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General and Master-General of Ordnance. In addition to these members, the Militia Council consists of the Minister of Militia and Defence who is president, the Deputy Minister, the Accountant of the Department and a secretary. The Inspector-General is not a member of Council. After November next, the office of Inspector-General will be filled by a Canadian and then for the first time in our history the whole military staff will be Canadian. The new Inspector-General will probably be Colonel Buchan.

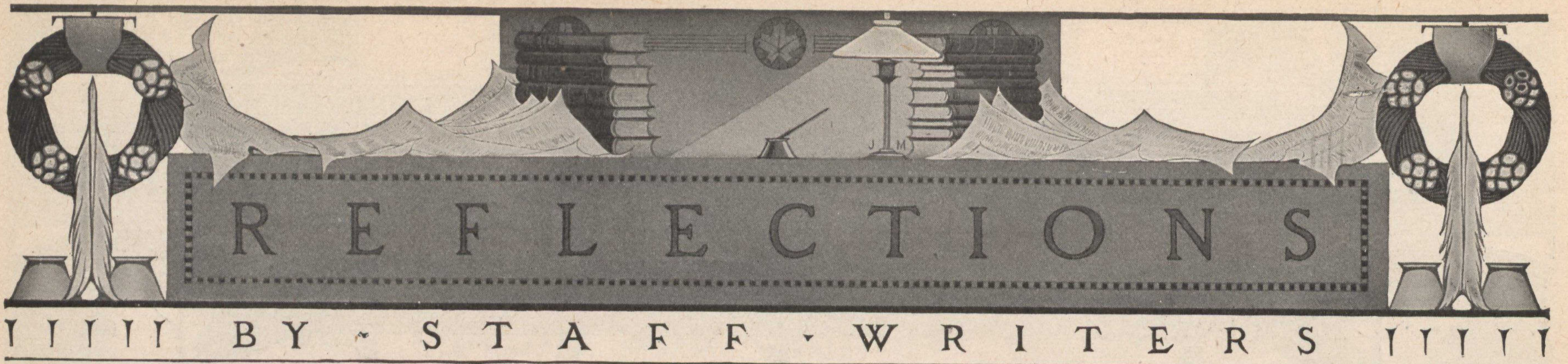
Brigadier-General Percy Henry Noel Lake, C.B., is a Canadian on his mother's side, though not Canadian-born. He first came into prominence in the Soudan expedition of 1885. From 1893 to 1898 he was Quartermaster-General in this country and returned to Great Britain to serve at headquarters. He is said to be the only British officer who was ever tendered a second invitation to come to Canada. During both terms of service he has avoided publicity and has never in the slightest way come into conflict with local opinion. This indicates the possession of a considerable quantity of tact.

Brigadier-General William Dillon Otter was born in the County of Huron and educated at Upper Canada College. He became a lieutenant in the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto in 1864 and was adjutant during the Fenian Raid campaign of 1866. Ten years from the time he took out his commission, he became commanding officer and in 1883 was appointed commandant of the Toronto School of Infantry. In 1885 he commanded the Battleford column during the Rebellion and was in charge of the forces at the doubtful engagement at Cut Knife Creek. His military training, beyond militia service, was gained after he joined the active forces and he served some time in England for this purpose. He commanded the first Canadian contingent in South Africa and was present at Paardeburg when this force distinguished itself.

General Otter has always held a high position in the estimation of the public and the militia. He is a strict disciplinarian and intensely methodical and thorough. At the same time, he has always known how to treat men so as to retain their affections and enthusiasm. He has won his way to this foremost position in the Canadian Army by sheer force of character and wonderful capacity for work. He had neither wealth nor family connection to assist him. His social influence was of his own making. He comes nearest to being entitled to be named the Canadian Kitchener. Unswerving fidelity to duty will no doubt continue to be his characteristic and this should have considerable effect upon the future administration of the Canadian military system.

* * *

Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labour, has gone to England to confer with the Imperial Government on the subject of Hindoo immigration into Canada. Mr. King has found out a great many things about the Oriental problem on the Pacific. His success in investigating labour troubles and settling strikes has been something of a surprise to some of his colleagues at the University of Toronto, from which Mr. King graduated in 1892. While at college Mr. King had no special aptitude for public questions, was a rather retiring and yet assertive young man, and gave little evidence that he would come to be an important factor in Canadian labour and immigration problems.



TORONTO is a very timid city, and when it hears of a railway or other corporation seeking power to do business within or close to its borders it cannot sleep o' nights. It is trying its best to oust the Toronto Electric Light Company which is working under a franchise granted by the city in the ordinary way and which has only a few years yet to run. It has always had some quarrel with its street railway company which works under a franchise which, from the company standpoint, is the most unfavourable on the North American continent, the company paying the city somewhere about $1,500 a day. It has never been able to make arrangements with the radial electric railways to carry their passengers to the centre of the city. These railways strike the city limits at the north, the east and the west, but are prevented from going more than a few hundred yards within the city proper. The city has never been able to arrange with the Bell Telephone Company for any rental and consequently the Bell does business without paying anything for its franchise. It has offered to pay, but the civic authorities are so timid that they are afraid to sign a bargain.

A VERY TIMID CITY

How the Canadian Northern Railway ever got into the city is a mystery. The citizens must have been hypnotised. It is the only corporation which has secured an entrance in recent years. The other day, an electric railway from Hamilton, of which the Hon. J. M. Gibson is the chief promoter, secured a limited permission to get in, but it must come underground. As engineers say such an entrance is impossible for several reasons, the grudgingly-given permission is probably valueless. The Niagara & Toronto Railway Company has a charter to enter the city and has been seeking an extension of time for construction from the Dominion Parliament. This extension has been opposed by the civic authorities and the members for Toronto. The "Globe," usually sane, describes the proposed extension of time as "insufferable tyranny" and "clearly questionable." It adds: "Toronto wants railways, but not franchise-stealers." This seems strong language in face of the fact that no railway can enter a city until its plans are approved by the Minister of Railways, until the Railway Commission has decided upon the rights of the parties, and until various other legal and engineering questions have been officially approved.

Toronto was once a town second in importance to other Ontario towns, and it came into its present primacy because of its liberal treatment of railways. Now having grown large and strong, it proposes to reverse the policy which has won it greatness. It will not trust any minister at Ottawa, any government, any Railway Commission, any legislation, any authority—except the editors of the city papers and the City Council. The Railway Commissioners may be guardians good enough for Montreal, St. John and Winnipeg, but not for Toronto. The Toronto editors and publicists praise the Railway Commission but refuse to trust it. This is quite on a par with their refusal to accept a rental from the Bell Telephone Company, while continuing to allow it to exercise a distinct and unregulated monopoly. Truly, Toronto is hard to understand.

DEDICATING the Plains of Abraham to Peace and National Unity must appeal to both Canadien and Canadian. It is true that the British were the victors in the great battle of 1759, but it is equally true that the French and the Canadiens were correspondingly successful in the great battle of 1760 on almost the same ground. If the Plains are sacred to the memory of Successful Valour, they are also sacred to the Honour of Unsuccessful Valour, and a monopoly of either phrase is not accorded to one race or the other. On the thirteenth of September the British were successful and they buried in common graves the dead of the two armies; on the twenty-eighth of April, 1760, the French were victorious and they buried French and British in an eternal embrace beside Dumont's mill, within gunshot of the common graves of the previous year. For these reasons, the Plains must ever be a spot sacred in the history of both races.

CANADIEN AND CANADIAN

In this dedication, we are not commemorating the victory of one race over the other; we are commemorating the memory of brave men and of the peace which has since enabled the two races to unite in the upbuilding of a new nation. When Charles Sangster, the Scottish-Canadian poet, wrote his celebrated poem, "The Plains of Abraham," he struck the true note in his last stanza:

> "Oh, rare, divinest life
> Of Peace, compared with Strife!
> Yours is the truest splendour and the most enduring fame.
> All the glory ever reaped
> Where the fiends of battle leaped,
> Is harsh discord to the music of your undertoned acclaim."

There are those who fear to see this mutual recognition on the part of the English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians. They find political advantage in playing the one race against the other, in keeping them apart, and in stimulating mutual distrust. These narrow-minded individuals are not numerous, however, and the great body of the public are making light of this fear. Even the simple-minded habitant is able to see that pride in his race and language is consistent with respect for British institutions and British connection. The late Dr. Drummond was not afraid to emblazon this in verse. In "The Habitant's Jubilee Ode" he sings:

> "An' onder de flag of Angleterre, so long as dat flag was fly—
> Wit' deir English broder, les Canayens is satisfy leev an' die.
> Dat's de message our fader geev us w'en dey're fallin' on Chateauguay,
> An' de flag was kipin' dem safe den, dat's de wan we will kip alway."

Had it not been for this spirit in the hearts and minds of the French-Canadians, Montgomery's expedition against Quebec might have been successful and Canada might have become a part of the United States of America. Again, at Chateauguay and other engagements in the War of 1812, this portion of the population again fought brilliantly for the British regime. If there are any English-speaking Canadians who still doubt, it must be because they are ignorant of the historical events of the last century and a half.

The hope of the future is national unity of aim, ambition and thought. Mutual respect and mutual sympathy are essential to national development. The history of other nations affords us little encouragement and not much guidance. The experiment we are making is almost unique, but that does not necessarily spell failure. The British Empire is successful because of its experiments, and because those who have worked out upon its ever-extending frontiers have made ventures in government which the accumulated wisdom of many centuries did not justify. Canadian success will mean much for the world's future and contribute a new principle in the interest of the world's peace and concord.

REGULATION of the corporations controlling public utilities is now fairly well secured by the Railway Commission and by advanced legislation. There is, however, little provision for the regulation of municipalities which undertake to do lighting, to supply power, water and street-car service. The municipalities need regulation most in order that they shall not take anything from general taxes to support these industries. In other words, a municipal service of any kind should have its own set of books and should be made self-supporting. The charges for the service should be made to cover cost of maintenance, interest on investment, repairs, renewals and sinking fund.

REGULATE THE MUNICIPALITIES

It is extremely difficult to discover whether a municipal plant of any kind is profitable or otherwise. For example, in Toronto some people claim that the water-works system does not pay, while others

claim that it does. The real situation is that no one knows. The system of bookkeeping does not enable any person to discover the truth. Even the statistics which come from Great Britain are highly contradictory.

If the people are to know whether municipal franchises would be best in the hands of the local authorities or of private corporations, the statistics of all such enterprises should be available. At present, the most reliable information comes from the private companies who are obliged by law to make a full statement of their affairs to their shareholders. There seems to be no good reason why the same rule should not be applied to each municipality operating a public service of any kind.

In fact, if the provincial authorities would establish a bureau to collect and distribute such statistics, after such auditing and revising as might be deemed necessary, much would be accomplished. The public could then intelligently decide which plan is advisable under certain circumstances. Further, a healthy rivalry between private companies and municipal managements would be engendered, which would undoubtedly result in great benefits to the general tax-payer.

GOLDEN DAYS AT GUELPH

IT is eminently proper that delegates to conventions meeting at Toronto should almost invariably be taken to Guelph for a day's visit at the Ontario Agricultural College and Macdonald Institute. The development of the former into a group of educational institutions where the most practical training is received from agricultural and scientific specialists is a matter of national pride. For years during its early struggle this college had to contend with public indifference and misunderstanding; but it came victoriously through the years of stress and is now one of the most useful features in our modern educational equipment. President Creelman is a chief who could transform a forlorn hope into a victorious army and, when he was placed at the head of a thriving institution, his sunshine and strength made the O. A. C. the most optimistic spot in the Premier Province of Canada. A pessimist would find it hard to hold on to his job if he were to visit the most picturesque environs of the Royal City and watch Young Canada as it learns the whole process from seed-time to harvest. However, interesting as the visitors may find the college where agricultural instruction is the daily lot of hundreds of students, the domestic course at Macdonald Institute and the subsequent luncheon at Macdonald Hall send all sojourning journalists into paroxysms of admiration, from which they recover just in time to write glowing paragraphs about the "Macdonald girls." Humanity has the same old instincts, after all, however electricity and aeroplanes may change its method of locomotion. A man will regard with curiosity the hat which his wife has trimmed with her own fair fingers; he will treat with respect the hand-painted china which his daughter brings home from college; but his enthusiasm will break forth in unprecedented adjectives when he finds that lovely woman is learning to cook and that Macdonald Institute means toothsome delicacies for the masculine palate. The Macdonald girls are pretty, graceful and becomingly-clad; but, above all, they can cook; and the fountain pen of the youngest editor gushes gladly in their praise. It is the study of our daily bread, whether in flour production or oven finish, which absorbs the attention of boys and girls at Guelph college and institute and which fills the observing visitor with a great belief in the Empire's granary.

CHORAL VISITORS

THE proposed visit of the Sheffield Choir to Canada is properly regarded as something more than a series of musical events. Dr. Coward, the conductor of this celebrated organisation, is one of England's greatest musical figures and will be welcomed to Canada by citizens of all professions. It is stated that more than one hundred distinguished English visitors will accompany the Sheffield singers, the Bishop of Sheffield and Dr. Mann, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, being among the number. It is comforting to be informed that these accompanying friends "include millionaires." Money has been accused of talking, but modern civilisation has found a more melodious use for dollars in bulk. The Sheffield Choir will spend thirteen days in this country, giving concerts in the leading cities of Eastern Canada, three of which will be enjoyed by Toronto. In connection with their welcome to Ontario's capital, the committee of the Mendelssohn Choir will have a place of prominence and Dr. A. S. Vogt, as the first choral conductor of the Dominion, will take an especial interest in the head of the great Yorkshire choir. It is to be hoped that the visit of so celebrated a musical body as the Sheffield Choir to Canada will further a project, already widely-discussed, a visit of the Mendelssohn Choir to the Old Land. There could not be a better year than 1909 for such an expedition and there could not be afforded a greater proof of Canada's progress in the arts of civilisation than the sending of this unique chorus to the heart of the Empire. It is difficult to arouse municipal and even parliamentary authorities to an interest in either choral or artistic achievement but, in this instance, perhaps the triumph of the Mendelssohn Choir abroad will enlighten aldermen and legislative representatives as to the place which the Mendelssohn Choir has given Canada. To what other Canadian events do outside critics from Rochester, Detroit, Buffalo, and Boston turn for finished performance as they do to the February cycle of Mendelssohn Choir concerts? The campaign in behalf of a British tour for the Mendelssohn Choir is already being vigorously pushed by several Canadians whose lexicon does not recognise the word "fail." It will need much public enthusiasm and a generous public grant, however, before Canada's champion conductor raises his baton in the concert halls of Old London.

A TRUST AND A CRITIC

THE freedom of the Fourth Estate appears to be concerned in the present attitude of the Theatrical Trust towards certain New York critics who have dared to be dramatic Daniels. Mr. James Metcalfe of New York "Life," whose paragraphs on plays are always worth reading was refused admission to the Trust theatres about two years ago, simply because he had told the truth concerning their alleged "attractions," and when Mr. Metcalfe took his case to court, the Trust magnates appeared to have obtained a strangle-hold on the law. Now it is Mr. Eaton of the New York "Sun" who has aroused the ire of those urbane elevators of the stage, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, by failing to appreciate one of their soulful productions. Straightway the advertising of all theatres under the control of the aforesaid elevators was withdrawn from the "Sun," the syndicate gentlemen hoping in this way to enforce their disapproval of an honest critic. As New York practically controls whatever dramatic entertainment is afforded Canadians, it is a matter of interest to know that there is now before the New York Legislature a bill, which, if it becomes law, will make it impossible for managers to exercise the petty persecution of excluding from their theatre critics who are so presuming as to tell the truth. Mr. Alan Dale gives as the reason for so many wretched and short-lived productions the ignorance and comparative illiteracy of the men who own and syndicate the American stage. They are coarse and indiscriminating; hence the public is inflicted with a series of Cohan productions which have led Montreal to protest. Miss Anne Warner has lately revealed with delightful humour the abysmal stupidity of theatrical "authorities" who distort and mar the original production until the author is fain to disown his creation. There is one shining exception in the ranks of New York managers and he actually credits the public with the possession of intelligence and imagination. So far, his success as a "producer" seems to warrant his assumption. There are several indications that the dramatic centre of the continent is alive to the vulgar tyranny which has been exercised by the Theatrical Trust and that eventually the critic will be more than an annex to the advertising columns.

THE BLESSED SUNSHINE

SLOWLY but surely the blessed sunshine is getting plentiful and potent, and as this process goes on from day to day the spirits of people keep pace. Canada has had a rather hard winter, speaking financially and meteorologically. Business has not been up to the high level of the previous corresponding season, while the weather has been only fairly decent. It is remarkable how much we depend upon the blessed sunshine. Canada's latitude on the map would make her a land of almost ceaseless snow and frost were it not that the sun shines very hard during the summer months and shines longer in each twenty-four hours than in any other part of the world. It is the sunshine which makes this country the greatest agricultural country in the world. It is the sunshine which makes Canadians buoyant, hopeful and optimistic.

Already, the sun is warming up the soil in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and seeding will commence in a few days. Ontario and the East are somewhat slower and the land is still clothed in a light mantle of snow. Already, however, the ice on the Great Lakes and Great Rivers is fast breaking up and early in April navigation will be possible even where the streams run broad and slow. On the sunnier hillsides, all over the Dominion, the seeds are budding in the warm surface soil and the sap is stirring in the maple trees.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

MR. FIELDING, whose budget annually wins for him the limelight on the Ottawa stage, is in many ways an unusual type in our politics, or, indeed, in the politics of any country which has representative institutions and a broad franchise. The democracy loves to make rulers out of its heroes of the "stump." But Mr. Fielding has never been a "stump speaker." His addresses to Parliament are the statements of a business man to a business meeting. They are clear, concise, easily understood, but without oratorical frills. His predecessor and present critic, Mr. Foster, was accustomed to make of his budget speeches rhetorical events. He dealt with the necessary figures with evident impatience, and was only happy when painting the prosperity of the country with the vivid imagery of figures of speech. His budgets were paeans of praise for the National Policy, and were full of the winged efforts of the imagination which make so much better listening for the average auditor than prosaic statements of fact. The greater part of them, indeed, Mr. Foster could have used with effect before a popular audience.

MR. FIELDING would never dare deliver his budgets to an election crowd. But he might lay them before a Board of Trade or a Manufacturers' Association. All that would be necessary to prepare them for such bodies would be to omit the very few attempts at partisan appeal which he attaches to them in places with evident reluctance. Even when he does talk politics, he talks "editorial" and not "stump bombast." He is never more in this field than the party editor. Eloquence he leaves to his great leader and the sounding phrase he leaves to his chief opponent. He telescopes a bank statement with a few editorials—and lets it go at that. His budgets have been invariably interesting, largely because they have been reports upon a very progressive period in the country's progress. What he would have done with the conditions with which Mr. Foster had to wrestle, is another question. He has been Canada's most favoured Finance Minister, but it is, perhaps, as well to remember that Mr. Gladstone made his reputation as a master of budgets when he was called upon to face adverse conditions and to find solutions for involved and heavy problems.

IT is a pity that the country has lost the incisive criticism of budgets which it once got—with little gratitude—from Sir Richard Cartwright. Sir Richard brought to the consideration of a financial statement a wealth of knowledge, a profound understanding of all the bearings of the subject and an industrious study of detail which no other man has ever shown on the floor of the House of Commons. Listeners would feel, while Sir Richard was speaking, that the only man within reach capable of replying to him, sat—not in the House—but in deputy ministers' gallery, in the person of Mr. J. M. Courtney, Deputy Minister of Finance. Mr. Courtney knew the truth, we all felt; but we doubted whether any of the politicians, whose business it would be presently to reply to Sir Richard, had more than an inkling of what he was really talking about. But then it didn't much matter in the rough-and-tumble of politics. The sharp retort—the barbed jibe—kill quite as effectively as an informed answer.

THERE is surely room for a financier or two in Parliament. We think we cannot make laws without plenty of lawyers about to increase the muddle; but we are entirely ready to permit the politicians with the training of the stump or the newspaper office or what not, to attend to our enormous financial issues. Is it good sense? Why should not each party have at least one financial expert to act as Finance Minister, just as it tries to have a military expert to look after the militia and an agricultural expert to manage the model farm? The nation is about as big a financial proposition as there exists within its borders; and yet it takes less pains than a country bank to get men trained in finance to guide its financial operations. Mr. Fielding is an able man, but he was not a financier when he came to Ottawa. Mr. Foster was an educationalist and a public lecturer. We all think a lot of Mr. James L. Hughes; but if a bank were to choose him as general manager, we would probably deposit our money somewhere else. James would be honest; but he lacks banking experience.

TO make a swift change of subject, have you noticed how persistently Mr. Rudyard Kipling writes himself down as a South African politician rather than a literary man when he takes his puissant pen in hand these days? In his first letter on Canada written for the press he wonders why we "brigaded" with Botha at the Colonial Conference. Only a man looking through South African spectacles would see it that way. We took the position we did at the Colonial Conference because we were aware of the results of the then recent British elections, and proposed to do business with the existing British Government. We were not in British "home politics" nor in South African politics but in Canadian and Imperial politics. Mr. Deakin linked himself with the Unionist Opposition; Sir Wilfrid Laurier permitted the people of the United Kingdom to select the men who were to do business with Canada. It is a thousand pities that Kipling has deserted literature for politics. There are so many politicians quite as good as Kipling; but there is only one Kipling of the caste of "Kim."

N'Importe

The King of the Carnival—A Scene at the Great Mardi Gras Fete which is held Annually at this Season of the Year in the City of New Orleans

THE INTERIOR OF THE MANITOBA LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER.

From the first photograph ever taken when the Assembly was in Session. Premier Roblin may be seen standing up, with a paper in his hand, in the front row on the left.

Making Laws in Manitoba

A Programme of Bills, Government Telephones, Grain Exchange Regulations, Temperance, and Noxious Weeds

By ARTHUR R. FORD.

THE session of the Manitoba Legislature which has just closed has been one of the most important and one of the liveliest in the history of that body. It has been marked by sharp personal encounters, spirited debates and the passage of many bills of vital moment to the country. It was the first session since the return of the Conservative party to power in 1900 that there has been an Opposition worthy of the name. At the last election thirteen Liberal members were sent to the House. While most of them were young and inexperienced men, they were good debaters, energetic and ambitious. They have kept the Government on the *qui vive* since the opening day of the House. They were painstaking and thorough, with a rather annoying desire for information.

The cosmopolitan character of Manitoba's population and the influence peoples other than Anglo-Saxon are exerting and will exert on the future of the province is well exemplified by the fact that there are in the House five French members, two Icelandic and one German. Mr. Tom Johnson, the Icelandic member for West Winnipeg—the only Liberal from the city—has proven to be one of the ablest debaters on the Opposition benches. He has taken a prominent part in every debate and is looked upon as a coming Liberal leader. The other Icelandic member, Captain Sig Jonasson, is rather a picturesque character, as he was one of the leaders, as a young man, in the first Icelandic settlement in Manitoba in the early seventies. Mr. Valentine Winkler, Liberal member for Rhineland and the German representative in the House, is along with the Premier one of the oldest members in the House. The French members this session are all on the Government benches. Joseph Bernier, the young member for St. Boniface, is one of the orators in the House. An interesting scene early in the session was the clash in debate on the compulsory education question between Bernier the Frenchman and Johnson, the Icelander.

The session will be remembered more, probably, in the future as marking the inauguration of the biggest government ownership scheme on the continent—the purchase of the Bell system for $3,400,000. When the telephone bill was laid on the table there was a lively debate, the Opposition criticising particularly the purchase price as out of all proportion to the value of the system. The Premier made a spirited reply, defending the deal in one of his most eloquent efforts of the session. There was general acquiescence in the appointment of the commission to manage the system. Three practical men, all old employees of the Bell, were selected.

When Hon. Robert Rogers introduced the liquor license act with the rather drastic amendments, probably no one was more surprised than the temperance party. The amendments to this act provide that on the presentation of a twenty-five per cent. petition, municipal councils must submit a local option by-law at the next municipal election and a majority vote instead of three-fifths as previously will carry such a by-law. At the last election this was a plank in the Opposition platform; the Government refused to make any promises of a change and even supported on the rostrum the three-fifths clause. The temperance people had no hopes of a change, were not looking for it and did not even petition at the present House for one, though there was a monster petition presented asking for the bars to be closed at six o'clock.

A measure which promises to be as fruitful of controversy as any which passed the House was the act providing for amendments to the Grain Exchange charter. The following are the principal changes: Any reputable person, firm or corporation must be admitted to membership in the Exchange, but shall have only one representative on the trading floor at any one time. All the books and papers of the Exchange are open to the Minister of Agriculture or his appointee at any time. No restriction in regard to prices to be paid are to be imposed upon any member of the Exchange. The public are to be admitted to a gallery overlooking the Grain Exchange and prices are to be posted in full view at least every half hour. No seat on the Exchange can be sold for more than $2,500 nor can any limitation be placed on the membership.

These conditions are objectionable to the Grain Exchange and have already given rise to rumours of the Exchange pitching its tents in Fort William.

One of the most important measures was the amendment to the Noxious Weed Act, which aims at those two historic enemies of Manitoba's fame as a wheat-growing country—the sow thistle and the Canadian thistle. Each municipality in the province must appoint an inspector to direct special attention to this enemy of the farmer. Municipal councillors are to be fined $25 and disqualified for one year for failing to appoint the inspector; inspectors are to be fined $25 for not ordering weeds to be removed after being notified of their presence, and farmers are to be fined $10 per day for not obeying orders from inspectors. The law is to apply to cities and towns the same as to the country. Every railway company must cut the weeds on its right of way.

Of the numerous other laws probably the most important were those tending to lessen the cost of litigation and to make it less tedious and long. The jurisdiction of the county courts was increased, while amendments were made to the King's Bench Act in order to simplify procedure to some extent.

A Curious Scene in the City of Vancouver

First Sikh Temple in America

By FRANK HARRIS

WITHIN a ten minutes' walk from the C.P.R. wharf at Vancouver, from which leave the Empress liners which ply the waters of the Pacific, oft bearing on their voyages missionaries of the Christian religion whose work for years to come is the bearing of their message to the teeming millions of India, may be found to-day a temple above which floats the orange flag of the Sikh, one of the strongest and most intelligent sections of the population of the country of the missionary's future labours. This emblem signifies to the missionary that here, at the western outpost of the Dominion, the very race whom he would voyage over the seas to enlighten on the subject of religion, has already flung its banners and from time to time the doors of its Vancouver temple, the first of its class on the continent, are thrown open for ministration to the spiritual needs of the Sikh, far from his home, according to his native training, and, even farther, that attempts are made in broken English to explain the truth and beauties of the Sikh religion to the white race which is accustomed to class the worship as heathen.

This Sikh temple is located in Fairview, one of the suburbs of Vancouver, near the mill district in which a large number of the race are employed. It does not, however, represent merely the place of worship of the Vancouver Sikhs but it is the centre of Sikh activities in the entire province. It is stated that there are nearly one thousand Sikhs in British Columbia and members of the sect, on account of their superior physical qualifications and higher order of intelligence than other natives of India, have been more warmly welcomed by the employers of labour here than their fellows. Certain it is that they entered into the scheme for the erection of the Vancouver temple with an earnestness and generosity which no other division of Indian peoples would have done. The temple represents the expenditure of six thousand dollars, every cent of which was secured by subscriptions from the Sikhs of the province before the day of dedication. And on trat day, a great one for the natives of India, turbaned Sikhs as well as representatives of other Oriental sects poured into the city to the number of over a thousand from all parts of the province.

As will be seen by the accompanying cut, the Sikh temple is of Oriental architecture and divided into two storeys. The lower floor is used as a general meeting-place for the brethren, while the upper floor is exclusively for religious services. The audience rooms are neatly decorated and carpeted. A notice near the door warns the visitor that certain rules must be observed by the uninitiated, the natives understanding these regulations so well that no notification is needed. These demand that all must remove their shoes before entering and that none showing any trace of intoxication dare enter. Even further than this do the rules go, for none dare enter while he has any tobacco on his person.

The audience room is unusual in its appearance because of the entire absence of seating accommodation. But this fact bothers the Indian native not an instant for, with an indescribable air of comfort, he squats upon the floor in a manner which causes the Englishman who essays to accomplish the same trick with equal ease and grace to immediately come to the conclusion that he must do some practising at home before again mingling with the temple audience.

Balwant Singh was the officiating priest on the day of dedication but this does not signify that he is the leader of the sect since all members are esteemed equally as brothers and the choice of priest may fall upon any member of the assemblage. The services of dedication were prefaced by a display of fireworks on the lawn followed by certain ritual observances in which the priest, while intoning a hymn, was assisted by several fellows.

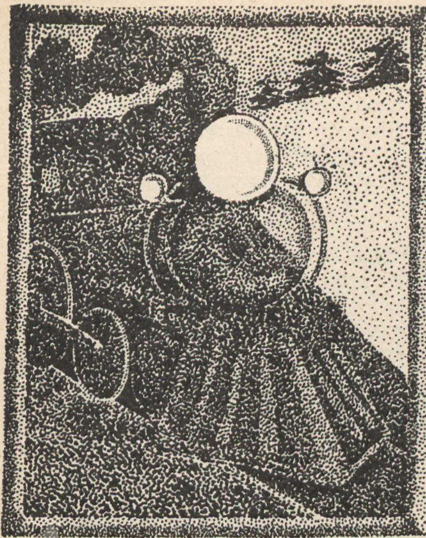
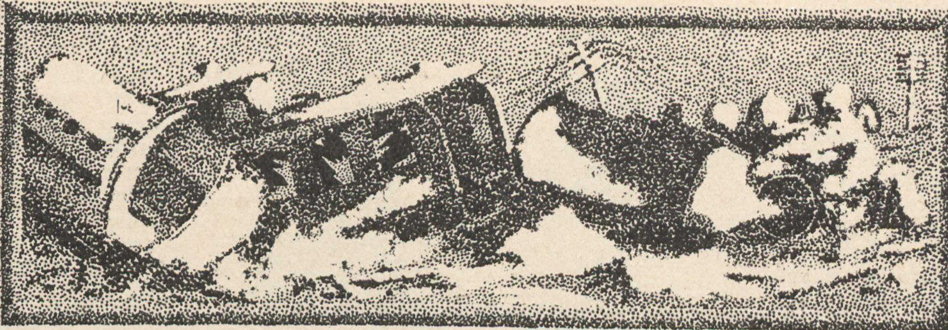
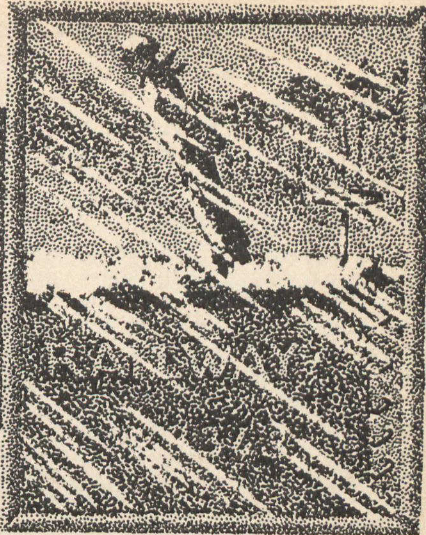
Conversation with the priest after the ceremonies shed some light on the sect, its origin and its beliefs. Every Sikh, he said, might be instantly known by his surname of Singh, a word meaning "lion" which was taken by every true son of the sect. The origin of the division was a military one, the original founders having banded themselves together to repulse the Mohammedan invasion. Nanak was their founder. Born in Lahore in the fifteenth century, he had started the movement by a tour of preaching in which he formulated the doctrine still observed of abolition of caste, unity of Godhead and the living of a pure life. Under great persecution the belief grew and for years the Sikhs were true to the British. There came a time, however, when they were torn with dissenting views and evil days appeared in which they rose in arms and fought bloody wars with the English. This, Balwant Singh said, was long since past and now the British had no firmer friends in India than the Sikhs.

The word "Sikh," the priest explained, meant "disciple" and their religion was termed the "pure and holy." As a book of guidance they had the "Grantha Sahib" or "The Highest Religious Scripture," which was a compilation of the hymns and teaching of the ten spiritual guides of the sect.

The personal customs of the Sikh demand his attention to various matters such as the leaving of his hair unshorn and the wearing of the turban and underclothes. In his native land each wears an iron bracelet and bears a weapon of some kind though the latter demand has been sacrificed in this land owing to the laws on the question.

On the question of his religion Balwant Singh said that it announced a doctrine of union of the individual soul with the God soul, founded upon Hindu philosophy. Rites and ceremonies could make no man good and the sect recognised its temple only as a place of education for a man's soul where it might be led to think and inclined to goodness. It did not believe that it had a monopoly of all the religion of the world but considered that other religions might lead to the same end. The priest, however, expressed decided views against the efficacy of confession of sin wiping out the guilt or the possibility of the death of one atoning for the sins of another. The religion was one of life and taught that one must live pure

In parting the priest expressed his views on the exclusion of the Oriental from the Dominion, one of the questions of the hour in British Columbia. He did not see how a Christian nation could reject a brother man from the benefits enjoyed by the persons claiming to be more enlightened.

Railway Wrecks and Casualties

The Reason for their Occurrence and the Need of Further Safeguards

THE recent death of Judge Killam, Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission, has occasioned a sense of loss, not only in the department which he so ably served but in the general administration which has not found a presiding officer of finer calibre. Naturally one's mind reverts to the report of the Board of Railway Commissioners presented to the House last November by Hon. G. P. Graham and containing a summary of the board's work for the year ending March 31st, 1907.

At the time of the publication of the report, considerable discussion of that section relating to accidents was carried on by Canadian journals. The report shows 460 persons killed and 603 injured. Of the killed, 42 were passengers, 212 employees and 206 other persons. In detailing the character of the accidents, the report shows 95 killed and 32 injured by trespassing, 46 killed and 29 injured while working on the track, 44 killed and 109 injured by head-on collisions, 2 killed and 16 injured by rear-end collisions, 41 killed and 22 injured at level crossings, 15 killed and 102 injured by derailments. A comparative statement of the killed and injured for two years shows 460 killed during the year ending Marsh 31st, 1907, as compared with 381 for the preceding year and 603 injured, as compared with 223. There was a decrease of 34 in the number of passengers killed during 1907 as compared with 1906 and an increase of 167 in the number of passengers injured.

The matter of railway accidents is one of immediate interest to all of us, for there are few Canadians who can boast, as did the Old Country yokel, that he had never been "abroad" by train. The travelling public means all of us. Nothing can concern us more closely than the safety of transportation for humanity and its belongings. The great number of railway accidents in the United States has led in late years to frequent articles on the subject of train disasters, some writers comparing the American record with the British, greatly to the advantage of the latter.

It was with a view to hearing something more definite and practical than could be obtained from casual sources that the *Courier* recently asked Mr. Harvey Hall, legislative representative of the railway organisations in Canada, a few questions regarding the cause of accidents by rail. Mr. Hall knows the trials and difficulties of the men he represents, as he was for many years conductor on the C.P.R., on the line between Toronto and Montreal. Mr. Hall, in decidedly matter-of-fact fashion, remarked that Canadians when discussing statistics with regard to accidents and wrecks must keep in mind the great recent expansion of the country and the consequent increase in traffic and travel of all kinds. "Look at the immigrants coming in every week! These people are to be transported to their new homes. Their coming means fresh industries and a larger passenger list."

It became evident, as Mr. Hall talked of the tremendous changes of the last ten years, that the modern immigrant is a very different settler from him who came in the middle of the last century and who was content to make his own way along rough roads and across unsettled plains and who regarded a ten-mile-distant railway station as a luxury. The immigrant of to-day expects and depends on the railway. It is no longer a case of the town waiting for a line to be built. The railway makes the towns and gradually adds a goodly list to the time-table. Hence, in all reports of railway commissioners, relative to accident or delay, the conditions of sudden growth and consequent demands must be kept in mind.

Mr. Hall was of the opinion that the block system ought to be in force, pointing out, however, that England is able to provide an admirable service since there are many millions in a country which could be set down in a corner of Ontario. The magnificent distances of our Dominion, which sound so well in a banquet speech and which look so impressive on the map, afford a costly and stupendous problem for the railway authorities, who have February frosts and March blizzards to take into consideration.

When questioned as to the mistakes made by the employees who were suffering from loss of sleep, Mr. Hall stated that there were regulations as to the hours of continuous employment, but that in some cases both official and employee were desirous of exceeding the limit. The recent sentence passed upon a drunken operator was commented on and the desirability of having strict legislation regarding railway employees abstaining from liquor was admitted. The penalty of five years which is possible under the law by its very severity has defeated its purpose and has never been imposed.

The cause of the majority of accidents is, in Mr. Hall's estimation, the multiplicity of duties. Many times the railway man is given numerous orders and at different stations and there is an instance of an order having as many as two hundred words. These conditions have a tendency to confuse and there is a possibility of misinterpretation as to its meaning. This with his other duties, sometimes causes him to forget some order that he should have carried out and an accident is the result.

The remedy suggested is to have, on every passenger and freight train on the road, a man whose whole duty shall be to take charge of orders and keep them in mind. Surely, under the present system, the wonder is that more lives are not lost. If one considers for a moment the immense burden of responsibility which these many orders imply and keeps in mind also the worry and haste consequent on losing time, the mental condition of the overworked employee can be readily and realistically grasped. "The reason for the blunders you read about," said the ex-conductor, "is simply that railway men are human and occasionally break down or forget. The block system, as I have said, is a great safeguard, but many of these accidents might be avoided if there were operators for orders only."

The "light" engine, which usually provides a number of casualties during the year, was considered a risky traveller unless provided with a conductor. Such engines, of course, have to "watch their chance" between trains and many an engineer has relied on nerve in such an emergency trip. Mulvaney's belief in "the standin' luck of the British army" will occasionally reveal a corresponding idea in other callings.

The qualifications for railway service are exacting. "Nerve but no nerves" was the requirement once given for a surgeon and if any workman in our complex modern world needs nerve to the Nth power it is the brakeman, the fireman, the engineer, the conductor — to the man who buys railways for use on the political chessboard. When to be cautious and when to be daring is a knowledge or an instinct which every railway man must possess for his personal safety. Think of what a brakeman must face during our Canadian winter days and nights! Snow, sleet and a wind that cuts with Northern keenness! As one hears a train's whistle through the darkness and cold of a winter night and draws closer to fire or shelter, there is little thought for the "Sons of Martha" who are seeing that the switches lock and the bolts are oiled.

In case of accident, as happened to the engineer running "light" in the Moorlake tragedy, there is always the heavy probability that the railway man will pay with his life. Hence, as an Ottawa journalist aptly puts it: "The chances that railway operatives may make the supreme payment for mortal errors are so many that it is not surprising that human sympathy leans to them when they are on trial under the law which makes failure in the performance of their duties a criminal offense."

The public has manifested an intention of finding out the real offender, whose negligence is at the back of the blunders which mean sacrifice of life and loss of property. In this matter Canada would do well to imitate Old Country severity and insistence on safety. But railways, like Rome, are not built in a day and their complete equipment in a country where there are about twenty-three thousand miles of railway for six millions of inhabitants is not to be achieved all at once. The system of "orders," whereby certain employees are overwhelmed with instructions which tend to the verge of confusion evidently requires re-adjustment.

The employees themselves have proved, more than once, during the past year, capable of a dogged heroism in the face of danger—but it is a heroism which one does not care to have called into action with frequency. It usually means the selfishness or carelessness of another who escapes both pain and blame. The railway man is the last to claim credit for nerve or pluck; but one can hardly read the record of our road-building without agreeing with the Canadian woman who wrote:

"To the builders of the highways that skirt the canyon's brink,
To the men that bind the roadbed fast,
To the high and low, the first and last,
I raise my glass and drink."

A Distinguished Canadian

SIR PERCY GIROUARD, the High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria, who has arrived in England for a holiday, is the most brilliant of all Lord Kitchener's brilliant young men. Moreover, he is the only one of them who is said to have never been afraid of his chief. On one occasion in Egypt, the general thought a railway was getting on too slowly. "You must go quicker," said Lord Kitchener. "I can't," replied Girouard, "I am not being properly supplied with materials." "I have no use for a man who says can't," returned the general, and he sent Girouard to Cairo. Within

a week he recalled Girouard, and admitted that he was wrong.

Sir Percy Girouard has been recognised as the greatest railway engineer the Army has ever produced. He began young, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and at twenty-three he was traffic manager of the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, where Kitchener spotted him as being just the man he wanted for the construction of the Soudan Railway. Girouard laid a most wonderful line across five hundred miles of desert for the advance to Khartoum, in spite of constant harrassing from the enemy.

It is said that whenever he and the other sapper officers on the railway got overburdened with their difficulties, Lord Kitchener used to give them a day or two off to go and take part in the fighting! At any rate, he received a D.S.O. for his deeds of "derring do," and was awarded a lieutenant-colonelcy and the K.C.M.G. for his work at the end of the campaign. Since then he has been Commissioner of Railways in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, and is now, as High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria, building a railway to open up trade in that, at present, inaccesible country. — M. A. P.

Recent Antics of Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN has recently returned from a trip to the Bermudas. His story of "Captain Summerfield's Visit to Heaven" is still running in "Harper's." Mark's latest photograph is that shown herewith. Somebody snapped him when he was looking. The man in black behind is Mark's official "trip guardian," Mr. Ralph Ashcroft. Mark never travels far without Ashcroft, whom he first met in a business way through some companies in which he is still interested in New York City. Mark is very commercial. He has an eternal eye to business. During his recent visit to England the English public were shocked to read in some of the papers about the great American humourist who had absent-mindedly walked down a crowded London street at ten o'clock in the day on his way to a Turkish bath—wearing nothing but slippers and a suit of scarlet pyjamas! There were doubts as to the distinguished author's sanity. Nothing so daring and bizarre had ever been attempted in London. Those who had never been in the United States wondered if this unconventional habit might be part of the daily routine in places like New York. Of all colors —scarlet! It was worse in clothes than any freak of George Bernard Shaw in literature; worse even than the suffragette. What did Mark mean? How could he stand up at Oxford University and make that grand speech? How could he dare to meet the king? What next—?

The latest photograph of Mark Twain and Mr. Ralph Ashcroft, his "manager."

But it turns out—quite unknown to the newspapers—that there was nothing wrong with any of Mark's stories. He was not troubled with brainstorm; was not even walking in his sleep. He had arranged the whole coup with his trip guardian, who was detailed to see that several newspapers were furnished with an appropriate account of the scarlet episode; so that Mark had a good big secret laugh at the public whom he had fooled delightfully once more. Once, however, on that trip the laugh was on Mark. He was talking to the king and queen, and in so doing he familiarly placed his arm on the king's shoulder—still talking away in the usual style. He noticed that the queen was laughing heartily and as he is somewhat deaf in one ear Mark imagined that the queen was laughing at his remarks. But she was simply laughing at his peculiar form of democracy. A couple of years ago also the laugh was on Mark in New York. A great billiard tournament was on in one of the big clubs and the crowd in the galleries were eagerly watching the work of the billiard champion. Just at a particularly brilliant shot the spectators burst into a cheer; at the same instant Mark Twain—who is a billiard enthusiast—appeared on the floor. Mark thought the cheer was on his account and he bowed with bland grandiosity. But the cheer was not intended for Mark.

THE motor race from New York to Paris is beginning to be shadowed by a proposed horse race from San Francisco to Washington. Fred T. Cromwell, of Edmonton, is the originator. He owns a horse called "Shamrock," a swift one which he will match against a champion Arab steed of the New York Arabian Horse Stock Company; wager $5,000 a side; the horses to start some time in April or May. "Shamrock" is a western horse, one of the big-lunged, indestructible kind from the foot-hills.

A Rising Border Town

IN all Canada there is nothing quite like some of the towns and young cities seen along the Canadian Northern Railway between Port Arthur and the eastern boundary of Manitoba. In the recent rush of development these towns—of which Fort Frances is a splendid example—have got a colour and a character entirely different from the staid old Ontario towns in the east and the bustling wide-open prairie towns of the wheat lands.

Perhaps it is because the moose once lorded it over these solitudes. Not so many years ago the moose hunter and the trapper had it all among those pines and rocks. The rocks themselves form part of the great picture; the great waterways naturally come with the rocks—at least such watercourses as at present make a large part of the future of Fort Frances. You begin to see this waterscape with all its suggestions of both scenery and power at Port Arthur, which is the first power city in the westward trek, with its Nipigon River and its Kakabeka Falls. The Rainy River chain in which Fort Frances is the nucleus in development comes easily as the first next on the journey.

There is indeed a variety and rugged sublimity about the scenery of this district which makes a distinctive charm midway between the two agreeable monotonies—the great level lakes and the level prairies. Once the rocks and the jack-pines and the birches were shuddered at by the weary traveller hastening to Winnipeg. Unable to see anything but the haunt of the moose and the red man, he longed for Winnipeg; absolutely ached to be out of the woods and on the prairie; craning out of the window to chuckle as he saw the jack-pines dwindling to here a clump and there a scrub, and the rocks backing up and parting and getting grey, and finally petering out to a few huge boulders among which stood the cabin of the settler who had learned to farm on the outskirts of the wild.

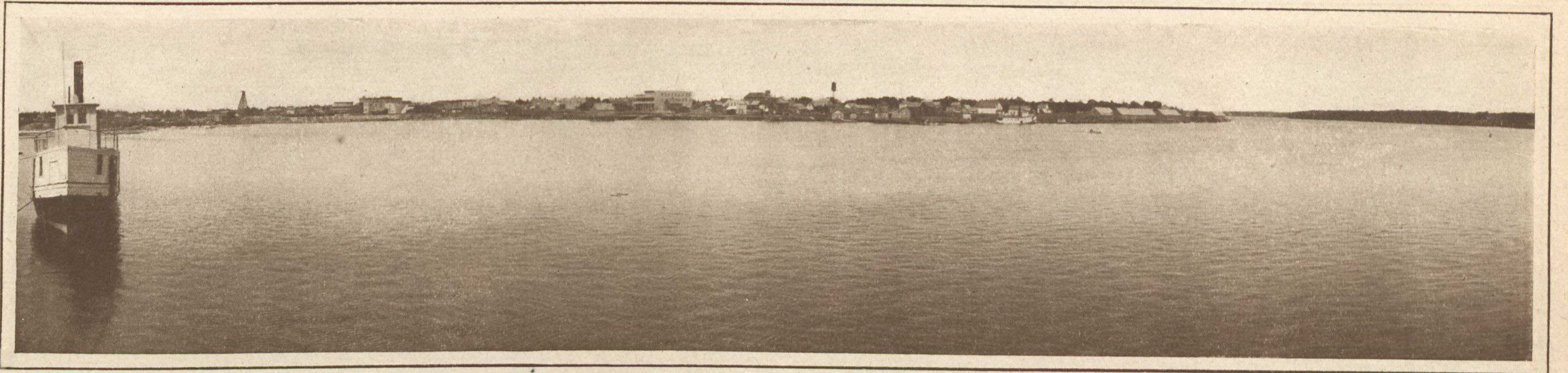
All this is different now. Fort Frances is one of the main differences. As a sample of these new Ontario communities this young city is refreshingly vigorous and interesting. The woods have not all tumbled to the axe; the rivers have not dried; neither has the moose departed, but to all this camp and smoke and solitude suggestion of an earlier era has been added the hum and the heyday of industrialism. The scenery of Fort Frances can never be despoiled. No man can lift away the rocks nor drain away the lakes nor float away the islands. And there are many hundreds of tourists from both Canada and the United States who go to Fort Frances—town of the feminine name—for nothing but scenery and fishing and hunting of big game. Hundreds more have gone in for business. There is a Business Men's Association at Fort Frances and it is a very much alive body of men. These men are pushing the business and advertising the advantages of Fort Frances. They are succeeding in both.

But there is really no occasion for much campaigning. Nature put the biggest advertisement at Fort Frances when she placed there the swift waters in the rocks. What this means by way of scenery is the nature-lover's business. What it means by way of power and industrial development may be learned from another page of this issue, whereon may be seen pictured some of the great operations that will make Fort Frances a thriving industrial city. Cheap power needs no great preaching up there. Fort Frances will spend three million dollars in a power scheme. She will do it without spoiling scenery. To some practical eyes the scenery will be immensely finer with the dams and the tail-races and the tunnels and the generating stations, than without them. Besides there is any amount of raw material for manufactures. Those rocks with the arable reaches dotted all over them are abundant with ore and wood. The mammoth saw-mill is no novelty in the Rainy Lake land. The biggest saw-mills outside of British Columbia are in the Rainy River district. They are one of the sights of the trip. Lumber is king. Far northward as far as the chain of rivers and lakes reaches are the great woods that float down cheaply to the maw of the mill. In a sense it is another Ottawa Valley. The epic that has begun to dwindle on the Ottawa because it began to be so many years ago, is just springing to life in the region of the Rainy rivers and lakes. With cheap electrical energy Fort Frances expects to develop all sorts of lumber manufactures; lumber which can be shipped two hundred miles west to Winnipeg and the prairie towns.

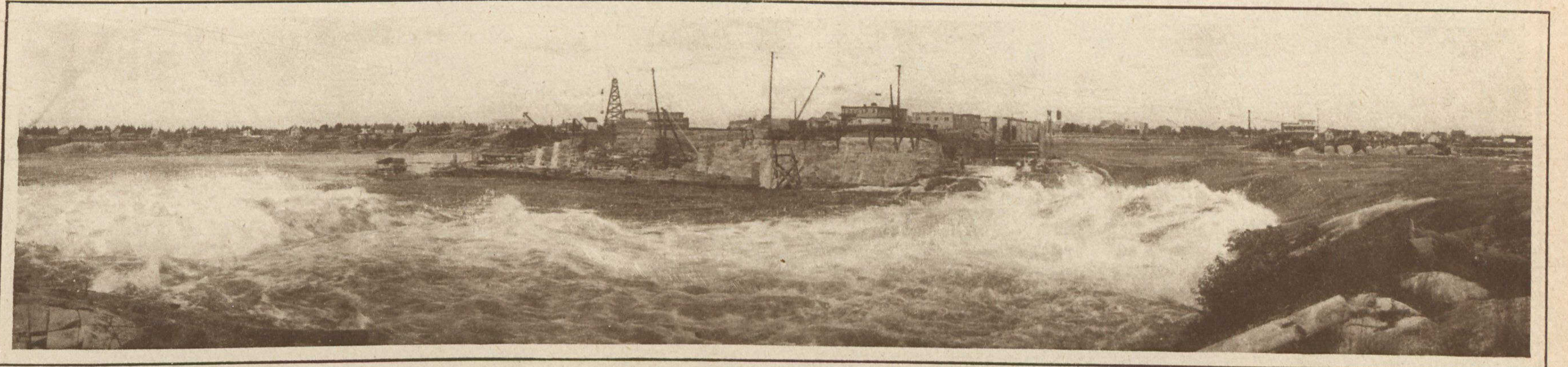
As to rocks, Fort Frances is as well supplied as any town needs to be; and what some of those rocks mean in industrial development may be spelled out in Port Arthur with its blast furnaces and its carloads of iron ore. Neither is farming out of the question. There is a great deal of very excellent land dotted in among those rocks and pineries. Farmers are doing well. As good crops can be grown there as on the prairie. As good flour can be ground at Fort Frances at at Winnipeg.

Perhaps, however, the best credential Fort Frances has is the enthusiasm of its people. The writer remembers some young men who some years ago left one of the dead-tired towns in older Ontario, one of those run-down towns that once had saw-mills and wood factories but had to close them down on account of no timber. These young men left the decadent village with all its pastoral and peaceful reminiscences, and they trekked into the woods at Fort Frances. They got the smell of the pine and they heard the call of the moose. The rush of the waters got into their ears. They had heard of the prairie but they had no desire to go on. At Fort Frances they stayed to wait for the movement of population that should come with the railway and the settler. The movement is under way. Fort Frances with its great power waters is right on the highway of it. The young city is getting out into the public eye. These young men are still there—prouder than ever that they stayed in the land of the portages and the power waters. They are leading citizens. They probably belong to the Business Men's Association. Once in a while they get a fleeting glimpse of the old decadent town down in the farm lands; but they don't want to go back; neither do they pine to go further west. Fort Frances midway between Port Arthur and Winnipeg is already a centre of progress.

A New Border Town in the Middle-West



A General View of the Town of Fort Frances on the Rainy River—Half-way House between Port Arthur and Winnipeg.



Fort Frances is to have a Great Quantity of Power—This Photograph Shows Exactly Why.

A Modern Dam is Wonderful as Compared with those Built in Canada in the Early Days of Last Century.

Another View of this Hydro-Electric Power Construction which is to Supply Energy and Light to a Considerable District.

Man and Nature Contrasted

Winnipeg—The New City-on-the-Prairie which may some day be the Commercial Metropolis of Canada.

The Lakes in the Clouds—These Three Little Lakes in the Rockies are all at Different Heights.

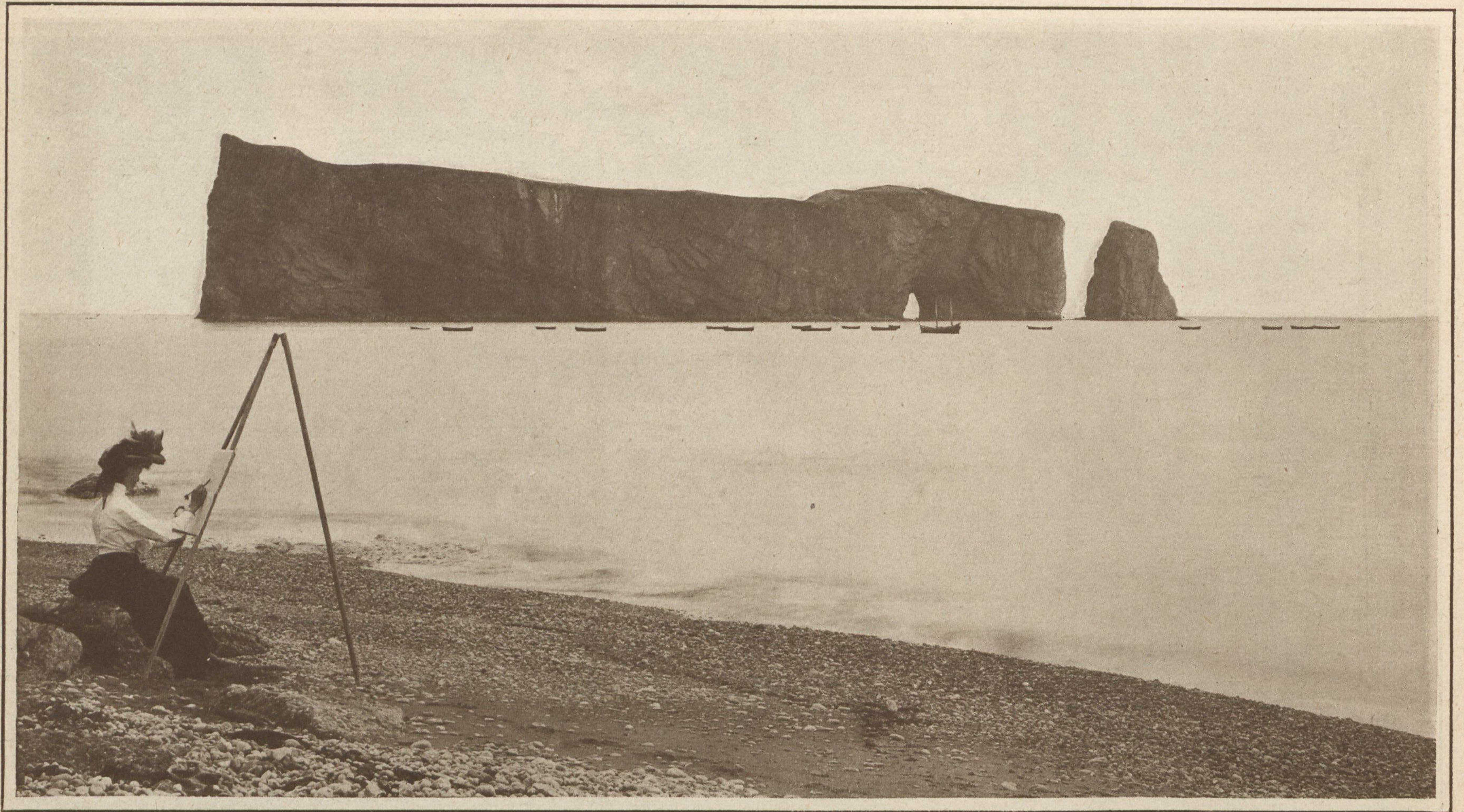
A Park of the Pacific Province

The Trunks of the Mighty — In Stanley Park, Vancouver.

Photograph by Mr. Bennett

The Douglas Fir is the most widely distributed and most valuable tree found on the Pacific Coast, although it does not grow so far north as the cedar, hemlock and spruce. It may be found in Southern British Columbia from the coast to the Rocky Mountains. Along the coast it attains immense proportions, sometimes towering to a height of 300 feet with a base circumference of 30 feet or more. The best average trees are six feet in diameter and 150 feet clear of limbs. Vancouver Island had much of this at one time, but of course it is rapidly disappearing under the unscientific methods which are rapidly turning North America into a treeless continent.

Along the Atlantic Coast



The Perce Rock, off the Gaspe Coast, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is a Most Picturesque Spot.

Red Sandstone Rocks at Hopewell Cape, New Brunswick.

The Little Madonna

By Alice & Claude Askew

"MESSIEURS will see the little Madonna if they wait long enough. The procession is timed to start at twelve. Yes, the little Madonna will pass down the long street. We shall all be blessed by her presence —she ushers in *mi-careme*."

The landlord of the "Blue Jay," the principal inn of the quaint, old-fashioned town of Pontier—a little French fishing town which hugged the sea and was situated in the Alpes Maritimes—rubbed his hands and smiled in bland, amiable fashion at the tall young Englishman who, with two other compatriots, had taken it into his head to honour Pontier with a visit.

The Englishmen had arrived in a large, white motor, and were obviously rich, careless, lighthearted youths, bent on getting the best they could out of life—prodigal with their money, and full of wild animal spirits; they had already startled the quiet folk who lived at Pontier by that flashing white motor. For few motors came to the little fishing town, and those that did savoured of magic and ungodliness to the townsfolk of Pontier—to the fishermen who were as unchangeable as the sea.

But Jules Carnac was a wise man in his generation, as beseems the landlord of an inn, and he knew that those who travel in large white motors are rich, so he had housed the heavy car in his stables, and was entertaining the young Englishmen to the best of his ability, fervently hoping that they would take it into their heads to stay longer than a few more hours at the "Blue Jay"; perhaps, if the saints willed it, they might pass another night there—just one more night.

They had arrived so late—so very late on the preceding evening, and the young men and the car alike had been covered by fine dust—the white dust of the road—and now the eldest of the trio had only just made his appearance in the large, old-fashioned room where the aristocracy of Pontier were wont to congregate together in the evenings to smoke, drink thin red wine, and discuss matters of local interest.

A pleasant sanded parlour, the windows festooned with curling vine tendrils, a room wherein the sunrays stole, gilding the dark wainscot and heavy oaken beams.

"The little Madonna!" George Mowbray laughed. "Are you really keeping *mi-careme* here?" he cried. "But what has the Madonna to do with the carnival? Is there to be a carnival here to-day—a fete?"

He was a tall, healthy-looking youth, with a strong, over-determined face, sharp, grey eyes, and fair, almost flaxen, hair—the living incarnation of strength and decision.

A rich boy, the owner of great possessions, a young man who had all his life before him and intended to make something of it, a lad fired with ambition, but bitten—badly bitten—with the arrogant spirit of the age, and an avowed agnostic; yet, for all that, a true humanitarian, and, in his way, extremely kind-hearted.

He was racing over France in his motor, accompanied by two friends, who, like himself, had just left Oxford. One of his companions, Viscount Heron, was the heir to one of the finest estates in England, and would wear an earl's coronet when his father died.

Heron presented a great contrast to Mowbray. He was dark and very slim, not too strong physically, but clever in his own way, and gifted with a certain power of oratory.

The other youth, Hugh Carteret by name, was the son of a poor country rector, and would have to work hard for his daily bread in the future. He aspired to a tutorship at some big public school, but Mowbray, who was extremely fond of Hugh, wanted to make him his land agent instead—a post for which Carteret was not in the least suited, for he was far more the scholar than the farmer. He loved the lore of books better than the lore of the fields.

"Surely the little Madonna has a great deal to do with the carnival," the bland, stout landlord answered, with another wave of his large hands, and sweep of his rotund body. "She rejoices in all harmless happiness—she smiles—she blesses. She is as sweet—our little Madonna—as honey mixed with wine, and she is carried in procession round the town before every fete begins. She is not large"—he spread his hands out—"her height is about two feet, but she is very blessed, all the same. She prevents the rain falling, and insures fine weather for the fete. When she comes there are no disturbances amongst the fisherfolk, no angry quarrels. The little Madonna sees to it that all is harmony. She does not like hard words and angry blows. She breathes peace."

The landlord spoke with some enthusiasm, but George Mowbray burst into a peal of loud, derisive laughter.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say you are as superstitious as that in Pontier, and can you really believe that a little wooden image, carried round the town in solemn state, will insure a fine day? Why, it's like a return to the middle ages. It's absolutely absurd."

His hearty laughter brought his two friends down into the parlour, and both Lord Heron and Hugh Carteret stared in some surprise at the flushed, angry landlord, and their excited friend.

"What's the joke?" asked Heron. "You seem hugely amused, George?" He lit a cigarette with languid fingers as he spoke. All his movements were neat and punctilious—almost feminine.

"Monsieur is pleased to laugh because I have told him about our little Madonna!" Jules, who had flushed a deep crimson, turned indignantly to the newcomers. "Monsieur does not believe in Madonna's powers," he continued. "Well, well—let him wait till he has seen her. He will think very differently then—very differently indeed."

He bustled out of the room as he spoke, afraid of betraying the intense indignation that he felt, for, after all, good customers must not be offended, even though they dared to scoff at the little Madonna. Besides, she could take care of herself—the blessed image—there was that consolation!

"How pagan we still are!" Hugh Carteret spoke in low tones. "That man who has just gone out of the room," he continued, "our worthy landlord, evidently firmly believes in the virtues of his Madonna. Just as the Greeks believed in the sublime merits of their household gods, and appealed to them for help, guidance, and protection. It is the pure triumph of faith over reason in both cases, of mind over matter."

He spoke with more seriousness than his wont. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with a great mop of red hair.

"My father would be hugely interested if he were here," he went on. "I believe the old man has got a warm corner in his heart for saints and images, notwithstanding that he is a priest of the Church of England, and he would simply delight in the procession which is going to pass through Pontier in an hour's time. I have heard all about it from the pretty little chambermaid, who is agog with excitement. After the little Madonna has been carried round the town, *mi-careme* begins with a vengeance. Shall we stay and see the fete, George? It seems almost a pity to miss the frolic, doesn't it?"

"Stay? Of course we will stay," answered Mowbray. "The motor shall lay up for a bit, poor old girl, and have a rest. I suppose we can buy confetti, streamers, and all that in this out-of-the-way place. Anyway, we'll help to paint the town red to-night; we'll dance with the village girls, and have a high old time—the little Madonna approving."

He said the last words rather mockingly, for George Mowbray fancied himself the sworn enemy to superstition of all sorts. He represented the new Oxford—superior, modern Oxford.

. . . .

"It certainly is an extremely pretty sight, and one I wouldn't have missed for a good deal."

Viscount Heron spoke with some enthusiasm. He was leaning over the balcony of the little sitting-room, which the landlord of the "Blue Jay" had put at the disposition of the three friends, gazing at the long procession which was slowly winding its way up the wide street, and would presently pass in front of the inn.

The sun was shining brightly, and it was one of those dazzling mornings when the whole land rejoices in the breath of spring; and as to the townsfolk of Pontier, they appeared to be intoxicated by the mere joy of living. There was a smile on every face, the women chatted together like bright-plumaged birds, the girls went gay in their caps tied with wide ribbons, and the fishermen, who were keeping *mi-careme* as a holiday, and so had abstained to-day from casting their nets into the sea, kept pouring out into the town—brown, olive-skinned men, who knew the ways of the deep waters, and the way to a woman's heart.

The crowd who lined the street on either side had been throwing confetti at each other in handfuls, and the three Englishmen, leaning over the vine-draped balcony, had amused themselves in the same way, selecting the prettiest girls to aim at, however, and trying to enlace the long paper streamers, which they kept throwing down, into the ribboned caps of the laughing, protesting peasant maidens.

But to-day was a day of license, and no exception was taken, for a spirit of intense delight appeared to animate the entire population of Pontier. They took their pleasure as frankly and as freely as children.

Yet, as the procession appeared in the distance, a curious spirit passed over the crowd. The girls ceased to laugh and chatter and the men to joke and make love. The older folk stopped laughing at each other's stories, the very children grew hushed and observant. A singular and, in its way, a very beautiful calm spread over the crowd, and a low whisper passed from mouth to mouth:

"The little Madonna comes—the little Madonna!"

"Look at that!" exclaimed Mowbray, turning in disgust to his friends. "Did you ever see such an instance of ridiculous superstition? They are afraid to open their mouths, these poor people, just because a wooden image is passing. All the fun of the fair will be put a stop to till the procession has gone by."

"Yes, the little Madonna keeps her people in good order," Heron laughed as he spoke and shrugged his shoulders, glancing up the street at the approaching procession.

But Hugh Carteret glanced anxiously at Mowbray. A look which had come into the other's face vaguely alarmed him. He knew it of old. He had seen it once before, when Mowbray had got into trouble up at Oxford with the authorities. He was afraid that his friend contemplated some rash action, and he touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Don't be an ass, George!" he whispered. "What are you thinking of doing? I can see there is some mischief up. Your face betrays you."

Mowbray laughed.

"I am going to show the good people of Pontier," he answered, "that the little Madonna is not an

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object of reverence to all who behold her. It's quite absurd to let people be so superstitious—it's wrong."

"You old idiot," Hugh protested. "It's no business of yours to interfere with other people's beliefs, George; and it would be abominable bad taste, to say the least of it, to do anything to offend these simple, quiet people. Besides, the Madonna is always the Madonna."

He said no more, aware of the utter uselessness of attempting to argue with Mowbray, whose obstinacy was proverbial; but his worst fears were realized a few moments later when, just as the Madonna's image was passing under the balcony, the smiling little wooden Madonna—such a brave, resolute little Madonna—George Mowbray deliberately leaned forward over the balcony and dropped some pink paper streamers over the head and shoulders of the image, crying out as he did so, in laughing, reckless tones:

"Mi-careme—mi-careme!"

He was hardly prepared, young and headstrong as he was, for the loud roar of angry voices which answered him, nor for the cry of "Sacrilege — sacrilege!" which burst from the throats of the crowd. A crowd no longer gay, good tempered, and peaceful, but a host of men and women stirred to their deepest depths—fierce-eyed and vehement—shrill of voice.

"Beat him—stone him—punish the insult to the little Madonna! Kill the insolent foreigner!"

So they shouted, the pale, angry townsfolk of Pontier, and with their voices mingled the oaths of the fishermen who reaped their harvest from the sea, and, for a second, things looked black—very black indeed—for George Mowbray, and to the day of his death the young man never forgot the loud, shrill shouts of the infuriated mob of angry men and women who hurled themselves against the closed doors of the inn, thirsting to avenge the insult to their Madonna.

"I'm sorry," Mowbray muttered to his friends, "that I have got you into this row, old men!" Then he straightened himself to his full height and waited for what was to come. But he knew he could do nothing against the human wave thundering at the door of the inn. These angry folk could trample him to death under their feet if they chose—pound him to a jelly.

"My children—my dear children!" The *cure* held up his hand, the gentle, silver-haired old man whom all Pontier loved; and as the priest spoke, the crowd halted in their wild attack on the door to listen to what the cure had to say.

"What are you about, my children?" he asked. "Is blood to be shed—and on this day of all days? Are we going to annoy the little Madonna, who is all love, all tenderness, by a display of brute passion? Why, I am ashamed of you—ashamed of you all. I could weep that you understand her so little, my children."

He waved a thin, frail hand, and as he did so order followed on disorder. Women began to weep gently—softly—and the men no longer clenched their hands, nor did the fisherfolk search for their knives.

As for George Mowbray, he drew a long, choked breath; then he realized that the *cure's* eyes were fixed upon him, and the next second the old man addressed him in stern, clear tones:

"You will be sorry for what you have done, my son—sorry, in God's good time; you have been lacking in respect to the little Madonna—but your sin is the arrogance of youth. You do not know—you do not understand."

He said no more, and a moment later the procession had passed on. The whole episode was apparently over.

But George Mowbray, crouching back against the balustraded balcony, felt acutely conscious of the shameful humiliation of all that had happened, and the sorry part he had played. He had tried to laugh at the little Madonna, and now it appeared that he owed his life to her priest, and he hated the little wooden image—he hated it. He had been spared by the mob because the Madonna must not be annoyed; but he would rather they had crushed him under their feet, he thought, he had rather they had stoned him with their stones.

His friends, too, his travelling companions! He could see that they judged him hardly—that they thought he had behaved shamefully, as perhaps he had; but, even so, he was not going to own up to it—no, not he, and a mood of utter sullenness descended upon Mowbray. He felt a moral Ishmael, and that his hand was against every man's.

"Phew! That was a narrow squeak!" Heron spoke in low tones. The young man had turned rather pale, and Mowbray scorned him in his heart for a coward, then scowled impatiently at the landlord, who had by now made his way up to the sitting-room, and was begging the Englishmen, in shrill, excitable tones, to take their departure from the inn, for he would not harbour any guests who had insulted the little Madonna, he declared, no, not he; and later on in the evening the crowd might get into an ugly temper again, when the *cure* was no longer by to restrain them, and harm might be done—the inn wrecked.

So let the white motor take the Englishmen away—away from Pontier—and as quickly as might be.

Mowbray growled defiance. He would not leave Pontier, he swore, till he chose to, and he would take his own time about leaving—stay a week if he wanted to, and more. But he had to yield, after a while, to his friends' councils, for both young men assured him, with vehemence, that they did not intend to get their heads broken or be maltreated by an angry crowd, because he happened to be of a particularly mulish disposition.

They had their way in the end, and Mowbray gave a reluctant consent that the car should be brought out; so in less than an hour after the procession had passed by the inn, his great white motor went snorting and puffing down the street, tearing its wild way from Pontier town.

But George Mowbray swore sullenly to himself that he would return to Pontier that very night—motor back whilst his companions slept the sleep of the just. Yes, he would leave his motor outside the town and make his way stealthily towards the chapel, the grey stone chapel dedicated to the little Madonna, and he would steal the wooden image. He would carry it away with him in his motor, and then the laugh would be on his side—though it would be but an ugly laugh at best.

So he swore to himself as he drove the car on at a wild, furious pace, whilst his two friends watched him silently.

. . . .

It was very dark in the chapel where the little Madonna had her shrine. The little Madonna had been put quietly into her niche after all the excitement of *mi-careme,* the offerings of the faithful at her feet, in the shape of long wreaths of faded flowers—flowers which still exhaled a faint, delicate fragrance.

A red lamp burnt at the foot of the shrine, and this faint glow of light guided George Mowbray through the darkness of the chapel to where she stood. Here was the little Madonna he had come to carry off in his strong arms, the plain, little, wooden image, with its brave smile and gaudy silk robes; and he smiled triumphantly as he found himself face to face with the image, for his plan had worked so beautifully.

He had deserted his motor a quarter of a mile from Pontier—left the car on the high road to take care of itself, and he had made his way quite easily into the chapel. He had merely had to break open a crazy old wooden door to effect an entrance, and to ease his conscience of the theft of the Madonna he intended leaving behind him banknotes to the amount of over sixty pounds.

Pontier town could afford to buy a brand-new wax image for that sum, he reflected. A smiling, shining Madonna—but he doubted if they would worship her with the fond superstition they had bestowed upon the little wooden image. She would be too new—too smiling—too fine.

He stared at the wooden Madonna, and the little Madonna stared back. The red lamp revealed each to each plainly, for all that it was so dark in the chapel—the shadows so deep—so profound—and the silence so intense—so still.

It was strange—very strange—but as George Mowbray looked at the Madonna he thought of his mother—the mother who had died when he was quite a little chap—barely six years old. The mother who had owned such cool, soft hands and the sweetest voice he had ever heard—a voice which sometimes sounded in his dreams. And how marvellous it was—how extraordinary—but surely those painted blue eyes of the little Madonna's had grown to have a curious likeness to his mother's eyes! They were so wistful and tender—so pure and kind. They beamed with the sacred light of mother love—they were the holiest eyes in all the world.

He dropped on his knees, and as he stared at the little Madonna her face seemed to change again, and this time he caught the faint, fleeting reflection of the smile of a girl at home—*the* girl, and he was going to tell her—*the* girl—that he loved her, when he returned to England—and he guessed—he was quite sure—what her answer would be.

How strange that the little Madonna had her smile, though—her faint, dreamy, virginal smile, which he would be almost afraid to kiss away from her lips, to brush with his own lips.

He held out his hands, raising them to the little Madonna as though in fervent supplication, and he fancied it was no longer a small wooden image he gazed at, but a woman—a woman who was mother to the whole world. He dreamed he was a child again, and that his face was pressed against a cool, soft cheek.

He sobbed—low, passionate sobs. He understood now what the mystery of Faith means, and why men can see what they want to see. How mere wood can turn to living flesh and blood at the needs and dictates of the soul.

He was a long time on his knees. He hid his face in his hands, and it seemed to him that he was compassed about by a great tenderness, by all the passion of a woman's pity and love.

He was conscious of the presence of his mother. He was sure his hair stirred lightly on his forehead at the touch of her fingers, or was it all a dream—a strange, waking dream?

He could not tell, for when the dawn came—the wonderful pearly dawn—it was just a little wooden Madonna who smiled down on him. A little wooden Madonna, gay in her gaudy silk robes, and with bright painted eyes. But he bowed himself to the dust before he quitted her presence, and he left his tribute behind him.

The old *cure* smiled when he found some loose banknotes fluttering amongst the offerings of the faithful at the feet of the Madonna's shrine — fluttering amongst those wreaths of faded flowers which still exhaled faint perfume—and his smile was a beautiful thing to see.

"So the Englishmen came to the little Madonna, and all is forgotten and forgiven, eh?" The old man murmured the words slowly—happily—to himself; then he gazed up at the wooden image.

"Mother of all the world," he breathed, "pray for all your sons."

The little Madonna smiled—she was always smiling—she was motherhood itself.

La Belle Marie.

The maid looked out on the wind-swept sea
Where the spoondrift drove on the breath of the gale.
Oh, fair as a dusk red rose was she,
As she sought her lover's sail;
For she was the pride of the Norman Coast,
The flower of Normandie,
Who watched for the absent fisher host!
Alas, La Belle Marie!

La Belle Marie, La Belle Marie, there are many prayers in the litany;
There's one for the wedded and one for the free, and one for the brave men lost at sea.
Oh! gray are your eyes as the storm-swept lea, but where are your roses, Belle Marie?

Three nights wore on and three dawns broke dun,
And the maid still watched for a sign of the fleet.
Alas for the wedding-gown begun
And the girl-dreams, fair and sweet!
Alas for homes of the Norman Coast,
Alas for Normandie,
Alas for the absent fisher host,
Alas, La Belle Marie!

La Belle Marie, La Belle Marie, there are many beads in your rosary;
There's one for the wedded and one for the free, and one for the brave men lost at sea.
Oh! gray are your eyes as the storm-swept lea, but where is your lover, Belle Marie?

The fourth day broke in a sob of rain,
And a ship came in on the turn of the tide.
The heart of the maid beat warm again
As a boat's crew left the side;
For she was the pride of the Norman Coast,
The flower of Normandie,
The ship of the man she loved the most,
The tattered Belle Marie!

La Belle Marie, La Belle Marie, there are many beads in your rosary;
There's one for the wedded and one for the free, and one for the brave men lost at sea.
Oh! gray are your eyes as the storm-swept lea, and here is your lover, Belle Marie!

They laid him down at her feet stark dead,
And the maiden gave nor a sob nor a groan,
But into her lap she took his head,
And she sat as turned to stone.
Alas for the flower of the Norman Coast,
Alas for Normandie,
Alas for the man she loved the most,
Alas, La Belle Marie!

La Belle Marie, La Belle Marie, you shall hear the prayers in the litany;
There's one for the wedded and one for the free, and one for the brave men lost at sea!
And hark! Through the roar of the storm-wracked lea, the spades in the churchyard, Belle Marie!

—Frederick Truesdall, in Appleton's Magazine

THE YELLOW GOD

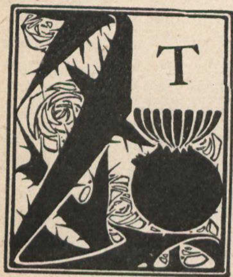
BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AUTHOR OF "SHE". "KING SOLOMON'S MINES". "THE WITCH'S HEAD". ETC.

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Champers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Champers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion.

CHAPTER IV.

BARBARA.



THERE was no bridge or billiards at the Court that night, where ordinarily the play ran high enough. After Mr. Haswell had been carried to his room, some of the guests—among them Sir Robert Aylward—went to bed, remarking that they could do no good by sitting up; while others, more concerned, waited to hear the verdict of the doctor, who must drive from six miles away. He came, and half an hour later Barbara entered the billiard room and told Alan, who was sitting there, smoking, that her uncle had recovered from his faint and that the doctor, who was stopping there all night, said that he was in no danger, only suffering from a heart attack brought on apparently by over-work or excitement.

At breakfast, as in her note she had said she would, Barbara appeared wearing a short skirt. Sir Robert, who was there also, looking extremely pale even for him, and with black rims round his eyes, asked her if she was going to golf, to which she answered that she would think it over. It was a somewhat melancholy meal, and as though by common consent, no mention was made of Jeeki's tale of the Yellow God, and beyond the usual polite inquiries, very little of their host's seizure.

As Barbara went out she whispered to Alan, who opened the door for her, "Meet me at half-past ten in the kitchen garden."

Accordingly, having changed his clothes surreptitiously, Alan, avoiding the others, made his way by a circuitous route to the kitchen garden, which, after the fashion of modern places, was hidden behind a belt of trees nearly a quarter of a mile from the house. Here he wandered about till presently he heard Barbara's pleasant voice behind him saying:

"Don't dawdle so, we shall be late for church."

So they started somewhat furtively, like runaway children. As they went Alan asked how her uncle was.

"All right now," she answered, "but he has had a bad shake. It was that Yellow God story which did it. I know, for I was there when he was coming to, with Sir Robert. He kept talking about it in a confused manner, saying that it was swimming to him across the floor, till at last Sir Robert bent over him and told him to be quiet, quite sternly. Do you know, Alan, I believe your pet fetish has been manifesting itself in some unpleasant fashion up there in the office."

"Indeed! If so, it must be since I left, for I never heard of anything of the sort, nor are Aylward and your uncle likely people to see ghosts. In fact, Sir Robert wished to give me more than £15,000 for the thing only the day before yesterday, which doesn't look as though it had been frightening him."

"Well, he won't repeat the offer, Alan, for I heard him promise my uncle only this morning that it should be sent back to Yarleys at once. But why did he want to buy it for such a lot of money? Tell me quickly, Alan, I am dying to hear the whole story."

So he began and told her, omitting nothing, while she listened eagerly to every word, hardly interrupting him at all until they reached the church.

The simple service went on; the first lesson was read. It cried woe upon them that join house to house and field to field, that draw iniquity with cords of vanity and sin as it were with a cart-rope; that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that justify the wicked for reward; that feast full but regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hand, for of such it prophesied that their houses, great and fair, should be without inhabitant and desolate.

It was very well read, and Alan, listening, thought that the denunciations of the old seer of thousands of years ago were not inappropriate to the dwellers in some houses great and fair of his own day, who, whatever they did or left undone, regarded not the work of the Lord neither considered the operation of His hand.

"Shall we walk home by the woods, Alan?" asked Barbara. "It is three miles round, but we don't lunch till two."

"What did you mean, Barbara, when you said that I should be a grateful man to-day?" asked Alan presently.

Barbara looked him in the eyes in that open, virginal fashion of hers, and answered in the words of the lesson, "Woe unto them that draw iniquity with the cords of vanity and sin as it were with a cart-rope, that lay house to house"—and through an opening in the woods she pointed to the roofs of the Court standing on one hill, and to the roof of Old Hall standing upon another—"and field to field" and with a sweep of her hand she indicated all the country round, "for many houses great and fair that have music in their feasts shall be left desolate." Then turning, she said:

"Do you understand now, Alan?"

"I think so," he answered. "You mean that I have been in bad company."

"Very bad, Alan. One of them is my own uncle, but the truth remains the truth. Alan, they are no better than thieves; all this wealth is stolen, and I thank God that you have found it out in time before you became one of them in heart as well as in name."

"If you mean the Sahara Syndicate," he said, "the idea is sound enough; indeed, I am responsible for it. The thing can be done, great benefits would result—too long to go into."

"Yes, yes, Alan, but you know that they never mean to do it, they only mean to get the millions from the public. I have lived with my uncle for ten years, ever since my poor father died, and I know the backstairs of the business. There have been half a dozen schemes like this, and although they have had their bad times, very bad times, he and Sir Robert have grown richer and richer. But what has happened to those who have invested in them? Oh! let us drop the subject, it is unpleasant. For myself, it doesn't matter, because, although it isn't under my control, I have money of my own. You know we are a plebian lot on the male side, my grandfather was a draper in a large way of business, my father was a coal merchant who made a great fortune. His brother, my uncle, in whom my father always believed implicitly, took to what is called finance, and when my father died he left me, his only child, in his guardianship. Until I am five and twenty I cannot even marry or touch a halfpenny without his consent; in fact, if I should marry against his will the most of my money goes to him."

"I expect that he has got it already," said Alan.

"No, I think not. I found out that, although it is not mine, it is not his. He can't draw it without my signature, and I steadily refuse to sign anything. Again and again they have brought me documents, and I have always said that I would consider them at five and twenty, when I came of age under my father's will. I went on the sly to a lawyer in Kingswell, and paid him a guinea for his advice, and he put me up to that. 'Sign nothing,' he said, and I have signed nothing, so, except by forgery, nothing can have gone. Still for all that it may have gone. For anything I know I am not worth more than the clothes I stand in, although my father was a very rich man."

"If so, we are about in the same boat, Barbara," Alan answered with a laugh, "for my present possessions are Yarleys, which brings in about £100 a year less than the interest on its mortgages and cost of upkeep, and the £1,700 that Aylward paid me back on Friday for my shares. If I had stuck to them I understand that in a week or two I should have been worth £100,000, and now you see, here I am, over thirty years of age, without a profession, invalided out of the army, and having failed in finance, a mere bit of driftwood without hope and without a trade."

"You are a curious creature, Alan," she said. "Why didn't you take the £15,000 for that fetish of yours? It would have been a fair deal and have set you on your legs."

"I don't know," he answered dejectedly. "It went against the grain, so what is the use of talking about it? I think my old uncle Austin told me it wasn't to be parted with. No, perhaps it was Jeeki. Bother the Yellow God, it is always cropping up."

"Yes," replied Barbara, "the Yellow God is always cropping up, especially in this neighbourhood."

"I daresay I am a fool," said Alan. "If I wasn't I should not have mentioned my misfortune to you, but sometimes things are too much for one. Forget it and forgive me."

"Oh! yes," she said, "I forgive you; a woman can generally forgive a man for being fond of her. Whatever she may say, she is ready to take a lenient view of his human weakness. But as to forgetting, that is a different matter. I don't exactly see why I should be so anxious to forget, who haven't many people to care about me," and she looked at him in quite a new fashion.

"You—don't—mean," he said doubtfully, "you don't really mean?" and he stood hesitating.

"If you would put your question a little more clearly, Alan, I might be able to give you an answer," she replied, that quaint little smile of hers creeping to the corners of her mouth like sunshine through a mist of rain.

"You don't really mean," he went on, "that you care anything about me, like, like I have cared for you for years?"

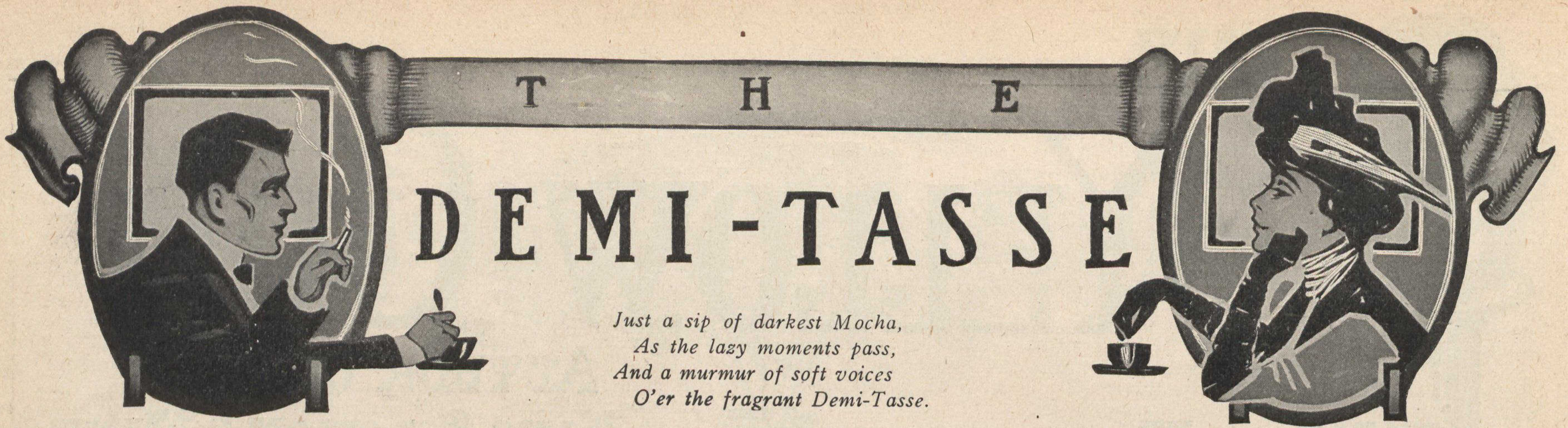
"Oh, Alan!" she said, laughing outright, "why in the name of goodness shouldn't I care about you? I didn't say that I do, mind, but why shouldn't I? What is the gulf between us?"

"The old one," he answered, "that between Dives and Lazarus."

"Alan," said Barbara, looking down, "I don't know what has come over me, but for some unexplained and inexplicable reason I am inclined to give Lazarus a lead—across that gulf."

"I love you, I love you!" he said huskily.

(Contined on page 25.)



Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.

A DOUBTFUL CLIMATE.

There have been many witticisms at the expense of certain localities, but perhaps this description of Sierra Leone was most suggestive: "This is a district which always has two governors—one coming out alive and the other going home dead."

* * *

TOM AGREED.

The Ottawa wife gently rustled the evening paper.

"Tom!"

"Yes."

"Do you think Harry Thaw was insane on his wedding day? The paper says his wife's going to try to prove it."

"Any man's insane on his wedding day," said Tom gruffly and a great silence settled over that happy home.

* * *

NOT REASSURING.

AN old lady refused to be comforted by her pastor's assurance that, when he left, she would have a better pastor as his successor. "Na, na," she said, "I have seen fourteen changes in the meenesters since I attended the kirk, an' every ane has been waur than anither."

* * *

UNDER ARREST.

THE *Argonaut* is authority for the statement that in Kansas City the police even arrest on Sunday musicians who give concerts and that a marshal recently said to the grand jury of that city: "Several persons who participated in the Philharmonic Orchestra's concert this week got away. We were unable to catch Beethoven, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Chopin and R. Wagner, whose names appeared upon the programme. I would suggest that warrants be issued for them." The distinguished musicians are probably enjoying the comforts of *The Houseboat on the Styx,* which comes under no extradition law and may continue their discussion undisturbed by the legislators of Kansas City.

* * *

THE PLUMBER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the plumber's daughter,
Her father's work, so dear, so dear,
That I would like to be the man
To whisper in her ear.
That I might win the gold again
Her father stole from me,
And I'd leave his beauteous daughter
When far across the sea.

It is the plumber's daughter,
Her diamonds are so bright, so bright,
I'd like to be the burglar
To break in her room at night,
And hoping that she was asleep,
I'd gather in the brilliant heap.

It is the plumber's daughter,
And she would grow so mad, so mad,
At the cruel way I paid her
For the thieving of her dad,
She'd try to tear my raven hair,
And I? I'd laugh at her despair.

—From "Heather to Golden Rod."

* * *

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

THERE is a club in a Canadian city which contains an aged member, who takes advantage of his many decades to bully the younger habitues. The hectoring member goes by the nickname of "The General" and is especially averse to gossip of a sordid sort. On a certain January afternoon two of the junior members were discussing a certain Smith whose obstinacy they united in condemning.

"I tell you," said a large and loud-voiced friend laying his hand on the other's knee, "Smith positively exults in his stubbornness. Even after you've proved him wrong, he goes on hugging his error."

"Eh! What's that?" said the General, suddenly rousing from a doze, "'pon my word, it's simply scandalous the way you chaps talk. What did you say her name is?"

The week following this episode saw one of the youngest members, of the cheerful name of Higgs, get even with the General, who is fond of telling interminable yarns with the point of the joke so blunted that even the most deferential listener finds it weary work to smile. Higgs had suffered much from the General's long-winded narratives and when the latter paused in his story to say reminiscently: "Let me see now! What did the bishop say? Dear me, where *is* that joke?" Higgs mildly suggested:

"Perhaps it's gone to the barber's, sir, to have its whiskers trimmed."

* * *

LIMERICKS OF THE DAY.

Our Press, from St. John to B. C.,
Thought they'd bought Kipling's work with much glee.
But a cute Yankee weekly
Stepped in, soft and sleekly,
And said: "Rudyard's stuff is for me."

There was a proud Kaiser named Bill
Who gave fair Britannia a chill.
He wrote of the Navy
In lines neat and wavy,
And made poor Lord Tweedmouth quite ill.

J. G.

* * *

HIS REPUTATION.

A CERTAIN shrewd lawyer of London, Ontario, was visiting a Hamilton man, named MacGregor or something equally Celtic, and in the course of the evening a small daughter of the host made the London man's acquaintance.

"I heard about you, Mr. L——," she said solemnly and the guest felt flattered by her earnest gaze.

"I hope it's all been good, Miss Dorothy."

"Um-m," she murmured, while her innocent blue eyes took on the seraphic expression of reflective childhood: "I heard Daddie tell Mother the other night that he couldn't understand how you kept out of gaol."

The guest turned his attention to the family portraits while it was discovered that dear little Dorothy's bed-time was over-due.

* * *

SPRING FEVER.

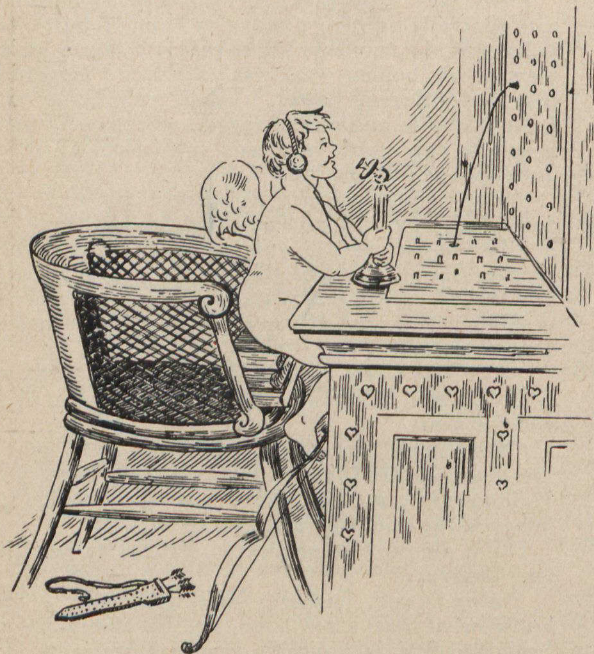
Oh, spring is here again with the warm yellow sun,
I can hear the birds a-singing in the dell.
(And the spring house-cleanin' is awaitin' to be done
And I ain't a-feelin' extry well.)

The crocus and tulips have come out so bold;
The buds are bursting on the maple tree.
(There are cobwebs in the top-mast and ashes in the hold,
And I know that work ain't good for me.)

When everything is wearing such a bright, springy look,
And all the birds and flowers seem so glad,
(And all the rugs and curtains are awaitin' to be shook,)
Oh, I wonder why I feel so bad!

Louise C. Glasgow.

Cupid at the Switch



A MUCH-USED HEART LINE

He: "Give me Miss Coquette."
Cupid: "Line busy."

Drawn for the "Canadian Courier" by F. P. FitzGerald

The Chink as Servant

YOU cannot get a British Columbia matron to say the Chinaman should go. The Jap is already a fixture in domestic life, and all the Natal Acts in Parliament—all the Joseph Martin meetings in public—all the political poetry spoken concerning the yellow slant-eyed won't displace him from his stronghold, the British Columbia kitchen. Why, "Hi Henry" and "Yang Loo" are entrenched behind the cooking-stove, and, I'll warrant, were a command given to-morrow to every yellow man to walk out of town, every mistress of every British Columbia home would defend the right of the Oriental; would deny even parliamentary authority, and "Hi Henry" and "Yang Loo" know it well.

Dislike his colour as you will you can't get away from the fact that John Chinaman makes a model servant. He arrives early at the back door, is noiseless in movement and quick in attendance upon your wants. He hears, sees and says nothing of what goes on in his presence; he is as honest as he finds it politic to be—and no more can be said of most of us—and he stays in your service until he is really a necessity and finds his ability a commercial asset. That day he knocks timidly at your sitting-room door—all his work done to perfection—and salaaming until his nose touches the carpet he tells you how his cousin, or maybe his aunt or uncle, is dead—he must go to bury him—or her—he is "solly, belly solly go leave so good a Missie-bossy, but my clousin belly dead, make go home heap put him in le glound!" He goes. Next day a lady friend, calling, tells you of the kitchen treasure she has secured; it is your late John, who has gone to bury his cousin.

The Jap servant arrives shining like a new boot; he carries an air of truth about him and several books (English), which he deposits upon the kitchen table. He tells you: "Me like fifteen dolla's, but me work one week—you gib me fifteen dolla's me work well. Me not work so well you gib me twel' dolla's. You sabe me like come lean'n how you work well." He is worth fifteen dolla's and proves it. When he has learned all he feels you can teach him—having, during working hours, absorbed all his English vocabulary-book gives him — he, apologetically, informs you he is going away; but, before making this statement, he has provided you with a substitute—always a cousin—whose perfections are set forth in so convincing a manner that you are bound to believe it is self-abasement takes him off and out of desire for your personal comfort he substitutes this smiling "cousin." They use this "cousin" on all occasions, do these almond-eyed sons of Joss; they pass them as the beaver-skin or the shell passed for collateral in early days; but as they pass on they gather together all that the Canadian can teach. This done they become "equal," and stand afar numbering themselves as merchants and land-owners in the west coast. After all, I believe these yellow men have come to teach us rather than to learn of us; for their loyalty to the homeland of their fathers—their cunning in adopting and adapting themselves to Canadian ways is, beyond doubt (or cavil), worthy our imitation.—Mary Markwell in "Manitoba Free Press."

A Great Conductor

From M. A. P.

MR. HANS RICHTER, the famous conductor, to whose enthusiasm Londoners are to a great extent indebted for the performance of Wagner's *Ring* in English at Covent Garden this year, has probably done more than any living foreign musician for the cultivation of good music in this country. Dr. Richter is by birth a Hungarian, and as a young man was engaged as a copyist by Wagner himself, who had a high opinion of his abilities.

Some idea of Richter's versatility may be gained from the fact that at one of the early performances of *Die Meistersinger* he played an important part at almost a moment's notice owing to the illness of one of the performers. It is said, too, that he can play nearly every instrument in any ordinary orchestra. In 1879 Dr. Richter came to London, where he astounded the musical critics by his brilliant conducting. Since that time he has devoted himself to popularising Wagner's music in England. He does not believe that the English are an unmusical nation, and is a great admirer of British composers—especially of Sir Edward Elgar.

Dr. Richter has the reputation of being something of a martinet, but in spite of this fact no conductor is more popular among the members of his orchestra. During a rehearsal of Tschaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* scenes some time ago, Richter was much annoyed at the calm way in which the players were taking the impassioned music. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, suddenly stopping short, "you are all playing like married men, not like lovers!" Another time, he was put out by someone tapping on the floor while he was conducting. He bore it patiently for some moments, but at last turned round sharply to the offender, and covered him with confusion with the remark: "I am sorry to trouble you, but I cannot always keep time with your foot."

Once Dr. Richter was conducting at the opera in Paris, and owing to the hot weather he led the orchestra wearing the regulation dress coat and a pair of white cricketing trousers. Of course, from his place in the conductor's chair his discrepancy in costume could not be seen by the audience. At the end of the performance, however, the applause was so clamorous that Dr. Richter was obliged to appear before the footlights to the intense amusement of the huge audience.

THE ALIEN ROSE.

By KATHERINE HALE.

God set a great Rose blooming in the sun,
And made it red as love and strong and tall;
Then, from its crimson kindred, taught this one
Escape—beyond the Rosary's ancient wall.

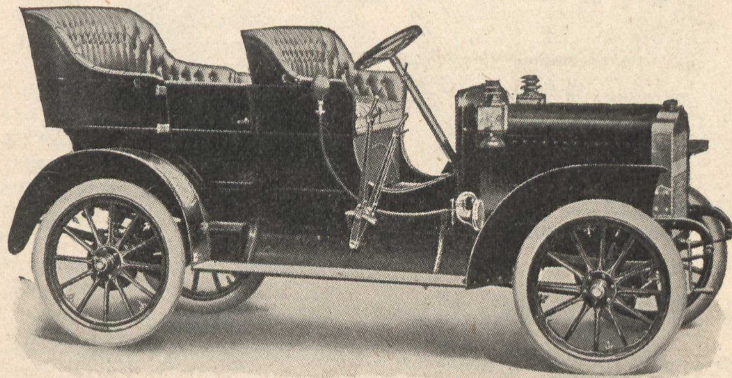
And every man, as he passed by, paused long
And looked and loved; then sought the Garden's mart.
Each said: "This flower is like a perfect song,"
But plucked it not because it stood apart.

If it had grown with others of its kind,
Some lover would have found and held it fast;
Because 'twas solitary just God's wind
Caught its strange sweetness, seized its soul at last.

—*Canadian Magazine.*

A WESTERN teacher says that she once told a pupil to compose a brief essay in which he should say something about all the days in the week. The lad turned in the following: "Monday, Jim Moulton and I killed a deer, and there was meat enough to last over Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday."

The "Maxwell"



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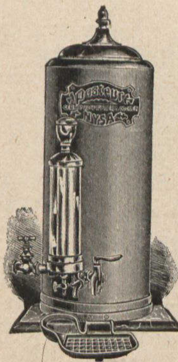

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BRITISH NOTES

London, February 28th, 1908.

THE last week of February was a memorable one in the history of the British Parliament. One would have thought that Mr. McKenna's Education Bill, introduced on Monday, was quite sufficient to occupy the attention of the House of Commons for the whole of the week. But the Government thought otherwise, so they capped the big performance of Monday by introducing what is undoubtedly their greatest measure of the session—the Licensing Bill.

Boldness is certainly the keynote of the Government's proposals with regard to licensing reform, and tribute was paid to the greatness of the occasion by the packed state of the House. Members, unable to find ordinary seats anywhere, sat on the gangway stairs and stood in the doorways and behind the Speaker's chair.

It fell to the lot of Mr. Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and virtual leader of the House, to introduce this piece de resistance in the Commons. He did it in his usual calm and collected manner, showing very little of the fire and emotion that we usually associate with the great orator, but no man could have been more completely master of his subject and its intricate details. For an hour and a half Mr. Asquith stood and expounded his bill, revealing and amplifying the salient points of the measure to a deeply interested assembly. The most striking proposal in it is the suppression of no fewer than 32,000 public houses, or, in other words, one-third of the total number now in existence in England and Wales. The sweeping nature of this proposal is clearly demonstrated by the following instances: In the centre of the city of Birmingham the application of the Government's scheme will abolish 141 out of 158 licenses. In central Cardiff, 85 out of 108; and in the heart of the city of Nottingham 69 out of 70 licenses. The basis of reduction is, one on-license for every 750 persons in towns, and one for every 400 in country districts. It may be left to the mathematical mind to work out how many people there are to each public house in the country at present, when it involves the sweeping away of 32,000 licenses to bring the number down to the proportion of one in 750, or one in 400, as the case may be.

Of course the temperance people are jubilant over the boldness of the Government's Bill, but they are not alone in praising it. The Archbishop of Canterbury declares that "It is a good bill, and it will have our support"—which is about the least he could have said. The Labour Party, if possible, cheered louder than the Liberals as the Government's intentions were made known, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, chairman of the party, told the house that he had never heard unfolded there a bill which gave him such unqualified satisfaction.

It should be pointed out that the great majority of the public houses in England and Wales are run by the big brewery companies, and the landlords are simply their tenants. The money for compensating the holders of suppressed licenses will be raised, as at present, by a levy on the brewers, to be vested in a national authority. The independent license-holders will, of course, be compensated in full.

* * *

ONE rubbed one's eyes vigorously to stand by and witness the marriage of Mr. R. C. Hawkin and Miss Marie Botha, the sister of General Louis Botha, at the old Dutch church in the City of London. Most Englishmen, of course, who know anything about politics know also Mr. Hawkin, a keen young barrister, and secretary of the Eighty Club, one of the largest and best organised political clubs in England, particularly distinguished for its strong advocacy of Free Trade and the number of young politicians it has reared. The marriage of Mr. Hawkin and Miss Botha aroused extraordinary interest, and the little old church, originally given by King Edward VI. to the Dutch merchants in London, was altogether too small to accommodate the numerous guests. Among these were to be seen the Lord Chancellor (Lord Loreburn), who is president of the Eighty Club; Mr. Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Right Hon. Thomas Shaw, the Lord Advocate; Lord Kinnaird, Lord Carrington, Lord Courtney, the Bishop of Hereford, the Lord and Lady Mayoress and Sheriffs of the City of London, and a large number of members of Parliament. Part of the service was in Dutch, and part in English, and the address was delivered by Dr. Clifford, the veteran nonconformist leader.

Mrs. R. C. Hawkin, formerly Miss Marie Botha.

* * *

THE changes in the fortunes of General Botha within the last six or seven years have formed a striking object lesson in British Imperialism. From being the Commandant in Chief of the Boer forces in South Africa, and undoubtedly the ablest Boer leader, he is now the Right Hon. Louis Botha, first Prime Minister of the Transvaal. Botha was undoubtedly the most picturesque figure at the Colonial Conference, held a few months ago in London. But it seemed to me, who had seen the khaki-clad Boer general during his visit to England just after the war in South Africa—it seemed quite a different person, this frock-coated Transvaal Premier. There was the same sphinx-like countenance, slumbrous and typically Dutch, yet with a suggestion of passion and deep feeling behind it. There were the same well-preserved figure and trim, pointed beard. And yet, somehow, it seemed as if the old Botha, whom one always associated with a uniform and military command, was dead and another person occupied his frame. That was the impression I got as I saw him arrive, with the short and somewhat insignificant Jameson and the striking, white-haired Laurier, with the rest of them, at the Guildhall, where they were feted by the City of London.

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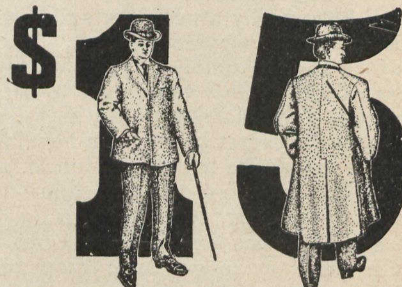

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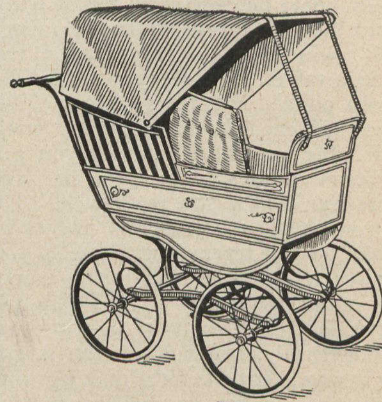
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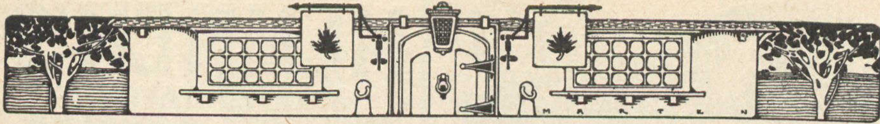

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

FROLICSOME FRITZI.

AFTER more than a year of rumoured theatrical engagements in Canada, that delightful artist, Madame Fritzi Scheff, has come to this country in *Mademoiselle Modiste*. Voice, manner and figure are irresistibly sprightly and the Canadian public becomes enthusiastic over the dainty charm of the lady with the piquant name. Schumann-Heink is an unwieldy compound, Ellen Beach Yaw is a surname which any singermight shun but "Fritzi Scheff" has a dancing, mirthful suggestion which is entirely becoming to the little lady who is so called. Such hats and gowns and alluring bits of shoes! Canadian girls may admire and envy but only a woman with French blood coursing gayly through her veins could wear these bewitching Scheffian creations with the proper air. In October, 1901, at the State concert given before the royal visitors, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, now the Prince and Princess of Wales, in Massey Hall, Toronto, Madame Calve was the leading artist but Madame Fritzi Scheff aroused even more interest than the *Carmen* specialist. However, the concert sphere was hardly the ideal scene for the unique singer who has found a part or rather an opera "made for her," in *Mademoiselle Modiste*.

Madame Fritzi Scheff in the Blossom-Herbert opera, "Mademoiselle Modiste," at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, this week.

* * *

ON THE CAR.

STREET-CAR conductors are a much-abused class and the irritated passenger seldom pauses to consider that the conductor also has his trials and provocations. But anyone who cares to observe the demeanour of these employees on city cars may be struck with the consideration usually accorded the weak or the aged. An old woman or a child is given patient help which frequently goes without a word of thanks. It is the grown-up, whether business man or capable woman, who is likely to arouse the conductor's impatience and wrath. After all, it is not a primrose path, that of the man who takes the fares and begs or orders the strap-holders to "move to the front—lots of room!" Perhaps he also could tell queer tales of that many-sided creature, the Public, if he chose to tell about the oddities which are all in the day's work. The fussy woman is, doubtless, one of his most thorny troubles. She tells him, as she enters the car, that she wants to get off at B—— street and abuses him soundly when he fails to remember her early request. But the woman who causes the light of suppressed swear words to flash in the conductorial eye is she who pauses to say "good-bye" to a friend, with injunctions to "come and see us" and the declaration, "so glad I happened to meet you," ere she takes a perilous plunge towards the door.

* * *

DIAMONDS NOT IN DEMAND.

FEW Canadian women will be greatly worried over the present unpopularity of the diamond. It seems that even the "new rich" have decided that stones which do not glitter are to be preferred to the insolent brilliance of the diamond. Pearls and sapphires are the present favourites, with the turquoise in close proximity. Chains of curious design and stones of quaint cutting are far more desirable in the fancy of to-day than more conspicuous adornment.

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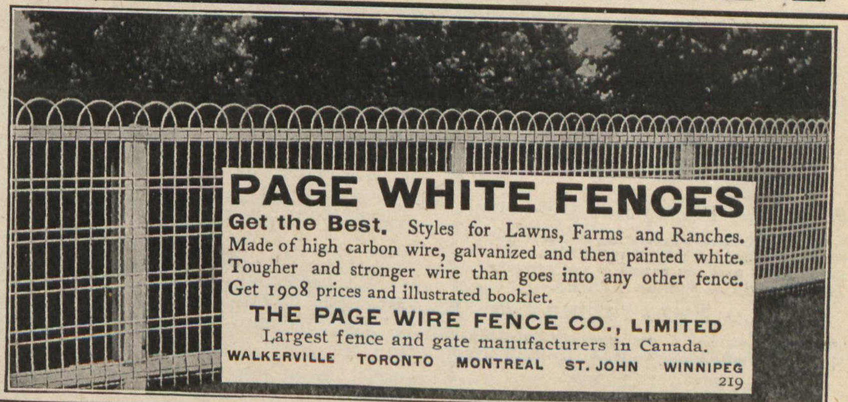

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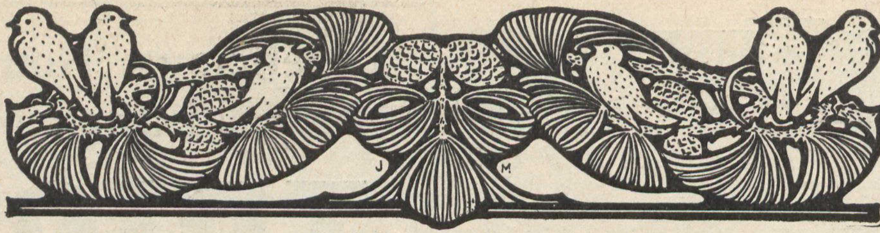

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE FETCHING SMILE.

A YOUTHFUL Crocodile once lived
Within the river Nile,
Far away;
Who when he saw the Candyman
Was always seen to smile,
So they say.
And while very many people
Have a sweet tooth to be fed,
This Crocodile was said to have
A hundred in his head;
And the way he'd gobble candy
You might almost call ill-bred
In a way.

Each time the Candyman appeared
A-peddling on the shore
Of the Nile,
He plainly showed he wished to see
That Crocodile no more
For awhile;
For the Crocodile would always beg
And never had a penny,
And though he knew the terms were *cash*,
He knew he hadn't any,
Yet begged the more and got his sweets;
He also knew, *not many*
Had his smile.

* * *

A WONDERFUL HORSE.

THERE was an inn in Yorkshire where the ostler was a bad fellow and cheated the poor horses of their food. Robin Hood heard of this, and thought he would see for himself if it were true.

He rode to the place on his favourite black horse, and giving the animal into the hands of the ostler, saw it placed in the stable. The man then went to get food for the horse, and whilst he was gone Robin Hood managed to slip into the stable unseen and hide himself under the straw. The ostler soon returned with a measure of oats and bran which he emptied into the manger. Then he took a canvas bag which he had brought with him for the purpose, and filled it with the oats and bran. He hid the stolen food in a corner of the stable and went away.

When he had gone, Robin Hood came out from his hiding-place, and sat down to dinner. Having dined, he asked the ostler: "What have you given my horse?"

"A measure of oats and bran, as your honour ordered," replied the man; "if you have any doubt ask the cook, for he saw me take it to the stable."

"Well," said Robin, "we will see what the horse has to say; fetch him."

When the horse was brought, its master patted it, and the affectionate animal rubbed its nose against his ear.

"Hark!" said Robin Hood, "do you hear what the horse is saying?"

"No, indeed," cried the astonished landlord; "what does he say?"

"He tells me that instead of giving him the corn, the ostler stole it, and put it in a bag which he hid in the stable."

"Well," said the landlord, "we can easily prove if what your horse says is true. Let us go and see."

They looked in the stable and soon found the bag. On this the bad ostler was dismissed.

"That is a wonderful horse of yours," said the landlord; "what will you sell him for?"

"Twenty times his weight in gold, and nothing less," replied Robin Hood.—Little Folks.

* * *

AN OMELETTE PATTERN.

A LITTLE girl, lunching out, was detected in the act of cramming a large yellow handful of Spanish omelette into the pocket of her pink frock.

"Why," exclaimed her mother, "what on earth are you about? Put that back on your plate at once. Why, I never heard of such a thing. What on earth do you mean by it?"

"It is so good, muvver," the child explained, "I just thought I'd take a piece home to our cook for a pattern."

* * *

"Aunt Mary must be mistaken about that bein' a rubber-plant. I've been watchin' it for an hour an' it hasn't rubbered once."—Life.

* * *

PUZZLED.

By NANCY BYRD TURNER.

When I was little like you, Blue Eyes,
When I was little like you,
Three things there are you would like to find
Whether I used to do:
Did I know when the sleep began to be?
Could I ever tell what wakened me?
Did I ever dream on till a dream came true
When I was little like you?

When I was little like you, Fair Hair,
When I was little like you,
These were the things that puzzled me
And none of the three I knew.
And I can not tell when the sleep is here,
And I can not see what wakes me, dear,
And I never dream on till the dream comes true,
Now I am older than you!

* * *

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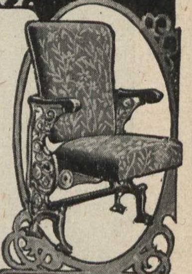

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The Yellow God

(Continued from page 19)

"So I gather," she answered in a feeble voice.

"Do you care for me?" he asked.

"It would seem that I must, Alan, otherwise I should scarcely—oh! you foolish Alan," and heedless of her Sunday hat, which never recovered this encounter, but was kept as a holy relic, she let her head fall upon his shoulder and began to cry again, this time for very happiness.

He kissed her tears away, then as he could think of nothing else to say, asked her if she would marry him.

"It is the general sequel to this kind of thing, I believe," she answered, "or, at any rate, it ought to be. But if you want a direct answer—yes, I will, if my uncle lets me, which he won't, as you have quarrelled with him, or, at any rate, two years hence, when I am five-and-twenty and my own mistress; that is if we have anything to marry on, for one must eat. At present our worldly possessions seem to consist chiefly of a large store of mutual affection, a good stock of clothes and one Yellow God, which after what happened last night, I do not think you will get another chance of turning into cash."

"I must make money somehow," he said.

"Yes, Alan, but I am afraid it is not easy to do—honestly. Nobody wants people without capital whose only stock in trade is a brief but distinguished military career, and a large experience of African fever."

Alan groaned at this veracious but discouraging remark, and she went on quickly:

"I mean to spend another guinea upon my friend the lawyer at Kingswell. Perhaps he can raise the wind, by a post-obit, or something," she added vaguely, "I mean a post-uncle-obit."

"If he does, Barbara, I can't live on your money alone, it isn't right."

"Oh! don't you trouble about that, Alan. If once I get hold of those dim thousands you will soon be able to make more, for unto him that hath shall be given. But at present they are very dim and for all I know may be represented by stock in deceased companies. In short the financial position is extraordinarily depressed, as they say in the Market Intelligence in 'The Times.' But that's no reason why we should be depressed also."

"No, Barbara, for at any rate we have got each other."

"Yes," she answered springing up, "we have got each other, dear, until death do us part, and somehow I don't think he'll do that yet awhile; it comes into my heart that he won't do that, Alan, that you and I are going to live out our days. So what does the rest matter? In two years I shall be a free woman. In fact if the worst comes to the worst, I'll defy them all," and she set her little mouth like a rock, "and marry you straight away, as being over age, I can do, even if it costs me every halfpenny that I've got."

"No, no," he said, "it would be wrong, wrong to yourself and wrong to your descendants."

"Very well, Alan, then we will wait, or perhaps luck will come our way—why shouldn't it? At any rate for my part I never felt so happy in my life, for, dear Alan, we have found what we were born to find, found it once and for always, and the rest is mere etceteras. What would be the use of all the gold of the Asiki people that Jeeki was talking about last night to either of us, if we had not each other? We can get on without the wealth, but we couldn't get on apart, or at least I couldn't, and I don't mind saying so."

"No, my darling, no," he answered turning white at the very thought, "we couldn't get on apart—now. In fact I don't know how I have done so so long already, except that I was always hoping that a time would some when we shouldn't be apart. That is why I went into that infernal business, to make enough money to be able to ask you to marry me. And now I have gone out of the business and asked you just when I shouldn't."

"Yes, so you see you might as well have done it a year or two ago when perhaps things would have been simpler. Well, it is a fine example of the vanity of human plans, and Alan, we must be going home to lunch. If we don't, Sir Robert will be organising a search party to look for us; in fact, I shouldn't wonder if he is doing that already, in the wrong direction."

The mention of Sir Robert Aylward's name fell on them both like a blast of cold wind in summer and for a while they walked in silence.

"You are afraid of that man, Barbara," said Alan presently, guessing her thoughts.

"A little," she answered, "so far as I can be afraid of anything any more. And you?"

"A little also. I think that he will give us trouble. He can be very malevolent and resourceful."

"Resourceful, Alan; well, so can I. I'll back my wits against his any day. He shan't separate us by anything short of murder, which he won't go in for. Men like that don't like to break the law; they have too much to lose. But no doubt he will make things uncomfortable for you, if he can, for several reasons."

Again they walked on lost in reflections, when Barbara suddenly saw her lover's face brighten.

"What is it, Alan?" she asked.

"Something that is rare enough with me, Barbara—an idea. You remember speaking about that Asiki gold just now. Well, why shouldn't I go and get it?"

She stared at him.

"It sounds a little speculative," she said, "something like one of my uncle's companies."

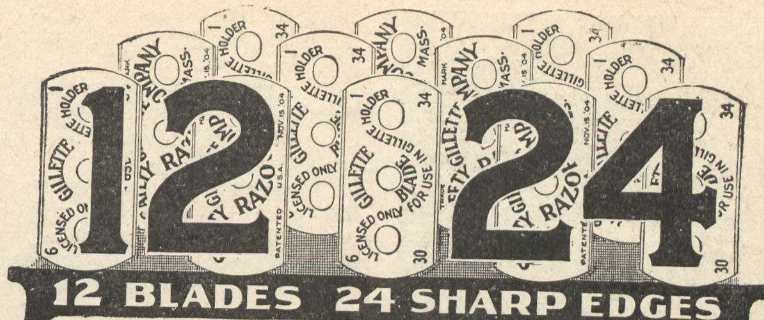
"Not half so speculative as you think. I have no doubt it is there, and Jeeki knows the way. Also I seem to remember that there is a map and an account of the whole thing in my Uncle Austin's diaries, though to tell you the truth the old fellow wrote such a fearful hand that I have never taken the trouble to read it. You see," he went on with enthusiasm, "it is the kind of business that I can do. I am thoroughly salted to fever; I know the West Coast where I spent three years on that Boundary Commission; I have studied the natives and can talk several of their dialects. Of course there would be a risk, but there are risks in everything, and like you I am not afraid of that, for I believe that we have got our lives before us."

"Read up those diaries, Alan, and we will talk the thing over again. I'll pump Jeeki, who will tell me anything by coaxing, and try to get at the truth. Meanwhile what are you going to do about my uncle?"

"Speak to him, of course, and have the row over."

"Yes," she answered, "that is the best and the most honest. Of course he can turn you out, but he can't prevent my seeing you. If he does, go home to Yarleys, and I'll come over and call. Here we are, let us go in by the back door," and she pointed to her crushed hat, and laughed.

While Alan and Barbara were away in the woods another interview had been taking place in Mr. Champers-Haswell's private suite at the Court, the decorations of which, as he was wont to inform his visitors, had cost nearly £2,000. Sir Robert had come to see Mr. Haswell, who presently



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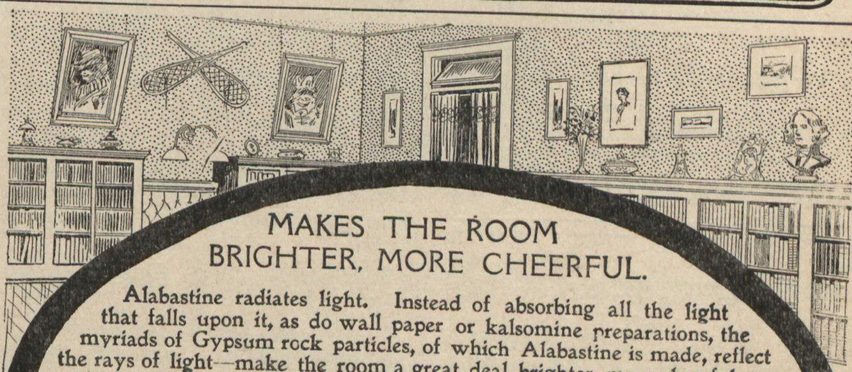

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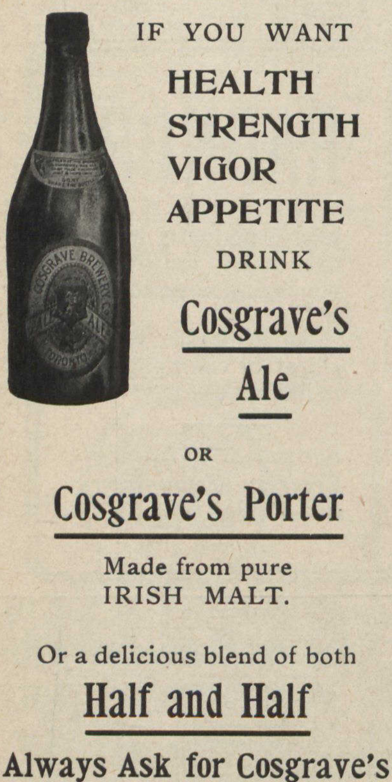

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emerged from his bedroom, wrapped in a dressing-gown and looking very pale and shaky.

"Delighted to see you all right again," said Sir Robert, as he wheeled up a chair into which Mr. Haswell sank.

"I am not all right, Aylward," he answered; "I am not all right at all. Never had such an upset in my life; thought I was going to die when that accursed nigger told his beastly tale. Aylward, you are a man of the world, tell me, what is the meaning of the thing? You remember what we thought we saw in the office, and then—that story!"

"I don't know," he answered; "frankly, I don't know. I am a man who has never believed in anything I cannot see and test, one who utterly lacks faith. In my leisure I have examined into the religious systems and found them to be rubbish. I am convinced that we are but highly-developed mammals born by chance, and when our day is done departing into the black Nothingness out of which we came. Everything else, that is what is called the higher and spiritual part, I attribute to the superstitions incident to the terror of the hideous positions in which we find ourselves, that of gods of a sort hemmed in by a few years of fearful and tormented life. But you know the arguments, so why should I enter on them? And now I am confronted with an experience which I cannot explain. I certainly thought that in the office on Friday evening I saw that gold mask, to which I had taken so strange a fancy that I offered to give Vernon over £13,000 for it because I thought that it brought us luck, swim across the floor of the room and look first into your face and then into mine. Well, the next night that negro tells his story. What am I to make of it?"

"Can't tell you," answered Mr. Champers-Haswell with a groan. "All I know is that it nearly made a corpse of me. I am not like you, Aylward; I was brought up as an Evangelical, and although I haven't given much thought to these matters of late years, well, we don't shake them off in a hurry."

"It is rather late to think of all that now, Haswell," said Sir Robert, shrugging his shoulders. "One takes one's line and there's an end. Personally I believe that we are overstrained with the fearful and anxious work of this flotation, and have been the victims of an hallucination and a coincidence. Although I confess that I came to look upon the thing as a kind of mascotte, I put no thrust in any fetish. How can a bit of gold move, and how can it know the future? Well, I have written to them to clear it out of the office to-morrow, so it won't trouble us any more. And now I have come to speak to you on another matter."

"Not business," said Mr. Haswell with a sigh. "We have that all the week and there will be enough of it on Monday."

"No," he answered, "something more important. About your niece Barbara."

"Barbara?" Mr. Haswell said. "What of Barbara?"

"Can't you guess, Haswell? You are pretty good at it generally. Well, it is no use beating about the bush. I want to marry her."

At this sudden announcement his partner became exceedingly interested. "Indeed," he said. "I never knew that matrimony was in your line, Aylward, any more than it has been in mine, especially as you are always preaching against it. Well, has the young lady given her consent?"

"No, I have not spoken to her. I meant to do so this morning, but she has slipped off somewhere, with Vernon, I suppose."

Mr. Haswell whistled again, but on a new note.

"Pray do stop that noise," said Sir Robert, "it gets upon my nerves, which are shaky this morning. Listen. It is a curious thing, one less to be understood even than the coincidence of the Yellow God, but at my present age of forty-four, for the first time in my life, I have committed the folly of what is called falling in love. It is not a case of a successful, middle-aged man wishing to *ranger* himself and settle down with a desirable *partie*, but of sheer, stark infatuation. I adore Barbara; the worse she treats me the more I adore her. I had rather that the Sahara flotation should fail than that she should refuse me. I would rather lose three-quarters of my fortune than lose her. Do you understand?"

"No," he answered. "Barbara is a nice girl, but I should not have imagined her capable of inspiring such sentiments in a man almost old enough to be her father. I think that you are the victim of a kind of mania which I have heard of but never experienced. Venus—or is it Cupid—has netted you, my dear Aylward."

"Oh! pray leave gods and goddesses out of it, we have had enough of them already," he answered exasperated. "That is my case at any rate, and what I want to know now is if I have your support in my suit. Remember, I have something to offer, Haswell; for instance, a large fortune, of which I will settle half—it is a good thing to do in our business—and a baronetcy that will be a peerage before long."

"A peerage! Have you squared that?"

"I think so. There will be a general election within the next three months, and on such occasions a couple of hundred thousand in cool cash come in useful to a party that is short of ready money. I think I may say that it is settled. She will be the Lady Aylward, or any other name she may fancy, and one of the richest women in England. Now have I your support?"

"Yes, my dear friend, why not, though Barbara does not want money for she has plenty of her own, in first-class securities that I could never persuade her to vary, for she is shrewd in that way and steadily refuses to sign anything. Also she will probably be my heiress—and Aylward," here a sickly look of alarm spread itself over his face, "I don't know how long I have to live. That infernal doctor examined my heart this morning and told me that it was weak. Weak was his word, but from the tone in which he said it, I believe that he meant more. Aylward, I gather that I may die any day."

"Nonsense, Haswell, so may we all," he replied with an affectation of cheerfulness which failed to carry conviction.

"Oh! yes, of course you have my support, for after all she is my only relation, and I should be glad to see her safely married. Also, as it happens, she can't marry anyone without my consent, at any rate until she is five and twenty, for if she does, under her father's will all of her property goes away, most of it to charities, except a beggarly £200 a year. You see my brother John had a great horror of imprudent marriages and a still greater belief in me, which, as it chances, is a good thing for you."

"Had he?" said Sir Robert. "And pray why is it a good thing for me?"

"Because, my dear Aylward, unless my observation is at fault, there is another Richard in the field, our late partner, Vernon, of whom, by the way, Barbara is extremely fond, though it may only be in a friendly fashion. At any rate she pays more attention to his wishes and opinions than to mine and yours put together."

(To be continued)

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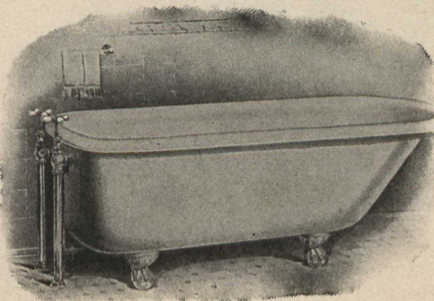

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