

DECEMBER

THE  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE

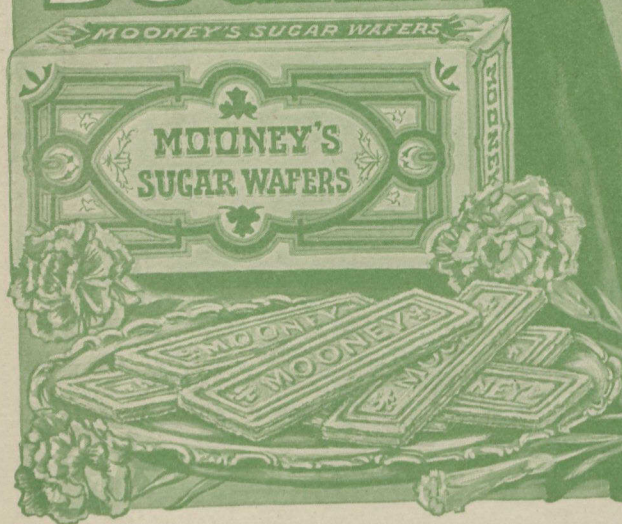
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXVI.

No. 2

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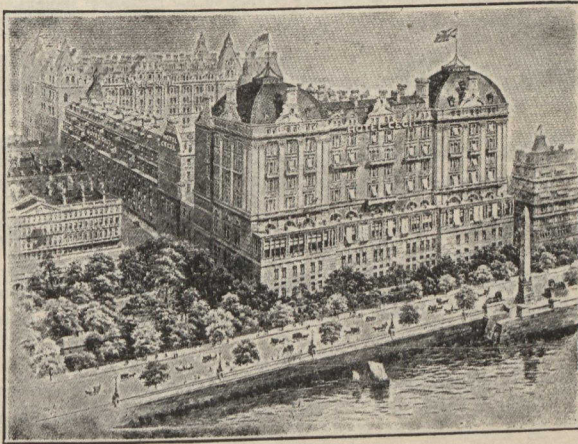
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# The Forecast for 1911

The Editor of The Canadian Magazine announces that arrangements have already been made for an exceptionally fine list of contributions for next year.

**SPECIAL ARTICLES.**—George Fisher Chipman will write several more articles on the general heading "The Voice from the Soil." Harold Sand's, whose articles on British Columbian subjects were notable contributions during 1910, will be prominent again in the list for 1911. Mr. Edmund Morris, son of the late Governor Morris of Manitoba, whose work as an artist has caused him to spend a number of summers on Indian reservations in the West, will make some valuable observations on Indian character and usefulness. Arthur Hawkes will have an article in an early number on the nomenclature of the West. Professor W. T. Allison will have several articles, the first being a review of the work as novelist of John Galt, a gentleman who figured prominently in the early settlement of Ontario. Professor George Herbert Clarke will contribute a number of scholarly essays and reviews. Appreciations of outstanding characteristics of Canadian communities will be continued, with "Ottawa the Unusual," by Augustus Bridle, and "Fredericton," by Emily P. Weaver, among the first to appear.

**HISTORICAL.**—Mr. W. S. Wallace's researches have brought him into touch with some valuable new material touching upon particular persons or incidents connected with the history of the Dominion. Mr. Edmund Morris, has made some valuable discoveries relating to the Blackfoot Indians. This will be an extremely interesting contribution. Miss Ida Burwash will have a number of historical articles and reviews, the first to appear being entitled "Ontario in 1837." Judge William Renwick Riddell will review the observations of a German traveller in Ontario 1837. The Fenian Raid of 1866 will be described in a most vivid way by one who was taken prisoner by the invaders.

**TRAVEL.**—Vivid, picturesque, impressive descriptions of places and conditions both in Canada and abroad from A. R. Carman, Newton MacTavish, Emily P. Weaver, W. Lacey Amy, J. Harry Smith.

**FICTION.**—Only the best short stories will be considered. Manuscripts have been received from and arrangements made for contributions from the following writers:—Robert Barr, Arthur Stringer, Mrs. Isobel Ecclestone Mackay, Theodore Roberts, Miss L. M. Montgomery, Miss A. Clare Giffin, Peter McArthur, Alan Sullivan, Thomas Stanley Moyer, W. Lacey Amy, Miss St. Clair Moor Mrs. Virna Sheard, Miss Currie Love.

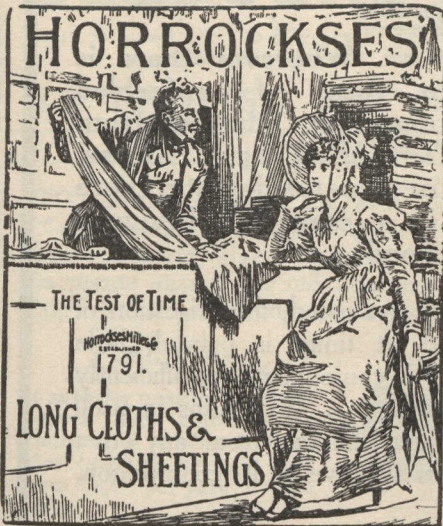
**POETRY.**—The Canadian Magazine has an international reputation for the excellence of its poetry. No one who wishes to keep in touch with the best current Canadian poetry can afford to miss the Canadian Magazine.

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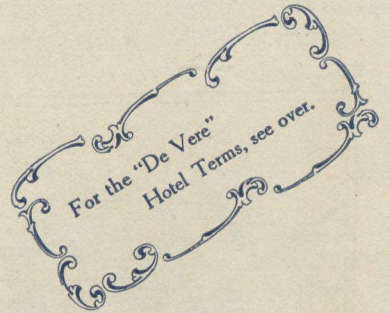
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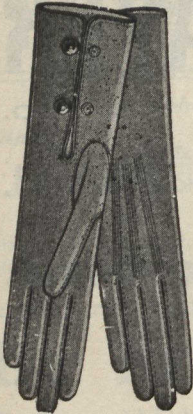
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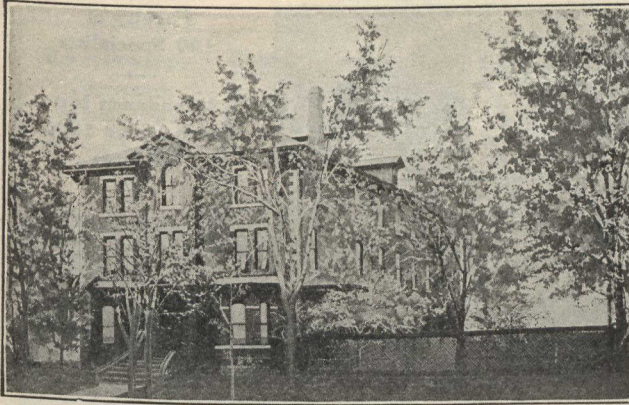
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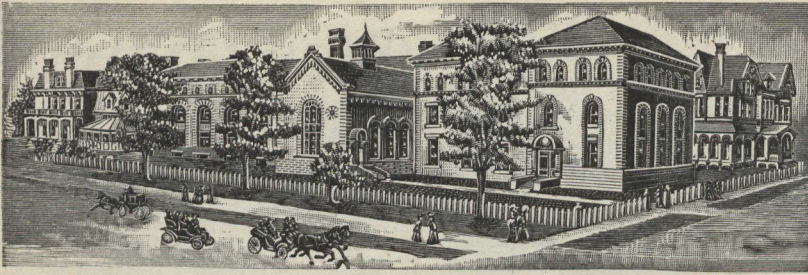
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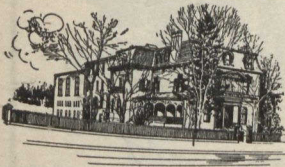
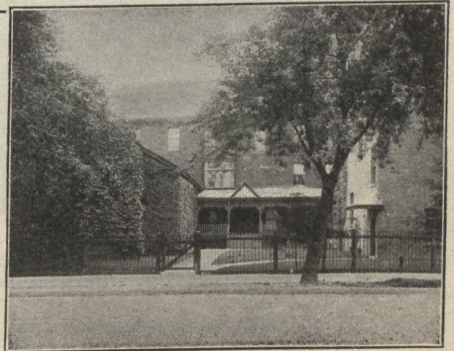
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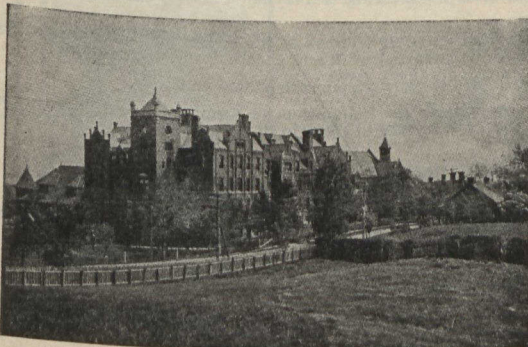
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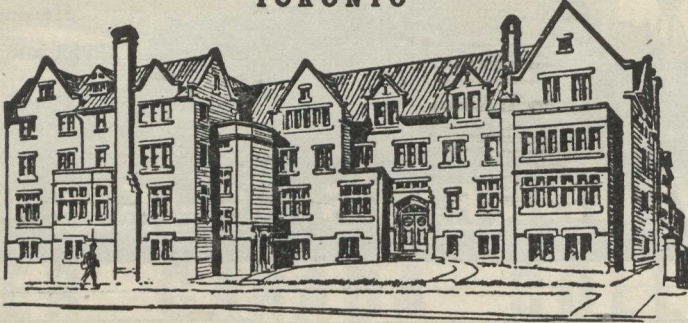
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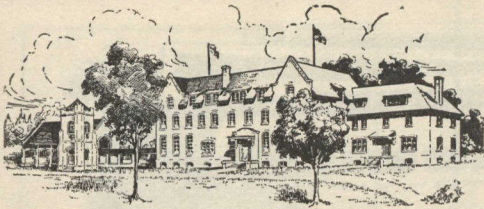
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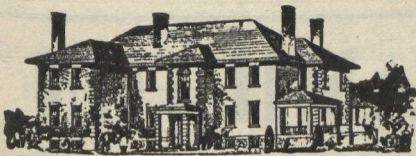


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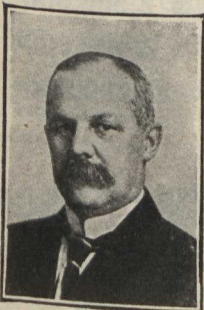
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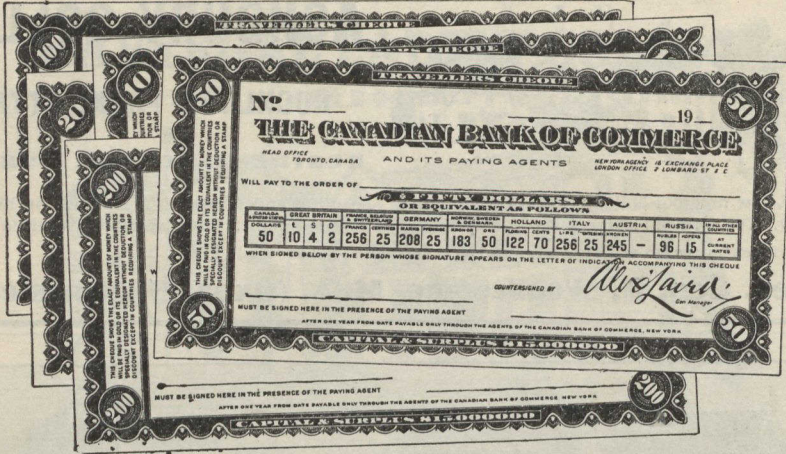
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To most men the advent of Christmas brings with it the perplexing problem of deciding what to give in the way of presents.

From a man with a family or others dependent on him a policy of life insurance taken out in their favor would prove a very appropriate present for them.

Such a present, unlike many others that might be given, would increase in value from year to year, in addition to which it would always be tangible evidence of love and forethought on the part of the giver for those in the home.

See one of our representatives now or write at once regarding a policy, so that you may secure it in time for Christmas presentation.

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE**  
**ASSURANCE COMPANY**

"Solid as the Continent"

HOME OFFICE ——— TORONTO

# GOOD BONDS

Yielding from about 4% to over 6%

Province of Ontario  
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Write us for full particulars and prices of any of the above-mentioned bonds. They are issued in amounts to suit either large or small investors.

**ÆMILIUS JARVIS & CO.**

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

TORONTO

CANADA

**ASSETS**  
\$ 8-617-909

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED)	\$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP)	\$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND	\$1,250,000

**CENTRAL  
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# NORTHERN LIFE

Assurance Company of Canada

We have positions on our field staff for reliable producers.

As several good Districts are open, the opportunity is now.

Take advantage of it by writing to our Head Office at London.

W. M. GOVENLOCK,  
Secretary.

JOHN MILNE,  
Managing Director.

# London Life

POLICIES  "GOOD AS GOLD"

## HOME

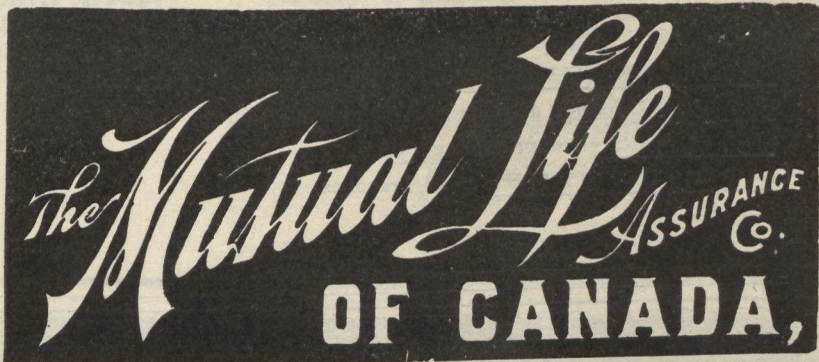
will continue to be HOME to your loved ones if you have made provision for its continuance by protecting them under a Policy in this Company.

No investment you can make will have behind it better security.

Full Information upon  
request.

## Peace on Earth Good Will toward Men

As a policy of Life Insurance in a sound Company for an adequate amount is the most perfect embodiment of "Good Will" in family life,—a tangible proof of love for wife and children,—*The approaching Christmas holidays* should not be allowed to pass without taking out a policy for their protection in the



Every desirable style of policy is issued at favorable rates by this Company, but among them the **Continuous Instalment Endowment Policy** is the most perfect form of contract now issued. Under it the assured may secure for himself a **guaranteed income** as long as he lives, and upon his death an **income for life** for his wife if she survive him.

What Christmas gift more acceptable to your family than such a policy in this Company? It will mean **much-needed hope and comfort** in life when other transient gifts shall have been forgotten.

Head Office

E. P. CLEMENT, K.C., Pres't.

W. H. RIDDELL, Assistant Manager

WATERLOO, ONT.

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director

CHAS. RUBY, Secretary

# THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up - - \$1,000,000.00  
 Reserve Fund and  
 Undivided Profits } - - \$1,307,809.25

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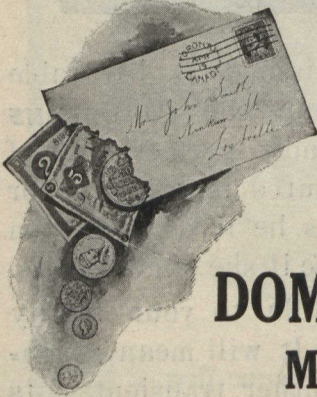
Every Department of Banking Conducted with Absolute  
 SECURITY and SATISFACTION.

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in all parts of the world.

EXCHANGE, foreign and domestic bought and sold.

COLLECTIONS given prompt execution.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches.



## Don't Put Money in a Letter

LETTERS ARE FREQUENTLY LOST  
 AND NEVER RECOVERED. . . .

Always Remit By

# DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY

## Money Orders and Foreign Drafts

They are safe, convenient and economical and are issued in Dollars, Pounds Sterling, Francs, Gulden, Kronen, Kronor, Lire, Marks, Roubles, etc., payable in all parts of the world. If lost or delayed in the mails a prompt refund is arranged, or a new order issued without further charge.

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Permanent  
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## A Christmas Gift

which will be very acceptable to any member of your family, young or old, and may at the same time be the foundation stone of those habits of prudence and thrift upon which the great successes of life are built, is a deposit pass book. An account may be opened with any sum from one dollar upwards. If desired we shall have pleasure in mailing the pass book to be delivered Christmas morning, or at any date you may prefer. Let it be a Christmas gift

**Worth While**

**Stability**

**FEDERAL LIFE  
ASSURANCE COMPANY**

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, CANADA.

Capital and Assets ..... \$ 4,513,949.53 Paid Policyholders in 1909. . \$347,274.43  
Insurance in force ..... \$21,049,322.31 Surplus to Policyholders. . . \$292,695.53

**DAVID DEXTER,**

President and Managing Director



TOTAL  
ASSETS  
\$46,000,000

# GIFTS OF MONEY

by **PASS-BOOK**  
in place of **CASH**

A Pass-Book might appropriately be given to an employee at Xmas instead of the usual Cash Bonus.

He could not *spend* his Pass-Book.

True, the contents may be dispensed at will, but a certain hesitancy presents itself if one must *draw* the money. Then it is that one considers whether the contemplated outlay is necessary or not, and this consideration is often the means of avoiding a foolish purchase.

*A Pass-Book is an ideal Xmas gift.*

It is a gift of money with all the charm of a thoughtfully chosen token, and with a warmth lacking in the customary cheque or cash.

## The TRADERS BANK OF CANADA



Head Office: Toronto

Capital and Surplus \$6,550,000





## A Fairy Complexion

Fairy Soap not only agrees with the tenderest skin, but improves any complexion. It is made from edible products — the kind seldom used in soaps. It is white — *undyed* — because it has no impurities or cheap ingredients to hide under the mask of coloring matter. Fairy Soap not only cleans, but *cleanses*.

It's the handy, floating, oval cake.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
MONTREAL

"Have You  
a little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

FAIRY

A Child's desire for something to drink is natural. It is simply the demand of the body for fruit. Give them

## E. D. SMITH'S GRAPE JUICE

the more the better for the Children.

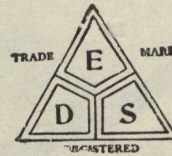
E. D. Smith's Grape Juice is good for the Grown-ups, it is the most satisfying health-giving of all beverages, it should be in every home.

Sold at 25c. the bottle by druggists  
and grocers everywhere.

Buy by the name E. D. SMITH.

**E. D. Smith, Winona, Ont.**

Maker of pure Jams, Jellies, Preserves, &c.



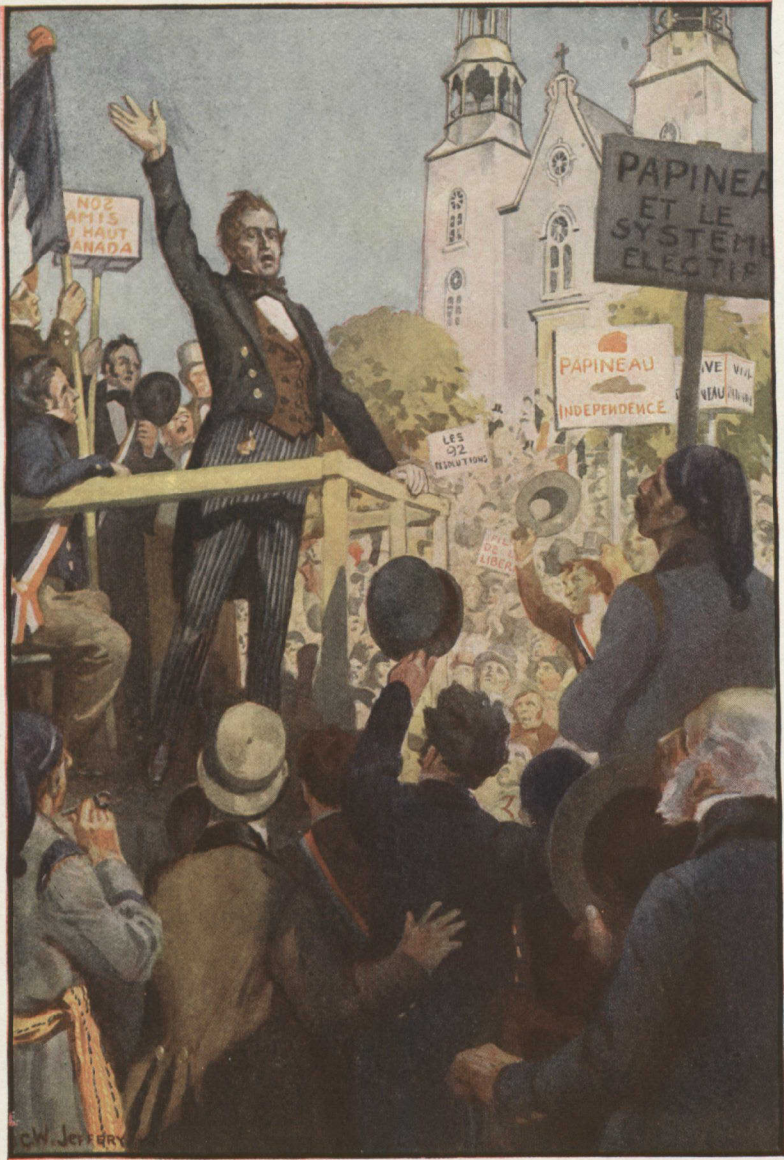
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### From Canada's GREATEST Brewery

For sixty years we have brewed by the old English method as adopted by BASS AND CO. and GUINNESS AND CO.  
WE DO NOT CARBONIZE, and by so doing destroy Nature's best and finest health-giving properties of barley, malt and Bohemian hops.  
No fad, no new methods, as used by some brewers who can't compete with genuine methods.

**Demand Carling's and get the Finest Made in the World  
Every Dealer Everywhere**





Painting by C. W. Jefferys

Courtesy of Robert Glasgow, Publisher  
PAPINEAU THE ORATOR

—See Page 163

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1910

No. 2

## THE TWA MACS

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

*Illustrations by J. W. Beatty*

Is sgiath a bhreacain an snamh 's a'  
ghaoith,  
Mar gathaibh or bhuidh——”

A DOOR opened violently. “Ian,  
Ian!”

“——or bhuaide no greine——”

“Ian, Ian! where did you hear  
that teffle of a song?”

“Up the water, sir, Will I be  
singing it in the English?—

‘On the waves of the wind his plaid  
would run

Like yellow beams of the setting sun?’”

“Be quiet, boy. You will not be  
singing it at all.”

Sulky silence fell in the barn. Old Angus went back to the table and the potatoes he was sorting, but his hands were not quite steady, and his far-sighted eyes looked out of the window and up the river to the little house on the other bank. He could not see it to-day through the gray sheets of rain, but he knew it was there, as it had been for forty years. And Ross MacLeod inside it, maybe playing on the pipes to keep his spirits up in the bad weather.

“It is forty years,” said old Angus Mackenzie to himself, “since I heard him play that chune at a wedding. And he walked home after with his arm about my shoulders. I cannot bear these chunes. I must be growing very old——”

Everyone in the Scotch townships

knew of the “twa Macs” and their feud, though the cause of it was forgotten. As young men, they had been the closest of friends. They had taken up adjoining quarter-sections of land, Angus on the west bank of the river, Ross on the east. Angus’s shack on the low earth-cliffs looked across out of friendly windows at Ross’s shack on the rich flats farther up-stream. They helped each other in all their work, shared their troubles, pleasures, and hopes; set out their orchards; and talked long, as young men will, of the growth of their farms, the big houses they would build, and the bonny, soft-spoken brides they would bring home to them.

Then the quarrel came. And, though their orchards blossomed and fruited, their plans did not. Some spring of youth and hope seemed broken in each wild Celtic heart. For forty years they had passed each other in blank silence. For forty years they had lived in the same shanties, and to each the small windows that had seemed so friendly were like the cold eyes of an enemy continually watching. To the younger folk, they and their quarrel seemed a sort of humorous legend; but others saw in it a tragedy.

“There’s no kennin’ these Hielandmen,” they said.

Old Angus's thoughts were in the old times as he sorted his potatoes. "Never a lad could play the pipes like Ross MacLeod. He'd draw the soul into your feet and set it dancing there, or out of your eyes in tears. And the young folk gather the chunes from him. But I will not have them around my house. Ian, when you have to sing, you will sing a psalm."

Ian came in from the barn, shaking the rain from his shock of silver-fair hair.

"And indeed, sir," he said with resentful courtesy, "you may have what chunes you like in your own house, or no chunes at all. But psalms are not of much use with the beasts, now. And when I have a house of my own, I will fill it with chunes, yes, from the cellar to the roof, and Ross MacLeod——"

"You will not be mentioning that name to me, Ian, boy. Is the river running high?"

"And indeed, sir, not so high as she might be. I saw Sandy Armstrong to-day at the store. He said he went up to the hills, past the rapids and the narrows. And he said the ice was piled up behind the new Glasgow bridge, and the water behind the ice, and all the melting of the hills feeding it. 'When the ice goes,' says he, 'the bridge will go too, out into the lake, and that will be the third the railway has lost. It will be a bad flood,' he says, 'for never has the ice held out so long and the rains been so heavy in my memory. It is lucky you are to be on the cliffs,' he says."

Old Angus listened, but the hollow rush of the rain on the roof was all he could hear. He shook his head.

"That bad flood has been coming every April for forty years," he said, "and it has not come. I think we may sleep in peace, Ian, boy."

He went to bed at the darkening, and slept, but not in peace. Wild voices wailed in his ears, the voices of the misty north, the songs of the

Hebrides. He dreamed, and saw hosts of men upon the hills, wearing the *aiteann*, the wild juniper in their bonnets; and each one had the face of Ross MacLeod. And each one played upon the pipes, a coroneach of dead friends.

Old Angus cried out, and awoke.

Yellow lantern-light was in his eyes, a hand upon his shoulder. He sprang up, and saw Ian. The lad was wet to his shining hair; wet, and shaking with fright.

"Wake, wake!" he cried in the Gaelic. "It is flood. The cliffs are falling into the river, and the water is lapping at the barn door, and the cattle are wild with the fear. Wake, wake!"

One other such awakening old Angus had known, years ago, in the misty land of his birth, when the red deer and the sheep were swept down the glens to the sea, and men with them.

"What of the cattle, Ian, boy?"

"I ran and led the bull out of his shed, and turned him to the high field. The kine will follow him, maybe. Eh, sir! There will not be a living thing left in the valley by morning. Hark to the river!"

The voice of the river was in their ears, a great and sullen roar. And another voice also; Angus was scarcely aware that it was he who had cried out, until he saw it in Ian's white face.

"Ross MacLeod. O Ross MacLeod!"

"Indeed, sir, he is no better than dead, unless he took warning."

"Not yet, Ian, not yet."

He dashed open the door, and the boy clung to him.

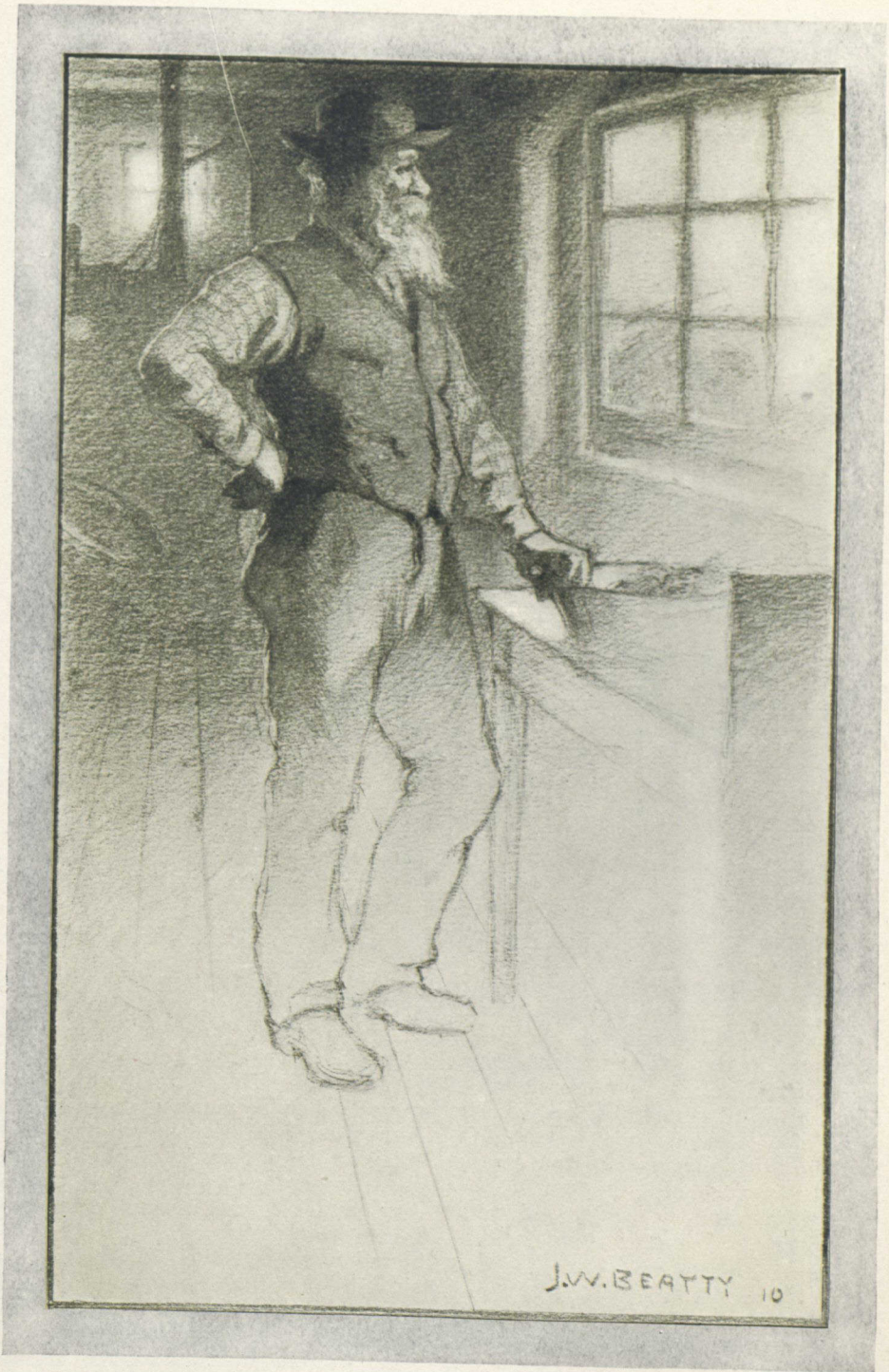
"What would you be doing, Maister Mackenzie?"

"I am going to Ross MacLeod. Who should go to him but I?"

With the opening of the door, the breath of the wet wind, the sight of a dim moon plunging down to the brown flood, old Angus Mackenzie entered into his youth again.

White moon and yellow lantern





*Drawing by J. W. Beatty*

"HIS FAR-SIGHTED EYES LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW"

showed them waves of dark flood-water lapping among the bushes on the cliff-edge. The ice-dam above the bridge had yielded, and the current was blotted with floating cakes. Dressed lumber, young trees, boughs, a drowned cow or two, were swept past them to the lake. Ian saw a tall aspen growing half down the bank break away slowly; he saw an overhang of earth collapse with a foaming splash. But Angus heeded none of these things.

"What would you be doing, Maister Mackenzie?"

The wet wind lashed their voices away from them, but Angus pointed to the hen-house. There was an old punt laid up behind it. It was Angus who ran to the lean-to for the old sculls. It was the strength of Angus's shoulder that launched the punt through the drowned aspens and the sucking mud. He thrust the steering paddle into Ian's hands, and his voice was blown back on a gust of wind:

"It was I that pulled the stronger oar when we was lads by Dunvegan —"

Ian took the paddle, and the next moment they were out on the wild flood-water.

The storm-scud, driving past the moon, sent racing blots of shadow forever flying down-stream. It was impossible to tell which was shadow and which free ice until the punt's blunt bows struck with a swerve and a jar, and the cake scraped along her bottom. The shadow of the bank slid away behind; the brown current reeled past; yellow foam stung Ian's face, the wind caught his breath. He could feel the old man's strength fighting with the river. But Angus Mackenzie was old no longer; he was young; and, as he battled with the river, he sang a song of his youth—

"Swift as the hawk's wing  
Sweeps to the heather,  
Send the boats southward,  
Rowing together.  
The deer to his covert,

The herd to his cattle,  
The lass to her lover,  
Clankenzie to battle,  
Tulach Ard!"

"He is fey," said Ian to himself. The tug of the water almost tore the paddle from his hands, but Angus's grip on the sculls was firm. His strong voice was blown back to the boy:

"Do you see a light up river, Ian?"

"I'm seeing no light, sir."

The old punt staggered in the current. Almost inch by inch, Angus was fighting his way up-stream and across. To Ian the whole world was driving cloud and driving water, the only clear thing in it the old man's face and his hair blowing in the wind.

"Do you see the old willow yet, Ian?"

"Nothing but the watter and the rush of it. A-ah!"

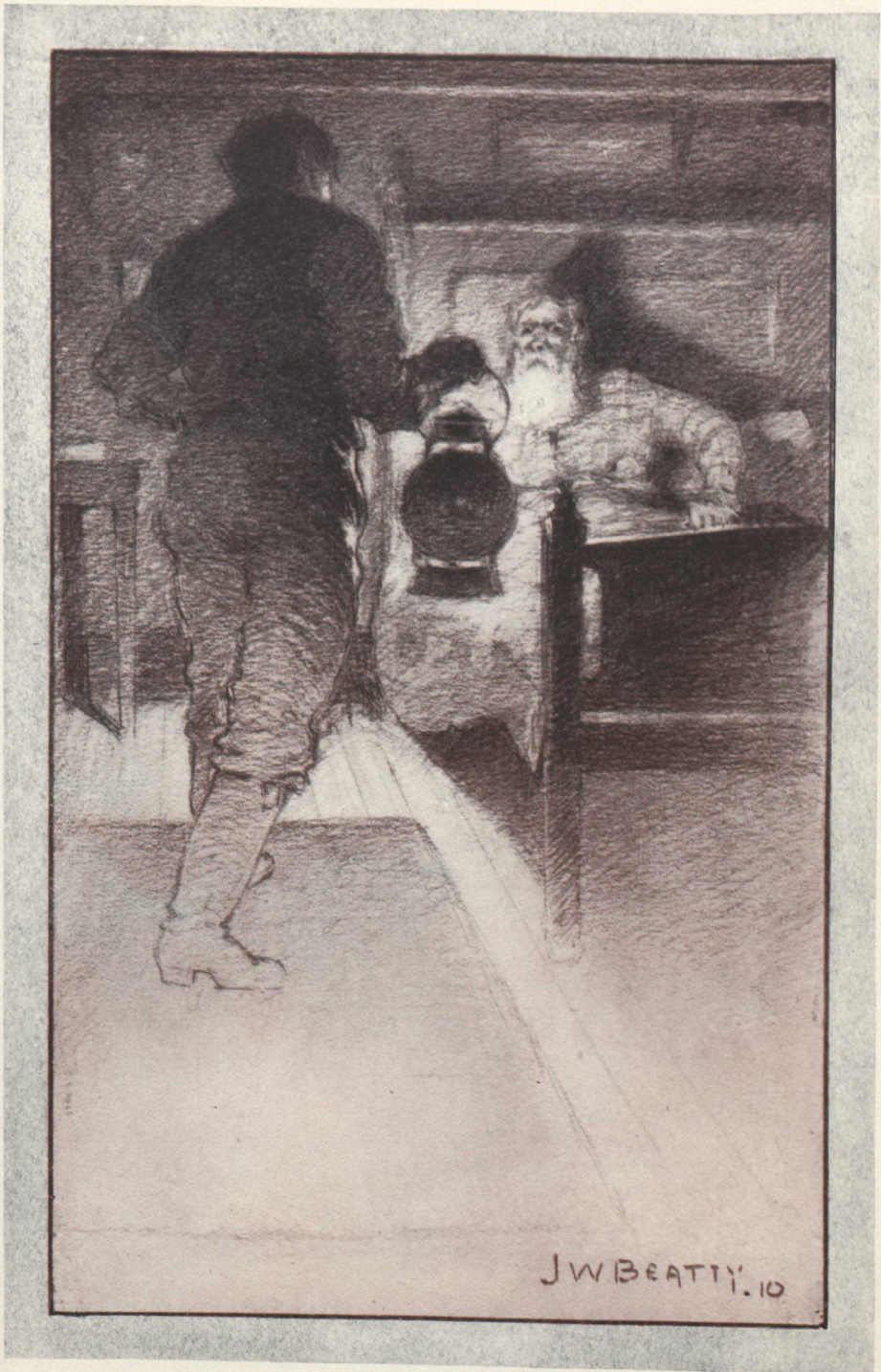
Out of the confused darkness continually rushing upon them something still more black leaped suddenly, reared high, and plunged in a spout of foam like a great fish. It was a young cedar, and the roots grazed the punt as it whirled down, bucking and springing strangely. They were drowned in foam. Out of the smother the old man's voice came quietly:

"Will you be seeing anything yet, Ian?"

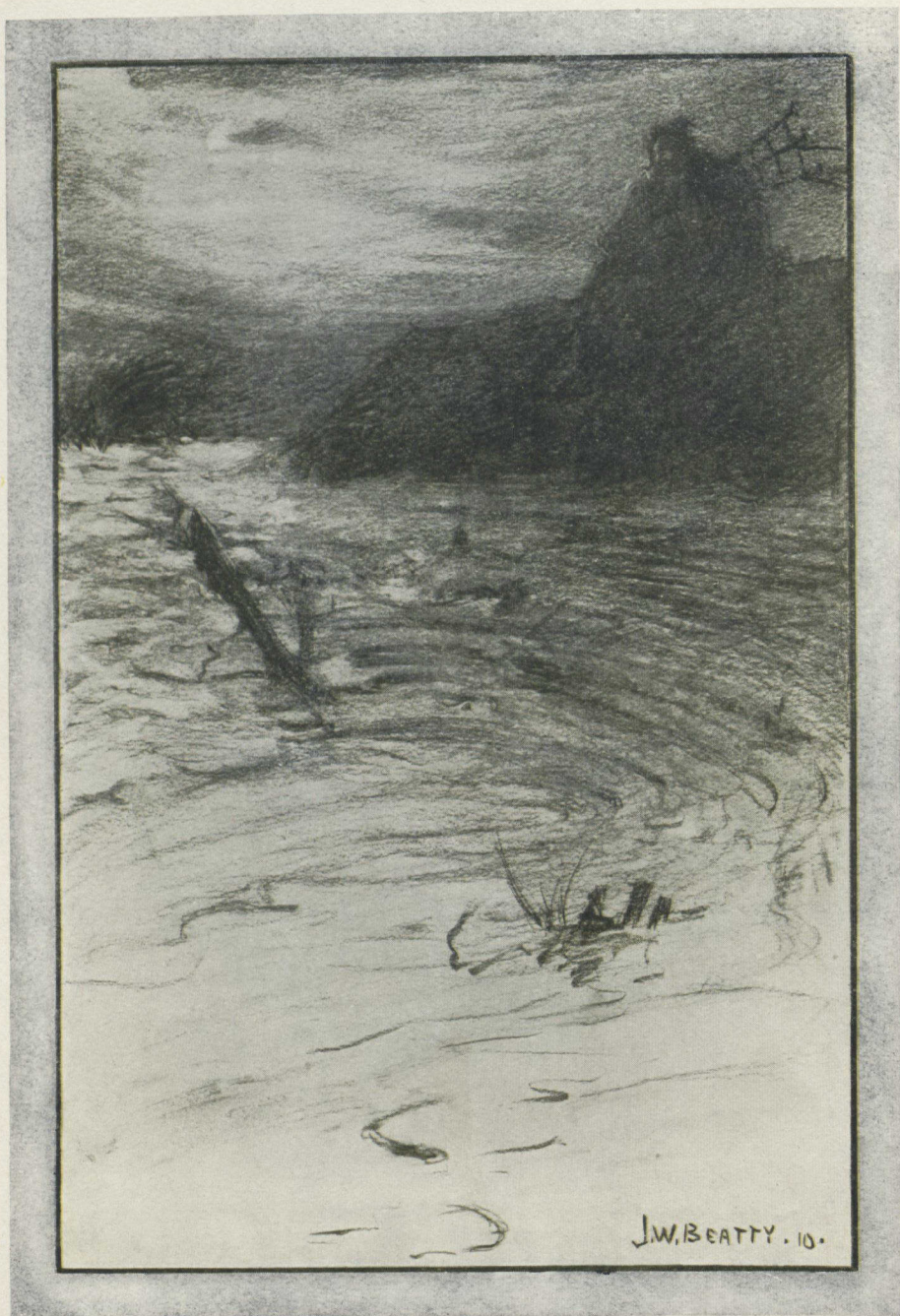
"Nothing but the watter and the moon that seems to run with it."

The punt lay lower in the water. The river tore and plucked at her planks as if with angry fingers. She dragged heavily against the oars. A murky wave of wreckage, stretched straight from bank to bank, bore down upon them, and the punt rose high and higher, tossing upon the eddies that followed. All the ice-bound waters of the hills were running to the lake that night, freed from their long imprisonment. But old Angus was a match for them.

A stinging squall whipped across the moon. Ian shook the wet out of



*Drawing by J. W. Beatty*



*Drawing by J. W. Beatty*

"THE SHAKEN ROOF-RIDGE OF THE HOUSE BLACK ABOVE THE GLIMMERING RIVER,  
AND AN OLD MAN SITTING ON IT

his eyes. He was aware of nothing but the ceaseless jerk and wrench of the oars, the leap of brown spray alongside, spinning ice, plunging shadows, his own red knuckles clenched upon the paddle. It was like a monotonously bad dream, with nothing real in it but the river pouring from darkness to darkness, and the voices of the flood. How long was this going to last?

“The stag to his covert,  
The herd to his cattle,  
The lass to her lover,  
Clankenzie to battle,  
Tulach Ard!”

“A night like this blows away the years. Is there anything yet, boy?”

“Shadows, and the slide of the watter. But there seems foam ahead.”

“Shoal watter, Ian. MacLeod’s meadow will be under that foam.”

Presently they were in the muddy racing waves. Old Angus felt his muscles like steel bars. He had a blade to meet every danger of that flood, as it might have been the sea-tides of Dunvegan. He edged the punt from eddy to eddy, from shoal to shoal, from pool to pool. Watching him, Ian lost count of time and cold and darkness.

Something rattled softly against the sides of the punt. They were the branches of Ross MacLeod’s young apple-trees, breaking into woolly buds, fragrant as spices. There was a strain in old Angus’s voice as he called to Ian.

“Is there anything yet, boy?”

“I am hearing something, sir.”

A drowned moan came out of the mists ahead, and the boy gasped with sudden terror of the night. For a moment the wind died. Angus’s hands gripped the oars till the old wood all but cracked. The punt

leaped forward, whispering through the sunken trees. The flood in the river was nothing to the flood of thoughts in the old man’s heart.

“Is that you and your pipes, Ross MacLeod?” But Angus’s voice was quite calm.

“It is I and Shiela and the pipes, Angus Mackenzie. But the watter hass got into the chanter.”

The punt hung steady on the current. The moon plunged clear of cloud. Ian saw the shaken roof-ridge of the house black above the glimmering river, and an old man sitting on it, wrapped in a plaid, with a collie pup under one arm and the pipes under the other, quite quiet and peaceful.

“I was waiting for you, Angus Mackenzie.”

“Give the collie to Ian, poor beast. And here is my hand to help you down the roof.”

Their hands had not touched for forty years. Ian, wondering, tucked the shivering dog between his knees. Ross MacLeod dropped nimbly into the punt, holding the precious pipes above his head.

“I will take you to my house, Ross MacLeod. And after you are dried and warmed, we will be having some chunes.”

Then Angus turned to Ian.

“Take the sculls for the pull back, Ian, boy. I am not so young as I was.”

So Ian took the sculls for the pull back, so much swifter though little less perilous, to safety.

Halfway over old Angus spoke dreamily.

“It is a good thing we have kept the Gaelic. There are so many words in it for ‘friend.’”

That was all. As the townships said, “There’s no kennin’ they Hielandmen.”



# THE BOMBSHELL

BY ROBERT BARR

IT was nearly eleven o'clock at night when Richard Janson came down the stairway which led from the editorial rooms to the street, and, with a hand that shook perceptibly, dropped a letter into a box over which were painted the words "Business of *The Daily Enterprise*." Under the glare of the electric light his smooth-shaven face showed ghastly pale, and his under-lip quivered as if he endeavoured to keep control of himself, and was not quite succeeding. The letter being beyond recall, he stood there for a few moments, meditating on the decisive nature of his action in letting it slip from his fingers. He remembered now with what startling suddenness the fury of Mr. Peel had abated the moment he sat down at the latter's table, and dashed off his impetuous note. The man had even slid an envelope across the table to be ready for him when he had folded the communication. Now the next man who would see it would be the business manager when the office opened in the morning.

It had always been Janson's pride that he was able to keep his temper, no matter what crisis confronted him. One cannot be a good newspaper man if one gives way to outbursts of anger. Technically, on this occasion, he had kept his temper, while Peel had raged like a roaring lion, yet Janson had done the decisive thing, and, on the very moment of its accomplishment, his greatly perturbed mind began to doubt the wisdom of the plunge. A belated beggar in rags, hopeful of a coin or two and a consequent drop of

drink before he selected sleeping accommodation in a doorway or on the Embankment, loafed across the street to make a whining appeal; but catching sight of that drawn face under the white light, recognised instinctively that here was misery greater than his own, though it was mental and not material.

Absorbed as he was, the young man noticed the momentary halt, and the later avoidance of the beggar. The shock of this avoidance, slight as it was, did something to make Janson pull himself together. He laughed a little, but the sound was so unpleasant that the beggar looked over his shoulder in fear.

"Come back," commanded Janson. "You were going to ask me for some money, and thought better of it. Why?"

The man in rags whined that luck had been against him.

"So it has with me," cut in Janson curtly.

"I am out of work," moaned the unfortunate wretch, but the young man interrupted him impatiently.

"So am I," he said. "Nevertheless, here's ten shillings. Be careful of it, or squander it—just as you please. Get drunk on it, or buy a supper and bed, or go and stop at the *Hotel Cecil*, if they'll take you in. Good night," and with that Janson turned, braced his shoulders back, and walked rapidly down to the river, leaving rags amazed at the unexpected windfall.

The reporter leaned against the stone parapet of the Embankment, and, taking off his hat, allowed the

cool air from down the river to soothe his heated brow. The lantern over Parliament House shone steadily like a great evening star, advertising to the world that the Talking Shop of the nation was in operation. This gigantic candle seemed to attract the journalistic moth, and Janson walked slowly towards it, head bowed and hands clasped behind him, pondering deeply on the situation.

"If it wasn't for the wife," he muttered, "I wouldn't mind, but the thought of her takes all the nerve out of me. How, in the name of Heaven, am I to tell her?"

The cool air was whispering common-sense to him, now that it was too late to take advantage of it.

"Oh, dear!" he groaned. "I should have thought of her before I dropped that letter into the box. I have acted like a heedless fool. If it were not for that letter they would be compelled to pay me six months' salary, and then I should have had time to turn round. What did Peel's abuse matter to me? Lord knows I've been warned often enough against him as the kicker-out of the establishment. The brute gets his salary merely because he can goad men to desperation with his scurrilous tongue. Yet why curse him? It's the system of which he is merely the creature. The fault lies there, or perhaps in my own incompetence. If I had proved myself a valuable man, they would have been keen enough to hold me. I wish I'd stayed in the north; London is too much for me. Conceited, illimitable ass that I am, thinking in a moment of anger to be independent, and no man's slave, so here I am, penniless and workless, with a wife waiting for me at home."

He stopped in his slow promenade. He had the Embankment to himself, except for the dim, sleeping figures on the benches, worse off than himself when all was said and done, for he was young, determined, industrious, sober, and honest, in spite of the fact that the alert *Daily Enterprise* regarded him as a squeezed orange. He raised

his two hands to the dark heaven above him, and cried in agony:

"Oh, God, give me another chance, and if I misuse it, cast me off!"

In his self-absorption he had not noticed the quick approach of a stalwart man with a slouch hat set well back on his massive head. The on-comer stopped abruptly as the uplifted arms fell to the young man's side again; then, with a cry, strode forward.

"For Heaven's sake, Dick, is this you?" he cried. "What's wrong? Are you practising for the stage, or just plain drunk?"

"Hello, Fred!" said the reporter, cordially grasping the outstretched hand. "What do you do on the Embankment when you should be serving your sovereign constituency in the House? I see the light is still burning."

"Oh," cried the other with a laugh, "the Workley Division of South Braunt has been practically unrepresented by its Labour member this night. I haven't been listening to the debate at all, for I was working hard in a Committee Room. We have just finished, and I have come out here to catch a breath of cool air. I think I'd have walked on to Whitechapel if I hadn't met you. You see, this stalwart body of mine resents these late hours and hot rooms. However, I keep telling it the rooms are not so bad nor so hot as the coal-pit it was accustomed to; nevertheless, I have to get out and work my arms as if they were swinging a pick, and walk myself tired."

The Labour member had swung his friend round, and they were marching toward the east, the brawny arm of the bigger man thrown over the shoulder of his junior in affectionate camaraderie.

"You see, Dick," said the Member of Parliament, "I make this explanation to you which I wouldn't to anyone else, for you're the boy that elected me."

"You were elected," replied Janson

calmly, "first through your own merits and eloquence; secondly, because both Tory and Liberal ran, and, as the Tory couldn't have got in in any case, you split the Liberal vote, and here you are."

"I was elected, Dick, because of the ripping articles you wrote for the *Braunford Herald*, and because your wife—God bless her—together with mine—God bless her too—canvassed every vote in the division. Lord, it was a great contest, and don't you go casting doubt on your share of the business. There's not a man in England can write a shoulder-hitting article like you can, and quick the London *Daily Enterprise* was to see it and well you deserve your promotion."

"Promotion!" groaned the unhappy man.

The Labour member stopped, took his friend by the two shoulders, and turned him until the nearest gas-lamp shone on his face.

"Thunderation!" he cried in alarm. "What's the matter with you, Dick? Are you ill? You look as if you'd just got up from a sick-bed."

"I feel rather that way," said Janson bitterly. "The truth is, they've kicked me out of the *Enterprise*. They say I'm a failure—that I can't write, and I don't bring in any news. During the last three months I have undergone every humiliation they could put on me, changing me from one department to another, always getting lower and lower. Of course, they couldn't reduce my salary, for there was a contract; but to-night I was rated like a pickpocket, and then, being a fool, I resigned."

The Labour member listened with knitted brows. The expression on his face showed anger at his friend's humiliation, and yet also a trace of bewilderment that denoted a certain lack of appreciation of the others sensitiveness, for Fred Kemp had experienced harder conditions than these.

"I'd never mind that," he said, when the other paused. "It's annoy-

ing, but not important. I'd sweep the office, if they asked me, as long as they paid the money."

"Yes," sighed Janson, "that's the common-sense view, and I realise its soundness now it is too late. About an hour ago I returned to the office, and was told Peel wished to see me. He was pacing up and down his room, apparently labouring under strong excitement. The moment I entered he turned upon me like a tiger, and for about ten minutes poured out on me a torrent of Billingsgate such as I had never before listened to. He rated me as a thief, a maligner, an incompetent, unscrupulous person—I was, in fact, everything that was vile. I had acquired my situation by false pretences, and was daily cheating the innocent, if opulent, proprietor by accepting money I failed to earn. The man's aspect was terrific. Those steely eyes of his blazed and seemed to shoot forth sparks like a Roman candle. His wiry hair bristled with rage, and his hands clenched and unclenched as if he could barely restrain himself from physical violence. I made no reply and attempted no defence, but having received as much as I could stand, I said, 'Oh, very well; I'll resign,' and so dashed off my letter of quittance to the business manager. Peel calmed down the moment he heard the scratch of my pen, while I became angrier and angrier, until I had dropped the letter into the manager's box. So here I am, with only the money that's in my trousers pocket, not knowing where the next penny is to come from. It's not very pleasant."

"How on earth did you come to do such a foolish——"

"I know—I know," interrupted Janson impatiently. "I've censured myself even more severely than you can blame me. I was busy at that when I met you. The practical question is: What must be done to-morrow? I'm out of a job, and everything else fades into insignificance before that fact. Do you know the



editor of any other London paper?"

"Not one," said the Labour member definitely.

"I suppose I'll just have to tramp round from office to office until I find something to do, but it seems a rather hopeless task when a fellow's unknown."

"Why not go back to the *Braunford Herald*, Dick? They'd take you on again like a shot."

"I couldn't do it, Fred. I'd sweep a crossing first."

"Why, in Heaven's name?" cried Kemp. "Think of the send-off they gave you—the dinner at which I presided. They'd extend to you a hearty northern welcome, Dick, my boy. Pocket your pride, Dick, and go back north."

"Quite impossible; it would be a confession of failure. I couldn't face it. Lord, if I only had another chance, and on a decent paper, I'd give them value for their money if hard work would do it."

The mind of the ex-collier, less subtle than that of the writer, failed to see any valid reason why his friend should not go back to the place where a situation awaited him. However, Kemp understood by the determined tone of his friend that any advice urging a return was counsel thrown away, and although his latent fear of London inclined his judgment to an abandonment of the struggle in the metropolis, something of his own stalwart stubbornness secretly commended the course the reporter had resolved upon. He remembered with a glow of gratitude the strenuous fight Janson had made during the election; the stirring appeals he had written day by day, which had done so much to assure the triumph of the Labour party, and knowing that it was these articles which had drawn the attention of the London newspaper proprietor to the young leader-writer, and thus directly led to his appointment upon the staff of the *Daily Enterprise*, the Labour member vaguely felt that he was in a measure re-

sponsible for his friend's present predicament.

They were nearing Blackfriars Bridge when the Member of Parliament paused, turned to the stone parapet, and rested his arms upon it, looking across the river, as Janson himself had done a few minutes before. The light on the Clock Tower burned brightly, as if to chide the truant member for his absence. By the bend of the stream it seemed now to be situated on the Surrey side, and the moonface of the great clock was partially eclipsed by tall buildings. Kemp gazed at the light like one hypnotised, yet mentally defying it, knowing well it was useless to ponder further, for he had already determined what he should do. True, he had pledged his word, as all his colleagues had done, and he knew he would be the only one to break his promise that night. He said to himself it was no torch of truth standing thus against the black sky, but the flare of an assembly that still passed what laws it dared in favour of the rich and to the grinding of the poor. The Labour leaven had not yet lightened the lump. Why should he keep faith with this false light, when, by speaking now, he might save one of his own kind from the tread of the millionaire's remorseless heel? He cursed under his breath, with clenched teeth, then turned his broad back resolutely to the beacon of the Talking Shop.

"Dick," he cried, "it's just us two against the world, and damn the rest. We're a pair of men from the mining regions, and although you handle the pen, and I have handled the pick, we're brothers in thought. I owe my election to you, and to-morrow, if you play your cards right, you'll owe one of the best newspaper situations in London to me. I'll give you a piece of news that will open any editorial door in this city to you. To-night it is of the utmost importance; in twelve hours it will not be worth that," and he snapped his fingers in the air. "You can write shorthand?"

"Yes. And I'll be glad to do it."

"Have you got your note-book?"

"Yes."

"Then let's move on under a lamp and pay attention to what I say. Did you read the speech the Home Secretary made in the House last Tuesday?"

"Yes," replied Janson, as they moved still further east, and took up a position under a lamp-post, the reporter with fountain-pen and note-book ready. "Yes, very outspoken against your Labour Bill; received with applause by the Opposition Benches, and with silence on the Government Benches. The leader in the *Dome* called it a courageous utterance, and the Home Secretary is praised by all the Opposition journals, while those on the Government side are hedging and non-committal, waiting to see how the cat is going to jump, apparently."

"Quite so. Well, the cat has jumped, and the account of that jump constitutes your item of news. We learned that this speech had almost caused a split in the Cabinet. The Labour party said nothing, but sent an ultimatum to the Government. Either the Labour Bill was to be made a Government measure, or hereafter, during the continuance of this Parliament, the Labour party, as a unit, would march into the Opposition Lobby against every measure the Government might hereafter propose. There has been the devil to pay inside the Cabinet although they still present a united front to the House. This morning the Home Secretary asked for a conference with the Labour Party, and that conference took place to-night in Committee Room 113. The Home Secretary was eloquent, persuasive, threatening, cajoling, brow-beating, flattering, denunciatory; everything by turns and nothing long. We stood solid and silent as this wall." The Labour member beat his huge fist on the granite coping. "We didn't argue, we didn't answer his questions, we

made no reply to his declamation. The Bill as it stands, or nothing, was our last word. We rejected quietly every attempt at compromise, and scouted the proposal to leave the matter to arbitration. As the gamblers say, we stood pat. The Labour Party was 'this stone parapet'—again Kemp brought his fist down upon it—"and we let the Home Secretary beat his head against unyielding masonry. At one time he was actually on the verge of tears, but he melted not one that was opposed to him."

"And the result—the result?" cried the reporter, all aglow with excitement, for his news instinct showed him the overwhelming value of this information.

"The result was a complete surrender. The only concession we made was that instead of attacking the Government as we intended, the Labour Party will keep as silent in the House to-morrow as it was in the Committee Room to-night. The Home Secretary will make a speech, and climb down the cliff by whatever tortuous path his political instincts can discover. He will doubtless try to make it appear that second thoughts are best, and that since last Tuesday he has had an opportunity of thinking twice. We are not to make it harder for him, and, indeed, will say nothing; perhaps our leader will make a formal little speech of thanks for his change of front, although he will not call it that. We will do the mild and humble in the House, and let the Government chew the leek as if they liked it. And now, if you will write, I'll give you the Home Secretary's words as nearly as I can remember them."

When this dictation was finished, the Labour member heaved a deep sigh, and turned around to meet the accusing luminant eye from the Clock Tower, but the light had gone out, and Big Ben was booming forth the hour of midnight. Richard snapped the rubber of his note-book, and pocketed his pen.

"Good-bye," said the Labour member gruffly, as if the enthusiasm of his declamation had left him exhausted and out of humour. He turned on his heel without giving his friend time for thanks or farewell, and almost instantly disappeared in the gloom.

Janson was too good a newspaperman not to recognise to the full the far-reaching importance of the information he had received. He also knew its transient nature. Time was the essence of the contract, as the lawyers say, and he was well aware that his huge sand castle of news would dissolve and disappear as the tide of the morning hours crept slowly up the beach. The news was like the manna that fell from heaven; good only if used at once, and he resolved on the spot to present it to the *Dome*, that great daily journal which did not discard its men like a reckless poker player, hoping to get better cards on a next draw. He walked briskly away, head held high, and courage tingling at his finger tips, feeling like an unarmed man in a robber's cave who had unexpectedly grasped a loaded revolver in the darkness, and now was able to defend himself.

Suddenly a staggering thought struck him like an unseen blow between the eyes, and he stopped dead, to experience one of those mental processes which largely nullified his success on the *Enterprise*. More than once during his short London experience he had balked at some task given him. What he called his conscience, as Peel termed it, intervened. Peel sneered at conscience as an adjunct in getting out an up-to-date morning paper. Curiously enough, the present attack of conscience in those vital minutes between twelve and one in the morning did not touch a vital spot, but was a surface blow, although a stunning one, and it might have counteracted all the good Kemp's perjury was intended to do him. So great was his faith in his

friend that he had never for a moment questioned the purity of the source through which the news came to him, any more than if Kemp had lent him a sovereign would he have thought of asking if that sovereign had been stolen. Such knowledge would have been vital, for Janson's conscience would not have allowed him to use for his own benefit information that cost the breaking of a man's word. The disquieting thought was in another direction altogether. He remembered that his resignation had not been accepted. Technically he was still a member of the *Enterprise* staff, and therefore the astounding news he had received belonged to the *Enterprise*, and to no other paper. He could not, as an upright man, present his treasure-trove to any rival journal. Until his resignation was formally accepted the fateful story of the Home Secretary was the property of the *Daily Enterprise*. He did not argue with himself about it, but indulged in one deep sigh, for he knew the character of the men with whom he had to deal, who would take his news, and still cast him out, for, as Peel had often said: "There is no sentiment in modern business." It was all very well for the *Dome* and other old-fashioned sheets to stand by their veterans and pension them off at last, but the *Daily Enterprise* knew a trick worth two of that.

Peel looked up as Janson came in, and smiled genially on recognising him. On the surface of the broad table that stood between them, Janson saw his letter of resignation. The alert Peel had evidently taken no chances, but had sent down to the business box, and secured the resignation which saved six months' salary to the newspaper.

"Mr. Peel," began the young man, "I have been so fortunate as to secure a very striking piece of news."

"Oh, indeed," said Peel, smiling still more broadly, "and I suppose in return you would like to withdraw your letter of resignation." He pick-

ed up the document, and glanced fondly at it.

"Yes," replied Janson honestly, "I should like to withdraw that letter, which was written in the heat of the moment."

"Exactly so," said Peel, laughing outright, "but, my dear boy, that trick is too thin. It has been tried before. These clever Yorkshire devices don't work in London. Your resignation is already accepted, the acceptance being written by my own fair hand, and here it is."

He handed the young man a sealed envelope.

"Then I am no longer a member of the *Enterprise* staff?"

"No, dear boy, and you haven't been for the last hour or more."

"You don't want my news, I take it?"

"Oh, yes; we've no prejudices where news is concerned. You hand your item to me, and if it is any good we'll use it and pay you space rates."

Once more Janson sighed, but this time it was a sigh of deep relief which the smiling man opposite him quite misinterpreted. Janson thrust into his pocket the acceptance of his resignation unopened.

"Good-night, Mr. Peel," he said, turning away.

"Good morning, Mr. Janson," smiled Peel. "You're not going to leave me your item, then?"

"Oh, if I can't make a better bar-

gain with it elsewhere, I'll come back with it. Space rates are not tempting."

"Ta-ta, then. See you later. Remember the hour we close the forms, Janson."

"I'll remember," and with that Janson disappeared for ever from the editorial floor of the *Daily Enterprise*.

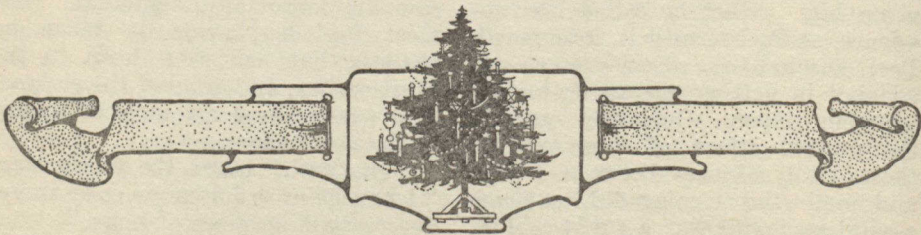
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Next day there was an upheaval in the *Daily Enterprise* office. The devil was to pay, and nothing on hand to liquidate the debt. The proprietor, in Peel's room, raved like a madman. In his clenched fist a yellow telegram was crushed. It was signed "Labour Member," and told the proprietor that the astounding news in that morning's *Dome* was not only true, but had been refused the night before in the *Enterprise* office; that Janson of the *Enterprise* staff had got the news, and would hereafter work for the *Dome*.

"Great Heavens, Peel!" roared the enraged proprietor. This bombshell of exclusive news comes from that old grandmother the *Dome*. The most astounding sensation in ten years, and we miss it! Likely to smash the Government, and the *Enterprise* without a single hint of it!"

"So are all the other papers, except the *Dome*," pleaded Peel; "and, besides, you told me to discharge——"

But the language of the proprietor passes the bounds that print permits.



# THOMAS MAXWELL, ESQUIRE

BY J. J. BELL

“WELL, what is it, Maxwell?” said Mr. Kedgery impatiently.

The little fat clerk (Heaven alone knew what made him fat) glanced from his gray-headed employer to the younger man sitting by the fire, and hesitated.

The younger man made as if to rise.

“Pray don’t move, Harrington,” said Mr. Kedgery politely, and turned again to the clerk. “Go on, Maxwell. You may speak before this gentleman, the director of our London house—Mr. Harrington.”

Mr. Harrington nodded pleasantly; Maxwell bowed humbly, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

“What on earth is the matter?” Mr. Kedgery cried. “Anything wrong in the office? Been making mistakes again?”

“Oh, no, sir.” The clerk swallowed a lump of something—resentment or misery; possibly both. He was tempted to quit the private room with some sort of apology; but he knew that his employer would be leaving business in five minutes or so, and that this was his last chance of making the request towards which he had been summoning his courage for the past three days.

“Sir,” he began in a low voice, his round face red, his eyes fixed on the inkstand on Mr. Kedgery’s desk, “I should be exceedingly grateful if you would be so kind as to permit the cashier to advance me the sum of two pounds.”

“Again?”

“Once more, sir; only once more. I will manage better in future, I assure you, Mr. Kedgery. I have had unavoidable expenses of late——”

“More children?”

“Oh, no, sir! Our youngest is but six months old——”

“Was that the ninth or the tenth?”

“Inseed, sir, she was only the seventh. I was going to explain that the extra expense has been due to illness, which I trust may not happen again. And then, of course, Christmas is upon us, sir, and the children——”

Mr. Kedgery made an impatient sound, seized a pencil, and scribbled on a scrap of paper, which he threw across to the clerk.

“The cashier will give you the money,” he said coldly; “but this must not occur again—I say it must not occur again.” He cut short the clerk’s thanks with a grunt, and dismissed him with a wave of the hand.

Mr. Harrington was lighting a cigar as the door closed.

“Poor chap!” he murmured.

“Silly idiot!” snapped Mr. Kedgery. “And he may thank you, Harrington, for getting off so comfortably. I thought I had better spare your tender feelings.” He laughed sarcastically. “Besides, I didn’t want a sermon from you on the Christmas Spirit, which you were talking about at lunch. We find the Business Spirit quite enough in this branch of Harrington, Ked-

gery and Co., Limited. There's far too much sentiment floating about these days."

The younger man smiled. "What do you mean exactly by sentiment?" he asked. "Well, never mind that. Tell me, is your stout clerk of the incapable order? You said something about his making mistakes."

"He isn't particularly incapable. I daresay most of his mistakes have been made about the times of the arrival of his brats. Did you hear him say he had seven? Scandalous, I call it. And he has been married about ten years, I believe. What right has any man to have seven children on two pounds a week? Tell me that, Harrington!"

"Two pounds a week—poor beggar! Seems a bit unfair."

"Unfair! Great Heaven——"

"I was just wondering what Heaven would say about it. What right has any man to pay another man with seven children only two pounds a week, eh, Kedgery? What have we bachelors done to receive our thousands a year? Strikes me your stout clerk and his wife ought to get medals. How long has he been with the firm?"

"Twenty years—possibly more. But——"

"Dear me! One would think we were running a bank! What were you going to say?"

"I was going to say," said Mr. Kedgery stiffly, "that Maxwell is simply lying in the bed he has made for himself. He might have been cashier four years ago, when Grogan died, but his absurd family prevented that. I wasn't going to trust the handling of money to a man in his position. I don't believe in trying a man's honesty."

"Ah, well," said Harrington after a pause, "it does seem rather rough that these children should not only cost the father so much, but prevent him increasing his income. When did he get his last rise?"

"Don't remember. May I ask why you take such an interest in Max-

well, whom you've never even seen before?"

"That's a question I might ask myself without getting an answer to satisfy—you, my friend, at any rate."

Mr. Kedgery smiled drily. "Still hugging your idea of raising everybody's screw because the business happens to be paying good dividends?"

"No." Harrington's smile was quite good-humoured. "I've dropped that. Our shareholders would kick, naturally enough. But if it's not interfering too much, I'd suggest that you raise your stout clerk's screw by say twenty pounds."

"Why on earth?" Mr. Kedgery stared across his desk. He did not forget that Harrington, though years his junior, was a far richer man than himself. "There is absolutely no reason why Maxwell's salary should be raised a penny," he continued. "I could get plenty of others——"

"Can't you do something without a reason for once in your life, Kedgery?" Some passion had come into Harrington's voice. "Did you see the man's face—an honest face, if ever there was one—when he was begging you to advance a miserable couple of sovereigns? Did you see it? It was sweating with shame at having to ask, with anxiety lest you should refuse. You did not disbelieve his explanation. Illness!—fancy illness on two pounds a week, in a house, too, where the man and wife have to keep up a certain absurd show of respectability that the artisan on nearly as good a wage escapes! Christmas!—imagine Christmas on two pounds a week with half-a-dozen expectant little beggars to make happy! Think of the pinching until those two sovereigns are repaid and the weekly income is back to normal."

"My dear fellow, I've no doubt there are thousands of similar cases——"

"The probability of many doesn't alter the miserable fact of the exist-

ence of one. Can't you imagine the interior of your clerk's home this Christmas Eve?"

"I thought we should come to that," said Mr. Kedgery. "Would you have got up all this sentiment, Harrington, if the date had been the—say the 24th of July?"

"Probably not. But that is no reason why you should avoid helping a fellow on the 24th of December. Raise the man's wages, and let him know of it to-night. I'm sure you won't regret it." Harrington rose and picked up his hat. "You'll do it?"

"Certainly not," the other replied quietly. Then as if the matter were closed, he said: "Are you going by the four-thirty? I would have asked you to wait for the late train, but I can't offer you any festivities."

"Aren't you dining anywhere to-night?"

"I never dine anywhere. At seven I have my steak and potatoes as usual, after which my books await me." Mr. Kedgery was inclined to be cocky about his simple life.

They parted at the office door, and Harrington made his way to the Station Hotel. The first thing he did on his arrival there was to consult the local post-office directory under the letter M. Having entered a jotting in his note-book, he retired to the smoke-room, and at the writing-table proceeded to make, not without thought and frequent hesitation, a longish list of extremely miscellaneous articles having no connection with the factories of Harrington, Kedgery and Company, Limited. The four-thirty express train started without him. So far as he knew, there was no one in London waiting for him that night, but he preferred to be alone on Christmas Eve. The girl he was to have married had died on Christmas Eve nearly twenty years ago. People envied Harrington his success and wealth, but until lately he had seemed a hard and disappointed man. At forty-five he was still sad

and lonely, but he had found a way towards lessening the bitterness of life—not on Christmas Eve only.

## II.

As a rule, the stout clerk knocked loudly on the door of his home, summoning his beloved mob to bid him noisy welcome. To-night, however, he used his latch-key, and it was the closing of the door from the inside that warned his family of his return. The eldest daughter, a woman of ten, received rapid instructions from her mother, who then left the kitchen alone, to the chagrin of the little ones. "You'll see daddy in a minute," the eldest daughter assured them. "It's because it's Christmas Eve that he came home early and didn't knock," she added mysteriously, gathering them about her like so many chickens.

"Is there going to be a surprise?" asked the eldest boy.

"Very likely," she answered bravely, dandling the youngest but one on her knee. Fortunately the youngest was asleep.

Mrs. Maxwell joined her man in the chilly parlour, her eyes on his face as he turned up the peep of gas.

"Well, Milly, they let me have it," he said, facing her with a smile.

She smiled back to him without saying anything.

Then, having done their best to deceive each other, they looked down gravely.

Maxwell brought out his purse and emptied it on the table. Four sovereigns and a half-sovereign. The latter was the firm's annual gift. Maxwell fingered it and laughed.

"I didn't ask for the advance until I had that and my screw in my pocket," he remarked, with an unbecoming air of 'cuteness. "Not that I think he would have stopped it," he added apologetically. He picked up the coins and placed them in her rough palm.

"I suppose it's all needed, Milly?"

She nodded, hesitated, and looked

up. She had no beauty left save in her eyes.

"I'm afraid it is, Tom," she said gently. "Was—was he nasty about it?"

"Oh, no—nothing to speak of. I always say that Kedgery's bark is worse than his bite. Anyway, we've got what we needed, haven't we? It will carry us through—eh? And that is something to be thankful for—only I wish to goodness you could spend the half-sov. on yourself. Couldn't you now?"

"I don't require anything, Tom." She blinked at the gold in her hand. "How much did you think of spending on the children this year?"

"A thousand pounds or so." He went over to the fireless hearth. "Could we manage five bob?"

There was a short silence.

"Do you think it would be wise to spend so much, dear?" she asked.

He gave a groan and returned to her side. Laying his hand on her shoulder, he said unsteadily: "My girl, I sometimes wonder if you aren't sick of being wise and patient."

"Nonsense!" She spoke quickly, but not impatiently. "Come along and see the children, while I get tea ready. We'll talk about their presents afterwards. Go, Tom, and I'll put out the gas."

For a brief space after he had gone she lingered in the darkness. . . . Then, telling herself that she was the luckiest woman in town, she followed him briskly to the kitchen.

\*

It was after seven o'clock, and three children remained to be bedded, ere Maxwell got another word with his wife in the parlour.

"We must get the little things something, Milly," he was saying; "they expect it. They were all asking me what the surprise was going to be?"

"I know—I know. But we've got to be careful Tom. . . . I wish you would get yourself something to

smoke. It's so long since——"

"I've lost taste for it—solemn fact! . . . Besides, we'll get out of the mess in time. If it hadn't been for the doctor and the physicks and other extras——" Maxwell was looking through the blind. "Hullo!" he exclaimed; "here's a cab stopping at our door. Jarvie lost his way, I suppose. I'll see what he wants."

On opening the door Maxwell found himself confronting a tall commissioner, bearing a turkey in one hand and a large parcel in the other.

"Mr. Maxwell?" said the commissioner.

"Oh—yes."

"Some other parcels in the cab for you."

"For me? Impossible! Must be some mistake. My name's Maxwell, but—but I'm afraid not the Maxwell you want."

"196 Rudd Street—Thomas Maxwell, Esquire," the commissioner read from a label on the turkey.

"Good lord!" gasped the clerk, and, turning, shouted, "Milly, come quickly! Am I Thomas Maxwell, Esquire, 196 Rudd Street?" he asked feebly when she appeared.

"If you'll take these, I'll fetch along the other things," said the commissioner, grinning genially.

As in a dream Maxwell took the turkey, his wife the parcel. They carried them into the parlour, laid them on the table, and stood staring blankly at each other.

Following a discreet cough the commissioner entered, his arms full of parcels of varied size and shape.

"If you'll take these some 'with care,' sir——" Maxwell and his wife relieved him in silence. "Thank you, ma'am. There's more to come." He hurried out.

"More!" whispered Maxwell, and sank on the sofa.

"Just a few left, sir," remarked the commissioner on his next arrival. But Milly had to do the re-



ceiving. Tom was quite helpless.

The "few" turned out to be a lot, and having got rid of them the commissioner handed Maxwell an envelope without superscription, saying, as if the words had been committed to memory: "A well-wisher may possibly call upon you in the course of the evening." Thereupon he saluted and took his departure, ignoring a rush of questions.

Maxwell, sniggering foolishly, opened the envelope, and unfolded a couple of five-pound notes.

"Milly! This is——" His voice broke.

His wife flew to him with outstretched arms.

And just then a sound from the doorway arrested them both, and saved the situation from—as Maxwell afterwards expressed it—considerable dampness.

In the doorway were huddled five little ones, wide-eyed, open-mouthed.

"Is it the surprise?" asked the oldest boy.

"Is it the surprise?" the others echoed.

Maxwell jumped up with a shout, kissed his wife, and began to caper about like a madman.

"It is, my children!" he cried; "it is the surprise of all surprises since the world began! Who's for a dance with daddy?"

"Me!" said every little one. But they crowded round the table, where their mother was endeavouring to sort out the parcels and trying not to sniff. The eldest daughter had already flown for garments for the two mites in night attire.

Pleasant pandemonium was let loose as the parcels were opened. Grunts of satisfaction from Maxwell, gasps of amazement and joy from his wife, shrieks and squeaks of delight from the children.

Behold!—

A turkey, with sausages! A ham! A tongue in glass! A huge cake of sublime richness! Another almost as big, of simpler composition but

gorgeously mounted in sugar! Fruits—fresh, dried, sugared fruits—pounds and pounds of 'em! Curious and dainty little jars, and lovely boxes that seem crying to be opened! And what is this? A box of cigars! (Maxwell smells them and declares they make his eyes water). Cigarettes also! A dozen of claret! And this—this long, thin package? What can it be? Hush!—an umbrella—for a lady—a lady indeed! Was ever such a beautiful umbrella! (To think that its first drop of water should come from a woman's eye!) And now for this enormous package! Snip goes the string! Rip goes the paper! "Oh! my chickabiddies!" cries Maxwell, "it's a blessed miracle!" Books and toys, and toys and books; more books, more toys, more books! "Stop, stop!" exclaims Mrs. Maxwell, getting her wits; "wait till we see which is for who." "It's a whole toyshop," says her husband; "I never——"

The tinkle of a bell came through the merry din.

### III.

Mr. Kedgery's face hardened as he gripped the bell-handle a second time. He had come to 196 Rudd Street, wondering whether his clerk had met with an accident or committed suicide, and his ears had at first been greeted by sounds of festivity. Now, however, the house was silent enough. He was about to pull the bell again, when he fancied he heard lowered voices talking rapidly within. What was the meaning of the summons that had reached him whilst he was enjoying his steak and potatoes? He was calling himself a fool for having obeyed the summons so promptly, and was making up his mind to give his clerk, should the latter appear in the flesh, a month's notice—when the door was opened.

"Mr. Kedgery! You sir?" Maxwell's wits all but deserted him.

"I have called," began Mr. Ked-

gery, and halted as his clerk burst into low laughter almost like sobbing.

"Ah, it was you, sir, it was you! Come in! Milly, Milly! Come instantly! Here is Mr. Kedgery—our well-wisher!"

And Mr. Kedgery, his right hand imprisoned between two warm hands, found himself dragged into a narrow passage, there to have his left hand taken shyly by a woman who did nothing but look at him as no woman had ever looked before.

"Come away into the parlour, sir. This way, if you please, sir," stammered Maxwell. "Excuse our confusion, but we are just all overcome—absolutely overcome, sir—by your great generosity. Such kindness, such wonderful generosity—ah, sir! I couldn't have dreamed of this!" And the stout clerk, a big tear on either cheek, wrung his employer's hand.

A dazed man, Mr. Kedgery stood in the parlour while five pairs of young eyes regarded him curiously, if not suspiciously.

"Children," said Maxwell, and blew his nose, "say 'thank you, God bless you' to the kind gentleman."

Four small voices repeated the words gravely and correctly. The fifth did its little best. "Sank you, Dod!" it piped cheerfully.

And for the first time in his life the stout clerk saw and heard his employer laugh.

"Won't you be seated, sir?" interposed Mrs. Maxwell, who was greatly confused and also secretly distressed that she should be caught in her work-a-day attire. Her Sunday dress was quite decent, she reflected, though it was five years old. "You'll forgive the want of a fire, sir," she went on, "but we lost our heads when the things arrived. And no wonder. Oh, Mr. Kedgery, we'd thank you if we could—wouldn't we, Tom?"

"God knows," said Tom softly. Then he woke up. "Milly, Mr. Kedgery must taste our wine—his

wine. Who has a better right?"

Mrs. Maxwell flew from the room. The children returned to examining the toys.

"Look here, Maxwell," said Mr. Kedgery, with the air of a man pulling himself together, "you're evidently labouring under a delusion."

"Delusion, sir?"

"Precisely. What on earth made you think I had sent you anything?"

"Oh—but you did, sir."

"I didn't!"

The clerk fairly staggered against the table. "Then who? . . . We haven't a rich friend in the world. . . . I don't understand. . . . But you sent a message that you would call."

"I sent no message."

Maxwell seemed to have nothing more to say. He looked crumpled and disappointed.

Mr. Kedgery cleared his throat. "I say, Maxwell, you had better go and explain to your wife before she returns. It will make things less awkward for her, also for me. You can add that my reason for calling"—he coughed—"was merely to mention that your salary has been raised twenty-five pounds as from beginning of October last, so that you have some arrears to get. . . . Be quiet, man! Hold your tongue, and go and explain to your wife."

Left to himself, Mr. Kedgery looked furtively at the children, his thumb and forefinger in his waistcoat pocket. The children were undoubtedly cleaner than he had expected them to be. He wondered they did not feel the coldness of the room. What a devil of a time Maxwell and his wife must have, to be sure! He hadn't quite understood things before.

"Children!" he whispered suddenly. "Come here!"

After some hesitation they came and, taking hands, stood before him.

"But—er—I want you to hold out your hands—to get something, you know."

They held out their hands; rather

grubby some of them, to be sure.

"Don't lose it," said Mr. Kedgery, putting a sovereign into each.

To the youngest he said, with a rather grim smile: "And now who do you think I am?"

"A man," was the somewhat disappointing reply.

Said the second eldest boy: "I know! You're Mr. Surprise!"

"I believe you've hit it," muttered Mr. Kedgery. "I'm certainly a surprise to myself."

\* \* \* \* \*

The parents reappeared. Mrs. Maxwell's eyes were red—perhaps with looking for a long-neglected corkscrew. She set a tray on a vacant corner of the table, gave Mr. Kedgery a look, the memory of which might comfort a man in Hades, and devoted herself to persuading the children to choose one toy each and retire. The eldest daughter had already collected the sovereigns for safety, and taken them to a drawer in the kitchen.

Maxwell opened a bottle like a man unused to the job, and poured wine into three tumblers. He handed one to the visitor.

"Milly, you've got to take this little drop," he said, handing her another.

He drew himself up. "Sir," he began. But the toast he wanted to give would not go into words. So in a husky voice he said: "God bless you, sir; God bless everybody," and took a gulp and turned away.

Mr. Kedgery's reply, however, was not any more brilliant. That gentleman was feeling extremely awkward, besides being half frozen, and as soon as possible he took his departure.

Hailing a cab, he was driven to the station. In the cab he re-read a crumpled telegram.

"You are earnestly requested to call at 196 Rudd Street."

"That was a pretty lie I told," he said to himself crossly.

He reached the station less than a minute before the London train started. Running along the platform, he at last discovered Harrington. Harrington let down the window and leaned out smiling.

Mr. Kedgery flourished the telegram in his face. "Confound you, sir!"

"Ah! You've been there!" laughed Harrington.

"Look here," said Mr. Kedgery, "I don't know what the game cost you, but it's going to cost the firm twenty-five pounds a year."

"Hooray! Christmas Eve—eh?"

Mr. Kedgery chuckled drily. "No, my friend. He gets his rise from first week in October last! I'm not sentimental."

"Same thing, only more so."

The train began to move.

"It isn't the same thing," roared Mr. Kedgery. "And, look here, Harrington. I had to lie about the dashed thing. I couldn't explain about your wire. I had to pretend I had called on my own account." He was trotting along the platform now. "And don't you see what he is going to cost me?" he panted. "The beggar will think I'm—I'm a silly, generous—"

"I see! Only thing you can do now is to live up to your lie!" Harrington waved his hand as the other dropped behind. "Merry Christmas, old man!"

Before he knew what he was doing Mr. Kedgery had shouted: "The same to you!"



# RAT-HOLES OF EDINBURGH

BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

*Illustrations from Etchings*

WITH the human weakness that induces wanderers to the eating-places or the drinking-places, I began to consider what I might order and where. To you, I fear, that circumstance has every semblance of simplicity. Even to me, it would be regarded as a trivial moment had it not made possible the most enlivening incident of my Edinburgh experience.

I had dined well somewhere near the Border, and now to this great centre of Scottish culture I came, after nightfall, enthralled, yet looking for a modest supper. I stood at the corner of Princes street and the thoroughfare that leads over North bridge and across High street—the General Post-Office and Waverley station in front of me; the Register House behind; Calton Hill and its castellated crown rising up on the left; the street at the base curving back into unalluring retreats; the Scott monument enhancing the middle foreground on the right; and, back of that again, the black turrets of the Castle forming an imposing outline against the moon-silvered cloud-bank beyond. Supper, somehow, had found place in the thoughts of one who was thus confronted for the first time with this world-renowned spectacle. That is the unseemly part. And yet, who of us, even in ecstatic periods, is not driven by some one of the humanities—the child to its toys, the maiden to her dreams, the old man to his couch, the woman to her sweets, the smoker to the lounge, the *roué* to his haunts, the inebriate to the dram-shop, the

glutton to the trough? And so on this occasion I was being driven, and for the present at least I am distinctively classified.

I was considering what I should order and where. Custom almost dictates the combination of ale and beef in England, wine and chicken in France, beer and sausage in Germany, rye and potatoes in Ireland. So I began to cast about for the stranger's privilege in Scotland. Scotch whisky and haggis came readily to my mind, but whether I decided on either, or both, I shall leave the choice to the individual conscience.

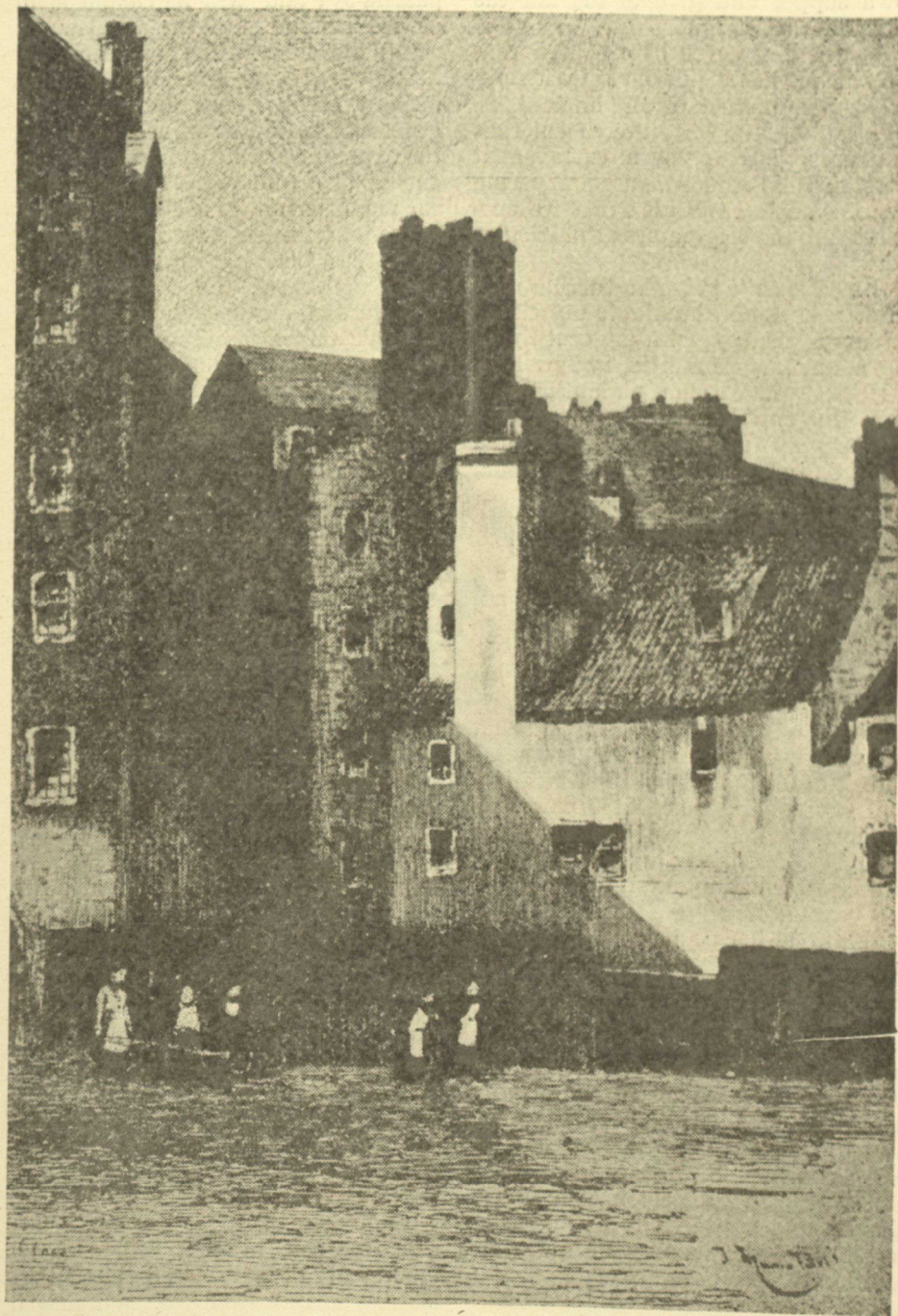
Soon I was moving, perhaps by impulse, along Princes street, and there I was accosted by a ragged youth who had matches to sell. Had I any use for matches? Who hasn't?

"I'm sae hungry!" he moaned.

But I couldn't be bothered by unbuttoning my coat and going down into my pockets. It couldn't be expected of me. Anyway, there was no end to that kind of appeal.

"I'm sae hungry!"

I gave him a curt refusal and quickened my pace. Then I felt a scruple of conscience; I might have given him a three-penny bit and been done with it. Still, there is always the chance of not finding the bit, and a man's pride (humanity if you prefer it), drives him to the length of the sixpence or the shilling. Nevertheless, by some device or other a brilliant idea got into my lethargic brain, and I began to enlarge it to the extent of thinking that it would be a novel thing for me to forgo my



C'ESSEL'S COURT

own supper and give to the lad the amount that it might cost, just as if the idea had never before been conceived, let alone put into practice.

That is another of the humanities. We think things out, receive generous impulses, perform even extravagant acts, and all because we are pampering the miserable little idea that we ourselves are the originators of particular ideas.

But I wasn't going to turn around and go back and humiliate myself by saying to the boy, with my coat flying open and my hands in my pockets, "Here, my lad, I am a philanthropist; take this two-shilling piece and get a good supper for yourself." (Oh! I had no intention of including the usual tip in my alms, for I knew that he would go to an eating-place where tips are not known).

But I wasn't going to perform that humiliating kind of generosity at all. What I had in mind to do was to go back and give the youth a chance to accost me a second time. Would he do it? I was actually fearing that perhaps he, too, had some pride and that he would not meet me half-way. I didn't wish my idea to fail of fruition, so I gave good opportunity. I walked slowly. I tried to affect that devil-mecare bearing of the one to whom a nickel on a holiday means nothing.

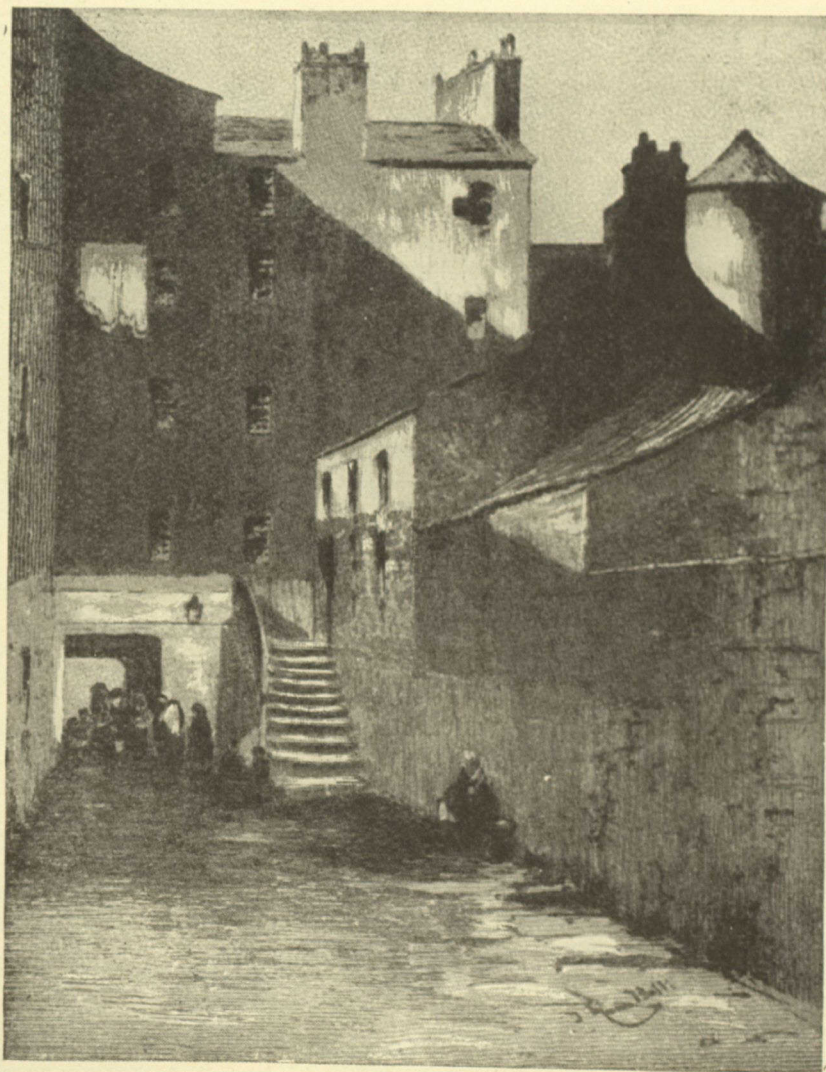
I passed him. He was huddled within a corner shadow. He was not alone, for I saw nestling close up against him another lad, a younger than he, one of perhaps six or seven years, and together they seemed as if bemoaning their ill-luck. I had no intention of going up and proffering my alms. He would have to come. But by this time I was past, and he had not come. So I stopped in front of a shop window, just to give him a chance, and appeared to be much interested in the display of hair-pins and laces.

Did he come? No, he did not come. That was the galling part of it. He had stepped out from the corner, and accosted, without success, one or two

passers-by; and then he caught sight of me looking into the window. I could see him without turning my head. He came hurriedly towards me, but, remembering that I had curtly refused before, he turned away, and the expression of his countenance was one of exquisite sadness. So it was for me, after all, to encourage his advance. I turned my head slightly, and with the amazing intuition of the street urchin, he divined my purpose and turned again towards me. My heart thumped perceptibly, and my fingers were fumbling the silver coins in my pocket. He thrust out his hand with the matches, but before he had time to speak, I carelessly tossed a half-crown at his feet and felt a recall of dignity in the mere sight of him getting down upon his hands and knees to pick it out from a crack in the pavement. As he rose and hurried away, no word escaped him, and I felt that for once in his life he had realised with a look the complement of eloquence.

I had thought that he would go back and rejoin his young companion in the corner, but now I seemed to see him, with the greed that belittles humanity, hurrying away as if he feared the other would learn of his good fortune. As I walked slowly after him, I heard a singularly low yet penetrating whistle, and a moment later the younger urchin from the corner scurried past. I was too far behind to hear anything that was said as the one overtook the other, but I saw the arm of the larger almost envelop the smaller's puny form, and then the two, half running, half dancing, hastened away into the gathering gloom.

I followed quickly. The pair turned to the right, went over the bridge, up the incline, and down along High street, where for the moment I lost sight of them in that kaleidoscopic movement of submerged humanity. The scene interested me, so I moved along, and presently caught a last glimpse of the two mediums of my big idea turning, still with the arm



LITTLE LOCKEND CLOSE

of one enfolding the other, into what looked like a hole in the wall; and as I hurried to the spot and stood there, at the entrance, I received my first impression of one of the rat-holes of Edinburgh.

The entrance was a little higher and not much wider than an ordinary doorway, but its depths were extensive and mysterious and cavernous. The time was not late, so I ventured a closer acquaintance, and had it not been for the sea of child-

ren that came at me like a swarm of bees I might have made at least a fair survey of the coastline. The surging mass shouted almost as one mouth, "Poor oot! Poor oot!" which was intended as a mild intimation for me to pour out of my abundance upon their unoffending heads. I had started as one who acts the philanthropist in a humble way, and thus far I had had some of the joys and exaltations of giving, without having given much. Here, however,



WHITEHORSE CLOSE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE

was rare opportunity, and yet I fled from it. But the rabble pursued me, and I soon interpreted their jargon as a volunteer competition in the recital of local history. The difficulty from my standpoint was that all talked with a broad lowland accent, and all together, and all with the same lingo, just as if they had memorised a chapter from some guide-book.

All this might have been expected, because High street is steeped in history, and the children are steeped in High street—in its wynds and its closes and its courts, characteristics that have made it different from all other thoroughfares and that now make permissible the appellation, “The Rat-holes of Edinburgh.” Because they are little more than holes in the wall in comparison with the magnificent parallel promenade of Princes street, scarcely more than a stone’s-throw away.

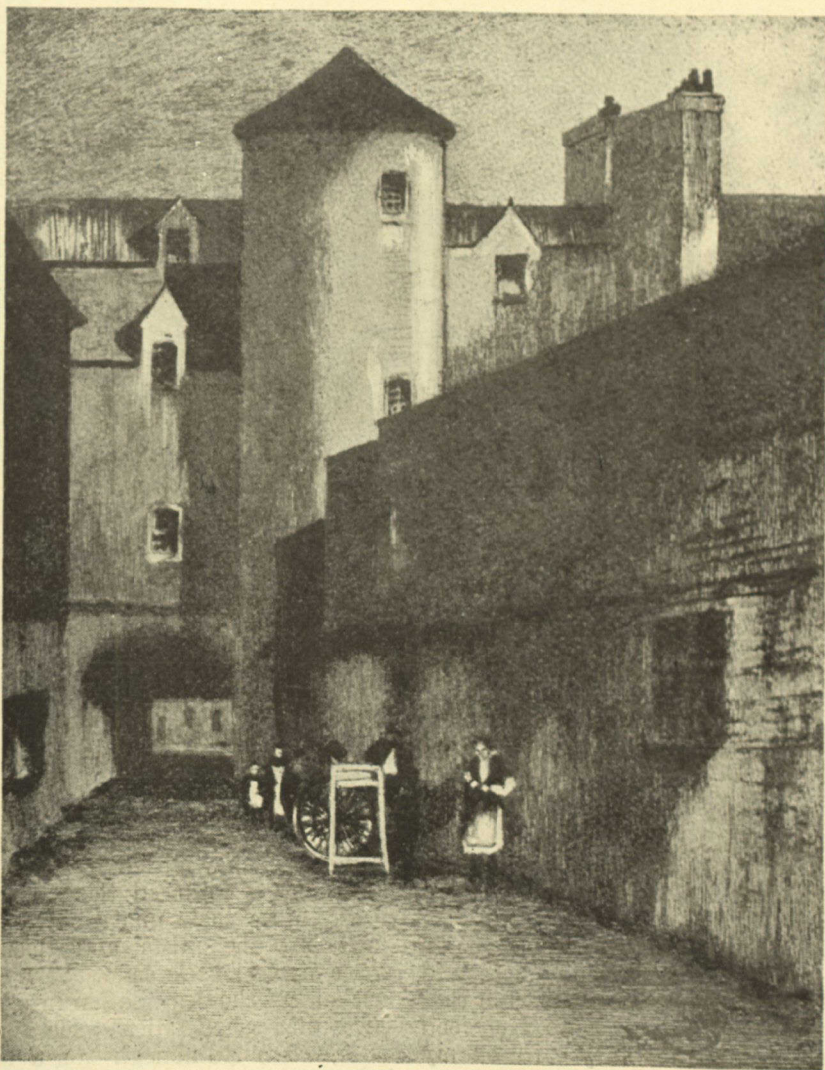
“Poor oot! Poor oot!”

The young historians thus interrupted their recital in order that the one purpose of their enthusiasm might be kept well before me. But I had no small coins, and I consoled myself with the thought that, were I to give a shilling, the one to first grasp it would bolt down street and evade the

others, an instance of honour among beggars such as I had witnessed in a small village on the road to Waterloo. But the concourse was increasing, so I entered a shop and changed some silver for half-pennies. Then, going again into the street, I heaved a dozen or more of them into the air, and with the scramble that ensued upon their descent I managed to escape.

Now I was free to look about. Women with shawls over their heads and jugs in their hands passed to and from the tap-rooms, and in the middle of the street, and indeed everywhere, were groups of men whose stature and appearance gave them no title of Scotchmen. I thought that something important had happened and that they were discussing it. I had just heard about Jenny Geddes having thrown her stool at Dean Hannay as he began to read in St. Giles’ Cathedral the service of the Church of England. Although it was news to me, the incident occurred away back in 1627, and was the first stroke in the great struggle for freedom of conscience. But the groups, unlike me, hadn’t this event in mind at all, and then it occurred to me that perhaps they were criticising Robert Louis Stevenson’s admiration for High





OLD PLAYHOUSE CLOSE

street and the environment. I soon learned that they were permitting Robert Louis to rest peacefully in his grave, but I had yet to know that they weren't even discussing the indelicacy of Smollett, whose novel-writing had been done in a house approached through one of the holes in the wall. I didn't even know that they weren't at fever heat over the fact that criminals' ears had been cut off and nailed to the gallows hard by the old market cross. They used to

do that away back in 1600; at least, they nailed something to the gallows, but whether it was the ears or what remained I couldn't discover.

These things were all new to me, and when I asked an amenable looking civilian who was standing slightly apart from one of the groups—when I asked him, as courteously as I thought was necessary, whether it was true that old John Knox used to preach three times on week-days and only twice on Sundays, he took me



GENTLE'S CLOSE

aside, saying that he had had nothing to eat since morning. Then he took me in.

The groups in the street had got on my nerves. They stood here and there all the way down the mile that leads from the Castle to Holyrood Palace. But while they were on my nerves, the characters who used to frequent these haunts were in my mind. In fancy I could see Sir Walter Scott standing on the Heart of Midlothian, a spot in this street that is now marked by the form of a heart outlined with granite inlaid in the pavement. But surely the groups weren't discussing that. Every few steps I took I passed a rat-hole, and heard tunes lilted here and the pipes skirled there and a fiddle stroked a little farther on. Into and out from these closes and wynds bedraggled looking folk went singly and in pairs.

Sometimes they flitted in like a shadow, and I followed them with my eyes, to see their unattractive forms melt into the mists and glooms of those mysterious recesses. Who would not lament the degradation into which these places had fallen? Here at one time, when Edinburgh was a walled city, embracing little more than High street (from the Castle to Holyrood), the great of the city abode, and some of the buildings still show remains of costly and elaborate finish and decoration.

The groups in the street were still at it, while I went along making mental notes of the names above the entrances to the closes: Campbell's close, Ramsay's close, Panmure's close, Forsyth's close, Dunbar's close, Rae's close, Gibb's close, Covenant close, and Geddes's entry. I feared that I might discover MacTavish's outlet, but

the Maes were not conspicuous, and then I remembered that the Highlands were still some distance beyond. Saloons were at hand on all hands, and there appeared to be sociability in the meeting of bleary-eyed men and women for good measure together in the public bar. From these places slattern forms would issue, and I saw unkempt, haggard and besotted men and women sitting in undignified abandon under the very eaves of the building where John Knox used to thunder forth the foundations of the Scottish faith. And they all seemed to come from and go to the rat-holes, the closes, the wynds, from the gloomy places. What would Smollett think if he could see it now? What would Scott think? And Allan Ramsay the poet? And even Robert Louis Stevenson? And, if modesty would permit it, what did I think? I thought that I should like to know what important topic had caused so many groups to come out from the holes in the walls into the street. When I asked a young chap who had the stamp of honesty upon his face to please tell me whether there had been a fire, a scandal, or an election, he ran his fingers through his hair, struck an attitude which served his purpose perhaps as well as if he had struck me, and then proceeded to deliver the first of a series of lectures on the newest form of socialism. Soon we had a group of our own, but I moved on, wishing to be alone with my thoughts about the trouble King David I. must have had founding the Abbey of Holyrood at the foot of the hill. You see, these matters of mere history were in my mind, and I naturally took some pride in my knowledge. And after I had been alone long enough with thoughts of David, I ventured an observation in the presence of a citizen who act-

ed with the independence of one who has just paid his taxes.

"These groups in the street," I said, with a subtle insinuation of inquiry in the tone, "seem to have some interesting, apparently some important, topic of discussion."

He looked at me, almost in pity, as I now see it, and then moved quietly away. But I felt that he had misunderstood me, so I followed him a few paces.

"These groups," I said, "pardon me, seem to be engrossed in some subject. Is there, has there—"

"Och, no," he interrupted, full of what must have been disdain, "they're jist haein' a bit crack afore turnin' in."

That reminded me that I might do very well with a snack myself, as it was late. So I invited my informant to join me, feeling that a dram or two of something might not go amiss in a strange land. We went in, and soon became engaged in an animated discussion of the ethics of philanthropy. From him I received some good ideas, particularly when, just as we were saying good-bye, he asked whether I could not let him have a couple of "bob" until Saturday night.

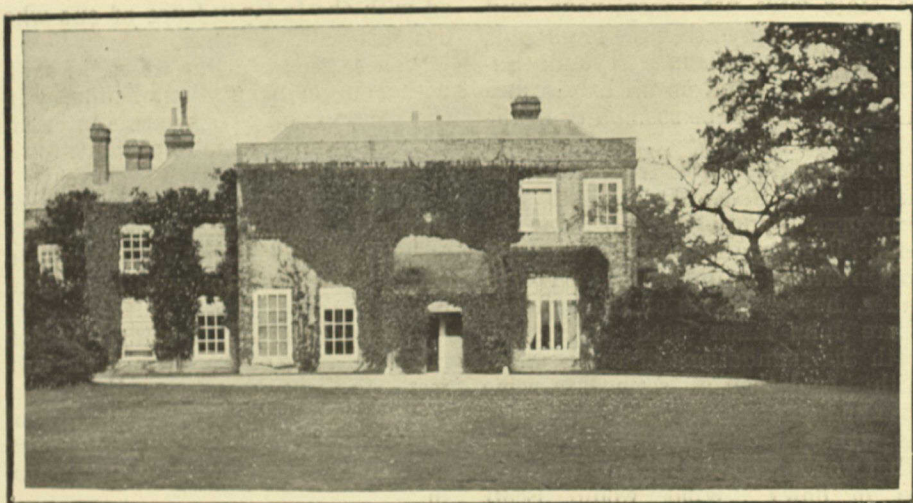
The groups in the street had disappeared. Many of the lights had been put out, and the shop windows looked dark. I passed on alone, for my informant had disappeared into one of the holes, and just as I was about to turn aside to hail a cab, I saw something revolve in front of me on the sidewalk, then stand erect and say:

"Poor oot!"

No heart but of stone could resist an appeal like that, so I tossed him a sixpence, and then saw him fade into the enfolding night.

He was the younger of the two whom I had encountered at the outset.





MORTIMER HOUSE, NEAR READING, BERKSHIRE, ENGLAND, THE EARLY HOME OF  
PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

## MEMORIES OF MY HOME

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

MY father married again. His second wife was Katherine, daughter of Sir Nathaniel Dukinfield, Baronet. She was an excellent woman, managed her household admirably, and was very good to the poor, who thronged to her funeral when she died. She was a relic of the old style, saying "goold," "Room" (for Rome), "sennight" (for week), "dish of tea." About 1848, my father, having independent means, gave up his profession, in which, however, he had been very successful, and retired to a country house at Mortimer, eight miles from Reading. The country there, though unrenowned, was lovely, with a rich view of English landscape from every eminence. The parish, while it was thoroughly rural, was social, containing several mansions. A new curate when asked by the Bishop whether his cure was not very interesting, could reply, "Very interesting, indeed, my

Lord; I have seven parishioners who give fish and soup." Still, even here the lot of the labourer was hard, and his life of toil was too apt to end in the grim workhouse which marred the beauty of the landscape. There was deep pathos in the melancholy complacency with which he looked forward to a decent funeral. I am glad that I stood on the platform with Joseph Arch, who had a good work to do and did it honestly, with simplicity, and well; though, like other agitators, he may have found it difficult to end the campaign when his battle had been won.

The neighbourhood was not unhistoric. Hard by was Silchester City with its massive walls, a monument of Imperial Rome. Our windows looked on a rising ground with trees which in their disposition still bore the trace of a Plantagenet hunting lodge. Old Upton Manor House, with its hiding places for the hunted Jesuit or priest recalled the religious

## MEMORIES OF MY HOME

struggles of the early Tudor times.

The farmers in those days were conservative. They ploughed with four horses, they voted with the Squire. They attended the Parish Church, from neighbourly feeling fully as much as on religious grounds. The labourer went to church rather under pressure, preferring the little Methodist Chapel in a sly corner of the Parish, the eyesore of the Parson and the Squire, though he looked to his Parish Church for Christening, marriage, and burial. A change was fast coming over the relation between the farmer and the labourer. They now no longer eat at the same board. The farmer's wife has become a lady with a piano, looking down on the farmhands. What has wrought the change?

The Parson was the social, as well as the spiritual, guide and the almoner of the Parish. Much depended on him, especially where the Squire was not regularly resident. Our Parson, Harper, afterwards Bishop of Christ Church, New Zealand, was excellent. But in some neighbouring Parishes, especially where the living was in the gift of very close Colleges, and the Incumbent, truly so called, was an old Fellow of the College who had spent half his life boozing in Common Room while he was waiting for preferment, things were not so well. One of these spiritual Pastors going up to a College festival and taking his Churchwarden with him was by the Churchwarden put to bed in his boots. I fancy that though the peasantry could not fail to be grateful for the services of such a Parson as Harper or Fraser, there was always in their minds a lurking suspicion of the black police.

Squires differed as much as Parsons. On the average they were not so good; for a man must be made of fine clay if he will conscientiously perform his duty when he is not obliged. Some Squires were agricultural improvers, builders of

model cottages, just to the poor. Most of them, in those days, at all events, were resident; globe-trotting had not come in; the passion for life in pleasure-cities was not so strong as it is now. Nor had agricultural depression and loss of rents begun to drive the lord of the mansion from his home. Some years ago, re-visiting England, I was the guest of an old friend in an historic house to which it was evident he had difficulty in clinging. In walking we came to a point where we looked across a valley to the new palace of a Jewish financier, and I could read my old friend's thoughts in his face.

Rural society in England has been changing, and so have its outward features. Some years ago I commissioned an artist in England to paint for me a series of drawings representing things as they had been in our neighbourhood when I was young. It was with difficulty that an old homestead and thatched cottage were found. The Churches, all but one, had been restored by Ritualism, which, though a change backward, was a change.

Country houses were beautiful; but in country society there was no enchantment. You rolled eight or ten miles to a large dinner party; you talked horses and roads, heard perhaps after dinner some lady play her grand piece on the piano; and rolled home again. There were county balls, and, in summer, archery meetings. Garden parties were not yet. For the men the coverside was the Club. Next to the Lord Lieutenant in importance was the Master of the Hounds. Our Master of the Hounds, when I was first at Mortimer, was Sir John Cope. He lived at Bramshill, a palace built by James I. on the skirt of what was then a forest country as a hunting box for his son Prince Henry, whose guest Archbishop Abbot was when he accidentally killed the Keeper. Sir John was a type of his class. He hunted a wide country. In winter his life was spent in the

saddle; in summer in training horses. He swore in good old style. "Sir John's pretty well in his swearing, sir," was his groom's answer to my father's inquiry after his health. Having no wife or child he lived alone in that vast pile. At length he became paralysed and could only sit on the terrace to see the hounds meet. His last solace was to have them called over by the Huntsman at his bedside. The end of the fox-hunter's life was apt to be dreary. I remember another of them, who, having outlived his Melton set, living, like Cope, alone in a great mansion, and, like him, paralysed, had no solace but shooting rabbits, which he did sitting in a cart on a music-stool, the stool enabling him to turn his paralyzed side enough for a shot. The rabbits, which he preserved, probably eat up a quarter of his rents.

Not far off was the country of Assheton Smith, paragon and pride of all fox-hunters, who hunted his own hounds when he was past seventy, and performed marvellous feats of horsemanship, clearing a canal by leaping on and off a barge, leaping up hill a rail over which, when he had carried away the top bar, nobody could follow. His horses were so thoroughly trained to take everything at which he put them that one of them, when the rider was looking back after a lag hound, jumped with him into the middle of a pond. Assheton Smith went to hunt with old John Warde, a relative of my step-mother, called the Father of Fox-hunting, at Squerries, Warde's place in Kent. There was a frost. But Warde had the hounds out to show them to his guest. Smith desired to see them find a fox. Warde consented, but said he must whip off at the edge of the cover. Smith gave a look which Warde understood and said, "If that's what you mean, get upon Blue Ruin"—Warde's favourite horse. Smith got upon Blue Ruin, had a run of

twenty minutes over a frozen country, and killed. Warde deserved his sobriquet. Winter after winter he left his beautiful mansion to hunt some distant county, lodging where he could, and telling his wife that any room was large enough for a gentleman in which he could put on his stockings without opening the door. He would take at once into his service, without inquiry into character, any bold rider or good driver, sometimes to the dismay of his wife, a worthy woman, who tried to civilise these waifs. Looking out of window at Hatchett's, in Piccadilly, he saw an urchin drive a four-in-hand coach up to the door in good style. He went down at once and took the urchin into his service. They were sitting in the drawing-room at Squerries one Sunday evening when the urchin was announced to say his Collect. Mrs. Warde, who was rather deaf, went into the next room to hear him. The door between the rooms being left ajar, they heard the urchin, instead of his Collect, repeat, "Dickory, Dickory, Doek," etc., at the end of which he was praised for saying his Collect so well and rewarded with a shilling.

There was a fellow-feeling among fox-hunters, at least among the veterans. My father found himself on his travels, in a city where he was not known, short of cash. He went to a Bank and tendered a cheque saying that as he was unknown to them, he would call in a day or two for the money. But the Banker cashed the cheque at once, saying: "I saw you cross the street; I knew from your gait that you were a fox-hunter; you are sure to be honest." I had myself once to meet in conference a Tory Peer who evidently regarded me, as a Liberal, with some suspicion; but it happening to come out that I followed the hounds his brow seemed to clear, and our conference proceeded happily. He probably thought that

in any man who followed the hounds there must be a remnant of good.

There were still hunting parsons. We had one in our Parish, who, however, had given up his profession and was said only to put on a white tie when he was going to deal for a horse. There was another near us who, when sentiment grew stricter, was called to account by the Bishop. "Mr. Blank, I have not a word to say against your ministrations. But this is a tattling world and they tell me that you hunt." "It is indeed a tattling world, my Lord. They say your Lordship goes to the Queen's balls." "It is true that when I am invited by Her Majesty I do not think it proper to decline. But I am never in the room in which the dancing is going on." "That is just my case, my Lord. I have only one old mare, and I am never in the field in which the hounds are."

James Fraser, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, was rector of the next parish. He was no less first-rate as a horseman than he was afterwards as Bishop, the firm seat and light hand perhaps still coming into play. Kingsley was to be met in the hunting field. Perhaps this helped him with Sir John Cope, who was patron of the good living of Eversley.

The farmers in those days could afford to share the sport, and, provided you kept clear of young wheat and beans, had no objection to your riding over their fields. This will hardly continue. Fox-hunting will share the general change. Already it has become rather artificial, and more like a steeplechase than a hunt, little notice being taken of the working of the hounds, which had been the great point with the fox-hunters of old. However, it gave me some merry days and an addition to my rather scanty stock of health. As Freeman, the scourge of fox-hunters, is gone, I may venture to say that few pleasures can equal a good run. To shooting I

did not so much take. If I enjoyed a season in the Highlands it was more for the air, the scenery, the heather, and the lunch when the ladies came out to meet us by the burn's side, than for the grouse. Not in Scotland but in America I once shot a deer. I did not kill it and they had to cut its throat. I shall never forget the pitiful look of its soft eyes. Never would I have shot at another deer.

Not being a smoker—for they would not let us smoke at Eton and nobody smoked in my College—I have often wondered in what the pleasure of smoking consists. Is it an anodyne for the over-wrought brain? Whenever there was a long check, out came the cigars. But those brains were not over-wrought.

We were in the near parish to Strathfieldsaye, the country-seat of the Duke of Wellington. The old Duke performed all the duties of life and among them, when he could, that of country gentleman. When his work in town permitted, he came down, called on his neighbours, entertained them, and showed himself to his people. I turned up one of his ample visiting-cards with his "F. M." the other day. There was a farm which ran into his estate and which he wished to buy; but it was held at too high a price. One day on his arrival at Strathfieldsaye he was greeted by his bailiff with the glad tidings that the owner of the farm was in difficulties and was forced to sell at a low price. "I don't want to take advantage of any man's difficulties," he replied; "go and give him the fair price for his land." He rode with hounds, but had a loose military seat and was sometimes thrown. He did not like this to be noticed, and was far from pleased when a farmer said to him, "I see your Grace often parted from your saddle. Ye should take oop your stirrups and ride as I do." He was tenacious of his character, as sportsman, and was greatly hurt when, on account of his age, he

ceased to be invited to the Prince Consort's shooting parties. He kept a hunting stud to the last, though he could ride no farther than the cover-side. He had not much taste, and when a Roman villa was opened on his estate and drew visitors he had it covered up, saying that if people wanted to see curiosities they must go to Italy. The Church at Strathfieldsaye was in the park and was an unecclesiastical structure in a cruciform shape with a cupola, bespeaking the fantastic taste of the last Lord of Strathfieldsaye. Gerald Wellesley, the Duke's nephew, who was Rector of Strathfieldsaye, had often begged the Duke in vain to build something more like a Church. One day, however, the Duke said, "Gerald, I begin to think you are right. That building is not like a Church. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll put a steeple on it." The last time I saw the Duke was at the door of that Church. He was told that one of his old Generals had just died. He looked grave for a moment as if he felt it to be a warning. Then he said, "He was a very old man, though;" put his arm in that of Lady Douro; and trudged sturdily away. The Duke was cold and aristocratic, or rather undemocratic, for he did not think much of titular rank. His soldiers trusted rather than loved him. He took too little thought for their claims or for their comfort and spoke of them with too little feeling. But he was a noble model of simple devotion to duty, perfectly free from vanity, at least while his mind remained unimpaired. A worshipper, it was said, went up to him and begged to be allowed to take the hand of the victor of Waterloo. "Don't make a damned fool of yourself," was the hero's reply.

The second Duke I knew well and was his guest at Strathfieldsaye. He had something of his father's features, though without the forehead, and a spark of the intellect, but nothing of the character. He was a

mere sybarite. He was married to a beautiful woman and neglected her. It was said that when she complained to the old Duke, who was very fond of her, the answer was, "My dear, the Wellesleys have always been bad husbands." Of the history of the old Duke's marriage there were different versions, but no version was happy. The common one was that he had formed the engagement when the lady was in her beauty and had kept it as a point of honour when she was pitted with smallpox. This certainly was not true. The fact, I believe, was, that she rejected him; that he went abroad, and, on his return, when his love had cooled, was persuaded by a friend of the lady to offer himself again. But Wellington, the soul of duty, was not warm-hearted, or likely to be a very loving mate.

Punctual in the performance of all the duties of life, the old Duke at Strathfieldsaye went regularly to Church. He had a gallery to himself with a fireplace, the fire in which, growing deaf, he was apt to poke rather loud.

In a paddock at Strathfieldsaye, "Copenhagen," Wellington's charger at Waterloo, ended his days. "A low-shouldered brute" the second Duke irreverently called him to my father. He was a half Arab, and the breed, I believe, is apt to be low in the shoulder. The formation, I fancied, was perceptible in the Equestrian Statue which stood over the arch on Constitution Hill, and which, grotesque as its position was, the old Duke did not like to have removed.

The second Duke showed me a collection of likenesses of Napoleon; I told him there was one he had not; a bust taken at the time of the Egyptian expedition, differing from the rest, as I thought, by showing something more of enthusiasm and less of the hard look of settled ambition. It was in possession of Jérôme Bonaparte at Baltimore. The Duke asked me when I returned to



America to get him a photograph. The first attempt was a failure. But afterwards Jérôme showed himself a genuine Bonaparte by the development of a cancerous tumour, of which he died. A photograph of the tumour was taken for submission to physicians at Paris. The photographer then got a good impression of the bust, which I suppose is still at Strathfieldsaye.

It was difficult to find anyone who had seen Napoleon. I made that remark at a dinner party when a voice near me said, "I saw Napoleon." It was Lord Russell, who had paid Napoleon a visit at Elba, accounts of which are already in print. I asked Lord Russell whether the common portraits were like. He said they were. I asked him whether there was not in the face that hard look of selfish ambition. This he had not noticed; but he said, and repeated with emphasis, that there was something very evil in the eye. When Lord Russell spoke of war, Napoleon's eye flashed, showing, what was certainly the fact, that the lust of war was with him in itself a ruling passion. It is difficult to divine what else could have led him to invade Russia. He evidently had no intention of restoring Poland. He was immensely fat, Lord Russell said, and this might account for his fatal lack of activity in his last campaign.

At Three-Mile-Cross, not far off, dwelt Miss Mitford, the authoress, whose "Belford Regis" portraying under feigned names the characters of Reading, amused in its day. She had won a large sum in a lottery. It was squandered by a worthless father to whom she remained a most devoted daughter. Her great friend and literary ally was Talfourd, whose "Ion" though now forgotten is not without classical merit.

Another notable neighbour at Mortimer was Sir Henry Russell, of Swallowfield, a retired Anglo-Indian of distinction, who had long been the Resident at Hyderabad. He

was a fine specimen of the old Anglo-Indian school. It being in his days a six months' voyage from England to India, he had passed his life in Hindostan and had learned to identify himself with the people. No such word as "Nigger" ever passed his lips. He seemed to regard a Hindoo gentleman as his equal, though of a different race and religion. Missionaries he abhorred. "No gentleman," he said, "ever changed his policies or his religion." He was a man of refined tastes, a good writer and a model of urbanity. When he was dying his medical man pressed on him a useless draught, telling him it would do him good. "I am sure it will," he said, "if it comes from your hand." He had brought away from India a healthy frame, as he said anyone might who would be temperate and careful. He was an active local improver and a practical pioneer of the reform of the Poor Law.

At Bearwood, not far off, lived the mortal enemy of the new Poor Law, John Walter, of *The Times*. The mighty Radical, as he then was, had pitched his tent among Tory Squires to whom his name was a terror and with whom he for some time lived at war. He had a very strong temper, was firm in friendship, and inflexible in hate. When he was rebuked for the rancour with which he assailed a public man who he thought had betrayed him and reminded that the Bible told you to forgive your enemies, his answer was, "Yes; but it doesn't tell you to forgive your friends." My father was in treaty for the purchase of a house which had a road running too near it. Application had been made at Quarter Sessions for permission to turn the road. The vendor happened to be a particular enemy of Walter. Time after time Walter came with the only two local allies which he had to Quarter Sessions and opposed the turning of the road. My father happening to meet him, asked him what could be

the motive of his opposition. It turned out that he had fancied that the turning of the road was a condition of the purchase and that the sale was hung up on that account. Learning that he was mistaken, he ceased to oppose the turning of the road.

In Mortimer lived Sir John Mowbray, the high Tory member for the University of Oxford. His high Toryism did not interfere with our friendship, which was kept up by correspondence when I had left England. The value of the English rule which forbids politics to interfere with social relations is felt when one's lot is cast where that rule does not prevail and people feel at liberty to indulge their personal propensities under cover of political opinion. Mowbray was very interesting for he was an epitome of the House of Commons.

We had visitors at Mortimer, one of them was Admiral, afterwards Lord, Lyons, a man of keen intelligence and thorough knowledge of the world, as well as a great naval commander. He had been Ambassador at Athens, and told some good stories of those days. There was to be a Court Ball. A British Consul and his family came to Athens for it. Lyons lunched with them on the day. A little boy asked for something on the table. Being refused, he asked for it again, threatening to tell if they would not give it to him. Again they refused. He flourished his spoon and shouted "Grand-mamma's dead." It had been agreed to keep the old lady's demise quiet till after the Ball. Lyons gave a diplomatic dinner to propitiate an offended Oriental. There was an iced pudding, which, being taken to the guest of honour, first, he, seeing something unctuous, helped himself to it and put a large piece in his mouth. He jumped up, furious, spluttering and rushed out of the room. Lyons followed and found him implacable. His mouth was burnt; it was an abominable

trick; else why had the pudding been taken to him first? He went away unappeased, and diplomacy missed its mark.

Other visitors were Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison. Sir Roderick was a cavalry officer who had taken to science, and, being rich, became its Amphytrion. Lady Murchison was very bright. She and I went to see Maple Durham, a fine Elizabethan house near Reading. Across the grounds there was a public path from which there was a good view of the mansion, to the lord of which the path, trenching on his privacy, was an eyesore. We were standing on this path to look at the house when a servant came up and said, "Strangers are not allowed to stand here." "Are they not," said Lady Murchison, "then will you kindly fetch me a chair." Sir Roderick had been invited by the Czar Nicholas to survey the mining region of the Urals. He became intimate with the Czar and testified, there is no doubt truly, to the Czar's perfect good-will to England.

Who now lives in the old house, thinking nothing of its former inmates? Who strolls beneath those elms in the summer evening and looks over the lawn to the farm on the hill which marks the site of the Plantagenet hunting-seat? Whose is now the room from the window of which, rising to my early studies, I used to see the moon and the morning star together in the sky? If you wish to give yourself a fit of the blues, you cannot do better than think of the haunts of your youth and call up the forms once familiar which have now long since become dust.

I cannot help mentioning my father's household as almost a relic of old times. It was a household in the true sense of the term. In it were five upper servants whose united terms of service with my father, my step-mother, or both, were two hundred and thirty years. They thoroughly identified them-

selves with the family and its interests, and when the household was broken up, took their pensions, and went into no other service. I am afraid they were not highly educated; I doubt whether they could have produced a grammatical letter among them. The old coachman who had been with my father more than fifty years, could neither read nor write. He was excellent in his calling, and not without refinement of feeling. When his mistress was dying he sent her up a rose as his farewell. Growing very old he had a fit upon the box. They wanted him to give up the reins, promising him as a pension his full wages and his house. But he said that if he ceased to drive the family he would die; the medical man said he believed he would. The master and mistress seldom left home and treated the domestics, not as servants, but as members of a household. Households are hardly possible now; in America it seems almost unexampled.

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## THE GATES OF DAWN

(Suggested by the picture painted by Draper)

BY JOHN BOYD

AN angel stands by the gates of dawn,  
 A rapt look in her face,  
 The light is softly breaking on  
 Her form of heavenly grace.

Heralds of joy to all the world,  
 The rays that spring o'erhead;  
 A new-born day has dawned on earth,  
 The darksome night has fled.

The lingering mists are fading fast  
 Before the brightening beams,  
 The sun is rising in its strength,  
 On earth its glory gleams.

So shall she stand in that dread hour—  
 A brighter presence far—  
 When death shall with its heavy pall  
 Our onward vision bar.

Then shall the Sun of Suns appear,  
 With splendid lustre shine,  
 And we shall hail the glorious light  
 That tells of love divine.

# MR. CRAMPTON REBELS

BY MARY STUART BOYD

"I DON'T like mince," Mr. Crampton said, surveying with distaste the dish before him. "We seem always to have it for lunch."

From the opposite end of the table his elder daughter regarded her father with disapproval.

"What else would we make of the cold meat, papa? Would you have it thrown out?" she asked.

"With your teeth, papa! You know mince is easy to assimilate," chimed in her sister, with a well-intentioned but blundering attempt at conciliation.

"Tush!" retorted Mr. Crampton, a frown of impatience upon features that were cast for smiles.

"Rice pudding again," he protested, when the succeeding course was served. "Really, Sophia—you know I never interfere with the housekeeping or with your management of the servants—but need we have rice pudding every day?"

"Be just, papa," Sophia answered coldly. "It was semolina pudding we had yesterday."

"Yes, and tapioca pudding on Sunday," added Ella.

"I don't care what you call it. I detest milk puddings. Why can't we have something nice? A plum-pudding now, or an apple-tart, or——"

"Plum-pudding! Pastry! With your digestion, papa!"

"There's nothing wrong with my digestion," retorted Mr. Crampton testily.

"Remember what Dr. Spencer said when you were so ill. He posi-

tively and strictly forbade——"

"But that's years ago. My digestion is as good as it ever was, and my teeth are all right. I'm not an octogenarian, that I should be fed upon spoon-meat."

"You know, papa, that it is your tastes only that we consider." Sophia wore an aggrieved air.

"Tush!" once more replied her father, rising from the table with a curt intimation that he proposed going for a walk alone.

"You've vexed poor Sophia, papa," Ella said reproachfully, as she helped her insurgent parent into his top-coat and insisted upon encumbering him with a muffler. "You know how devoted she is to you."

Mr. Crampton said nothing. He might be an ungracious beast, he told himself, but he did wish his daughters were a shade less zealous in their watchful care over a health that he knew to be robust.

It was a glorious day in late October. A soft west wind wafted fleecy white clouds across a sky of tender blue. The sun-warmed air was full of vitality, but Mr. Crampton left Marine Villa in little mood to enjoy it. Since, half-a-dozen years earlier, he had retired on his Civil Service pension to the pleasant South-coast town of Budcombe, his daughters had united to guard his welfare with a degree of solicitude that had gradually become a decided burden. Because his active life had ceased, they had assumed that he must necessarily be treated as a frail old man. A clear injustice, when he was as hale as he had ever been.

For some time he had felt their attention irksome, though this was the first occasion on which he had openly rebelled. And as he walked quickly along, he was in a state of mental irritability foreign to his genial nature. In place of taking his usual afternoon saunter towards the bowling-green he kept to the beach, and soon began ascending the track that led to the cliffs west of the town.

The path was a steep one. So steep, indeed, as to have called forth protest on the part of Mr. Crampton's solicitous guardians whenever he spoke of ascending for the purpose of enjoying the view from where the flag-staff graced the highest point some distance off. With the new-born spirit of revolt firing his blood, he resolved to reach it now.

Mr. Crampton was naturally sweet-tempered; and as he rested, panting a little, on a seat placed half-way up the first slope, and watched the waves breaking in scarves of foam on the beach, his resentment quickly lost strength.

Feeling his top-coat a burden, he took it off, and, stuffing the muffler into one of its pockets, resumed the ascent with greater ease. It was a long time since he had gone so far alone. The solitude gave him an unwonted sense of freedom.

The higher he climbed, the higher his spirits rose. The sense of petty annoyance that had culminated in his outburst at lunch ceased to galling him. He felt again a youth, or rather experienced something of the exhilaration of a truant school-boy. And when, after crossing the chine and ascending the farther slopes where the heather was beginning to wither, he reached the flag-staff, he was proud to find himself comparatively fresh.

As he rested, enjoying the wide prospect and rejoicing in his achievement, he caught sight of feminine headgear moving towards him through the tall furze bushes that

lined the path. When the wearer of the hat neared him he recognised Mrs. Welford, a widow, also resident in Budcombe, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. Mrs. Welford, who carried a basket, was moving as lightly as a girl, in spite of her fifty odd years.

"Mr. Crampton!" she exclaimed, as he rose to greet her. "Fancy you coming so far!"

"Now, why should it be too far for me, if it isn't for you?" demanded Mr. Crampton, with a slight return of his former testiness.

"Oh, of course, it isn't. Not at all. Only I have never happened to see you here before, though it's a favourite walk of my own."

"Well, I haven't been here before," Mr. Crampton confessed. "I—I was under the impression that the distance was greater than it appears to be. Now that I know what a comparatively easy climb it is, I'll come often."

He spoke the words as though registering a vow against unseen opposition; and Mrs. Welford, who was tactful as well as kindly, dexterously changed the subject by talking of her own affairs.

"Every Tuesday from April till late autumn I come to gather wild flowers on the landslide just beyond this. Then I post them on to the Seamen's Hospital at Plymouth. The flower season is nearly past now, but when everything else is over I gather tinted leaves and berries."

"Let me help you," Mr. Crampton pleaded. And after making the condition that he would pick the blossoms with as long stalks as possible, his companion agreed.

An hour later found Mrs. Welford and Mr. Crampton seated side by side on Mr. Crampton's overcoat (he was glad now he had brought it) drinking hot tea from Mrs. Welford's heating-flask and sharing some of the little pastry-cakes for which the local confectioner was justly famed.

"Do you like milk puddings?"

Seized by a sudden desire for sympathy, Mr. Crampton put the question.

"Milk puddings?" Mrs. Welford was a trifle bewildered by the sudden change of subject. "They're very wholesome and nourishing, and all that—aren't they? But don't you find them just a little uninteresting? When I was in the nursery I got enough minced beef and milk puddings to last me for life."

Here was a woman after Mr. Crampton's own heart. "But if you hadn't mince, what would you do with the cold meat?" he asked breathlessly.

At the absurdity of the question Mrs. Welford laughed outright. "Oh! with good management there needn't be much cold meat. But, in any case, numbers of nice dishes can be made with it, you know. Curry and croquettes, and shepherd's pie, and Irish stew—oh, and lots of other things. Though, by the way, I wonder why a dish that is made with English potatoes and Welsh mutton and Spanish onions should be called Irish stew—don't you?"

The conversation had taken a material turn that was hardly in keeping with their idyllic occupation of tying the blossoms into clusters, but when one has reached the pleasant backwaters of life the food question ranks as one of the significant things.

Mr. Crampton was late for the tea that was always served at four o'clock precisely. So great a flutter of apprehension did his absence cause, that when about five o'clock he approached the house with lighter step than he had left it, both of his daughters were at the door looking eagerly for his return.

"Oh, papa, where have you been? We've been so anxious about you! When tea-time came and you didn't return we thought something terrible must have happened to you!"

"Yes, papa. Sophia and I have been dreadfully unhappy about you. Where have you been? In five min-

utes, if you hadn't come back, we'd have gone out to search for you."

"Tush!" said Mr. Crampton, for the third time that day. "Absurd nonsense. One would think I was in leading-strings, the way you girls talk. Bless my soul! Can't a man stay out an hour later than usual without people working themselves into fits over it?"

"But where have you been, papa?" demanded Sophia again. "The tea is quite cold."

"Out walking, and I don't want any tea," retorted her parent, so curtly that the questioning came to an abrupt close.

At dinner that same evening Mr. Crampton further astonished his family by delivering himself of unexpected views on the vexed subject of the final disposition of cold meat.

"Now, instead of making your eternal mince out of the remains of this," he said, pointing with the carving knife he held to the joint before him, "wouldn't it be quite as easy to tell cook to make something tasty with it? How about a curry now, or an Irish stew, or shepherd's pie?"

At this exhibition of unguessed culinary knowledge the sisters exchanged glances, but they remained discreetly silent.

"Somebody's been putting papa up to it," Sophia declared when they were alone. "He would never have thought of that himself. Ella, I wouldn't be surprised if Minnie Ainsbury is trying again to get a hold of him."

A circumstance which occurred next day seemed almost to justify their suspicions. Mr. Crampton got his hair cut, without, as was his custom, having delayed until his daughters had proclaimed it disgracefully long. Thereafter, two pairs of keenly interested eyes kept watch over his doings; although, when the remainder of the week passed without the discovery of further corroborative circumstances their owners' vigilance gradually relaxed.

The following Tuesday, as Mrs. Welford gathered the vivid scarlet seed pods of the Gladwin iris about the tumbled slopes of the landslide, she was surprised to see Mr. Crampton descending towards her, prepared to share her charitable labours.

On the Tuesday succeeding that, Mr. Crampton, wearing a new and becoming grey felt hat, awaited her arrival at her happy hunting-ground. In spite of the increasing scarcity of bouquet materials the weekly strolls proved so pleasant that they bade fair to become an institution. And it was a keen disappointment to Mr. Crampton when the last Tuesday in November proved both wet and stormy. There could be no question of walking in the wind and rain, even if Mrs. Welford's charitable labour had not ended for the season. Yet, as the accustomed hour approached, Mr. Crampton became restless and seized upon the excuse of exchanging a book at the library as a pretext for going out.

Having flouted Sophia's advice to avoid a chill by remaining indoors, and fallen victim to Ella's entreaties to ensure himself against the danger of damp feet by wearing goloshes—encumbrances which he secretly kicked off into the laurel bush by the gate—he set forth.

To change the book was the work of a minute. That achieved, Mr. Crampton stood at the door of the library and looked furtively up and down the deserted rain-washed street. No one who could avoid it was out. Then, if everybody else was indoors, Mr. Crampton, struck by a daring idea, assured himself, Mrs. Welford would be certain to be at home. Why shouldn't he call on her? It was true that she had not suggested it, but then how could she guess that this sudden break in the weather would prevent what he had come to regard as their weekly picnic?

Putting up his umbrella, Mr.

Crampton took two hesitating steps in the direction of Marine Villa where his daughters anxiously awaited his return; then, turning, strode boldly off towards High Terrace where the wealthy widow's residence was situated.

Mrs. Welford was at home, and her visitor found himself shown into the sitting-room, where she sat alone tea and toasted crumpets, Mr. Crampton found himself thinking—and saying—that his hostess had carried indoors the sunshine that he had learned to associate with her.

Meanwhile at Marine Villa matters had not been at a standstill. Johnnie Durant who lived next door and who had recently enrolled himself in the ranks of the Boy Scouts, while occupying his leisure by tracking the spoor of a cat, had discovered Mr. Crampton's goloshes hidden under the laurel bush. When Johnnie handed them in, the recognition of the familiar articles had given rise to certain uneasy conjectures in the minds of the Misses Crampton. Most acceptable of these was Sophia's conviction that at that moment the absent one must be paying a visit to Miss Ainsbury.

"Minnie can't come here because we never returned her last visit. So she gets papa to go alone to see her. I always knew she was sly."

"Yes, and don't you think our not going to see her has probably been just what she wanted? It enabled her to have papa call without any fear of our finding him there!"

"If that's the way of it," cried Sophia, "we'll call at once."

Ten minutes later the Misses Crampton were ushered into Miss Ainsbury's drawing-room to find that lady alone and apparently greatly surprised at their having chosen such a stormy day on which to pay their long-deferred visit.

They returned home, oppressed by the conviction that their call had merely served to re-open their house

to an undesired guest, to find Mr. Crampton seated in his armchair quietly reading the library book he had gone out to fetch. Still, as Sophia afterwards said, Minnie was so sly that you really could not tell. She might have let him out by the garden gate while they waited at the front door!

Christmas Day was approaching. The Misses Crampton prepared to keep the festival after their customary fashion. Three friends—Mr. Walpole, a bachelor regarding whom Ella cherished secret expectations, and Sir John and Lady Sweetman were coming to dinner.

The invitations had been formally given and as formally accepted, the stereotyped arrangements had all been made, when Mr. Crampton chose to upset matters by suggesting that he would like to invite an additional guest.

A ray of hope flashed to Ella. Perhaps papa's guest might be a masculine acquaintance, somebody even more eligible than Mr. Walpole—who, when all was said and done, was really a do-no-better. But Sophia was wary. She had almost ceased expecting romantic things to happen. Besides, papa had flushed a little when he made the proposition, and there was a bashful note in his voice.

"Another guest, papa? I'm afraid it is impossible. The table only seats six comfortably."

"Can't you have a leaf put in?"

"When the table is extended there is so little room for waiting. Besides, six people are as many as Jane can wait on, and seven makes an odd number, and——"

"You needn't cudgel your brain to find any more excuses," Mr. Crampton, who had been listening in ill-concealed impatience, burst out. "The truth is, you refuse to ask a friend of mine."

"But the people who are coming are all friends of yours, papa, or else why would they be asked to your house?" Sophia spoke with dignity.

"They are asked because you and Ella want them, that's why. Walpole—what do I want with Walpole on Christmas Day? I see enough of him at the club. Old Sweetman is an intolerable bore, and his wife is a confounded gossip. A nice set for a Christmas party, I must say!"

"The Sweetmans are always most punctilious about inviting us to dinner, you forget that, papa; and in——"

"But papa hasn't told us who it is he wants to invite," interrupted Ella, who was still curious.

"No, I haven't. And what's more, I don't intend to," Mr. Crampton said decisively. "It's a strange thing that though I'm master of this house, I can't even suggest asking a friend to dinner without your throwing a dozen obstacles in the way."

"I'm sure I only said——" Sophia was beginning, but Mr. Crampton had not waited to hear her attempt at self-exculpation.

On Christmas Day the little bustle of the final preparations kept both the Misses Crampton so busy that their careful supervision of their father's outgoings was relaxed. When Sophia went to the study to warn him that it was time to dress for dinner she sustained the shock of finding the room empty. No one had seen him go out; but for the material evidence offered by the absence of his hat from the hall-stand, Sophia could have imagined him vanished into thin air.

A dinner-party without a host! The situation was inconceivable, yet disaster seemed closely to menace the occasion. Mr. Walpole, who retained his reputation for punctuality by invariably arriving ten minutes too soon for any entertainment, was already in the drawing-room. And the Sweetmans' fly was trundling along the Parade when the missing man returned, and, darting upstairs with an agility unbecoming to his years, changed his garb with such alacrity that before the Sweetmans had ponderously descended



from their hired equipage, had toddled up the garden path, and been divested of their enveloping wraps, he was in the drawing-room ready to welcome them with a cordiality that bespoke good-will towards the entire universe.

The suggestion of elation in his demeanour puzzled his daughters, who wondered what the cause of his secret exultation could be. He was in the most jubilant of spirits, laughed at Sir John's thrice-told tales, and forgetting the shyness between them even addressed Sophia as "dear!"

A chance remark of Lady Sweetman's hinted at an explanation.

"I saw you passing this afternoon, Mr. Crampton. What lovely roses you were carrying. I quite envied the lucky recipient."

At the playful sally, Mr. Crampton blushed boyishly, even twittered. Sophia glanced at Ella, Ella glanced at Sophia, and when the guests had gone the Misses Crampton held a whispered council of war. Why had papa seemed so happy? they asked each other, as though a bliss un-sanctioned by his daughters were to be accounted a crime.

"Oh, Sophia, do you think he can have proposed? Minnie would be sure to jump at him. And what shall we do if papa marries her? She hasn't a penny of her own. And papa couldn't afford to give us a house where we could live as we have been accustomed. Perhaps we should have been nicer to Minnie. Don't you think it would have been wiser to ask her to dinner to-night, if it was she papa meant?"

"It's no use regretting anything," Sophia declared stoutly. If she had any doubts as to the wisdom of their method of dealing with their rebel father she concealed them. "What we must do is to find out how far things have gone and act accordingly. If papa leaves the house to-morrow as he has been doing, we must follow and see where he goes."

The next afternoon found them

waiting in walking-skirts and strong boots, with hats close at hand, prepared to follow where their errant father might lead.

They had not long to wait. Mr. Crampton had slipped out, shutting the hall door softly behind him, but not too softly for the listening ears to hear. A moment later the hats had been pinned on and Sophia was in the act of taking her second best umbrella out of the hall-stand, when somebody knocked at the door.

It was the rector's wife come to pay a parochial call. Wondering the while how she had failed to encounter and detain Mr. Crampton as he left the house, the baffled conspirators received the visitor with polite words on their lips, and burning wrath in their hearts. Then, struck by a brilliant idea, Sophia slipped from the room. In the adjoining garden the valiant Boy Scout was amusing himself.

"Johnnie," she whispered across the low euonymus hedge that separated the front lawns, "you saw Mr. Crampton go out just now—didn't you?"

"Yes. He hid in the greenhouse when he saw Mrs. Prior come in at the gate. And when she had gone into the house he came out and hurried away." Johnnie, who prided himself upon his perspicacity, pointed westwards.

"Well, you know how papa laughs at your scouting. Says he doesn't believe you could track anything. Now wouldn't it be a joke to track him? I'll give you a shilling if you can follow him and come right back and tell me where he goes. Only he mustn't suspect that you're tracking him—you understand?"

Here was a task after the Boy Scout's own heart. Almost before the last words were out of her mouth, Johnnie was off; and Miss Sophia was free to entertain her guest.

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Prior had just gone, a weird whoop

sounded without. The scout, panting but successful, had returned.

"I tracked him! He went up to the flag-staff."

"Nonsense, Johnnie." Sophia was certain her emissary was romancing. "Papa would never climb the cliff path."

"He did though, certain sure. And a lady met him there. And then they walked on, down by the landslide. They're there now."

"A lady?—who was it?"

"I couldn't get near enough to see. She had a red umbrella up."

A red umbrella! There remained no further need of questioning.

Wasting no more time, the ladies started in pursuit. Flushed, but persistent, they at length reached the flag-staff, and, acting on their scout's report, walked on towards the landslide.

Suddenly Sophia clutched her sister's arm. The afternoon was sunny. In a hollow a scarlet umbrella gleamed beside a familiar gray felt

hat. Their footsteps making no sound on the springy turf, they had, unobserved, advanced so near that they could see that the couple were sitting hand in hand, when a movement of the umbrella revealed the face of its unconscious owner.

With a gasp of surprise, Sophia stopped short. Then, clutching the arm of her astonished sister, she turned and hastened up the slope.

"What is it? Aren't you going to speak to them?" asked Ella, who was shortsighted.

"But it isn't them. At least it isn't Minnie. It's Mrs. Welford."

"Not Minnie?—but Sophia, I'm sure papa was holding her hand!"

"Yes—but it was Mrs. Welford's hand." Sophia was actually beaming. "And papa had his arm round her waist."

"Yes, that's evidently what the mystery was about. Aren't men stupid? But, after all, Ella, I must say papa has done rather well for himself!"

## THE HOMESTEADER IN THE STRAND

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

### I.

HERE 'mid life's million-noted drone,  
Entombed by walls I ne'er may know,  
I watch the streets of steel and stone,  
I mark the City's ebb and flow.

Amid their centuries of sleep  
I see the busied idlers fret—  
The hands that have no fields to reap  
Beyond life's acres of regret.

They toil not here amid deep grain,  
They stoop not over busy looms:  
Idly they come and go again  
Like idle ghosts amid their tombs.

And on each shoulder dimly weighs  
Some yoke of close-recorded years,  
Some sorrow of remembered days,  
Some heritage of time and tears.

And tide by saddened tide they roam  
 Close up and down their citted hive,  
 Until I ponder on what comb  
 The dreamer and the drone may thrive.

Then lo, I learned how age by age  
 Into their past each pathway led;  
 How they no longer turn and rage  
 Above their unregretted dead.

Too closely hemmed, they pace a cell  
 Walled in by o'er-memorial stone.  
 And on their Babel turrets dwell  
 Enisled in glories not their own

Content to dream of elder days,  
 To know a splendour built on bones,  
 Content to pace their storied ways,  
 O'er-proud of tombs and ivied stones,

Where through the low and ceaseless hum,  
 Through all the restless City's rout,  
 The echoes of lost ages come,  
 The voices of the past cry out.

## II.

Yet as I watched, and ill at ease  
 Remembered we were of one race,  
 I seemed to feel the prairie breeze  
 Once more upon my homesick face.

I knew that past the plunging Lakes,  
 Out where the Foot-hills meet the West,  
 There lay a land where all Time's aches  
 Died on a young and wider breast.

There lay a land that never turned  
 Back unto Sorrow's twilit slope,  
 But where the trails of daring burned  
 Forever faced the hills of hope.

A land where men with lighter heart  
 From wider space and clearer skies  
 And careless youth became a part  
 Of their New World's immensities.

A land that waits through sun and rain  
 And knows it marks To-morrow's home—  
 From pine-clad hill to laughing plain  
 A million leagues of hungry loam.

A land that is not strewn with rose,  
 Nor over-writ with storied names,  
 But still its wilder beauty knows  
 And still its vaster glory claims.

*A land of youth and sun-washed slope,  
 A land that calls to him who needs,  
 And out of hunger fashions hope,  
 And out of dreaming, wakens deeds!*

# THE OVER-LOOKING OF GIDEON

BY PETER McARTHUR

ONE spring, eighty years ago, the great strength of "Stout Gideon" McPherson melted from him like water, and his big manly voice became a quavering echo of its former self. It was in vain that he drank Peruvian bark and wine, then considered a universal panacea, and tried all the cures suggested by wise women and Indian medicine men. From day to day the decline progressed, and he was beginning, like a true Scot, to consider his latter end when someone made the startling assertion that he had been over-looked with the *Evil Eye*. This explanation of his ailment at once appealed to his superstitious nature, and many were the futile exorcisms he tested. But as the person with the baleful glance was unknown, it was impossible to get a lock of his hair with which to effect a cure, and it was perhaps as well that no one was suspected; for in those simple and direct times he would have been scalped with scant ceremony in order to secure the needed remedy.

During the spring and summer of Gideon's affliction the story of his sad case was carried to every part of the Huron Tract, and had it not been for the wisdom and ridicule of Tiger Dunlop, Canada West might have had several pages added to its history fully as sooty as those of Salem. He laughed long and loud at the story of the *Evil Eye*; but when it was suggested that something should be done to help McPherson and his motherless daughters to reap their twenty acres of wheat that had been

sown on the previous fall when Gideon was himself, he was the first to volunteer. Packing his medical case, for he was a full-fledged Doctor as well as literary man and politician, and taking with him his celebrated box of whisky bottles which he had irreverently called "The Twelve Apostles" he undertook the journey over the corduroy road that he himself had done so much to build.

On his arrival at Cnoc-Darroch, or Oak Hill as the McPherson homestead was called, he found over twenty of the stout pioneers of the settlement preparing to attack the field of wheat with their cradles and rakes. The "Tiger" was welcomed uproariously; but he made no pretence of being an expert reaper, and instead of joining in the work he sat under a shady oak and questioned Gideon about his sickness.

"Ah was takin' rail teemer oot o' ta swamp when ah felt ta tribble; but ahm theenkin' ah may hae been over-lookèd when ah was veesitin' in York at the New Year," Gideon explained.

"Umph," said the "Tiger." "Pit oot yer tongue."

Gideon protruded for his scrutiny a tongue like a razor strop.

"That will do. Let me try yer pulse. Umph. Yer in a bad way. Noo tell me all ye hae tried."

Gideon began the narrative, which would have made a fair-sized treatise on the quackery of the day, if it had been preserved, and the Tiger listened with barely concealed amusement. Before he had finished the



*Drawing by C. W. Jefferys*

"PIT OOT YER TONGUE"

cradling had commenced, and without suggesting any further treatment the Doctor began to comment on the progress of the work.

In those days it was the custom for the best cradler to cut the outside swath, and the others followed in the order of merit. The champion of the settlement was a big Irishman named McNulty, and when he stepped forward and ripped his "turkey-wing" into the rattling grain there was no one who felt at liberty to dispute his claim. One by one ten cradlers fell into oblique line behind him, each bringing along his swath a few steps to the right of the man who preceded him, and ten stout binders followed the cradlers. After them came a couple of men whose task it was to shock up the sheaves, and it was not long until the grog-master appeared on the field with a painful of Canadian whisky, which then sold at a shilling a gallon. Doctor Dunlop acted as advisory to this functionary and prescribed for each man the amount he needed to keep him full of courage without getting befuddled. To Gideon, whose case he had by this time diagnosed, he prescribed mighty potatoes and set the necessary example.

"Drink, mon," he would say. "Ye are no lang for this warl at the best, so droon yer sorrow. Ye ken what Solomon says on that heid, an' wha are ye to question his weesdom. 'Gi strong drink unto him that is ready to perish.' An' it wull preserve yer corp, mon. Shakspeer says 'a tanner wull last ye nine year,' but I sweer a mon beered wi' a skinfu' o' Canada fusky wull last auchteen."

Gideon shook his head feebly but obeyed the instructions of his physician and long before noon his soul was stirring within him mightily. His fine harvest was in a fair way of being reaped and he was unconsciously forgetting his troubles.

Up to this time there had been no racing among the reapers and all had gone smoothly; but the Tiger was

too fond of excitement and practical joking to let the day pass without a taste of his robust humour. Now it so happened that the first "straight-finger" cradle that had ever been seen in the settlement had been brought to the "bee" by Harry Campbell, a young man who had modestly taken his place at the end of the line. His cradle had excited much mirth among the devotees of the "turkey-wing" and many predicted that the "purty toy" wouldn't last through the first swath. It had been imported from Four-Mile Creek in the Niagara district and was the master-piece of its maker. The swath was of willow instead of hickory and the slender fingers of seasoned ash. In consequence it was lighter by several pounds than any cradle on the field, and as the fingers had no more curve than was absolutely necessary to keep the straw from tangling and tumbling off, only a slight dip was needed to free it of its load when laying the swath.

Campbell bore the ridicule of his friends good-naturedly, and after the reaping began they were too busy to notice how well the new cradle was serving its purpose. The Tiger saw the improvement, however, and began to urge the young man to "cut the fellows out." That meant that he should push forward until he was ahead of the others, then cut his way to the outside and take the lead instead of the redoubtable McNulty. He resisted the tempter; but when Mary McPherson, the youngest and handsomest of Gideon's daughters, was seen coming to tell that dinner was ready, and Gideon also urged him on, he yielded.

So when the cradlers started down the long side of the field, Campbell suddenly increased the rapidity of his swings. In a moment the man who was immediately ahead of him noticed that he was going to cut him out if possible, and leaned forward with all his strength. In that way the race was communicated up the whole line, and when McNulty rea-



*Drawing by C. W. Jefferys*

"... CUTTING ACROSS THE INTERVENING SWATH, TOOK HIS PLACE AHEAD OF THE CHAMPION

lised what was in the wind he gave a roar of defiance and plunged forward like a war-horse that snuffs the battle.

The sight was one to stir the soul, and it was by no means lost on such an audience as Gideon, the Tiger, and Mary. The land ahead of the reapers was clear of stumps and snags, and all had a chance to do their best. Onward they rushed with the rhythmic sweep of a mighty machine. The cradles rang as they bit the ripe straw and dropped their loads on the long swaths with a hissing swish. The broad backs of the reapers showed every muscle under the toil-soaked shirts, and the binders, who were equally anxious to share the triumph, raked, stooped to bind and rose to run forward, raking again with almost the precision of clock-work.

Presently the strain of such work under the August sun began to tell on the combatants and several dropped back. They were promptly cut out by those who had been pressing on them, and in a few minutes the whole interest centred on the contest between young Campbell and McNulty.

It was a glorious battle between the old idea and the new and between youth and maturity. For the first fifteen rods the result seemed to hang in the balance. The great strength of McNulty enabled him to take deep bites with his "turkey-wing," which fully made up for the advantage of the quicker recovery and more rapid swings of the "straight-finger," but Campbell heard the voice of Mary shrilling to him through the tumult. Swifter and swifter, deeper and deeper went the true strokes, and at last he could barely see McNulty from the tail of his eye as he swung to unload his cradle on the swath. Judging the distance carefully he suddenly wheeled to the left, and, cutting across the intervening swath, took his place ahead of the champion.

But McNulty did not accept his defeat wisely or like a gentleman.

When he reached the end of the field in the second place, he dropped his cradle and announced with much irrelevancy and a searching Irish oath that he could "lick any man in the crowd." He was bound to pick a quarrel with young Campbell, and began to insult him with unreasoning abuse. The young man protested that no offence had been meant, but McNulty, like Rachel, would not be comforted.

"Fat's this," roared Gideon, who had lost track of the progress of events while laughing with the Tiger. "Fechting uz ut? Zen, *hu dhorra he* she'll tak a hand herself. Ut wuz herself put ze boy up to ut, Tom McNulty, and eef anyone uz to fecht ut will be herself."

McNulty replied with a curse, and Gideon hurled himself upon his opponent like an avalanche. They clinched and their fall shook the ground. They wrecked the profane vocabularies of three languages, English, Irish and Gaelic, and tore up the sod like a couple of wild bulls. In a moment the Irish and Scotch had taken sides, for they were at feud in the Huron Tract, and the engagement became general. It was in vain that Tiger Dunlop knocked down a couple of the combatants in the interests of peace, for the whisky was in and the blood was up; but presently an unexpected diversion occurred.

Mary sat down, pulled off a shoe and stocking, and, slipping a smooth stone into the end of the latter, undertook the rôle of peace-maker. With this terrible slung-shot she scattered both friends and foes, and was quickly mistress of the situation. It is even said that she gave Campbell a taste of her strength, probably for his guidance in the future, but that is merely tradition. In the meantime Gideon had vanquished McNulty.

Sullen peace was restored and the jovial Tiger soon managed to patch up a truce with all except McNulty. Vanquished and bruised, the bully





*Drawing by C. W. Jefferys*

"IN A MOMENT THE IRISH AND SCOTCH HAD TAKEN SIDES"

left the field to which he had come in the fine neighbourly spirit of those hearty days.

"A round more peefore deener," shouted Gideon as he picked up Campbell's cradle and led off the line, leaving the new champion to walk to the house with Mary.

The Tiger laughed and chuckled to himself, for he knew that Gideon's malaria, or "dumb ague," would be broken by the whisky, excitement and toil, which had induced a copious perspiration. But he was too fond of a practical joke to give the scientific cause of the apparently miraculous

cure. He assured Gideon that it must have been McNulty who had overlooked him and that by blackening the evil eyes he had broken the spell. His explanation was accepted, and to this day the valley of the Ashkoonie is not a comfortable place for a man whose eyes do not seem to shed a beneficent light.

By nightfall the whole twenty acres of wheat were reaped, and after a plentiful supper Mary unblushingly convoyed Harry Campbell through the moonlight as far as the ford of the Ashkoonie, and from that day they were considered betrothed.

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## TO AN UNNAMED LADY

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

When there are others by, in vain I dream  
To dwell within the orbit of thine eyes,—  
Or should there dart a sudden starry gleam  
It hardly lives and lightens ere it dies.

But, sweetheart, how they "swim into my ken"  
When we're alone, how ruth and trust and pride  
Smile in their shining depths! Amen, Amen,—  
For there th' eternal verities abide!



# THE SHACK ON THE PORTAGE

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

*Illustrations by Jack Hamm*

ABE MANZER'S shack stands on the portage-trail that leads around the Push-and-be-Damned rapids on Big Ox-Bow.

One June morning, when Abe sat on the stoop of the kitchen door, smoking his rank pipe and trying to convince an uneasy conscience that it was not a suitable morning for potato-planting, he sighted an object on the trail that promised relief. It was a red canvas canoe, bottom up, advancing slowly on a pair of long human legs. Abe knew, even by the little he could see of him, that the person under the canoe was young Charlie Crimm, of Loon Lake.

"Mornin', Charlie," said Abe, as soon as the bow of the canoe came in line with the kitchen door.

Charlie halted, hoisted the canoe up from his head and shoulders, gripped the middle bar firmly with one hand and one hooked elbow, turned it over and lowered it softly to the ground. "Mornin', Abe," he replied, mopping his face with a red handkerchief.

"Hot, ain't it?" remarked Abe.

"Ay. Them as works for a livin' get het up."

"An' don't I work, ye limb!" cried the man on the door-step.

"I reckon so—at eatin' an' sleepin'," replied Grimm.

"Look-a-here, Charlie, if ye don't talk more civil to me I'll tell Julie somethin' that'll knock the resin out o' yer seams," threatened Abe.

"An' what would ye tell her?"

"Oh, I reckon I could study out somethin'."

Abe Manzer's gift for the invention of unpleasant fiction was known up and down Big Ox-Bow. Charlie Grimm's expression and attitude changed.

"Ye wouldn't tell her no lies about me, Mister Manzer," he pleaded.

"I be that fond o' Julie it would drive me clean demented to have her turned agin me."

"She ain't promised ye yet, has she?"

"Not—not exactly what ye'd call promised, maybe; but I reckon I've kinder caught her eye at last."

"But ye'd better catch her heart, Charlie. There is more nor one young man has caught her eye."

"By ginger!" exclaimed Crimm, "if any feller comes an' butts in between me an' Julie I'll make him wish he hadn't!"

"Gentle an' soft," cautioned Abe. "Ye can't scare Julie, an' maybe ye can't scare the other fellers. Ye want to go slow, butter yer pan-cakes on both sides an' trust to me. I'll put in a good word for ye, Charlie, every now an' then. Julie, bein' a good daughter, sets great store on what her pa says."

"Thank 'e kindly," replied the young man from Loon Lake. "I'd take that as mighty civil on your part, Mister Manzer. Where is Julie now?"

"That I can't rightly say; but I guess she went down to Brown's on a errant for her ma," said Abe. "But she'll be back by dinner-time, so ye'd best wait."

"I'd like to, fine; but there's a sport from the city a-waitin' for me down at Bent's Landin'. Lake trout is what he's after—an' I guess I can show him the goods."

"Ye'd best wait an' have a bite with us. Then ye can make the Land-in' by sun-down, stop the night there, an' bring him up to yer camp to-morrow."

Charlie Crimm scratched his head, perplexed. He did not want to offend Julie's father; and, on the other hand, he did not want to spend a long summer morning in his company. As for seeing Julie—well, Brown's place was just a mile below the foot of the rapids, and he could easily run his canoe ashore there and devote half an hour to the wooing of that uncertain young woman.

"Guess I'll move along. Business is business," he said.

"Didn't know ye was so sot on business," returned Abe, drily. "Thought it was Julie ye was after." He looked significantly at the young man. "An' seein' as how ye want to be my son-in-law so bad, I thought as how ye'd maybe lend me a hand with these here few potatoes," he added.

Charlie Crimm wavered.

"But in course, if ye don't want to obleege me," continued Abe, reflectively, "it be yer consarn, not mine."

"I'll stop an' help ye," cried Charlie, hastily.

Until noon the guide from Loon Lake dropped and covered potatoes with heroic energy, the while his hoped-for father-in-law sat on the fence and complained of rheumatics. Dinner-time came at last; and to Charlie's unspeakable chagrin it was discovered that Julie had not yet returned from Brown's. He swallowed his food in angry silence and hurried from the kitchen. The thought that was stinging him was that young Rodney Brown was one of Julie's admirers. He hoisted the canoe to his shoulders and finished the portage in ten min-

utes. Launching viciously in the clattering tail of the rapids he snatched a paddle from under the gunnel and sped away.

The swift water and the strong strokes of the paddle soon brought Charlie Crimm to Brown's place. He ran the canoe ashore and went up the steep bank to the little, weather-stained house. Mrs. Brown was standing in the kitchen door. After greetings were exchanged Charlie continued to stand sheepishly before the door, leaning on the paddle. The woman invited him to step inside and have a glass of milk and a piece of pie; but the guide only shook his head. Then she tried her best to make conversation, but his vague yeses and noes did not help.

"For the land's sake, Charlie Crimm, what be ye a-waitin'?" she cried at last.

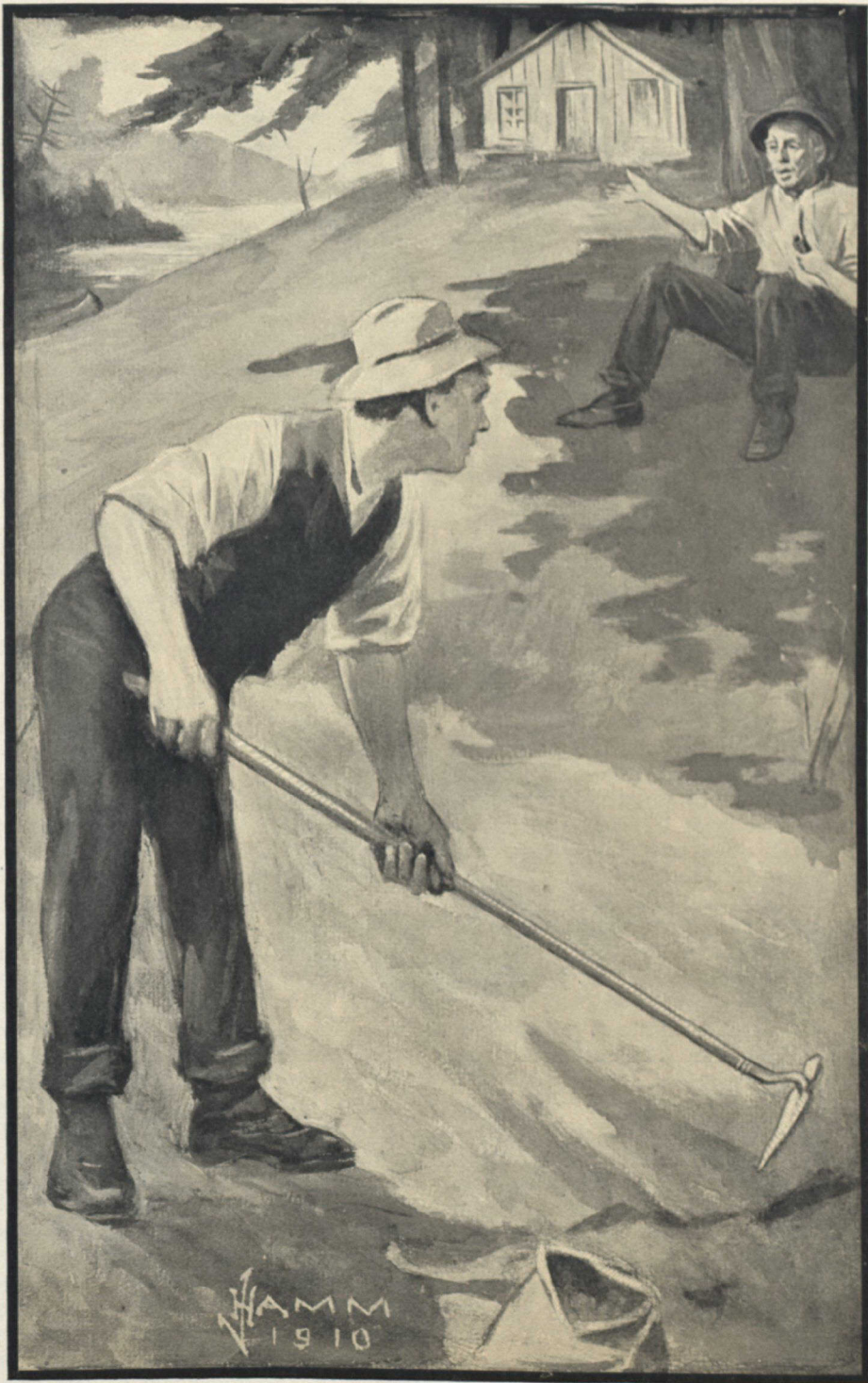
"I was just wonderin' if Julie Manzer was anywheres hereabouts," he stammered, blushing.

Mrs. Brown laughed. "She was here to dinner," she said; "but she started for home about fifteen minutes ago, an' Rodney along with her."

Charlie turned without another word and went down to his canoe. He reached Bent's Landing, where the end of a branch railway fades into nothingness, an hour before sunset, and found his sportsman from the distant city awaiting him with fretful impatience.

## II.

It was an hour past noon of the next day when Charlie came again to the shack on the portage. Again he bore the red canoe on his head and shoulders; but now a stranger walked behind him, laden with a rod, landing-net and a pack of provisions. On this occasion it was Julie's voice that halted him when he came in line with the kitchen door. He lost no time about freeing himself from the enveloping canoe. He turned to her anxiously, a tender greeting on his lips; and behold! her eyes and atten-



*Drawing by Jack Hamm*

"UNTIL NOON THE GUIDE FROM LOON LAKE DROPPED AND COVERED POTATOES WITH HEROIC ENERGY"

tion had already veered to the stranger.

The light of Charlie's face dulled to sulkiness; and he stood beside the canoe, motionless and silent, staring at the girl. The sportsman from the city advanced to the door-step, let his load fall to the trail and raised his cap with an impressive flourish. He had not expected to encounter a beautiful young woman on Big Ox-Bow, and he did not try to hide his delight and surprise.

Julie flashed her fine eyes at him and smiled radiantly, then shot a swift and sidewise glance at Charlie, to see how he was taking it. The guide caught the glance; but the meaning of it escaped his dull but honest wits.

Keyton, the city man, began a frivolous conversation with the girl; and she maintained her share of it with rustic vivacity. The guide stood by his canoe, silent and glowering.

Presently Abe Manzer and his wife joined the girl in the doorway. Abe beamed upon the sportsman, shook his hand effusively and invited him to step inside and have a cup of tea. Keyton hesitated for a moment; but, after a glance at Charlie's sulky visage, he grinned and stepped into the kitchen. Abe and Mrs. Manzer followed him; but Julie moved swiftly across to the guide and whispered angrily, "What you need, Charlie Crimm, is *sand*!" Then she turned and ran into the kitchen, and the disconsolate and bewildered young man from Loon Lake was left alone with his bitter reflections.

Mr. Keyton and Abe sat very close together at the kitchen table. Keyton devoured milk and Washington pie, and Abe whispered in his ear. Abe whispered of the fine salmon pools on Big Ox-Bow, and of his own incomparable knowledge of the river and the ways of the fish. Also, he mentioned the fact that the catching of lake-trout is poor sport. Beyond a shadow of doubt, this Abe Manzer was the meanest and laziest man on

the river! Keyton finished his slice of four-decker pie and asked a few questions.

After twenty minutes of furious inactivity Charlie Crimm looked in at the kitchen door. "Look-a-here!" he cried, "if ye're comin', come! If ye ain't, don't!"

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed Abe, "what a terrible bad temper ye have, Charlie."

Julie, who was working by the stove, hid a smile. Keyton got to his feet, angered by the backwoodsman's insolence. "I'm not going any further with you," he said. "I've had quite enough of your cheek. How much do I owe you?"

"Not goin' any further!" repeated Charlie, bewildered for the moment. Then he saw the game that Abe had played on him. "Ye don't owe me nothin'! Keep yer dirty money!" he cried.

Rage against Abe Manzer and the city sportsman occupied Charlie Crimm until the portage was completed; but later, as he forced the canoe up against the swift water, surging on the long pole, Julie's inexplicable behaviour smote him with full force. He felt an angry certainty that her glances had worked more strongly toward changing Keyton's plans than had Abe's confidential whisperings.

"Darn it all!" he exclaimed, "she ain't worth gettin' het up about! She says I ain't got enough sand, does she? I guess I got enough to know when I ain't wanted 'round. An' a strange city sport, too. Darn it! That's more'n I can stand. I've got kinder ust to bein' cut out by the fellers I know, but to be chucked over fer a sucker-eyed, lop-sided city sport's too much fer me. T'll with it!"

For three hours he poled in silence, his brain fuming over a vision of Julie and Keyton; but as he ran the nose of his canoe against the bank, preparatory to making the short "carry" across to Loon Lake, his mind turned to Abe and again he lost con-



*Drawing by Jack Hamm*

"JULIA FLASHED HER FINE EYES AT HIM"

trol of his tongue and temper.

"Darn his measly old hide!" he exclaimed. "An' after me plantin' them danged potaties fer him, too! Darn him!"

Next morning, when Charlie awoke in his familiar bunk in his little camp on the edge of the lake, he found that his just indignation had changed to anxiety and heart-ache. He loved Julie—had loved her for more than a

year; and of late it had seemed to him that he was beginning to win her regard in return. But now? Surely no girl who really cared would behave as Julie had.

And yet he had dreamed so many dreams!

It seemed impossible that the first glance of a total stranger should bring them in ruins about his head. He had *almost* brought his courage to the

desperate point of asking her to marry him. Yes, he had *almost* asked her six times. Also (with this marriage in view) he had worked hard at trapping and guiding and saved a neat little sum of money.

And this was the end of it!

For five long dreary days Charlie Crimm remained in and about his camp on Loon Lake, robbed of his peace of mind by Julie Manzer and of his occupation by her father. On the morning of the sixth day he packed a small bag with provisions and a change of clothing, brought a fat wall-et to light from a hidden recess in the wall and stuffed it into his hip pocket, nailed up the door and windows of the camp and launched his canoe upon the lake. He had decided to run down to the main river, miles and miles away from Julie and the Ox-Bow country, and spend the remainder of the summer at work in one of the big saw-mills. He hoped that long hours of uncongenial work might cure him of his hopeless infatuation.

There had been no rain for ten days, and Big Ox-Bow was drizzling toward low-water mark. The channel lay close to the right bank all the way from Loon Lake down to the Push-and-be-Damned rapids; but in the rapids themselves the deepest water was fair in mid-stream. Though not more than a quarter of a mile in length, Push-and-be-Damned was one of the worst rapids in the province. At the seasons of high water it was impossible to negotiate it from either end; by no skill could a canoe be run down its roaring, weltering slope without being swamped or ripped to tatters, and by no human strength could one be forced upward against that churning tumult. But in mid-summer, when the most dangerous rocks and snags were in sight and the waves were somewhat reduced in size, it was possible for a master-canoeman with a sound knowledge of the channel to run through without mishap. In the past twenty years it had been done twice—once by an old Maliseet

chief, called Smoky Sam, who was inspired to unusual haste and daring by the knowledge that a couple of game wardens were only half a mile astern; and again by a reckless sportsman from New York, for the pure fun of the thing. Others had tried it, however; and the tale of their foolish endeavours was illustrated by several broken canoes and one drowned man.

Charlie Crimm was within a hundred yards of the head of the rapids, employed with bitter reflections, when the roar and clatter of the torn waters aroused him. He glanced up; and in a second he had asked himself a momentous question and answered it.

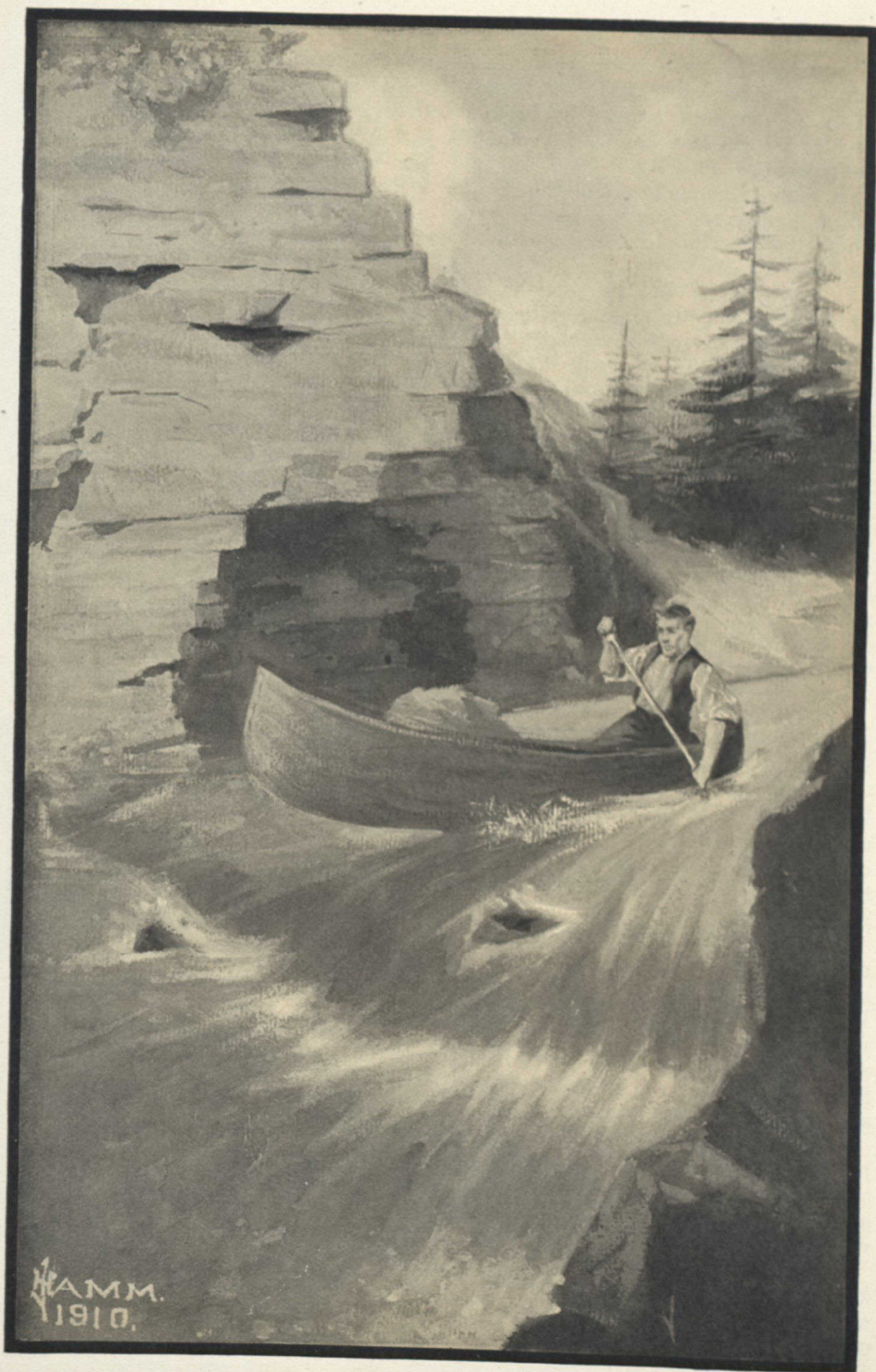
"I'll not pass the shack! I'll run through!" he muttered.

He settled himself more firmly and fixed his gaze on the long, white "ripple" that marks the crest of old Push-and-be-Damned. Just where the landing for the portage is usually made, he swerved the canoe into mid-stream. The racing waters gripped the long, slim craft and shot it forward like a red arrow. The broad paddle dipped and held, and the cut water spurted white before the straining haft. To Charlie's steady, alert eyes the silver and green fury of the rapids seemed to be sweeping up stream to meet him. He clenched his teeth, bade his heart take courage and settled low on his haunches. Then the canoe trembled and leapt to the first curling hedge of foam.

### III.

Breathless, soaked with spray, with the canoe half full of water, Charlie won to the quiet pool at the foot of the rapids. He could remember nothing of the mad flight save a vision of white spray, churning eddies and smooth, black, twisting sinews of water; but the masterless spirit of the rapids filled him with a strange, exultant recklessness. As the canoe drifted heavily onward he began to bale the water out of her with his wide hat, absorbed all the while with the wonder and exhilaration of his victor-





*Illustration by Jack Hamm*

"THE CANOE TREMBLED AND LEAPT TO THE FIRST CURLING HEDGE OF FOAM"

ious flight down old Push-and-be-Damned. He baled slowly and the canoe drifted steadily. He was aroused by a shout, and looking up he saw Rodney Brown standing at the edge of the river.

"I seen ye come through, Charlie," yelled Rodney. "Are ye gone clean mad? What the devil did ye do it for?"

Crimm returned his dripping hat to his head, took up the paddle and swung the canoe in for shore. "I didn't want to carry past Manzer's place," he said, as he stepped over the gunnel, "fer fear old Abe would set me to some sorter farmin'—so I jes run through. Tain't much of a job—when it's over."

"I thought you was done for, half-way down," said Rodney. "Lord! I wouldn't try it fer two hundred dollars! Where're ye bound fer?" he asked.

"Fer the main river," replied the other. "I reckon on findin' a job in one o' Paxell's mills fer the summer.

"D'ye feel that bad about Julie?" asked Rodney, looking at him with wonder in his dull but honest eyes.

"Oh, t'ell with the whole bilin' o' Manzers!" exclaimed Charlie, turning and gazing up stream toward the tail of the rapids. Then, in a milder tone, he asked, "How're they gettin' along, anyhow?"

"Well enough without you an me—now," grinned young Brown. "I never had no chance with Julie, now's I study it over. You was her choice, sure as beans is beans—but Abe was everlastin'ly teasin' me to do odd jobs fer him an' tellin' me as how he'd say a good word fer me to Julie."

"The measly old skunk! He done the same to me."

"Then along come the city sport, an' neither Julie nor Abe had any more use fer either of us."

Charlie nodded, and seating himself on a sun-warmed boulder began to cut tobacco for his pipe. "The sport still here?" he asked.

"Ye can bet yer bottom dollar on

that, I can tell ye, fer sartain."

"Catchin' much?"

"I guess he don't give much thought nor time to the salmon. He's got Julie on a string, an' no mistake. An' sarve her right, I say. She's made fools of us all, an' its her turn to be made a fool of."

"That so?" returned Charlie. The madness of old Push-and-be-Damned was still pulsing in heart and head. He stood up.

"I guess I'll just step up the trail an' tell that sport what I think about him," he said. "Not that I care a darn for the girl, ye know—but that measly slob ain't got any right to come on Big Ox-Bow an' make a fool of anybody."

"I reckon I'll come along with ye," said Rodney, anticipating diversion.

"An' I reckon ye won't," cried Charlie, with a gleam in his eyes and a clang in his voice that were new and terrifying to the other. Then he climbed the steep bank to the narrow path that skirted it and set off toward the shack at a brisk pace.

Charlie had reached a point of the narrow, rocky trail just above the last swirling eddies and furrows of the rapids when he came face to face with Mr. Keyton. Before a word was said, Keyton (at sight of the woodsman's eyes), drew back and changed colour. This brought the other's smouldering rage to the flaming point. He would settle this account, anyway, before going into exile on the main river.

"Ye darn skunk!" he cried. "Ye'd make a fool o' Julie Manzer, would ye?"

He rushed forward and caught Keyton by the throat with his right hand. Keyton staggered back, wrenched himself clear from the choking grip and struck the guide heavily in the face. Charlie closed again. For a few seconds they staggered in the narrow path, locked knee to knee, breast to breast. They heard a girl's scream, the sound of flying feet on the trail and Julie's voice crying, "Don't kill him.

Charlie! Don't kill him!" And at that moment they reeled over the edge of the path and, still embraced, rolled down the steep bank into the swirling water.

Julie reached the edge of the river just as Charlie Crimm struggled out of the eddy, dragging the limp and unconscious Keyton with him.

"I guess he's all right," he panted. "He bumped his head, that's all."

The girl dropped to her knees beside Keyton. "Yes, he is alive, thank God!" she whispered.

Charlie, standing dripping above them, looked down at the girl with a colourless face. "D'ye care—as much as all that, Julie?" he asked.

She glanced up at him and swiftly down again. "I don't care—for him," she whispered, "but I was afear'd that you—that you'd be a murderer, Charlie."

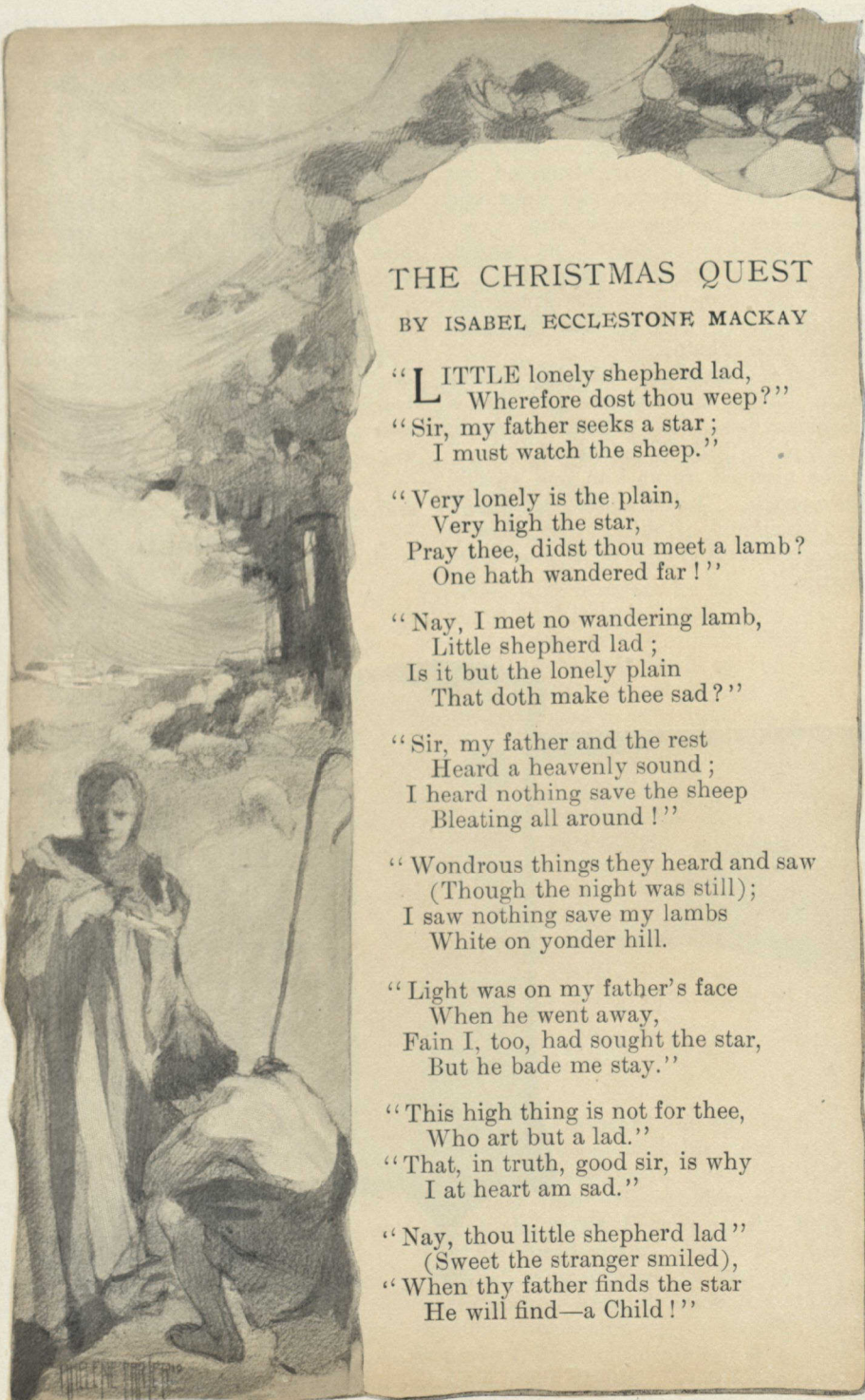
Charlie was certainly dull. "Ye're right," he replied, with an heroic attempt at a commonplace tone of voice. "I come all-fired near killin' him, an' that's a fact. But I guess he ain't hurt much—an' if he be intendin' to do the square thing by ye, Julie, then I'm sorry I troubled him."

Julie sprang to her feet and faced him across the prostrate sportsman, who was now beginning to stir.

"Oh, Charlie," she cried, with tears in her eyes and laughter in her voice, "you drive me mad! Oh, you stupid! Isn't there anything I can do to—learn you sense? Will I have to marry someone else — before you know?"

Then understanding came to him; and as he took Julie into his wet arms, Mr. Keyton sat up and rubbed the back of his head.





## THE CHRISTMAS QUEST

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

“LITTLE lonely shepherd lad,  
Wherefore dost thou weep?”

“Sir, my father seeks a star;  
I must watch the sheep.”

“Very lonely is the plain,  
Very high the star,  
Pray thee, didst thou meet a lamb?  
One hath wandered far!”

“Nay, I met no wandering lamb,  
Little shepherd lad;  
Is it but the lonely plain  
That doth make thee sad?”

“Sir, my father and the rest  
Heard a heavenly sound;  
I heard nothing save the sheep  
Bleating all around!”

“Wondrous things they heard and saw  
(Though the night was still);  
I saw nothing save my lambs  
White on yonder hill.

“Light was on my father’s face  
When he went away,  
Fain I, too, had sought the star,  
But he bade me stay.”

“This high thing is not for thee,  
Who art but a lad.”

“That, in truth, good sir, is why  
I at heart am sad.”

“Nay, thou little shepherd lad”  
(Sweet the stranger smiled),

“When thy father finds the star  
He will find—a Child!”

# THE RECRUITING OF TEN IKE

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

"I suppose you chaps think you're the best bunch I ever handled?" said the drill sergeant. "Well, you're not," he added, "not by a long shot. The best company I ever put through the book was a bunch of lumbermen up near Parry Sound."

"Go on," said someone, "we'll forgive the insult."

"As I was remarking," continued the sergeant, as he crumbled a pipeful off his plug, "the best bunch was 'K' Company of the Northern Rangers.

"You see, there was a little place called Lemonville, stuck on the side of a timber slide up there, and as all the drives centered there for the winter's work, I wasn't a bit surprised to be sent over to recruit up a company.

"When I lands at the hotel I wasn't much stuck on the place; in fact, it was about the godforsakenest hole I ever crawled into; but when I walks into the bar and sees old Al Goodison, who used to soldier with me in Toronto, a-slinging beer, things seemed to spruce up.

"I was still in my plain duds, so I jumped into my blue serge and patrols up and down the street. I looks over at the Orange Hall and sees my crates of uniforms dumped inside, leaving me wondering how in the name of thunder I could use it to drill in.

"When I gets back to the hotel the bar was full of lumbermen—great, big, hulking six-footers—and in I struts, a five-foot-seven banty with a chest like a drum major's.

"Then, giving Al the wink, I went up to a big, likely-looking chap and

slapped him good-like on the back.

"'Well, old sport,' says I, 'how'd you like to join the new regiment?'

"Well, do you know the beggar giggled and blushed like a girl of sixteen in an art gallery.

"So I tries another chap, and by all that's holy, he was worse than the first, as he giggles out, 'No, General,' and tee-heed for an hour.

"Well, I tried for half an hour, inviting them to have drinks and using every mortal means a man could, but all I got was giggles and blushes, till I walks up to Al and says:

"'For heaven's sake, Al,' I said, 'put me wise on this job. Have I struck a girls' school, an asylum or a hospital for the deaf and dumb, or has all these fellows took to quittin' drinking?'

"'Well,' says Al, 'they've been talking of joining fer weeks, but,' he says, 'I reckon they think you're a bit too fine for them, and that accounts for the gigglin', and, as far as the drinkin' is concerned, trade was good until you showed up.' And with that he souses some of the dirty mugs in the pail and dries them.

"'Well,' I says, 'I'm lost. If they was only human and would have a drink, I could manage them but, havin' always been a drinkin' man myself, I can't understand the workin's of a brain that's uninspired by booze. What'd I better do?'

"Meanwhile the crowd was thickening, and all were staring at me till I near giggled too.

"'Well,' says Al, 'there's a chap called Ten Ike, sort of a Dutchman,

who lives out on the Scotch line; he can lick any three of these chaps, and if you get him to join, the rest will.'

"'But, my heavens, Al! I don't want a man like that; there'd be the very devil to pay the first night in camp; and if I leave here, where will the crowd be when I get back?'

"'Oh! he's the meekest man you ever saw. Take a buggy out and wait till you see his wife; the crowd will wait all right.'

"So I drove like mad out to the turning and along the Scotch line to Ten Ike's little clapboard shanty. When I walks up, the dog made for my legs, and a big, bony woman about forty feet tall opens the door and yells, 'Come in.' I begun to understand Ten Ike's meekness all at once, and came in.

"Presently she comes in with a lamp and three other giants, only the male sex. They set down around me and looked clean through me, admirin' each shinin' button individually and successively like the book says.

"So, after an hour's talking, it seemed, Mrs. Ike says to me, 'Will he wear a suit like yourn, Colonel?' You see, she took me fer Colonel Hughes, whom she read about. 'Yes, ma'am,' I says, very meek, 'only where my coat is blue his'll be red.'

"'Well, then, Ike, you'd better jine,' she says, and Ike, admiring the set of her jaw, jined and said to the other two colossusses, 'Come down to the hoe-tel, boys.'

"So we drove back in state, and I says to Ike, 'Can you read and write pretty well?' 'Sure,' he says, 'I kept time on the drive once.'

"'Then,' says I, 'I'll make you colour-sergeant, like river-boss, you know; and he swelled out his chest about a foot when I told him.

"When we reached the hotel he asked how many men we wanted, and I told him forty. He walks into the crowd like a policeman, and taps one here and one there, saying, 'I'll take you an' you an' you.' Why, I was out of it altogether!

"Well, in ten minutes we had the company formed up, and then we marched down to the Orange Hall. Here, under the very nose of King Billy, we issued the duds, the men stripping and dressing as they got them. Such a sight I never saw, and Ike superintending the whole.

"But when I came to fit out Ike himself I was in purgatory; there wasn't a pair of pants or a tunic could go on him; and no wonder, for he had a forty-four inch chest.

"Say, I never saw a man come so near cryin', but I managed to soothe him by saying I would have one made specially in Toronto for him, and that it would have gold braid on it.

"Then I put them through a little drill and let them go; and each man went and called on his girl wearing his uniform, with his old duds under his arm.

"I bet Ike got it hot when he came home in plain clothes, while his two cubs strutted home in scarlet.

"But by the end of a week Ike's suit with the gold braid chevrons arrived, and also an officer, who swore the men in one by one and took all the glory.

"And that's the way it always is; the sergeant's the back-bone of the army, but he's so well hidden under the fat of the officers that until the crows start at the bodies he ain't appreciated."

And with these enigmatical words and "Good night, gentlemen," he stalked out into the street.



# PAPINEAU: HIS PLACE IN CANADIAN HISTORY

BY W. S. WALLACE,

INSTRUCTOR IN CANADIAN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY IN THE  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

“YOU will believe me, I trust, when I say to you, I love my country; I have loved her wisely, I have loved her madly.” Thus Louis Joseph Papineau, on the occasion of his last appearance in public, made the *apologia pro vita sua*.

An old white-haired man of eighty-four years, with one foot in the grave, but with the fires of his eloquence still unquenched, he summed up in these words the case for the defence of his career. He could not have taken his stand on better ground. Love of country has always been regarded as covering a multitude of political sins; and if ever any man loved his country, or at any rate that part of it in which he was born, it was Papineau. Whatever else may be said about him, he must always be given credit for his Roman patriotism; he was more an antique Roman than a Dane. One further thing must be said about him. No politician has ever sat in a Canadian legislature whose hands were cleaner than his.

“I do not agree in many things with what Papineau has said and done,” said Joseph Howe, in 1862, “but I am bound to say, as one who in early life had marked his course, that whatever might have been his faults and errors, no man had ever dared charge Papineau with corrup-

tion.” Of how many present-day politicians could this statement be made?

But patriotism and incorruptibility are no sure passports to the niches in the temple of history. Village Hampdens remain village Hampdens, and mute, inglorious Miltons remain mute and inglorious still. Some positive and tangible services to the State or to humanity are demanded by Clio of those who would be her favourites. A man must win a battle, or make a discovery, or subvert a dynasty, or railroad a bill through parliament, before he can hope to become a great historical figure, or have a place in history.

What were Papineau’s services to Canada? In those “vile Liberal tracts” which do duty in Ontario for text-books of Canadian history in the schools, Papineau appears commonly as the protagonist in Lower Canada of the struggle for responsible government. He in Lower Canada and William Lyon Mackenzie in Upper Canada are the heroes of the movement which gave Canadians a voice in the executive government of their country.

Now, it is true that Papineau was a factor, an unwitting and unwilling factor, but still a factor, in the movement that culminated in responsible government; but it cannot be said too often or too emphatically

that if there was one thing Papineau did not struggle for it was responsible government. The principles underlying that system of government (for example, the principle of the solidarity of the cabinet and its dependence upon a uniform majority in both houses), he never really understood, even after it had been many years in operation. What his main efforts before 1837 were devoted to securing, was an elective legislative council or second chamber, in which the French-Canadians would have a preponderating influence, and where the legislation that his henchmen passed in the legislative assembly would not be thrown out. But of any scheme for making the executive council responsible to the assembly, he was guiltless. When he was offered a seat in the executive council in 1822, he refused the honour; and when Dominique Mondelet accepted a seat in the council in 1830, Papineau and his friends pursued him with the most malignant invective, and finally expelled him from the assembly as a traitor to his race. And yet, as Sir Etienne Cartier pointed out a quarter of a century later, the inclusion of Dominique Mondelet in the Governor's Council was a preliminary step toward responsible government.

It is a little difficult even to understand the importance which has been attached to Papineau's name in connection with the Rebellion of 1837. Papineau himself disclaimed all right to the title of leader in the rebellion.

"I was," he said in 1847, "neither more nor less guilty, nor more nor less deserving, than a great number of my colleagues; but being by their benevolence placed during a long period in a position the most honourable in the country, the Speakership, conferred upon me by vote of the representatives of the people, I was thereby, more than others, exposed to the observation of friends, as well as to the animadversions of political enemies."

Any attempt to lay the responsibility for the rebellion in Lower Canada on Papineau must be a failure. When the rebellion broke out, Papineau took almost no part in the organisation of the rebel forces; he abstained from taking part in any of the engagements; and there is reason for believing that he acquiesced in the appeal to arms merely out of deference to the opinions of his friends. Such, at least, was his own version of the affair.

The prominence which Papineau's name has acquired in connection with the rebellion is largely the outcome of his personal ascendancy over the minds and hearts of his compatriots. It is not too much to say that he dazzled his contemporaries.

"Few men," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier after the Riel Rebellion, "have wielded greater sway over their fellow-countrymen than did Mr. Papineau at a certain time in the history of Lower Canada, and no man ever lived who had been more profusely endowed by nature to be the idol of a nation. A man of commanding presence, of majestic countenance, of impassioned eloquence, of unblemished character, of pure disinterested patriotism, for years and years he held over the hearts of his fellow-countrymen almost unbounded sway, and even to this day the mention of his name will arouse throughout the length and breadth of Lower Canada a thrill of enthusiasm in the breasts of all, men or women, old or young."

All our accounts of Papineau go to show that he was a man of the most attractive personality. He had the manners of a *grand seigneur*, and the reputation of being the best talker in the country. "Uniting," said the historian Christie, who had known him intimately from boyhood, "the erudition of the man of letters with the urbanity of a gentleman; possessing also the highest of conversational powers, and in an eminent degree frank, communicative,



and convivial, he is, out of politics, all that can be desired, and in the domestic circle unrivalled for the amenity and kindness of his manners and disposition."

All this, of course, is somewhat vague. We are not given, for instance, any fragments of Mr. Papineau's table-talk. Perhaps, if we were, we should be disappointed; perhaps it would be found to be of that voluminous and exhaustive sort which our great-grandfathers admired, and which no longer amuses us in the slightest. Certainly, the oratory of Papineau is not of the kind which would be popular to-day. The point to be noted, however, is that Papineau's conversation and Papineau's oratory exercised a great influence before 1837; and they go far to explain the notoriety which has become attached to Papineau's name in connection with the rebellion.

Papineau cannot be described as in any sense a great, or even a clear-sighted, political thinker. He was widely, if not deeply, read in political and constitutional literature; but his views on government were largely of that doctrinaire and *a priori* character which precludes any regard for actual conditions. He thought that an elective legislative council would be a panacea for all the ills of Lower Canada, when, as a matter of fact, it would only have made the racial situation more acute.

Much-needed reforms proposed by the governor's party, Papineau was almost always found opposing. And during his tenure of the speakership he betrayed such an ignorance of and disregard for the principles of the British Constitution as would forever disqualify him as an authority on constitutional history and law. As has been pointed out, it may be doubted whether he ever really understood, for instance, the working of responsible government in the colonies. Moreover, his views were by no means constant. As a young man, he professed himself a loyalist and an Anglophile. He fought in the

British ranks in 1812; and in 1820 he delivered at Montreal an oration in praise of the Constitution of 1791 and the benefits of British rule.

"George the Third," he said on that occasion, "a sovereign revered for his moral character, attention to his kingly duties and love of his subjects, succeeds to Louis the Fifteenth, a prince then deservedly despised for his debauchery, his inattention to the wants of the people, and his lavish profusion of the public moneys upon favourites and mistresses. From that day the reign of law succeeds to that of violence; from that day the treasuries, the navy, and the armies of Great Britain are mustered to afford us an invincible protection against external danger; from that day the better part of his laws becomes ours, while our religion, property, and the laws by which they were governed, remain unaltered; soon after are granted to us the principles of its free constitution—an infallible pledge, when acted upon, of our internal prosperity."

Fifteen years later Papineau had espoused republican principles, and was openly advocating annexation with the United States. The secret of this *volte-face* is explained in a pregnant sentence in Robert Christie's "History of Canada." "Personally acquainted, indeed intimately so, with Mr. Papineau from boyhood (from 1807, if not before), closely observing his career through all its stages . . . I conscientiously can say," writes the historian, "that he always seemed to me to move with the masses rather than to lead them."

When the people of French Canada were content with British rule, he was content; when they became dissatisfied, he became dissatisfied, too. Mr. Kingsford bluntly described him as a demagogue. Lord Elgin, who had a strong antipathy to him, and called him "Guy Fawkes Papineau," accused him of being always ready to wave "a lighted torch among the combustibles." But the

truth is that Papineau was nothing more or less than a representative voice up to 1837; he was a spokesman and not a leader—*vox et præterea nihil*.

From what has been said it will be clear that Papineau deserves prominence neither as one of the fathers of responsible government, nor as one of the real leaders of the armed rebellion of 1837, nor yet as a political thinker. His real importance for Canadian history dates from the period following his return from exile in 1845, a period on which little stress is generally laid in an account of his career. In Paris he had consorted with extreme radicals like Louis Blanc and Béranger, and when he returned to Canada he gathered about him a number of the French-Canadian irreconcilables, and formed the nucleus of what was later the Parti Rouge. It is as the father, or, at any rate, the godfather, of this party that Papineau deserves an outstanding place in Canadian history.

The Parti Rouge included in the planks of its platform the repeal of the Act of Union, the annexation of Canada to the United States, and the introduction of the elective principle into every branch of the administration, legislative, judicial, and military. It was anti-clerical in its attitude, and, above all, it stood for the conservation of the French-Canadian race. This last was an object which Papineau pursued consistently during his whole career. He opposed the proposed Bill of Union in 1822 because it threatened the identity and integrity of "La Nation Canadienne;" he bitterly attacked the Union in 1840 on the same grounds; and in 1857 he condemned on the same score "Confederation, the most culpable of all, now for three months in operation."

The Patriotes of 1837 cherished the ideal of a French-Canadian nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence; and in 1849 the idea was revived by Papineau and the Parti Rouge, and was taken up by the

Institut Canadien as a propaganda.

The Parti Rouge has been an important factor in Canadian politics. It exerted a very lively influence on the political situation before Confederation; and it has contributed more than one statesman of outstanding merit and ability to Canadian public life. Antoine Dorion, one of the ablest statesmen that Canada has produced, and the present Prime Minister of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, both started life in the ranks of the Reds. Both these gentlemen fell away from the party in the course of time; but the party continued, and it has perhaps persisted down to the present time in the guise of the Nationalist party, headed to-day by the redoubtable figure of Henri Bourassa.

The Nationalists have discarded some of the anti-clerical and radical principles of the Parti Rouge; but they are one with both the Patriotes and the Rouges in presenting an irreconcilable front to English connection and English domination, and in dreaming of a Canadian nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence, composed of French-speaking people.

Papineau retired from public life in 1854. He had inherited from his father the seigniory of La Rivière de la Petite Nation, on the Quebec side of the Ottawa River; and here, in the midst of his books and surrounded by his family and friends, he passed the declining years of his life. The château, which passed under the name of Montebello, was a replica of a French castle, the only example of an old-world edifice of this kind in Canada. Here Papineau kept open house to his friends. "One felt at home at once under the roof of the charming Manor House of Montebello, with its vast apartments, affording through noble bay windows, widely extended views of the beautiful waters of the Ottawa." Such is the conclusive testimony on all hands.

As a French-Canadian writer has pointed out, Papineau was a Pierre

Leroux in theory only; his tastes and habits were those of an aristocrat. In many ways he reminds one of Thomas Jefferson. The two men were widely but superficially read in political science; they held the same radical democratic theories; they were both *philosophes* and Deists; and in spite of their radical leanings, they were both characterised by somewhat fastidious and aristocratic tastes. Jefferson on his Virginia plantation and Papineau on his Canadian seigniory, were each surrounded by wealth and culture and refinement. But if either of them should seem to belie his theory by his practice, it is necessary to remark that neither of them was a Socialist.

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## THE ROVER

BY VIRNA SHEARD

THOUGH I follow a trail to north or south,  
 Though I travel east or west,  
 There's a little house on a quiet road  
 That my hidden heart loves best;  
 And when my journeys are over and done,  
 'Tis there I will go to rest.

The snows have bleached it this many a year;  
 The sun has painted it gray;  
 The vines hold it close in their clinging arms;  
 The shadows creep there to stay;  
 And the wind goes calling through empty rooms  
 For those who have gone away.

But the roses against the window-pane  
 Are the roses I used to know;  
 And the rain on the roof still sings the song  
 It sang in the long ago,  
 When I lay me down to sleep in a bed  
 Little and white and low.

It is long since I bid it all good-bye,  
 With young light-hearted disdain;  
 I remember who stood at the door that day:  
 Her tears fell fast as the rain;  
 And I whistled a tune and waved my hand,  
 But never went back again.

Toll I have paid at the gates of the world,  
 The sand I know and the sea;  
 I have taken the wide and open road,  
 With steps unhindered and free;  
 Yet, like a bell ringing down in my heart,  
 My home is calling to me.

# THE CROSS-CURRENT

BY S. A. WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE STAMPEDER"

*Illustrations by Maud McLaren*

THE inhabitants of Fort Providence wondered why Graeme Stewart, the chief district factor, lingered in the Mackenzie post, but Donald Kinnear, the lord of Resolution, was there with his daughter, on some business to be transacted through his fellow-official Clendenning, of the more northerly station; and where the winsome Flora Kinnear became concerned men were apt to linger.

The French-Canadian constable, Felix Duwarne, had also reached Providence, ranging south from the Yukon, and this chance situation gave the fort gossips more speculative interest. They knew that in all other things Duwarne and Stewart were as blood-brothers ever since the French-Canadian had safely picked his lamed comrade out of a Great Slave blizzard, and they wondered how the flow of mutual affection would hold against the rival cross-current of desire.

The Mackenzie writhed in its course, full to the flood-tide mark, and human blood ran in harmony. The heart of each inhabitant cried out for freedom. Kinnear's daughter felt the excessive yearning most of all, and she danced forth from the Fort, in an utter abandon of joyous song, where Stewart stood with Kinnear at the stockade gates.

"I'm off for flowers, father," she cried gaily. "The hills are covered. Look at the bloom!"

Her waving hands indicated the Beaver Hills which rimmed the Hudson's Bay post, their peaks one mass

of luxuriant bloom spilling in a riot of colour down the slope to the Mackenzie's edge.

"Alone!" Stewart exclaimed, breathing faster at the sight of her fresh beauty. "Alone! Such a day invites companionship. Come down the valley with me. I am going out to the cache on the Lost Wolf branch, and you can find acres of flowers there."

The warmth of Stewart's request carried its own significance, but Flora Kinnear shook her head saucily as she ran on.

"The Hills are calling me," she laughed, "and the valley is too small to hold my gladness. I must get up, up where there is the whole heaven space for breathing."

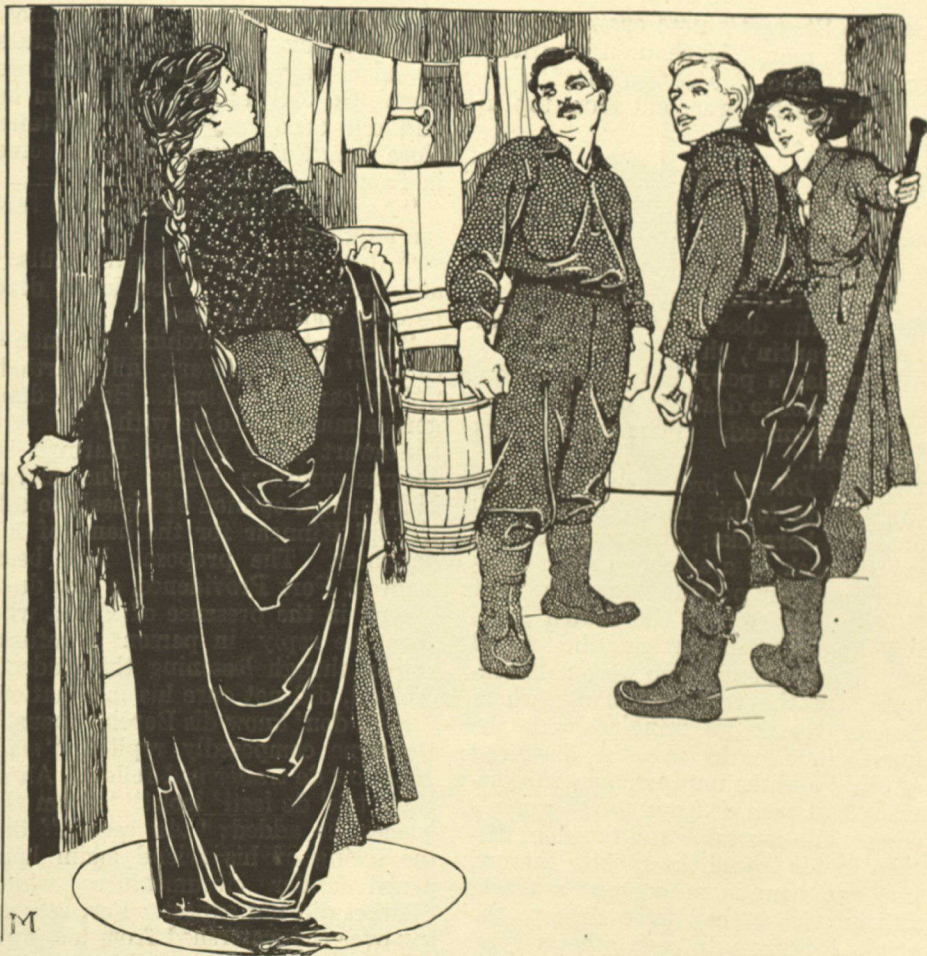
Kinnear looked after her in parental tenderness. "She's a bonnie lassie," he murmured, "an' guid as gowd."

"Virgin gold," agreed Graeme Stewart. "She will make some man happier than a king, although she seems too gentle for people like our rough, northern selves."

The old Scot smiled at the unselfish deprecation and tapped Stewart's arm.

"The men o' the North are strong an' true," he declared. "She'll find nane better in a' the world; an' I maun believe she fancies Felix."

Quite ignorant of the turn of Stewart's desires, Kinnear spoke guilelessly, and a shade of pain crossed the chief district factor's face. A rifle's



"SHE CAN GUESS," FLORA'S HAUGHTY VOICE ANSWERED"

report on Lost Wolf ford gave him diversion. While he listened, the sound was repeated. He put up his field-glasses.

"Something's moving off to the Beaver Hills," he announced, "and there's a horse coming here. It appears to be hard ridden."

"Aiblins 'tis Barclay, the commissioner," suggested Kinnear.

"Barclay generally rides that way," laughed Stewart. "But to-day he should be more careful. Isn't he carrying Government gold?"

The factor snorted in derision.

"Grant Barclay doesna know how

tae take care," was his trite observation. "He doesna fear mon or deil."

"It's Barclay's pony!" Stewart exclaimed, still sighting through the lenses. "Two white forefeet and a star on the face! Good Lord, it's riderless! Grant has been thrown."

Straight as a transit's line, the horse galloped for the Fort, swerved in mad terror on seeing the men and suddenly collapsed in the sandy dust.

"Shot!" cried the chief district factor, "clean through the shoulder! What deviltry's this?"

Kinnear jerked the saddle off the dying beast and pushed it under

Graeme Stewart's nose excitedly.

"Look, mon," he shouted frantically. "Ma God, dae ye ken that?"

Both pouches were cut from top to bottom.

## II.

Stewart wheeled and ran for the pine-boarded police post.

"Felix," he roared, "Duwarne!"

"*Ici*," cried the constable, jumping through the doorway. "W'at t'ink you be wantin', eh?"

"Barclay's pony is in here, riderless and shot to death," Stewart feverishly announced. "The saddle bags are looted."

"*Mon Dieu*," breathed Felix. He jumped on to his horse tethered behind the barracks; Graeme swung up on the back of a sinewy Indian mustang; the pair pounded down the Lost Wolf ford. Where the beaten grass indicated a recent struggle they rolled off. Proofs of violence were not lacking. On the trampled bank, where human footprints mingled with the horse's hoofmarks was the dark red of blood and the impression as if something had been dragged to the water's edge. The constable and the chief district factor traced the sinister furrow, like two hounds nosing out a track, and on rising they were close to the brink, looking into each other's eyes.

"How much gold did Barclay carry?" asked Felix, dismally.

"Three thousand dollars' worth of dust, in two pokes," answered Stewart. "But he'll never get to Winnipeg with it. He's at the bottom of Lost Wolf, Felix, with a ball in his heart and a boulder on his neck. And a strong swimmer put him there! Remember, I saw someone go into the Hills. Can't we trail him?"

"*Non*," replied Duwarne, "de grass mooch too theek! *Aussi*, dis t'ing done wit' canoe, mebbe."

Stewart shrugged his doubt.

"What's your plan, Felix?" he asked.

"You be goin' to dat cache," Duwarne pondered thoughtfully. "Den

kip nex' de stream and look for canoe. Eef dere wan, she go dat way, 'cause de oder way she mus' pass on de Fort. Go back to de post eef you be find dat canoe an' put de mattaire 'fore Sergean' Conray w'en he come in from T'ree-Mile Lake."

"And you?" the chief district factor inquired.

"Ah'm goin' in de Beaver Hills," announced Felix. "You know dere be only wan cabin dere."

"You intend searching Harman's cabin?" cried Stewart, all startled. "Take care, old friend. He's a dangerous man to meddle with."

Stewart knew Roland Harman as an unscrupulous trader who had a high enough opinion of himself to ask Donald Kinnear for the hand of his daughter. The proposal had been made at Fort Providence, a few days before, in the presence of Flora, who gave the reply in person, a refusal which, though lessening the trader's egotism, did not cure his infatuation.

"Ah don' know dis Barclay mans," Duwarne composedly replied, "*mais* Ah know de trader bad fellow. Ah'm goin' tak' de leetl' look!" From the bushes, he added: "*Au revoir*," but the seeing of his friend again happened under circumstances which Stewart did not expect. For, returning over the watershed from his journey of inspection, on which he had found no canoe, the chief district factor sighted Flora Kinnear in the valley. She was pulling flowers as she walked, adding them to the mass of bloom in her arms, and a thrill of gladness moved the man when he saw the mingling of beauty with grace. He swung his mustang over the brow of the slope to descend a spur which would bring him to her side, but the motion was checked as soon as made and keen disappointment succeeded his momentary pleasure.

Coming down the opposite ridge, Felix Duwarne rode through the basin, directly in the girl's path.

Wholly unconscious of Stewart's proximity, the pair met beneath the



*Drawing by Maud McLaren*

"'I HATE YOU' DECLARED FLORA KINNEAR PASSIONATELY"

spur. The chief district factor was too high up to hear their speech. He thanked heaven for that; but he could not shut his eyes, and his lofty position made every movement discernible. And these movements told Stewart what the man said as Duwarne took her yielding form in his arms, the wonderful flowers falling unheeded to the ground. One instant jealousy stabbed him; then loyalty to the comrade who had packed him out of the Great Slave blizzard rose supreme. Such a troth, in Stewart's eyes, was a sacred thing. He whirled his surprised pony down the other trail and loped off to the Fort, his face darkened by an inward suffering and chaos in his stout heart.

### III.

Toward sunset, Flora and Duwarne

came into Providence by separate ways. It was their whim to preserve their usual friendly demeanour so that none should discover their new, mutual relation. Stewart alone could see beneath their masks, but he said nothing to Felix. As the latter rode on from the H. B. C. store to the barracks, he met Roland Harman in the road. From the shrubbery on the Hills the trader had watched the constable enter his unlocked hut, and he was not tardy in letting him know it.

"Spy on me, will you?" he cried wrathfully. "By heaven, I don't forget a man who ransacks a hut when the owner's supposed to be away. No, Felix Duwarne. I don't forget it!" A vicious shaking of his fist emphasised the words.

"De innocen' mans don' need for

get so hot," returned Felix, contemptuously. "You mus' have de beeg guilt, *m'sieu*."

He passed along unconcernedly and tethered his horse again. Sergeant Conray and his Corporal had gone out to follow up any available clues in connection with the disappearance of Barclay and the theft of the Government gold, but Duwarne proposed to take the trail on his own account. He carried his pack sack to Clendenning's trading room to fill it with supplies. Thus engaged, and chatting with the Fort Providence factor, Felix saw Graeme Stewart enter.

"There's a lone woman paddler at the landing," Stewart informed Clendenning. "She wants a night's lodging. Will you keep her?"

"A squaw?" asked Clendenning.

"No, a white woman—French! She has the air of an adventuress."

"Yet she stays," decided the factor. "I can't refuse a woman shelter."

The woman in question seemed possessed of a brazen anticipation, for she met Clendenning half way up the river path. A weighty dunnage bag was carried over her shoulder by a paddle thrust through the tie strings. Her figure swung with a lithe, easy motion; the heavy sack seeming no encumbrance on the grace of her symmetrical figure. She regarded the factor quizzically.

"Your name?" bluntly demanded Clendenning, surveying, unmoved, the fine, regular features in French casting, with crowning black hair above.

"My name? Marie Valdeau! I beg two meals and a bed."

"Go into the trading room," the factor directed. "Stewart can show you the women's quarters. Make yourself comfortable. I have business at the landing."

Clendenning was a man of brief speech, who thought more of a bale of beaver than a hundred pretty faces.

Backing out from behind the counter with his bulging pack sack in his arms, Felix Duwarne came face to

face with the entering woman. His eyes dilated; the pack sack crashed to the floor. Stewart hated the adventuress for her smile of recognition.

"Ah! Felix, my boy," she cried in pure French. "Who would think of meeting you like this! Don't you welcome me?" She extended a hand. Duwarne took it dully and stared.

"*Bon soir, petite*," he greeted softly.

"Kiss me," was her audacious command.

To Stewart's breathless amazement, Felix obeyed. Hotly, Graeme sprang forward.

"Have you forgotten your troth in the Hills?" he passionately cried.

The constable whirled round. "W'at you be know?" he harshly demanded.

"Enough! I witnessed that. I know one who trusts you, and here you put that trust so far away as to embrace a——"

"*Diable!*" roared Felix, in interruption. "Don' say dat nam'!" His eyes blazed like camp coals. He towered over Stewart as if to crush him.

"Leave dis t'ing to me," he continued, struggling for control. "Ah be know w'at Ah'm doin'."

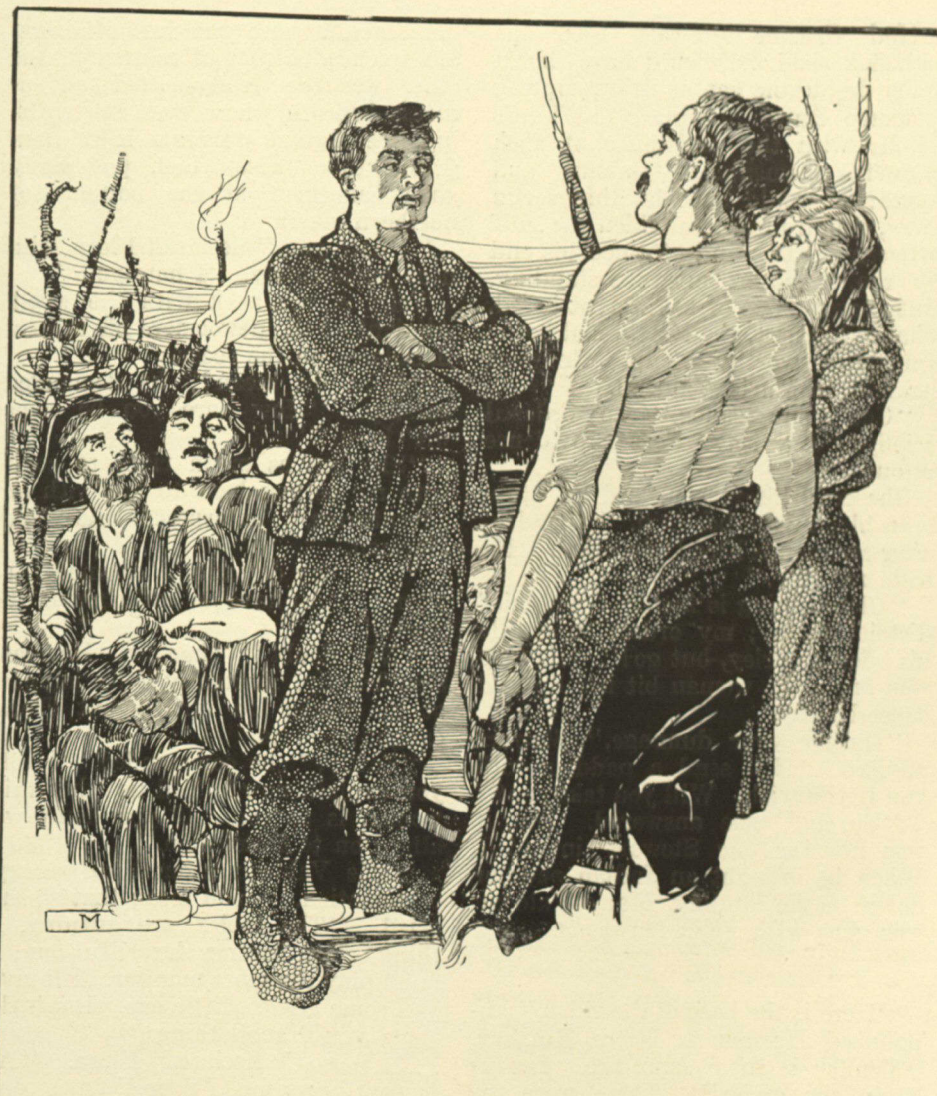
"Yes, but does Flora know?" asked the impetuous Stewart.

"She can guess," Flora's haughty voice answered from the entrance to the women's quarters. All they saw was her white face as she fled.

#### IV.

Stewart sought isolation in the shadow of the H. B. C. store when the dusk closed down. Lying there, drawing solace from the Company's tobacco, he saw two figures come across the trail. He took them to be Duwarne and the adventuress, but while they approached in the half gloom he recognised the woman as Flora Kinnear. She was reproaching Felix for the secret claim Marie Valdeau held over him; the constable answered her accusations with earnest protests delivered in a low tone. They





Drawing by Maud McLaren

"MURDER!" EXCLAIMED THE STRANGER, "THE WHOLE THING WAS A BLIND"

kept their voices subdued, but their actions foretold a quarrel. The climax came when Flora wheeled and confronted him.

"You *must* go on to Resolution with this woman, you say!" she vehemently cried. "You offer no explanation, but you *must!* Do you think you can come back to me after playing gallant to that —?"

"Don' spik lak dat of her," begged Duwarne. "No wan mus' judge but

*le bon Dieu*. That should be enough."

"God will judge you and your false heart if you go," she flashed. "Remember those words, Felix Duwarne. "She was gone from him suddenly, running to Clendenning's house, where she and her father were staying. Stewart heard his comrade's groan of dismay as he dashed after; but the pursuit was useless. Clendenning's door slammed. The bolt rasped home.

Had Graeme Stewart been the orthodox rival, he would have shown much despicable genius in attempting to usurp Duwarne's place in Flora's favour with the assistance of such powerful elements as jealousy and pique; he would have let things run awry, found means to widen the gulf between the two and attained his end by the profit of misunderstanding. But Stewart was of a different breed. That old lioness, the North, had borne him as a worthy whelp. He went straight to Marie Valdeau.

"Get your canoe," he ordered briefly, "and leave Fort Providence at once."

She read his reason, and the stubborn blood dyed her skin. "Clendenning commands here," she cried. "He bade me stay."

"Clendenning is factor; I am chief district factor; my orders supersede his; don't parley, but go!" His tone was final; the woman bit her lip and turned away.

"Gather your dunnage," Stewart advised. "I'll send a paddler with you if you wish. Will you take one?"

"Surely," she answered. But it was not the one Stewart intended. When he brought an Indian paddler down to the landing, Marie Valdeau was gone with Felix Duwarne.

#### V.

"Here is the base of the ridge," announced Harman to Flora Kinnear. "Yonder is their camp-fire. Let us begin the climb!" These were the first words he had spoken in their three-mile paddle. The only condition upon which Flora had secretly accepted his aid in pursuit of the fugitives was that he should speak no word of love. He had kept the promise well.

They ascended. Duwarne had gone beyond the circle of firelight to bring more wood. Marie Valdeau rose from her stone seat. In the mingling beams of rising moon and upspringing flames the two women faced each other. One was the embodiment of

innocence, a pure girl just attaining the splendid bloom of maturity; the other was the ready-witted adventuress beneath whose eyes ran shifting, treacherous currents more dangerous than those which put many good canoemen at the bottoms of northern rivers.

"I hate you," declared Flora Kinnear passionately. "I hate you."

Felix strode back with the wood. At sight of the newcomers his armful thundered on the rocks.

"W'at dis mean?" he demanded harshly. "How dare you be come wit' heem?"

"She has as much right to come with me as you have to flee with an adventuress," interposed the bold Harman.

"Don' say dat nam'," warned Duwarne. "Ah have de bes' right in de world."

"No doubt," chuckled Harman significantly. Instantly Felix jumped at the trader to strike, but Flora caught his arms.

"Softly," she commanded. "Will you explain now? Tell us what this woman is to you. If you don't we all go on to Resolution."

Marie Valdeau uttered an angry exclamation. "You mean that?" she cried. "The tables are turning, I think. You become the wilful one; I must play the sober monitor. I'll give you some advice, little one. Don't do that; you'll spoil things."

"I'll go," declared Flora. "As heaven hears me, I'll go."

"This is disgusting," stormed Marie. "Why could you not remain where you were? No one has a better right than myself to ask the aid of Felix."

"I dispute that," Flora returned. "I have a better right."

"No, child," persisted the other woman, "you haven't. For, you see, though I who say it am no honour to him, I am Marie Duwarne, his sister."

#### VI.

"It's a lie," roared Harman, "a

low, cursed lie!" This time Felix jumped so swiftly that the woman had no time to interfere.

"Ba gar," he cried, "you eat dose words."

He whipped the trader off his feet and kicked him for yards along the stony crest. He went back to Flora and Marie, laughing, a great weight lifted from his spirit.

"We go to de Fort in wan canoe," he announced. "Leav' Flora dere an' Ah tak' you on, Marie. Dis Harman go wit'out anywan." He rolled up the camp things; the two women, now friends, started down to the river's edge. As he worked Felix hummed:

*"C'est dans la ville de Bailloune,  
Là jo isque j'aitè faire un tour."*

a lilt of Bytown, the old name for Ottawa, the place Felix loved.

Having finished, he tramped out the coals of his fire and walked over to Harman, who watched him in moody silence.

"M'sieu'," he began, "Ah have wan t'ing for say to you. Ah no could say heem 'fore dose women."

"What's that?" growled the trader, suspiciously.

"M'sieu', you wan coward," Felix quietly declared. "You wan damn coward!" and both of Harman's cheeks smarted from two stinging slaps of his open palms. Without looking for the effect of his blows Duwarne walked off. Something whirred fiercely through the air! The piece of rock Harman hurled struck Felix behind the ear, and he fell like a log. The trader bound the unconscious man and stepped to the slope, a swift scheme forming in his fertile brain.

"Where's Felix?" called Marie, looking back.

"He wants you," Harman lied. She came running into the grip of his hands and the bonds of the rope he held. Her cry brought Flora, who was rendered helpless in similar fashion. In his own black ways the trader was more than ingenious! He loosed their feet when he had them subdued

and grasped one arm of each, forcing them down the rocks and into the canoe below.

"You know enough about this kind of craft not to lurch or leap," he chuckled. Flora was in a helpless hysteria; Marie steeled herself for the emergency.

"We're heading for Fort Providence?" she asked, plumbing his plans.

"No, for the wilderness. I'll drop you at the first Indian camp."

"You're a villain!"

"A gamester," he corrected. "I inherited the trait, that's what sent me to the outland. Now I'm playing the boldest game I ever played, for the highest stake I know."

"You'll lose," screamed Marie. "Par Dieu, you'll lose! I, too, have played bold games."

The widening gap of river drove Flora to desperation. She sprang up with a far-reaching cry, nearly capsizing the canoe. All that saved them was Harman's swift flattening of the paddle blade on the water. From the crest there came an answer. Felix had his senses.

"Felix, here," shrieked Marie, giving him the direction of the flight. Brute that he was, Harman struck at her with the paddle. She swerved lithely, and the blade broke athwart. "Don't do that," she mocked. "You'll stave a hole and sink us."

Another cry! They saw Duwarne rolling over and over among the rocks of the slope, fretting his wrists on the sharp granite in a mad attempt at freedom.

"He'll kill himself," moaned Flora Kinnear. And no doubt Felix would have dashed out his brains where the incline grew steeper had not his body become wedged in a niche of rock which held him, despite his struggles, while the canoe slipped round the turn of the bluff.

## VII.

The stranger's knife slitting his bonds was like a miracle to Duwarne at the time, although he afterwards

learned it was an ordinary human motive of a reckless heart. One second later, the stranger as bowsman, himself in the stern, the constable's canoe shot after Harman's craft, which had already a tremendous start. The first mile flew by! The second was eaten up with their never-changing stroke! Soon they caught the thump of a paddle ahead.

"Now de race!" exclaimed Felix softly. He ripped his shirt away with one hand and cast it behind. Bare to the waist, with drops of sweat and blood shining on his skin, he bent to his work. On they spun like an arrow, the shoulders of the bowsman rising and falling snappily in his wet jacket and the tremendous biceps of the brown man in the stern bulging under his tanned skin.

Fort Providence reeled by! The landing was dark, not lighted with the torches of the fishing boats going off to their night's spearing in the Shallows as Duwarne had left it that evening. The Shallows lay a mile below the Fort and just above the confluence of the Lost Wolf branch with the Mackenzie where the treacherous cross-currents made a swirling hell of waters unnavigable by any craft. Felix knew this well.

"We catch heem at de Lost Wolf," he panted. "He no pass dat place."

Harman's oath drifted back to them. Inch by inch they gained; then foot by foot; and yard by yard! A ring of lights unexpectedly starred the river before them. The spearing boats were returning from their toil.

"Holà!" roared Felix. "Stop heem. Stop dat mad mans!"

They misinterpreted, leaving an open lane for an apparently friendly race.

"*Diable*," Duwarne now groaned. "Dose theeck in de head fools!"

The motley band of Indians, half-breeds and voyageurs, their wild features limned by red torchlight, raised a savage cry to cheer the contestants as they flashed between the lines of boats, but their rejoicing over a frolic

turned to a wail of terror at an impending tragedy. Harman, in diabolical despair, was driving his canoe straight for the boiling cross-currents and the black-fanged rapid below, which had never been run by human hand.

Felix did not hear the clamour. He read the design, and a spasm gripped his throat.

"Ba God," he breathed, "catch heem, stranger, or break de heart."

A mighty drive was the answer. A drive that broke the paddle. The bowsman cursed. Duwarne put every atom of strength into his stroke, gaining ten of the thirty feet he must win. Again his blade plunged; he made it one-third. Gathering all his sinew in a last desperate pull, he fairly lifted the craft out of the water. His veins tingled, his muscles cracked with the effort; but the gap was closed. The bowsman's fingers gripped the other gunwale.

Harman, well-nigh mad, leaped up unwarily with something shiny in his hand pointed at Flora Kinnear, but Marie Valdeau wiped out her score of sins by throwing herself on the pistol muzzle and taking the death wound meant for the other girl. With the report, down went both canoes in the whirling smother of water.

Felix seized Flora as he touched the surface; the dead body of his sister spun by and Harman was sucked after it into the vortex.

Duwarne held his place in the rip of the current with phenomenal strength. He was glad Flora's hands were bound; that excluded the possibility of the drowning grip. Beside him the stranger was swimming desperately, but neither could advance a foot. Their powers waned; the surges slowly sucked their feet back; it seemed the end was there, when old Dave Harrow's voice bellowed out and a boat on the end of a hundred-foot rope banged against their skulls.

"Catch hold," roared Harrow. "We'll pull ye. Only keep the hold!"

It was purgatory, that wretch, with the water devils snatching for their prey! Felix thought his one arm must have the bones drawn out, but in a second it was over, and the three tumbled on the beach.

"T'ank *le bon Dieu*, you be safe, *chère*," murmured Duwarne, tenderly, when they regained their feet. "*Mais* Marie she gone; dat's mighty hard!"

"Amen," breathed the strange bowsman, at his elbow.

Felix turned. "M'sieu', Ah mus' t'ank you," he cried fervently. "You have de beeg courage."

"You needn't thank me," observed the stranger gravely. "By chance, I heard the end of the drama in the Beaver Hills. Duwarne, your sister is well known to me! I loved her in former years, but through misunderstanding we each went different ways—not altogether careful ways! We met at a northern post some days ago and found our love had stood strange tests. We resolved to make a break

for some far place, get married and live a settled life. The impediment was lack of funds, so we did the familiarly erroneous thing of committing a small wrong in order to accomplish a big regeneration. That is why we took the Government gold at Lost Wolf ford. I want you to arrest me for that theft."

"You?" cried Felix, dazedly. "An' Marie? W'at you say 'bout her?"

"She had the gold in her dunnage. Now it's where you made camp. You see, she was to take it through to the Great Slave shore, and I was to meet her there. Then Prince Albert and the States!"

"Ah understan'," declared Duwarne, "an', as you say, Ah arres' you. *Mais* ba gar, *m'sieu*, you go for tell me Marie help commit de murdaire? Ah keel you eef you mean dat!"

"Murder!" exclaimed the stranger. "The whole thing was a blind. I'm Grant Barclay."

## FRIDAY'S CHILD

A STORY OF GOODWILL

BY KATHERINE HALE

Monday's Child is fair of face.

Tuesday's Child is full of grace.

Wednesday's Child has far to go.

Thursday's Child is full of woe.

Friday's Child is loving and giving.

Saturday's Child must work for her living.

But the Child who is born on the Sabbath Day

Is witty and wise and gentle and gay.

THE Oracle chanted it in muffled tones—a grotesque, hooded figure holding the centre of that animated stage the summer-house, in the Wall-bridge sunny garden. Afterwards there was a discussion, as the magic meaning of the little rhyme grew in

the excited imagination of the children.

"I borrow to be Sunday's child," said Anne. "'Witty and wise and gentle and gay'—I could try, any-way."

"Tuesday's child is full of grace.' We'd have to give that to Grace herself, I s'pose," said Emily.

"I don't know," said Anne; "it sounds like a pun to me, and father says they're always in bad taste. Grace had better be 'Thursday's child is full of woe.'"

"I won't," said Grace decidedly.

"I will," came a soft little voice from behind, and two ardent eyes beamed on the dissenters. "I would

love to be a 'woeful child.' I would wear an old black petticoat with a long trail, and a little, little bit of crape in my hair—just a suggestion—and a squeeze of onion under my eyes. Instead of playing I would sit under a tree and weep and weep—and finish that last book that Nana took from me, if I can find it."

"Nana thinks you're Monday's child," said Anne. "Perhaps you are; you're supposed to have mother's eyes."

"What's that?" said Nana, coming up with the tea things.

Whereat a discordant medley of treble voices arose.

"Whist now!" said Nana, "or I'll send you all straight to bed. You're far too old to quarrel; especially Miss Anne, going on eleven. Doris is the best of you all! Such nonsense about days. God gave you each a day; it's well I can remember most of them. And my own pet'—a thrill was in the air, and all eyes turned on Nana's avowed and special treasure—"my own pet did I hold in my arms on a Friday morning, as beautiful as ever I saw. There were the school-bells ringing, and all the little children running to school, and old Giles putting up a flag on the summer-house, just because she had opened her pretty eyes on this old world. Come here till I tie your sash, my precious. Yes, you're Friday's child—whatever that may be!"

"Friday's child is loving and giving," chanted the Oracle solemnly. "Loving and giving, loving and giving—let's all sing it and wave our napkins and baptise her with the milk!"

Friday's child had loved the ceremony from the vantage of her nurse's arms, but when she stepped into the world of every day, she found, like older votaries, that her obligations were often piled upon her, and she became, what her nature had often before impelled her to be, a kind of small burden-bearer for the rest, very much at the beck and call of the whole

tribe. That Nana was her staunch champion only led her to give the more, because, as Anne often remarked, Nana was "prejudiced;" and, of all things, Doris wanted to be "just like the rest." "Oh, make me just the same as the rest, and forgive all my sins, and bless my dear friends, and especially Nana," was ever the climax of her little prayers.

"All my dear friends," she would think wistfully when she got into bed, alone in her white cot, with the latticed walls so pale and high. "Anne has lots of friends at school, and Grace has Emily, and of course I have father and mother and God and Nana, and they all love me—but I have no 'Particular Friend,' and I'm nearly eight. Nearly eight and no 'Particular Friend!' What a long time without one—what—a—long—time—without—one."

And then it was morning.

It was an interesting new play to be Friday's child. In imitation golf, Friday's child found the balls. In cooking-games, she washed the pans. In playing school, she was "kept in" at recess, not always resignedly, but, on the whole, in a kind of "good-fellow" style that was part of her. As the summer sun deepened the colour on her little cheeks, and the dull gold of her short curly hair became more intense, she was like a beautiful gipsy decked out in discreet muslins.

Then came a coveted invitation from "next door."

"Next door," in the children's parlance, was a large place whose owners had been abroad for years and whose return was heralded, weeks before, by a troop of gardeners and servants. Cards of amenity had been exchanged between the two houses, and now behold each Wallbridge, attired in a fresh muslin and ready in response to a cordial invitation to "come and play with the children from four till seven."

"You must wait till your mother comes, dearies," said Nana.

And after a long, long time the

hoot of the motor sounded in the avenue and she came in, veiled and hatted, to give them each a kiss and see that their sashes were straight, and to tell them that they must be unselfish and play what the others liked most.

"Remember that one of the poor little kiddies is quite lame, Lola is her name—isn't that dear?"

"And what's the end-name, mummie?" asked Anne.

"There are two little girls and their names are Lola and Beatrice Farr," said mummie, "and their father is called Sir John Farr, because he made a great invention."

"What is an invention?" asked Doris.

"Now darlings, Nana is ready," said mummy. "Have a good time and make everyone happy," and she watched her rainbow band flit across the lawn.

Over the meadow they walked, and then they opened the garden gate and plunged right into fairy-land; for before them lay a wide lawn, with a big fountain splashing beautifully, and beyond the garden a lazy stream, leading to vague possibilities. Coming to meet them was the prettiest lady imaginable, and a little girl in blue. Two or three other children emerged from the summer-house, and the party was introduced with many shy little greetings.

In the shadow of a tree sat a slight form in an invalid's chair.

"Come and see my little Princess," said the pretty lady, and more shyly still the Wallbridges approached. They knew this must be "Lola," the little girl who was lame.

The Princess, unlike her mother, unlike her regal name, was no beauty. It was a thin, old, sad little face that looked out from the shady hat, with a queer, tiny frown between the eyes.

"How do you do?" she asked gravely and looked the embarrassed Wallbridges over, everyone apart, from head to foot.

No one had ever looked at them like that before, not even mother when

she was just going to say, "You may go to your room, dear, and stay till I come."

"How do you do?" said each Wallbridge together in response.

And then there was not one other word to say.

The strange reluctance of childhood to any "difference" in their own kind was upon them, stilling them with a kind of fright. The tiny cripple was a stranger to their healthy, merciless little world, and try as they would, it was hard to come near. Something beyond the spell of shyness bound them.

The pretty lady stood with her hand on the Princess's hair.

"What shall be the first game?" she asked. "Perhaps Nana can help us. She knows what you like. Or shall Beatrice show you a new one we learned in Paris? We have plenty of balls and rackets."

Beatrice went to find them, the others paired off, and the sense of constraint vanished.

Then Friday's child looked across at the wheeled chair.

The pretty lady had gone for the moment, and the little figure was alone.

Anne's eyes followed those of Doris, then back to her sister with a look which said more plainly than any words: "The Sacred Oracle!"

True to her nature, Doris "imagined" first. She imagined that she had lost a ball in the direction of the child. She must find it. The search brought her close to the chair.

Bending near, under a little shrub, she asked, "Did you see it?"

"What?" queried the Princess.

"A ball," said Doris.

"There wasn't any," answered the Princess. "They're all attached to the racquets. You were pretending."

"Oh," said Doris, "do you ever pretend?"

"All the time," said the Princess. "It's all I ever do. I'm chained to my rock, I mean my chair. I can't escape unless someone breaks the spell.

That's why I'm a Princess, and it's all the fault of a wicked ogre, you see."

"Oh, you dear!" said Doris, "I've always looked for someone who pretended, too. The rest do, but just by fits and starts. They like real plays best; cooking, for instance, and shops—things you can touch."

"I know the kind," said Lola gravely. "Beatrice is like that and nearly all the rest. There was a little boy once in Italy who pretended all the time, but he began to play the piano, and they called him a 'miracle.' So I lost him. How I cried. But I was young then."

"Are you old now?" asked Doris.

"I am nearly ten," said the grave little voice. "It is a year since I lost Carlo. We would sit on the sands at San Remo and the sun came through my beach-umbrella in many colours on my knee, and Carlo would catch those colours in funny little tunes, and he would sing the tunes and act them in fairy tales all day. Oh, why did he begin to play the piano! *Mon pauvre* Carlos."

Doris, with wide eyes, understood perfectly. How could she distract the Princess—her Princess already—from such a loss.

"Do you like trees?" she asked. "I see a path to the orchard. Let us trundle down and tell stories there."

The Princess was gracious. She adored trees. Could Doris push the chair? "I am lame," she said, "and very heavy—nearly seventy-five. Mother says 'what a weight!'"

Very soon they were under the "umbrageous boughs" of the poets, and the Princess heard all about the Sacred Oracle, and the telegraph that ran from the nursery window to the summer-house where real messages could be sent, and best of all about the little house in the trees that was built by the gardiner for Doris.

A shade of pain passed over the tired face of the Princess.

"Don't tell me about high-up places," said she, "I cannot ever climb."

"But you shall," said Doris, "you shall. I will carry you up my little ladder; it is quite broad and easy, and you will sit in the door of my little house, like *Peter Pan* waiting for *Wendy*."

"Oh, darling *Peter Pan*!" cried the Princess. "You love him, too? But, after all, he wasn't a real fairy, or he could never even have been *afraid* of growing up. I like the old ones best, I think."

"Do you believe in God and angels too?" asked Doris.

"I do," said the Princess, "especially on Sundays, if you have a strict nurse. Is yours very strict? We do nearly all our games on Sunday—but not quite all. Anyway, I believe in God and angels, but, oh, the fairies are the best! They're so little and close, and they're nearly always here. I shall love this orchard. Look at all those rings—some of them are quite worn with the dancing-steps."

Friday's child was completely captivated. Here was a new wonder. From the distance she heard the creak of the see-saw, and the excited cries of "home free." But no game drew her now. Her little soul, so willing in the service of others, was blooming under that radiant light, the loveliest miracle that ever happened in this wonderful world, the sudden touch of the kindred soul. This miracle had not dawned for her before, for Anne never really understood, and Nana was grown up, of course, and all the rest were too small. And they didn't care, at any rate. But this Princess cared. She saw the things that were not quite there; and, oh, in what beautiful words—long words—she could tell about them. Her mind could climb higher than the nimble feet that loved the birds' nests, and Friday's child recognised it and bowed down and worshipped. She stared at the little freckled face in ready awe, mingled with love. She wanted to pledge her affection.



The thick shadows fell across the grass, and far away she saw a maid move over the lawn with tea things; already the afternoon was gone in a dream. How could she ever pluck up courage to tell the new-found half that was in her heart? The thin little voice recalled her, and she met the wide, unabashed stare of childhood.

"Friday's child—I think you are very beautiful."

"Oh, no," said the recipient of this compliment, hastily; "but I think I'd like to be! It reminds me of a funny little song that begins, 'For Nurse says I'm not pretty and I'm seldom very good.' Would you like to hear it?" and she hummed witchingly:

"If no one ever marries me,  
And I don't see why they should,  
For Nurse she says I'm pretty  
And I'm seldom very good.  
If no one ever marries me  
I shan't mind very much,  
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage  
And a little rabbit hutch."

"And you sing like my enchanted bird in the forest, which I made a game about. Oh, Friday's child, I know that song! and mother saw a beautiful lady who wrote it. Her name is Liza Lehmann, and she wears a rose-pink gown and is herself a fairy, I think, though mother doubts it. Oh, what games we shall have, what games! I shall be *Seigfried*—did you ever hear of him?—and you will be the *Enchanted Bird*, high in the tree-tops. How splendid that you can climb." She measured the sturdy tree-

trunks with wistful eyes that presently fell happily on the adventurer beside her, and she said dreamily: "It seems to me that something is gone that I had a minute ago, and I don't mind being lame a bit now; for you shall do all the valorous feats while I lie and think about them and plan more. I'll think them and you'll be them."

What an exaltation for Friday's child!

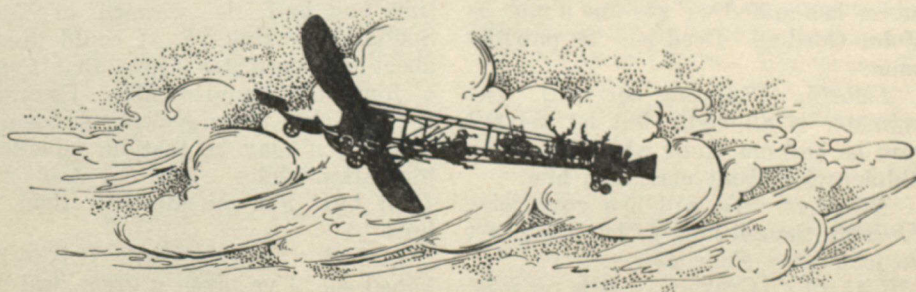
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"Well, I believe I see Nana!" said Anne, an hour later, to Beatrice, when they had all had tea on the lawn and each finger bowl was full of wonderful Japanese flowers that opened on the water like magic; "and we have had a most beautiful time, a most beautiful time."

Friday's child, weaving a flower chain for the Princess, felt that no one could have expressed it better.

The pretty lady, who saw a new look on the dearest face in the world, came and took Doris in her arms. "I think I'll have to steal you," she said; "you are a fairy; you have awakened my Princess and made her all over. I wonder how you have done it—could you tell me?"

"It's a spell," cried the Princess, gayly. "Friday's child is loving and giving—loving and giving—loving and giving," and with the strange directness of her kind, and a shrill little laugh in the direction of the animated "Party"—"all the rest must work for their living."



# THE WORD IN SEASON

BY JEAN BLEWETT

*The scene is laid in New Scotland, one of Middlesex County's thriving villages. Margaret Lawlor has come over to the manse to drink a cup of tea with her close friend, Lizbeth Gordon, but lately married to the minister. Lizbeth speaks without an accent, but Margaret, though she has been for many years the wife of the school-master, still clings to her bonnie Scotch burr. The two have been discussing the new woman.*

*Margaret Lawlor.* [With conviction.] Weel, I've my own opeenion o' sic goings-on. Stand up for her if ye like, but you know and I know that modesty in a woman is a grand thing—a guid thing.

*Lizbeth.* One can get too much of a good thing. It's all very well to keep in the background—up to a certain point.

*Margaret.* [Surprised.] Is it yersel' that's only twa months marrit tae the best meenister New Scotland has had in mony a day, is it yersel I hear speaking lightly o' modesty in woman? Ye ken what the good book says about it, and ye ken, too, that if ye had not been the modest girl ye were ye'd never hae mated wi' sae fine a mon as John Gordon. Deed so. A pairfect mon.

*Lizbeth.* [Supping her tea.] The minister is all right, but let me tell you he had one fault which made me think twice about marrying him.

*Margaret.* Ye will hae your joke, Lizbeth, though how ye hae the heart to joke about sic a mon—

*Lizbeth.* [Gravely.] It is no joke, Margaret, it's the sober truth."

*Margaret.* [In agitated tones.] Ye dinna mean it, and us folk lookin' up tae him as a pattern in a' things! I canna get o'er it Lizbeth. Surely it was not a fault serious enough tae come between ye.

*Lizbeth.* [Passing the scones.] Judge for yourself when I give you my word it kept us apart for twa years and more—in fact, if he hadn't overcome it I expect nothing else but I'd have gone to my grave a spinster. Let me give you some fresh tea, Margaret.

*Margaret.* [With growing excitement.] Na, na, I'll hae nae mair tea; I'm shaking so I've spilt the maist o' the last cup on my best frock. Juist tae think that a' the whiles we were listening tae his graun sairmons, and haudin' him oop wi' our prayers, he was breakin' yer hairt wi' his short-comings! Losh me, the deceit o' him! My mither told me often never tae pit faith in a mon, but I didna dream she meant a meenister. I'll trust nane of them from this time forth, not even my ain mon. If the meenister canna keep straight it behooves me to have an eye on the schoolmaster—ay, and I'll do it! Poor lassie, ye had yer ain time and half the weemen of New Scotland envying ye. I could greet about the meenister I was that fond o' him, that proud o' him. Harken, Lizbeth (her tones growing suddenly tender), it may be that he repented him often-whiles. I've nae doot the fault hurt him muckle mair than it hurt ye.

*Lizbeth.* [With spirit.] It is to be hoped so. I've taken a great deal of satisfaction out of the knowledge that

it spoiled his rest of nights, it did.

*Margaret.* I'd think mair of ye if ye spoke kinder of him and his fault—hope so indeed! Let me tell ye this, Lizbeth Gordon, had I stood in your shoes I'd hae marrit him off-hand, fault or no fault, so there.

*Lizbeth.* [Shaking her head sadly.] I couldn't marry him till he got the better of it. Ah, Margaret, the worry I had. I didn't know what to do. I was almost distracted. Friends of the family were asking me when the wedding was like to be, and I couldn't tell them because this unhappy weakness of the minister's came between us to such an extent that I couldn't say for sure whether I'd every marry him or not.

*Margaret.* [Walking up and down the room.] No, I'll not hae a bite of wedding cake, it wad choke me. Lizbeth, it must hae been an unco dreadful fault tae keep ye from naming the day seeing ye had an eye on him a' this while. Would ye mind tellin' me the nature o' it? I'll never breathe it to a living soul—indeed so! Go on, Lizbeth—wait, I'll juist latch the door for fear that hussy in the kitchen should take it into her head tae listen. We'll keep it dark, Lizbeth, for his sake as well as yer ain, we'll not let it out. Ye say ye wouldn't hae marrit him if he hadna got the better o' this—this weakness o' his?

*Lizbeth.* [Putting her handkerchief to her eyes.] I couldn't have married him.

*Margaret.* [Drawing a chair very close to Lizbeth and leaning forward.] Weel, weel, as I said a while back, it must hae been bad, but he gat over it?

*Lizbeth.* [Solemnly.] Yes, but he wouldn't have without my help. I'll tell you everything. Never mind the door, there's nobody about. You're sure you wont have a scone, Maggie?

*Margaret.* Gae on wi' your story—out wi' it. I'm fair consumed wi' curiosity. Name this fault o' the meenister's—name it.

*Lizbeth.* [Laughing.] Bashfulness! You needn't stare. Bashfulness in a

man has brought on many a lass the calamity of a single life. John thought the world of me and—well, you know how it was with me, Maggie. But he couldn't propose, and he wouldn't propose. He'd talk blithe enough when there were others about, but if left alone with me he blushed like a schoolboy, acted as if he'd rather be anywhere else in the world, giggled at nothing, or else kept dead silence. I've seen him from across the hearth look me over as if I were a perfect stranger rather than the girl he was supposed to be sweethearting with. Instead of seizing on such times as we would be by our lone to pay a compliment, or say some of the nice foolish things one might expect—or at least hope for—he'd discuss Assyrian art, the ruins of ancient Babylon, or some such no account thing, for all the world as if entertaining one of the elders of his kirk. It was enough to vex a saint—and I'm no saint, Maggie. I stood it as long as I could and then I set out to cure him, and—

*Margaret.* [Angrily.] Think shame to yersel', Lizbeth Gordon, wi' yer haverin' about faults, and weaknesses, and being kept apart. Bashfulness, indeed!

*Lizbeth.* It kept us apart all right. And listen to me, Maggie: The minister would still be simpering and blushing if I hadn't taken matters in my own hands. I'll tell you what I said to him.

*Margaret.* [Wiping her eyes and smiling.] It gave me an awfu' shock, Lizbeth. For very little I'd not listen to anither word. Yer an aggravating mortal, but ye do bake the best scones o' any woman I know. Yes, ye can fill my cup now. Go on wi' the story, Lizbeth. What said ye tae the meenister?

*Lizbeth.* It was this way: One evening along in the autumn he comes in, as usual; has plenty to say to everyone—as usual. With one excuse and another I get father, mother, sister Jean, and brother Danny out of the room. As soon as he finds himself

alone with me, he grabs up his hat, begins twirling it round and round, and making as if he ought to go. So, says I, as innocent as you please: "Ah, Mr. Gordon, it'll soon be Christmas, and you'll be getting another lot of slippers with roses on, and knitted sox, and mittens." "I—I—yes, I suppose so," says he, twirling the hat faster. "You must have a heap of such things already," I goes on, taking up a bit of embroidery and threading my needle. "More than I can ever wear out," says he, half in sorrow and in anger, "the manse is full of them."

"I'd put a stop to it," says I. "How could I without being rude?" he demands. "You could get married," says I, and he nearly jumps off his chair; "women don't send many socks and slippers to a man with a wife of his own."

With that he twirled his hat at an awful rate, started to say something, thought better of it, hemmed and hawed and got scarlet in the face. "I don't think I'll—that is," he stammered, "marrying is—I'm thinking the girl that cares for me—that is, I'm afraid the girl I want isn't wanting me."

With that he twirled his hat till it was dizzy.

"I'd find out," says I. "How would you go about it?" says he, kind of grim like. "Why," says I, keeping my eyes on my embroidery, "I'd say, Mary, Martha, Ann, whatever her name might be, I'm wanting you for a wife, will you take me? and before she'd get a chance to refuse I'd put a kiss on her forehead, and"—that was as far as I got, Maggie. But it wasn't on the forehead he kissed me. "Ask my pardon, minister," says I,

not letting on how happy I was. "What for?" cries he, bold as brass. "Oh, the kiss should have come last, eh? Well, name the day, Lizbeth, and I'll do my part all over again." "John," says I, "my house linen's ready, and I've my sewing pretty well done up, we might be married in a year or two, I suppose." "Year or two be hanged," says he, just like that, for all the world as if he was just a man instead of a minister, "we'll get the invitations out next week in time to stop the influx of slippers and ties, and all the rest of it." "But it's so sudden I—" "I'll be put off no longer, mind that," he interrupts. "I've lived without you as long as I intend to, Lizbeth, so make up your mind to that!" "Oh, if your heart is set on it, have your own way," I agrees. "Ah, Lizbeth," exclaims he, "if I hadn't been the bold man I'd never have captured you!"

*Margaret.* [Delightedly.] Losh me, I never knew ye were sae clever.

*Lizbeth.* [Laughing.] You understand now what I meant when I said there was such a thing as too much modesty. Nobody guesses it, but the manse would still be without a mistress, and the minister without a wife if I hadn't given him encouragement, good encouragement—the word in season.

*Margaret.* Ay, as the guid book says, there's a time to speak, and a time to keep silent—even so.

*Lizbeth.* I'm glad you approve. I was fearing you'd find my conduct a little underhand.

*Margaret.* [Piously.] It's the heaven-given priveelege o' every daughter o' Eve tae get the better o' a mon—especially her ain mon, Lizbeth.





Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

"AN ANCIENT MILKMAN APPROACHED US, DRIVING HIS GOATS"

## IN THE SHADOW OF ETNA

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

*Illustrations by the author*

IT was early in the morning, very early, for to rise late in Sicily is to miss the best part of the day; but the yellow sunlight, spreading behind the purple hills of Calabria, across the Ionian sea, had called me to my balcony, and the beauty of the scene held me there while I watched the light slowly cross the sky and sea.

The apricot tree beside my window stirred in the faint breeze of dawn, and the roses in the terraced garden below awakened to new splendour in the sunlight. Far below me on the seashore I could hear the fishermen calling to one another, and the thought of the clear cold water tempted me to go swimming; but it was a long way off and a weary road to return up the steep, winding path.

Lazy? Yes, in Sicily it is always so. Sometimes an energetic tourist

will, for a week or two, zealously climb mountains and visit points of interest; an artist will paint early and late; and an antiquarian will search for relics, but soon the *dolce far niente* of the Sicilian takes hold of him, and he is content to sit still and dream. He wanders about; even in his sleep he talks piecemeal, as if the concentration of a whole night were too great an effort—and on moonlight nights in Sicily, who would wish to sleep?

I dressed leisurely and sauntered into the fragrant orange grove. Here I met Vincenzino, son of the gardener, Vincenzo, who spent his days going between the house and the fountain with his amphora on his shoulder—an alert little figure, wearing his commonplace, cast off clothing with the picturesque touch characteristic of his

race. He gesticulated most excitedly.

"Has the *signorina* seen *la montagna* this morning? Etna is in eruption!"

I hurried to the gateway from where, above the high walls of a neighbouring garden, I could see the snow-capped peak of Etna waving a turbulent plume of black. Last night the vapour which floated above the crater was delicate as a pink-tipped ostrich feather, but now there were disturbances within the mountain: their importance who could tell? Since the first account of an eruption of Etna by Pindar, in 467, B. C., there have been over eighty eruptions, and though it is possible that hundreds of years may elapse before another disaster takes place, it is equally possible that suddenly without warning many towns and villages may be destroyed as competely as Messina, more than a year ago.

"Well, isn't that the limit!" said an American youth who had come out to see "what the row was all about;" by this time all the servants had collected to discuss the portent. "Just as our plans were all made to make the ascent of Etna. Mother will never let me go now! If they would only have an eruption worth while I shouldn't mind, but this is sure to be a little two-for-a-cent one."

"What would you consider worth while? One like the eruption of 1693, when forty towns were destroyed, or would a repetition of the disaster of 1892 satisfy you?"

"Oh, so long as there is something doing; but come, let's get Gaetano to hasten with that questionable goat-milk coffee of his and go up to the theatre where we can get a good view of the volcano."

Of course, Gaetano didn't hurry, but what did it matter, there in the garden, with the sunlight falling through the orange and lemon boughs, and the ripe loquats dropping at our feet. A lizard scurried across the path and up the stone wall; my companion whistled gently, and he stood still,

fascinated, till the music had ceased.

"A real lover of music, like all Sicilians," said the boy.

"But not as discriminating as most. How can you desecrate this garden by whistling a rag-time coon song?"

"It was a bit inappropriate, I'll admit, but I can't always sing *Addio bella Napoli*; the lizards would get bored to death, and that is the only Italian song I know."

At length Gaetano arrived with his coffee and rolls, his lustrous, dark eyes and his dazzling smile. When a young Greek god designs to serve your morning coffee in an enchanted garden, who would question its strength and clarity?

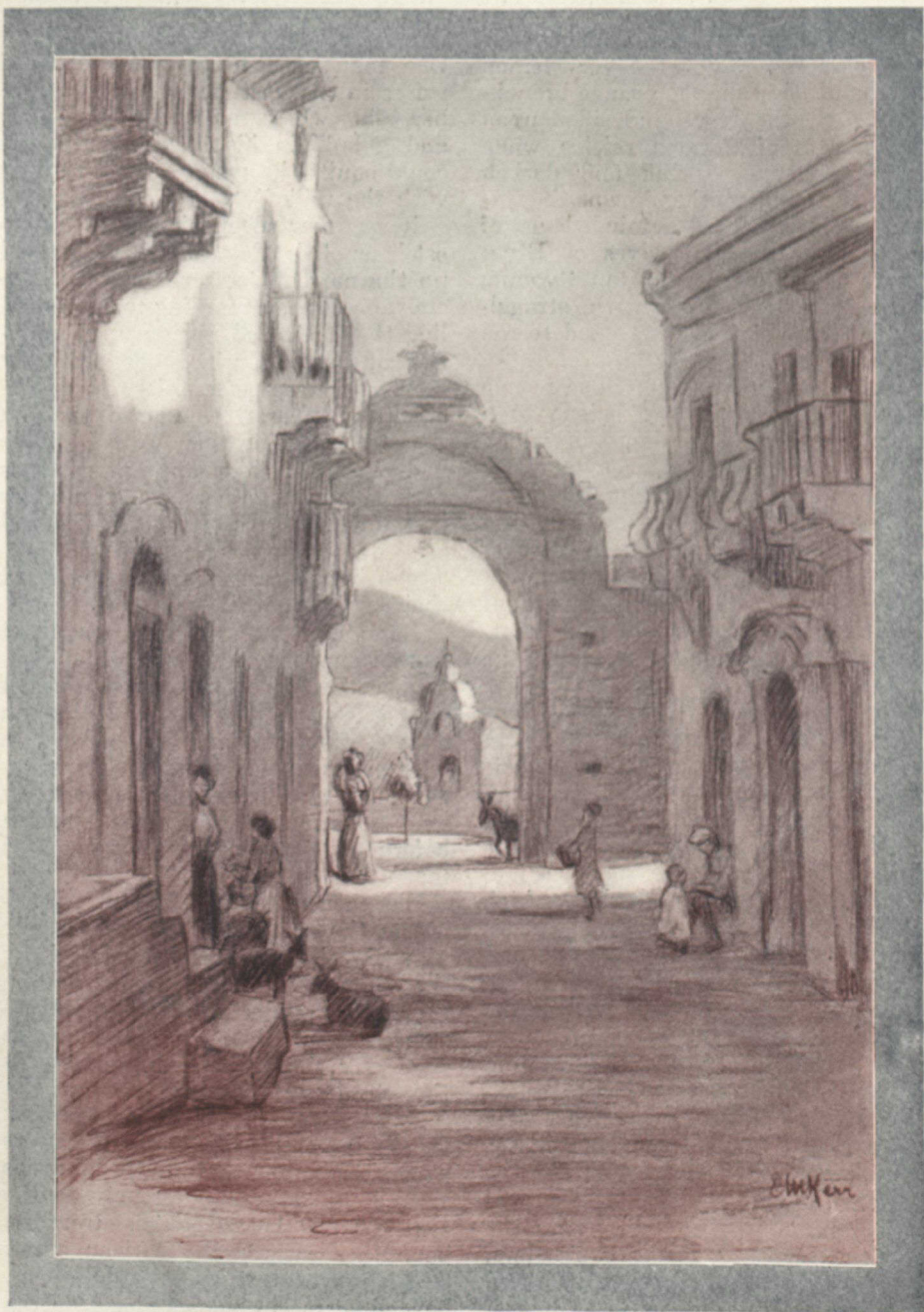
"Now for Etna!" cried the boy, leaping up with an alacrity that showed him to be a new arrival.

The creamy roadway stretched before us, inches deep in dust, the creamy stone walls rose on either hand, high towards the mountains and low towards the sea. Even the cypress trees and plants were covered with this all-whitening powder, amongst which the new-blown roses and geraniums gleamed vividly pink and red.

An ancient milkman approached us, driving his goats, white, black and spotted, back to pasture. He, too, was unusually excited and kept looking over his shoulder to assure himself that the ominous smoke above Etna grew no denser. We had paused for a few moments beside the parapet and were looking down at the lava-strewn promontory below where the ancient Greek city of Naxos once stood. The goatherd paused, too, and his eyes followed ours.

"*Il vecchio questo hafatto*,"—(The Old one up there did that), he said, nodding; and, shrugging his shoulders, he passed on.

To the superstitious Sicilian, Etna is still a supernatural being who holds his life and happiness in her keeping. *La montagna* is at once his mother, his oracle and his avenger. His first glance in the morning is to her, his



*Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr*

THE GATE OF MESSINA

last look at night. He will undertake no journey without first consulting her, and one of the Sicilian poets has said: ". . . the very lemon boughs of Mascali, the orange branches of Aci, the roses and lilies upon the breasts of Catania rejoice when Etna is serene, shrink and darken when the great mother frowns."

The old goatherd reminded us of the description Ovid gives of Etna, where the imprisoned Titan "vomits flame from his raging mouth, struggling to throw off the earth, and to roll away cities."

Sicily is not of to-day. The people who live there seem to belong to a bygone age, the buildings in which they dwell, to an age even more remote, and the labourer who digs deeply in his garden or excavates the ground for building is sure to discover coins of long ago, broken jars of antique design, and even portions of beautiful mosaic pavement that decorated the floor of some palace in the mysterious past.

The ignorance of the people—four-fifths of whom do not know one letter of the alphabet from another—their poverty and their isolation, all conspire to stem the tide of progress and hopelessly confuse the past with the present, the pagan with the Christian. At the little town of Giardini, which lay below us, the patron saint is Santa Venere (Saint Venus) and Greek names and types are common throughout this region, as well as the Arabic and Norman.

We entered the town of Taormina by the Gate of Messina, before which were donkey-carts laden with wares and peasants making small purchases of gaily-coloured calico. Within the gate, to the right, a stream of people ascended and descended from the fountain, carrying their water-jars, while in the main Corsa a goatherd drove his flock from house to house, and the people brought their cups and jugs for milk.

"At least there is no danger of getting diluted milk by that method."

"I'm not so sure about that," replied my companion. "Trust the Sicilians for being up to all the dodges. One man used to carry a bottle of water in his vest pocket with a rubber tube, which ran under his sleeve, and a bulb in his hand, so that he could squirt the water simultaneously with the milk."

It was now seven o'clock, the busiest hour of the day, and as we walked up the narrow Corso the street-cleaners were at their morning task, sprinkling the road, and raising up a quantity of dust. Curio shops on every hand displayed antiquities, and merchants of all sorts swarmed through the streets crying their wares. Some had strings of onion and garlic across their shoulders, others had vegetables in the saddle-bags of their mules and carried weighing scales. While fishermen with large baskets peddled their night's catch.

Bargaining was at times conducted from an upper window and, when concluded, the housewife lowered a basket containing the price agreed upon. As soon as the merchant had replaced it with his goods, she hauled it up again. All purchases were characterised by loud voicing and much gesticulation before a satisfactory bargain was made.

We turned up a side street leading to the ruins which mark the site of a Grecian theatre remodelled by the Romans. From this eminence the most wonderful view in Italy—some say in all the world—is to be seen. To the east one looks towards the Straits of Messina, where the Callabrian hills lie far across the sea; to the north Monte Venere towers above the town; and south, and the ground descends precipitously to the sea, 700 feet below, which stretches, boundless towards the African coast. But all eyes turn westward, where, beyond crescent-shaped bays, Etna rises majestically from the sea.

In the morning the place is almost deserted, but in the afternoon gather tourists who chatter in all the





*Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr*

"WHERE WE COULD SEE THE TARANTELLA DANCED IN THE TERRACED GARDEN THAT LOOKS TOWARDS ETNA"

languages of the tower of Babel, to the accompaniment of the setting sun. Only the evening of the day before, I had been there and had seen the usual sights; the guide who conducts a party of tourists about, explaining orchestra, the dressing-rooms; the artist who from some coign of vantage endeavours to reproduce on canvas the wonderful colours of the scene; the party of young people who scatter to the topmost seats of the vast semi-circle, while one of their number remains on the ancient stage to test the acoustic properties of the theatre.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he begins. His friends applaud, but seeing he has attracted the attention of tourists from all quarters of the globe, and is speaking in an auditorium capable of seating 40,000 people, he becomes embarrassed and can think of

nothing more to say at the moment.

These were the sights I had been accustomed to see in this wonderful ruin of bygone ages. Often I had sat aloof from the rest, and peopled it with other types of men and women: Greeks in their graceful draperies; Roman warriors; or even, I thought, if the tourist element could but vanish; and the dark-eyed peasants frequent the scene, even though their picturesque costumes are largely supplanted by the European, still they would not strike the jarring note as do the people from the west and north.

I was thinking of this as we mounted the roadway to the theatre. The custodian at the gate nodded to us, and we ascended the pathway leading to the upper tiers of seats. Entering through a crumbling archway, we

paused, transfixed. Had my wish been realised, or was I dreaming? I rubbed my eyes; the vision did not vanish. Seated on a broken column was an ancient man dressed in a goat-herd's costume of faded blue, playing on a pipe, while groups of gaily-dressed girls with kerchiefed heads and red-laced bodices sauntered up and down, carrying water-jars. There were men, too, and even little children in the glory of their native costumes. But why—where? I was amazed at their sudden transformation!

A strident voice from below offered the explanation, calling to the confused peasants in imperative Sicilian, while another interrupted in expostulating German, telling the people to go this way and that, and the meaning of it all was—a cinematograph.

A group of German photographers accompanied by an interpreter, who had arranged the *dramatis personae* and the costumes—for a price. The fact robbed the scene of its poetry, but could not entirely destroy its beauty, and we were thankful that even for purposes commercial the place could for a short time be peopled with types to which it truly belonged.

But another treat was in store for us, for the cinematographers informed us that they were on their way to the old San Domenico convent, where we could see the *tarantella* danced in the terraced garden that looks toward Etna.

Needless to say, we followed them as gladly as children in the wake of a Punch and Judy show, for the San Domenico is always a thing of beauty, even since it has been converted into a hotel.

Down the Corso we went, where stone walls once more shut out the view, where stood Roman arches altered and ornamented to suit the Saracen's taste, and churches that had successively been used for the worship of pagan gods, Mahommed and Christ. Here a shoemaker's shop elbows a palace in which, they say, lives a youthful baroness. Last year as a

young girl in short frocks, she apparently enjoyed life, but now that she is a woman, it is unseemly that she should go out, lest some one should become enamoured of her fair face or high-born name and try to abduct her. And so she must stay always in the house or in her garden that overhangs the sea, until they find a husband for her—poor little baroness!

We passed a school of needle-work presided over by the nuns, where small children, seated in a ring on diminutive chairs, strained their young eyes over the intricacies of Sicilian drawn-work; and on till the Corso opened into a square, flanked on two sides by churches and on a third by a stone balustrade, from which the ground descended into the sea below. On the fourth side was a pink stucco tower gate and a white-washed café, before which at a small iron table, a handsome young Dane was seated, drinking a glass of beer. A couple of Frenchmen at another table smoked cigarettes and sipped their *apéritif* while they watched the passersby; and at a third, two Americans and a German gossiped over their *caffé granito*. We knew that the Dane was an artist and the German a baron, also we knew whether he was likely to marry a pretty American girl that passed us, who was spending the season with her aunt at a villa above the town, and just what chance Don Tito, the young Sicilian, had of winning her. In fact we probably knew more about it than the young lady herself, for in Taormina everybody minds everyone else's business.

Our cinematographers and their interpreter stopped at the café and ordered drinks, while we strolled to the terrace, as if we had come there for no other purpose than to admire the view. Others had collected there to look at Etna. The smoke above the crater was not so dense now.

Yes, it was true that there had been an earthquake, we were told, it had alarmed the people of Catania, but no

damage was reported so far. A new crater had appeared in the mountain, and lava had been thrown a hundred feet, but the eruption was plainly subsiding. An Englishman and his daughters had ascended Mount Etna the day before, and remained at the Osservatorio for the night in order to see the sunrise. One of their mules had returned, but the party were considered quite safe though they must have been badly frightened.

"I wish I had been with them!" said my young friend.

"The foreigners have no fear," said our informant, a bright-eyed boy. It is we Siciliani who fear La Montagna, because we knew it. *Grazie!*" he said as the youth put a silver piece in his hand.

"Ah, the Signorio is Americano, he is *molto generoso!*

I thought he was German, but a solde never passes through the hands of a German until it has been well polished

A commotion before the café warned us that our cinematographers were departing, so we two unostentatiously took our way down the Corso till we reached the Fontana del Duomo, where women and children were filling their water-jars.

One little girl had her apron to her eyes, while at her feet lay the broken fragments of an amphora. We dried her tears with a few pennies and turned down a lane leading to the convent.

A doorway in the substantial stone wall admitted us to a paved courtyard surrounded by beautiful cloisters. Across the courtyard and through a hallway, then down a flight of steps and we were in the fragrant gardens, where roses of every kind and hue grew on bushes, trees and hedges, forming one blazing mass of colour, or twined overhead in arches beneath which we walked to the gravelled terrace, where we seated ourselves by the balustrade overlooking Etna and the sea.

The photographers were here before



Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

"AT HER FEET LAY THE BROKEN FRAGMENTS OF AN AMPHORA"

us and had set up their instruments, while the peasants whom we had seen in the Teatro Greco now took up their positions to dance the *tarantella*.

In Sicily one rarely sees the *tarantella* danced by women. It is usually performed by boys, whose movements are certainly more lithe and graceful than those of the women; but their gaily-coloured costumes added greatly to the beauty of the scene as they danced there in the sunlight checkered by the shadows from the orange-trees and palms, kicking up white dust from the gravel, with their bare or sandalled feet. The balustrade with its pots of flowers formed the background, and far in the distance the snow-capped summit of Etna gave the final touch of beauty to the whole.

Amongst the dancers were two children, a girl and a boy not more than eight years old, who seemed to have the joy of the dance in their heels. The little chap was known to me, for he danced often at the café and in the hotels, in his faded velveteen jacket and red stockings, while his elder brother played the mandolin.

The woman I had never seen before, for in Sicily it is a woman's position to remain at home, and husbands of the middle class will frequently turn the key on their wives when they leave the house in the morning.

The dancers grew tired, the interpreter cross, and at last the photographers said they were satisfied. I didn't know how many pictures they had taken that morning, their little machine revolved so quickly!

It was now noon, and the air was very hot and still. Reluctantly we left the shady garden and retraced our steps through the town. The doors of the houses were closed, and the shopkeepers were putting up their heavy wooden shutters. Now the business of the day would cease until four o'clock, for after luncheon comes the long *siesta*. Below the Messina gate the donkeys were tied in the shade; the very goats had ceased to crop the sparse, dry grass; and the goatherds hugged the meagre shade of the almond-trees.

In the garden of our villa, Vincenzino lay asleep beneath a fig tree, his amphora beside him. Even Etna seemed drowsy, for the smoke hung listless about her summit.

Inside the stone house, the air was deliciously cool, and Gaetano of the dazzling smile, served us a luncheon fit for the Greek god he resembled, beginning, of course, with macaroni, and after lunch I slept.

I dreamed I was living centuries before Christ and was present at a wonderful spectacle in the Teatro Greco. Gaetano, the beautiful young king was seated on a throne upon the stage. He rose to speak, but as he lifted up his voice the earth shook and Etna sent forth flame and smoke. I tried to run, but awoke to hear a loud knocking at my door and Gaetano's voice saying:

"Excuse me, *signorina*, but it is four o'clock and they are waiting for you to make up a set of tennis."

And so I came from the past back to the present.



# RECIPROCITY: WHY THE UNITED STATES WANTS IT

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE E. FOSTER

**W**HAT does the United States want, and what is it looking for in this new movement for reciprocity with Canada?

1. It wants to mitigate the high cost of living by getting supplies of food from Canada at cheaper prices than at present. But it is obvious that the only way it can secure this is by diminishing or removing the customs charge which meets Canadian food products at the border. All it has to do is by its own action to take off the six cents a pound from butter, the four cents from cheese, the twenty-five per cent. from flour, the forty-five per cent. from vegetables, the duty from meats, and so on throughout the whole food list, and the cost will be as far reduced as is possible. No reciprocity treaty can compel the Canadian producer or the Canadian carrier to produce or to carry products for United States consumers at less than they are now doing, or may from time to time find it profitable to do. A reciprocity treaty is therefore not necessary in order to reduce to a minimum the cost of Canadian foodstuffs to the United States consumer. But it would be very useful to the Republican party to be able to say to its electors, when forced to reduce duties on Canadian foodstuffs: "See what we have got as an offset from Canada; we have made them pay roundly for our doing our duty to you; we are clever." Can anyone anywhere give any good reason why we should bleed

to help the Republican party do justice to its own people, in getting cheaper foods for them?

2. It wants to get cheap raw materials from Canada's virgin stores for the use of its manufacturing industries, which will work it up in United States centres, with United States paid workmen, all the profits and accessory benefits of which will inure to the United States.

That is a laudable object—for the United States. But they can get Canadian raw materials as cheaply as possible, and so effect this purpose, by removing all customs dues which face these exports on their national boundary. Let them take their duties off wood-pulp, and lumber of all kinds, off coal, and wheat, and they have at once eliminated the only item of cost that a reciprocity treaty could effect. For no reciprocity treaty could compel Canadians to produce or carry these commodities at cheaper prices than they do now or may at any time consider reasonable.

Clearly then the United States does not need a treaty in order to effect this object. But the Republican party, if it could induce Canada to pay it for making these concessions to its manufacturing interests, could say: "See how clever we are—we grant you what you are entitled to and what greatly benefits you, and we have induced the *Canucks* to foot the bill."

3. It wants to get a market for its products in Canada. What products?

Natural and manufactured, but mainly and especially the latter. The New England States are to-day the stronghold of the reciprocity movement in the United States. New England is the great manufacturing section—it is the smallest producer and largest consumer of food and raw products. That section is not seeking a market in which to sell meats, fish, flour, butter, cheese or any food products or any raw material such as woods, coals, ores, wools or cottons. It is a large buyer of all these. So that in so far as reciprocity would result in opening the Canadian market to natural products, the New England States have no interest in it.

Nor does the rest of the country have much interest in it. They have no surplus products of the fisheries, of metallic or mineral ores, to send north, and their northern forests are becoming depleted; they will not long suffice for the wants of their immense and rapidly-increasing population, which will more and more have to apply to Canada. As to agricultural and animal products, the claims of home consumption are rapidly approaching the capacity for home production, and it will not be long before they will have to be met by importation. Local interchange there will be at certain points, but in comparatively small proportions, and even that will tend to diminish. Coal alone might form an article of considerable export, but confined to localities and subject to the strong competition of Canadian black and white coal. No sane man will predict any large overflow of natural products from the United States northward.

But for manufactured products the opposite is true. In these, East and West, North and South are all interested, and the first three sections greatly interested.

The East, which was the mother-nest of manufacturing industries, is still easily first. But out of that nest sturdy fledglings have flown north, west and south. To-day the West has

an enormous industrial development and capacity; it is supplying its great western population and has the advantage of propinquity as against the East. The South, too, with its more favourable climatic and labour conditions, is rapidly developing its capacity for industrial production and reaching out in strong competition with both East and West.

Under these circumstances the East is looking to the great northern country beyond the line, is most anxious for entrance thereto, and, if you listen to its voice as expressed on the platform and in the newspaper, considers it vital to her continued industrial prosperity that she should find compensating markets therein. Similarly and in only lesser degree western industry craves the opportunity to supply with its products the large demands of the rapidly-filling Provinces of our West to in part compensate it for growing competition from the South. For the present, with its 7,000,000 people, that market is desirable, but when it comprises twenty, fifty or one hundred millions, how much more desirable; and the business instinct and business sagacity of the United States see clearly the vision of the future. Therefore it is evident that the reciprocity wanted by the United States in order to meet its necessities is not reciprocity in natural products, but in manufactured products. Cheaper foods and raw materials it can get by its own tariff action, though, of course, the political necessities of the Republican party would be mightily ministered to if only Canada could be induced to pay the piper for this tune.

4. The United States wants, if possible, to prevent British inter-Imperial trade union. This also is economically laudable on the part of the United States. Every country has a right to wage commercial warfare offensively and defensively; in fact, the country which does not do so is not doing its duty. It must look ahead, take note of what its rivals

are doing, lay its plans to circumvent them, if possible, and at all hazards maintain its own position intact. England to-day is the great free market for the United States surplus; the British Colonies are the great coming competitors therein. The prospect of a mutual preference between all portions of the Empire with corresponding customs duties on all foreign products, spells trouble for United States trade expansion and supremacy. Under such conditions the exports of United States manufactures to the British dominions would gradually be ousted by inter-Imperial exports, whilst at the same time their imports would be brought under increased competition.

The aggregated Anglo-Saxon Empire, as it filled up and expanded, would surpass all countries and be commercially supreme. To forestall such a movement and prevent such a consummation, the United States would give its eye-teeth, and rightly so, from its standpoint. Does not political supremacy, other things being equal, follow commercial supremacy? And so the national impulse is added to the trade impulse, and both tend to stimulate and strengthen the desire.

5. The United States wants to establish itself in the national hegemony of this continent. For this we cannot find fault with it. Ambition in a nation is as praiseworthy as in the individual, and provided it is honourable in its aim and methods it is to be commended. In former days this passion of the United States was more in evidence and more openly militant; to-day it is cloaked and guarded, but it is none the less existent. In the times of our childhood no concealment was made either of

the thought or of the conviction that it would ultimately be realised. It was in the lap of destiny.

How threateningly this menace hung over the early years of our Provinces older men and younger readers of our history well know; how much it had to do with shaping our policy of union and consolidation we all know. It ran in scarlet threads through the history of our trade and fisheries and boundary controversies. In the Senate and Congress of the United States it blazed out ever and anon. As late as 1888 so important a statesman as Senator Sherman declared: "Our whole history since the conquest of Canada by Great Britain in 1763 has been a continuous warning that we cannot be at peace with each other except by political as well as commercial union."

To the efforts of continental and commercial unionists, and unrestricted reciprocity advocates who joined hands from Washington to Ottawa from 1880 to 1891, it formed the background and chief motive, so far as the United States half of the combination was concerned. And now one has but to read the utterances of the reciprocity pushers in the United States to see, between the lines in bold type, the same substance and the same desire, though now subordinated to and concealed in the idea of commercial intercourse. In that there is wisdom, but it is the wisdom of the nation which seeks by sequence and under cover of peace what an abrupt and open avowal would defeat.

These, then, are the wants of the United States in regard to reciprocity. Are they Canada's wants? Do they fit in with our ideals, national or commercial? Are they consonant with British and Imperial aspirations?





## At Five O'clock

“O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie;  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

“For Christ is born of Mary;  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth,  
And praises sing to God the King  
And peace to men on earth!

\* \* \* \*

“O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sins and enter in;  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the heavenly angels  
The great glad tidings tell:  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Immanuel.”

—Phillips Brooks.

\*

THE spirit of Christmas now threatens to become the subject of editorial and the lure of the advertiser. Christmas is a festival which belongs to the small person, and, if we grown-ups are to enjoy it at all, it must be by becoming as little children. Childhood, in all its weakness and in-

nocence, makes its appeal to the world on that day, when we keep in remembrance the solemn mystery of the Incarnation. To give gladness to the children, food to the hungry, and help to the afflicted, is what we try to do, for at least one day of the year. Yet, to most of us who have forgotten to keep up the *Peter Pan* spirit, Christmas is the hardest day of the year, when we are glad to see the sunset and in a hurry to go to bed, and ever so glad to wake the next morning and find that it is the twenty-sixth of December. Ghosts of many another Christmas come between us and the firelight, and, however determined the cheerfulness, it becomes a weary and artificial thing before the Christmas candles burn low. In spite of all the Christmas memories which make the twenty-fifth of December a trying anniversary, its ancient significance has not been lost, and, perhaps, the best way to forget the personal loss and pain which Christmas always stirs to life, is to recall its original meaning of hope and help for suffering humanity.

A practical citizen is reported to have said: “I am so thankful that my



mother was not a woman. She was only a human being." Of course, the Bromides all looked up and demanded an explanation of this piece of thanksgiving. As a matter of fact, woman is discussed to a wearisome degree in these over-analytic days. I suppose all this fuss about the sex of Eve began when woman entered the universities and demanded a degree. Man had so long regarded her as a being intended to minister to his culinary comfort that her sudden interest in logarithms and logic made it necessary for him to re-adjust his spectacles and wonder whether woman was more or less than a helpmeet—after all. Then Ibsen and a few other strenuous Europeans set forth the independent woman in all her revolting glory, and the interest in the vagaries of modern womanhood mounted to enthusiasm. Then we have the reversion in George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" to the woman who is a slave to the emotional, and is the deadly enemy of masculine liberty, bent upon making the man of her choice a respectable householder and a reliable taxpayer. Mr. Shaw probably wrote the play in a mischievous desire to stir the suffrage-seekers to protest, and verily he had his reward. Such a discussion as arose upon the publication of this inflammatory drama we shall not see again. Perhaps, in another half century, woman will have found just what she can do in the industrial world and the realm of politics, and the world will have settled down to a peaceful contemplation of feminine aldermen and daintily-gowned members of Parliament.

In the meantime, we are surfeited with the discussion of sex problems and the distractions of divorce. The Erratic Feminine and the Erotic Feminine absorb the attention of the novelists to an unprecedented degree, until we long for a bright, breezy bit of girlhood like *Winsome Charteris* or *Di Vernon*. Then we go back to a well-worn shelf and take down that book which charmed two generations of

girls, just to renew our friendship with *Jo* in "Little Women" and get rid of the wearisome nerves of the modern, introspective creature who has temperament to burn and no common-sense whatever.

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Speaking of *Jo*, that lovable, rollicking tom-boy, reminds me of a grievance. Has any woman ever forgiven Miss Alcott for refusing to allow *Jo* to marry *Laurie*? Most of us, who read the book in our 'teens, could have wept with vexation when the very nicest of all the girls became the bride of that tiresome, unromantic German professor with the ugly accent. We all wanted *Jo* to marry the handsome, quick-tempered boy.

There is almost as great a disappointment in Mrs. McClung's "The Second Chance." I may be alone in the reluctance to see *Arthur* marry the homely *Martha* (who was an excellent cook), but I fancy that a good many feminine readers will feel a similar protest. The book is a delightful story of prairie life, and *Pearlie Watson* is as sparkling and wholesome a young person as you would meet in a day's journey. But *Martha* is a hopelessly unattractive young woman, who wears her heart on her sleeve in an absurdly sentimental fashion and appears cringingly grateful for such crumbs of affection as the lordly young Englishman finally bestows upon her. I should have given the bride best wishes if *Thursa*, pretty and vivacious, had only been true to her lover—but *Martha* is quite another story. However, the very interest aroused by this *mésalliance* is the best proof of the vitality of the story and of the author's power to make her characters actual acquaintances. *Pearlie* is an exhilarating breeze, but that useful and sentimental *Martha* is that most depressing of all characters—an estimable person. We are sorry for *Arthur*. His dinners will be cooked to the king's taste, his clothing will be

mended with conscientious care, but the poor man will be bored to death and reflect with regret on the pretty coquette who did not know her own mind—or heart. Just as you are vexing your soul about the woes of this imaginary household, where dinners will be of the best and conversation of the dullest, along comes a would-be comforter who says in a monotonous voice:

“But none of them ever really lived, you know.”

And this remark shows such an abysmal ignorance of your state of mind that you remove yourself hastily from the society of the person to whom people in books “never really lived.”

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Once in a while we wonder what the next century will think about this. Will the woman of 2010 A.D., surveying some faded magazine illustrations, wonder at the hobble skirt and the soup-bowl hat, and speculate as to those quaint old creatures who lived in the reign of George V. Gliding from star to star in the most spangly of aeroplanes, they will pity the poor inhabitants of the Twentieth Century, who were obliged to spend so much of their time on Earth, and who so seldom had an opportunity of eating a sandwich in the skies. They will mourn over our dull lives and be exceedingly glad that they did not live in the days of the flatitudinarians. One feature of our “popular literature” will surely arrest their attention—the number of books devoted to the consideration of Happiness and how it may be attained. The list of modern works on worry, on right thinking, on how to secure peace of mind, is suggestively long and formidable. We must be a ridiculously nervous generation, if one may judge from the books which fill the modern counter. Our forefathers seem to have been too busy outdoors to have considered seriously what was wrong with their aura and whether their minds were in tune

with the infinite. We must be a rather unhappy “lot,” when we are obliged to ask ourselves so often questions concerning our contentment and whereby it may be attained.

The average summer resort usually includes among the guests one or two “freak philosophers,” who are anxious to discuss the soul with every stray comer from Poughkeepsie or Peterborough, and who insist upon explaining the principles of their philosophy to those who are vainly seeking quiet. A shrill-voiced “exponent” of this type, clad in a purple and white gown, endeavoured to make the August afternoons hideous last summer with her “little books” on various “ologies” and “isms.” It was delightful to hear her talking the newest thought to the fat man from Chicago, who afterwards informed a select circle that “she was batty-sure”; but when she swooped on the women who were absorbed in the intricate charms of Mexican drawn-work, and tried to impress upon them the ways of the “oversoul,” there was a general scattering for an afternoon nap.

The purple-and-white person appeared once more in the evening, more rampantly philosophic than ever, and demanded in uncertain English that we should listen to more of her theories regarding the universe and its destiny. It is singular that these prophets and prophetesses are nearly always shaky in orthography and syntax. Possibly their contempt for this world and their intimate acquaintance with the next render them indifferent to double negatives and roving participles. The seeress in question concluded her remarks with a wide flourish of be-riboned sleeves, exclaiming: “I find the infinite within myself—but there ain’t no proof of a personal God—there ain’t no proof at all of such a Being.”

A sweet-faced little Southern woman arose and went out on the wide veranda, from which we could see the

broad sweep of the moonlit St. Lawrence, with the islands in dark patches on the deep blue stream. There may be more beautiful scenes than the St. Lawrence on a starry August night, but it is hard to believe in them.

"Isn't she the silly thing?" said the Southern woman, as she laid a soft, wrinkled hand on my arm, "why, all this just makes you think of Longfellow's 'Bridge' and all the beautiful things you ever dream."

The little lady from the South, who was white-haired and gentle-voiced, talked away for an hour about the old home in Virginia which had seen so many changes, and of the strange turns and trials of this exceedingly perplexing existence. "But, you know, my dear, that woman is right foolish to say those things—just right foolish. My old coloured Mammy could have told her better. You don't suppose we were given all this beautiful world just to mock us."

The purple-and-white seeress was still holding forth when we returned to the parlour, but the fat man from Chicago had made good his escape to the billiard-room, and the elevator boy confided to us: "She talked 'em all out. She's the worst yet."

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As civilisation advances, the bath appears to gain in importance. We hear more and more about perfumed baths and mud baths and sun baths, until the days of the old-fashioned Saturday "tub" seem very long ago. In the home of the modern millionaire, the bath-room is made the last word in lavatory luxury. Tiles and silver faucets and sunken baths make it a scene of more than cleanliness and comfort. Yet, it is doubtful if New York has yet attained the luxurious perfection of Rome or Pompeii in the olden days.

We read of the "beauties" of classic times and of the varied devices to which they resorted to set cruel old Time at defiance. The bath was

the final resort for the restoration of nerves and youthful looks, and we have ancient recipes for perfumes and balms, which were supposed to bestow new life and loveliness on the fair bather. One of Rome's most dazzling belles would use only milk in the bath, and her example is followed to-day by the wonderful Sara Bernhardt, who seems to have found the secret of eternal youth and slenderness. One of the famous French belles declared that strawberry juice was the one preservative of the skin, and would bathe her face in no other liquid. We are all acquainted with the invigorating effects of sea bathing, and now we are informed of the virtues of common salt. "Add a cupful of salt to the bath every morning," says a Montreal authority, "and the result will be found most invigorating. The combination of equal parts of salt, soda and alum, with the addition of aromatic spirits of ammonia and a little oil of lavender, makes one of the best-known perfumed baths and is, in addition, especially cooling and restful."

This has a pleasant and reviving sound which encourages the tired woman to believe that the salt of the earth is the true restorative agent. The mud bath is not an attractive prospect, although at certain European resorts it has won enormous favour. Then there are the mineral baths which send your rheumatism flying and make you lose ten heavy years of life. There is no question about it, we are becoming indefatigable bathers in a variety of elements.

With all this bathing, however, it is surprising how few Canadian women can swim. Perhaps the recent introduction of swimming baths in our Y. W. C. A. equipment will encourage our girls to acquire this art. It is both healthy and graceful, to say nothing of its possible service in the saving of life. It is said to be rather difficult for women to learn to swim, on account of their "timidity." The latter quality rapidly disappears un-



HEAD OF GIRL  
FROM THE CHARCOAL DRAWING BY MISS I. LOVERING

der competent instruction, and the "swimming lady" becomes exceedingly proud of her new accomplishment.

This is hardly the season to advise anything but in-door practice of the art, but it may be that if it be fol-

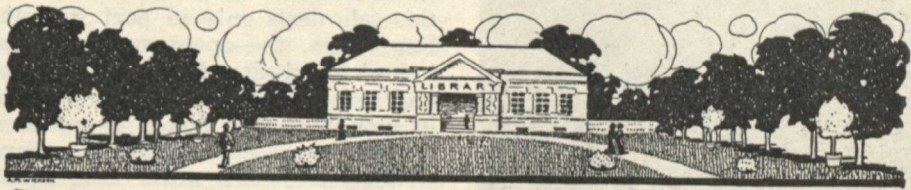
lowed perseveringly during the winter months that it will be found quite as invigorating and beautifying as the great baths of old, where Roman society leaders lingered to hear the latest bit of gossip and to retail the last news from the "Provinces."

\*

A number of women artists from the British Isles have come out to Canada recently and have thrown in their lot with their fellow-artists in this country. One of these is Miss I. Lovering, who has taken a studio in Toronto and who recently held an exhibition of her work, which is mostly child portraiture. She has a happy faculty of catching childish expression and character, using pastels and crayons with much facility and precision, and she is also at home with oils and water-colours. In Canada so far there has not been much activity between the photograph on the one hand and the oil painting on the other hand, so that Miss Lovering's work should stimulate a desire for something more artistic than the photograph, especially in instances where the oil painting would not be practicable.

JEAN GRAHAM.

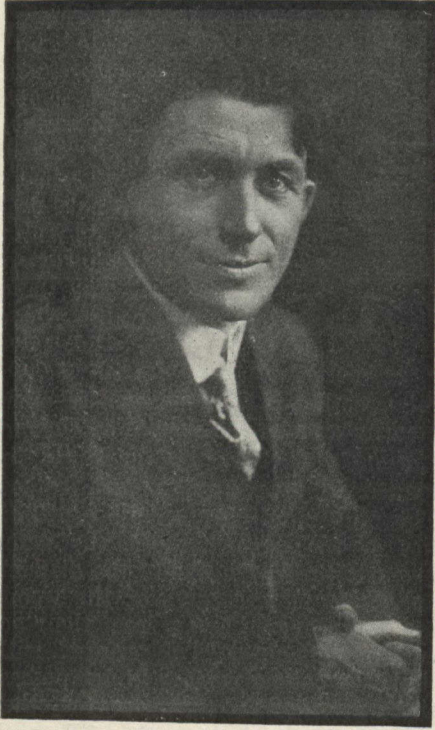




## The WAY of LETTERS

TWO years ago it was predicted in *The Canadian Magazine* that Mr. Archie P. McKishnie would advance as a writer from the short story to the novel. The production had been fulfilled, perhaps sooner than expected, with the result that we have in "Love of the Wild" a piece of fiction that is marked by charm, colour, and good character sketching. Mr. McKishnie chose for the scene of his story a section of hard bushland near Rondeau, in Western Ontario, about the time that Colonel Talbot's colony was under settlement at St. Thomas and westward. His early life had been spent in this part of the country, and therefore he was well equipped with facts and conditions, as well as with sufficient imagination to elevate the work above the requirements of a mere chronicle. To read the first few chapters of this story is to make one realise all the more fully the tremendous vandalism that has been practised in Ontario in the almost total obliteration of what was one of the most magnificent heritages that man has ever had—the hardwoods of Western Ontario. In a fine way the author depicts the spirit of these woods, and he has implanted the same spirit of bigness and independence and frankness into most of the characters he has found there. But into this woodland *Arcady* there comes a jarring note—a sawmill, which is located across the creek from the settlement to which the opening chapters give

introduction. This saw-mill is operated by men in the service of *Colonel Hallibut*, a character doubtless intended to represent Colonel Talbot. The mill-sounds jar on the sensibilities of the bushwhackers, the name given to those who live in the district, and the wild creatures of the woods are being driven away from their accustomed haunts. Not satisfied with that, the colonel wishes to get possession as well of the timber on the other side of the creek from the mill; and, as the owners do not wish to sell, stratagem is resorted to, with the result that there are incidents that are not credible but which can be overlooked if the chief motive of the book be kept well in view. That motive is to depict the love for wild places that is inherent with those who have been reared in them and also the human love of one dweller in the wild for another. The love of *Gloss* and *Boy McTavish* Mr. McKishnie has developed in an uncommonly artistic and satisfactory style. While there are in the volume some passages that with many readers might leave impressions of sentimentalism and melodrama, there is nothing but womanliness and manliness in the encounters of these two leading characters. The machinations of *Colonel Hallibut's* menials are perhaps a little out of key, but one has to take into consideration the lack of social organisation prevailing at that time in that part of the Province. *Gloss* is a member of the *Mc-*



MR. ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE,  
AUTHOR OF "LOVE OF THE WILD," AND EDITOR OF  
THE CANADIAN CENTURY

*Tavish* household, being the daughter of a close friend of the family who, just before her death, entrusted the child to their keeping. This woman, so it is learned towards the close, was a sister of *Colonel Hallibut*, and when the colonel discovers her relationship to himself he receives her exuberantly, and the feud over the timber bush is forgotten. The colonel wishes and offers to send the girl to the old land to be educated, but she is attached to the wild, attached by bonds that are not easily severed, and so the book closes with the assurance that *Boy* and *Gloss* have hearts that beat in unison and in sympathy with themselves and their environment. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth. \$1.25.)

\*

NO writer except the versifier Robert W. Service has been

able as yet to give us a convincing impression of the "Spell of the Yukon." S. A. White attempts the task in his novel entitled "The Stampeder," but this tale deals only in part with the Far North, the opening scenes, and indeed the closing, being laid in other and mellow lands. But there is in it enough of the Yukon to make us wish to see this ambitious young writer conceive a novel that would ring and pulsate with the bigness and ruggedness of the Klondike. "The Stampeder," cannot be accepted as a wholly successful literary achievement. It begins in the Orient with the enmeshment of a young Englishman by an alluring temptress. The Englishman, having had his yacht rammed by a yawler which immediately began to careen, boarded the doomed vessel, clubbed the senses, if not the life, out of a crew of mutineering sailors (a performance that is not often encountered outside of highly adventurous narratives of the sea), and rescued the temptress by conducting her to his yacht (which, by the way, was not his own but his uncle's, and which had not been seriously damaged). The escape from the snares that the woman had set followed quickly on the sudden appearance of the husband, a worthless Yukon "wildeat," whose existence even had not been suspected. The disgrace that came upon the Englishman caused the uncle to turn him adrift, a good reason for his turning up later amongst the horde of gold-seekers along the old Dawson trail. The adventures in the Yukon country depict the struggle of the Englishman in his desperate attempts to locate gold; the meeting again with the husband of the adventuress and again with the woman herself; a fearful journey with a Norwegian to the headwaters of the Yukon, where, according to the word of an Indian who had been inspired by the promise of "fire-water," gold could be found in fabulous quantities, the dementia that overcame the Norwegian, causing

the Englishman to kill him in self-defence; the tragic end of the husband; the singular love affair of the Englishman with a young woman who had rescued him from a water-hole one memorable night, and the coming of a staunch friend from England with the news that the uncle had relented and left his estates to the "The Stamped." The final scenes are laid in England. There the adventurer returns home, taking with him his bride of the Yukon. The woman who first allured him turns up again in the disguise of a fortune-teller. She has knowledge of the Norwegian's death by the hand of her old-time lover, and she uses it in the hope of intimidating him to flee with her. But he refuses to go, declines the nomination to the seat in parliament representing his home county; and makes up his mind to confess to his wife, who, so it is learned, is the daughter of the Norwegian whose life her husband took. The final scene is an avowal of love by husband and wife, between whom, up to this stage, there had been nothing more than *un mariage de convenance*, owing to rumours that had been circulated in the Yukon to damage the girl's reputation. As a whole, the plot is ingenious but not convincing. The author is a young man who as a school teacher at Snelgrove, Ontario, began to write verses. It was a long time before his work received recognition, but some of his verses were published in *The Canadian Magazine*, and later he wrote a number of good short stories and a novelette of distinction. He possesses many fine qualities as a writer. One of his stories, "The Cross-Current," appears in this number of *The Canadian Magazine*. He seems destined to yet meet the exacting demands of a successful novel, and meantime he deserves every encouragement. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth. \$1.25.)

\*

"CUMNER'S SON AND OTHER SOUTH SEA FOLK," a volume of recent issue by Sir Gilbert

Parker, might be described as a series of commonplace studies in heroism. It contains one novelette ("Cumner's Son") and several short stories and sketches. Apart from the novelette, the contributions to the volume are mostly light and of no striking originality. They are lighter in character than most of the author's other work, and they could be compared in style with many of Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills." Indeed, "Cumner's Son" itself might be mistaken for a Kipling tale of India. It is a well-constructed story, but that is the best that can be said of it. For boys of from twelve to twenty years it is a fairly good story, its elevation of courage and degradation of cowardice being the essence of its moral. The governor of a British colony finds it necessary to call a band of hillsmen to assist him in quelling a treasonable uprising at the seat of government. In order to do so he calls for a volunteer to carry his message to the leader. His own son, a lad of eighteen years, is the first to volunteer, and the father's admiration of the boy's courage induces him to accept. The splendid nerve and heroism shown by the lad in a number of dangerous incidents leads finally to his election by the people to the position of *Dakoon of Mandakan*. The other stories read as if they had been written before the author reached maturity. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25.)

\*

MR. ROBERT KNOWLES'S fifth novel, "The Handicap," will likely be regarded as his best so far. The background of the story presents *Margaret Menzies*, a Scotch girl who has been betrayed but who, rather than suffer the ordeal of denunciation before the congregation of her own church at home, comes to Canada with her child and seeks protection from her dead mother's brother, Arthur Ainslie, a dour Scotch bachelor of the severe church elder type. The upbringing of the

child, *Irwin Menzies*, with the stigma of illegitimacy upon him, his final triumph over his traducers, his election to parliament and his winning of the love of *Nora Riley*, together with the sure place that the mother gains in the affections and respect of her uncle and, indeed, of the whole community, compose the framework. The structure is well put together, and the embellishments of humour, pathos, picturesque description and character sketching are of general excellence. Undoubtedly the best character in the book is *Dinny Riley*, *Norah's* father, proprietor of the *Buck* tavern, and son of the man who kept the *Black Bull* at Kilkarty, Ireland, for thirty years without ever putting a drop of water into the liquor. The contest between *Dinny*, who is a decent, outspoken, large-hearted, lovable man and some hypocrites of the church is enough to make one stop to consider one's sincerity. The introduction of *Dinny* and the *Buck* tavern gives opportunity for play upon the evils of intemperance and for the bringing about of a regeneration in some members of the community. This book should be widely read by all who are narrow and full of conventional prejudices; it might open their eyes. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth. \$1.25.)

\*

**F**EW are the authors who can retain the interest of the ordinary reader through five hundred pages. William de Morgan does it regularly; Hichens can do it sometimes; Winston Churchill is fortunate in many readers who would follow him even further. Edward C. Booth's new book, "The Doctor's Lass," starts out at a 500-page clip, leisurely maintains it to the end, and is certain of attention to the last page. How he does it is hard to tell after the book is finished. Unlike Hichens and Churchill, it cannot be incidents involved—in the entire book there are not more than a half-dozen events—

but there is, without giving it undue credit, an easy flow of narrative that closely approaches the de Morgan style. In the plot there is nothing new. A doctor, in a natural sequence of events, falls into the guardianship of the daughter of an old love, who had discarded him for the average ne'er-do-well. This twelve-year-old girl possesses the quick-tempered, humble, impetuous, beseeching, naïve medley of character that rapidly winds her around the affections of the reader, as it did around the heart of the stubborn, prejudiced doctor. His thirty-six years of lonesome life before she came to him but fitted him for the impression such a girl could make. And, of course, after a trifling series of true-love roughnesses, he finds it not difficult to transfer to the daughter the love he had once possessed for the mother. The odd feature of such a lengthy story is that, with all its familiarity of plot, its impressive word-selection, its lack of surprises even in details, its rambling descriptions of places and events that weigh nothing in the story, the slowness with which it has to be read to grasp the innumerable similes and odd combinations of words—even in these apparent faults there is interest and there is no lack of satisfaction at any period of the reading. One wonders so much at his delight in the book after it is over, that one cannot but admire the author for his success in the handling of the plot, and at the same time feel certain that he could not accomplish the same thing again. Which is, after all, rather high praise. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

\*

**M**UCH better than the average is the volume of poems entitled "In Amber Lands," by Tom McInnes, of which an American edition has been issued. There is the charm of variety, and while many of the selections are conventional there is a generous leavening of spontaneity.



The sonnets, in particular, are good. Note the excellent spirit and treatment of "October":

When I was a little fellow, long ago,  
The season of all seasons seemed to me  
The summer's afterglow and fantasy—  
The red October of Ontario;  
To ramble unrestrained where maples grow  
Thicket with butternut and hickory.  
And be the while companioned airily  
By elfin things a child alone may know!

And how with mugs of cider sweet and mel-  
low,  
And block and hammer for the gathered  
store,

Of toothsome nuts, we'd lie around before  
The fire at nights, and hear the old folks  
tell o'

Red Indians and bears and the Yankee war—  
Long ago, when I was a little fellow!

\*

ONE of the most widely-read short stories ever published is "Sally Ann's Experience," by Eliza Calvert Hall. So great is its popularity and so frequently has it been republished in various magazines, that a large publishing house of Boston has given it permanent place in the form of a handsome little volume. This is a story that should have a strong if not a revolutionising effect on almost every domestic circle. Its humour is abundant. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company.)

\*

AS the red-bound row of "The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs," by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, extends on one's bookshelf, the magnitude and the usefulness of the work becomes more apparent. The volume for 1909 is the ninth in the series and year by year the scope of the work seems to enlarge. The author ranges thoroughly over Canadian affairs, from speeches in Parliament to the progress of railroads and industries and the principal events in sports, not to mention a hundred other topics. The author has a capacity for cataloguing and using facts that amounts almost to genius, and yet the whole mass is woven into a readable fabric of his-

tory. (Toronto: Canadian Annual Review Publishing Company).

\*

#### NOTES.

—*The Studio* for October contains a fine appreciation of the mezzotints of Frank Short, A.R.A. It is written by Malcolm C. Salaman. One would regard the full-page reproductions as almost as good as original proofs, and they are indeed very fine examples of modern engraving and printing. Other leading articles in this number are "The Paintings of G. W. Lambert," "The Charcoal Drawings of Lester Sutcliffe," "The Revival of Lace-Making in Hungary," with excellent illustrations and designs and workmanship, and "Some New Decorative Paintings by Professor Carl Marr."

—Mr. James A. Holden, of Fruitvale, California, who until a few years ago was connected with the art department of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has attained exceptional success as a painter. At the State Fair at Sacramento recently he received the premier prize in oil portrait painting, the award being a gold medal, and he won as well second prize in water-colour drawing.

—"The Christmas Roundelay" is the title of an appropriate song for the Christmas-tree party or similar Yuletide festivals. The author is Rev. M. O. Smith, of Montreal. (Montreal: The Renouf Publishing Company.)

—A great amount of fugitive matter has been written about the scenic attractions of Arizona, but anyone who wishes to know "The Grand Canyon of Arizona" should read the volume of this title written by George Wharton James, author of "In and Out of the Old Missions," "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," and "Through Ramona's Country." The book is splendidly illustrated, and it combines entertaining descriptions with all the advantages of a guide-book. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Cloth. \$1.50.)



# WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



## BAD EFFECT OF SMOKING.

Uncle Mose—"Look-a-heah, you George Washington Jefferson, what you all smokin' dat pipe fo'? Didn't Ah done tell yo' dat smokin' shortins er man's life moh dan haff?"

Young G. W. J.—"But you has bin smokin' mos' yo' life, Uncle Mose, an' Ah reckon yo's is a purty old man."

Uncle Mose—"Dat's all right erbout me smokin', mah boy, but dat ain't de point. Ah's eighty-foh yeahs ole now, but ef Ah hadn't evah smoked, Ah might have been moh dan a hundred yeahs old by dis time."—*National Monthly.*

## NO RISK.

"Susannah," asked the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the usual question in such cases, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband, for better or for worse——"

"Jes' as he is, pahson," she interrupted, "jes' as he is. Ef he gits any bettah Ah'll know de good Lawd's gwine to take 'im; an' ef he gets any wusser, w'y, Ah'll tend to 'im myself."—*Youth's Companion.*

\*

## THE WORLD ON WHEELS.

"Well, I mortgaged my home yesterday."

"What make of auto are you going to get?"—*Houston Post.*

\*

## NOT NICE FRENCH.

In the dining-room of a hotel in Nice, on a huge placard posted over the mantelpiece, you read the following:

"Our English visitors are kindly requested to address the waiters and servants in English, as their French is not generally understood."—*Tit-Bits.*

\*

Freshley—"In the class this morning the professor of English literature said something about Beaumont and Fletcher. I know who Beaumont is, of course; he's the new outfielder for the Cubs. But who the Sam Hill is Fletcher?"

The Other Chap—"Why, you bonehead, he's the guy that says you must chew your victuals one hundred and thirty-six times before you swallow 'em."—*Chicago Tribune.*



## MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Who would shatter his faith in dear old Santa Claus?  
—*Life*

WHICH IS IT?

"Father."

"Well, what is it?"

"It says here, 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' Is that so, Father?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"Well, father, if a good man keeps company with a bad man, is the good man bad because he keeps company with the bad man, and is the bad man good because he keeps company with the good man?"—*Punch*.

\*

MODERN MARY.

Mary had a little skirt  
Tied tightly in a bow,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
She simply couldn't go.

—*Harper's Bazaar*.

\*

NO ASSISTANCE NEEDED.

As the train neared the city, the coloured porter approached the jovial-faced gentleman, saying, with a smile:

"Shall Ah brush yo' off, sah?"

"No," he replied; "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."—*Princeton Tiger*.

\*

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

"Remove the sting of a wasp or bee with a watch key, pressing the place with it; then rub the sting with a slice of raw onion, moist tobacco, or a damp blue bag."—*Daily Mirror*. Press gently, dry, dust with boracic powder, and return it to the bee (or wasp).—*Punch*.

\*

FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY UNMADE.

Eight or nine women, assembled at luncheon, were discussing ailments and operations, as eight or nine, or one or two, or sixty or seventy women will. The talk ran through angina pectoris, torpid liver, tuberculosis and kindred happy topics.

"I thought," commented the guest of honour, "that I had been invited to a luncheon, and not to an organ recital."—*Everybody's Magazine*.



"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR"

—THANK GOODNESS

—*Life*

MODERN STRATEGY.

"Do you think airships could be used effectively in warfare?"

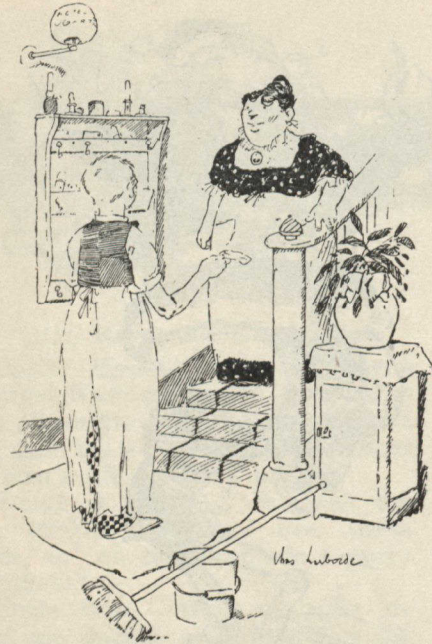
"They might," replied the skeptical person, "if we could provide the airships and induce the enemy to go up in them."—*Washington Star*.

\*

AGAINST HIS CONVICTIONS.

"Have some of the Welsh rabbit, Bjonson?" asked Bjonson, as he stirred the golden concoction in the chafing-dish.

"No, thanks, Bjonsey," returned Bjonson, patting his stomach tenderly, "I am unalterably opposed to all corporation taxes."—*Harper's Weekly*.



A JUDICIOUS HOUSEKEEPER

"A telegram? For monsieur? Keep it till after dinner; it might be bad news. —*Le Rire* (Paris)

## NO LATITUDE.

An Irish school inspector was examining a class in geography. He had propounded a question regarding longitude and received a correct answer from the lad undergoing the ordeal.

"And now," he said, "what is latitude?"

After a brief silence a bright youngster, with a merry twinkle in his eye, said:

"Please, sir, we have no latitude in Ireland. Father says the British Government won't allow us any."—*London Scraps*.

\*

## MORE TO BE PITIED.

Tramp (to lonely spinster) —  
"Come, missus, arst yer 'usband if 'e ain't got a old pair o' trousers to give away."

Spinster (anxious not to expose her solitude)—"Sorry, my good man, he—er—er—never wears such things."—*Punch*.

## A KNOWING SEXTON.

Economy is the watchword at Rushville. The sexton of the city cemetery raised enough oats in the graveyard this year to keep the fire team in feed for the entire winter. —*Canton, Ill., Register*.

\*

## MR. DOOLEY.

Sit, Hinnessy, near me:  
There's times whin I fear me  
With riverince due;  
Ye're failin' to hear me  
F'r what's th' salvation  
Iv all this gr-rand nation?—  
Th' iddyfication  
Iv ye and ye're crew.

'Tis true that me stiddy  
Old college chum, Tiddy,  
Has settled alridy

A number iv things;  
But still there's divoorces,  
An' racin' with horses,  
Fi-nance, an' th' coorses  
Iv combines an' rings.

I tell ye th' bothers  
Iv Jawn D. an' others,  
Iv children an' mothers,  
Iv husbands an' brides,  
Iv Suffrageites bloomed,  
What's true an' what's rumoured;  
An', always good-humoured,  
I laugh at both sides.

I teach ye be jokin',  
Ye're laughter provokin'  
While others ar-re croakin'.

Me wit, so they say,  
Is thruly So-cratic  
An' epigrammatic—  
What Hogan calls "Attic"  
An' "sthric'ly oh fay."

Hark, now, an' be wiser:  
Me frind an' adviser  
Young Wilhelm th' Kaiser  
Sez, whin ye've begun  
That war-r with Japan, sir,  
Th' Thropics iv Cancer—  
Whisht, man! wud ye answer?  
Thin wait till I'm Dunne!

—*Arthur Guiterman In Life*.

# A GREAT INDUSTRIAL ACHIEVEMENT

BY GEORGE McINTOSH

AT the Arts and Letters Club in Toronto not long ago the subject of art in everyday utilities in Canada gave rise to an animated discussion. The assertion was made that in most Canadian homes no thought was given to the æsthetic value of anything that was not solely ornamental. A chair was a thing to sit on, not to look at. A stove-lifter was a purely utilitarian implement. A broom or a pail or a dish-pan need have no beauty of line or shape so long as it performed the function for which it was primarily made. A fern-pot was a fern-pot, not an ornament; a waste-paper basket, a receptacle for paper.

The subject was one of vital national interest, and it seems to be only too true that most Canadian manufacturers have not given enough attention to the beauty as well as to the usefulness of the goods they place upon the market. An article that is beautiful as well as useful is doubly desirable, and the observance of this fact in the commoner things of life has been given as one of the chief reasons for Germany's commercial greatness.

But we have nevertheless in Canada some outstanding instances of where artistic features have gone hand in hand with usefulness and lasting qualities, instances of where great industries have been developed simply because those at the head of them have been far-seeing enough to realise that it is just as easy to make an article on good lines as on bad lines, and often-

times much easier, and that good looks have their place just as well as good-wearing qualities.

One of the first things that impresses Canadians who go abroad is the awkward-looking vehicles of various kinds that they frequently see. That is because in Canada we have been fortunate in having as pioneers in carriage-making men who had an eye for beauty as well as for usefulness. The result has been that the fame of Canada in this respect (and it applies to cutters and sleighs as well as to wheeled vehicles) has spread, until now the Canadian export trade in carriages and waggons amounts to no inconsiderable sum, and large and progressive industries have been developed along sound and enterprising as well as highly artistic lines.

Who in Canada could be named as a type of pioneer who began by appreciating the value of design as well as of material? Almost half a century ago, when fancy vehicles on the farm were still a luxury, a young man of Durham County, who had learned the resisting qualities of various kinds of woods by actual contact with them in clearing the homestead, set up a rude workshop on the corner of his father's farm and at night practised the art of carriage-making. The term "art" is used because with this young man the work was raised to that dignity, not confined merely to a handicraft or a trade. Beauty of de-



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE  
The camera stood in front of the general offices, and was pointed first to the right and then to the left.

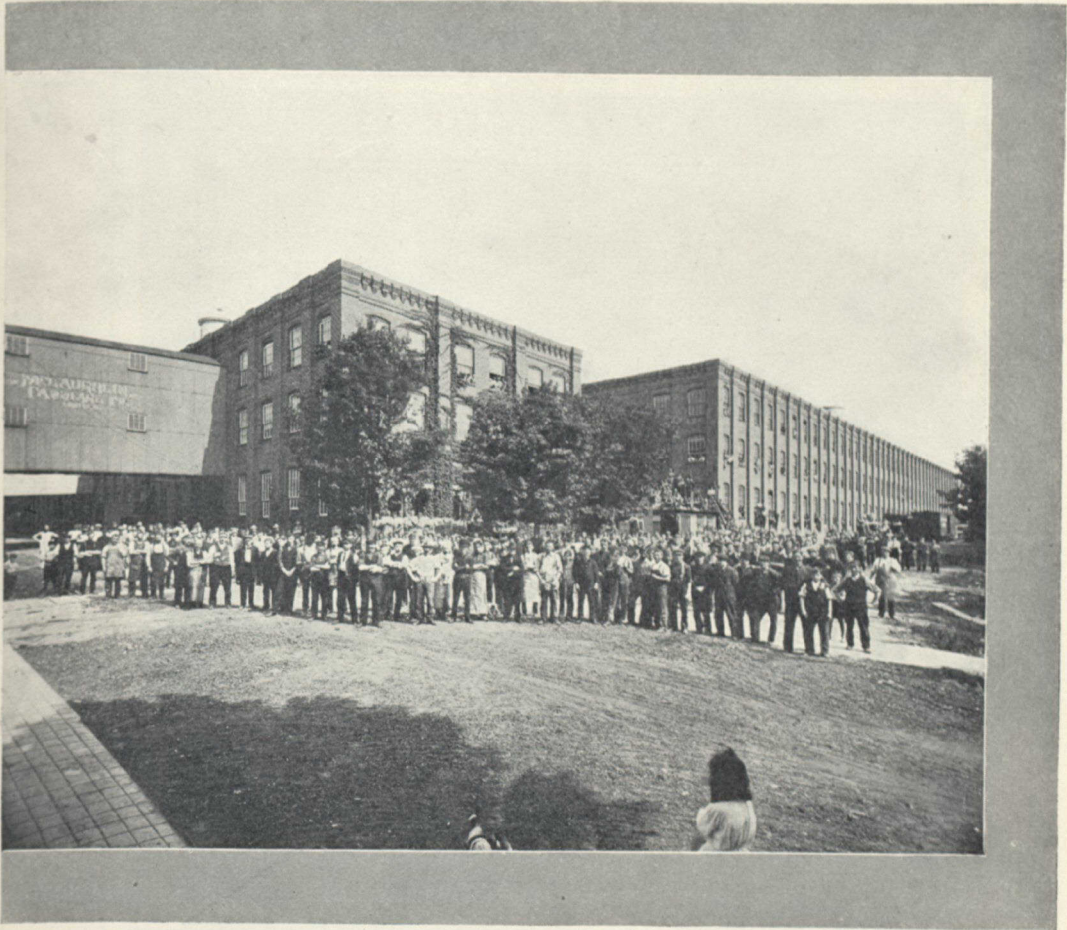
sign and proportion was studied as well as value in utility and strength.

And in those modest yet admirable circumstances, with good looks and wear as the key-note, and "one grade only, and that the best" as the motto, Robert McLaughlin began what is to-day the largest carriage manufactory in the British Empire.

The people of Enniskillen and vicinity soon began to see in young McLaughlin's output something more than an ordinary conveyance, and it was not long before the McLaughlin Carriage began to take prizes at the local fairs. That gave the young de-

signer confidence, and in 1878 he moved over to Oshawa and opened a shop on a larger scale. Even then it was not a very pretentious industry, but it was laid on sound principles, and every one in the locality knew, as it is known to-day in many parts of the world, that in the purchase of a McLaughlin carriage there would be a fair deal all round or no deal at all.

Robert McLaughlin was a good judge of timber. He is still counted one of the best judges in the country. That meant a great deal in the making of carriages, and he and his asso-



MCLAUGHLIN FACTORIES AT OSHAWA

The result is not a perfect panorama, but it gives an idea of the front view of the factories and the number of employees

ciates have always followed the rule of using nothing but first-class materials. The men who inspect the materials have been so trained as to observe the same rule, and it is a saying in Oshawa that woe betide the man who is caught letting defective material go through at the McLaughlin factory.

The first shop was opened in Oshawa in 1878, and, though at that time it was problematic, the foundation of the future was laid. Here was initiated the well-known McLaughlin Patent Gear, which, though oftentimes imitated, still remains an undisputed champion in its class.

Robert McLaughlin was one who, though, as we have before illustrated, was keen in insight, was none the less keen in foresight, and recognising, as he did, the probabilities of the Canadian carriage trade in the Dominion, he was ready to grasp the opportunity that presented itself in the year 1888, to acquire the property occupied by the Heaps Company, in the manufacture of furniture, and to establish there a factory that would meet the full requirements at that date. And the deal was consummated and for a considerable number of years, aided by his sons (G. W. and R. S. Mc-



THE GENERAL OFFICES OF THE MCLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO. AND THE MCLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO.

These offices are splendidly equipped, and the interior decorations are unusually artistic. They accommodate a large number of clerks and officials.

Laughlin), who, serving their time, so to speak, in every department of practical work, equipped themselves for future usefulness, Mr. McLaughlin progressed and progressed, until it seemed as if the limit of output had been secured in carriages and sleighs for many years to come.

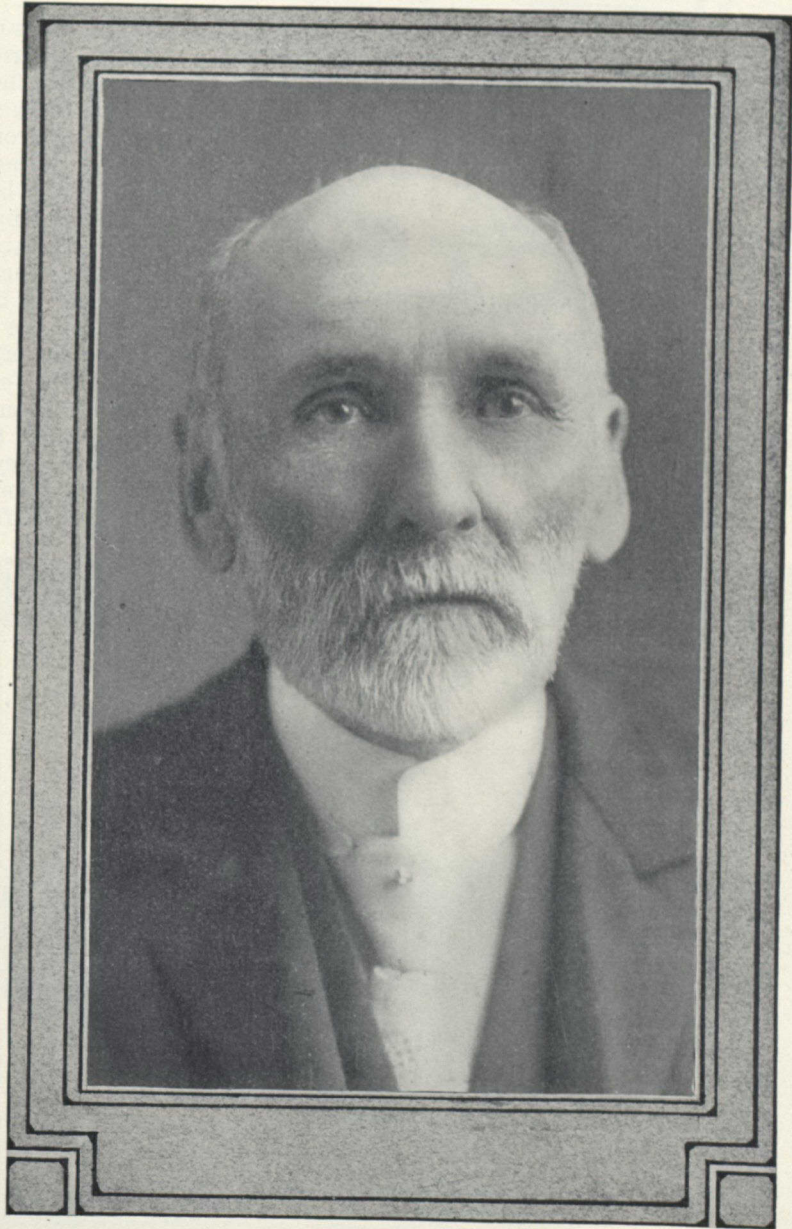
But there was a lesson yet to be learned. After years of continued prosperity there came a night—a well remembered night in the Town of Oshawa—when from some cause unknown, or at any rate forgotten, dread fire broke out, and in a few short hours the factory that was the pride of a rapidly-advancing manufacturing town was a pile of useless ruins. Consternation was universal; the credit of the town was at stake. What was the result?

Despite the fact that “in the twinkling of an eye,” so to speak, they were

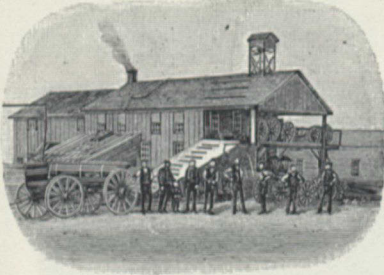
wiped out of business, despite the fact that, recognising the power behind the throne, the yet under-estimated ability of the McLaughlin Carriage Company to accomplish unseen results, cities and towns, from the smallest to the greatest, offered sums in the way of a bonus, which were tempting in the extreme; yet such was the loyalty of this firm to the good old town where it first found its firmest foothold, that, resisting all other offers, it cast in its abiding lot with Oshawa—its first home and its ultimate resting-place.

The future, though bright with promise, was a venture that only such men as the McLaughlins would touch. Aye, and we need such men to-day—men of puprose, men of strict integrity, men who combine with commercial enterprise a high conception of structural beauty.





MR. ROBERT McLAUGHLIN,  
President and founder of the McLaughlin Carriage Company



This picture shows the first factory of the McLaughlin Carriage Company.

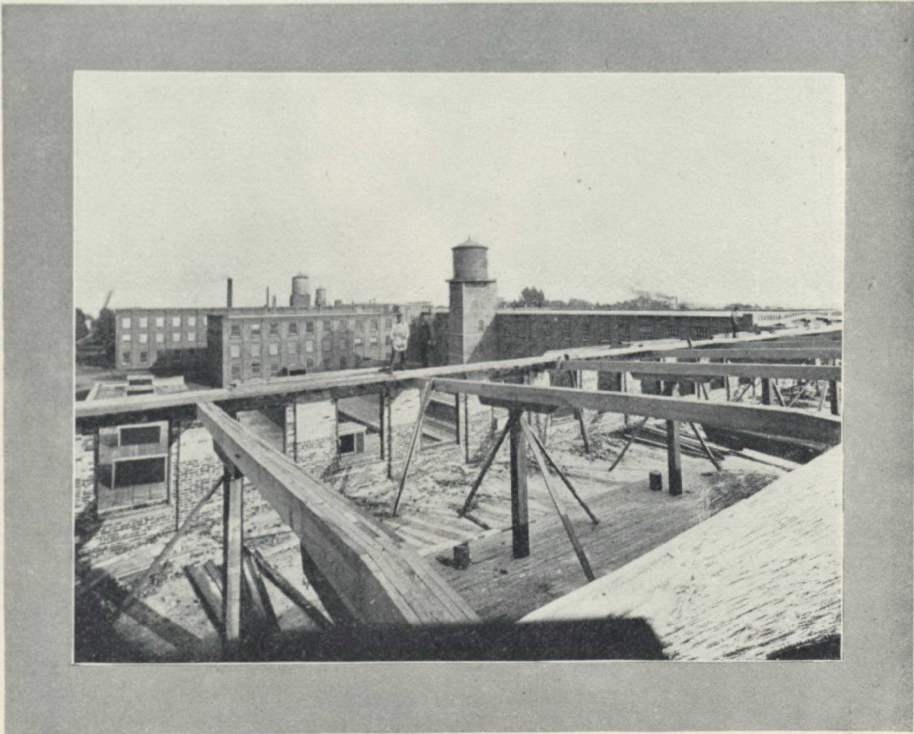
“Men who thought when others only dreamed,  
And did what others only thought,  
And triumphed in what others dared but do.”

And with such thoughts, overmastering their most cautious instincts, the new factory was built.

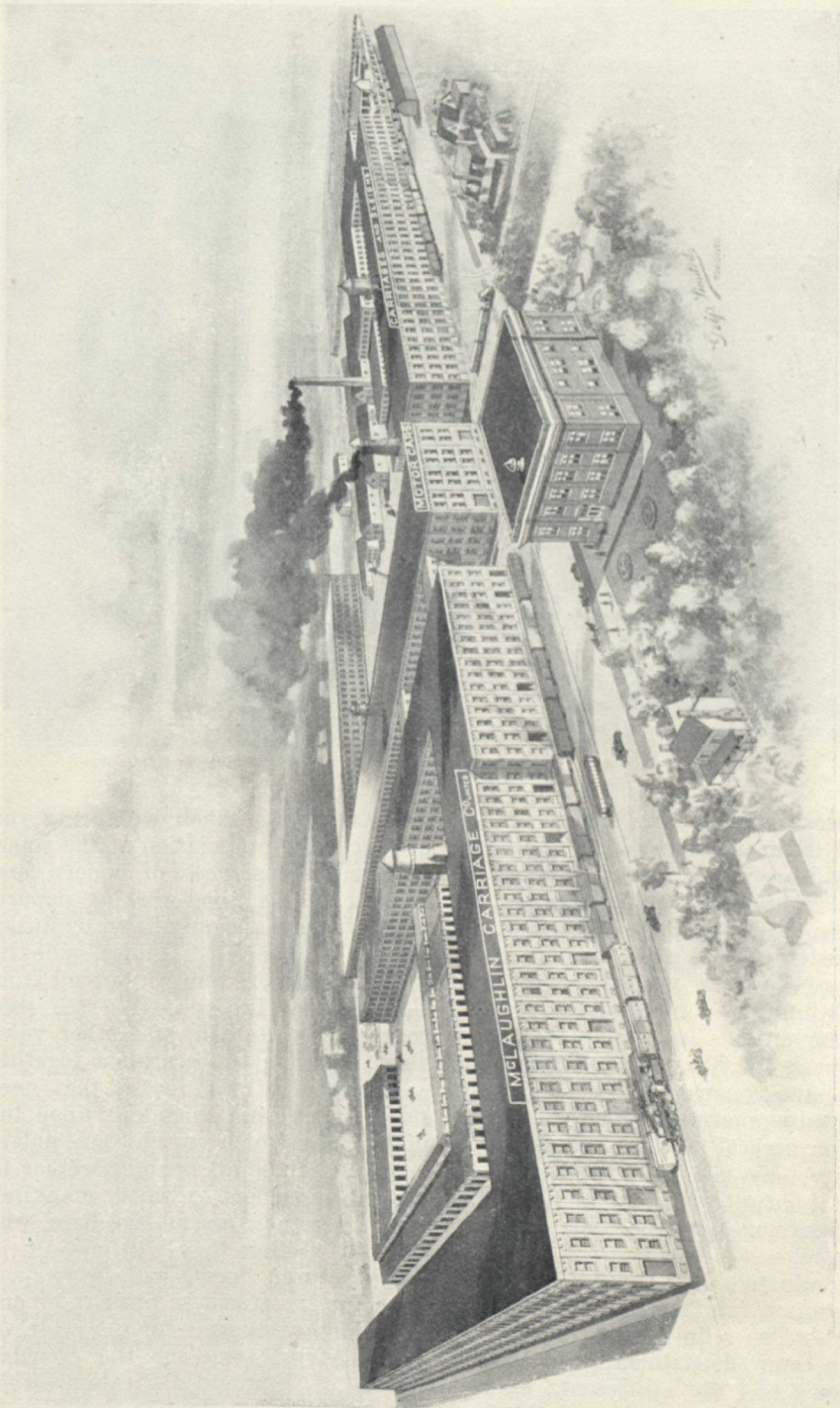
To say that a manufactory is the

largest of its kind in the British Empire does not, to the ordinary reader, give an adequate idea of its magnitude.

Within a few hundred yards of the centre of the steadily progressive Town of Oshawa is situated the factory that is the standard of this progressive age. Approaching from the south, you reach the new offices, ivy-clad, boulevarded and flower-bedded on the exterior, while in the interior the comfort of employees is carefully considered, and the colour scheme of the decorations is “a thing of beauty and a joy forever.” On the other side of the street is the factory. A casual glimpse will not give even a remote idea of its magnitude, and it is difficult to convey the same to the reading public. Perhaps they will realise it better if we state some cogent facts. For instance, the factory



A PORTION OF THE McLAUGHLIN FACTORIES FROM AN ELEVATION Showing additions in foreground under construction. The extent of the premises may be judged by looking at the smoke-stack and water-tanks in the distance



A bird's-eye view of the works at Oshawa of the McLaughlin Carriage Company and McLaughlin Motor Car Company

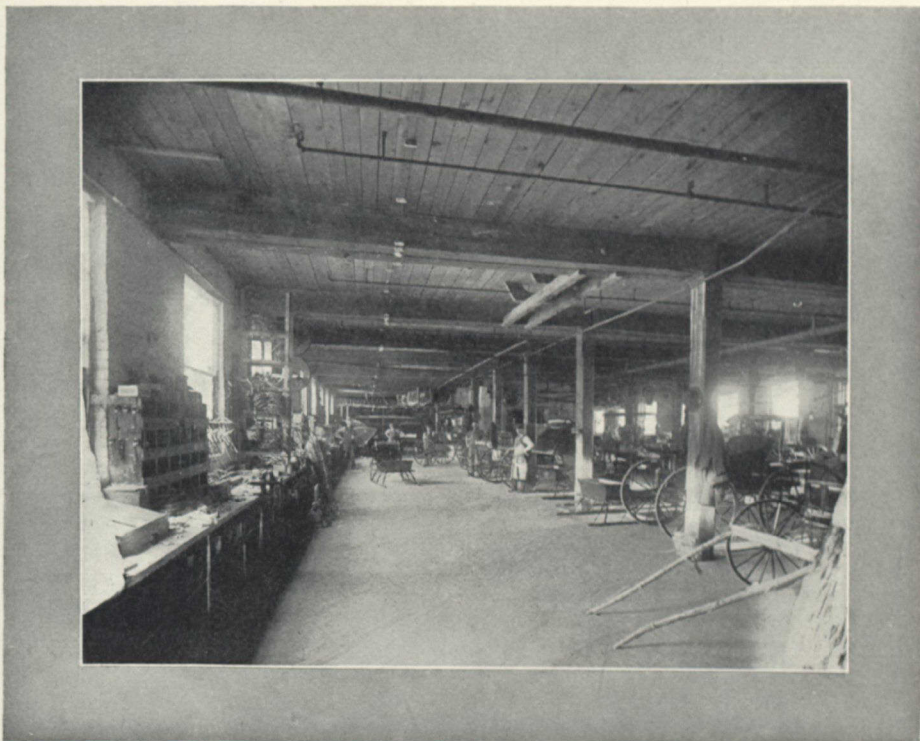


BODY ROOM OF THE McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE COMPANY  
As far as the eye can see in the picture there are cutter bodies ready for the trimmers

possesses fourteen acres of floor space, and if built one storey high and fifty feet wide would extend a distance of not less than two and a half miles. As regards yearly output: The same, if attached to horses and placed one in front of another, would occupy the King's highway for a distance of seventy-one miles. Last year the company used 100,000 feet of rubber tire. They have constructed, finished and inspected as many as eighty cutters a day for several weeks, and at full capacity, say 800 men, well skilled, the total output would not be less than 20,000 carriages and sleighs and 2,500 automobiles.

A conducted walk through the factory cannot fail to interest all our readers. The refinement of system is seen in every department, and an inspection of the different stages through which every part of the fin-

ished vehicle is taken will bring you at once into appreciation of the amazing comprehensiveness of modern commerce. In the wood-working department we see mahogany hewn by dusky natives of the East Indies, side by side with hickory and whitewood from Tennessee or Indiana. We see oak, rock elm, white ash, and other valuable Canadian timbers piled together—monarchs of the forest, that once stood in majestic splendour upon the table lands which enrich our native land, and these all bound together in mutual agreement to benefit mankind. And after their assemblage here, who can tell whither they will go—all, in manufactured form, will leave us—some for the trackless prairies of our own Northwest, some for the veldts of South Africa, some for the crowded streets of England's greatest cities. Yet all from the Banner Province of



#### ASSEMBLING ROOM

The rapidity with which carriages are put together in this room is marvellous

the Dominion, The Province of Ontario.

Thus it is, in every department of this vast factory. If you use a McLaughlin carriage, you may sit on plush that was woven in England or France, moss that was gathered in Louisiana, and curled hair from everywhere. You may be sheltered from the sun and rain in summer time by a top, covered with leather, manufactured in Canada from hides imported from France and Italy, and lined with wool cloth from the world's best emporiums. Buckrams, serims and hesians come from Dundee, Scotland, while the best markets, home and abroad, furnish everything that is needed in this firm's colossal productions.

One word more with regard to the factory and the organisation that controls it. The factory itself, as it

stands to-day, is a model of unique efficiency. The sanitary conditions, especially along the lines of light and ventilation, are well-nigh perfect. It is fitted throughout with the most approved sprinkler system, reducing the risk of an extensive fire to a minimum, and, in short, it is a fit and cleanly home for the class of intelligent toilers that Canada breeds.

Some four years ago, with commendable enterprise and unflinching judgment, the company began the manufacture of high-class automobiles, and their unparalleled success during this short period is the marvel of the commercial world. Addition after addition has been made to the plant to accommodate this branch of the business, and the end is not yet. In introducing the Buick Engine to the Canadian public the McLaughlins certainly made no mistake, and so



GARAGE OF THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR COMPANY

This photograph shows only two-thirds of the length of the room. The accommodation in the new building will be much greater

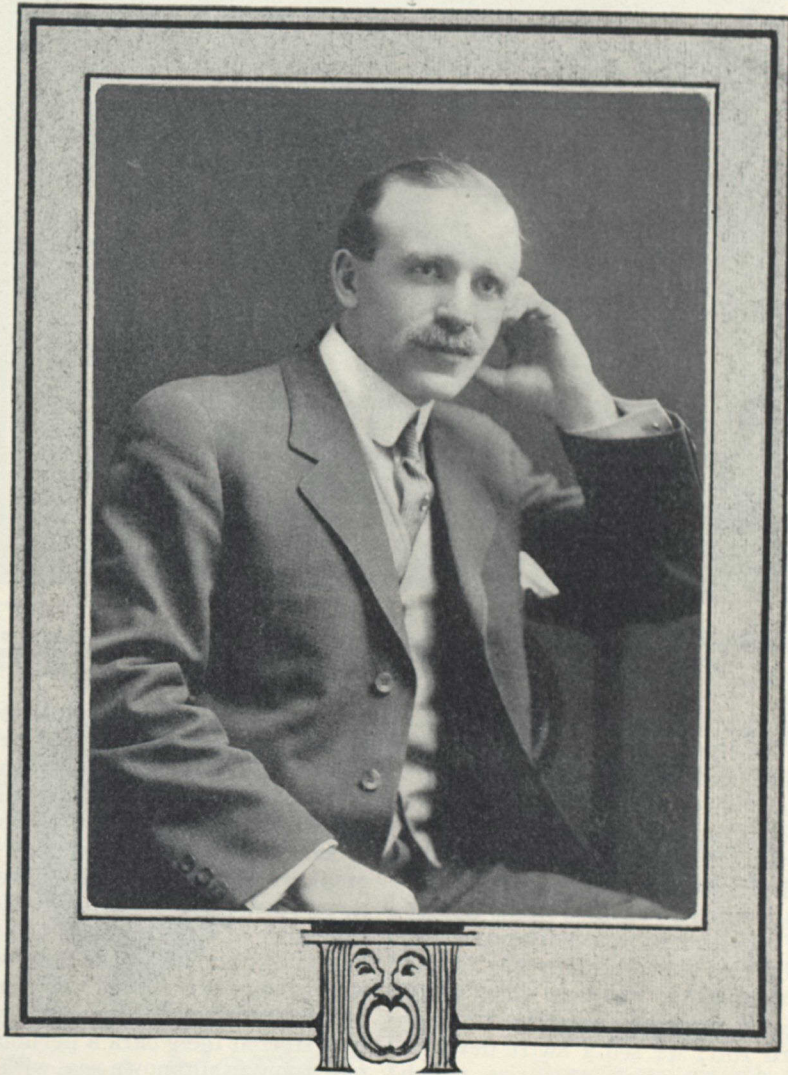
rapidly has it grown in favour, and so large has been its output, that it is quite unnecessary here to dwell upon its many virtues.

Not only in Oshawa are the McLaughlin Company to be found, but in all the head centres of the Dominion. In Toronto, Hamilton, London, Montreal, St. Johns, Quebec; St. John, New Brunswick; Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver, are to be found extensive branches built specially to suit the requirements of the trade; and it is a good and wholesome thing to know, that in this Canada of ours there are men, not only in the carriage business, but in every avenue

of legitimate trade, who are aiding our development and paving the way for future greatness.

Messrs. G. W. and R. S. McLaughlin, sons of this industry's founder, are striking examples of men who, though primarily interested in their own gigantic enterprise, yet find time to devote to the interests of their native town and to the welfare of their country.

The Toronto Branch is under the management of Mr. Oliver Hezzelwood, a shrewd, far-seeing son of the Empire, who has already won for himself an enviable name in commercial circles in the metropolis of Ontario.



MR. R. S. McLAUGHLIN,  
President of the McLaughlin Motor Car Company



THE McLAUGHLIN CAR IN FRONT

This photograph shows Sir James Whitney, Premier of Ontario, sitting on the right in the back seat of the first car in the line of automobiles which took part in the reception tendered by citizens of Toronto to homecoming members of the Queen's Own Rifles

Now, what is the conclusion of the whole matter? What do the facts brought out in this brief historic sketch evidence to us, as a young and rapidly growing nation? Were we enriched with the gift of prophecy, we would glimpse the future thus:

We see for this, the fairest daughter of the dear old motherland, a destiny beyond the idlest dreams of human ambition; we see the giant wheels of progress, resistless in their onward roll; we see a swift development of commercial enterprise, which will ultimately make this country of ours (wondrous in its acreage, limit-

less in its resources, happy in its manly men) the granary of the world and the foremost nation of this earth.

"*Esto Perpetua.*" May no Marius ever sit among the ruins of a promise so fair! And for the pioneers of the great work (and there are many of them, men who by untiring effort are hastening the consummation of what now is but a vision), are they not true and worthy descendants of those who in the first days of our country's history steered their bark a perilous journey upon an unknown sea, with a rudder carved out of a boundless trust in the providence of God.





# BOVRIL

PROMOTES APPETITE

The delicious roast beef flavor of BOVRIL pleases the most capricious appetite, and its nutritive qualities tone up and strengthen the digestive system thus bringing back the desire for ordinary food and the power to assimilate it.

BOVRIL Ltd. 27 ST. PETER ST., MONTREAL

## GOLD MEDAL



FOR

## Ale and Porter

AWARDED

## JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition  
1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Without a Box of

*Snyder's* **WORLD FAMED  
CANDIES**

would be impossible.

Fancy Boxes and Baskets

Filled with our Delicious Confections  
suitable for Gifts.

**"A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE CANDY HE SENDS"**

Mail and Express Orders

Promptly and carefully filled.

When near our store don't forget our  
Delicious Ice Cream Sodas and  
other Fountain Drinks.

Our Candies are made on the Premises.

*Snyder's* 130-132 Yonge St.  
TORONTO, ONT.

WOULD any SANE PERSON PAY 5c. a POUND  
—10c. a QUART—40c. a GALLON for WATER for  
WASHING AND CLEANING—IF ONE KNEW?



It's Simply a Matter of Intelligence  
WHY?

LET US QUOTE AN ADVERTISE-  
MENT FROM THE SOAP GAZETTE  
AND PERFUMER:  
"SOAP POWDER MADE BY THE NEW  
PROCESS LOSES WEIGHT RAPIDLY  
BY EVAPORATION UNLESS IT IS  
SEALED IN AIR-TIGHT, MOISTURE-  
PROOF PACKAGES. SUCH PACK-  
AGES CANNOT BE MADE BY THE OLD  
METHODS SAVE AT PROHIBITIVE  
EXPENSE."

—just what happens when you buy a pack-  
age of Soap Powder because it looks big.

Some packages look big because they are  
Fluffed with Air and when fresh weigh as  
much as they look because they are Full of  
Water. Open one of them and see it lose  
weight day by day as the Water Evaporates.  
PEARLINE is Concentrated Soap Powder  
—to prove it—test PEARLINE as you do  
the Fluffy—Look-Big Packages.

One Tablespoonful of PEARLINE will  
do the work of two or three of these  
POPPED Powders. Popping is all right  
for CORN and WEASELS but not for  
Soap Powder.

Pearline is More Than Ever "Best by Test"

# INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

## Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream  
Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would re-  
ceive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much differ-  
ence in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese  
as there is in the price.

Never becomes Hard. Every particle can be consumed.

**SOLD ONLY IN 15c AND 25c BLOCKS  
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS**

Manufactured by  
**THE INGERSOLL  
PACKING CO., Limited**  
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada





## Two Classes of Fair Women

Some are fair because they happen so.

Others attain the clear, rosy complexion, smooth velvety skin, bright eyes, easy, graceful poise, as a result of carefully selected food and drink that properly nourishes the body, knowing that a fair complexion is the outward token of health

within.

A beautiful woman seldom remains beautiful if she continues to drink coffee which is often the cause of various aches and ills.

Health is a Divine Gift—always ready for us, and produces more pleasure than any other one thing.

When well-made

# POSTUM

is used in place of coffee, relief from aches and ills set up by coffee is to be expected and Nature can then restore the rosy bloom of health.

Postum contains the pure, wholesome elements of the field grain, which build and strengthen the nerves and vital organs.

Every woman should read the little book, in every third package of Postum—for "The Road to Wellville," is a good road to healthful beauty.

**"There's a Reason"**

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.



*"It's a  
Waltham!"*

How the gift  
is enhanced by  
this discovery.

# WALTHAM

was the watch name he knew best in his boyhood—the watch his father and grandfather before him wore,—a watch "hoary with reputation." This inbred confidence in WALTHAM is strengthened in every generation by the constant application of modern watch-making methods to old-fashioned standards of integrity.

Waltham is the oldest and youngest watch on the market. The highest inventive genius is always at its command, designing new models and keeping WALTHAMS constantly in the lead.

*"It's time you owned a Waltham."*

For a high-grade up-to-date watch—made as thin as it is safe to make a reliable timepiece; ask any JEWELER to show you a Waltham Colonial. Prices \$50 to \$175.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,

WALTHAM, MASS.

KEEP YOUR

# Kitchen

HYGIENICALLY

# CLEAN

Avoid chemical cleaners  
on your kitchen utensils.  
No caustic or acid in

# Old Dutch Cleanser



Many Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can—10 cents

# CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

## Cold Weather Breakfasts and Suppers

Should always include Crown Brand Corn Syrup. The system demands a large supply of carbon for the vital fires. Sweets make the most palatable form of carbon, and Crown Brand is exceptionally delicious, wholesome, and sustaining. Not only served plain or as a sauce or "spread," but excellent as an ingredient in cakes, candy and conserves.

A clean and nourishing food-product.

Be sure to ask for "Crown Brand Syrup."

Your dealer has it for you in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air tight tins with lift-off lids.

*Order some from your  
dealer.*

The Edwardsburg Starch Co.,  
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ESTABLISHED 1858

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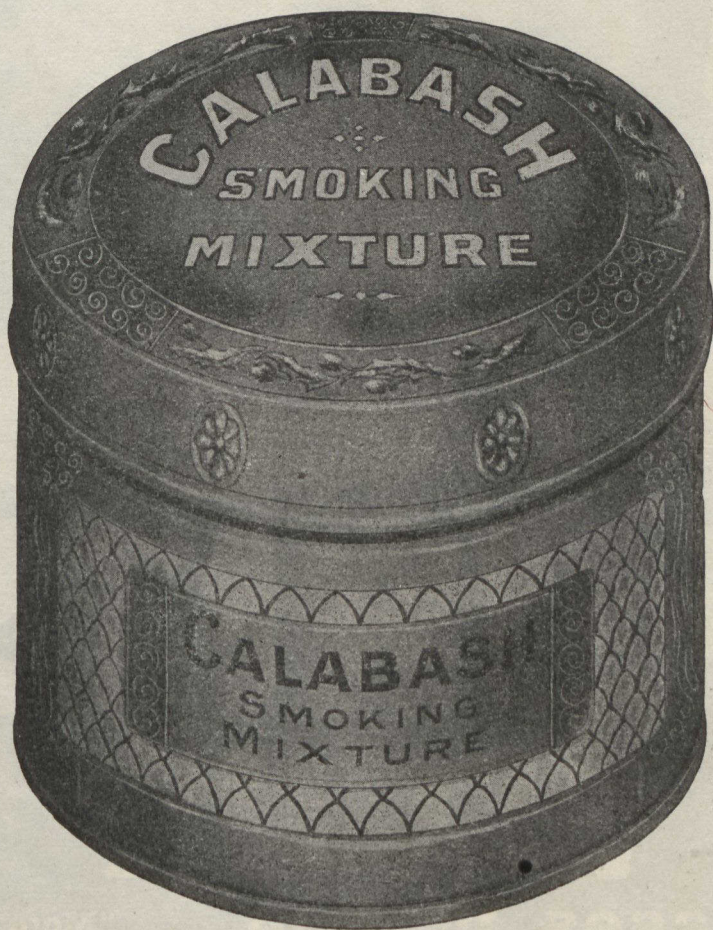
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**W**HEN You have looked around  
and tried other tobaccos, you  
find nothing that so exactly fulfills  
the smoker's ideal

as





# PURITY FLOUR

**Pleases people  
hard to satisfy**

**"More bread  
and better  
bread"**



# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



**Sterling Silver  
Filigree**  
No. 412. \$5.00

**Larger Sizes:**  
No. 414. \$7 00  
No. 415. 8.50  
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Silver Clip-on-Cap  
adds 50c  
to above costs



## Always Acceptable

**W**ATERMAN'S IDEAL is one of the very few gifts which the receiver can put right in his pocket for constant use. If everyone had the selecting of his own Christmas presents this is the kind that would be purchased. As a gift to *anyone*, or for yourself, there is not another article that shows better purchasing discretion than Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen—it is a compliment to your taste.

This pen is made in a very wide range of sizes and styles in order that the pen technique of every writer may be individually suited. Your selection may be exchanged until satisfactory. Whether you buy a plain Waterman's Ideal or one studded with diamonds, the quality is of that same successful standard which the careful workmanship and Waterman patents have brought to continued perfection. This is the gift for people who are hard to suit.

*Avoid Substitutes*

*Gift Booklet on Request*

**From the Best Dealers**

Made in Regular, Safety and Self-Filling Types

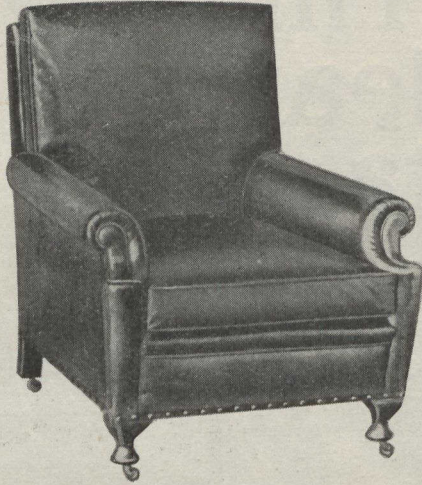


**Plain Style**  
No. 12... \$2.50  
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**THE LANCASTER**

Price in Hand-Buffered Leather, **\$55.00**      Price in Denim, **\$35.00**  
 Price in English Morocco, **\$75.00**

## Easy Chairs

There is a world of difference between the so-called easy Chairs turned out by the thousand, in factories and the rest-inviting Club Chairs, easy in fact as well as in name, that are built here in our own workrooms.

The Chair above illustrated is one of several styles we reproduce from famous English models, forming a series which represents the last word in the production of luxurious and durable upholstery.

The frames are solidly built and each chair is upholstered, from start to finish by an expert upholsterer of long experience in high grade work. Curled horshair is used in liberal quantities, and the springs, webbing, canvas, etc., etc., are of the very best quality. When covered in leather first grade selected hides are used.

Quality and durability considered, these are the cheapest of Easy Chairs.

Cuts or blue prints of several designs and samples of leather, tapestry, denim, etc., will be mailed on request.

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# MURRAY-KAY Limited

(John Kay Company Limited)

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of Christmas. Do you know of a more practical and useful gift to a man than a shaving device?

When we say a shaving device, we do not mean a straight razor or the old rigid hoe type and thin blade safety razor; but something new and practical. One that is adjustable, **all-ways**, that without any expense will shave him for 10 years, as well as it will the day after Christmas. In a few words that is what we mean by

# THE WILLIAMS' ALL-WAYS ADJUSTABLE SHAVING DEVICE

If the New York City Barber (the most skeptical knocker in the world) considers and uses the **Williams'** as a perfect safety shaving device, anyone can use it, and it will prove the most appropriate gift for him. **Look for the name Williams'.**

Packed in Genuine Morocco Leather Case  
at \$2.50, \$4.00, \$7.00, \$10.00

You can get it at any good store, or take advantage of the following special offer.

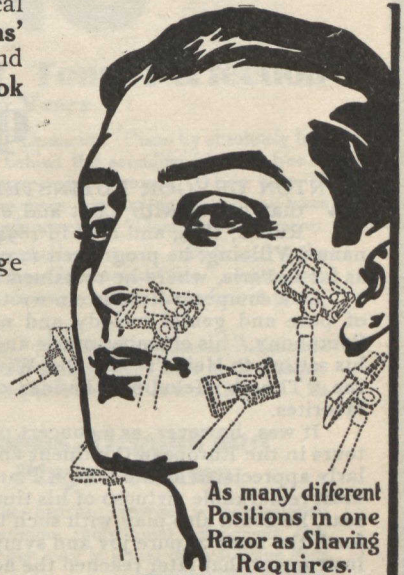
### DUTY AND ALL EXPENSE PAID BY US.

On receipt of \$7.00, and the name of your druggists, I will send you a **Williams'** four blade shaving device (\$7) and one year's subscription to two of the following magazines.

FIELD AND STREAM -	-	Subscription Price,	\$2.00
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This offer to be accepted at once, but not later than December 10, 1910.

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# LITTLE BELL BIOGRAPHIES

OF MASTER MUSICIANS



## G Rubinstein

**A**NTON GREGOR RUBINSTEIN continues the line of the so-called "brilliant" pianists that began with Liszt and ends with Paderewski. He was born of Jewish parents in Russia, 1829, and died in 1894. Receiving instruction only from his mother and a teacher named Villoing, he progressed so rapidly that in 1839, at the age of 10, he made a concert tour as far as Paris, where he remained to study technic under Liszt, and later composition at Berlin.

As a composer Rubinstein wrote in every department of music. His compositions are full of pure and genial melody and natural harmony. But with the exception of his "Ocean Symphony," his chamber-music and songs are his only genuinely popular works. In particular, his setting to Heine's "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume" and his "Melodie" (in F.)—sometimes called the "Thumb Melodie"—besides other piano pieces like "Kamenoi-Ostrow," are universal favorites.

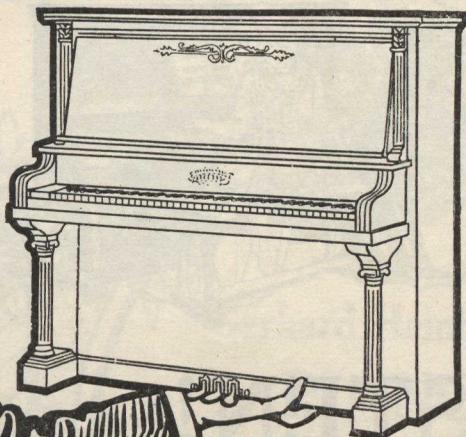
It was, however, as a concert pianist that he achieved marvellous success. After several tours in the European Continent and England, he came to America in 1873, where he was popularly appreciated as the "Lion Pianist." But while in technic the only rival of Liszt and the most remarkable virtuoso of his time, he was no mere technician. If he could make the piano roar, he could also play with such tenderness a simple piece from Haydn or Mozart as to bring forth the tears of pure joy and sympathy. All this was possible because at the time he had an instrument that later reached the acme of perfection in

## The Bell Piano

What he might have done, assisted by the beautiful and toneful Bell Art Piano, we may partly guess. But certainly he would have pronounced it **The Perfect Concert Piano.**

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Our Booklet C containing a series of Biographies free on request.



# THE DOMINION PIANO

**At the Superb Heights of Tone Perfection**  
Over 80,000 Sold in 40 Years

**P**URITY and volume of tone is attained for you in the "Dominion" Piano by absolutely free vibration of the sounding board. The air space behind the sounding board is free of posts, which partition it, "damp" and choke the vibration, cause overtones. These posts in ordinary pianos are not in the "Dominion," as a solid, one-piece grand-piano plate frame takes the string strain instead—grand-piano value in spite of the moderate cost of "Dominion" instruments.

Also, the "loaded" strings in the bass octaves have the loading wire coils brazed to the body wire. These wires which weight the bass strings cannot loosen and "sing," causing tiny, jingling and unmelodious tone—each "Dominion" note, in every octave, is perfect in purity, sweetness and quality of tone.

The "Dominion" is, first of all, a musical instrument—40 years of continuous construction and improvement by skilled workmen, its actual perfection of design—these have made it eagerly demanded in the tropics, in South Africa, and in England, as well as in Canada. Its quality is its salesman.

## **"DOMINION" Pianos, Organs and Player-Pianos**

are sold at moderate cost and on easy terms. For your benefit expense is concentrated on manufacture—on attaining perfection. Costly warehouses, professional testimonials, free instruments to professionals—all are avoided. You get the most in actual musical value your money can buy you. You get the long service from the quality and workmanship and material put into "Dominion" Pianos, Organs or Player-pianos—each the best in their own field. We and our agents are at your service. Write us to-day—it is the first step by which you can get the greatest value in musical instruments.

**Dominion Organ & Piano Co., Ltd.**

**BOWMANVILLE, - Ont.**



# LISTEN!

That's what you ought to do—listen!

Not to mere claims which sound impressive and which are made alike for all kinds of pianos. Nor to artists' recommendations, which are too often purchased for publicity purposes.

We'd like you to judge the

## MASON & RISCH

“The **Piano** with a <sup>Small</sup> Soul”

by listening to the instrument itself, and making an unprejudiced comparison with the best piano of any other make which you have ever heard.

Listen to the Mason & Risch in the homes of your friends where it has been put to the test of continuous use for five, ten, twenty years or more. Ask them if its tone lasts—judge for yourself by comparing the tone of a 20-year old Mason & Risch with any new instrument.

Let the beautifully-balanced, clear, sweet, singing tone of the Mason & Risch speak for itself—while you “listen”. That's the safest, most satisfactory way for you to determine your choice of a piano.

**THE MASON & RISCH PIANO COMPANY,**  
LIMITED.

32 King Street West, Toronto.



We invite your critical examination of the Mason & Risch at your leisure and in quietness in our King Street Ware-rooms. Convenient instalment payments arranged if desired and liberal allowance made for old instruments taken in exchange.





**Gerhard Heintzman**

**PIANO**

**PIANO OF PRESTIGE**

THE possession of a high-grade Piano is an indication of the love of refined pleasure. It inspires higher ideals and loftier motives in the minds of all members of the family, but you must have a good piano, such as the

**Gerhard Heintzman**

whose great reputation has been earned not purchased.

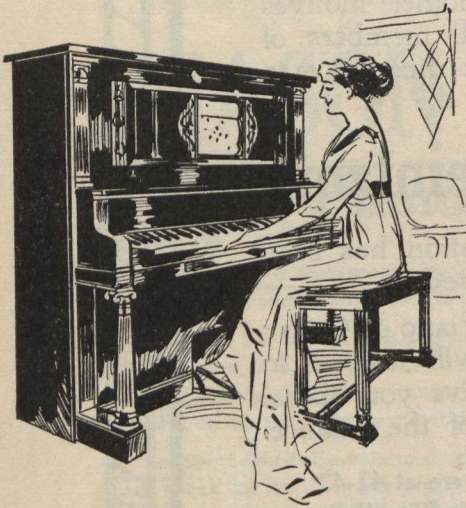
If you have an old Piano or Organ to exchange, we will take it in part payment and give you liberal terms for payment of the balance.

Our New Salerooms are at 41-43  
Queen St. W., (opposite City Hall)

**GERHARD HEINTZMAN,**  
Limited  
TORONTO

*Hilton Salerooms - - - 127 King St. E.*

WHEN Paderewski,  
 Eyes ablaze,  
 Flirts with old Chopin's  
 Polonaise  
 You say: "It's great!"  
 But you can play  
 A Gourlay-Angelus  
 That way.



IF you have listened to  
 other Player Pianos  
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 come and hear how  
 Artistic and Human  
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A Merry  
Xmas



# MOONEY'S SUGAR WAFERS

are  
two spicy layers of  
crisp biscuit crusts with  
a delicious cream filling.

Suitable for all  
occasions  
In tin boxes, 10c.  
and 25c. sizes.

# A Christmas Special

## Mooney's Sugar Wafers



You will find them the daintiest treat you have ever served to your family at **Christmas Time**. These delightful confections have proved to be great favorites and are now served in thousands of homes in place of cake and pastry. There's a reason for this **Sugar Wafer** hunger—try a package and note how crisp and dainty the crusts are—how delicious the sweet Cream Centres flavored with the real flavor of the choicest fruits.

### Mooney's Sugar Wafers

The Dessert That is Asked For Again

**Mooney's Sugar Wafers** are always good form—always appreciated, and make a very acceptable gift at Christmas time.

In 10 and 25 cents Tins

Have you tried our **Chocolate Wafers**? They are the Sugar Wafer dipped in rich, smooth Chocolate; they give that appetizing "Smack"—the **Mooney** taste. They also make an acceptable gift for the Holiday Season.

**THE MOONEY BISCUIT AND CANDY COMPANY, LTD.**

Factories Stratford and Winnipeg

# No Other Christmas Gift

will give so much pleasure,  
to so many people, for so  
long a time, at so little cost,  
as a

## Columbia Graphophone



You will agree that whatever will bring added brightness and cheerfulness to your home and to those you love; whatever will bring wholesome entertainment and amusement to the household is a thing to be greatly desired.

The Columbia Graphophone carries these pleasures regularly to many thousands of refined Canadian homes, affording to all the members of the family many hours of keen enjoyment. New records are issued every month covering the latest popular selections.

Let the Graphophone entertain you and your friends with all that is best in music. It is the Christmas present of a lifetime.



There is a Graphophone for you, \$25 to \$85

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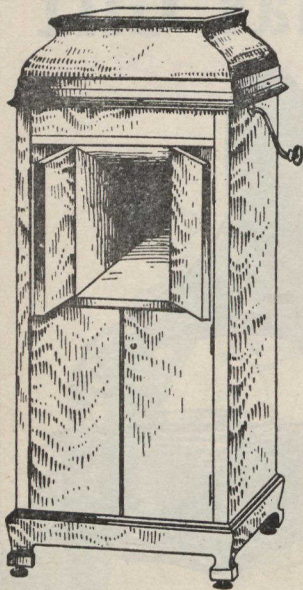


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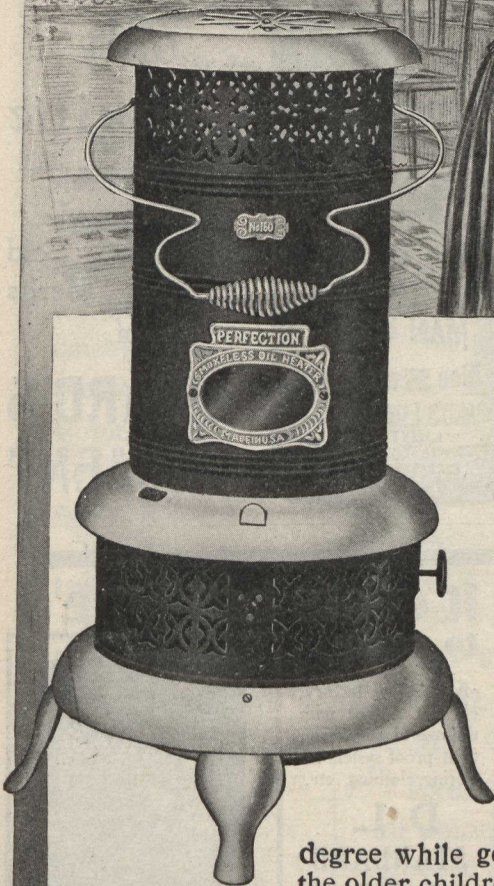
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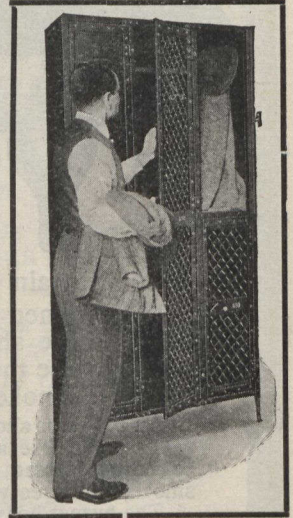
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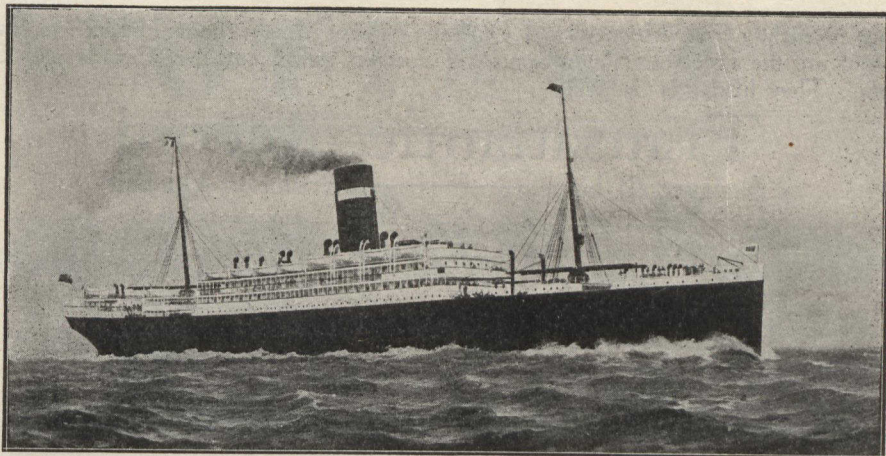
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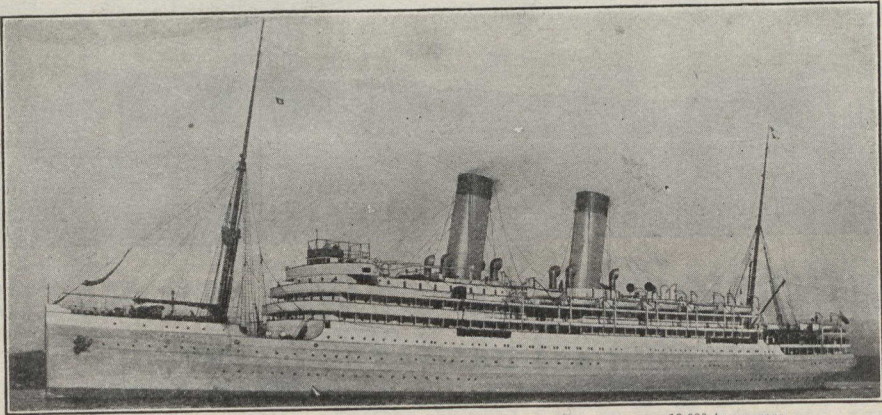
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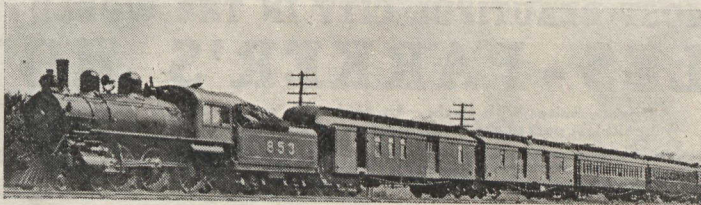
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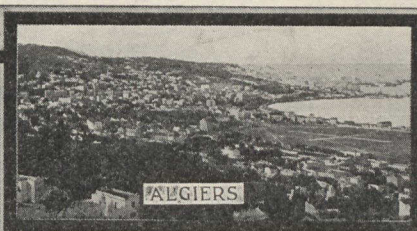
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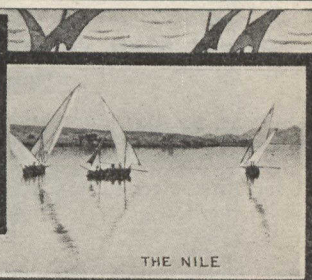
# CUNARD WINTER CRUISES



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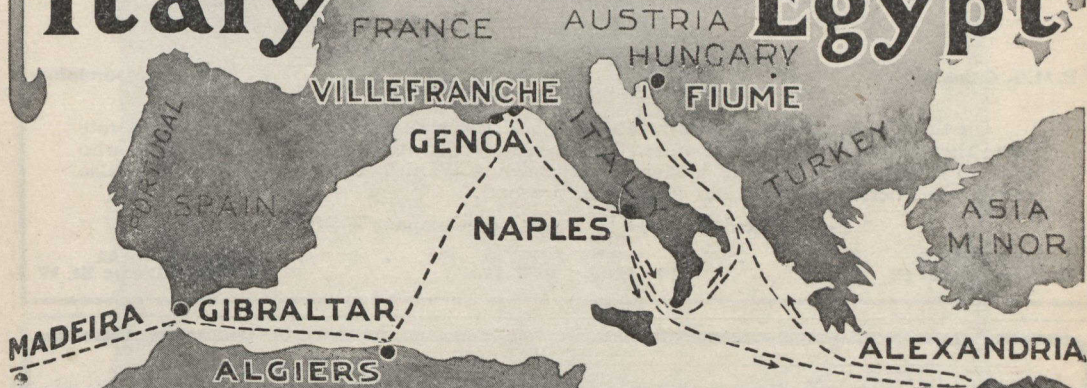


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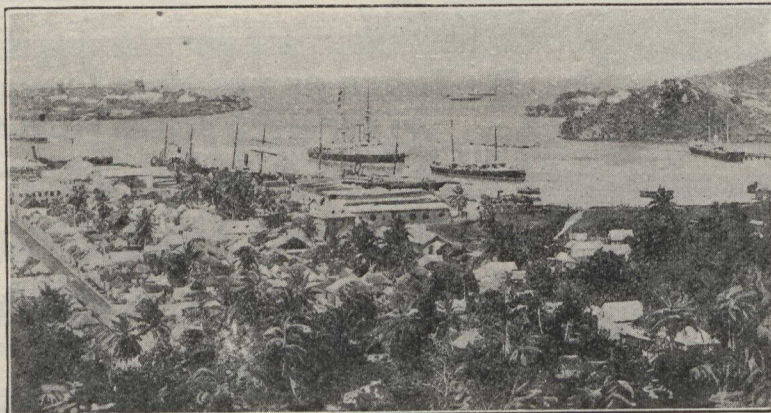
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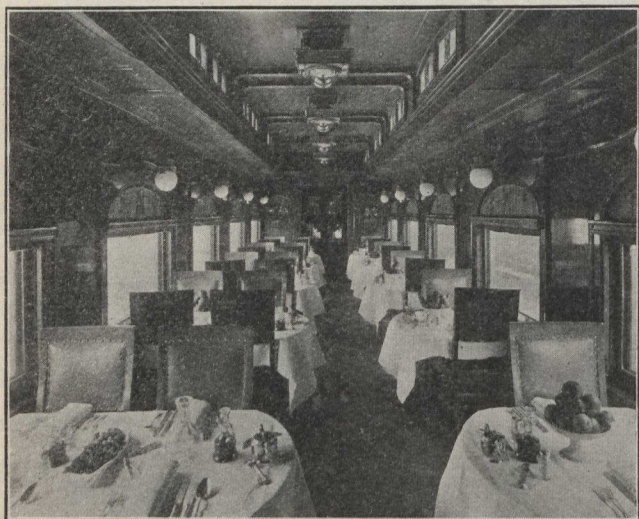


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The highest class of accommodations at modern rates.  
 The new addition will be completed on September 1st,  
 giving hotel capacity of 600 rooms and 400 baths.

**WALTER CHANDLER, Jr. - MANAGER**

# WHAT MAKES GOOD PIPE TOBACCO?

Quality? Yes, a great deal depends upon that, but *experience* counts for more. Experience in selecting the best leaf, in the proper curing and in the right blending. In the entire process of manufacturing, from field to pipe,

## Orinoco

receives the benefit of fifty years of "know how" in tobacco making. You would naturally expect that on this basis alone, Orinoco tobacco would be good

It is. Made exclusively from the finest sun-cured Virginia leaf, it is mild, cool and fragrant, *cannot bite the tongue* and gives a sweet, clean, comforting smoke right from start to finish.



Pass ten cents over the counter to your dealer to day—say "Orinoco"—and get acquainted with the finest tobacco you ever drew on.

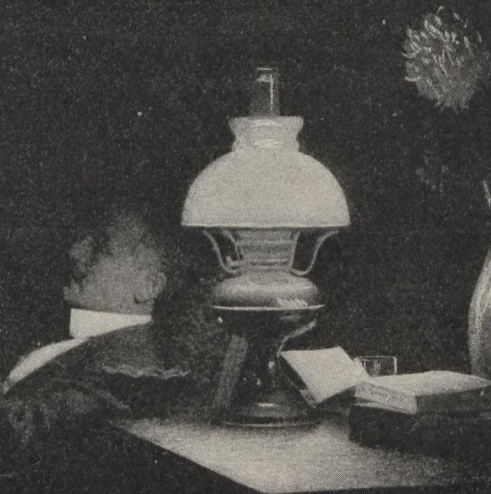
*In tins and packages*

*Sold by most every dealer in Canada*

TUCKETT LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

THE Famous  
**Rayo** Lamp

Once a Rayo user, always one



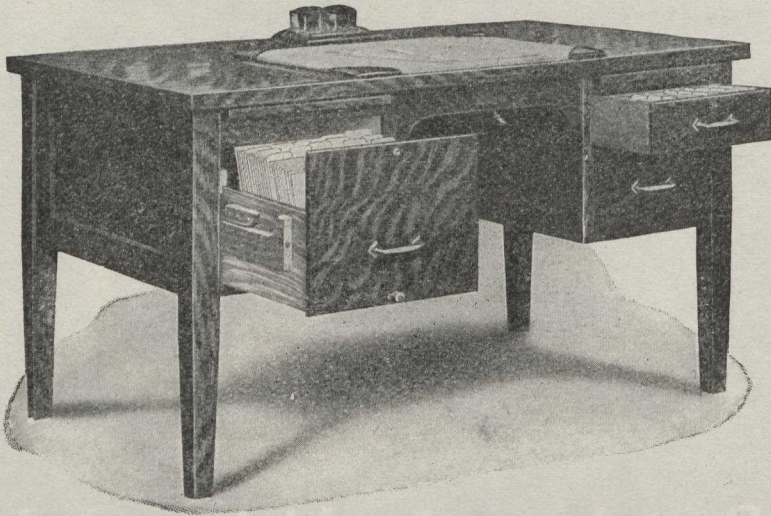
**The Rayo Lamp is a high-grade lamp,  
sold at a low price.**

It gives the white, soft, mellow, diffused light, which is easiest on the eye; and you can use your eyes for hours under Rayo light without eye strain, because there is no flicker. The Rayo Lamp may be lighted without removing shade or chimney. This season's burner adds strength and appearance. You may pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for lamps other than the Rayo and get more costly decorations, but you cannot get a better light than the low-priced Rayo gives.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write to the nearest agency of the

**The Imperial Oil  
Company  
Limited.**

# The New Time-Saving Desk for Busy Office People



“OFFICE SPECIALTY” System Desks are the direct result of the demand for an office desk in which papers can be *filed* for instant reference, the same as in a Filing Cabinet, instead of being stuffed into the ordinary box drawers with which so many office desks are made. These new System Desks are handsomely made in Quarter-Cut Oak. They have a Letter Size Vertical Drawer on the left hand side, a Card Drawer for 5 x 3 cards and a larger Drawer for catalogues on the right hand side.

The above illustration gives a splendid idea of how convenient it is to have the business papers you use filed close at hand. We will send any of the three styles listed below to your address for approval—send the desk back if you do not like it.

No. V5432, Quarter-Cut Oak, 54 in. wide, 32 in. deep, \$30.00

No. V6036, Quarter-Cut Oak, 60 in. wide, 36 in. deep, \$35.00

No. V6038, Quarter-Cut Oak (extra heavy), 60 in. wide, 38 in. deep, \$50.00

**THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.**  
LIMITED

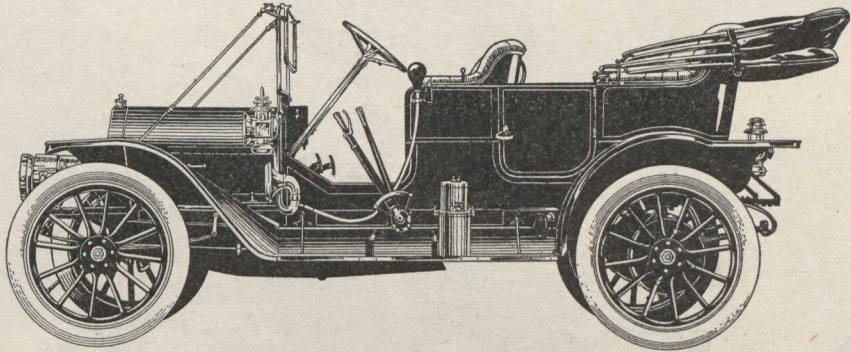
Head Office: 97 Wellington St. West, - TORONTO, CANADA

BRANCHES: Halifax, 44 Granville St., Montreal, 259<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> St. James St., Ottawa, 143 Sparks St.,  
Winnipeg, 223 McDermot Ave., Calgary, 325 8th Ave., Regina, P.O. Box 999, Hamilton, 33  
Nightingale St., Quebec P. O. Box 226, Vancouver, 611 Pender St.



# REO "THIRTY" \$1500

(Top and Automatic Windshield extra)



You are entitled to **proof of reliability**, and you get it in the Reo.

You can make sure of almost everything else by looking at the car or taking a good ride in it.

Looking tells you that the Reo is handsome, well-built, thoroughly equipped. Riding shows you that it has all the speed and power you want, is off like a thoroughbred as soon as you open the throttle, is quiet, smooth running, and comfortable to an extent you never before experienced. And, knowing the light weight of the Reo, you will realize that it costs very little to maintain.

The thing that doesn't show is reliability. You need proof of that.

The Reo has absolute proof. No car could make that trip from New York to San Francisco in 10½ days and nights, keeping steadily at it, if it didn't have the "stuff" in it.

The Reo has a lot more proof, but that is enough.

Send for the New 1911 Catalog, also "Coast to Coast in Ten Days."

## Reo Motor Car Co. of Canada

LIMITED

ST. CATHERINES

ONTARIO



**SO** Many Women the most puzzling problem that Christmas brings is "What shall I get him?"

The list of possibilities seems surprisingly small, and as you run over them, and over them again, nothing seems to quite suit. It is SO MUCH HARDER to buy for a man than a woman. Wait a minute! Have you thought of the GILLETTE Safety Razor? THAT'S a gift worth while.

A GILLETTE, whether Standard Set, Pocket Edition or Combination Set, in gold or silver plate or gunmetal finish, LOOKS GOOD—and IS GOOD. To the man who has used the old open-blade razor or a make-shift safety, the GILLETTE is a revelation of comfort and convenience.

"But," you object, "he always goes to the barber."

Does he? Then he wastes a week's time or more every year, to say nothing of money. The GILLETTE will give him a clean, comfortable shave in three minutes, every morning in the year.

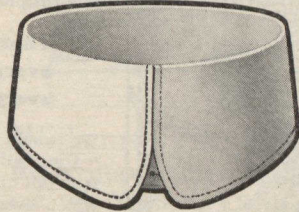
You see the GILLETTE habit is well worth encouraging.

Your hardware dealer, druggist or jeweler can show you a splendid selection of GILLETTES. Standard Sets, \$5. Pocket Editions, \$5 to \$6. Combination Sets from \$6.50 up.

**Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited**  
Office and Factory—63 St. Alexander St., Montreal.



**BIPLANE**  
2 1/8 in.



**MONOPLANE**  
2 3/8 in.

Here is a style of perfect balance—smart in appearance, convenient to button and unbutton and with ample space for the tying of the scarf. *Biplane* will be the correct style of the season. It can be had only in

2  
for  
25¢
Silver
1/4  
Sizes  
Collars



**LINOCORD Buttonholes** are easy-to-button and unbutton, and they don't tear out. Our styles can be copied, but not our Buttonholes.

and because it has the Linocord Buttonholes it will retain its original shape, remain the size that it is stamped, and save the wearer all annoyance from a slovenly, ill-fitting collar.

Write for our booklet "AVIATION," and also for "What's What"—the encyclopaedia of correct dress.

IDE Shirts—\$1.50 and upwards.

GEO. P. IDE & CO., 455 River St., Troy, N. Y.

In Canada Silver Brand Collars are 3 for 50c.

# "De right ting for de Missus Christmas Gift"



A WOMAN appreciates a sensible gift from her husband or son at Christmas. Nothing will give her more pleasure than an article that will relieve her of the back-breaking and nerve-racking worries of ordinary household duties.

Such an article is the

## New Century Washer

This washer is made in four styles, for hand or motor power, and each style is finished with the greatest regard for effective work. All are mounted on steel ball bearings, fitted with powerful oil-tempered springs that carry the load and do most of the work. The tubs are large standard size, made of carefully selected Louisiana swamp cypress, ribbed like a wash board, and on inside rustproof steel rings prevents warping or leaking.

Thousands are in use in every part of Canada, and every owner is delighted.

We would like to mail you a copy of "Aunt Salina Wash Day Philosophy." It is full of valuable wash day hints, which every woman should know, whether she uses the New Century or not. Send us your name and address.



### WHY YOU SHOULD USE A WASHING MACHINE

Nothing breaks down most women's health more quickly than washing. It makes them look old. It makes them cross, tired and ugly. It spoils their disposition.

Nothing pleases a man so much as to come at night and find his wife cheerful, fresh and smiling, which she cannot be after a hard day's washing or a quarrel with the "wash lady."

It solves the servant question—you can get cheaper help and keep them longer by having the New Century Washer in your laundry.

Wash women and laundries will use chemicals and acids that eat up the clothes and ruin the colors if you send your washing out, in spite of all that you can do to prevent them.

There is great danger in sending your washing to the laundries, as your clothes are mixed with the washing coming from all kinds of homes—disease laden, many of them. Many disease germs are accelerated in warm water, and disease is thus carried into your home.

For sale by dealers everywhere or direct.

**CUMMER-DOWSWELL, LIMITED**

HAMILTON,

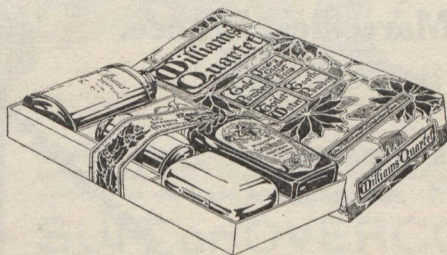
ONTARIO

# Williams' Holiday Packages

*Christmas presents that will delight everybody—everywhere*

Williams' Trios and Quartet are the names given to the very beautiful packages containing different assortments of Williams' famous Shaving Stick, Talc Powder and other toilet luxuries, especially designed for holiday gifts for both men and women.

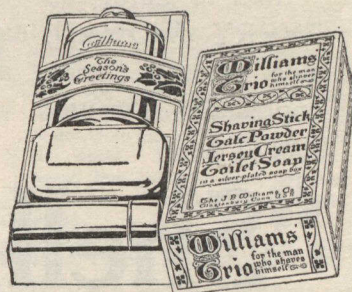
Get these useful and artistic packages from your dealer. If he fails to supply you, write us immediately for full information and full-color illustrations.



**Williams' Quartet—for anybody, anywhere—contains:**

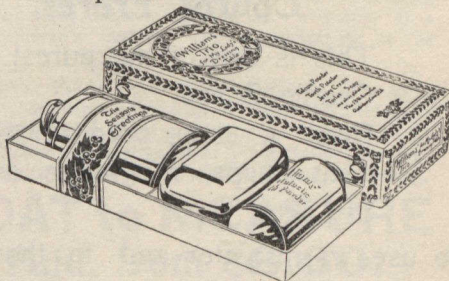
- One 6-oz. Bottle Toilet Water—Rose, Violet or Lilac
- One can Dentalactic Tooth Powder
- One can Violet Supreme Talcum Powder
- One cake Jersey Cream Soap in silver-plated soap box

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 100 Addison St., Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A.  
Made by the makers of Williams' Shaving Stick and Talc Powder



**Williams' Trio for the Man who Shaves Himself contains:**

- One Williams' Shaving Stick
- One can Violet Supreme Talcum Powder
- One cake Jersey Cream Soap in silver-plated soap box



**Williams' Trio for My Lady's Dressing Table contains:**

- One can Violet Supreme Talcum Powder
- One can Dentalactic Tooth Powder
- One cake Jersey Cream Soap in silver-plated soap box



# Chapped Hands and How to Prevent Them

To many this is a puzzling and much vexed question—and yet it is much simpler to prevent than to cure.

EVERY WOMAN, every one in fact, who appreciates smooth hands, and who cares to escape the unpleasant soreness which a chapped skin causes, should use

## “Shell Brand” Castile Soap

Made only by

“Courret Freres,” Marseilles, France.

This is one of the purest and most refined of Castile Soaps.

Such a soap, used always, tends to prevent chaps, roughness and soreness of the skin.

To use warm water and to thoroughly dry the skin will be found great aids in the prevention of this common complaint.

See it bears the name “La Coquille” as well as the brand.

SOLD EVERYWHERE



“SHELL BRAND”  
(LA COQUILLE)

AGENTS FOR CANADA, ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., MONTREAL



## BE YOUR OWN TAILOR.

You can measure yourself or get a friend to measure you with absolute accuracy. We positively guarantee this, not merely in words, but by our definite undertaking to fit you perfectly from your own measurements, or in the unlikely event of our failing to do so we readily refund every penny of your purchase money. Will your own tailor guarantee such a thing?

Our specialised system for taking self-measures ensures perfect results, and we have to-day on our books thousands of gratified and satisfied customers residing in Canada who constantly mail us their orders; many of them we have never seen, but their needs, tastes, requirements - even to the shape of their figures - are all registered in our books. We are anxious to enlist your confidence in a like manner.

### SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS

We know we are able to please you because we please all our customers, and because our perfect equipment and huge business facilities enable us to give you something in the way of service and value that you are not likely to get from any other tailoring stores in the world. This is not a mere idle boast, but positive fact, attested by thousands of customers all over the world.

### \$20 SUIT TO MEASURE FOR \$8 60

At least, this is what our customers say of it. Your money will be returned if you are not satisfied.

**NOTE WELL:** - "There's comfort in the Curzon Cut."

Every garment produced by us is an embodiment of grace. Our garments are really tailored. Apart from the question of quality of fabric, the "Curzon" tailoring alone imparts an air of distinction to a man's clothes. It is something to be "CURZON" CLAD.

Fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund the money.

## SUIT or OVERCOAT to MEASURE

Carriage and Duty Paid, from \$8.60.

**CURZON BROS**  
Go to Curzon.

The World's  
Measure Tailors.

(Dept. 138) 60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Address for Patterns:

CURZON BROS., c/o The Clougher Syndicate (Dept. 138),  
450 Confederation Life Buildings, TORONTO.

Please mention this paper.

Buy Your  
Christmas  
Presents  
at



**SIMPSON'S**

We Pay Delivery Charges on Every Article in this Christmas Catalogue to any Destination in Canada

## How far will my Christmas Money Go? You Will Be Asking That Question Soon

It will go much further than you think—if you order your gifts from this Special Christmas Catalogue—just issued.

Suppose you could take your time about your Christmas buying—wouldn't your money go twice as far as if spent in a few hurried, crowded shopping hours?

Think of spending a whole day—a week—in our great store—looking over our extensive stocks, comparing prices and making out lists of the presents you would like to buy.

*That's just what you do when you buy through Simpson's Special Christmas Catalogue.*

We have a copy of the catalogue for you, just waiting for your name and address. It's free—send for it now.

WE PAY DELIVERY CHARGES on every article shown in our Christmas Catalogue. You buy just as cheaply as though you lived right here in Toronto, and you ship the goods back *at our expense* if you don't like them when they arrive—and *get your money back*. This means, of course, that we are going to be very careful about sending exactly what you order.

Our general mail order catalogue enables you to buy—at Toronto prices—almost anything shown in our great store. *We also pay delivery charges on all goods shown in our General catalogue with the exception of a very few heavy, bulky articles.*

*Just write on a post card: "Please send me Christmas Catalogue No. 37."*  
*We will send it by return mail, prepaid.*

The **SIMPSON** Company  
Robert Limited  
TORONTO



*Macey*

*Macey*

*Macey*

**Sectional Bookcases**

*Colonial*

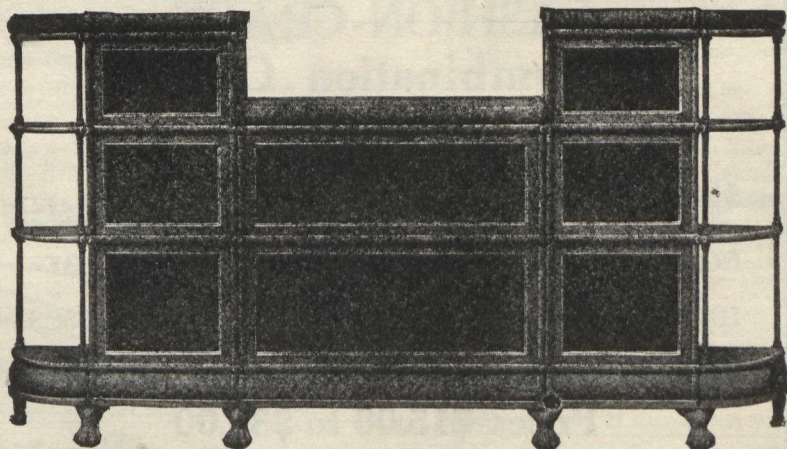


are  
made in many  
Styles

*Arts and Crafts*



They  
will fit  
any Space or any Place



We will send you absolutely free our handsome catalogue showing the many styles and combinations possible with the "MACEY." They have advantages possessed by no others

WRITE FOR  
CATALOGUE  
C

**CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED**

IT COSTS  
YOU  
NOTHING

**General Offices, WOODSTOCK, ONT.**



Single  
or  
Double-  
Breast

Single  
or  
Double-  
Breast

## FASHION-CRAFT Combination Coat FOR FALL AND WINTER

☐ No harness or hooks—easily adjusted—No freak, but a high grade garment of utility. ☐ Made in all classes of materials and suitable for all seasons.

Prices \$15.00 to \$35.00

SHOP OF

*Fashion-Craft*

# So-Cosy Boudoir Slippers



"SO-COZY" are the Slippers you have always wanted for the bedroom--for the drawing room--for the evening; at home--really restful, comfortable and attractive.

Mustang "Never-Slip" Sole--with carded cotton wool cushion, and heavy felt inner sole. The uppers are finished in the softest leathers, in dainty colors, with or without pom-poms.

Best Dealers all sell the "SO-COSY" or we will mail anywhere in Canada on receipt of \$1.25, naming size of shoe and color desired.

(For an extra 2c. we will send them in a special dainty box for Christmas presentation.)

We have an illustrated booklet free for the asking. Write us about it.

**THE HURLBUT CO. LIMITED**  
PRESTON, ONT. 1



ESTD

1785

REGISTERED



TRADE MARK

## THIS TRADE MARK

has been familiar to users of high-class knitting wools for a century and a quarter. It is the mark of Baldwin's famous

# BEEHIVE WOOLS

AND STANDS FOR

## Quality Comfort & Durability

See that each Skein of Beehive Wool carries a ticket with the Beehive Trade Mark. This mark is a guarantee of reliability. Send for our free booklet "Beehive Wools and their Uses."

**J. & J. BALDWIN, Halifax,**  
and Partners, Ltd. Eng.

# A New Violet Luxury



All the exquisitely sweet fragrance of a bed of violets is contained in our new, delightful Valley Violet. Fastidious women of conservative tastes who find the majority of perfumes too heavy for their liking will be charmed with its clean, persistent odor.

Wonderfully delicate, yet lasting, its elusive sweetness is as difficult to resist as a breath of flower scented air straight from the gardens of Old France. A drop on the hair, clothing or handkerchief is the fitting culmination of a dainty toilet.

## Taylor's

### Valley Violet

is attractively put up in pretty packages and sold by all good dealers.

More pronounced in character, but no less charming are our Persian Bouquet, Trianon, American Beauty and Spring Hyacinth.

Highly concentrated and lasting, they yet possess all the delicate sweetness and true floral fragrance of the fresh flowers themselves. Packed in art boxes, suitable for gift or personal use.

Manufactured by

**John Taylor & Company, Limited**

Perfumers and Soap Makers

Toronto . . . Canada

(67)

### FOR A HOME OR INVESTMENT

MISSISSIPPI Fruit and Truck Farms grow three crops per year and net \$200. to \$600. per acre. Beautiful location 3 miles from Lucedale, the County Seat. Splendid R.R. and ship-plug facilities. Fertile soil for oranges, figs, pecans, strawberries and vegetables. Perfect climate, ample rainfall. 5 acres will make you independent for life. You can buy 5 acres cleared for \$210. Cash \$10., bal. monthly. Write to-day.

EUBANK FARMS CO. 73 Keystone Bank Bldg, Pittsburg, Pa.

Can read Music AT SIGHT.

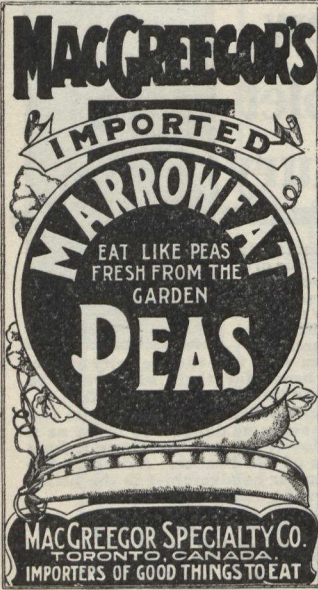
Perhaps not; then you should have learnt from

## Wickins'

## Pianoforte Tutor;

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FINGERING

Of all Music Sellers, 60c. post free.



# GREEN PEAS ALL THE YEAR ROUND

## MacGregor's Imported Marrowfat Peas

are the latest addition to the dinner table of Canadian homes, and only want to be once tried, to insure their constant use.

A Ten Cent package of MacGregor's Imported Marrowfat Peas, when cooked, swell to twice their original size, and contain more, than two cans of ordinary Peas.

In addition to being more economical, than canned Peas, they have the appearance and flavor of

**Green Peas, Freshly Gathered From the Garden**

### SPECIAL OFFER

If your Grocer does not Stock MacGregor's Imported Marrowfat Peas, send us his name and address, together with 10c. in stamps, and we will mail you a full size package by return.

**MACGREGOR SPECIALITY COMPANY**

TORONTO,

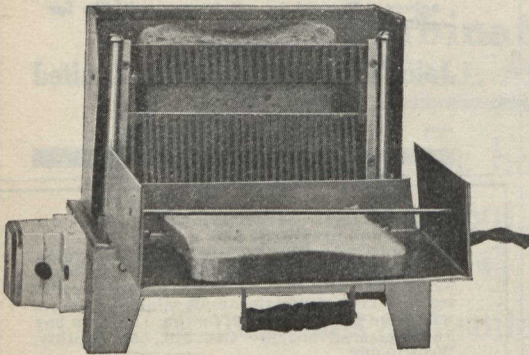
Importers of Good Things to Eat

ONTARIO

JUST OUT!

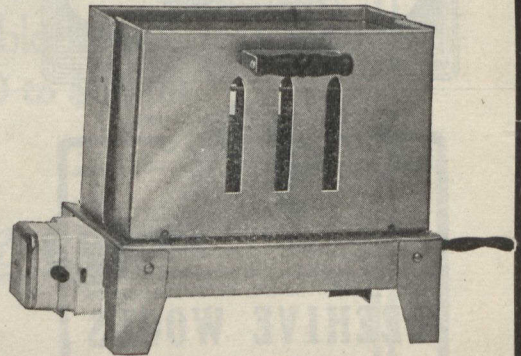
## New Radiant Toaster

Nickle Plated, 6 foot cord, Switch and Plug. Price, \$4.00 each, express prepaid.



Notice new method of operation—most heat at least cost.

This is the most complete toaster ever invented, no need for cold hard toast for your breakfast. An ideal Christmas present. If not satisfactory after 10 days trial, money refunded. Write to-day—



**Radiant Electric Manufacturing Co., Ltd.**

Dept. C.M., 35 Adelaide Street West, TORONTO



## Connor Ball Bearing Washer



A washer guaranteed to take out **all** the dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

Runs on **ball bearings** and driven by **steel springs**, with a little assistance from the operator. Perfected to the minutest detail. Can be supplied through our agents or direct to any address.

Write for booklet.

J. H. CONNOR & SONS Limited,  
OTTAWA,                      --:                      CANADA.



## Cosgrave's Pale Ale

Discriminating ale drinkers prefer Cosgrave's Pale Ale because it possesses the characteristics sought and appreciated by those who know what good ale should be.

Bottled at the Brewery  
On Sale at all Hotels and Dealers

**The Cosgrave Brewery  
Co. of Toronto, Limited**



## A Perfect Breakfast

drink, that with its delicious aroma and flavor tempts the most capricious appetite, and with its full richness satisfies the hungriest man, is

# SUCHARD'S COCOA

It is a food as well as an appetizing drink, for the selected cocoa-beans of which Suchard's is made are richer in nutriment than even meat or bread. Suchard's is the finest form in which you can get all the appetizing and strengthening properties of one of nature's choicest gifts to man—the cocoa-bean. Try it.

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO.  
MONTREAL

# CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

TREAD SOFTLY  
STEP SAFELY



THAT PLUG  
PREVENTS  
SLIPPING



ORDER BY NAME

**WALPOLE RUBBER COMPANY**  
Limited MONTREAL

ANY SHOE DEALER  
50¢ ATTACHED



## Canada's Hair Fashion Stores

HAIR GOODS BY MAIL

# Jules & Charles Co.

LIMITED.

ART HAIR-GOODS MANUFACTURERS

The facilities of our mail order departments insure absolute satisfaction to our out of town patrons.

The smallest order has our most careful attention.

Our beautiful natural wavy switches, the celebrated Parisian Fronts and Transformations, are popular from coast to coast. Write for catalogue. Goods are exchanged if not suitable.

Our Feather Weight Toupee for bald men is the most perfect natural appearing device, no bald men should be without one. Write for measurement charté.

**JULES & CHARLES CO. Limited**

Two Stores

431 Yonge Street

89 King Street West

TORONTO, CANADA.



When an operator tells you that she uses  
the

# Remington

she stands up a little straighter.

She knows as well as you do that her choice of the Recognized Leader among Typewriters is a fine recommendation== one which raises her in your estimation.

**Remington Typewriter Company**

(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere

# GET \$1200

OF THIS  
**\$500,000.00**  
 NEXT MONTH

**\$500,000.00 to change hands.**  
 One cent starts you. Any honest, industrious man or woman can enter.

**HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!**  
 Thousands of dollars already distributed—going on daily. Listen!

**10 people receive over \$40,000.**

**\$2,212** in two weeks went to Korstard (a farmer). **WINNERS**

**\$1,200** one month **\$1,100** another, to Stone-man (an artist)

**\$13,245** in 110 days, credited to Zimmerman (a farmer).

**\$3,000** in 30 days to Wilson (a banker).

**\$1,685** in 73 days received by Rasp (an agent).

**\$800** in 11 days and **\$4,000** to date, received by Oviatta (a minister).

**\$2,800** to Rodgers (a surveyor).

**\$6,800** to Jeull (a clerk).

**\$2,200** to Hoard (a doctor.)

**\$5,000** to Hart (a farmer).

These are just a few—hundreds sharing similar prosperity. Reads like fiction, yet it's the gospel truth. **Proven by sworn statements—Investigation—any proof you want.**

**Don't envy these people—join hands—win a fortune.**

Do as they are doing. Let us give you the same high grade opportunity, supplying 8 out of 10 homes with **Allen's Wonderful Bath Apparatus.**

**Something new, different, grand.**

Wonderful but true—**gives every home a bath room for only \$8.50**; excels others costing \$200. Think of it! So energizes water—one gallon ample; cleanses almost automatically; **no plumbing—no water works—self heating.** Could anything be more popular? Agents, it's simply irresistible. **Used by the U. S. Government.**—Think of millions who want bath-rooms. No Wonder.

Beem writes: I averaged

**\$164.24 WEEKLY FOR 3 MONTHS**

Wilson sold **102 in 14 days**; Hart **16 in 3 hours**; Langley **\$115 worth the first day**; Reese solicited **60 people—sold 55.** No wonder Cashman says: "Men who couldn't sell your goods, couldn't sell bread in a famine." and Lodewick "Lucky I answered ad; it's great; **money coming fast. 17 orders today.**"

**\$500,000.00**

worth will be sold easily this season. 75 per cent. profit to you. **Experience unnecessary.**

**Free sample and credit to active agents.**

Be first—get exclusive rights—own a rip roaring business. Investigate for your own use anyhow.

**Make \$8,000 this year.**

Spare time means \$15. daily. **One cent starts you—a mere postal** containing your name and address—that's all. Send today for amazing offer—**it's free.**



Sectional Veiv

**ALLEN MFG. CO., 3103 Allen Bldg. Toledo, Ohio.**

## Insure the Surface of your Dining Table



A single hot dish or spilled liquid will ruin your dining table. The stains, spots and blotches made cannot be removed except by an expert furniture polisher. The expense will be four times as much as the absolute certain and permanent protection of a

### PEERLESS Asbestos Table Mat

The Peerless is made of heavy asbestos boards through which neither heat nor liquid can penetrate. These boards are made in sizes to fit any table and are hinged so they may be rolled and put in the drawer when not in use. The flannel coverings, which give the softness and silence to the table, are easily removed when they require washing and still fit, even if they shrink or stretch. Extra leaves are supplied to fill out as you extend the table.

#### Our Guarantee

Every Peerless Asbestos Table Mat bears this mark which is a guarantee. If any table top is damaged where a Peerless Asbestos Mat is used we will pay the cost of having it refinished. Get only a Peerless.



Ask your dealer to show you a Peerless Asbestos Table Mat—if he cannot do it, don't be satisfied with any other kind—write to us and we will tell you where you can see the Peerless and send you our booklet "To the Woman who Cares."

**CHICAGO ASBESTOS TABLE MAT CO.**  
 215-219 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.

The Canadian Distributors are the  
**CHICAGO ASBESTOS TABLE MAT CO., Montreal, Canada**

## Get all you can Furs for your raw Furs

Experienced trappers and fur collectors are never in doubt as to where to ship their furs. They all know that St. Louis being the greatest fur market in the world, is the place the **best returns** come from. F. C. Taylor & Co., who own and control the Great Fur Exchange Building, have more money invested in building and equipment than all the other St. Louis fur houses combined. They have better facilities, enjoy a greater demand and handle more furs than any other concern in America.



F. C. Taylor & Co. are therefore in position to send you quicker and better net results for furs than you can get anywhere else.

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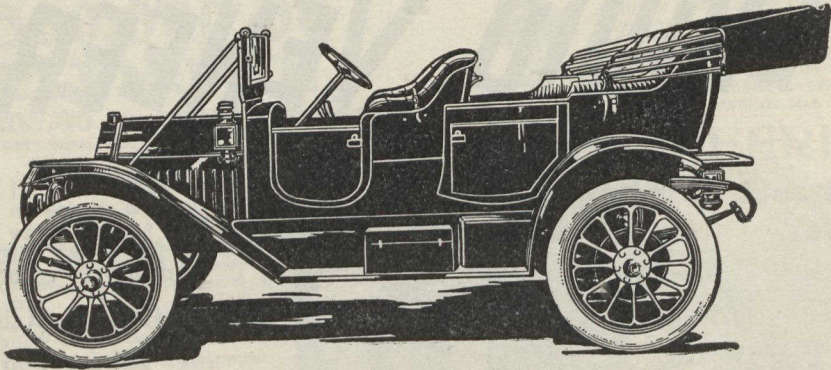
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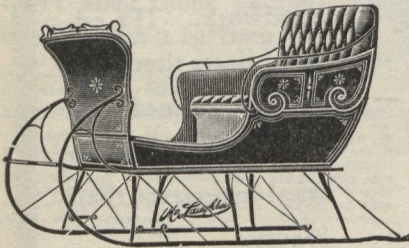
(Our motto for Forty-three Years of successful Vehicle Manufacturing)



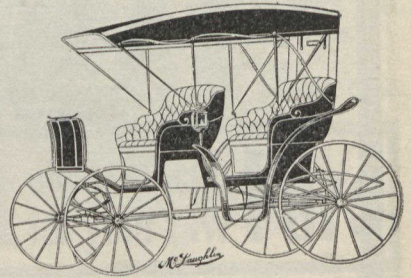
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**\$1900** (Top and Wind  
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McLaughlin—Buick Automobiles hold more road and track records than any other car manufactured in Canada. Our line is larger than ever before and we offer to you the latest improvements in Automobile construction for 1911. Send for our announcement sheet showing our full line of Automobiles and specifications of each model.



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The last piece in the box w  
taste as nice as the first.

Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits  
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Look for the "G.B." stamp on the bottom. It is on every "G.B." chocolate  
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Christmas and Candy  
Are Synonymous**

But the candy should be as pure as the day. It may surprise you to know that

**KNOX**  
PURE—PLAIN—SPARKLING  
**GELATINE**

which you remember best as the basis of your favorite dessert, will make candy, too. But it will make candy that is delicious enough to satisfy the children, and pure enough for them to eat all they want.

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## Best for Baby

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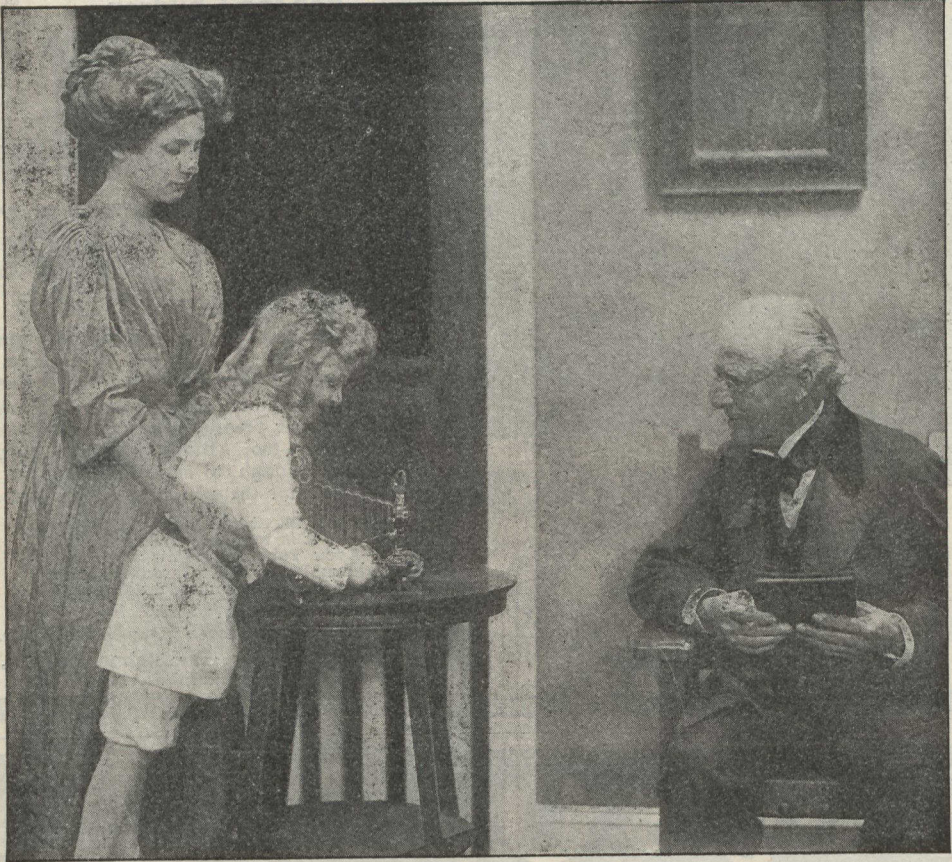


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Made as pure and skin healing as is possible, Baby's Own Soap is the best for any one as well as for those whose delicate skin requires a specially good soap.

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MODEL 609.

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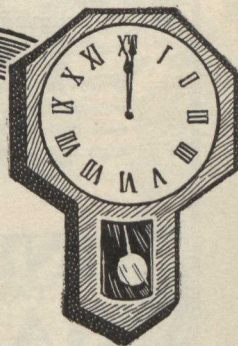
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for dinner  
To-day



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**WINDSOR**  
TABLE  
**SALT** 16



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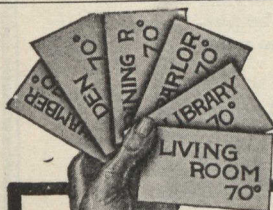
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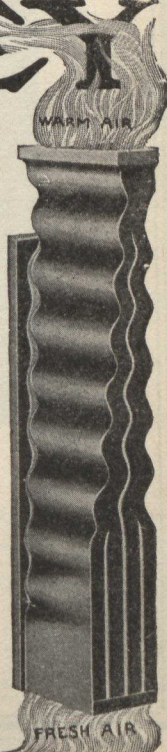
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ELITE CUT GLASS is cut from solid, imported crystal blanks—never from machine pressed blanks. It can be purchased from first class dealers everywhere and **costs no more** than inferior kinds.

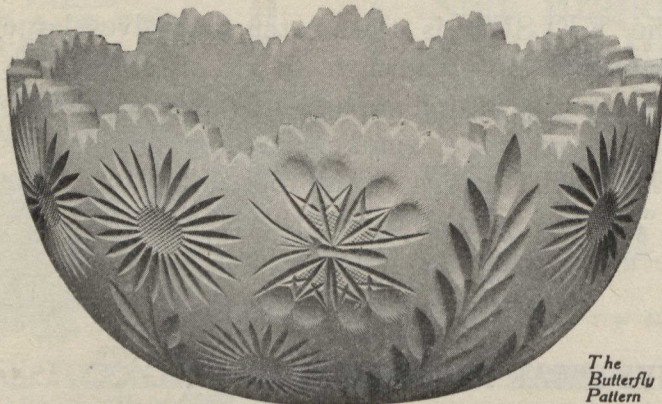
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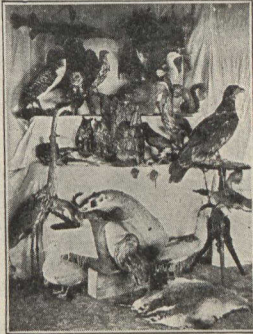
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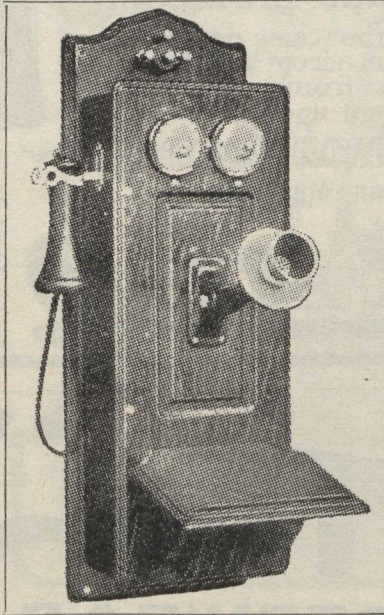
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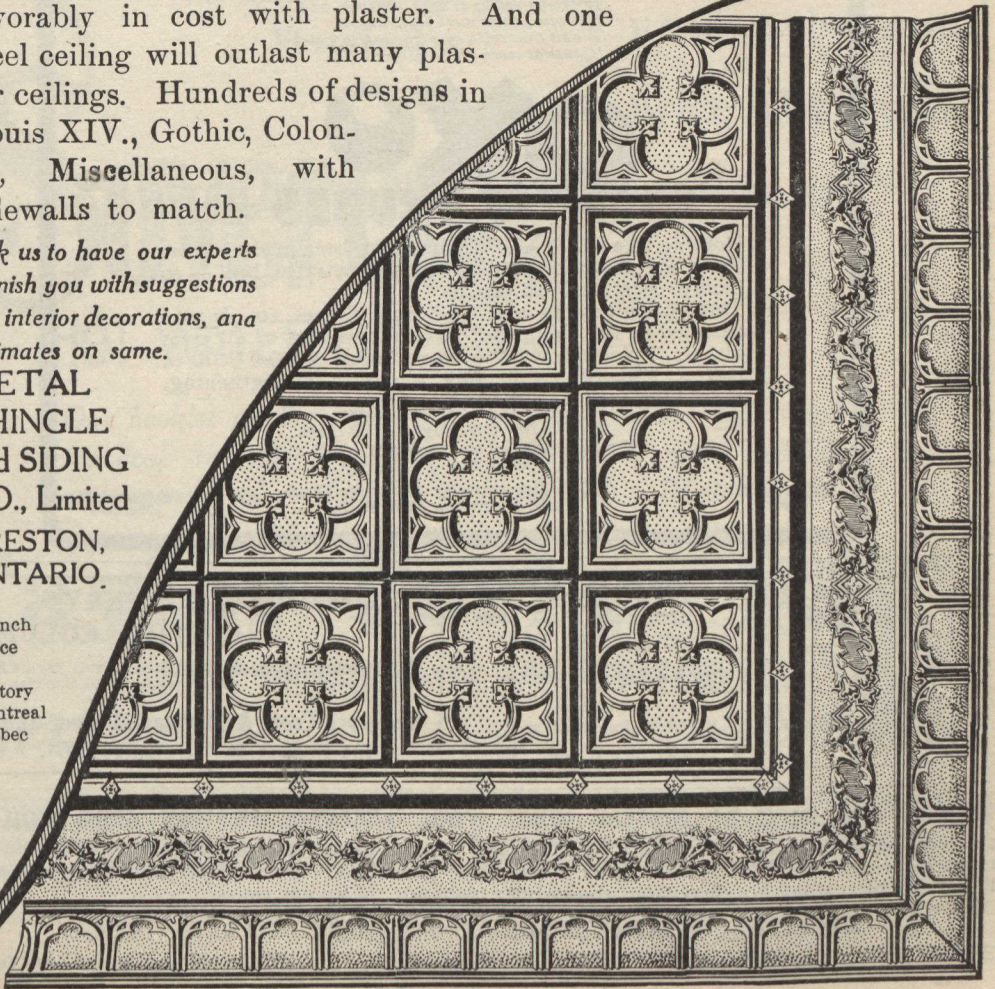
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*Why our smiles of deep contentment?  
It is more than mere presentment.  
We sit thus with eyes on clock so,  
'Cause at seven we have our OXO.*

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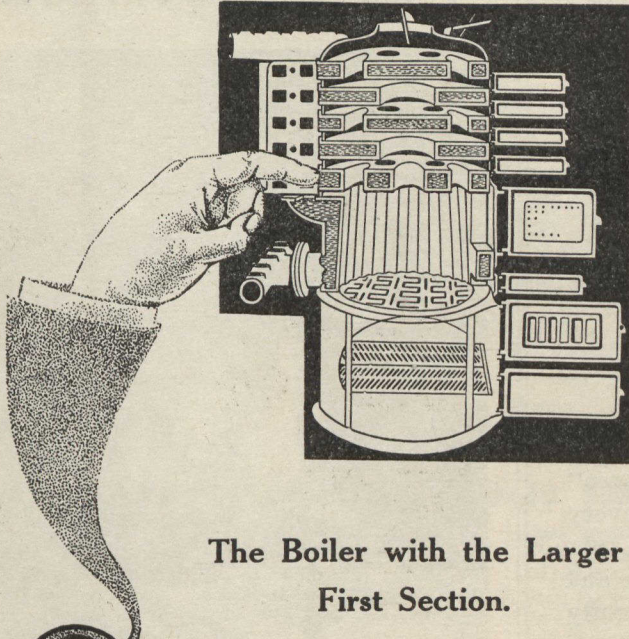
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**W**HEN it bears the Pen-Angle brand, you can be absolutely sure they will wear better than any other kind costing the same price. You can be absolutely sure they will fit better than any other kind at any price.

Read the Guarantee printed here. You will then be sure that the largest hosiery mill in Canada would not risk its capital on such a Guarantee unless it had the goods to make good. Reasons for this Guarantee are few and simple; chosen excellence in the cotton

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We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfil this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

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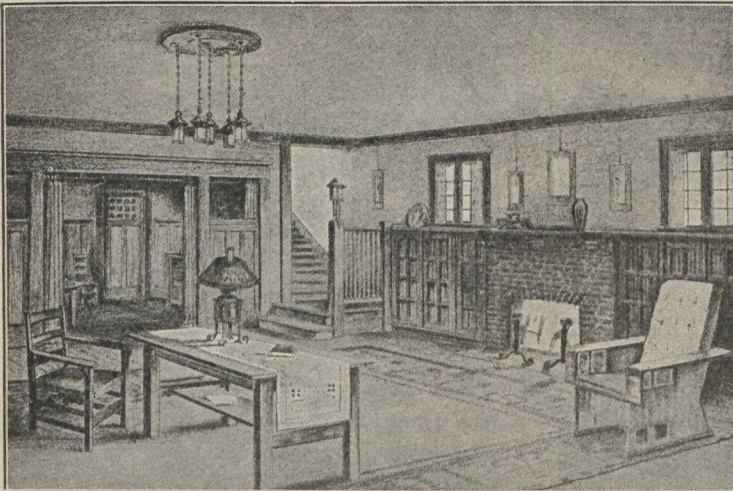
TORONTO





'TIS UNDER THE MISTLETOE,  
CHRISTMAS NIGHT,  
AND SANTA CLAUS, THE JOLLY OLD WIGHT  
AS HE HOLDS ALOFT HIS PRIZE  
THE HONEY WOULD SIP  
FROM BEAUTY'S LIP  
WHILE "SWEETS TO THE SWEET" HE CRIES.  
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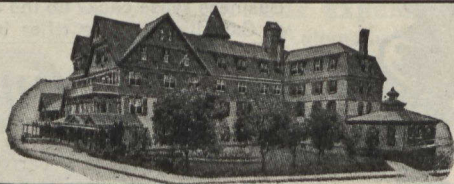
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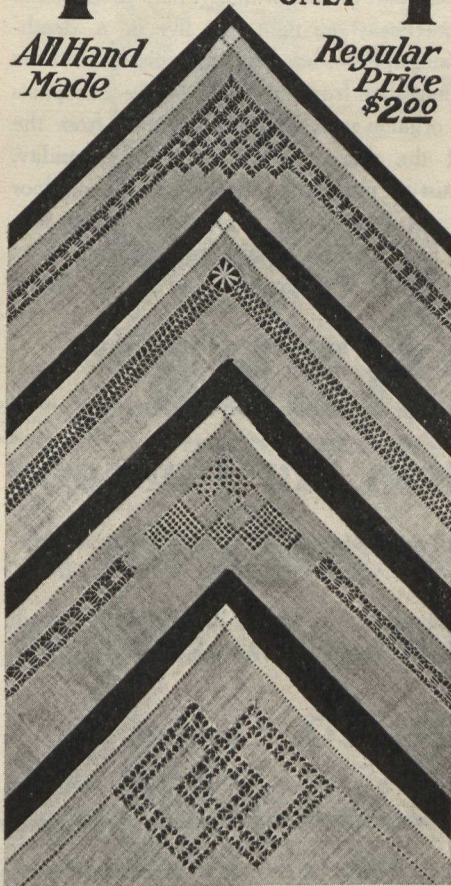
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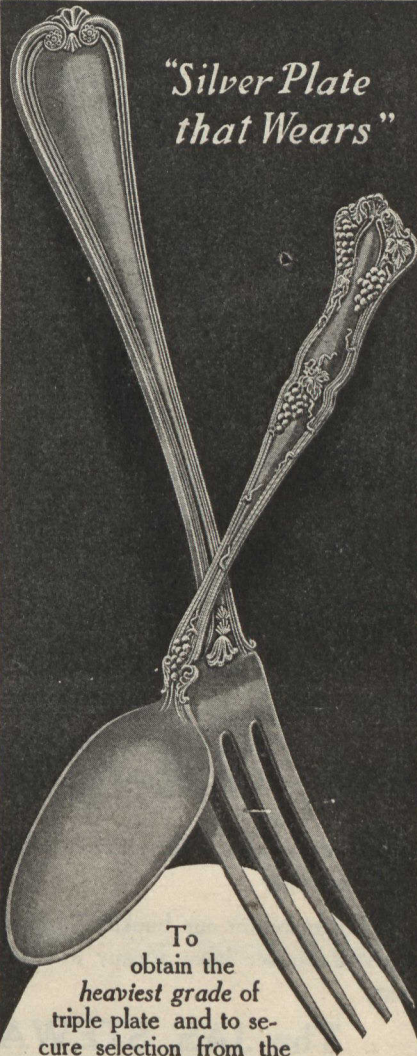


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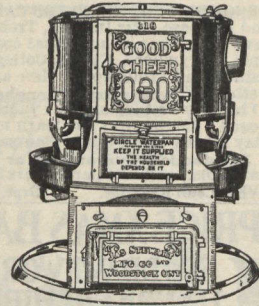
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may make "MATCHES" for your children

But

You haven't found the Way to make a  
MATCH like

## "EDDY'S SILENTS"

**NO** NOISE  
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For Delicate Digestions

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## A CURE FOR ALL

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**Not a Patent Cure-All, Nor a Modern Miracle, But Simply a Rational Cure For Dyspepsia.**

In these days of humbuggy and deception, the manufacturers of patent medicines, as a rule, seem to think their medicines will not sell unless they claim that it will cure every disease under the sun. And they never think of leaving out dyspepsia and stomach troubles. They are sure to claim that their nostrum is absolutely certain to cure every dyspeptic and he need look no further.


In the face of these absurd claims it is refreshing to note that the proprietors of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have carefully refrained from making any undue claims or false representations regarding the merits of this most excellent remedy for dyspepsia and stomach troubles. They make but one claim for it, and that is, that for indigestion and various stomach troubles Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a radical cure. They go no farther than this, and any man or woman suffering from indigestion, chronic or nervous dyspepsia, who will give the remedy a trial will find that nothing is claimed for it that the facts will not fully sustain.

It is a modern discovery, composed of harmless vegetable ingredients acceptable to the weakest or most delicate stomach. Its great success in curing stomach trouble is due to the fact that the medicinal properties are such that it will digest whatever wholesome food is taken into the stomach, no matter whether the stomach is in good working order or not. It rests the overworked organ and replenishes the body, the blood, the nerves, creating a healthy appetite, giving refreshing sleep and the blessings which always accompany a good digestion and proper assimilation of food.


In using STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS no dieting is required. Simply eat plenty of wholesome food and take these Tablets at each meal, thus assisting and resting the stomach, which rapidly regains its proper digestive power, when the Tablets will be no longer required.

Nervous Dyspepsia is simply a condition in which some portion or portions of the nervous system are not properly nourished. Good digestion invigorates the nervous system and every organ in the body.

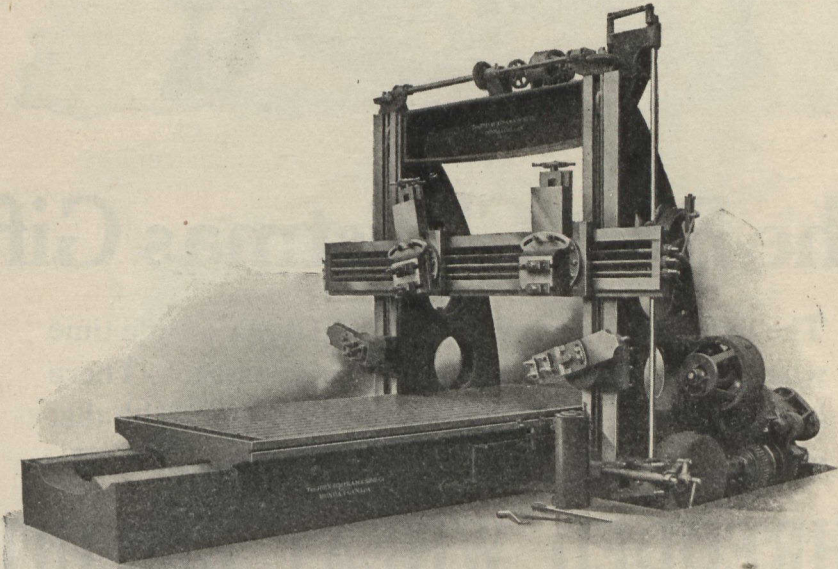
STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS are sold by all druggists at 50 cts. per package.



# BERTRAM



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10 foot x 10 x foot x 20 foot Iron Planing Machine; motor driven through pneumatic clutches.

¶ We manufacture a complete line of the heaviest and most modern machinery for use in general Machine Shops, Locomotive and Car Shops, Engine, Bridge and Boiler Works and Shipyards.

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The best Christmas gift is a Good Digestion at a time when there are so many good things to eat. There is no Christmas Joy without Health—the health that comes from simple, nourishing, easily digested foods.

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with hot milk or cream every morning will restore a weak, rebellious stomach to natural vigor and will supply all the strength needed for work or play.

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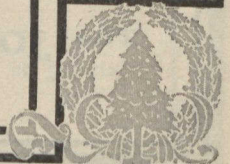
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