Vol. XIII. No. 2 December 14th, 1912 Price 10 Cents

The Canadian Courier

The National Weekly

Christmas Number 1912

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

The Gift of Good Taste That Saves Time and Trouble

No. 12, Plain C-C, Also Chased. No. 12, $2.50 each; Larger Sizes,
No. 14, $4.00 each
No. 15, $5.00 each
Clip-on-Cap 25c extra

No. 412½, V. S. Scroll Design, Sterling Silver Safety Type; No. 412½ V. S. $6.00 each, with Ring and Chatelaine Pin. No. 412½ V.S. $7.00 each; also plain (no mounting). No. 12½ V. S $3.00 each.

No. 412, C-C, Sterling Silver Filigree
No. 412, $5.00 each
Larger Size
No. 414, $7.00 each
Clip-on-Cap 50c extra

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

GOLD pens of all styles and actions can be furnisned in every Waterman's Ideal to suit the handwriting of the user, fine, medium, coarse, stub, turned-up points, and may be exchanged, to suit, after Christmas All pens are tipped with selected iridium, the hardest mineral known, to insure many years of use, without change. Waterman's Ideals excel in workmanship and materials used. The precision in construction makes these pens strong and tight. The patented Spoon Feed is the important feature that accurately controls the supply of ink. Every pen bearing the name "Waterman's Ideal" is absolutely guaranteed everywhere. Perfect utility for home, business, and social writing; an end to inky fingers and scratchy penmanship.

Illustrated Booklet on Request. *In Attractive Xmas Boxes.* *Avoid Substitutes.*

From The Best Dealers Everywhere

L. E. Waterman Company, Limited, 107 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal

173 Broadway, New York, Kingsway, London 6 Rue d'Hanovre, Paris.

No 12, S.F. Gold Banded Self-Filling Type. No. 12 S.F., $3.50 each; Larger Size, No. 14 S. F., $5.00 Also Plain, No. 12 S. F., $2.50 each. Clip-on-Cap 25c

The Canadian
Courier
A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XIII. TORONTO NO. 2

CONTENTS

Editor's Talk

THE current issue of the "Canadian Courier" is the largest ever issued. It contains 52 pages, of which 100 columns are reading matter, illustrations, special photographs and news features.

We believe that no such regular Christmas number of any Canadian publication was ever before presented as a bonus to its subscribers in size, character of contents, wealth of fiction, illustrations and special features. No special issue of this paper has been the occasion of so much careful selection of good material and exclusion of the merely mediocre. With one exception the short stories are the work of well-known Canadian writers. The illustrations to the stories are all by equally well-known Canadian artists.

The special pictorial features occupy seven pages. Opinions may differ as to which of these is the most interesting. Perhaps the popular vote would decide in favour of the human Christmas tree. Those who like best the English idea of Christmas will prefer the two pages of colour-pictures. Masterpieces of Christmas painting and old carols are represented by two pages of plates from famous pictures. There are two pages of decorative photographs. Of the stock features there is no need of mention. Most of the regular edition of the "Canadian Courier" is outside of the twenty extra pages. And we have been compelled to hold over two pages of special music prepared for this number until the issue of the following week.

Landmarks of Typewriter Progress

Such are all the recent developments of the

Remington

VISIBLE MODELS 10 and 11

Among these developments are:

The Built-in Decimal Tabulator—which makes the decimal tabulating mechanism an integral part of the typewriter.

The Tabulator Set Key—which eliminates all hand setting of the tabulator stops.

The Column Selector—which determines, by the stroke of a single key, the exact point on each line where the writing is to begin.

The Adding and Subtracting Remington (Wahl Mechanism)—which combines in one typewriter, ***and in one operation,*** the functions of the writing machine and the adding machine.

Every one of these new developments is an evidence of the perpetual leadership of the Remington Typewriter Illustrated booklet descriptive of all recent Remington improvements, sent on request.

Remington Typewriter Company

(LIMITED)

"Toronto, Canada, with Offices in Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver."

"Office Specialty" Filing Equipment gives efficient service

IT is not enough that a Filing Cabinet have a good appearance and be well constructed. Its real service to the business man is the fact that the various records of his business which are kept in that Cabinet are classified and filed so that reference can be made to any desired record at any moment.

When you buy "Office Specialty" Filing Cabinets you are buying high-grade equipment with which you get time-tried-and-proven systems.

Any record in a moment any moment.

Our Head Office:

97 Wellington St. West

Toronto

Complete Filing Equipment Stores:

Montreal Halifax Ottawa Winnipeg Calgary Edmonton Vancouver

Factories: Newmarket, Ontario

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD

MR. SHIPPER

How About Your Freight?

Before Shipping Your Next Consignment to the West Investigate the Possibilities of the

Canadian Northern Railway's Fast Freight Service

"It Will Please You"

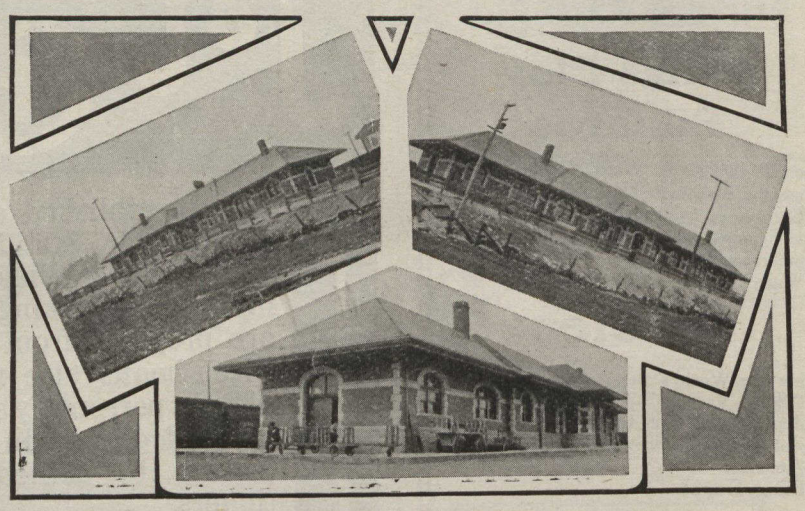
From Points in Eastern Canada to principal points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

Including:

Winnipeg	Saskatoon	Edmonton	Hartney
Brandon	Neepawa	Gladstone	Morris
Carman	Russell	Strathcona	Prince Albert
Virden	Portage la Prairie	Carberry	Canora
Camrose	Stettler	Carlyle	Maryfield
Rapid City	Emerson	Regina	Fairlight

For Freight Rates and General Information apply to

P. MOONEY, General Freight Agent, HALIFAX, N.S.	GEO. R. FAIRHEAD, District Freight Agent, HAMILTON, Ont.	F. A. SHAW, District Freight Agent, MONTREAL, Que.
F. A. YOUNG, Division Freight Agent, TORONTO, Ont.	GUY TOMBS, General Freight Agent, MONTREAL, Que.	GEO. STEPHEN, General Freight Agent, WINNIPEG, Man.



The World's Shrewdest Buyers

Railway Purchasing Departments are the shrewdest buyers in the world. They know all markets, and every source from which any commodity can be secured. They know the prices and comparative values of almost every line of manufacture.

Every Railroad in Canada Uses

"Bestoslate"

ASBESTOS SHINGLES

with one exception—and repeat orders from these roads are coming in fast. The several Maintenance Departments unanimously state that the roofs are practically indestructible, and cost nothing for upkeep.
If you want to know more about the most serviceable and artistic roofing material in Canada, write for Booklet C.C. to

THE ASBESTOS MFG. CO. LIMITED

E. T. Bank Building, Montreal

Factory at Lachine, Que.

The CANADIAN COURIER
The National Weekly

Vol. XIII. December 14, 1912 No. 2

THE YULE LOG

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Illumination by Ivor Lewis

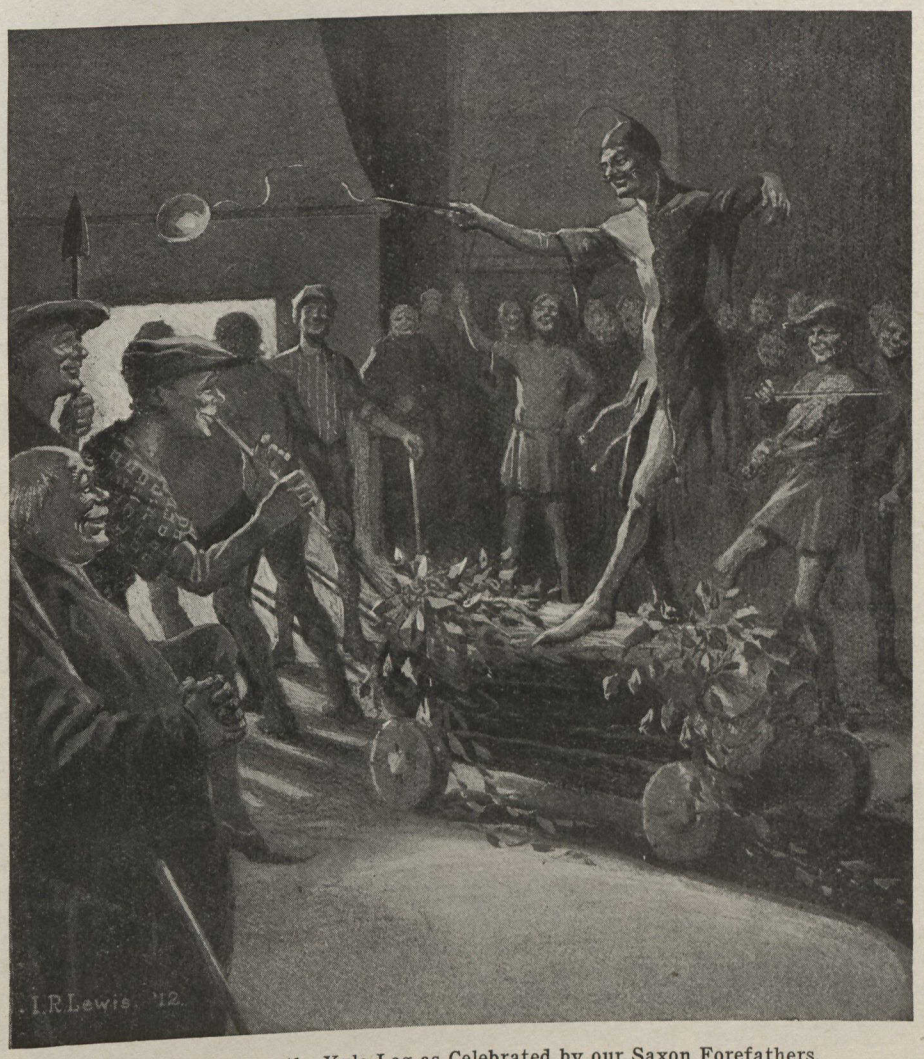
AN old woman, past eighty, but still vigorous of long memory, sat in the dining-room of a rather defunct rural hotel last summer, and talked of other days. A motor-car had gone past, killing one of her geese. Now she was oddly moved to remember things as they were when this old ramshackle of a house was a hotel kept by her husband in what was then a roaring saw-mill village.

She sat by what was once a heavy mantelpiece. And the shape of the old fireplace was still there—boarded up, cavernous and cold. She talked of the days when she had cooked meals for the loggers on that fire of crackling hardwood.

"Oh, we had to stop using it," she said. "It got to smoking. We had three in the house. They're all boarded up. Sometimes I hear the wind moaning down and the old blacks falling. I guess behind those boards there's a heap of rubbish that's come down all these years. My, how the martens do squabble in that old chimney! Beggars! they have it all to themselves now."

She remembered the first cook-stove brought along there by a pedlar; first her man ever bought, and what a marvel was that big wood-stove with the high oven on top; how much handier it was than the old fireplace once she got used to it, and——

But the reminiscences of the old woman would include the whole story of the decline and fall of the fireplace. And the close of her long life has seen the revival of the fireplace in Canada. Five miles from her walled-up fire-way she might have seen the modern country home of a townsman who has at least three roaring wood fireplaces. And in fifty years a country of great woods has gone from fireplaces out of date to fireplaces in fashion again; because it was the Saxon and the Norman and the Scandinavian that really invented the fireplace as the focus of family life. For confirmation of this see the Life and Times of Kris Kringle—who never could have got into a house by a stovepipe; and how he manages it now through a gas grate that hasn't the ghost of a flue, may be a marvel to many a young mind.



Festival of Placing the Yule Log as Celebrated by our Saxon Forefathers.

THE picture on this page is the real glorification of the fireplace in the placing of the Yule Log at Christmas—as it was in England centuries ago. It is a drawing of a Festival that took place in Canada only last Christmas at a place that shall be nameless. The mediaeval characters in costume were all present, even to the jester that rode on the Yule Log bedecked with vines. The fireplace shown there is one that was built only a year ago to revive the grand old custom of many folk sitting about a huge fire of real logs and cordwood. And the Yule Log shown in the picture sputtered and smouldered as a back-log for a week after it was rolled into place on the dogs. Once upon a time any bushwhack boy in Canada knew one wood from another almost in the dark. At least he could be sure of hickory and elm and birch and beech, just by feeling the scruff of the bark. And if he was hard put to it he could tell almost any kind of wood by the grain, without looking at the bark. He knew by the shape of the tree even without examining the leaves. He was a wise boy; for he was born in the bush, and wood to him was as natural as clothes.

Times have changed. Of ten men in the room on Christmas Eve, nine have forgotten if they ever knew the lineaments of wood. The most they know about it—down here in the town and the city and the village—is that it costs nine dollars a cord.

But Uncle Henry, should he drop in from the farm, would take one look at the fireplace, spit once, and say,

"No, boys, that ain't real wood. That's only culls. It's just second-growth pole truck and saw-mill slabs. Listen to me and I'll tell yeh what real wood actilly wuz!"

Off he goes into a lingo that if set down as exhaustively as he tells it, would make a large book about back-logs and fireplaces. It's all A B C of memory to him. He's been round among his city nephews and daughters, and he knows all the dinky little cribs and crevices they have to resemble a real fireplace. He can tell you all about the hollow mockery of the gas grate that looks like a scraggy piece of wood, but "ain't." He can swear more fluently about gas grates than anybody else, because he hates them worst. When it comes to the asbestos heater he's a perfect dictionary of bad talk. But when any of his near-fashionable relations ask him to haul a chair up to an electric-heater fireplace—well his face just crizzles up into concentrated disgust; he sulks and packs off into a corner and says,

"For the lordsake, lemme sit by the steam pipes or the hot-air chute, if yeh've got one. I'd rather. That thing? Say, I wouldn't be seen spitting into that. Not me!"

But of course Uncle Henry doesn't know much about modern civilization as expressed in the cost of fire. He forgets that people in town or out on the prairie don't have a bush lot where they can haul up wood-drags in the year 1912. He doesn't understand why we're all somehow sick of steam radiators and hot-air grates, and hanker to get back to the fireplace—even if it's only a gas grate or an electric heater. In fact he's a Back-logite, and I guess he's some pretty close relation to the old Saxon that on Christmas night helped to heave the Yule-Log on the fireplace that was big enough to bed a small horse and then have room for the dog.

AS for the old woman, whose reminiscences opened this chapter, the Christmas of 1912 being one of her very last should be a festival of good cheer. And so it would be, if one could only sit by the open fireplace remembering the old days of back logs. Her father was an Englishman. Her seven brothers were all men of the bush. They all helped to clear up a township. They all had fireplaces.

And to her the decadent little village with the defunct hotel and the boarded-up fireplace of her youth is a strange memory. Perhaps this Christmas she will sit before the dead fireplace and think she sees again the glory of the open fire. She may remember the tremendous swagger of the sawlogs that came past higher than the horses in the sunlight and the storm. She will recall the snow-spattered loads that swung up there with the jingle of bells and the bawling of teamsters, stopping at the hotel. Standing by the open fire one long-coated Jehu could tell of the wild turkeys he was going to shoot for Christmas if this snow hadn't come, driving him out to the saw-logs. For the woods were full of more kinds of wild things in her young days than there were kinds of wood to heave into the fireplace. And the bushwhackers of the open fire were as big men as any of their Anglo-Saxon forbears of the Yule Log. They were stronger, more epical men, these giants of the bush that tore down the eternal trees and burned up logs by the acre to find room for the corn. Her own husband—he was a hard-knuckled, sometimes terrible, man that knew how to take down trees and load logs, and with his back to a wall take the come-on of seven men, any one of them almost as good as himself. And he got his strength from the trees, the skid road and the stump concession.

She remembers it all—moving pictures of a tremendous time in the making of Canada. And the boarded-up old fireplace is the focus of it all.

TEN THOUSAND FRANCS

BY J. J. BELL.

Illustrations by J. W. Beatty.

IT was noon on the 24th of December—a bleak, grey London moon. The studio's atmosphere was well-nigh as cheerless as that which prevailed out of doors. Mr. Charlie Trent, whose numerous works of art left but little space for furniture (which was, perhaps, just as well), reclined in a crazy wicker chair, his overcoat buttoned to his short, fair beard, all the draperies the place boasted swathed about his legs. In his mouth was an empty pipe, in his left hand the Christmas number of a popular magazine, in his right a stump of pencil.

His occupation consisted in reading through the advertisement pages and making marks at such as promised free samples. He had already noted one cocoa, one soap, two foods for infants, and one headache powder, and was gloating mildly over the attractive announcement of a new kind of biscuit, when noisy and hurried footsteps on the wooden stair without caused him to raise his head and look expectantly in the direction of the door.

"Sounds as if Fintry had heard from his aunt this morning," he said to himself, letting the magazine drop to the floor. "Well, if so, he's luckier than I've been with my uncle——"

The door was thrown inwards; a thick-set young man, with dark longish hair, a shortish moustache and eager blue eyes bounced over the threshold. He waved a foreign-looking envelope above his head and made breathless incoherent sounds.

"You'll find a cigarette on the mantelpiece," said Trent. "Oh, no, you won't. We finished them last night. Sorry. I'll put a penny in the meter, and we'll have some gas fire instead. It doesn't give much heat, but the smell makes one think it does. Sit down, old chap." He got out of his chair, kicking aside the draperies, and gently pushed his visitor into it. "Without being impertinent, may I hope it is good news?" he added, fumbling in his pocket on his way to the meter.

"Good news!" gasped Fintry, with a quivering cackle; "why, lad, we're made men!"

Trent turned sharply from the meter, the penny between his fingers. "Now look here, Fintry; I'm not going to touch a farthing of what your aunt has sent." Then his voice softened. "But it's just like you to——"

"My aunt!" shouted the other. "I've a bonny letter from her, saying I've made my bed, etcetera! But this is something better than a dozen aunts' five-pound notes. And it is yours as much as mine! Whisht till I explain. Do you mind yon night when Sedley was in an awful state and we scraped up ten shillings between us for him?"

"I remember such an incident—on several occasions," said Trent, dryly. "You don't mean to tell me that Sedley has actually been and gone and struck oil?"

"Tuts, man, let me speak! I'm referring to yon night, just a month ago. You mind he insisted on us taking something in exchange?"

"Some ticket for a silly raffle—oh, Lord, don't tell me we've won a gramophone! I won't believe——"

"IT was a ticket in the Antwerp lottery," said Fintry, solemnly, "and it's just drawn a prize of ten thousand francs! See for yourself. There's the ticket—blessed bit of paper! Number 17863. There's the prize list." He twitched the documents from the envelope and held them out to Trent. "You'll find the number with its prize in the third column. Two hundred pounds apiece, Charlie, two hundred pounds apiece!" he cried, his excitement again getting the better of him. "I'll get my bookie printed at last, and do the work I want to do for a year anyway. And you'll go to Paris—man, you're not going to faint, surely!" He was on his feet, his arm round his friend's shoulders.

"All right, old chap," Trent assured him. "Felt a bit queer for a moment. How—how did you get hold of the prize list? Did Sedley——"

"No, no. I came across the ticket last week, and wrote to the lottery people for the list—just for fun. You'll see that the drawing took place three weeks ago."

"But would not Sedley be advised of the drawing?"

"Sedley has had more than one change of address since he sold us the ticket. You may make your mind easy about Sedley, Charlie. As a matter of fact, I met him yesterday. He was going to appeal to his people again, he told me. He was quite hopeful."

"I'm glad of that." Trent paused for a moment. "It seems rough on the man, but he disposed of the ticket to us right enough. I suppose——"

"Don't worry about Sedley. I daresay if I met him now I would feel a bit uncomfortable. But we're entitled to mind all the times we've helped Sedley, and gone without more than tobacco on his account. More than that, Charlie, this is the best chance we've ever had—the best we'll ever get. And—and we haven't shaken hands yet!"

THEY shook hands, two lonely strugglers for recognition—the Englishman who believed he was an artist, the Scotsman who was convinced he was a poet. Fintry, whose London acquaintances pleasantly affected to doubt his nationality, in spite of his accent, because he was so very unsuccessful, wrote execrable prose for his bare living.

They shook hands again, for the possibilities were now becoming clear. Such possibilities, too! Then together they studied carefully the ticket and the prize list.

"We can't trust this to an agent whom we don't know," Trent said at last, pulling his beard, which he fancied had a Franco-Bohemian look.

"Not much," agreed his friend. "But how——"

"Bob," he exclaimed, "we travel to Antwerp to-night!"

There was a short silence ere Fintry said, sadly: "I wish I could, lad, I wish I could; but I'm absolutely broke till Tuesday, and even then——"

"We travel to Antwerp to-night," repeated Trent, loudly. A full heart sometimes had the effect of making him behave and speak in more or less theatrical fashion. "Leave it to me," he said, with a wave of his hand.

"Has your uncle——" began Fintry, excitedly.

"My uncle be—is, I should say, without feelings of any description whatever. He is, if possible, worse than your aunt."

"Then how on earth——"

"We travel to Antwerp to-night," said Trent, once more. "You ask how? My answer is: I shall sell a picture."

"You'll what?"

Trent looked a trifle annoyed. "Clear out for half-an-hour," he said. "By the end of that time I'll be ready to sell a picture for ten pounds."

Genuinely distressed, Fintry took his friend's arm. "Dear lad, I'm afraid I broke the good news rather suddenly."

Trent burst out laughing. "Good old Bob! But I'm not off my onion yet. Do clear out, and you'll see what I mean when you come back. And, I say, you take charge of the precious ticket."

Barely reassured, Fintry was leaving the studio when Trent called after him, "Bring a taxi with you."

"A what?"

"Oh, Lord, how you do help a fellow! Can't you realize that we must risk something for our little fortunes? Besides, I've seven whole shillings in my pocket."

When Fintry had gone—not without further arguments on his friend's part—Trent went to a further corner of the studio and returned with a canvas some fifty inches in breadth. He set it on the easel, got out his paints, squeezed several upon his palette, selected a brush, and—set his teeth.

The picture was one of his favourites. It had been printed two years ago. Possibly he associated it with less sordid days than the present. He had called it "The Picnic." It represented a party of young men and maidens seated round a large, white cloth spread upon the grass at the edge of a wood. With all its faults it possessed a certain joyousness that would surely have captivated a sentimental, elderly gentleman—had such a person ever entered Trent's studio.

At the end of fifteen minutes Trent paused in his work to consult a page which he tore from the Christmas number. Then he got busy again.

Fintry returned to find him shaking his fist at the picture.

"The taxi—oh, man! what have you done?" Fintry's voice rose to a wail. He was not elderly, but he was sentimental and uncritical enough to regard "The Picnic" as his friend's masterpiece. He sank upon a chair, groaning, and stared at the canvas.

MIDST of the white cloth, where until now a large pie had been depicted—a pie which Fintry had always asserted gave him a hungry pain—the artist had painted a huge, gorgeously coloured tin, bearing in distinct lettering the legend—TRUMPINGTON'S TOFFEE.

"Oh, my poor lad," sighed Fintry, at last, "this is the end of everything!"

"No; I believe it's the beginning," returned Trent, with a wretched attempt at cheerfulness, dropping his palette and brushes. "Now I'm off to Trumpington's—can't afford to keep a taxi waiting at this critical stage of our fortunes. Give me a couple of hours to be back here with ten pounds—no, dash it all! I'll demand guineas! Meantime, you might find out all about our journey—trains, steamers, fares and so on."

He was about to remove the picture from the easel when Fintry said—

"Just a moment, Charlie. I can sell my soul, too." Taking a small scribbling block from his pocket, he smote his forehead with it, made a few grimaces, and began to write. At the end of a couple of minutes he detached a page and, rising, presented it to Trent. "Perhaps it may make the pounds guineas," he said, modestly.

Trent read the following:

At party or picnic,
Behold the guests grab
At Trumpington's Toffee—
One penny per slab!

"If Trumpington prefers it, he can have 'jump' and 'lump,' you know. Or, I daresay, I could work in 'packet,' if necessary."

Trent folded the paper and put it carefully in his vest pocket. "I've no doubt it will help a lot to sell the picture," he said, gravely. "Well, Bob, there'll be sixpence for keeping that taxi waiting——"

"I'll pay it, I'll pay it!" cried Fintry. "I've got a half sovereign intact and a couple of bob."

"Get out!" Trent rejoined, and cautiously taking hold of his masterpiece, he bore it from the studio.

. . . . . .

IN spite of Trent's hopeful prophecy of two hours, it was about five o'clock when he returned to the studio. At the first sound on the stair, Fintry, who had been waiting in the gathering gloom, lit a couple of candles and put a light to the gas fire, having previously propitiated the genius of the meter with the customary coin. He was shivering, but less with cold than anxiety, lest his friend should have encountered disappointment. It was with a shout of relief that he saw the artist enter without any burden.

Trent's smile was subdued, yet cheerful. "Six guineas," he said, exhibiting the gold and silver. "Less than I hoped for, but it will see us through. After all, it was my first deal with Trumpington."

"The swine!" exclaimed Fintry, indignantly. "Then my verse didn't help."

"Oh, but I'm sure it did. I fancy you will be asked to make a few slight alterations," said Trent, rather hurriedly, "but I'm sure it encouraged Trumpington to take the picture." It did not seem worth while to explain to the poet then that his lines were to be altered to the simple, direct and original phrase—"Trumpington's Toffee is the Best."

"Oh, well, I'm quite prepared to make any alteration in reason," said Fintry, mollified.

Whereupon Trent proceeded to give an account of his experiences of the afternoon. Only through patience and perseverance had he obtained audience of the advertising manager. "You see, they were tidying up to get away for Christmas, and couldn't be bothered with callers like myself," Trent explained. "I was nearly giving up in despair when old Trumpington himself passed through the office and caught sight of the picture and also, I think, of my miserable self. At any rate he gave orders that I was to see the advertising manager there and then, said he thought the picture wasn't bad, though he was no judge of such things, and shook hands quite cordially. I've a feeling," he concluded, with a sigh, "that I'd never have sold the thing at all if it hadn't been Christmas Eve."

"Rot!" said Fintry.

"Anyway they'd never have paid me on the spot. I shouldn't wonder if I've to thank old Trumpington for that, also. He was fairly bubbling over with the spirit of Christmas. The advertising manager was pretty sulky—no wonder. I'm afraid I made him lose a train." Trent dropped the money into his pocket. "Let's get out and have a cup of tea," he said, with a yawn. "Somehow I can't feel that I'm about to handle two hundred pounds, Bob."

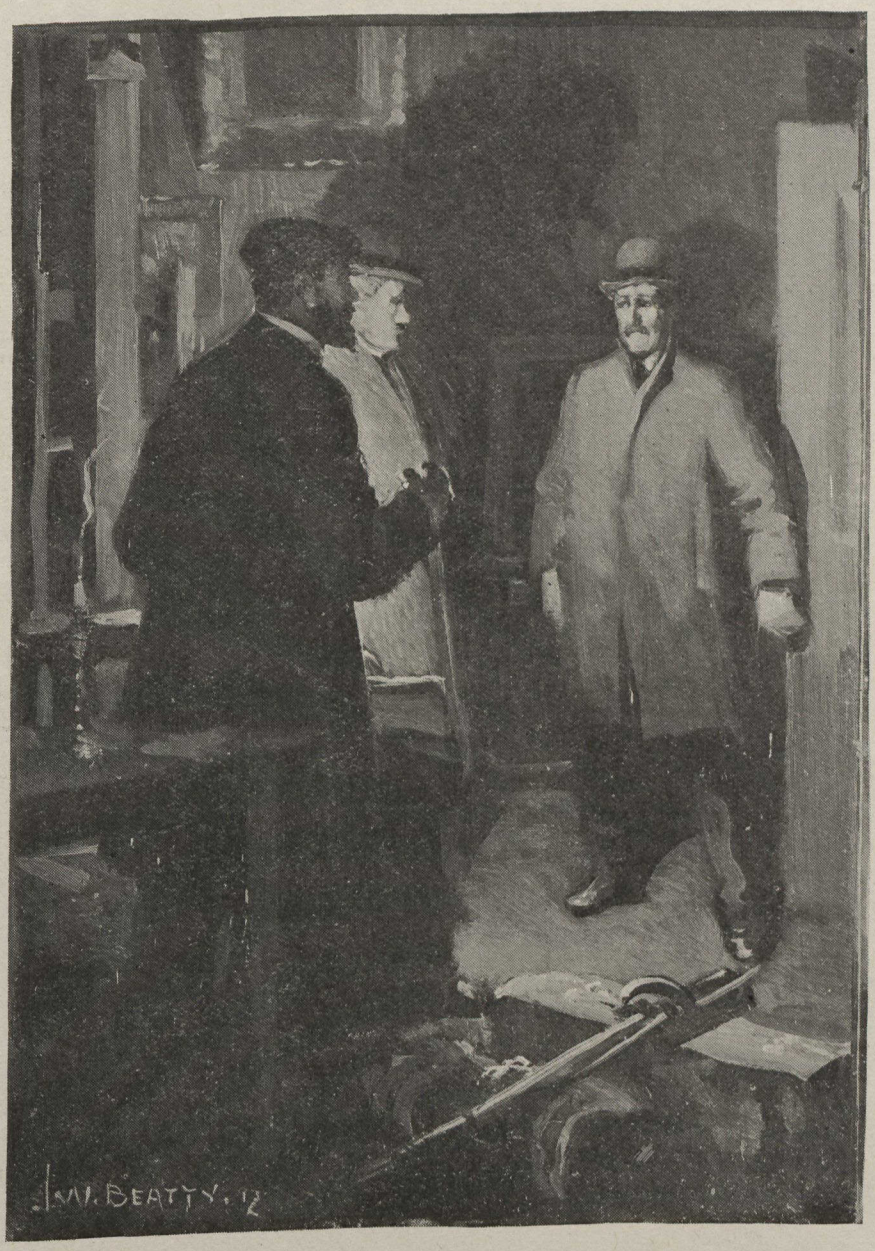
"Same here. But has it occurred to you that we have eaten nothing since breakfast?"

"Oh, that's the trouble!" said Trent, with a short laugh. "And now I realize that we can afford a rattling good dinner. Tea be blowed! Come along, Bob."

"I've been thinking," said Fintry, rising slowly, "that you ought to do the Antwerp trip by yourself—I'll tell you all about the train and so on presently. I don't see why I should cost you——"

"Use your valuable breath to blow out those candles, old chap," Trent interrupted, turning off the gas fire as he spoke. "If it hadn't been for you, we'd have had a pretty sorry Christmas to face. Now, thanks to your wisdom in writing for that prize list, we're going to have the merriest on record. Buck up! Think of it, Bob! Think of Antwerp—apart from the cash altogether. Think what the trip itself will mean to fellows like you and me! Think of those wonderful old buildings. I suppose I'll be horribly seedy on the steamer—but what of that? Meantime we are going to dine as we have not dined for many a long day."

They proceeded to a small retired restaurant where appetites were tempted as well as satisfied at a cost not exceeding a couple of shillings, including the waiter. Trent ordered a bottle of Beane, "with the chill off." Their spirits began to ascend ere they tasted the wine.



"Hullo, Sedley——!"

"That soup did the trick," Fintry remarked. "I suppose it was hunger that depressed us. I must say I was down to the limit. Of course, it must have been rough on you, having to sell 'The Picnic.'"

"I've got over it. I was lucky to notice Trumpington's advertisement in that magazine. In fact, the whole thing was a blessed inspiration. Imagine if we had had to post our lucky ticket to a person we knew nothing about! Think of us waiting for days, wondering whether he would stick to the money or send it on. I suppose it says on the list where the prizes are payable?"

"Oh, yes; that's all right. The money is as good as ours. You'll have to remember some French, Charlie."

TRENT laughed and held up his glass which the waiter had just filled.

"Merry Christmas, Bob!"

"Hooray! . . . . Man, but that tastes good! It's almost worth the misery of being broke. I wish my aunt saw me now."

Later Trent remarked: "I confess I'm glad you thought Sedley was hopeful when you saw him yesterday."

"Oh, ay; he was fine and hopeful. You see, his people can well afford to help him and his family. He told me he had a notion of emigrating if he could raise the wind sufficiently. He has never done any good in Fleet Street, and I doubt if he ever will. All the same—here's to him! And if he decides to go abroad, you and I will give him a hand—eh, Charlie?"

"Rather! At first I felt a bit uncomfortable about the ticket, but now I see we're quite entitled to our luck."

"Of course we are. As a matter of fact, such a lump of money would probably be the final ruin of Sedley. He couldn't take care of it. If his people help him, I hope they'll do it on the instalment plan."

"You know him better than I do," said Trent, filling up his friend's glass. "By the way, Bob, what do you say to coming home by Brussels and Paris?"

"I'm with you, my lad! So long as I come home with enough to get my bookie published——"

"Oh, we're not going on a racket," said Trent, laughing.

"But we're going to have a jolly good time," returned Fintry; "a time to remember. I know one or two fellows in Paris. My goodness, we're a pair of lucky beggars, aren't we? I say—no, I don't want any cheese—I say, let's jot down what we're going to do." He produced pad and pencil. "Turn about with suggestions. Waiter, bring some cigarettes. You begin, Charlie."

For the ensuing hour or so they were immersed in their plans. Doubtless the bottle of Burgundy had something to do with the increasingly elaborate nature thereof; at the same time it is but fair to remember that these two young men had been starved of all luxuries and pleasures for many a day, wherefore their spirits actually went ahead of the wine's stimulation.

Fintry had covered a dozen pages with notes involving an expenditure of something like a thousand pounds when Trent, happening to notice the clock, started and called for the bill.

"We had better get back to the studio, collect our bags and be at the station early," he said.

"Right! Remember you promised to lend me a shirt, Charlie. I've left plenty of room in my bag," laughed Fintry, "for the best of reasons! I must get some raiment as soon as we cash that ticket. Thanks for that good dinner, lad. Never enjoyed myself so much. My goodness! What a time we're having!—what a time we're going to have!"

Presently they were on their way to the studio, arm in arm, as happy a pair of young men as breathed in London that Christmas Eve.

. . . . . .

"WELL, are you ready?" Fintry asked the question, half an hour later.

"I am!" answered Trent, in a tone of the highest satisfaction, and blew out the candles. He inflated his cheeks to extinguish the other.

"I say, Charlie, someone's coming up the stair."

Trent stood up, listening. "I wonder who can want me to-night," he said, slowly. "Pity I haven't a back door. We've little enough time."

"We must just explain we've got a train to catch," said Fintry, in a hushed voice. "Whoever it is is coming up mighty slowly. I've a feeling——"

"What if it should be——"

Neither man finished his sentence. They looked at each other in the dim light. Their eyes sought the floor. Somehow they knew who was coming up so slowly. . . .

"Hullo, Sedley!" they said, together, in poorly feigned astonishment, when the luckless journalist opened the door at last.

Sedley held on to the door; he swayed slightly. His eyes were those of a hunted creature; his face was white and moist.

"Sit down, man," said Trent, suddenly, and stepped forward. "You're ill."

Sedley allowed himself to be led to a chair. He wet his lips and, glancing from one man to the other, said—

(Concluded on page 47.)

ANITA

By ALICE JONES

Illustrated by Arthur Heming

WHEN Eustace Hartley decided to study architecture his father freely expressed his disgust.

"Well, it's your own affair if you choose to drudge all your life planning fine houses for other folks instead of living in them yourself. I won't talk any stuff about cutting you off with a shilling, for I wouldn't be such a fool. Tom will take your place in the business and be the rich man you might have been. I'll do my best to push you in the way you've chosen, only, see here, now," and the big fore-finger was shaken in the fashion that inspired wholesome awe in his surroundings, "if you're going in for being artistic and gen'rally out of the common, fooling round over in Europe, I expect you to do it well. You're not bad-looking and the least you can do is to help the family along with a fashionable marriage, that will make it nice for the girls when they're over there. A lady of title wouldn't sound badly out here where such things aren't so common, but mind, she's got to have money or something."

Eustace laughed, but he knew his father was in earnest. Helping the family along was as much old John Hartley's creed as it was the Rothschilds', and it seemed to have done its share in making him the lumber king of the great lakes. Eustace was the only one of his children who ventured to take his own way with him, generally with success.

When he took it now and started for a year's study in Italy it was with a letter of credit for a good round sum in his pocket and a somewhat grudging paternal blessing. He went straight to Sienna, reaching there as the first flush of spring was touching the Tuscan hills, clothing with rosy mantles the slim almond trees and starring the meadows with daffodils and violets.

In the grim, medieval streets, he entered on his heritage of the past and began an orgy of architecture, the result of which was sketch-books full of careful drawings of loggias and towers, and portfolios of dainty water-colours of faded frescoes in dim old churches and above city gates. At the end of three months there was another result in his engagement and speedy marriage to Anita Terzani, the stary-eyed daughter of the little widow who had let him a room in her apartment, high up in one angle of an old palazzo, shaken and cracked by more than one earthquake. Anita and her mother eked out their minute income by letting this room and by toiling all the long spring days at lace and embroidery of the immemorial Sienna designs.

The girl had been taught drawing in the high school and was clever at it in her small way.

Eustace was soon used to glimpses of Anita's black head bent over her frame, but always readily raised in answer to his occasional small demands. At such times he would note that the curve of oval face was of just the creamy texture of an opening magnolia flower, and would wonder if ever, through the centuries, the dark old palazzo had sheltered a lovelier blossom.

But though he had grown familiar with the sight of her, the first chance he had of really talking to her was one day when Anita had gone to make a careful drawing of the embroidered pillow under the arm of the noble white clad figure of Peace on a frescoed wall in the Palazzo Publico, the pride of Sienna for five hundred years.

Eustace, intent on a careful drawing of the neighbouring chapel arches, spied her through the open doorway and was straightway drawn by the agelong magnet to her side.

Anita's clever fingers seemed less skilful than usual. Perhaps they were a bit tremulous, for in the land of Romeo and Juliet young hearts still catch fire quickly. At any rate, Eustace, laughing at her in the gentlest fashion, took her pencil and note-book and finished the design. Was it to be wondered at, after this, that putting his wits to work he should find good ideas for embroidery patterns on the painted covers of the medieval tax books, the famous Biccherne of the quiet archives galleries, and that he used some magic to persuade the old soldier and enthusiast who guards them to break all rules and leave they two alone while he showed round the parties of tourists.

WELL it was all the old story and had the old ending, the blissful ending of a June morning, when the roses were blooming and the fresh vine leaves glowed like emeralds in the valleys as Eustace and his bride set off in a hired motor for their honeymoon in the Tuscan hill country. The happy bridegroom had no thought for economy just now, though behind his happiness lay the doubts, or rather the unpleasant certainty as to his father's reception of the news that he had married his landlady's daughter, the little embroidery girl, and speculations as to what would happen when his letter of credit should wane like the moon. As a matter of fact it was already well started on that process.

He had gone through some recent wrestlings with his conscience as to the possibility of describing his shabby little mother-in-law as the Contessa Terzani, and although nothing could make Anita daintier and sweeter than she was, yet the Contessina Anita would certainly sound better to his father and might bring another letter of credit.

But John Hartley had a way of getting at the true facts of things, remembering which, his son decided on the thorny path of truth. These misgivings were well tucked away in the mental background, where we keep such things, as they sped

"You're not bad-looking and the least you can do is to help the family along with a fashionable marriage."

The stary-eyed daughter of the little widow.

along the red roads past waving wheat and corn, up among the chestnut and oak woods and down again into valleys by slow winding streams, where the great, white oxen, with spreading horns, toiled along the roads.

They came to a region where the woods pressed lower down the hills and a silence seemed to possess the land. Here there were no field toilers with songs, only a solitary shepherd leading his flock among the arbutus bushes and the flowering lavender that grew among the rocks.

At the wayside inn, where they lunched, the landlord welcomed their advent with the joy of a shipwrecked mariner.

"The signori no doubt go to visit the Castello of the Four Towers? The signori never heard of it? Ah, what a wonder! Why, it was the greatest stronghold of the Panini, and in the wicked old days our grandfathers say they have heard that murder was commoner there than saying your prayers. There is a rich man from Milan, he makes soap for all the world, they say—has bought it now, and he has polished it up till it is like a bride on her wedding-day. But he cannot polish up the souls of the poor Christianis who died in the dungeons or were hung on the towers, and who they say on winter nights—but who knows?" and he crossed himself hastily, before he remembered what an old-fashioned thing it was to do. "At any rate, it is a grand place to see in the blessed sunlight, and old Guiseppe, who served the last of the family, is there still, and will rejoice to show you the castello for a little, little gift, a mere nothing to signori in automobiles."

"LET'S hurry up lunch and get off at once," said Eustace, his professional soul afire, but his little bride wore a disturbed air.

"It sounds like a wicked place, where men were killed," she protested.

"Most likely not half so many as in your Sienna streets and houses," her husband retorted. "Why, that dear old Palazzo Publico that we both love has seen dozens flung out of the windows to be massacred in the street below."

"Ah, but why think of those bad old things!"

"We won't think of them, carissima, if you don't want to, but we'll go and have a look at this Quattre Torre, and if any ghosts show up, we'll run away. Ghosts can't follow motors."

It was worth saying such things to have her slip her soft little hand, the hand that had toiled so bravely, into his, when the landlord's back was turned, and to see her raise her eyebrows in the whimsically appealing fashion he loved.

The stillness of noontide still brooded over the country when the motor was speeding into a region that grew ever wilder and more solitary.

The hills narrowed into a gorge overhung by reddish-brown crags and dark woods of gnarled evergreen oak and ilex. High above, the strip of sky was veiled by threatening masses of cloud, and already a distant thunder growl sounded on the heaviness of the still air.

"Well, if he calls this a good road!" Eustace muttered.

"Ah, caro, let us turn back!" Anita pleaded, nestling closer to him.

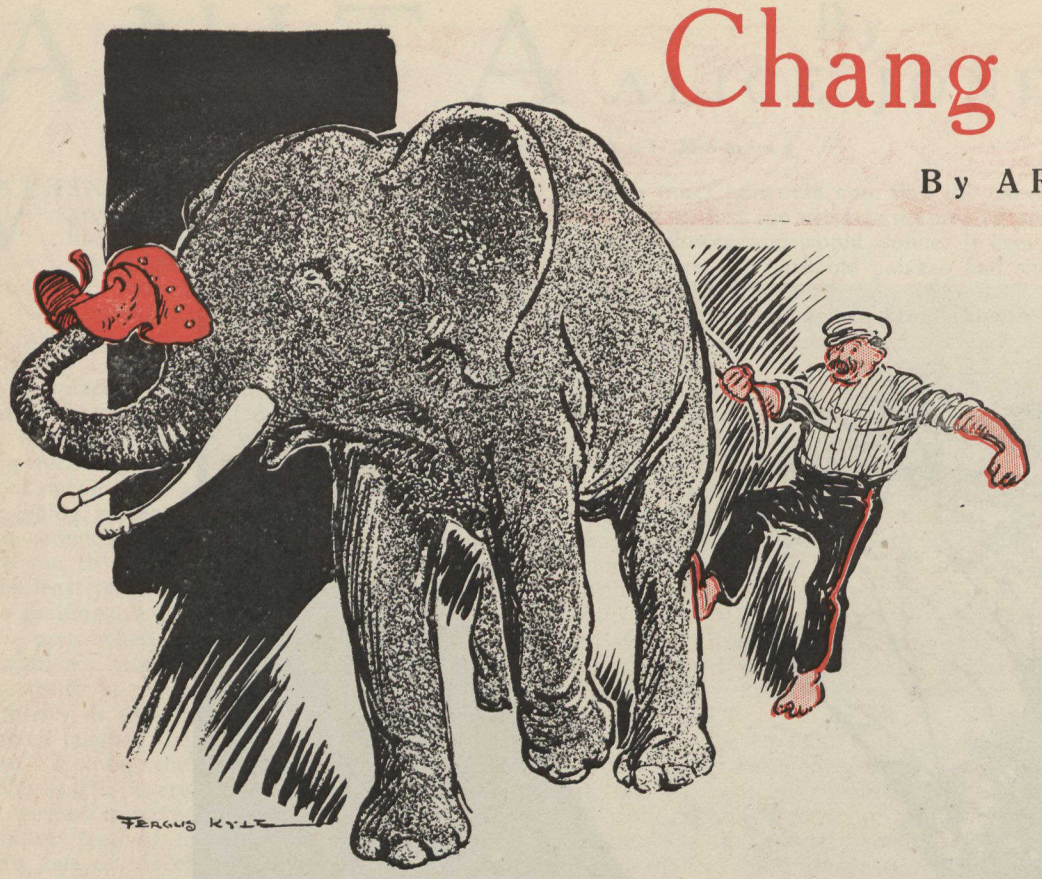
"Can't be done," was his cheerful answer. "There's no room to turn here, so we've got to see

(Concluded on page 27.)

Habitant Contentment

Chang and Ballyhoo

By ARTHUR McFARLANE



"I'll run you out of the show! Quit it! All our money's in it, don't I tell you?"

DRAWING BY FERGUS KYLE

THIS is the story of a new elephant act, and an accident which didn't quite come off.

Chang was the elephant. He was a lank, big-boned, huge-eared, good-natured African who had been caught in a trap-hole when a calf on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. He did not appear in the ring, but he did appear in the parade and in the newspapers. For every "big show" with any self respect possesses an elephant which is positively "the largest elephant on earth." And with the Jungling Brothers' Show, that elephant was Chang.

"Ballyhoo" Jackson, —(a "ballyhoo man" is one who has once acted as "lecturer" for the side show) —was Chang's keeper, trainer and, in general, his white mahout.

This meant that "Ballyhoo" walked beside him in the procession, saw that he ate and drank all that was good for him, and slept with him in "the monster, specially-constructed, private car," at night. In the case of most big elephants, this would have been a good deal of a bore. For in the main they are likely to be stupid. But Chang was not stupid. He had two mightily upswelling, grey-black bulges on the top of his cranium, like the turrets of disappearing guns in their war-paint. He had the vacant space for education. He had an elephant's natural desire for it, and Ballyhoo began to give it to him.

But he did not teach him any of those flummery fancy tricks which take the public eye. Other largest-elephants-on-earth might be taught to push baby carriages and carry doll parasols. Ballyhoo aimed to give Chang a chance to show that he possessed the kind of grey matter you actually *think* with. So he taught him how to line up the four-ton pole waggons, and how to tote "ring banks," and load "Old Hundred"—which is the waggon that carries the quarter poles, and is the heaviest of them all. But the thing to which "Ballyhoo" *really* pointed with pride was this: He had taught Chang how to warm and ventilate that "monster, specially-constructed, private car." At least Chang had come to comprehend that when the air began to feel raw and chilly, he had only to stuff the fanlight with some old sacking piled in the corner. And when it grew uncomfortably hot, he had only to take that sacking out again.

THE sight of Chang doing that tickled Ballyhoo. This was in the Eastern states, where it was never very hot or cold that summer, anyway. But when there *was* a change of temperature, Ballyhoo called on everybody to come and see. If Chang was a bit slow in noticing the change himself, Ballyhoo would remark: "Oh, Chang, old pardner, don't you think it's gettin' a bit sneezy in here?"—Whereupon Chang would start for the sacking at once.

And for the rest of that day Ballyhoo would go around shaking hands with people he wasn't acquainted with. "Did you see that?—*Did* you?—Tchck!—And it's just the result of teachin' an elephant somethin' that it's worth his while to *know!*"

Only there is this to remember. When you have taught an elephant anything, he is never going to forget it. Indeed, the elephant that ever forgot anything would be a curiosity among all his tribe. If, moreover, you have once appealed to his sense of pure reason, you need never try to go back on it. If, again, what he has learned is something in the way of useful information, he is going to put in hours of spare time reflecting upon the advantages of that useful information. He is going to act accordingly forever afterwards. Nor need you ever expect him to do the contrary.

AND the summer after that, the Jungling Brothers' Show was billed to close its season in Vancouver. It spent two months swinging back and forth across the plains. It loitered for another month below the foot-hills. And then one night it began, in a long, twenty hours' "jump," to climb the Divide. . . . .

About three next morning, from his shakedown in the corner, Ballyhoo heard Chang moving about, somewhat restlessly. Opening an eye he saw that he had begun to stuff that sacking into the fanlight. And that tickled Ballyhoo even more than it had in the beginning.

For, "Shivering shakes," he thought, "we've only started up the climb. And this is sure going to be the coldest thing in refrigerator cars before we're rollin' down again!—It's come just the way I told them all. If I hadn't showed Chang, I'd have to be rustlin' out and shuttin' that fanlight myself!"

That was Ballyhoo's idea of it. And he hauled up his old checkerboard quilt, and his two big grey army blankets, snuggled his feet into them, pulled his nose in, and went to sleep telling himself that while Chang mightn't much take to the Rocky Mountain temperature, a little of it would very likely do him good.

That was Ballyhoo's idea of it. But, as it became colder and colder and colder, *Chang's* ideas went something in this way: "Well, say, I don't know as I understand this. It's the same old car, all right,"—and he stood for awhile on the other forefoot: "It's the same old fanlight and the same old sacking. But, polar bears!"—and he tried to get his trunk under his left ear,—"seems to me I've only made it colder! Seems as if this Canadian climate—— But say, maybe I didn't put in that sacking *right?*——"

And sure enough, he had left it so loose that he could see the dawn through it in three places. "I might have known it all the time," he said. And, giving a good, strong, vigorous push,—he shoved the whole bundle through and out upon the other side!——

Now that would have discouraged some people, but it couldn't discourage Chang. For he knew that stuffing things into that fanlight made that car warm. There were two or three sacks left. And in addition to them, there were several things in Ballyhoo's corner that would go to help him out. . . . .

Well, would you believe it, when he had just begun to get those other things wedged in *good* and tight, they went through too, and followed the first down the mountain!——

There was nothing for it. He hadn't intended to. But he had to go back to Ballyhoo's corner again. . . . And after that he had to go a third time. . . .

PERHAPS five minutes later Ballyhoo began to dream he was walking with Chang into a mighty palace,—such as he'd seen on the poster of a Montreal ice carnival once. And the King in it said it was called the Cave of the Winds,—and if he'd wait a minute or two he'd see the winds all turning into icicles. And just about twenty seconds after they *had* turned into icicles, Ballyhoo woke up.

His old checkerboard quilt and his first blanket were out on the Rockies already. And Chang was just then crowding the second one into the fanlight. In fact he was now putting such supreme exertions into the work that you couldn't say that that second blanket ever really *stopped* in the fanlight at all!——

During the first half minute to follow, Ballyhoo attempted desperately to throw Chang to the other end of the car by the tail. Then he had a sudden, horrid thought, and looked for his clothes.

The one thing left was his red parade waistcoat. And Chang had missed that only because it had fallen down behind the bed. There was something else to say about that waistcoat, too: Ballyhoo had six one-hundred-dollar bills sewed up in it. And with a single plunge he gathered it in.

He did it too eagerly. Chang saw him, he saw that waistcoat, and at once, with a new hope, he extended his trunk for *it*.——

Now, from the standpoint of pure reasoning, Chang couldn't see why Ballyhoo couldn't have pointed out that waistcoat to him as soon as he saw that it had been overlooked. For, as he thought it out to himself: "I've tried the sacking, and *that* wouldn't stay in. I've tried the quilts and blankets, and *they* wouldn't stay. I've tried all the rest of his clothes,—I've tried everything *but* that waistcoat. So doesn't that prove that that waistcoat is the very identical article I need?"

BUT Ballyhoo wasn't listening to reason any more than if there'd never been any such thing! With Chang reaching his big rubber hose-length now around this side of him, now around that, he kept flinging himself up and down that "monster, specially-constructed, private car." And, *"Quit it!"* he kept yelling: "Git *away!*—Oh, I'll fix you for *this!*—*Stop* it; I tell you!"

But Chang didn't stop. He wasn't that kind.

And then Ballyhoo lay down with his red waistcoat. He'd got an arm through one side of that parade waistcoat, and he reckoned if he could once get it buttoned up on him, he'd be all right.

But by the time he'd got his arm through that one side, Chang had got hold of the other. And then, firmly and convincingly, he began to pull.

"Quit it!" yelled Ballyhoo again: "Quit it!—You old bat!—Ain't it enough that you've got me pretty near froze' to death the way it *is!*"

And that was precisely the point Chang wanted to make. For what was the use of their freezing to death when,—if Ballyhoo only chose to stop and think a moment,—they could both of them soon be all snug and comfy again?——But, if one partner had renounced the use of his intellect, the more reason why the other should use *his*. And he began to put decision into his grasp. He began to pull, indeed.

For his part, Ballyhoo even stopped arguing now. He simply flattened himself there, and tried to get a grip on the straw with his teeth, and on the floor boards with his fingernails, and to kick Chang's chest in with his bare feet. His one idea was to roll himself back on that waistcoat as fast as Chang rolled him off it. And, "Oh, you wait till I get out of here!" he cried: "I'll feed you dynamite!—I'll run you out of the Show!—I'll beat you to death!—Quit it!—all our money's in it, don't I tell you?—*Quit it!—Quit it!!!*"

Chang understood all that. And it seemed to him that he had never seen Ballyhoo show himself so

(Concluded on page 45.)

SANTA CLAUS FLYING ROUND THE EARTH IN HIS NEW AERIAL CAR

Drawn by J. Duncan.

Sometimes Santa Claus is accused of getting old-fashioned. People tell him that the Reindeer are too slow. Last Christmas he surprised the Polar bears by building a flying machine which puts everything else into the shade. This year his car is called the Flying Cracker, and with it he hopes to deliver more presents than ever before. Little children never see Santa Claus, because all his work is done very late at night when the stars are twinkling in the sky and the lights gleaming in the towns.

THE PASSING OF OUL-I-BUT

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by Arthur Heming

"That is why," she said, with a tinge of regret at her own words.

CHAN-TIE, the Curlew, sat on a rock near the end of Great Bear Point and gazed blankly north at the Arctic ocean. Spring had not yet weakened the chill manacles of that rock-bound coast, and the heavy ice stretched from her very feet, but Chan-tie's expression reflected nothing of the light of the strengthening sun.

She turned her broad fat face to her mother: "aule-lik-tahai" (let us start), she said slowly.

But Kug-yi-yuk, the Swan was old, also she was comfortable, also she was busy making the master of all husky fish-hooks. One set of lean brown sinewy fingers held a glistening fish bone, three inches long, and the other set ceaselessly twisted a needle-pointed flint into one end of it. She bent over it twisting and screwing till the flint point poked through, then she looked at Chan-tie with a grunt of satisfaction. "It is good, but I am a fool!"

Chan-tie's face betrayed nothing: "Why?" she asked, lazily.

The old woman's eyes peered out across the level ice. Half a mile from shore a lumpy line of hummocks broke its crystalline surface, and, behind these, out of sight of the caribou that walked out to sun themselves, lifted a clump of dome-like mounds. From the height on which they sat a brownish yellow figure could be seen; it crept slowly from one dome to another, then stooped and disappeared. Kug-yi-yuk pointed:

"That is why" she said, with a tinge of regret at her own words, "Oul-i-but lost two yesterday, and, see, I make him another."

She leaned back, and behind the film over her glazed eyes there moved something memorial and tender. It did not seem so long ago, that time when Oul-i-but had stalked into the women's quarters and put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Come." She had come, willingly and with not a little pride, for Oul-i-but was the strongest man and the best hunter of the tribe, and she had never regretted it. Now—even as the fish-hooks had dropped from his palsied fingers into the green abyss below—her mind sank into the depths of an unwonted reflection.

The sun dropped slowly, but her busy hands stayed not, whatever her thoughts. She rounded the jagged hole and pushed another bone nearly through it, pointing upward, till the two made a V with one leg shorter than the other, then she lashed the angle firmly with sinew and punched another hole for the line. "It is finished," she said sharply, "Pi-huk-tuk" (let us go home).

They clambered carefully down the smooth rocks, and, once on the level ice, Chan-tie looked curiously at her mother. "What is it?" she ventured. "Will he go?"

Kug-yi-yuk's leathern face sharpened into a grim despair. "Yes—my daughter, he will go."

THERE was no one about in the camp when they reached it. A few sharp-nosed, bushy-tailed dogs smelt at them, but, scenting no meat, set off to look for game of their own. The older woman stopped at the tunnel that led into the largest igloo, and crawled in on her knees, Chan-tie following. Within, the light spread dimly, revealing a blackened dome pierced by a small square hole, through which a spot of sky looked strangely blue. Over against the wall an old man lay on a deer skin and stared at them with blank eyes. In the middle of the igloo a hole was cut, and the clean green water lipped its dirty edge. Around and against the circular wall the floor was raised, and here fur robes and deer-skin clothing lay in heaps.

Kug-yi-yuk stooped over the old man. His face was drawn like parchment and the cheek bones stood out sharp and white. "Oul-i-but is hungry," she said softly.

Her husband raised himself slowly and lifted his dim eyes to her own. "I will eat now," he whispered weakly, "and then eat no more."

"It is the end," wailed Kug-yi-yuk, throwing herself face down beside him.

Oul-i-but looked at her for a moment, his features like a mask, then turned to Chan-tie. "You have heard," he said dominantly, "I would eat."

Chan-tie returned his stare, but there was wonder and terror in her own. Then she picked up a copper knife. Its blade was long and of the yellow metal that lies in lumps on the shore of Victoria Land, and its haft, a dull brown wood, was teak from the bones of a vanished British ship.

Her father followed every movement, for Chan-tie was slow and did things with a dull deliberation, but Oul-i-but had reasons for not being in a hurry. She hacked a piece of ice, fresh water ice, from the blackened walls of the igloo, punched a hole in it and put a wooden skewer through the hole. Then she found a shallow stone lamp, of the shape that was used on the hills of Thrace two thousand years before, and into the lamp put a handful of moss, and over the moss poured seal oil. Then, with flint steel and touchwood from her fire bag and a few short vigorous strokes and a careful puffing of round fat cheeks, the oil rippled into a yellow white flame. Lastly, she put the lamp nearly under the piece of ice that swung on the skewer, and watched it drip slowly into a pan.

ALL of this Oul-i-but saw, and, tottering to the hole, took Kug-yi-yuk's fish-hook in his fingers and with weak skillfulness fastened it to a long line of twisted sinew. The end of this he passed over a forked stick and attached it to a string of dew claws that quivered and sounded with the slightest motion. He sat motionless. Behind him lay Kug-yi-yuk in a heaving heap and, in front, Chan-tie held out blubber and a bowl of water, but Oul-i-but moved not.

An hour passed. Outside, the noises of camp came faintly; dogs barked and men called—and then—suddenly—the string of dew claws trembled and tinkled. Oul-i-but snatched at the taut line and pulled nervously. It came in through his lean fingers till below, in the green depths, the lithe shape of a salmon flashed at the end of his quivering line. Soon, as the water heaved, the old arms tired. Instantly the great fish plunged—the hook parted, and the sinew lay slack in Oul-i-but's grasp.

He peered at the line and pressed it between his bony finger-tips. Kug-yi-yuk had lifted her head and stared at him from the floor. Chan-tie's eyes, big with wonder and fear, were fixed on him. He stood up, very gently drew in the line, and laid it in a coil at his feet. "Bring Nun-ok," he said slowly, "I would see Nun-ok."

At the words Kug-yi-yuk wailed anew and crawled to her husband's feet. "Wait, Oul-i-but, wait. Not now."

But Oul-i-but only said wearily, "I am very tired, and I must go," and motioned to Chan-tie, who got down on her knees and crawled shapeless into day-light. Then there was silence in the igloo save for the old woman's sobs. Over the lamp the ice dripped slowly into the bowl and strange shadows of Oul-i-but's figure were thrown on the curving wall, till Nun-ok, the Bear—the son-in-law of Oul-i-but, shuffled in. He was short and broad and the black hair lay sleek in a straight line above his beady black eyes. He knew what was coming, so waited till the old voice sounded again.

"Oul-i-but is weary. I would go as a chief of my tribe, and since I have many years, I will go to-morrow."

Nun-ok's heart stirred within him. Thirty years ago, Oul-i-but had taken him hunting. In mid-winter he had taught him to fish, and whiled away the long darkness with tales and ancient legends of the Arctic. In the spring he used to guide him to the sleeping walrus, and stand between the lad and a quick death in green water. In the summer, when the bands of caribou does came north to drop their young, it was Oul-i-but who saw that the boy fleshed his long copper knife, and so, through all the seasons of danger and ease, of plenty and of hunger, Oul-i-but walked beside Non-uk, till manhood came to the young hunter and he took Chan-tie to wife.

NON-UK had seen much of death—he had lived on the edge of it for years, and many old men had departed on the way that Oul-i-but would go. So he did not mind that so much, but it also meant that the tribe would have to move, and this was regrettable, for opposite, where the grey rocks came down to the rim of the land, there was a cliff, and beyond the cliff a flat expanse over which one could drive the caribou to their plunging destruction. Therefore, he knew that this summer he would not see the fat, grey, tumbling deer drop smashing on to the pointed rocks, as they had the summer before. But also, remembering many things, he looked long and understandingly at Oul-i-but, till he caught the old man's eyes, and in them brooded the mystical shadow of mortality. So with full leadership pending over him, Non-uk drew himself up as becomes a leader and said, "To-morrow my father shall go as a chief goes."

The women watched Oul-i-but for a time after Non-uk departed. There was something in the finality of the men's speech that had answered all their questionings. He no longer seemed ancient and helpless, for was he not a wise traveller about to take the most wonderful journey of all? In the season of the year drifting ice fields, carefully chosen, were used to carry the tribes to their hunting and fishing grounds. That was a long journey and a slow one. But Oul-i-but, brave chief, was going on a still longer journey and never before was he so sure of the journey's end.

The peoples that suck at the paps of a fruitful earth are not thereby rendered brave and tender, but rather those, who, in the stark and iron-bound wilderness, wage an endless war against danger and famine. So it was that his kin turned with

love to Oul-i-but. There was no more place for tears or lament, his going was settled.

Nun-ok, the Bear, passed the word to Aiv-ik, the Walrus, and Tuk-tu, the Caribou—and, from the naming of these men, it may be seen that they were hunters all. They met as the Arctic night came down, and, ere the shimmering Aurora had reached its zenith, the last igloo of Oul-i-but took form. Twenty feet in diameter the base blocks circled, and Nun-ok stood inside, deftly locking them together as they rose with diminishing sweep.

Soon the white dome was out of reach, and he cut a block of his own and stood on it, while Aiv-ik and Tuk-tu swung their long knives beneath the ripples of red and yellow and green that spilled out of the wonderful arch of flame overhead. There was no waste of time or energy as the igloo rounded and closed its perfect curve. Then Nun-ok cut a six-inch square hole in the middle of the roof, hewed his way out at the floor line, builded the exit and the tunnel, and, on top, stuck a gleaming walrus tusk; that all men might know that this was the house of death.

With the grey of dawn a whisper ran through the camp, and, ere morning came, the great igloo was seen, a little way apart, broad and high, with the walrus tusk glinting on its top. Then they all knew, and Oul-i-but himself tottered over and scanned it as closely as his dim eyes might, and, feeling the slow curve of its rising walls, his soul was glad, for, in his memory, no chief had gone away in so big an igloo as that. So he went slowly back and told Kug-yi-yuk and Chan-tie that all was well, and asked for the things that he had made and found and treasured all his life.

THE hearts of the women, having put away their weeping, were full of a great desire to serve this way-farer, and they brought, first, his copper knife and the short spear with the steel head that bit through the walrus hide and sank deep, while the haft shot up to the surface through troubled waters. Also his long steel knife that he got from the Englishman who sought the end of the earth, even though Oul-i-but told him that only death lived there. He had seen the Englishman once again after blowing the snow off his face, as he lay in the place of death. Then Kug-yi-yuk found his flint that came from Lind Island, where Victoria Strait turns north to the ocean; and the steel and finger ring that the captain of a whaler had given him for a white bearskin.

All these things were placed beside the old man, and then the women ransacked far corners and brought out new caribou robes, a fishing line and hooks and a lamp, all new and fit for the use of the departing chief. His fingers were trembling among them when Nun-ok thrust in his broad shoulders. "It is ready—my father."

Oul-i-but climbed to his feet, and, for a space, turned his eyes slowly to all parts of the igloo. Nun-ok and the women were silent and motionless, while, for a long time, the old man stood with lips parted in an inaudible whisper of farewell to his home. He stooped and crawled painfully into daylight. At the mouth of every mound, grey figures stood watching his fated steps, and wolfish dogs crouched without a quiver, their jaws gaping like spots of crimson, picked out with glistening fangs. On one side lifted the black cliffs, and, to the north, the level ice blinked league after league to the place of death that the Englishman had found.

So he passed through the watching tribe to his last home and Chan-tie and Kug-yi-yuk spread the robes and others brought food—deer meat from the last great hunt of last summer, and walrus flesh of the day before, and long strips of soft delicate blubber; fish stiffened in the frost, and leaves of the tea muskeg that they had got from Yellow Knife Indians near the Bay. The hunting had been good all winter and the traveller was glad of it, for, when one is going to the best country of all, it is much more comfortable to leave one's tribe in a state of happiness and plenty than in misery and want.

Then his friends trooped in with kindly words, trooped in till the place was carpeted with small, round, brown men whose quick narrow eyes swung restlessly from Oul-i-but to the meat. So the feasting began, and they ate as do those who need neither fire nor water for existence.

He watched them—these friends, tried and true. He did not touch flesh. His figure was tense and rigid, his eyes more blind than ever, but within moved memories, stirred into life by this parting feast and the faces around him. The women had gone, for this was man's business, and Kug-yi-yuk's devotion was at an end. The hours passed till the eating ceased, and the gaze of his guests turned toward him; and all fear and regret and doubt fell away, for the gods of the silent places had spoken to Oul-i-but.

"Un-wak, the night, has come for me," he said, slowly rising, and surveying them with uncertain vision, "and I have asked you to come and eat, that I may say good-bye. I go on a long journey. At the end will be your friends and mine, who have gone already. But, before I go, I would speak of myself, that you may remember Oul-i-but, the Shining ice, that was so long your chief."

NUN-OK, still sucking a strip of blubber, got up; Oul-i-but waved him down: "The time will be when you will do all the speaking, as I do now."

The ring of copper-coloured faces swung toward Non-uk and, as the beady eyes glanced sidewise at him, the whites of them shone lustrous between their narrow lids. A little murmur, half amused, half indignant, ran through the igloo; then Oul-i-but's tired old voice creaked on:

"It is well that you should remember that I was your chief—that I made this tribe brave and strong." He hesitated a moment and then shouted weakly, "Who was your greatest hunter?"

The brown men swayed as they sat, and called back, "Oul-i-but."

"Who was your strongest man?"

Again the echo thundered, "Oul-i-but was the strongest."

"And now, who was the bravest?"

"Oul-i-but," the answer came, but not so certainly as before.

The old man peered from face to face and said bitterly, "Will any come with me on my long journey?"

A hush fell in the igloo. It was as if the black-eyed men were suddenly petrified, and, in the silence, could be heard the women's voices outside calling to the dogs. Oul-i-but's thin lips lifted, showing the rusty teeth and shrunken gums within. "Now—who was the bravest man?"

The still circle twitched into life, and the black eyes gleamed. "Oul-i-but," they answered, and this time with no uncertainty.

"I have told you that I am going to see our friends. They will ask about you. What shall I say to your first wife, Aiv-ik?"

A grin flashed from man to man. Aiv-ik was troubled, but they knew he must answer. He dared not send word, that this second one was either better or worse than the first; he feared trouble at home as much as he did angering a spirit.

"There is nothing to tell," he said, sulkily. "I will wait and carry the word myself."

Oul-i-but nodded wisely. "And for my part I will say nothing save what you would have her know. There is a word, however, for yourself ere I go. I bid you change your throwing of the spear. It is well to remember, that, from your kayack, two spears length is enough. On the ice, the foot tells when it is firmly placed, but you throw from your kayack as from strong ice."

Aiv-ik, not a little angered, got up quickly, but a growl rippled round the silent circle. Oul-i-but turned to Non-uk, and his trembling arms went about the man's broad shoulders.

"My son will be a great chief and the tribe will grow strong and follow where he leads, and I would speak because you are the new chief. It is easy to go first, and the paddle is like a duck's feather in your hands, and the kayack sings under you, when you kill the fat black seals. And it is easy to be wise and brave, when the caribou cover the plains like moss, and the salmon and trout feed in the shallow water. All this I have seen, long ago before you were children, and my heart is weary with remembering. But, when the ice closes up tight, and Un-orri, the north wind, blows, then the caribou go south to the land of little sticks, and the sky is no longer dark with the goose and the swan and the big grey ducks. The walrus moves slowly along the bottom of the sea, and only his nose is beyond the water of his blow-hole when he comes up to breathe. Nun-ok, the bear, walks abroad, and he also seeks food, while the she-bear lives and starves beneath the banks of snow that she may bring forth her young. Then also come hunger and the sickness that takes men in their sleep, and then it is that you must remember that you are a chief."

"Even as my father," said Nun-ok, looking at him steadfastly.

The bent figure straightened and a glimmer lit the fading eyes. "You have spoken. Not till you give yourself for the tribe, will you have the heart of a chief."

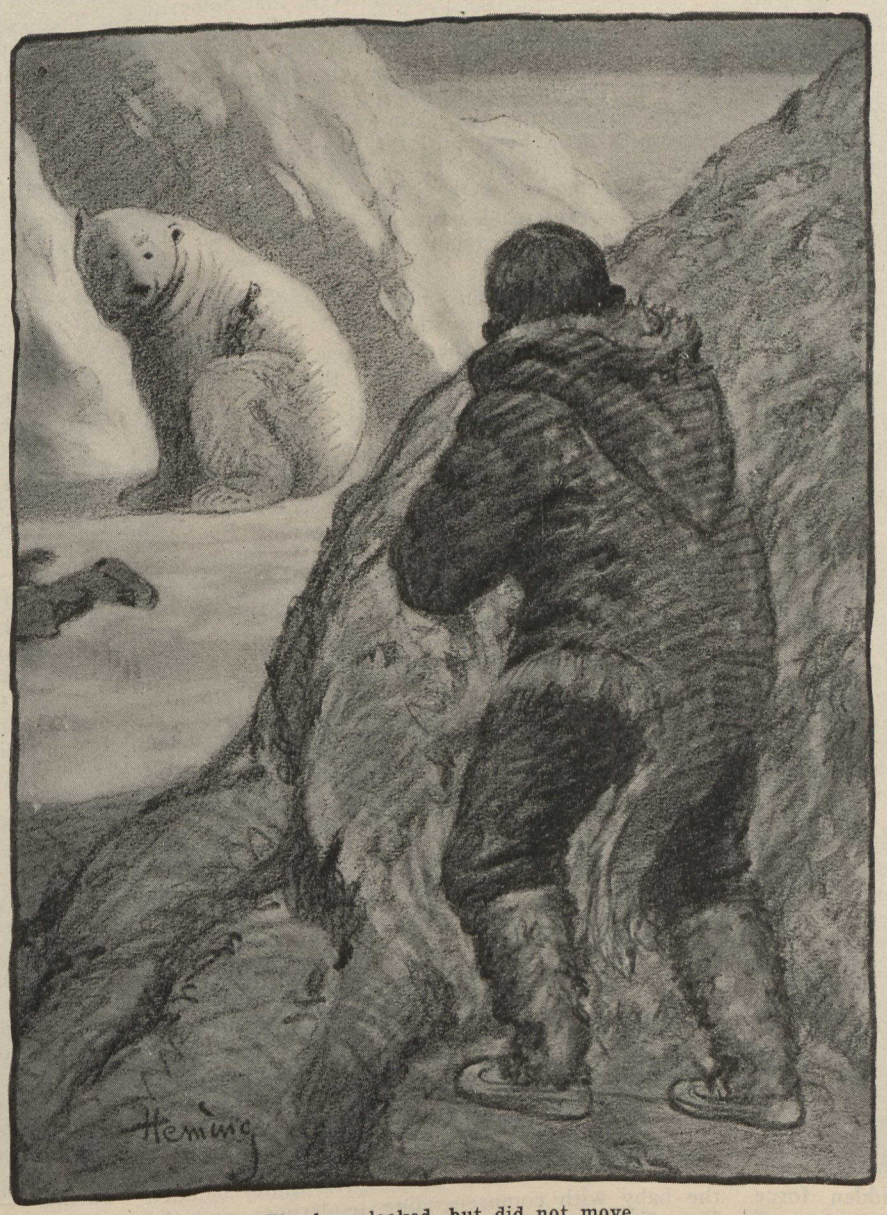
Nun-ok stooped and fingered the string of dew claws that lay with the rest of the traveller's gear. "Tell us of these before you go," he said, swinging them into tinkling rhythm.

THE circle leaned forward, imperceptibly closing in. The black eyes grew blacker and brighter, like little sparks of diamond flame in which glittered the lust and fury of the chase. And into the turmoil of their thoughts dropped Oul-i-but's voice, old, cracked and weak, but broken and burning with the memory of that great hunt.

"It was a long time ago, before my people came down the narrow water that leads to the big sea where there are no holes in the ice. It was the middle of the winter, and the rest was as I have told you—famine and sickness. Un-orri blew for many days and the ice was thick, and a great white bear came and walked round our igloos, and we could see his footmarks at the doors, for he, too, was very hungry. So, on the third day, the father of Aiv-ik and the father of Tuk-tu went out to kill him, for I was very sick and could not hold my spear. All that day we waited, but they came not, nor heard we any noise of man or bear.

"On the morning of the fourth day, the mother of Tuk-tu, being very hungry, was also brave; and walked out to see, and came to a big hummock that was north of the camp. There she saw the father of Aiv-ik

(*Continued on page* 36.)



The bear looked, but did not move.

Two Christmas Eves

Tale of a Love that Came by the Long Way Round and the Short Way Home

By ETHELWYN WETHERALD

THAT enormous force we call physical weakness, which cuts down the strong and brings them to earth helpless as a newborn infant, had Mrs. Maginnis in its grip. She lay on her bed, an inert mass of flesh, her soul speaking only through the hollow eyes. She now opened them widely in a last effort to express the one wish of her heart, which she was unable to speak. She had come to a sudden overpowering realization of the fact that she was dying and that her only little child was unprovided for. Miss Martindale, one of the women for whom she had worked, was sitting by the bed facing her and intently watching her. The yearling baby lay asleep in Miss Martindale's arms. Suddenly concentrating her vestiges of strength in a last convulsive movement, the dying woman put out a leaden hand, clutched her friend by the loose front of her silk blouse, and, drawing it a little forward, joined it to the skirt of the baby's tiny dress, twisting the two fabrics together as though she would make them one and inseparable. The light of instant understanding flashed into Miss Martindale's face.

"Yes—yes—yes!" she said with clear solemnity. "I will take care of her. She shall be my little girl."

The leaden hand relaxed, the eyes closed and the patient relapsed into hard-breathing unconsciousness. She remained in that condition twenty-four hours. The doctor came and tried to ease her breathing by means of a hypodermic injection of some quieting potion. She did not wince when the needle pricked the flesh. "She is a long way off," he said.

A LONG way off! Miss Martindale repeated the phrase many times during the endless night of watching. She was alone in the house that Christmas Eve with the sleeping baby and the dying mother. She was not afraid of death; it had been a too familiar figure in her own home. An invalid sister, a paralyzed aunt, a father helpless for long years—the life of each had been extended through her ministering care. When Death had claimed them, and her mother had followed shortly after, she had had the useless feeling of a prop that is cast aside because no longer needed. Her own life had been wholly adjectival, subordinate. There came to her a delicious sense of being at last an individual with a career of her own. She had cared for the invalid members of her family because there was "no one else"; she had nursed her washerwoman through the perils of a contagious disease because there was no one else; and now, crowning joy of her life, she was to have this little child for her own, because there was emphatically no one else.

True, there was a father, the most negligent and negligible of parents. He had married the laundress for the sufficient reason that she had a trade which, regularly practised, would support them both. He represented himself to her as a doer of odd jobs, but she soon discovered that it was a very odd job indeed that could fix his wandering fancy. She kept him decently clothed, but when asked for money to pay for the liquor that was to render him even more worthless than he was by nature, she refused. This denial led to the interchange of high-coloured epithets and a general breaking up of the pretty tea-set upon the possession of which the young wife prided herself. When the tea-pot flew past his ear and crashed on the wall behind him, splashing him with scalding liquid, he left the house without ceremony, vowing he would never enter it again. Mrs. Maginnis had followed him out to the gate, screaming after him that he was the most houndish scoundrel God ever set on two feet. That was before the baby was born—more than a year ago—and no one could say whether Maginnis was alive or dead.

The dying woman breathed loudly and regularly in the inner room—the last ebbing waves of life breaking on the unknown shore of death. But Miss Martindale, so far from being dominated by the oppressive influence of the hour, was alive with a sudden rich sense of possession, the most luxurious sensation her starved heart had known. She was one of those women in whom the longing and capacity for motherhood are united to an unconquerable old maidishness. This little dimpled scrap of helplessness, so dependent, so confiding, so absolutely at her disposal, gave her a sense of sudden and immense good fortune. That hidden force which had drawn Mrs. Maginnis a long way off on her strange and difficult journey was not more strong than the power which, welling up in an old maid's heart, was consecrated to the well being of this unrelated child. The chambers of her brain were illumined with pictures of its upbringing—its training, education, gifts, friends, ambitions. The central thought of her consciousness was that the little one was all her own.

The fact was intensified by succeeding months of their life together. The little girl soon learned to call her "My Mamma," and to speak of herself as "Mamma's baby." By the time she was able to climb stairs in advance of her adopted parent, though she had to be carried down, she had added to this vocabulary "Bah" for Bad (applied to inconsiderable cupboard corners, chair legs, and low shelves, against which her inexperienced head had suffered impact); "Ha" for Hot (a fascinating adjective, applicable not only to stoves and lighted lamps, but also at unexpected moments to shovel and lid lifter. There was also another word, a long drawn "Ah-h-h" of love and admiration accompanied by an upstretched pointing little finger, at such times as the baby chanced to see the moon between the branches of the tall pine tree that sheltered Miss Martindale's window. To her who in the love of nature holds communion with a very small child, who is learning a very large language, there is continual entertainment. At such times as the pointing pink finger called attention to the sunset or the moonrise, Miss Martindale was sure she was cherishing an embryo artist in her home. When on such occasions as the coming of a neighbour's child to play with her, or the discovery of a horse and carriage at the door, the little girl's emotions transcended the power of speech, and she overflowed into delicious, inarticulate but most expressive babblings, it was plain that the lecture platform was beckoning to her. Occasionally when she used the dust cloth with unwonted zeal on the doors of the sideboard it would seem that domestic happiness, that only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall, was to be her destiny. But when Miss Martindale said grace at the table, and the baby in the high chair beside her "put patties pretty" by placing the palm of one inexpressibly charming little hand into the palm of the other, the small countenance above wore an expression that made her seem for the time a visitant from sinless shores, whose further existence on this planet could not reasonably be expected.

THE child brought many exquisite moments into Miss Martindale's life. It was impossible to say whether she was more adorable when she woke in the morning with the dew of sleep upon her, or laid the weight of a playworn little body against Miss Martindale's happy shoulder when she went to rest at night. She was almost a miracle of good health. Once only had she taken cold, which settled in her eyes with such results that the white lids were sealed in the morning, the baby being unable to open them, though the movements of the grey-green orbs were plainly visible beneath, giving a piteous look of saintly resignation to her chubby rosiness. The doctor speedily relieved the situation. He lingered a moment in open admiration of the plump little chest, straight back and tapering limbs. The baby snatched at his gloves and bit the buttons with her sharp little teeth. Then she smiled at him saucily. "She is a beautiful child," said the doctor.

"Yes, and she's learned two new words. What does the clock say, darling?"

"Tack," cried the child.

"And what does Baby say when she wants some bed and buttie?"

"Bees," was the prompt response.

"Please, of course," hastily explained the infant's proud possessor. "Doesn't she speak plain?"

Two of her friends who took almost as much interest in the little one as Miss Martindale herself, were the Rev. Francis Linley and his wife. They knew better than anyone else what Miss Martindale had done for the baby, and, to even a greater degree, what the baby had done for Miss Martindale. The Linleys were "very English" in the descriptive phrase of this Canadian town. Mrs. Linley handled the baby with comprehending tenderness, and the Rev. Francis gave her frequent rides on his foot the while he warbled a bit of an old English nursery song:—

"Timothy turn the mangle, there's a darling, do!
You do one good turn for me and I'll do one for you.
You know I love you as a brother and one good turn deserves another,
So Timothy turn the mangle, there's a darling!"

IT was on the child's next December, on a decidedly wintry morning, there came a peremptory rap at the door. Miss Martindale, with the little girl clinging to her skirts, opened it and confronted a dissipated looking tramp, who said truculently,

"I want me gurril."

"Your girl?" queried the lady in surprise.

"Yis. There she is. Come to yer daddy, ye little gossoon."

The baby shrank back from the strange face and rough voice. A great terror seized and shook the woman.

"She is not your child," she cried, "she is mine." She strove to slam the door in the intruder's face, but a broken-booted foot placed firmly in the aperture kept the door ajar.

"Whisht, me good leddy, there's no use disthortin' facts—see?" His eyes were ugly, his breath appalling. "That's little Glory Maginnis and I'm her daddy come to claim me own. No use yer makin' a splutter."

"She's my little girl," declared the woman. "You can't take her. You're a bad, *bad* man."

"Bah! *Bah!*" cried the child, striking the palm of her left hand with the back of her doubled-up right first (where had she learned such a gesture if not through direct heredity?) and shaking the same clenched fist under the nose of her gratified parent.

"Trouble for somebody," he chuckled delightedly. "There's the good Irish grit for you. Come to yer daddy and he'll get you some candy."

"You shan't!" screamed the woman.

"I will!" shouted the man.

Residents on a particularly quiet street of a little Ontario town on a certain December morning were amazed to see from their windows the spectacle of a small, middle-aged woman, without hat or wrap, her grey hair in disorder, her face distorted with emotion, running after a half-drunken lout with a screaming child in his arms. The poor woman's limbs gave way at the minister's gate

"Stop him," she cried, as Mr. Linley ran to her assistance. He is stealing my baby."

The Rev. Francis not only stopped him but forced the wailing child from him, and held her close in his arms against the wintry wind. Then he went home with the Irishman and presently returned with a grave face and no baby.

"I don't see what you can do, Miss Martindale. The law gives the child to the father. The man is married again. His wife seems like a decent though rather vulgar woman, and they have a neat little home. She says she is fond of children. I feel sure she'll be kind to our little Glory.

Miss Martindale bowed her face into her hands and her shoulders shook. "Kind?" she echoed. My baby doesn't want kindness. She wants *me.*"

"It's a shame," said Mrs. Linley, "after all you've done for the child to lose her now."

"I don't care for what I've done. I don't care for anything except just to keep her. For nearly a year she has slept within reach of my hand at night and has never been out of my sight by day. I've fed my heart on her prettiness, her lovableness, her witching little ways. I can't give her up. I can't!"

The next day when the Linleys called on her they found a dejected, spiritless woman, with the marks of tears and sleeplessness on her pallid face. She began at once to speak of the one subject that filled her thoughts.

"I meant to bring her up so beautifully—to have her gentle and refined and give her a good education."

"Well, of course," began the minister, "there may be opportunities yet for you to mould the child's character and future. There is no reason why you should not keep an oversigl —an influence——"

"Oversight? Influence?" interrupted the old maid

(Concluded on page 43.)

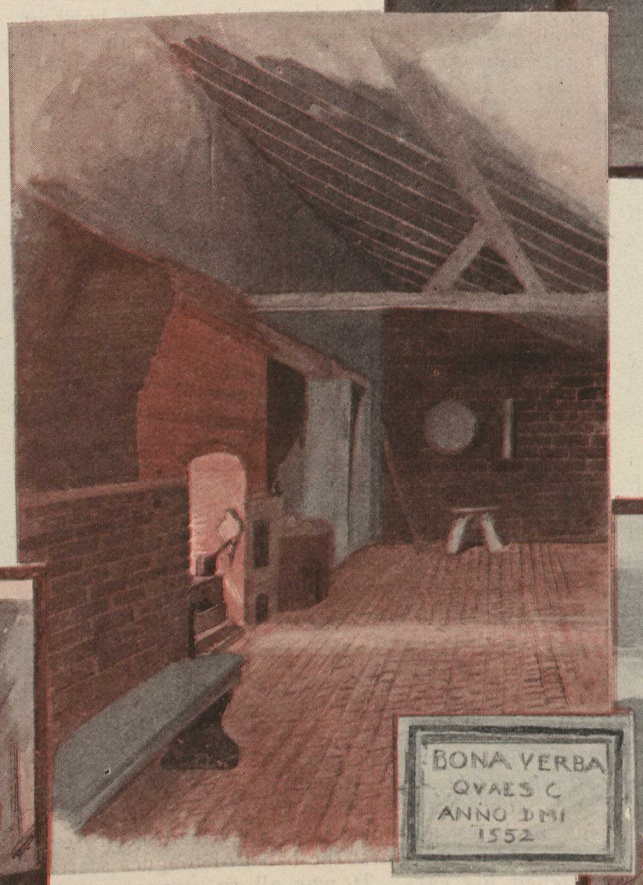
A Song of Christmas

In Good Old England

Verses by Madison Cawein
Drawings by Percy Home

I.

THE north wind blows
The snow clouds up,
And through the snow
The church bell rings;
Shrill on the hob the kettle sings,
So heap the fire and fill the cup
And let us welcome
Christmas in.

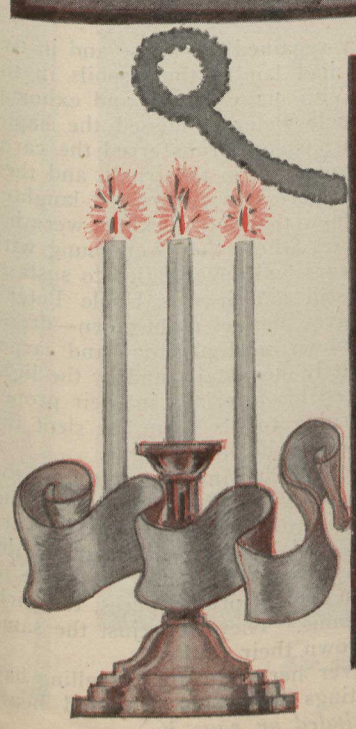


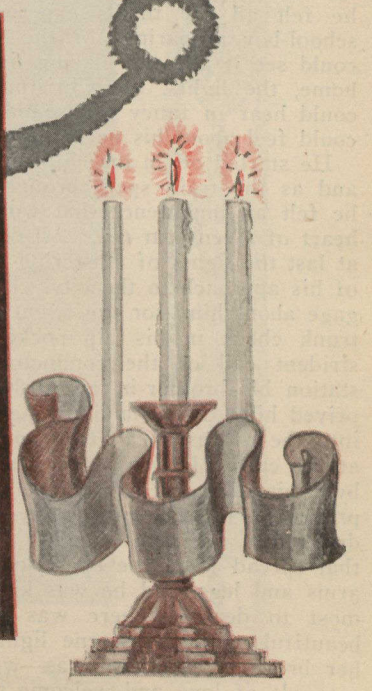
II.

The frost is keen on field and knoll,
And lights are bright in church and hall;
Come gather, gather, one and all,
And heap the fire and brew a bowl,
And welcome in old Christmas time:
A goodly girth,
A face of mirth,
And laughter rich and rhyme.
Then where the holly wreathes the wall,
Merrily all! Merrily all!
Make all the old house chime.

III.

The snow falls fast; the ways are white;
The trees seem ghosts in winding sheets;
Loud on the pane the tempest beats.
Come, fill the house with candle-light,
And welcome in good Christmas cheer.





The Sands of Time

One of the Homeliest and Cheeriest Christmas Stories Ever Written

By CAMERON N. WILSON

WITH a groan of fast-diminishing energy, Uncle Peter Hubbard emerged from the depths of his half-packed trunk. To the neatly arranged contents he added a number of newly darned socks and a tangle of flamboyant neckties, then turned his attention to a collection of parcels that lay on the patch-work quilt. Each one was labeled and the contemplation of their mysteries afforded him a vast deal of pleasure. He fairly beamed as he pinched one bundle, adjusted the string on another, or sniffed delightedly at a third.

Seven years before, Uncle Peter had spent the happiest Christmas of his life with his sister and her family of jolly boys and girls. At that time he resolved never to allow another vacation to pass without joining the home-circle that had made him entirely forget his lonely bachelor existence and his dreary room in Bundy's Hotel. But the fatal fascination of business had claimed him; with the extra rush of the Christmas trade he had found himself the victim of prosperity, and unable to leave his general store in a small western town.

But, once more he had broken through the bonds and, consigning the store to the care of his new assistant, had telegraphed his sister that he would be with them on Christmas Eve. With extravagant enthusiasm he had bought gifts for one and all—the best he could secure in the neighbouring town of Bentham. He had chosen them carefully, with a loving regard for each youthful recipient. The finest doll in the place, a wonder of mechanical cleverness, he had secured for blue-eyed Alice, who always brought him his morning coffee and insisted upon his drinking it while she chattered on the foot of his bed. For incorrigible Joe there was a soldier's uniform with drum and bugle; for tiny Esther a Noah's ark that would have rivalled the original in the variety and odor of its occupants. For each of the remaining three he had selected the most costly toys in the shop, and as a gift for the baby who had arrived shortly after his last visit, a wonderful collection of rattles and infant-charmers.

THE finishing touches were given the capacious trunk, its strap drawn tight. Having vigorously adjusted his nether garments, Uncle Peter surveyed the result of his evening's labour, then drew from beneath his pillow a heavy flannel night-gown and prepared for bed. His brain danced with pictures of coming delight and so excited was he that sleep refused to close his eyes until long after midnight. He possessed the untarnished vision of a child, and while to many he was an amusing, fussy old man, there glowed within his big, generous heart the unquenchable fires of eternal youth. He loved all children; their interests were his; no trouble was too small to enlist his sympathy and help; no joy too simple for his complete understanding. All little folk loved him. They came to him as a friend who knew their thoughts before they had told him and who always divined some hidden way out of the most serious mazes of misfortune. In getting ready for this eventful journey he felt all the thrills experienced by a lonely school-boy preparing for the home-journey. He could see it all—the blazing fires in the handsome home, the lights, the Christmas decorations. He could hear in fancy the sound of merry laughter, could feel about his neck the clasp of loving arms.

He started off in the chill mist of early morning, and as the train sped through town and country, he felt an impatience that would have stirred the heart of a ten-year-old. All day he journeyed and at last the lights of clustering suburbs warned him of his approach to the city. He gathered his baggage about him, for the twentieth time located the trunk check in his hip pocket, and waited the strident call of the conductor. At the bustling station his brother-in-law rushed forward and deprived him of his hand luggage. He was whisked into the depths of a huge motor-car that chugged at the curb. It was his first ride of the kind and by excitement and a feeling akin to panic, he was prevented from asking many questions. Up the drive they whirled, stopping in a blaze of light that spread from the open door. A wild rush of arms and legs, and he was kissed and hugged almost to death. There was his sister, tall and beautiful, with the serene light of motherhood in her brown eyes; there was—well, it was all such a tangle of love and welcome that he couldn't tell who was who. He was practically carried into the front hall and divested of his overcoat and shabby fur cap. He was spirited into the dining-room where a huge fire burned in the grate and a comfortable odor of baked meats greeted his tired senses. Wreaths of holly were festooned about the lofty walls, bunches of mistletoe hung from the chandeliers and in the doorways; a great bowl of crimson roses decorated the centre of the table, and about all was the exquisite, nameless atmosphere that is found only in the sacred walls of home. His big, comfortable chair awaited him and before he knew it he found himself confronted with the first course of a dinner such as he sometimes dreamed about at Bundy's Hotel.

Then and then only did Uncle Peter have time to get his bearings and have a look at the happy faces around him. His sister was there, sure enough, not a day older, and prettier than ever. His brother-in-law, fairly beaming prosperity and kindliness of heart, sat before the tempting roast. But where—where were the children of his dreams?

A pretty girl of eighteen sat at her mother's side, but it could not be blue-eyed Alice of the golden pig-tail and romping ways! A stalwart youth sat opposite him—a youth who had Joe's own smile and laughing eyes but nothing more. Next to him was a slender girl who bore no resemblance to the Esther of his remembrance. The others were as complete strangers, and when he looked for the baby whom he had never seen, the nearest approach to infancy was a sturdy little chap of six.

AT first Uncle Peter was amazed, and then he got a feeling of sheepishness as he realized his own foolishness. In his remembrance the children remained as he last saw them. Through all the years he had pictured them in no other way. By some miraculous touch the sands of time had been stopped and memory always recalled each of his nephews and nieces as they had been seven years before. At first the babel of tongues scarcely reached his ears. It was all so strange—so unfamiliar—so unexpected. Mingled with this sense of misplacement was one of keen disappointment. Why had they grown as they had? Why had they conspired to rob him of his dream-children? And then the trunk with all its glorious surprises! Imagine Alice with the wonderful mechanical doll and foolish gim-cracks that he had so carefully chosen! Picture Joe with the soldier's uniform and mimic weapons of war! Imagine the dainty little Esther confronted with the grotesque and malodorous ark! Even the baby of six would scorn such an infantile diversion. Oh, it was simply too ridiculous for words and his sensitive soul shrank from a disclosure of his stupidity. What a foolish old visionary he had been!

How he came through that terrible meal he never knew. When they had withdrawn to the library with its book-covered walls and wide fire-place, he became possessed with a wild desire to flee into some wilderness of snow and bury his diminished head in a drift. His brain was trying to work out some solution to the problem that confronted him, but in the joyous confusion he was unable to concentrate his mind. He puffed away at one of brother Tom's best cigars and tried to chain down his recalcitrant thoughts. The girls and boys were busy tying up a few final parcels that were to carry their message of love and good-will to their young friends, and the sight of these dainty gifts with their red ribbons and bits of holly, recalled that old hair-cloth trunk and its accusatory contents. What could he do? He could not appear on Christmas morning empty handed nor could he produce the foolish trifles that would brand him as a second Rip Van Winkle. He must get away by himself and think out an answer to the awful quandary. After several vain beginnings, he managed to stammer an excuse of unusual fatigue and retired to his room.

HE had scarcely closed the door upon the assembled family, gathered to wish him pleasant dreams, when a gentle knock demanded a response. He peeped into the hall and saw a white-capped maid who asked if she might prepare his room for the night. He stepped aside and she entered with the quiet tread of a well-trained attendant. She removed the lace bed-spread, turned back the fragrant sheets, and was preparing to withdraw when Uncle Peter grabbed one of her apron strings and in an imploring whisper cried, *"Wait!"*

He tip-toed across the room, closed the door, and then came close to the astonished maid.

"What is your name, young lady?" he demanded, almost fiercely.

"Jane, sir. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Do for me? I should say there is! I'm a bigger fool than I look, Jane." He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth a crisp bill.

"There, Miss Jane, that's for a Xmas present. Not a word, mind. Now, you seem like a nice, sensible young woman and I want your advice." Jane thanked him and fingered the bill anxiously. This certainly was a queer old gentleman, but there was something about his face that allayed any fears as to his mental condition. His eyes were the soul of kindness as they twinkled under his bushy white brows.

"Jane, I've been an old fool and you must help me out."

"Certainly, sir. What can I do?"

Uncle Peter then told his tale of woe and despite the twitching of her mouth, Jane's face was most sympathetic. She listened with some amusement and only when he suggested a means of help did she look a bit dubious.

"Now, you see," said Uncle Peter, "being Christmas Eve, the stores will be open till midnight—they always are in Hopkinton and I reckon it's the same here. We can slip out of the back door and you can take me to where I can buy some suitable presents for my nephews and nieces. Thank goodness, my sister hasn't outgrown her clothes and her tastes since I saw her last."

Jane laughed softly but was a little slow in giving her consent to his suggestion. The proceeding certainly was unconventional.

"But, sir—Mrs. Crawford——" There was perplexity in the soft voice.

"Oh, my sister won't know, and if she does I'll make it all right with her. How soon can you be ready? It's now past nine."

"I have only to prepare the bed-rooms, sir, and then my duties are over."

"Well, hurry up, my girl, and we should be off in a few minutes. Bring my coat and cap to the back door—there's a dear." Uncle Peter's face shone with renewed hope as he loosened his trunk key from a string in his vest pocket. In less than ten minutes the conspirators had let themselves out of the back door, and in five more Uncle Peter had found a cabman who was driving them rapidly in the direction of the brilliantly lighted shops. Under Jane's guidance he was led to the finest stores in the great, gleaming thoroughfare, and within the hour they had made a selection that thrilled Jane as much as if each separate gift were for herself. Her cheeks glowed with delight when Uncle Peter slipped into her hand a little parcel whose contents she had thought were for Miss Alice.

LIKE thieves they regained the house and in two or three trips had landed their spoils in the cosy guest-room. With many thanks and exhortations to secrecy Uncle Peter dismissed the happy girl. With feverish haste he transferred the cards from the despised collection in the trunk, and then sat down to wait. There was suppressed laughter downstairs and he knew that the stockings were being filled in the library where they were hung with a faith that many years had never failed to sustain.

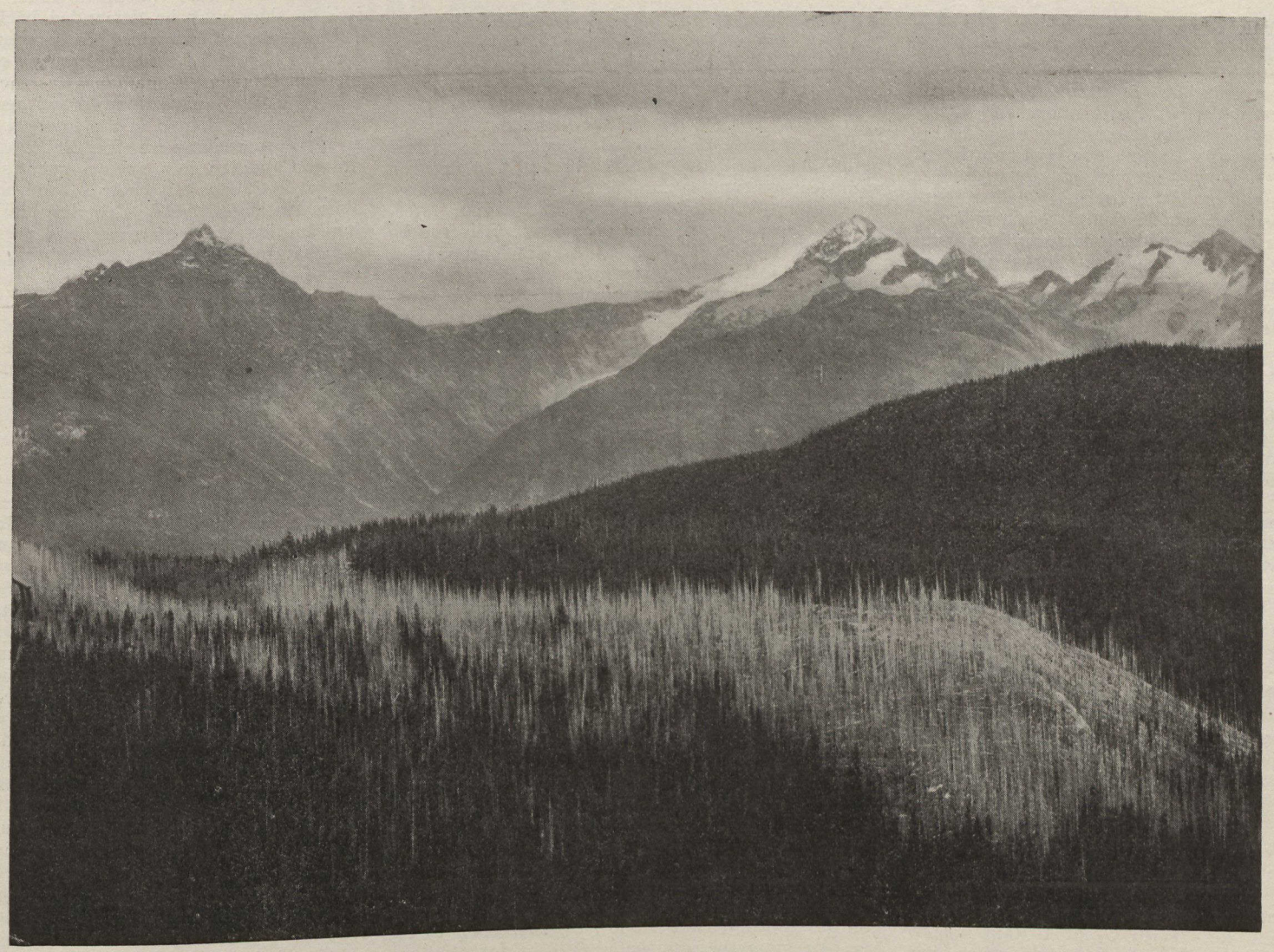
At last all was still and it was Uncle Peter's turn. Clad in his grey flannel night-gown—dressing robes were unknown in Hopkinton—and carpet slippers, he stole quietly downstairs and by the light of a dying fire placed his offerings in their proper places. Then, returning to his room, he slept the deep sleep of virtue and healthy fatigue.

And the joy of that Christmas morning in the sunny room when, after the exchange of loving greetings, the mysteries of the night were laid bare before happy eyes! All his disappointment of the previous night vanished and gradually he came to see in his fine nephews and pretty nieces, the girls and boys of his dreams. They were just the same—if they *had* outgrown their clothes!

Alice's delight over her beautiful travelling-bag with its silver fittings made his dear old heart

(*Concluded on page* 36.)

O for a Lodge in some Vast Wilderness! Cowper.



Unnamed peaks in the Tum-Tum Mountains, two hundred miles north of Kamloops; so far as is known never photographed before.

The spruce-sentineled sweeps of the North Thompson River, about one hundred miles north of Kamloops.

Photographs by Courtesy the Canadian Northern Railway.

Mr. Borden and the Navy

By J. C. WALSH

Lately Editor Montreal Herald

MR. BORDEN has made good the first part of his declaration of November, 1910. He has found, as he then thought he would, an occasion for offering Great Britain some battleships in the name of Canada, and he has asked Parliament to offer them. Looking at the proceeding as one who frankly does not approve of it, the admission must be made that the play was well staged. The galleries were crowded with people, a majority of whom, doubtless, do approve. Members of the royal house had places in the Chamber itself, their presence serving, as it was designed to serve, the purpose of the hour. The Prime Minister stood up to his work with just the right appearance of confidence on the propriety of his action. The members back of him gave the full throated applause which means so much when a new venture is undertaken. They even swept their opponents—all but one—into physical participation. The charming Princess, they say, was in tears from excess of happiness. And the cables are telling over and over how in England they are stirred with satisfaction and pride. Here in Canada are plenty who regard these manifestations with pleasure so keen that they share the satisfaction and are proud themselves. And yet, amongst native Canadians especially, there are many whose instinct tells them that they have no claim to walk pridefully and no warrant for satisfaction.

Let us not grudge to our fellow Canadians who approve of what Mr. Borden has done the credit for worthy and honourable motives. If the motives of those of us who disapprove are not as worthy and as honourable, theirs will prevail. If we have the better cause, it will triumph, and it is not even of the highest consequence that the triumph come soon.

THE withdrawal of the British fleets from Canada's two seaboards raised just one question; with whom the future concern and responsibility for the problems arising out of the existence of those seaboards should lie. With Great Britain, which had up to then had the patrol of the sea in her own hands? Or with Canada, which had acquired untrammelled control on the land? British reluctance to a change is based on the tradition of centuries, during which the sea has provided unfailing stimulus to glory gaining enterprise; and is supported by the possession not merely of the finest fleet in the world, but also of an organization which, it is believed, and hoped, is of unrivalled efficiency. Against this, Canadians had a history of constitutional development, brief as to tune, but absolutely uniform as to accomplishment and tendency. We had taken upon ourselves every fresh responsibility when the time came. We had rejected all tentatives looking to vicarious government. We had refused to work any part of her political field on shares. Would England keep the sea, with assistance to be requisitioned upon Canada, or would Canada go forward upon the road she had travelled for a century without once looking back? That was and is the simple issue, and they only deceive themselves, whether wilfully or ignorantly does not much matter, who act upon the belief that an accommodation is what should be sought for or can be had.

THE first time the subject came up in a Colonial Conference the lines were drawn. Mr. Chamberlain and the Admiralty authorities were for the expansion of the single navy, controlled in London, with Canadian help. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was for the extension, when the time came, of Canadian self government so as to cover the provision of a naval service. Under pressure from Great Britain the Laurier Naval Service act was evolved. It is full of friendly compromise, but just for that reason surcharged with the elements of inevitable conflict.

Without wishing to deprive our English friends of any of the satisfaction or the pride they derive from the Borden measure, it is only honest to tell them that it is a sign of that very conflict. The gift of money for ships is an expedient, at the best. The main issue has yet to be fought out. The gift makes the existing statute, based on compromise, a dead letter in fact, and is only preliminary to getting rid of it in form.

"Step by step the colonies have advanced towards the position of virtual independence so far as their internal affairs are concerned, and in all the important instances the claim has been made by Canada, has been resisted at first by the Imperial statesmen and finally has been conceded and has proved of advantage to both the Mother Country and the Colonies."

Who do you suppose said that, in the year 1902? None other than the man who in this year 1912, asks parliament to concede the demand which was made repeatedly in Colonial Conferences by Imperial statesmen, and which was at first resisted with decision, and later resisted with some concession to the spirit of compromise, by Canadian statesmen. The words are from an address delivered by Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P., at Lindsay in March, 1902.

Do they justify to Canadians, a policy of tribute? Do they justify in Englishmen, feelings of satisfaction and pride in the gift of ships which, they are warned, may, by the time they are built, be demanded back?

Why did the pronouncement contain no word about the statute whose spirit the new act destroys, or about the future enactment under whose authority the ships may be demanded back?

In the year 1902, when Mr. Borden gave in outline the history of the development of self government in Canada, "Canadian" was the proudest title any of us in Canada knew or wished for. So far have we back slidden in the interval that when the tribute proposals were foreshadowed one young native Canadian, in angry argument said to another, "What is Canada anywhow? I am not a Canadian; I'm a British subject." Bringing him and many like him to that state of mind was part of the work that had to be done as a preliminary to the launching of the proposal to pay tribute. It has been done, and well done.

The Great Emergency

By WILLIAM HENRY

"SO long as current political philosophy in Europe remains what it is, I would not urge the reduction of our War Budget by a single sovereign." Thus does the renowned pacifist Norman Angell conclude his wonderful, epoch-making book, "The Great Illusion."

By our perspective we in Canada can see the stupendous folly of naval competition between two great Christian civilized powers and we can the more clearly see the ultimate poverty, social unrest, national bankruptcy and unthinkable war to which it leads. But while we remain a part of the British Empire we must share the burdens and perils of British men. For years we have pleaded poverty, inexperience, and a hundred and one excuses. We must now understand the nature and face the facts of the Great Emergency, the challenge that has been given to British naval supremacy.

The pacifist may say that if we were Germans we would do as the Germans are doing. Sixty million proud people cannot allow the supremacy of the sea to remain the undisputed title of forty million other people. We may acknowledge the reasoning but we remain conscious of the fact that we are a part of the same political community as the forty millions. We are not Germans. We are Britannic and must share Britannic burdens and perils.

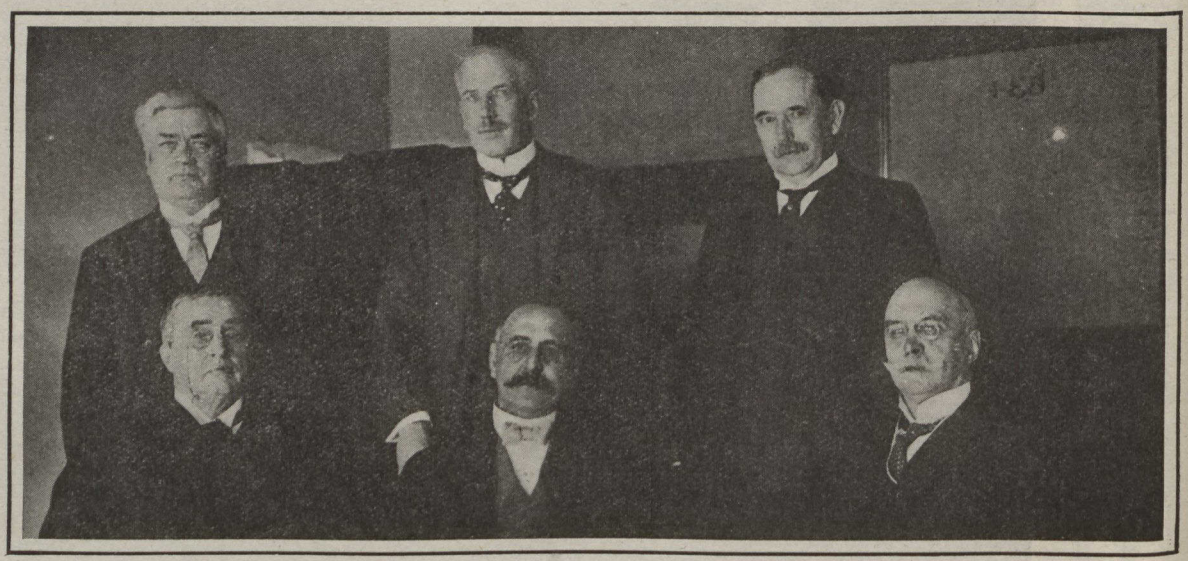
THE Naval Service Act of 1909 was a declaration of the manhood of Canadianism. The Naval Contribution Act of 1912 may be a substantial movement forward in Empire citizenship, and should be viewed with undivided favour if it were not realized that many Canadians may sit back in their chairs and piously exclaim, "Thank Heaven, Canada has done its duty to the Empire." If the Act of 1912 is in substitution of a Canadian naval programme may it never find a place on the country's books. If it is simply a forward move to the ultimate policy of Canadian fleets, on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of this country, serving to police the high seas, and co-operating with other Britannic fleets in the defence of the Empire, then, let it have a country's united support.

We cannot discharge the duties of Britannic citizenship with cash, we cannot retain our Canadian autonomy by contribution, and we must ever remember that the emergency consists not in a passing difference in quality but in a deliberate challenge for maritime supremacy from a rich, proud people, able to prolong the struggle for many years. What we do to-day we must be prepared to renew tomorrow. We must lay down a policy consistent with our means and our dual citizenship.

HISTORY has many lessons for us at this juncture. The historian Grote in tracing the downfall of the Grecian Empire, says: "Every successive change of an armed ally into a tributary—every subjugation of a seceder—tended of course to cut down the numbers and enfeeble the authority of the Delian Synod. And what was still worse, it altered the reciprocal relations and feeling of Athens (London) and her allies, exalting the former into something like a despot, and degrading the latter into mere passive subjects."

Let the pacifist be of good heart. His course will be strengthened by Canada's assuming a share in Imperial defence. The sentiment of this country is essentially pacific but it ill became us to urge disarmament when we were assuming practically none of the burdens of Empire. It is not a contradiction to pray for peace and prepare for war. National disarmament is coming, not to-morrow, nor the day after, but, soon, as time is reckoned in the lives of nations. The pacifist must first accomplish a revolution in ideas and Canadians should as consistently advance ideas in favour of disarmament as it continuously supports its dignity as a nation within the Empire.

The International Joint Boundaries Commission



Now Holding Sessions in Washington. Organized Last January, with Three Canadian and Three United States Members. Left to Right, Standing: H. A. Powell (C.), C. A. Magrath (C.), and George Turner (U. S.). Left to Right, Sitting: F. S. Stretter (U. S.), James A. Tawney (U.S.), and T. Chase Casgrain (C.).

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Two Friends.

TWO friends with two points of view are a great asset. I met my Conservative friend at the club, just after the Borden's-Navy-Speech extras were out, and I said:

"Well, Tom, how does it suit you?"

"Thirty-five millions!" answered Tom, "thirty-five millions! Not enough. He should have made it a hundred millions."

Next morning, at the office door, I met my Liberal friend

"Well," said he, "the Tories have done something for the old flag at last."

"Explain, George," quoth I.

"Well, they've been waving the old rag for fifty years for political purposes and this is the first time they ever did anything for it. I'm glad it has happened."

I have other friends, but I think these two represent the extremes. Tom is for the Conservative party all the time and for the British crown during the same period. He would give John Bull half the revenue of the Dominion. George, too, is a Britisher—loyal to the core—but he always votes Liberal. He would give, too, but he values services above contributions.

The Borden Proposals.

PREMIER BORDEN has done fairly well in his proposal to give three super-dreadnoughts to be built at once in Great Britain. There is something tangible, definite and immediate in these proposals and these are commendable qualities. For over three years we have been discussing this naval problem and it was about time we got somewhere. The Naval Service Act of 1909, the purchase of two training ships and the establishment of a naval college were a necessary and rational beginning, but they were not enough to meet the rising tide of opinion in favour of a broad and comprehensive policy.

Mr. Borden's proposed gift appeals to the imagination of those who believe in the greatness of the Britannic peoples and that the world would lose much by the destruction of Britain's supremacy at sea. In details it is open to serious criticism. As an "emergency contribution," there is something in it which will commend it to a large portion of the Canadian people, prepared as they have been by the incidents of the past three years.

An Unfortunate Paragraph.

WHILE Mr. Borden's speech was perhaps the greatest he ever delivered and was received with as much enthusiasm as was ever accorded to a statesman's utterance in the Canadian Parliament, it contained one unfortunate paragraph. I refer to the one in which he dealt with the proposal to found a Canadian navy. The allusion was slight, but he said:

"In my humble opinion nothing of an effective character could be built up in this country within a quarter or perhaps half a century. Even then it would be but a poor and weak substitute for that splendid organization which the Empire already possesses and which has been evolved and built up by centuries of the most searching experience and of the highest endeavour."

This remark was unnecessary and injudicious. It rather slighted Canada's ability and integrity as a nation, though Mr. Borden may not have intended it thus.

Canada will some day have a navy of its own and a naval organization of its own. Mr. Borden may not believe it, but it is as inevitable as that Canada should control its own civil list, its post office, its customs tariff and its militia organization. Mr. Borden may not have intended to declare himself against a Canadian navy. Other portions of his speech suggest that he is in favour of some sort of Canadian naval development. He intimates that Great Britain will order the building of certain auxiliary vessels in Canadian ship yards and that all future Government vessels will be built here. He also intimates that an arrangement has been made whereby Canada may ultimately get back the three super-dreadnoughts when they cease to be deemed necessary for European emergencies. While he is not enthusiastic over the Canadian navy idea, he has not shut the door on its possibility. We will still have the naval service act, the naval college and two training ships. In addition we shall have a naval ship yard and some Canadian-built auxiliary vessels.

A Step Forward.

THERE is no doubt in my mind that Mr. Borden's naval policy is a step forward. I cannot agree with the Toronto *Globe* in its statement that "Mr. Borden has dealt a deadly blow at the principle of a Canadian naval defence force." Nor can I agree with the Toronto *Star*, which argues that "Mr. Borden's policy reduced one of Britain's difficulties but increases the other." The contribution of three battleships will certainly strengthen Britain's fighting force, and at the same time show that Canada is willing in some way or other to assist in the defence of the Empire.

There is no necessity for those who believe in a Canadian navy to be discouraged or downcast. All the arguments in favour of the adoption of such a policy are just as strong as they ever were. The expenditure of thirty-five millions is our emergency contribution; our permanent policy is yet to be settled.

The advocates of a Canadian navy have this to their credit, if they had not so strongly supported the idea, the Borden administration might have given cash instead of ships which may ultimately become part of the Canadian navy. The CANADIAN COURIER advocated "ships and men" rather than "cash," as our contribution to Britannic defence.

Christmas

By PETER McARTHUR

OUT of my soul's loneliness I call to the loneliness of others,
Send them a word of cheer, eagerly waiting their answer.
Out of their loneliness they answer me, lonely no more,
And I no more am lonely, feeling their fellowship.

Mr. Borden will give ships; there is no reason to believe that later on he will not consent to give men. To do this, it will be necessary to develop the policy entered upon by the former Government in its establishment of a naval college and the purchase of training vessels.

Far From Unanimous.

THERE is no denying the fact that there are prominent people in both Canada and Great Britain who do not believe in this policy of concentrating the Empire navy in the North Sea. It is quite manifest that the Liberal party in Canada intends to fight for a Royal Canadian navy which will be thoroughly representative of Canadian manhood, Canadian pride and Canadian autonomy, as well as Canadian wealth. While all the Liberals in Canada may not be so strongly opposed to the Borden policy as the Liberal members of Parliament, most of them will sympathize with their leaders in this fight. There are also a very considerable number of independents and Conservatives who would prefer following Australia's example and who will support the Canadian navy idea even though approving an emergency contribution.

In Great Britain Lord Charles Beresford remains firm in his belief that the Dominions should protect the trade routes rather than contribute to the main fighting portion of the Britannic fleet. It will be remembered, also, that the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill took this attitude in May last when he indicated that in his opinion the main naval development of the next ten years would be Dominion naval forces guarding and patrolling the outer parts of the Empire.

The discussion which will occur this week at Ottawa, and which may be prolonged for several weeks, will make these points clear. The advocates of a Canadian navy will find that the Borden emergency contribution has strengthened, rather than weakened, their strategic position. The giving of three super-dreadnoughts to the British navy emphasizes the necessity for further action which must inevitably result in the building up of a naval force which will be purely and distinctively Canadian.

Technical Education in Quebec.

WHETHER or not Quebec is backward in its system of Public school education, it is certainly making progress along the lines of technical education. During the past five years several technical schools have been established in the cities of Montreal and Quebec. The Gouin Government have given special attention to the establishment and development of these institutions. It is now reported that the system of technical education will be extended and that a general law may be passed this session to assist technical education in the smaller towns. The idea is not to construct expensive buildings, as has been done in Montreal and Quebec, but to have the local authorities erect modest structures where general training shall be given. These schools will depend upon the local shops and factories for practical instruction.

The principle of having these institutions under local supervision will also be followed. The building is to be erected and the institution managed in every case by the municipality, the chambre de commerce or some body supported by the local manufacturers. This principle is somewhat similar to that adopted in Ontario and other provinces.

Safety of Lake Vessels.

WHILE the Titanic disaster has brought about certain reforms in ocean-going vessels, it has had little effect upon the owners of vessels plying in inland waters. Canada is vitally interested in the latter traffic. We have a great many ships carrying from fifty to two thousand passengers on our large lakes and it is questionable if their safety is amply provided for. For example, a new passenger vessel was recently launched at Detroit which is said to have life boats and life raft accommodation for only one-third of its passenger capacity.

The Hon. Mr. Hazen, Minister of Marine, has introduced a bill at Ottawa to provide for the compulsory installation of wireless apparatus on all vessels carrying fifty or more passengers and travelling between ports two hundred miles distant. This is a step in the right direction. The distance is probably too great, as was pointed out by Mr. Pardee when the bill was introduced. It looks as if the bill might be amended so as to make it even stronger than the Minister intended.

Corridor Comment

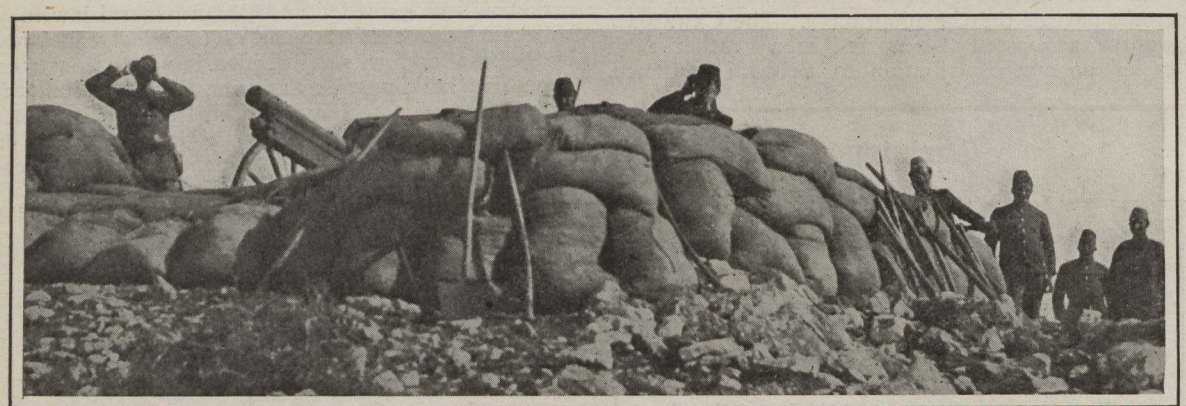
Ottawa, Dec. 9th.

AWAY in the back row of the House of Commons benches sits a quiet, mild-mannered man—with a furrowed forehead, an Uncle Sam-like grey beard, and thick, dark hair, streaked with silver—around whose election the storms of party warfare roared and raged for over two weeks. Honourable members called one another unkind names; they engaged in bitter recriminations; they hurled charges and countercharges; they lost their tempers; they raised their voices; they pounded their desks; they shook their fists; they tore their hair—and what not? And all over the events that enabled the quiet, spectacled, greybeard to take possession of that back bench.

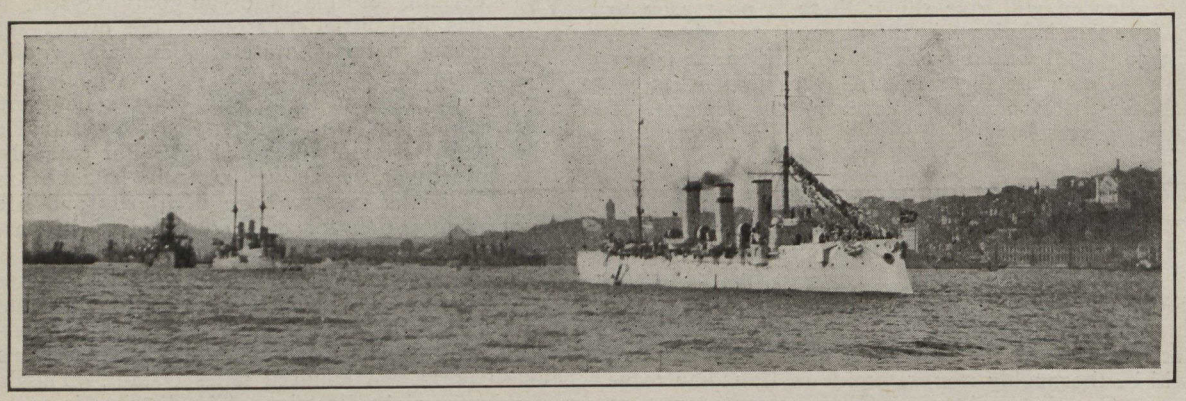
Alexander Morrison—one always has a disposition to speak of him and to him as Sandy—is a modest man in a monumental muss. He is in it, but not of it. He didn't want to come to Parliament and represent the constituency of Macdonald—not he. He doesn't seem to enjoy it one bit, sitting there alone in his far-back seat, between Monsieur Albaric Mondou, the fiery young Nationalist from Yamaska, and phlegmatic John Webster, the barnstorming orator from Brockville, listening conscientiously for hours at a time, with perhaps an occasional forty winks by way of pardonable relaxation. He is very regular in attendance, is Mr. Morrison, but he would ever so much sooner be back on the prairie farm, in the bosom of his family, and settle the affairs of state at long-distance range with his neighbours. There he was a "prominent citizen of the district"; here he is only a voting machine, in a back seat, at that. There he was one of the potential factors in the neighbourhood; here he is but a silent, though kindly, etcetera. Mr.

Last Scenes of the Balkan War Drama

Bulgarian Officer Reading the Death Sentence to Two Turks Caught Murdering, Burning and Pillaging Near Mustafa-Pasha.



Turkish Gun Near Tarabosh, Photographed Under Fire by the Only Englishman in Scutari.



Foreign Men-of-war, Russian, German and French, Arrived at Constantinople to Protect the Europeans.

Defence of Scutari—Turks Carrying a Wounded Soldier to Hospital.

Morrison is in Parliament, because the job—and "Bob" Rogers—sought him, and not because he sought the job.

And he takes the unsolicited honour seriously. Throughout the long and bitter parliamentary battle over the means and methods of the election—matters for which, at no stage, anyone suggested he was responsible—he sat in silence. At times, when the chamber rattled with epithets of unusual bitterness, his really pained appearance would have demanded sympathy had the verbal gladiators been concerned with him at all. But by-and-by Mr. Morrison will know more about Parliament, and will be much less personally disturbed by its periodic outbreaks. No matter what was wrong about his election, all Parliament knows that he was but the candidate and not the campaign. When Premier Borden introduced him, amid Conservative cheering on the first day of the session, one of the correspondents in the Press Gallery exclaimed: "He's a typical elder o' the auld kirk." His attitude during the debate emphasized the fact that he owns a typical Puritan conscience. Well, it's an unusual asset in politics; and whether Mr. Morrison will be able to hang dutifully on to it and remain in the thick of party warfare will be an interesting problem for him to work out.

⁂

PARLIAMENT reassembled under the shadow of the serious typhoid epidemic which recently swept Ottawa and which the health authorities ascribed to the drinking water supplied to the people of the Capital. Many members came cautiously. Some of them were equipped with a personal, home-prepared dispensary of drugs and antidotes. All exercised due discretion. On the second day of the sitting, Mr. James Douglas, the Liberal whip for Alberta, sent a page for a glass of water.

"Johnnie," he questioned anxiously, when the lad returned, "is this Ottawa water?"

"Yes, sir," promptly replied the boy, "but it's been fertilized."

⁂

IT is not always that the autocratic editor lords it successfully over the diligent press correspondent. One of the latter persuasion, pending the pronouncement of the Government's naval policy by the Premier last week, was enterprising enough to secure an advance copy of Mr. Borden's speech and to have it mailed to the office of his paper, a loyal Conservative Toronto daily, for release after the Premier had spoken. But the best laid schemes sometimes "gang awry." By the engaging of a special staff of telegraph operators, held waiting at their keys, a Liberal contemporary succeeded in beating competitors to the streets with the news of the momentous deliverance. Within a short time a breathless page delivered to the foresighted Conservative correspondent a telegram from his editor couched in the following caustic words: "You will be pleased to know that the *Evening Blank,* Liberal, published Borden's speech verbatim hours before we could use it."

The enterprising correspondent merely smiled, and promptly penned the reciprocal message: "The pleasure is all yours."

⁂

MIXED metaphor is one of Parliament's perennial enjoyments, and the best "bulls" live in the parliamentary annals for decades. Many distinguished members have been enrolled in the list of those who have furnished amusement to the House by the careless twisting of a sentence. It fell to the lot of Mr. F. B. Carvell to head the collection of "good things" which will doubtless characterize the present session. The fighting New Brunswicker was making his recent notable speech, enunciating what he held to be the Liberal policy.

"Reciprocity is dead and buried," volunteered a Conservative member, interrupting.

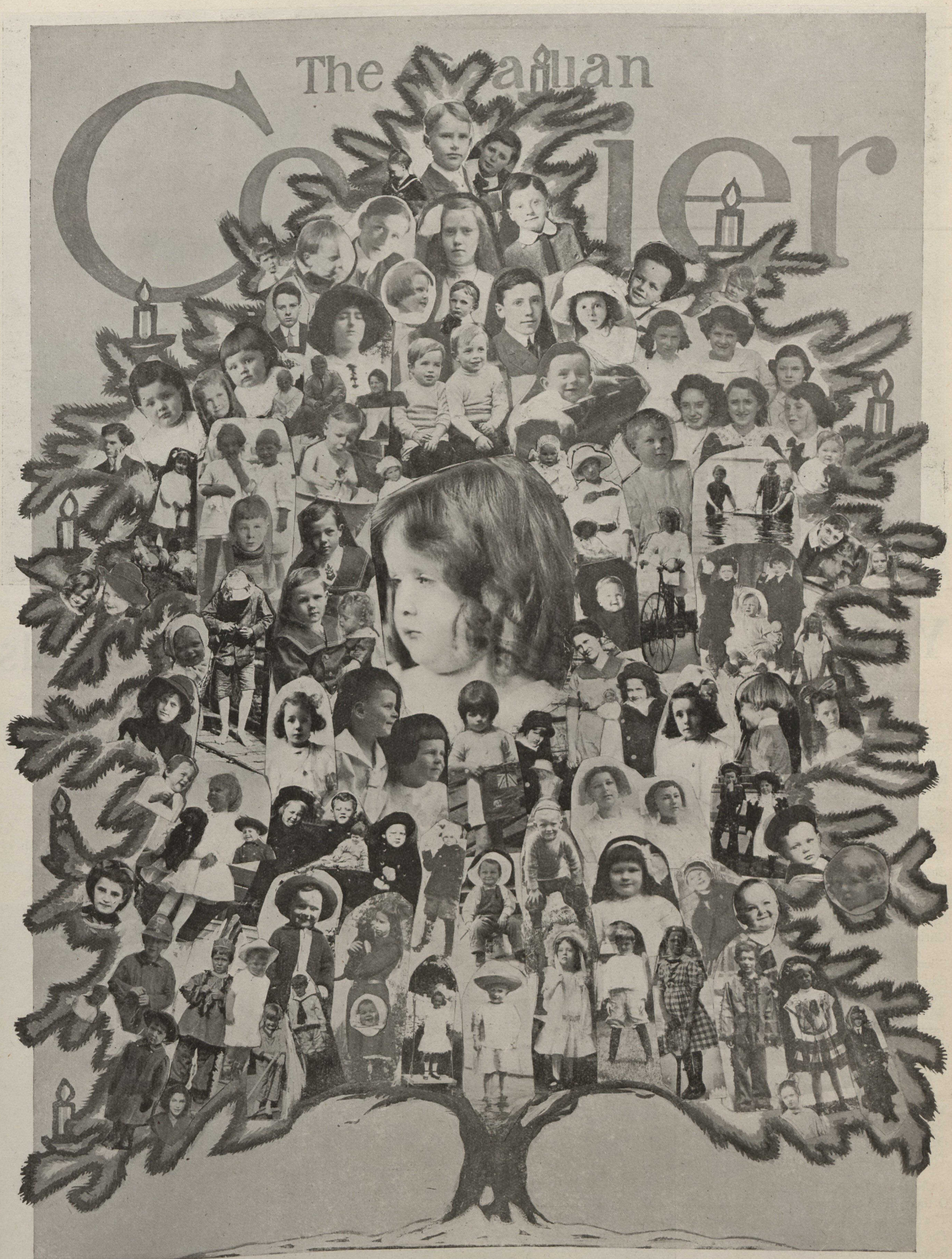
"Then we will resurrent the corpse and nail it to the masthead," replied the member for Carleton, amid the customary roar of laughter. *H. W. A.*

Montreal's Civic Troubles

THE various commercial and civic improvement bodies in Montreal have petitioned, or will petition, the Legislature to give the Board of Control extended powers. The situation is desperate, indeed, when any creature would bother to mend it. But it is seen on all sides that a civic impasse has been reached. The administration is held up. The public services are neglected. There is no authority. The heads of departments owe no obedience to the nominal civic rulers.

The policies of the Board are pigeon-holed by the Council, which obstructs the business. The situation is desperate, and yet highly suggestive of humour.

It is civic topsy turveydom in the first city in the Dominion.—*St. John News.*



THE COURIER'S DELIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS TREE

These pictures of children were gathered from subscribers all over Canada, including the following cities and towns: Halifax, Pictou Landing, Bridgetown, Oxford, Parrsboro', Stellarton, in Nova Scotia; St. John West, St. John, Fredericton, in New Brunswick; Montague, in Prince Edward Island; Ealing, Fort William, Fort Frances, Brockville, London, Ottawa, Blenheim, Toronto, Allandale, St. Catharines, Guelph, Hyde Park, Owen Sound, Peterboro, Port Arthur, Petrolea, Gananoque, South Oshawa, Pembroke, in Ontario; Calgary, Cochrane, Oran Mills, Edmonton, Athabasca, Banff, Lethbridge, in Alberta; Portage la Prairie, in Manitoba; Three Rivers, Quebec, Montreal, Shawbridge, Sorel, in Quebec; Chilliwack and Nelson, in British Columbia; and one from Ilford, Essex, England.

The Holy Night. From the Triptich in the Dresden Picture Gallery, by Fritz von Uhde.

Yuletide Pictures and Christmas Carols

Celebrated Examples of Art in Honour of the Great Birthday

Silent Night

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ the Saviour is born!
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

The Holly and the Ivy

The holly and the ivy,
Now both are full well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.

Chorus—
O the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the quire,
Sweet singing in the quire.

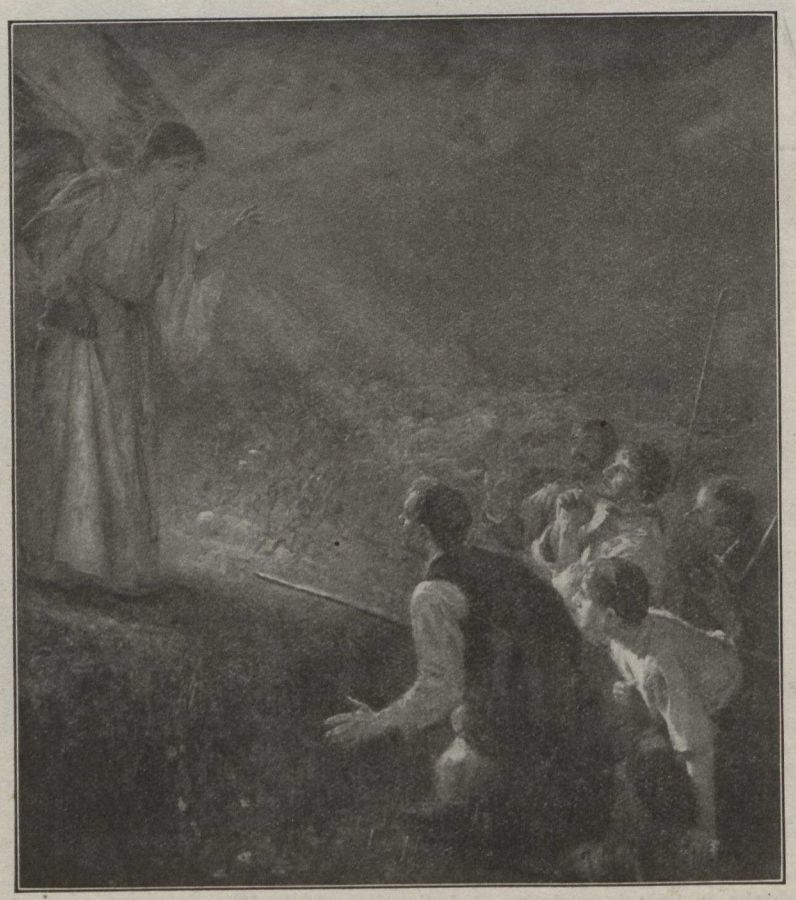
The holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily-flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.

The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn.

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.

The holly and the ivy
Now both are full well grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.



The Proclamation of the Shepherds. From painting by Fritz von Uhde.

The Wassail Song

Here we come a-wassailing,
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering,
So fair to be seen.

Chorus—
Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail too,
And God bless you, and send you
A happy new year,
And God send you a happy new year.

Our wassail-cup is made
Of the rosemary tree,
And so is your beer
Of the best barley.

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours' children
Whom you have seen before.

Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth;
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
And some of your Christmas loaf.

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.

The Coventry Carol

Lul-lay, Thou little tiny Child,
By, by, lul-ly lul-lay
Lul-lay, Thou little tiny Child,
By, by, lul-ly, lul-lay.

Luther's Carol

(*Composed by Martin Luther for his children.*)

From highest heav'n I came to tell
The gladdest news that e'er befel,
This tidings true to you I bring,
And of them I will say and sing.

To you this day is born a Child,
Of Mary, chosen Virgin mild;
That blessed Child, so sweet and kind
Shall give you joy and peace of mind.

'Tis Christ our Lord and God indeed,
Your help and stay in every need:
Himself your Saviour He will be,
From sin and death to set you free.

All blessedness to you He bears,
Which God the Father's love prepares:
The Heavenly Kingdom ye shall gain,
And now and ever with us reign.

"Now hear the sign, and mark with care
The swaddling clothes and crib so bare;
There shall ye find this Infant laid,
Who all the world upholds and made."

Then let us all our gladness show,
And with the joyful shepherds go
To see what God for us has done,
And given with His glorious Son.

Awake my soul, my heart behold
Who lieth in that manger cold,
Who is that lovely Baby-Boy?
'Tis Jesus Christ, our only joy.

Now, welcome, ever-blessed Guest,
To sinful souls with guilt opprest;
In mercy come to our distress!
How can we thank Thy gentleness?

Ah! Lord, who all things didst create,
How cam'st Thou to this poor estate,
To make the hay and straw Thy bed,
Whereon the ass and ox are fed?

"The Loving Mother." From a Painting by Gabriel Max.

Nay, were the world ten times so wide,
With gold and gems on every side,
Yet were it all too small to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

Thy samite and Thy silk array
Are swathing-bands and coarsest hay,
Whereon Thou shinest, King most bright,
As though Thou sat'st in heavenly light.

And all this woe hath come to Thee,
That Thou might'st show the truth to me;
For all the goods and gifts of earth
To Thee are vile and nothing worth.

Ah! Jesu, my heart's treasure blest,
Make Thee a clean, soft cradle-nest;
And rest and dwell within my heart,
That I from Thee may never part.

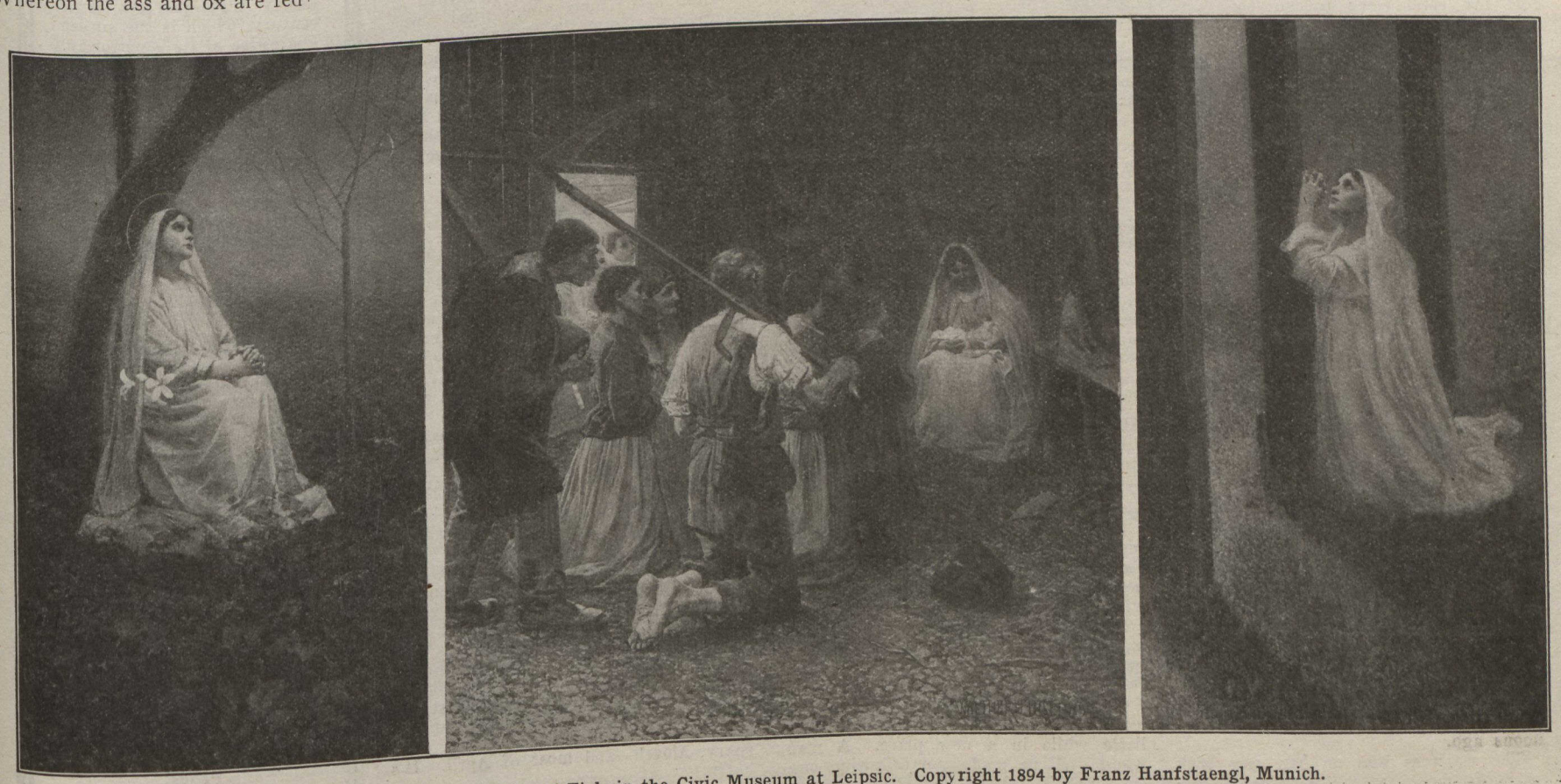
The Waits' Song

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before the day;
Our mighty Lord He looked on us,
And bade us awake and pray.

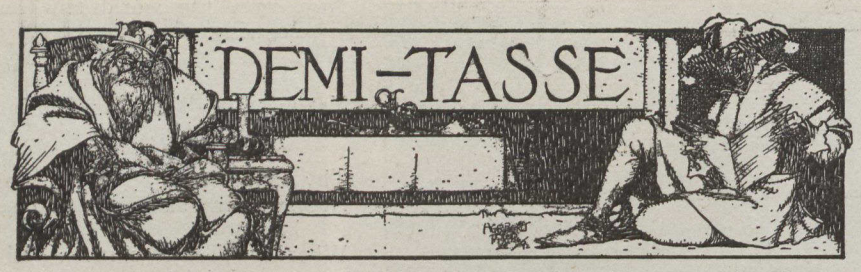
Awake, awake, good people all,
Awake, and you shall hear,
The Lord our God died on the Cross,
For us He loved so dear.

O fair, O fair Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joy that I may see?

My song is done, I must be gone,
I can stay no longer here;
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful new year!



"The Faith." Painting by Walther Firle in the Civic Museum at Leipsic. Copyright 1894 by Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.



Courierettes.

RECENT uproars in the House of Commons go to show that some of the members want to have a "mock parliament."

Militant suffragettes are said to have decided to resort to the use of explosives. They may learn soon that they are using boomerangs.

An artificial ice plant in Toronto was charged with breach of the smoke-prevention by-law. "Where there's smoke there's fire"—and occasionally ice.

A Canadian steer has been awarded first prize as the world's best. And this is no "bunco steer," even if the show was in Chicago.

Policewomen and jurywomen have both made good. Now for firewomen.

Revise Old Saying.—Governor Blease, of South Carolina, says he will pardon all lynchers of negroes who assault white women, which makes it necessary to revise an old saying, and now it must run like this: "Said the Governor of South Carolina to the Governor of North Carolina, 'It's a short time between lynchings.'"

A Surprise.—A cub reporter on a Canadian daily was assigned to cover a railway wreck a few days ago, and went to the chief clerk in the superintendent's office for some facts he needed to get a straight story. He was given a frigid reception, which made him hot, and when the crusty chief clerk refused to give him the information he sought, his temperature rose still higher. Finally, when the official launched into a lecture on the newspaper nuisance, the cub's patience was exhausted.

Turning to the door he said with quiet emphasis, "You can go to ——."

Ere long the telephone wires were hot with a protest to the city editor of the paper, and the latter sent the cub back to the superintendent's office to straighten the matter out.

The superintendent looked the boy over.

"You're the young fellow who told my chief clerk to go to h——?" he queried.

"Yes"—spoken quite aggressively. The young chap was ready to hold his own.

The superintendent smiled.

"Well, I don't blame you," he said. "I sometimes feel like telling him that myself."

The Way of a Woman.

HE gave my daughter a dollar,
And immediately she spent
Just ninety-nine cents for a pretty purse
In which to carry the cent.

A Modern Verb.

I suffragette,
Thou breakest windows,
She starts hunger strike,
We raid letter boxes,
You attack legislators,
They throw chairs.

Scrambled Songs.

"MY wife's gone to the country," so "there's no place like home."

"I want what I want when I want it," but "I'm a first-class Jonah man."

"Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more," but "don't wake me up, I am dreaming."

Soon Settled.—To tip or not to tip—that is the question which bothered a young man in a tea-room a few afternoons ago.

The waitress was on her way back with his change when he suddenly realized that he didn't know whether tipping was customary at that particular tea-room.

Turning to the girl with him, he whispered: "Does one tip the waitress in this place? Hurry up, she's right here."

The waitress arrived before his question could be answered.

He hestitated for a fraction of a second, and then, as the girl with the little tray departed, he turned again to his companion and said: "One does."

Overdoing It.

'TWAS the morn after Christmas,
And all through the flat
Not a creature felt happy—
Not even the cat.

'Tis a sorrowful story
We have here to tell—
They had all fed not wisely
But merely too well.

Good Sentiment Spoiled.—After the rendering of an ambitious number by the choir of his church at a concert a few evenings ago, a Toronto minister tried to say something appropriate but got the sentiment somewhat mixed.

It is said that the concluding note in the singing was flat. The minister, it may be, didn't notice that. But, at any rate, when the sound of voices and of the big organ had died away, he rose and said impressively: "We have just heard what the human voice can do. May we all meet and sing in heaven where there will be no discord."

CANDID.

Artist: "So you want a job? What is your line—are you a model?"

Applicant: "Oh, not at all! I'm a 'orrible example.'"

Appropriate.—A new play named "Croesus" has been written. Appropriately enough, it is by a chap named Rothschild. Yet you hear the old query—What's in a name?

A Suggestion.—New towns are springing up in such great numbers in Western Canada that naming them must be nearly as great a puzzle as is deciding what to call the baby.

So we humbly suggest that one of the many coming big cities call itself Notyetbutsoon.

"Shortening" the Nights.—The modern mania for saving time breaks out every little while in a new place. A man, whom—till he made the following suggestion—his friends regarded as sane, declares that the "nights of the week" should be shortened to read as follows: Sunnight, Monnight, Tuesnight, Wednesnight, Thursnight, Frinight, Saturnight.

Wail of the Man Lower Down.

I'VE been hearing long time of threatened pursuit
Of the terrible "man higher up,"
And at first I was led to imagining that
Great sorrow would fill his cup.

Quite lately there's been a discussion to find
When expenses of living have "riz";
And if still I were trustful I'd dream there's a chance
Of the middleman soon "getting his."

Though there's much talk of having conditions improved,
Expenses continue up-piling;
And meanwhile the long-suff'ring under dog
Is supposed to keep happily smiling.

Weather Wisdom.

"I wonder how they'll heat houses in 2012?"

"Oh, easy! They'll burn milestones."

"I don't mind if I can keep my feet warm."

"All the same, I don't believe people have nearly so many colds in a hard winter."

"Or other diseases, either."

"Which is worse—doctor's bills or coal bills?"

"Nobody knows. But the weather is always with us."

Book Review Note.—Copies of "The Deynard Divorce," by Edna Goodrich, the actress who divorced Nat Goodwin, have been sent to the critics. The unanimity with which they commend the binding and the type is quite remarkable.

Making Light of It.—Some people take little worries altogether too seriously. That, at least, is the opinion of a certain young lady in a certain big Canadian store.

The main floor of that store is lavishly decorated for the benefit of Christmas shoppers. A few days ago a young lady in a department on the ground floor telephoned to a department upstairs to say that some of the material used in the decorations had come loose and was likely to fall.

Now it happened that the men of the department which was telephoned to were out at the time. A young lady who answered the telephone promised to do what she could to have the trouble looked after when the men returned.

"But somebody will be killed if those decorations aren't fixed," was the reply from the ground floor.

The worried girl upstairs appealed to one less given to worry. The latter thereupon took the telephone receiver and shocked the ground floor girl by saying: "Let me make a suggestion about those dangerous decorations. Just wait a while and we'll send you some safety pins."

Early Winter Dialogues.

"I do hope we don't have an open winter! I love real snappy, cold weather."

"Well, I hope we have a mild winter. Dear knows we had a bad one last year."

"If we don't have cold weather, what's the use buying furs?"

"If we have much zero weather, I can't pay my coal bill."

"I think cold weather kills germs."

"Out west it's so dry you don't feel forty below."

"Hope we have sleighing for Christmas!"

"Wish I lived in Montreal. They have two feet of snow."

"You know, I don't think it's ever quite so cold when there's snow on the ground."

"Well, snow would lay the dust anyway."

"Yes, but snow gets so horribly dirty."

"Besides, it tracks all over the house."

"As I say, once we get past Christmas, I don't mind the rest of the winter."

"Oh dear! December, January, February, March—and most of April. It's horrid!"

"All very well for those that can afford to go to the Bermudas."

ANITA

(Continued from page 10.)

it through now. By Jove, there are the Towers right enough."

The gorge had widened out into a valley where a dark river crept between wooded banks like a guilty soul. High up above the tree tops of a steep hill gloomed four great bulks of masonry.

"If the car balks now, we're done!" said Eustace to himself as they breasted the slope. But the motor chose to behave in an angelic fashion, rare in its kind, and never drew breath till Eustace checked it before a massive fortified gateway, looming on the further side of moat and drawbridge.

The heavy iron studded doors were closed and no bark of dog or sound of human movement told of life within.

"Well, here goes to storm the fortress!" said Eustace, jumping down with Anita following him closely, as though she feared to be left. His hand was on the dangling chain of the great bell, but before he had pulled it, a mysterious little side door opened and a pale wizened face peered out, followed by the body of as thin an old man as Eustace had ever seen.

At sight of the car and of the young couple, a smile flitted over the parchment-like face as a stray sunbeam over a wintry sea.

"Ah, the signori have doubtless come to see the castello," came in the subdued voice of one who talks little with his kind.

"Doubtless, my friend, and you're Giuseppe, are'nt you? If so, the landlord of the Three Sheep said you were to do your best, and show us round."

"With joy, signor, with joy, for it is good to see the faces of the young and happy, but," with a dubious glance from the motor to the big archway—"you see I am alone and the gates are heavy"—Eustace stared.

"You mean the car? Why, it can stay here, can't it? There's no one to run away with it, is there?"

"Not a soul, signor, not a soul! Only it scarcely seems polite."

"Oh well, motors are'nt especially sensitive, I fancy," the young man retorted with a laugh.

He looked round at Anita only to find her gazing up at the coat-of-arms over the gateway.

"See," she said softly. "It is the same as on the palazzo at home."

True enough, there was the scorpion with the three stars over it, the blazon that had grown so familiar to him in the last three months on the crumbling stones of the dingy Sienna palazzo. There seemed nothing very surprising in this though.

"Oh well," he said, "all the Tuscan great families must have been a good deal mixed up in course of time. Those are the Panini arms, I suppose?" he asked the old man, who, he noticed was staring intently at Anita.

"Surely," then with a deferential bend to the girl, "the signora knows them in Sienna? They are perhaps over her palazzo gateway?" Eustace laughed merrily.

"Yes, over her palazzo gateway. Perhaps this castello, too, may be hers by rights."

"It may be," the servant agreed with chilly politeness, drawing into himself as Italians do at the first sign of a joke they cannot understand.

Taking his wife by the arm, Eustace drew her through the door, where they found themselves in a courtyard so perfectly preserved in its medievalism that the great captain, Giovanni delle Bande here might have led his troops out from it but yesterday. No modern show of flower beds trifled with the grimness of walls where the grey stone and faded rose brickwork mingled in true Tuscan fashion.

The only bit of the fair outside world that had found entrance there was a great rose vine that nearly covered one of the arches with showers of deepest red blossoms.

Anita, used from childhood to the grimness of such piles, flitted over to the rose bush as though it were the one thing she saw.

"Oh look, caro, what colour! The flowers are red as blood!" she said, reaching up a caressing hand to the blossoms.

Her husband, intent on the fine iron-work tracery above the courtyard well, made an assenting sound without turning round, his hand already on his camera, but the old servitor, who had followed close behind her, broke off one of the glowing sprays, and gave it to her.

"The flowers may well be red," he said in a husky voice with as little life in it as a Bastille prisoner's might have. The bush grows close to where once the block stood. It is old, no one knows how old, and the Panini had powers of life and death in the land. Ah, the flowers may well be red!"

The girl dropped the beautiful spray from her hand and it lay like a blood stain on the grey stones.

The old man shaking his head slowly stooped for it.

"Ah, but Iddio brings the flowers fresh from the ground into the sunshine. They bring no sins with them," he said as if in reproof.

Touched by his words, Anita took the spray and fastened it into the front of her pale blue dress.

Eustace turning, saw her standing there, the flowers in her breast, the light of happiness in her eyes.

Behind her, like a shadow hovered the thin old man in his decent black clothes.

"Keep still till I got a shot at you. You and Mephistofelies make a good contrast," he said turning the camera on her.

She smiled back but protested:

"Don't call him that. He *is* good, I think."

"That's because he's smitten with you," was her husband's retort.

He had noticed how attentively the old man followed her, but this was not the first time he had marked the power of young beauty over the Italian nature.

"Will it please the signori to see the piano nobile?" came the patient reminder—"In the great hall is a fresco said to be painted by Matteo da Giovanni. Many people have come from Rome to look at it."

"Lead on. We follow," and arm in arm they trod the wonderland of a medieval fortress, but little altered to fit it for a Renaissance country house, where the touch of time had only softened and harmonized without defacing. The old servant seemed in his element.

"Yes, signora, yes. The embroidered quilt and hangings were brought from Sienna when the Marchesa Lucrezia came as a bride."

Anita was peering rapturously into the curtains of dull red satin worked with a strange black and white tracery of birds and trees.

"If only I had any sort of a sketch, I am sure I could copy it," she said with an appealing glance at Eustace.

"I'll make a few notes of it and draw it from memory later, and you shall work a portiere for my studio," said Eustace, his voice warm with the wonderful idea of their home together.

As he drew, their guide beckoned Anita on, saying:

"The Marchesa's portrait is in the next room, her oratory, though—ah, well!" and he checked himself in what he had been about to say.

The dark little room, hardly more than a cupboard, glowed like a jewel with deep rich tints and gilding.

On the wall that faced the narrow slit of a window, hung a woman's portrait in a dim old frame.

The level afternoon light was full on the rich dress and on the pale face and dark hair with its little cap of threaded pearls, and at the sight Anita gave a little gasp.

No one cares to see a presentment of themselves with all dark latent possibilities brought out and here before her eyes was the picture of an Anita who was facing certain death without a prayer, even with the touch of a mocking smile in the deep eyes.

"What does it mean?" she asked swift and low. Somehow, she was glad that Eustace had not followed her.

"The signora sees the likeness? I marked it from the first. But," with a deprecating shrug, "we are all Tuscans, and the Marchesa was of Sienna," was the smooth answer while the tired old eyes never left her face.

"But was she wicked then?"

It seemed just now to Anita as though this mattered much to her.

Giuseppe shook his head regretfully.

Appollo! She was no saint, so they say. She and her cousin, the young Giovanni dei Roccabianca, died together on the eve of the Annunciation when her husband returned to find them supping together. Her lute was in her hands then as it is in the picture. Ah, they said she sang like the nightingales in May! But what would you! Her cousin was run through by her husband's sword and died at her feet.

"But, so the story says, it was one of the men-at-arms who was forced to cut her throat like a calf's. He had already been sentenced to death and was hung on the tower at sunrise."

Anita made a movement with her hands as if to check the tale, but under a spell of unwilling fascination she stared on at the white face looking down on her, and the soft voice went steadily on:

"The picture was put in here where few care to come, because," an impressive lowering of the voice sent a nervous shiver over the girl—"Whenever one of the old family, the family of the Marchese who gave her to death, stood where you stand and looked as you look, they saw——" a soft cold touch was laid on her arm, "they saw the stain of blood on the fair white throat that a King might have kissed."

Through the heavy, overhanging clouds broke a level ray of red sunshine and drew a line across the creamy curve of neck that four hundred years ago had been warm, living flesh.

On the silence of the stately rooms broke a long, wailing cry, and Eustace rushed into the oratory to find Anita lying at the old servitor's feet with as blanched a face as the painted woman's on the wall.

The sunbeam still barred that sinister shape, and after one dismayed glance at it, the young husband gave the attendant a shove that sent him stumbling helpless against the wall, and dropped on his hands and knees by his unconscious bride.

"What devil's work is this?" the young fellow stormed. "I'll choke the last bit of breath out of you, you old serpent, if harm comes to her."

Then, his voice all tenderness, "Anita! carissima! Don't be frightened! I'm close to you. No one shall harm you! Oh, look at me, speak to me!"

As if the voice of love had power to pierce her swoon, his wife stirred in his arms, and the lids lifted from the deep, dark eyes, he was wont to call wells of light.

An answering smile was dawning on her lips when she remembered and clung to him shuddering.

"Oh, take me away, take me away from *her!*"

"All right," and scrambling to his feet, he stooped, and gathering her in his arms bore her lightly through the rooms until out into the fresh air of the courtyard, the old man hovering in the rear like an agitated bat with soft, little distressful noises and wringings of his clawlike hands.

Eustace laid her on a stone seat under the rose bush, and as he did so brushed against some of the full flowers that scattered their petals over her light dress.

"Ah, Madonna santissima knows I would be the last to harm the lovely bride, I who served the old house all my life! I would only know if she was of the race, as she is, she must be, with that face!" wailed Giuseppe.

"The devil fly away with the race, if he hasn't done so long ago. Fetch wine then, old imbecile," Eustace blustered.

"I fly! I fly!" And in a fashion he did fly, and was soon back grasping a straw-covered flask and a twisted Venice glass.

By then, Anita was leaning half-upright against her husband's shoulder, looking more than ever like a lovely, frightened child.

As the red wine flowing into the glass glowed in the sunshine, she shuddered and hid her face against Eustace's arm.

"Please dearest, drink," he urged, "and then you will be strong enough to go to the car."

"No, no," came her distressed answer, "I want water, nothing but water. Oh, what's that?" and with a little cry she shook off a rose-leaf from her hand.

Eustace's dismay changed into determination.

"Here, I'm going to carry you out to

the motor now," he announced.

"There's white wine in the basket, and as soon as we're a bit away from this accursed place I'll make you some coffee."

"Oh yes, take me away from here!" she pleaded.

As her husband, bearing her in his arms emerged from the shadow of the gateway, he heard her soft whisper, "The saints be praised!" and himself drew a breath of relief.

Anita sank into her corner of the car as into a mother's lap, and then she looked round at the turreted gateway and the great closed doors. In the open space of the small doorway hovered the forlorn figure of Giuseppe, grasping the rejected flask to his narrow chest. A light of kindly pity drove the terror from her eyes.

"Ah," she said, leaning forward, "It was not his fault. You will give him something, caro?"

The wrathful scowl her husband turned on him wavered and softened.

"Well, it's the first time I've ever paid for being scared out of my senses," he grumbled. "However, here goes. Only see here, old man, don't you try those tricks on anyone else or you may get your head smashed."

"By Santa Caterina, Sant Anzio, and all the Tuscan saints——" came the protest, the rest of which was lost in the purr of the motor.

The storm clouds had passed and the westering sun poured down the gorge turning it into a bushy land of dreams, where one early nightingale already sang, and where a soft wind brought up the breath of banks of lavender.

And the joy of springtime and love came back to Anita, even as the faint colour crept into her cheeks.

The gorge once passed, Eustace checked the car close by a whispering stream and here, with a giant chestnut spreading its fresh green canopy overhead and anemones starring the bank below them, he set about the rite of coffee making.

"There, you begin to look more like yourself," he announced, when the coffee and the little cakes she loved to nibble had been disposed of.

"Oh, yes. It is already like a bad dream from which one awakens."

"That's good. And now, when you've had a cigarette, perhaps you'll feel like telling me what frightened you so?"

"But of course I want to tell you."

The tale was soon told, and at its close Eustace sat plaiting grass blades in gloomy meditation. The whole thing had made a most unpleasant impression on him, but he felt the immediate need of getting it out of Anita's mind.

"And she *was* like me! She was dreadfully like me!" she urged feverishly.

"Yes, I saw that. See here, carissima, will you promise me to put it all out of your head until we get back and hear what your mother has to say about it. After all, it was nothing more than a chance resemblance, a bit of sunshine and that old idiot's ghastly stories and creepy ways."

"Yes, perhaps, but——" then with sweet submissiveness, "Of course I will try to do whatever you want."

And so he kissed her and the nightingale overhead burst into full song.

Hardly had the shadows of the Sienna palazzo engulfed them, Anita's mother been hugged by both, and their frugal supper eaten, than Eustace, taking each by an arm led them off to his new studio. The last days before their marriage had been spent in fitting up the great bare room with furniture and hangings from his mother-in-law's lumber room.

Going into raptures over his treasure-trove, he had declared, gazing on a cinquecento painted bridal chest that it would bring a fortune in an auction room.

"Well, then, it must be Anita's dowry for the Madonna knows she has none other. No, I have no time to tell you its history now. That must be later," laughed the little old lady with the face like old ivory, brightened now by this Indian summer of her daughter's happiness.

The studio gave onto a loggia, where through delicate Gothic arches showed the city's many spires and turrets with beyond them the green Tuscan hills, veiled now in the soft summer twilight.

The night wind wafted over the housetops the breath of distant vine blossom and pine woods, and high above the soaring campanile shone the first stars.

Seating his mother-in-law in a high-backed carved chair, he drew Anita down beside him on the low stone coping, and after lighting a cigarette, uttered his dicta:

"Now, Anita, tell your mother the tale of the Quatro Torre."

The girl would have jumped from the parapet had her husband so ordered it, but now she hesitated, and leant towards him, a coaxing hand on his knee.

"You tell it," she urged.

The shrewd old eyes peered at them both through the dusk.

A ray of electric light from a high window enhaloed Anita's head and blanched her face.

"See now, see now," said her mother in beguiling tones, "what is this big matter that takes so much telling?"

"Here goes then," and Eustace plunged into the thick of the fray.

For his wife's sake he did his best to keep all intensity out of the tale, and yet it was there, revealing itself in its very suppression.

As he ended there was a silence and from below came up the summer's night stir of the city, a woman's laugh, the wail of a violin, the shouts of country revellers homeward bound.

The signora gave a little tentative laugh.

"Ah, but young folks are fanciful! Cannot a girl look like an old picture without such a fuss?"

Eustace waved aside the evasion. He had grown used to the Italian reluctance to be questioned.

"Well, but the old man's idea that Anita came of the Panini, and the coat-of-arms over the gate?"

"There are more ways than one of winning a five franc piece. Such people say what they think will please."

"A queer way to go about it. But the coat-of-arms? Was this ever a Panini dwelling?"

"Who knows? Who knows? So many dead men have come and gone." And the little lady whisked them away from her with a wave of her hand, before she spoke again.

"If you want to know how the Terzani and the Panini were intermarried, as doubtless from the coat-of-arms being the same, they were once, you must go and ask the old man at the Archives."

Eustace's cigarette dropped from his hand and he stared at the little old lady in her shabby black cashmere dress, as though she were quite a new person.

"Why, you must be noble then!" he said blankly.

"Eh, then, did you think us contadina?" was the brisk retort.

The thin, old laugh had in it an airy contempt.

"But you never told me?"

"Have you not heard us always called Donna Helena and Donna Anita by everyone?"

"Yes, but I thought that was just a polite way of speaking."

This time Anita laughed, too.

"No one could call us that unless we were born so. And did I not tell you that we had the right to this floor of the palazzo?"

"Yes, but I thought it was a gift."

"It was my right," and a sound in her voice made him feel like something fresh and raw striking up against an older civilization. "See then," she went on, "I was of the Martelli, and my husband was Conte Alberto of the Contes dei Terzani. But when he chose to be a doctor he became a radical and hated the old ways, so that when you asked to marry Anita I was glad that you came from a republic where they do not like them either. Perhaps that was why I did not tell you all I should have done, but does it matter now?" and through the dusk she peered anxiously towards him.

Her simplicity stirred a sense of shame for his father's sordidness of outlook, but crushing it back, he laughed out as he put his arm around Anita.

"It only matters that when my father hears I've married the Contessina Anita dei Conti Terzani—Jove, what a mouthful!—he'll be sending along a good fat wedding gift, so let's drink her health in a flash of white Chianti."

"Madonna, but you Americans are strange people," said the old lady as she pulled out her keys.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Additional Directors Bank of Montreal.

THE directors of the Bank of Montreal held their annual meeting in Montreal on Dec. 2nd. Among the items of interest covered by the board was the addition of three new directors to their number. The nomination of these gentlemen: Messrs. D. Ford Angus, Huntly R. Drummond and Chas. B. Gordon, was moved, according to Sir Thos. O'Shaughnessy, on account of the board feeling the need of some "young blood" among them. One new director was required to fill vacancy caused by death of Sir Edward Clouston and the other two are additional.

MR. C. B. GORDON, New Director Bank of Montreal.

Mr. D. Ford Angus is the eldest son of Richard B. Angus, the "Montreal Millionaire" who refused knighthood in 1910. Mr. Angus Jr. was born in Montreal and educated in England and Germany. In February, 1894, he married the only daughter of the late F. W. Henshaw. Mr. Angus is following his father's footsteps as an active and energetic business man. He is a director of Paton Manufacturing Co.; is president of Intercolonial Coal Co; vice-president Guardian Accident and Guarantee Co.; a director of Standard Life Assurance Co., also a life member of the Art Association, and is on the executive committee of the Fraser Institute, Montreal. Mr. Angus' name is included on the membership lists of St. James Club, Mount Royal Club, and Montreal Jockey Club.

Mr. Huntly R. Drummond, who has been ably trained to a business career by his father, the late Sir G. A. Drummond, K.C.M.G., whom he succeeded as president of Canadian Sugar Refinery Co., after his death, was born in Montreal. He was partly educated in Montreal High School and finished his education in England. His wife was Miss Reynolds, of Montreal. Mr. Drummond is first vice-president of Montreal Board of Trade, a councillor Montreal Art Association, a life governor of Western Hospital, president Cumberland Ry. and Coal Co., also president of Canadian Jute Co. and Canada Bag Co. An amateur sportsman and athlete of merit, among other things winning the Montreal long distance ski jumping event in 1905 (clearing 76 feet). Mr. Drummond is a charter member of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, and was vice-president of Bob and Sleigh Club in 1910. He also belongs to Mount Royal Club, Montreal Ski Club, Auto and Aero Club, Forest and Stream Club, M.A.A.A. and Montreal Jockey Club.

MR. H. DRUMMOND, New Member of Bank of Montreal Board.

Mr. Charles B. Gordon is a manufacturer of cotton and has been president of the Dominion Textile Co. since 1909. He is a practical man who knows the cotton business from A to Z. His father was John Gordon, of Montreal, and in this city he was born and educated. He began his business career with McIntyre Sons and Co., leaving that company to undertake the organization and management of the Standard Shirt Co., and staying with it till it subsequently merged with the Canada Converters Co. Mr. Gordon continued to manage this concern till the organization of the Dominion Textile Co., of which he became vice-president and managing director and eventually president. Previous to this he was vice-president of Montmorency Cotton Mills and of Colonial Bleaching and Printing Co.; a director of Merchants Cotton Co. and Montreal Cotton Co.; he is still connected with the latter firm. His activity in the business world does not even end here, but he is vice-president of Penmans, Ltd.; president Hillcrest Collieries; director of Meredith, Ltd.; of Molsons Bank, and Travellers' Life Assurance Co.; in 1911 he was elected vice-president of Quebec branch of Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and has lectured on "The Business Management Problem."

Mr. Gordon married Miss Annie Brooks, of Seaforth, Ont., in 1897. Among the clubs Mr. Gordon is not an inconspicuous person, and belongs to Mount Royal, Canada, Montreal Jockey and St. Lawrence Yacht Clubs.

New Vice-President Bank of Montreal.

MR. H. V. MEREDITH, who early in the year was appointed general manager of the Bank of Montreal, has now been made vice-president of that institution, his appointment having been before the board at the meeting on December 2nd. Mr. Meredith has been in the service of the bank since 1867, and is indeed fitted to succeed the late Sir Edward Clouston in this important position.

In his annual report, presented at this meeting, Mr. Meredith showed that the bank's affairs were in such excellent condition that they were able to pay dividends, add a million to Rest account, a million to Contingent account, and carry forward $802,000. The dividend was ten per cent. with two bonuses of one per cent. each. The dividend was not permanently increased.

A new feature of the report this year is a statement of contingent liabili-

ties and of the securities held against them. These amount to about fourteen millions of dollars and consist entirely of contingent acceptances.

Another Merger.

THE bonds of the National Bridge Co. have lately risen from 76 to 79. The reason for this rise is evidently due to a merger by which the Dominion Bridge Co. is taking over the National. This amalgamation, although not officially announced yet, is considered in financial circles to be sure to take place. The board of the National, with J. N. Greenshields, the well-known commercial and criminal lawyer, of Montreal, as its president, consists of the following gentlemen: William Lyall, W. G. M. Shepherd, Hon. Robert Mackay and H. W. Beauclerk.

The Dominion are going to take over the National on a stock exchange basis, it is understood. They will guarantee interest on the $560,000 6 per cent. bonds and holders of any of the $1,000,000 National common stock will receive one Dominion share for every four National they hold.

MR. J. N. GREENSHIELDS,
President of National Bridge Co.

Quebec Bank---New Issue.

ON December 2nd, the Quebec Bank held its annual meeting. The re-elected board was as follows: Messrs. John T. Ross, Gaspard Lemoine, W. A. Marsh, Vesey Boswell, Thomas McDougall, G. G. Stuart, K.C., J. E. Aldred, R. MacD. Paterson, Peter Laing.

The profits of the bank for the year were reported at $294,804. These figures show a gain of $18,413 over last year's profits.

It was announced that an issue of $500,000 new stock at 125 was forthcoming.

Transfer of Montreal Bank Manager.

THE Dominion Bank is sending Mr. J. Hadyn Horsey, who for some years has managed their Montreal office, to England, where he will take over duties as manager of the London office of the bank. He is being succeeded in Montreal by Mr. M. S. Bogert. Mr. Bogert has been with the Dominion Bank for some twenty-five years.

Molsons Bank Not Behind the Times.

THE vacancy on the Molsons Bank board has been filled by the appointment of Mr. W. M. Birks as a director of that institution. That Mr. Birks is an able and energetic man and a genius for organization is evidenced by the excellent results accomplished as a result of his work in connection with the McGill campaign of last year. He is also broad-minded and progressive, and, on this account, besides his business fame and philanthropic work, is probably one of Montreal's best known business men of the younger set.

Mr. Birks is the eldest son of Henry Birks, founder of Henry Birks & Sons, and was born in Montreal, where, also, he received his education, having matriculated from Montreal High School to McGill University.

Although a comparatively young man, Mr. Birks' time is well taken up by the positions he holds in various firms. He is vice-president of Henry Birks & Sons, of Montreal, and of Ryrie Brothers, of Toronto. In these firms he is considered to be the most energetic member. His responsibilities do not end there, however, but he is also a director of the Sun Life Assurance Co. and a member of the International Board of the Y. M. C.A.

Well might it be stated that Mr. Birks is indeed an addition to the board of the venerable Molsons Bank, and his many friends and associates will hear with pleasure his appointment thereto.

Another Change in National Trust Co. Executive.

ANOTHER change in the management of the National Trust Co. is reported. Mr. Geo. H. D. Lee, of Mullock, Lee, Milliken and Clark, is to enter the head office in Toronto. A vacancy has been created by the retirement of Mr. Home Smith who will devote his time and energy to the "Humber Boulevard Scheme." Some English capitalists are behind Mr. Smith in this enterprise, the operation of which is being pushed forward energetically.

Mr. Lee is a past-president of the Canadian Club and occupies a high position in the legal fraternity. He has a reputation as a sound, sane and business-like lawyer and should be an acquisition to the National's staff.

Director of Montreal Firm Retired.

MR. SHIRLEY OGILVIE has retired from the board of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. The directors and employees have presented Mr. Ogilvie with a handsome solid silver tea service.

Mr. Ogilvie is the only surviving son of the late Hon. A. W. Ogilvie, of Montreal, and was born in that city in 1864, and educated there. He married the daughter of the late W. D. Chalmers, manager of the Bank of B. N. A., Ottawa, in 1895. He was for some time agent in Ottawa for the Ogilvie Milling Co., of Montreal, of which his father was founder. Since 1902 he has resided in Montreal as secretary and director of this company. In 1906 he was appointed a director of the Eastern Townships Bank, but retired from this position in 1907.

Farmers Will be Considered.

ANYBODY interested is just now wondering and surmising as to the amendments of the Bank Act which will be down shortly. Recently Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance, stated that the new Act will contain a clause enabling farmers to borrow on grain. W. F. Maclean, member from South York, on inquiring if farmers were to be allowed to borrow on live stock, was assured by Mr. White that they would be able to do so.

The Sands of Time

(Concluded from page 18.)

throb with gladness; when Joe found the exquisite set of Dickens with a new bill carelessly placed in the front of each volume, he gave his uncle such a prodigious hug that he fairly begged for mercy. Esther was charmed with a glorious Russian leather portfolio, and the others equally pleased with the evidences of his generosity. But when Uncle Peter thought of that stupid trunk upstairs—carefully locked, you may be sure—he recoiled within himself in silent abasement.

After breakfast his sister led him to the conservatory. In the fragrant room was a table on which were numberless parcels, bags of candy, sugar canes, and other things dear to the child-heart.

"I always feel, brother, that we have so much—that we are most richly blessed," she said with one of her lovely smiles. "So every Christmas I have taught the children to think of the less fortunate. These presents are for the Home for Incurable Children. It makes the poor little souls so happy—and I'm sure it makes us happier, too."

She paused and buried her face in a bunch of Chinese lilies. Her eyes were moist and Uncle Peter coughed huskily. A sudden inspiration flashed through his nimble brain.

"Yes, indeed, Charlotte—true—quite true. Now, strange enough, I have brought some foolish gim-cracks in my trunk—foolish things that I thought might do for some small children—very small, you know—and if you'll just put 'em with your things and send 'em off, I'll——"

"Peter, you're an old dear," cried his sister, as her arms encircled his chubby neck. There were tears in the eyes of both.

The Passing of Oul-I-But

(Continued from page 15.)

and the father of Tuk-tu, lying with their faces in the snow, and their shirts torn and bloody, and between them sat the bear, biting at the point of a spear that stuck out of his side. The bear looked, but did not move, and kept on biting at his wound, so she ran very quickly and told me."

Here Oul-i-but's voice rose and grew louder and stronger, and cast away all semblance of age or weakness or the death that awaited him. "I spoke to the Spirits, and told them that my tribe had need of me, and asked them to take away my sickness and give me strength again. Even as I spoke the strength came, and I rose up, and my back and knees and arms were well again, and I bent my spear with my hands which no other man has done or can do. So I went to meet the bear.

"He saw me," the old voice rang on, "and he was still biting at his wound. 'I have come to kill you,' I called, 'and I will give your skull to the dogs.' Still he did not move, so I said: 'It is a rat and no bear that I see;' and then he looked at me, and the blood of my friends was on his breast and head. He was very big and thin, and his eyes were small and red. He came very fast. I put the butt of my spear in a little hole in the ice, pointing the blade at the blood on his chest, and, when he turned to strike my side, I turned also the spear, and he ran on it, till it went into his breast as far as my arm is long. So the spear broke in his body and I struck with my dag, till he died with his mouth open to slay me."

The passion died in the old man's tones, the force of them dwindling as he went slowly on. "We drew him to the igloos, also the fathers of Tuk-tu and Aiv-ik; and the tribe ate the bear, and I gave his skull to the dogs."

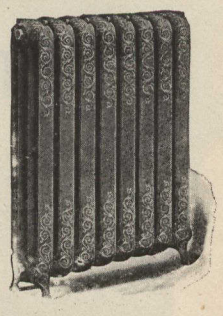
"And my father?" said Aiv-ik.

"And mine?" put in Tuk-tu.

"The tribe was large," whispered Oul-i-but painfully, for his strength was going fast. "Also, it was very hungry. We killed no more for many days—but, we ate not their spirits, which I shall soon see."

Tuk-tu and Aiv-ik regarded each other silently. It was true—he could not have eaten their spirits.

There fell a hush and the brown men looked at Oul-i-but. Beneath them, almost imperceptible tremours palpitated



King Hot Water Boilers are especially adapted to the heating of Houses, Apartments and Greenhouses. They are easily operated, easily cleaned, and are economical on fuel, but above all they are *boilers that heat.*

Royal Square Sectional Boilers are made for both *Steam* and *Hot Water* Heating, and are used more especially in larger buildings, such as Apartment Houses, Office Buildings, Warehouses, Factories and Garages. They are the latest and most improved Boiler of this type on the market. Write for our Boiler Catalogue and Illustrated Booklet entitled "Comfortable Homes," full of facts regarding Modern Heating.

STEEL AND RADIATION LIMITED

FRASER AVE., TORONTO — 138 CRAIG ST. W., MONTREAL

Agents at Winnipeg, Vancouver, Calgary, St. John, Ottawa and Quebec.

through the ice, as the blind tides set in toward the land; and, even as they looked, the weight of his years fell on the old man, and he grew immeasurably aged. None of them spoke, for they knew what would come next.

Then, faint and trembling, he said, "I go before, but we shall meet again. I am old and very weak, but where I go there is food and rest and happiness. Remember me, for I am very weary and would say good-bye."

The nearest man rose, put his hands on the traveller's shoulders, kissed him on mouth and brows, and, stooping, crawled out of the igloo. After him, came another and another, kissing the dim eyes, caressing the bent figure, till there was only Non-uk left. And last, the new chief held the old one closely to him for a moment, gazing earnestly into the withered face, expressing courage, affection, hope and farewell—all these in a mute understanding way. Then he looked about and saw that the remnants of food were properly placed, that the fishing line was in order, that the deerskin robes were dry and comfortable.

Now the moment had come when Oul-i-but should not see any more of earth and Non-uk caressed him for the very last time. "I will remember, my father," he whispered, with his arms around the old man's neck; then he, too, stooped and disappeared. The traveller stared at the mouth of the tunnel. It threw a patch of reflected light that spread with soft radiance in this fine new igloo of his. Then the patch changed and lessened, and the igloo grew darker, and soon it took strange, irregular forms and vanished altogether; till he looked up and caught the pin-point of a star through the six-inch hole overhead.

Non-uk had crawled out into the centre of a little crowd, and, since a chief must serve a chief, he had silently placed the blocks that sealed the igloo forever. Also he found that the women had packed the tribe's possessions on sledges, had harnessed the dogs, and, men and women alike, awaited his command.

The Arctic day had dwindled and in the north flashed the first banners of a great Aurora. Whatever of darkness there was seemed luminous, and away southward, to east and west, loomed the black cliffs of Great Bear Point. There were no shadows of a storm; the ice lay before them clean and hard.

Now the Spirit of a chief is one worthy of reverence. It was, therefore, the custom of the little brown men to travel for a day and a night, in order that it might not be hurt or soiled in its passage by sound or sight of mortals. Furthermore, since the weight of their life bore heavily on them, and distress and hunger were brothers to all, it was written that one hungered or in danger might use the igloo of death. He must, however, make sure that the Spirit was gone, and then the robes, the flint and steel, and all that was there, might be used with reverence and care. If he had wherewith to pay, he should pay; but, if not, he should bless the Spirit and depart, leaving all things in order.

At a sign from Non-uk they drew off a little on the first step of their journey; then the sledges and the little brown people halted in an irregular curve, their faces toward the igloo. For a moment there was a silence as of death. The great Aurora blossomed into a fiery spray and rippled into a marvellous riot of life, beside which the winking stars looked pale and thin. Gusty waves of colour trembled through it from end to end, while it shot forth spears and arrows and battalions of light that seemed to drown and engulf everything in the purple sky. The tribe saw it, but noted not, save that it spoke of troubled weather; they were waiting for a sign, and presently the sign came.

Non-uk raised his hand, and there floated across the stark ice to Oul-i-but the farewell call of his people. It was the cry of those who face danger, to one who has fought his last fight; the voice of the fear and courage and mystery and love that broods in the hearts of the men of the far north; and it rang sharp and clear up toward the stars and drifted into the igloo of Oul-i-but. "Good-bye," they called. "We shall meet again. Good-bye, Oul-i-but, good-bye."

The old man raised his head at the sound of it, for he was still watching the place on the floor where the patch of light had died. Those were the last

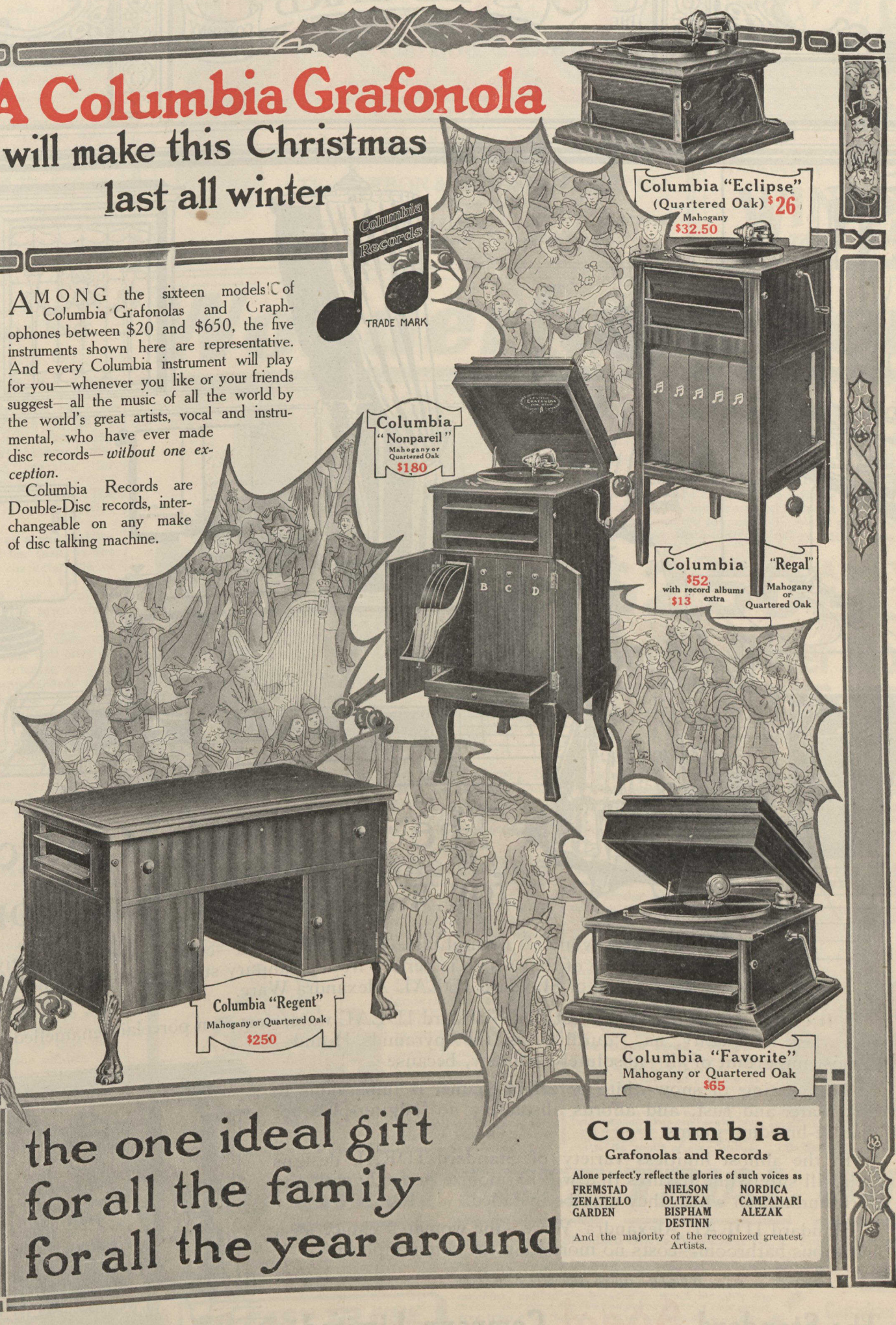
A Columbia Grafonola

will make this Christmas last all winter

AMONG the sixteen models of Columbia Grafonolas and Graphophones between $20 and $650, the five instruments shown here are representative. And every Columbia instrument will play for you—whenever you like or your friends suggest—all the music of all the world by the world's great artists, vocal and instrumental, who have ever made disc records—*without one exception.*

Columbia Records are Double-Disc records, interchangeable on any make of disc talking machine.

Columbia Records
TRADE MARK



Columbia "Eclipse" (Quartered Oak) $26
Mahogany $32.50

Columbia "Nonpareil"
Mahogany or Quartered Oak
$180

Columbia "Regal"
$52
with record albums $13 extra
Mahogany or Quartered Oak

Columbia "Regent"
Mahogany or Quartered Oak
$250

Columbia "Favorite"
Mahogany or Quartered Oak
$65

the one ideal gift for all the family for all the year around

Columbia
Grafonolas and Records

Alone perfect'y reflect the glories of such voices as

FREMSTAD	NIELSON	NORDICA
ZENATELLO	OLITZKA	CAMPANARI
GARDEN	BISPHAM	ALEZAK
	DESTINN	

And the majority of the recognized greatest Artists.

Columbia Phonograph Co. Gen'l.

McKinnon Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Territory open to dealers.

voices he should hear on earth. For a little time he would mark the trembling of the ice, and the press of the north wind past his igloo. He would catch a few fish, and eat and rest, and then he would go to sleep, and not notice anything any more till he woke up in the far country, among his old friends. But this last call must be answered; so, with effort and failing strength he climbed on Nun-ok's block, and put his mouth as near as he might to the hole in the roof, and sent out his soul in one last word to his people.

Faintly it lifted, for the end was not far away. Still fainter it came down the wind, where waited the black-eyed, fur-clad men, while the black-nosed, bushy-tailed dogs lay on the snow and bit at the ice between their toes. At the sound of it, they called again, more clearly, more strongly, and then stood motionless for the answer.

But all they heard was Un-orri, the north wind, talking to himself, as he came down from the land of the white death.

Two Christmas Eves

(Continued from page 16.)

in a daze. Then rising with a wintry smile she put her hand on the door's edge. "Her little sunny head came to here. I can't bear to touch the knob; she used to stand on tiptoe and play with it. When I wake at night and miss her tiny groping hand reaching for mine in the darkness——"

She stopped short with a sob. The roots of her life were intertwined with those of her baby.

Days passed and it was a sad, listless woman who went about her tasks in the lonely house. It was characteristic of her that she never went to visit the stepmother of little Glory, nor permitted herself in that part of the town where the Maginnis family lived, on the chance of seeing her little lost child. Hers was the intense lover's love that will have all or nothing and cannot tolerate compromise. As Christmas approached, from sheer force of habit she put up pine branches sprinkled with holly, above the pictures and around the mantel piece. As she knelt for a moment to warm her chilled fingers at the glowing open fire, she heard a rap at the door, followed by uncertain movements in the hall. As she rose to her feet the door into her parlour was pushed open and Mr. Maginnis shambled within. Suddenly her heart turned to ice. "Oh, what is it?" she cried. "Is my baby ill?"

"Divil a bit of it," was the irate reply. "'Tis the ould Nick that's in her I'm thinkin'. She's in mischief from mornin' till night, so the heart of me wumman is wore out of her intoirely."

The lady breathed quickly. It was Christmas Eve and the feeling of unexpected joy was in the air.

"She's bruk two gilt edge plates an' three cups already. She's like her mother fur that." He stopped to smile grimly. "An' the more Rosy slaps her the more she cries, till I git that mad I cud knock the head clane off her."

"What!" Miss Martindale stood rigid as an exclamation point at the end of a paragraph of horrors.

"Knock the head clane off Rosy, ye understand."

"Oh, yes, I see." Miss Martindale visibly unbent.

"A step-mother can't be expected to have much patience, ye know, mum. But I won't stand it to see my own child kicked into Kingdom Come, even if she did put the two feet of her into the pan of dough an' slam the two-dollar bill into the stove."

"But I understood that Mrs. Maginnis was kind to the little girl."

"So she is mum, when she's in a good timper an' things is going right. But she's gittin' careless about lavin' hot wather underfoot for the kid to fall into. So I says to meself there's one person I can rely on to treat her well an' ye are the one. If ye care to kape her——"

"Care? Care?" She paced the room with nervous swiftness. "I care for nothing else in the world."

The man looked at her curiously, realizing even in his dull and sodden imagination the fiery depth and strength of her mother-love. The warmth of enfolding tenderness emanated from her eyes and lips and arms. It was the spirit of Christ—the spirit of Christmas. He bowed his head before her.

"I'll have the papers made out regular, mum, so she'll be yer own."

"Will you?" She faced him with shining eyes. "Oh, I'll be good to her. I'll make her a beautiful woman in every way."

"That ye will, mum. Thanky, mum. Ye won't have to go far fur her. I left her shlapin' in yer big hall chair."

Something slipped from the chair in question, the door was pushed open and a lovely vision of babyhood ran straight to the longing outstretched arms. "Oh, my little heart, my little darling, my little lamb, my precious——" her voice faded away into delicious love-sweet babblings.

The baby snuggled into her neck and kissed her. Then she relieved the tension of the moment by poking her little fingers into the lady's buttonholes. "My mamma," she said.

Chang and Ballyhoo

(Concluded from page 12.)

perseveringly unreasonable before. But, since the responsibility for their well-being had now been placed upon his shoulders alone, he acted thereby. He gave one last, absolutely irresistible tug, brought away that red waistcoat all but a few shreds about the arm-hole, and carefully placed it in the fanlight. . . .

In five seconds it had followed everything before it. Ballyhoo was not trying to use his voice any more. He was rushing Chang up and down the car, batting him with a barrel stave.—And that was reasonable, at any rate. For it didn't hurt Chang any, and it kept them both very nearly warm!

But the rest of the story is what the Jungling people will always tell you first. For, of a sudden, that car jerked once,—jerked twice,—and then stopped so lurchingly short that if it hadn't been that it was Chang who was ahead just then, there mightn't have been anything left of Ballyhoo but a pancake.

There had been an accident. A truck under the tender had broken loose. Only that wasn't the accident that might have taken place. That truck had smashed nothing but itself.——

But, a good hour ahead of its proper schedule, and without having any realization of it among those long mountain curves,—the second Jungling train, with all the performers aboard, was following not half a mile behind. A few short minutes more, and there would have been one of the cruelest rear-end collisions ever known in Canada.

But, even as he whipped by, out of the end of his eye the engineer of that second train had believed that he had seen a red flag! Not a second sooner than there was direful need for, he had dropped his air brakes on,—and the first person to hail him was a brakeman running weakly back up the grade from the train ahead. In his hand there was a genuine danger signal.

And then they had ample time to go back and see what the first red flag had been. They found it hanging from a rock. Thanks to Chang and his fine sense of pure reason, it was Ballyhoo's red parade waistcoat!

A Toucher for Mr. Doherty

(Kingston Whig.)

HON. C. J. DOHERTY does not favour an increase of indemnity surely. He is in receipt of a Cabinet Minister's pay, the indemnity of $2,500, plus $400 for stenographer, plus free tickets on all the railways, plus his pension as an ex-judge. And yet he cannot get down to business, and the Kingston penitentiary is going without a head. The chief inspector is kept here doing warden's duty because Mr. Doherty will not appoint the man who is fit for the job.

Officers R.C.A.

The Royal Canadian Academy elected officers last week at their annual meeting in Ottawa, as follows: President, Wm. Brymner; Vice-President, A. F. Dunlop; Treasurer, James Smith; and Secretary, E. Dyonnet. Mr. Henry Sproatt, of Toronto, was made an academician, while the following were made new associates: E. Fosberry, of Ottawa; J. E. H. MacDonald and C. W. Jefferys, of Toronto; and H. Herbert and A. Laliberte, of Montreal.

Ten Thousand Francs.

(Concluded from page 9.)

"Can you let me have five shillings?"

There was a short pause before Trent and Fintry replied together — "Of course!" It seemed so little for Sedley to ask.

Sedley struggled to his feet. "God bless you," he said. "If—if you can give me it now, I'll go at once. My wife is very ill."

"Sit still a moment," said Fintry. "Make him sit down again, Charlie." He opened his bag and brought out a small flask. "Here, Sedley, take a sup of this first."

"If you wouldn't mind giving me the money. My wife——" Sedley, ignoring the flask, tried to rise in spite of Trent's hold on his shoulder.

"Drink, man," commanded Fintry, and Sedley weakly obeyed.

"You'd better have a sovereign," said Trent, putting the coin into the trembling hand.

"And this, too." Fintry added his half-sovereign.

At that Sedley broke down. "Oh, God bless you both," he sobbed. "You were my last hope—my last hope. My people have chucked me altogether. I came back from seeing them two hours ago, to find a new-born baby, and my wife desperately ill, in those awful rooms. I had spent the last of my money on the train fare. Oh, Trent, oh, Fintry, what should I have done without you? God bless you, God bless you both." Next moment he dashed the tears from his eyes. "Forgive me leaving you like this, but I must get the things for my wife."

They did not attempt to detain him. Indeed, they let him go without a word. Nor did they utter a word till the sound of stumbling footsteps had entirely died away.

Then Trent went over to the extinguished candle and with a match that quivered relit it.

"Well, Bob?"

Fintry groaned. "It's all up," he said, and threw the foreign envelope on the table. "We can't take it. A sick wife, four kids, a new-born infant, no money, and Christmas Eve—oh, my God, we *can't* take it!"

Trent seemed to require occupation. He bent down and fiddled with the cock of the gas fire. "You know his present address, Bob?" he enquired casually.

"Yes."

"We'll toddle along presently—what do you say?"

Fintry considered. "We'll put the whole thing in a fresh envelope, leave it in his hands, and bolt," he said at last.

"Good idea!"

After that they were silent for a space.

. . . . . .

Sedley, who emigrated with his family as soon as his wife and the baby were fit to travel, always meant to send Trent and Fintry ten pounds apiece as a small token of his appreciation of their generosity. So we must give him all the credit possible for his good intentions.

Trent sells quite a number of pictures nowadays, at fairly decent prices, and the sale of Trumpington's Toffee doubtless owes its steady increase to them as well as to its own excellence. Fintry still lives for poetry on his execrable prose, and continues to share his joys and sorrows with Trent, whose work he admires more than ever. At present it is a profound secret, but one is tempted to whisper that Trent hopes by next Christmas to have accumulated enough spare cash to pay for the publication of his friend's volume of poems—or "bookie," as Fintry fondly calls it.

And talking of Christmas, the friends are, strangely enough given to assuring each other that the Christmas when they nearly went to Antwerp was not such a rotten Christmas after all—not precisely merry, perhaps, but really quite happy in its way.

May none of us spend a worse one.

Avoiding Danger.—Mrs. Jones—"Why are you going home so soon? Surely your husband can get along without you."

Mrs. Smith—"I know it. But I don't want him to find out that he can."—New York World.

Illustrated Musical Talks

EDUCATION in music, like most other kinds of culture, is only begun in the school. Real music culture comes from the serious study of musical works among people whose interest on the subject is broad enough to be bigger than the routine programme of the college or the conservatory.

There are in any Canadian city a large number of musical folk who are able to impart music culture in a personal way, without the formal atmosphere of the concert hall. It is becoming more and more recognized that the small assembly in a free and easy way of people with a mutual interest in music, means more to musical culture than stiff programmes in concert halls.

In order to further this social side of music, two Toronto artists have secured the co-operation of several ladies for the purpose of giving a series of music talks illustrated by song and piano. The two artists are Miss Hope Morgan, soprano, and Miss Grace Smith, pianist. They are both well known in Toronto, but not so well known to lovers of true art as each of them should be. It is some years now since Miss Hope Morgan returned to Canada from an extended period of singing-study abroad. It is about four years since Miss Grace Smith came to Canada and established herself as a favourite among people who recognize the real worth of an artist at the piano. The co-operation of these ladies in a series of musical illustrated talks is made possible by the considerate kindness of several ladies who have placed their drawing-rooms at the disposal of the artists. Lady Gibson, Lady Walker, Lady Mackenzie, Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Palmer will be the musical hostesses. In such drawing-rooms and with such a social atmosphere there should be every opportunity for both the artists who are to perform and the audiences who wish to hear them. The first of the series will be given on Monday, February 10th, 1913.

Mr. E. Whaley Buys All-Canadian Pictures

IT'S taken for granted that a man who deals in music will understand music; though many a man has gone selling pianos who didn't know "B from a bull's foot" on the keyboard. But it's not a custom for a music dealer to know much about pictures, which are supposed to be best understood by artists and appreciated by millionaires.

Perhaps there are other music dealers in Canada who know considerable about pictures of one kind or another; but it's absolutely certain that no other man who deals in music anywhere else in the world has so unique a connection with art as Mr. E. Whaley, head of the firm Whaley, Royce and Co. In fact, there is no man of any description anywhere who has such a collection of canvases as Mr. Whaley, Sir Edmund Walker, for instance, may come somewhere near the edge of the same category. But only the edge. Sir William Van Horne has a touch of it; but his gallery is almost piled with great European canvases, as are those of several other art connoisseurs in Montreal and Toronto; and Sir William's chief connection with the variety of pictures such as the collection of Mr. Whaley is the fact that he does what he can to paint them himself.

In brief, Mr. Whaley is the fortunate possessor of a big houseful of canvases, every one of which was done by a Canadian artist. The total number of canvases is well on to 200. Some of them are very big; but most of them are excellent examples of the best work done by Canadian artists almost since the first worth-while pictures were produced in Canada by such men as Jacobi, Paul Peel, Paul Kane and half a dozen more, right down to the best work of a great majority of Canadian painters now living. Every room, every hallway, every nook and corner, from cellar to garret of a big house is enlivened by an interesting, well-selected canvas—shown in a good light.

I don't know when Mr. Whaley first began to get relief from the tedium of musical merchandise and invoices and making band instruments, and selling

everything known in sheet music, by buying Canadian pictures. But it was many years ago. Since that time Mr. Whaley has been the keenest appreciator of Canadian pictures ever seen at an exhibition. Of all the picture shows held in Toronto these many years, he has missed very, very few. There is no picture dealer whose stock ranging from time to time Mr. Whaley has not studied. In the selection of his pictures he has been guided not by size of a canvas, or the mere prestige of a name, but in most cases by the actual quality of the canvas. In this he has learned the same fine discrimination which he applies to music. And as he began to be connected with music many years ago as a youth by playing a B-flat cornet in a brass band, so he began his cumulative interest in Canadian art by picking out, at first doubtfully a picture here and a picture there, done by a Canadian artist. As he got more experience in determining quality in a picture he learned to pass over inferior work and to discard some pictures bought in the days of his inexperience.

Now Mr. Whaley's collection is by all odds the best private collection of Canadian pictures anywhere, and his judgment on a Canadian picture, though that of an appreciative layman whose prime interest is in music, is a sure guide to almost any man anxious to buy genuine Canadian art. It might take a large fortune to buy this admirable collection. In all probability Mr. Whaley would not sell them at any price. He has put in the best part of his leisure in a lifetime collecting and enjoying his pictures. It has been a hobby, not inexpensive, and yet never a fad. And this houseful of good pictures owned by a music dealer is surely worth much more space in description than the few lines accorded it here.

A Book of Wisdom

"I BELIEVE THAT"— is the title of a new little book by Alan Sullivan, published by Wm. Tyrrell. The contents of the book are a collection of aphorisms which, from the character of the title, may be regarded as a sort of everyday creed. The character of the maxims or proverbs varies somewhat from the philosophic to the mildly humorous and the sentimental.

Here are a few samples of the sort of thing that may be picked up at odd moments and quite at random:

"It is well to beware of the eye that droops.

"The measure of the picture is the soul of the painter.

"Desire for publicity is as strong in some criminals as in most politicians.

"With the heart of a woman and the hand of a friend I am richer than Dives.

"Take heed that your gain be not another's loss.

"How objectionable is the man of the large stomach and the small soul.

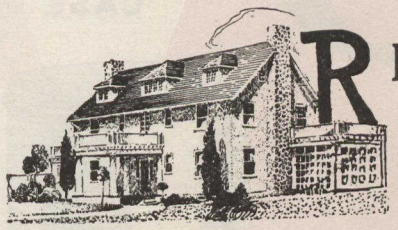
"Spirituality is the ability to recognize beauty.

"Seek a man for policy, a woman for compromise, and a child for truth."

The work is thus seen to be a compound of proverbs, definitions, little satires, humouresques and reflections; the odds and ends of leisure in thinking. The value of the work for the most part lies in its range of interest and its lucidity of statement. Some of the axioms set down are as easy to remember as the Proverbs of Solomon, which some of them rather resemble; and when one remembers that the author is a son of the late Bishop Sullivan, who once gave a series of admirable Bible readings from Solomon's works for sermons in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, it is not surprising that they should be.

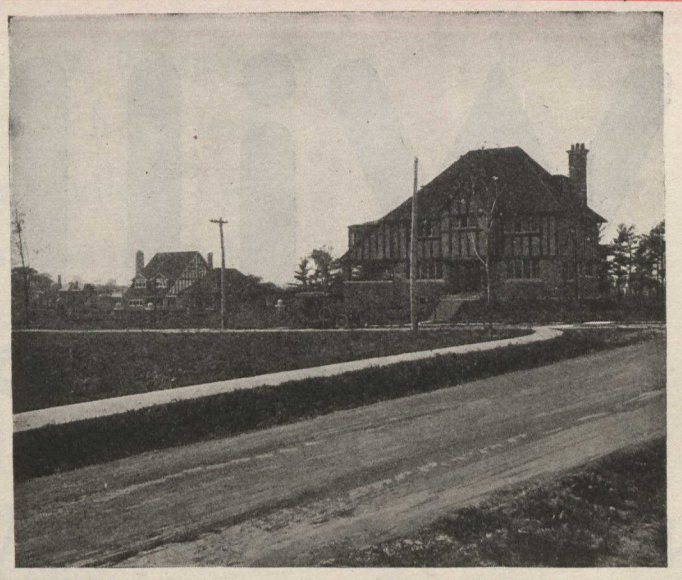
There is no reason why a man who has a large number of more or less detached truths which he is capable of moulding into polite and well-balanced language, should not do so for the pleasure it affords himself and the interest it is bound to arouse among his friends. In spite of its title the book can scarcely be classed as a creed, inasmuch as most creeds worth while have rather more sequence than a dictionary. Neither is it likely to be considered as the last word, even for the author, on the particular subjects it enumerates for discussion.

LET
LAWRENCE PARK
MAKE MONEY FOR YOU



REAL, active development in this superior residential section of North Toronto has made Lawrence Park highly desirable for home-building and investment. In this improved district are the modern homes of many of Toronto's most prominent citizens. Lawrence Park has always been a profitable investment; and now, because of the by-law annexing the town of North Toronto to the City of Toronto, the value of Lawrence Park lots will advance rapidly. There is money to be made now by purchasing Lawrence Park lots at present prices and holding for a little while. Read this special offer.

A Residence of Quality in Lawrence Park



One of Many Beautiful Homes in Lawrence Park

SPECIAL OFFER Prices are trembling now on the verge of an upward rise, due to the annexation of North Toronto, which enactment goes into effect on December 15th. Until that time we will give you the benefit of our old prices, which are surprisingly low, with easy terms. Use the coupon to-day as the first step toward securing an investment that will add dollars to your bank account as rapidly as Toronto is adding thousands to its population.

The types of Lawrence Park residences shown on this page indicate the high quality of this property, which will always be sought by high-class home-builders. It is beautifully landscaped with trees and shrubs, with every convenience; water, gas, electric light, sewers, cement walks, roadways, 'phone service, car service, postal delivery, etc. There is only one way for Lawrence Park to go,—that is *ahead*. Mail the coupon to-day for lot plan, price list and complete information about Lawrence Park lots.

MAIL THIS COUPON

The information the coupon will bring you costs nothing, and, if acted upon promptly, will make you many dollars.

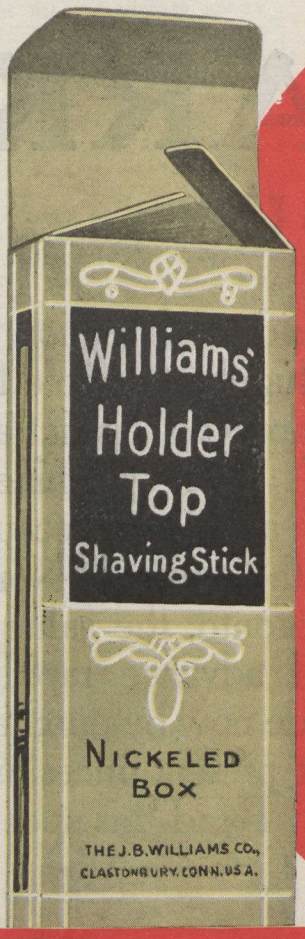
Name.....

Address.....

DOVERCOURT LAND, BUILDING
AND SAVINGS COMPANY, LIMITED

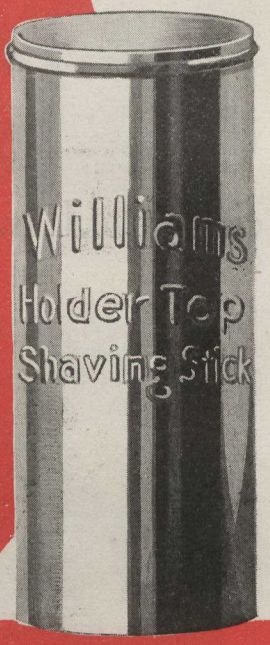
24 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Tel. M. 7280

W. S. DINNICK, PRESIDENT.



THE CARTON

THE STICK



THE NICKELED CASE

Williams'

PATENTED
Holder Top Shaving Stick

No waste—you can use your Williams' Shaving Stick to the very end with the new, convenient, sanitary, nickeled Holder Top.

And from beginning to end you get the same delightful, creamy, emollient lather for which Williams' Shaving Soap has never been equaled.

Four forms of the same good quality:
Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-cover nickeled box
Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick
Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-cover nickeled box
Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

SPECIAL OFFER

Men's Combination Package

consisting of a liberal trial sample of Williams' Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and Dental Cream. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps.

Women's Combination Package

consisting of a liberal trial sample of Violet Talc Powder, Karsi Talc Powder, Cold Cream, Dental Cream, Tooth Powder and Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps.

A single sample of either of above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.

Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Stick, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Dentalactic Tooth Powder, &c.