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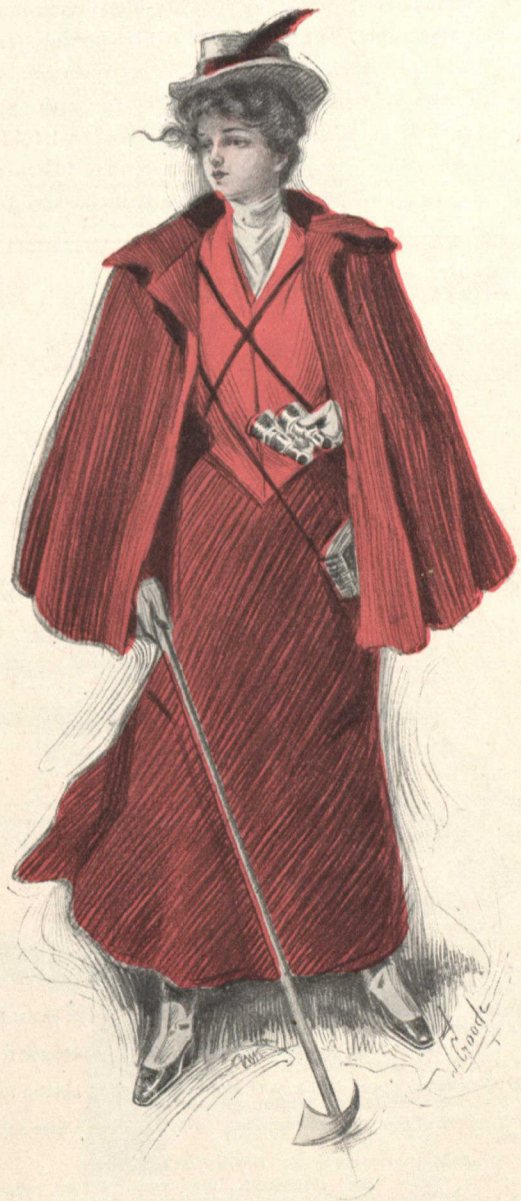
THE CANADIAN COVRIER

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Tourist Number



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.

Four Specials in Ladies' Summer Suits

Lustre Shirt Waist Suit, good bright quality, comes in black, brown, navy, green and cream; waist made with front opening, back and front finished with box pleats and tucks, pleated skirt trimmed with fold of self, sizes up to 42 bust and 37 to 42 inch skirt lengths, incomparable value at - - - - **$5.00**

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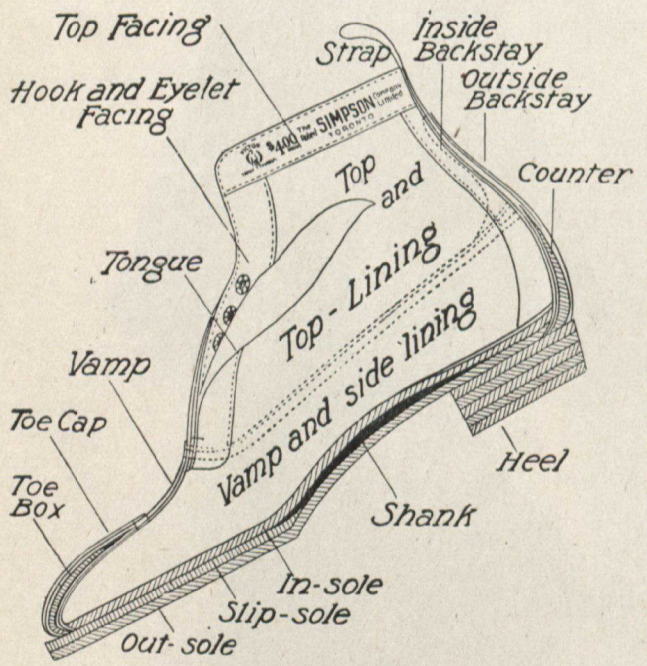

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Women's Underskirt of splendid quality black mercerized sateen; made with twelve inch flounce trimmed with strapping and stitching; deep accordion pleated frill finished with narrow gathered frill; dust ruffle full depth of pleating. Lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches. SPECIAL VALUE..... ..... **89c.**

Smart Touring and Outing Coats

These fashionable knitted Wool Coats are hand knitted from fine white yarns in two stylish designs for this store only. For automobiling, driving, summer resort, or ocean and lake travel, ladies will find these coats indispensable to their comfort. Every garment is hand finished as well as hand knitted, and practically unshrinkable if washed with ordinary care, fastened with large pearl buttons. Sizes, 34 to 42 bust measure. Our special price, each..... ... **$5.00**

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED
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THE

Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited

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CONTENTS

PUBLISHERS' TALK

LAST year we published our first annual Tourist Number on June 1st. This year, owing to the forward spring, we deemed it best to publish it two weeks earlier. We were rather proud of last year's issue, but we believe this is considerably better. The photographs are not so numerous as we had intended, but at the last moment the advertising crowded some of them out. They will therefore be served up later.

NEXT week there will be a special article on "Athletics" by Mr. H. J. P. Good, with numerous interesting photographs and portraits. This will be followed by an article on "Polo," with Canadian illustrations. Both these articles are historical in their style of treatment, in harmony with the former articles by the same specialist.

HALIFAX is a city of monuments, historical and decorative, and this feature of that city's claim to distinction will be treated in a fairly exhaustive way, with numerous photographs.

LAST week's issue brought us many warm congratulations, for which we return thanks. We like flattery, and are continually striving for more of it.

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Vol. III. Toronto, May 16th, 1908. No. 24

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

Mr. Geo. H. Gooderham.

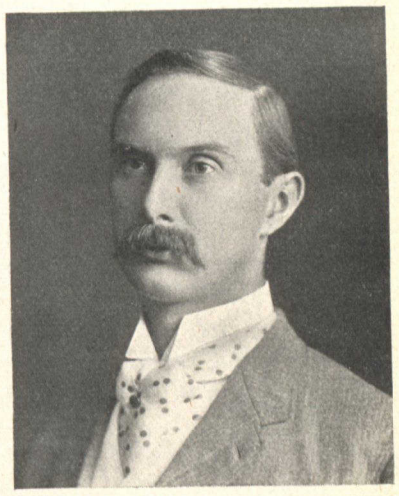
MR. GEORGE H. GOODERHAM, first vice-president of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, and one of the most enthusiastic automobilists in Toronto, has been observing the progress of motor-buses in London, England. He believes that the larger gasoline buses have not proved a success. The sudden stops, the continual changing of gears, and the persistent turning of the engines pound the motors to pieces and make their operation expensive. If electric buses with storage batteries ever come to be commercially possible, Mr. Gooderham thinks they will be a success on London's streets. Until then, the famous horse-buses must remain. The small gasoline taximeter-cabs are, however, a great success and are much preferred to the hansoms. Their lightness, excellence of control, quickness in starting and stopping and comparative cheapness, make them commercially fit to compete where the larger machines fail.

Mr. Gooderham, though a comparatively young man, has already had considerable public honours in addition to commercial prominence. He served several years on Toronto's Public School Board, is president of the King Edward Hotel Company, a director in several large stock companies, and prominent in club and other social circles. Though intimately connected with the automobile business, he takes great interest in the horse, especially in connection with the Toronto Exhibition. During his recent visit to Italy he purchased a very fine painting entitled "Confidences," which will be on exhibition at the forthcoming show. This week, he was chosen as running mate with the Hon. J. J. Foy, as Conservative candidate in South Toronto for the Legislature.

* * *

PROFESSOR GEORGE H. LOCKE, who delivered the college lecture at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec, last month is an Ontarian by birth, the only son of Rev. Joseph Locke, a Methodist minister now residing in Toronto. Professor Locke graduated from Victoria College in 1893, being a member of the first class from the "Federated" University. As this young graduate had taken high honours in Classics, he was appointed next year as Instructor in Greek and Ancient History at his alma mater. After attendance at the School of Pedagogy and a subsequent period of High School teaching, he joined the goodly company of Toronto men in the University of Chicago, with the degrees of M.A. and Bachelor of Pedagogy to his credit. Thence he was invited to become Instructor in the History and Art of Teaching in Harvard University, where he lectured for more than two years ere returning to the University of Chicago as assistant professor. When Professor Charles H. Thurber resigned from that university, Mr. Locke was appointed his successor as editor of the *School Review*, the leading journal of Secondary Education in America. Six years later he received the appointment of Dean of the School of Education of the University of Chicago. In 1905 Mr. Locke accepted the invitation of Ginn and Company of Boston, the great educational publishing firm, to undertake editorial work in their interests.

When Macdonald College was being organised by Sir William Macdonald and Dr. J. W. Robertson, Mr. Locke was invited to join in the attempt to establish in Canada an experiment station in education, his special work being, as Dean of the School for Teachers, to make suitable provision for a thorough and practical training in the history, theory and practice of education, for those who wish to teach in the schools of Quebec. Mr. Locke has also returned to the journalistic fold by accepting the associate editorship of the American Journal of Pedagogy.



Prof. Geo. H. Locke.

* * *

DR. V. STEFFANSON bids fair to place ethnology on a broad practical basis in Canada—a study long ago identified with Canada by the late Sir Daniel Wilson who invented the name. Dr. Steffanson has already outfitted for the Mackenzie River country to re-study the north peoples. A few weeks ago he was lecturing on ethnological subjects down in southern Canada. As an explorer and observer he is probably the equal of Ernest Seton Thompson, who made the land of the midnight sun famous last summer by going up there for five months to study animals. Dr. Steffanson carries observation of our Canadian past a step farther. He will ignore the animals and concentrate on man; on the races that have peopled our vast north since the days of the mound builders on the prairie. He will find a large number of different sorts of folk; Eskimos will be his chief care; of these Canada has more in numbers and types than any other country in the world. There are also a few Indian tribes up in the Great Bear country that will repay Dr. Steffanson's diligent study—the Yellow-Knives around Great Bear Lake, the Lochieux on the Peel, most guileless Indians in the world, and the Dog-Ribs—not to mention Slavies and Beavers and Swanpies. Meanwhile all kinds of new modern people continue to crowd into the prairie land—but as these are town builders and farmers they have but a passing interest for the scientific mind.

Canada's Tribute to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. A Wreath of Maple Leaves sent by the High Commissioner.

* * *

HON. F. R. LATCHFORD is announced as the successor to Judge Mabee on the Bench of the High Court of Ontario. Mr. Latchford has already been honoured by having a town named after him in Northern Ontario, along the route of the T. & N. O. Railway. Mr. Latchford was Minister of Public Works in the Ontario Cabinet when that road was started towards James Bay by the Ross Government. He was made Minister in 1899 and elected as the member for South Renfrew in that year. Mr. Latchford is of course a lawyer. He began the study and the practice of law in Ottawa, where he has lived all his life except during his term as Ontario Minister. He was also lecturer on law in Ottawa University in succession to Sir John Thompson. He was born in the County of Ottawa. His fitness for the High Court Bench no one disputes and the appointment is generally approved.

* * *

RALPH CONNOR has been advocating simultaneous revivals. His plan is to have a large number of churches hold revivals at the same time. Ralph Connor is a Presbyterian clergyman who in many of his books betrays an evangelistic strain.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS

QUEBEC'S provincial elections will take place on the same day as Ontario's general elections. In the former case, it is a Liberal Government which is appealing to the people; in the latter, a Conservative Government. The results will be some indication, though by no means conclusive evidence, as to the possible result of the Dominion elections which are expected to occur in the autumn.

Premier Gouin appeals with confidence on his economy of administration, his increased assistance to education, colonisation and agriculture. Forest reserves, now amounting to 107,000,000 acres, are also pointed to with pride. Mr. Gouin does not advocate the abolition of the export of pulp-wood and this is somewhat disappointing. However, this reform will no doubt come in the near future. The establishment of forest reserves is a primary move in this direction. The Premier does, however, go so far as to promise that certain pulp-wood legislation will be introduced at the first session of the new Legislature.

The finances of the Province of Quebec seem to be in good condition. Mr. Gouin claims that not a dollar has been borrowed in eleven years, that the floating debt has been reduced a quarter of a million and the consolidated debt half a million. Quebec is to be congratulated on this state of affairs.

THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE ACT

IT is to be hoped that the members of the Dominion Civil Service will not entertain the notion that the public is greatly interested in seeing their condition bettered. The welfare of the present members of the Civil Service is but a secondary consideration so far as the people are concerned. What is desired is a Civil Service Act which will fill the departments and the service with men of ability and purpose. To accomplish this it is necessary that there should be a new law which would make entrance to and promotion in certain branches of the service a matter of competitive examination, held by an independent commission. In this way the service will be composed ultimately of men who are making a life-work of their occupation. At present there are too many individuals in the Civil Service who are there because of political influence which they or their family possess. Some of them are relations of members of parliament or cabinet ministers, past and present. Some of them are party workers who have served their time in ward politics. They may be good men but the chances are against their being really efficient administrators.

The announcement has been sent out from Ottawa that the whole service is to be placed on a businesslike basis. It is to be divided into two classes to be designated the administrative class and the clerical or writer class. All new members on the permanent staff in both classes must come in by competitive examination. These examinations will be under the direction of an independent commission such as is established in Great Britain. All the positions are to be temporary until such time as the appointee has proved his special fitness for the work. Further, increases in salary will be made upon the recommendation of the permanent head of the department and according to merit. No one will receive an increase in pay simply because of length of service. This latter is an excellent feature, and will do much to keep the head positions filled with energetic, well-trained, well-educated and highly efficient persons.

There can be no doubt that this bill will mark one of the greatest administrative advances which Canada has ever made.

AN ONTARIO MOUNTED POLICE

A WRITER in the Toronto *Globe* makes the suggestion that the police system which has made the Royal Northwest Mounted Police famous should be adapted to Ontario towns, and that this province should have a rural mounted police force. These mounted men would patrol all the leading roads, keep in touch with each other and with the telephone and telegraph offices. Under such a system criminals would not be able to move far from the place where the crime was committed. At present there is no possible co-operation between the police in one town and another. If a man commits a crime in a certain town and gets away without detection there is no authority available to pursue him through the other municipalities. This work devolves on the provincial police, who are very few in number and are not mounted.

The suggestion is an excellent one, and it might receive consideration in all the provinces not at present served by the Northwest Mounted Police. Canada has a name among the nations as a place where the law is enforced and where criminals get but small opportunities. This reputation is one of our greatest assets and every means should be taken to preserve it. Now that the population is growing fast and that large numbers of strangers are entering our gates the authorities will undoubtedly find it necessary to strengthen the strong right arm of the law. Rural mounted police in the older provinces would prevent much crime, would centralise and co-ordinate the police forces of the municipalities and would do much for the speedy arrest of daring marauders.

THE PLAYGROUND OF AMERICA

CANADA is the playground of America. During June, July and August, the portions of this continent which are really delightful are nearly all in Canada. In the United States, the heat is excessive except in a few mountainous districts and in portions of the northern states. When this heat is multiplied by brick walls, cement sidewalks and asphalt roads it becomes nearly unbearable. Therefore the United States city dweller flees to the north when he can afford the luxury of giving up business for a few weeks.

Nor is this a full statement of the case. Canada possesses more lakes and rivers in proportion to its territory than any other country in the world perhaps. The lakes are filled with pure snow-water, freshly melted. The shores are solid rocks, or sandy beaches—seldom muddy marshes. The rivers have the same characteristic. Pure water and not too warm means splendid game fish—hence the lake trout, the black bass, the ounaniche, the rainbow trout, the "lunge" and other varieties are to be secured in almost every district with the exception of the prairie portion of the West. Further, there is much bush-land where small and big game dwell unafraid and unhunted. The great hunters of the world come here for sheep, goats, bears, caribou, moose and musk-ox. The minor hunters come for ducks, geese, rabbits, foxes, wolves and red deer. Some come to hunt butterflies, beetles and strange flowers. Others, and perhaps the great majority, come for the fresh air, the cool nights, and the restful delight which variegated natural scenery brings to weary residents of large cities.

No portion of Canada enjoys any monopoly of these natural attractions. British Columbia has wonderful charms but so have Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. Mr. Thompson Seton has just returned from an investigating tour in the somewhat unknown game-land which lies north of Alberta and Saskatchewan. In Lakes Winnipeg and Winnipegosis, Manitoba has a shot-gun paradise.

The railways are pushing farther and farther into the untravelled portions. Many new districts are open this year which are practically virgin territory. The summer cottage, the boarding-house and the summer hotel follow hard on the heels of the railway. The amount of wonderful scenery available for the tourist, without that discomfort which discourages him, has been almost doubled in the last three years. It is not too much to suppose that more than a quarter-of-a-million tourists will this year touch Canada in their search for nature's marvels, for midsummer relaxation and for new hunting experiences.

MUNICIPAL BONUSES

SASKATCHEWAN does not propose to be involved in a system of municipal bonusing such as has been noticeable in Eastern Canada, and against which Ontario is still fighting. In the Rural

Municipal Bill, now before the Legislature in Regina, it is provided that no council of any municipality may bonus a factory, mill, railway or other business, nor exempt from taxation, nor take stock in or guarantee the securities of any such railway or business.

To the end of June, 1906, the municipalities of Canada had granted railway loans, bonuses and subscriptions to the tune of seventeen millions of dollars. The grants and bonuses to industrial and other business concerns must be fully as large. In these days of government guarantees and better forms of mortgaging and bonding, these practices may be safely discontinued. The country's future is brighter than it was, and any reasonable business proposition can find the necessary capital. There may be times at which the general rule does not seem to hold, but these temporary conditions soon change. The growing strength of the provincial governments is another argument against municipalities, especially the towns, villages and townships, being allowed any bonusing privileges whatever.

QUEBEC AND THE MILITIA

WHEN the Militia authorities announced that a large Canadian army would be assembled in Quebec during the latter part of July there were three reasons for the undertaking. The celebration in Quebec of the Champlain Tercentenary was an occasion which demanded more than usual attention at the hands of the Government. Earl Grey had drawn considerable attention to the celebration by his project for the nationalisation of the two great battlefields. It seemed as if here was an occasion which demanded a great display. The second reason lay in the proposed visit of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales to the Champlain Tercentenary. The heir to the throne of the British Empire is asked to review not regiments, but armies. It seemed reasonable, therefore, that the militia authorities should assemble on the Plains of Abraham a Canadian army which would do honour to the Prince of Royal Blood who was to be there to review it. A third reason which appealed especially to those interested in militia and defence was that the occasion would afford an excellent opportunity for mobilisation on a larger scale than had hitherto been attempted in Canada. The day might come when it would be necessary to collect together somewhere in Canada an army of 25,000 men. Here was an excellent opportunity to give the mobilisation department of the militia an object lesson and a test.

When the Government began to work out its plans it found the work which it had undertaken was likely to be expensive. It therefore issued orders that each regiment taking more than one-half of its men should lose one-third of its annual drill pay. Apparently it was hoped that in this way all the regiments in the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario would send only one-half of their strength, and that there would be no complaints about certain regiments not being chosen to attend the celebration. Under these circumstances a regiment drawing $6,000 a year in pay would get only $4,000 and as regiments are expensive institutions to maintain, few of them are willing to face the loss. Unfortunately the regiments, especially the city corps, did not look at it just as the Department intended they should. A city regiment with 700 men on its rolls did not care to send 350. It wanted to take all its men if they all cared to go. At the present moment it would seem as if the great mobilisation scheme was likely to be attended by only a few of the city corps.

These events indicate clearly that Canada is still a very young country. We are ambitious to do great things, but we do not like to pay the price. In this case it is possible that the whole scheme was too ambitiously conceived, and that it will be necessary to modify it very considerably before it can be carried out. The whole proceeding does not reflect great credit on the Headquarters Staff which drew up the plans.

A CHECK TO EXTRAVAGANCE

BOTH the United States and Canada are awaking to the fact that extravagance is not a virtue. For years each country has been talking superbly about magnificent distance, vast forests and inexhaustible mines, while the word "resources" was overworked to a cruel degree by school-boy essayist and political orator alike. It has lately occurred to the powers at Washington and Ottawa that it is just possible to squander minerals, fisheries and agricultural wealth. Mr. John L. Mathews, who acted in 1900-01 as special commissioner of the Chicago Sanitary District and who has lately made a close study of the Mississippi waterway development, has recently been calling the public attention in the United States to the waste of timber, the deforestation of rivers, the decrease of water-power and the loss of fertile farm lands by soil wash. President Roosevelt has called a meeting this month, in conference at the White House, of the governors of all states and territories to set on foot a movement for the adoption of uniform legislation regarding the conservation of natural resources. The immediate purpose of this conference, according to Mr. Mathews, is to bring about three sorts of legislation: "That which controls natural resources, that which controls state resources, and that which directs the development of resources privately controlled."

The meeting proposed is regarded as a highly important conference, of which the most hopeful feature is its non-partisan aspect. Canadians are frequently informed that in population and opportunity they stand now where the United States stood a century ago. In any such comparison, however, one must remember the great modification made by modern methods of transportation and communication. There are significant lessons to be learned by Canadians from the prodigality with natural resources which has occasioned this necessity for a national conference, and we, also, need to learn to avoid impairing the principal of the national fortune.

OF LITTLE UNDERSTANDING

WHEN we read of the building of a hundred miles of new railway or of the building of new terminals such as the new Transcontinental will have at Prince Rupert, at Winnipeg, at Fort William and at Quebec, we cannot possibly realise the vast amount of work involved. There are very few of us would care to undertake to build one hundred miles of railway, with all the necessary cuttings and fill-ups and culverts and bridges, and yards and freight-sheds and station-houses. Yet during the last few years the railway corporations of Canada have been averaging nearly one hundred miles a month. The terminals at Winnipeg, Quebec, Montreal and elsewhere have been rebuilt and extended. Roadbeds have been re-ballasted, curves have been lessened, and a hundred minor improvements made. The activity has been almost feverish and has swallowed up many millions of dollars. And the work must go on indefinitely if Canada is to grow big and strong and populous.

The public, with a full sense of what has been accomplished and of the vast task yet ahead of the railway corporations, must sympathise very keenly with the railways. They have so much to do, and can get so little capital for the work. The last Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern loans were not very favourably received in London and the bankers behind these corporations are having quite a hunt for investors. True, the money stringency is only temporary, yet our railway corporations will always be put to it to find the money for their huge undertakings.

Canada may be critical of her railway corporations and may reasonably insist that they shall neither ask too much of privilege nor give too little of service, but she should also be sympathetic with the men who have these huge undertakings in hand.

AN OPPORTUNITY

AT the Colonial Conference held in England last year, some adverse comment was made regarding the Victoria League luncheon, at which no Canadian woman was found capable of proposing a toast to the Duchess of Argyll. It was humiliating, to say the least, that at an entertainment limited to women guests, the representatives from this country should prove so far behind those of Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand in the matter of graceful and self-possessed speech. The occasion did not call for anything resembling an oration; but even the few words of courteous tribute to the princess who had once found a home at Rideau Hall were beyond the utterance of the Canadian women present. In this matter, it is time for Canadian women to drop awkwardness and provincialism and show their equality with their sisters in Great Britain and the Australian Commonwealth.

During next week, Mrs. Humphry Ward is to give a public address in Toronto under the auspices of the Round Table Club, which is a woman's organisation. It is to be hoped that on the occasion of that address, a woman will take the chair and introduce the distinguished novelist to the audience. The plea that such a proceeding would be "unfeminine" is absurd when one considers that the speaker of the evening is a woman. It is decidedly inconsistent for a woman's society, when holding an open meeting, to call upon a man to preside and upon men friends to move and second the vote of thanks. Some still disapprove of women's clubs of any sort and of any public speaking on woman's part. Such objectors are quite comprehensible in refusing to admire a "chairwoman." But when a woman's association is exploiting a lecturer from abroad the only correct procedure is for a woman to preside and uphold the dignity of the association she represents. Toronto women have been accused, perhaps unjustly, of being less gifted than those in other Canadian cities in this respect but there is now an opportunity to show that the criticism is not deserved.

Through a Monocle

AS I sit down to write, I notice that the Editor, who has an eye for times and seasons, announces that this is to be a "travel number." I haven't the remotest idea in which direction the Chief intends to travel; but I do know that he has caught with rare timeliness the spirit of the spring. When grim winter has gone off guard, and all the gates are wide open, the living animal—be it human or otherwise—is seized with a passionate longing to seek new surroundings. Kipling's "Spring Running" was one of the truest notes that even that magician ever struck. That was when he was playing upon the harp of literature, and not trying to find his blundering way among the frayed fiddle-strings of politics. For three, four, five months the winter has locked us in and stood sentinel over our limited comings and goings; but now the hoary old fellow—not so bad in his way—has been chased into hiding by the flowered nymphs of May, and every bright morning invites us to sling our packs over our backs and take to the road.

* * *

IF I had a pulpit, instead of being condemned to look on life, semi-detached, "through a monocle," I would preach a gospel of travel. It is the gospel that most people need. Tramps are the only class with whom I am acquainted who give travel too prominent a place in their lives. The most of us vegetate. We take root. We get to think that what we can see from our top branches is about all that is worth while of the world; and that the habits and customs which are observed within the circle of our shadow, are the standards which more remote peoples vainly approach but of which they sinfully fall short. No one has so narrow a vision as the stationary person. Fixity of location is the quality which distinguishes most vegetables from most animals; and it has its characteristic effects when applied to human beings. Show me a man who has never been outside of his own burg, and I will show you a mass of incurable ignorance; and the more glib he is, the more wordy and confident, the more incurable is his pitiable condition.

* * *

TO say that travel is educational, is a trite remark. A less worn observation is that travel is the "sugar" on the "bread" of historical knowledge. After you have spent a few months in France, that Guizot on your shelf, which has been a good deal of a task, becomes a delight and an opportunity. It contains facts about which your curiosity has been sharply aroused. Moreover, your experiences in France have provided your memory with a series of hooks upon which to hang the draperies provided by your reading. French history is no longer a flat canvas but a long and stately hall through which you have strolled. French kings become real personalities, and French conduct much more explicable. What you have seen illumines what you subsequently read, and makes it all more real, vivid, human and near to you. While it is true that one sees in travelling largely what he takes with him—that one must have inner resources in order to perceive what lies under his eyes—it is also true that a first hour in Liverpool will do more to arrange and classify and realise a life-time of reading about England and Englishmen than any amount of study at home.

* * *

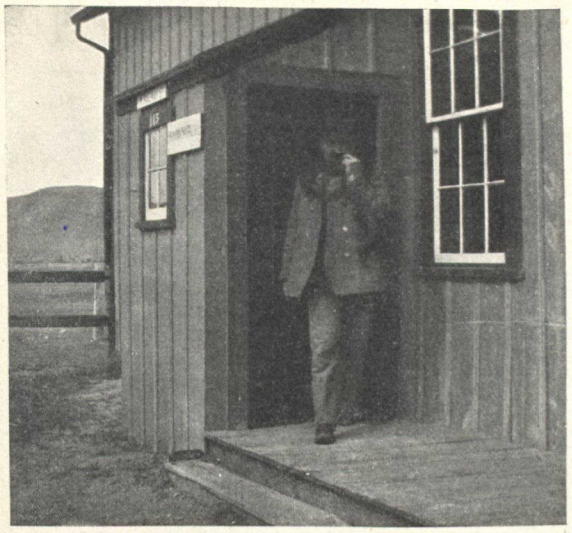
THEN travel is the great teacher of toleration. Only by that means can we really learn the truth of Max O'Rell's saying that "Peoples are not better nor worse than each other, but only different." When we take our standards of conduct abroad with us, we discover that other people have other standards which they value quite as highly as we do ours; and that these other standards produce fully as pleasing and wholesome characters as those we worship. Hence if we are to get any true notion of the worth of these other peoples, we must judge them by their own standards; and this tends to make us less arrogantly certain that our standards were given to Moses by word of mouth on Sinai. The spectacle of a German family in a beer garden is bound to convince the Ontario family that they are not all that they should be; but then when a French family sees the daughter of that same Ontario family wandering about the streets alone—or, worse still, with a young man—they come to the conclusion that the young lady is not all that she should be. Now both are wrong. But nothing short of association will convince either.

* * *

IT is possible, of course, to travel blindfolded. I know people who have stayed just long enough in Paris to have every one of their prejudices against that gay capital and its inhabitants confirmed. A prejudice is usually born of superficial observation, and thus is sure to be strengthened by a repetition of the same process. Englishmen who come to Canada are frequently afflicted with this form of "blinkers"; and when they start writing "letters to the family" about what they saw in their own coloured glasses while whisking about our half-continent, it becomes annoying. Similarly we can imagine how French people would feel—if they ever heard of it—when American graduates of "culture clubs" complain that they have "spent three whole weeks in Paris and have seen nothing of French home life." Bless my soul! they might spend three years there and never be admitted to a French home unless they abandoned many of their American—and Canadian—ways which French matrons regard as so "shocking!" One should travel with the open mind, the open eye and the shut mouth. Foreigners like ignorant and biased criticism about as well as we do.

N'IMPORTE

"Sir Thomas George Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who has lately arrived in England, controls a system of transit that goes more than half around the world. The activities of the great railway extend beyond the Dominion, and its sea-traffic reaches to Britain on the one hand and to Japan and China on the other."—Illustrated London News.



Jacob Merkel, Jr.,leaving the Barracks for the Court House.

Corporal Humby taking Frederick Neiman from the Barracks to the Jail.

John Lehr and Michael Gill, two men threatened by the Dreamers.

THE TRIAL OF THE DREAMERS

A Sect Which Rivals the Doukhobors.

By W. NORMAN SMITH

SINCE development fever set in, and the rapid influx of peoples of alien blood, Canada has had her full share of colonisation problems. Perhaps the hearing recently conducted in Medicine Hat, and the state of affairs which it discloses, have provided the greatest sensation of all. The vagaries of the Doukhobors have long been considered the standing test of Canada's patience in her efforts to assimilate and turn into good Canadian citizens her immigrants from the backward parts of Europe. But the Doukhobor, with his attachment to the communal life, with his belief in non-resistance, or even the frenzied Anarchist revolting against forces which he believes to be oppressing him, is a desirable colonist when compared with a sect which adopts as a part of its creed the necessity of murdering or destroying the property of all who do not accept its tenets.

The "Dreamers" have been living in the neighbourhood of Spring Coulee for some three years. Little was known of them until three weeks ago, when they gained a sudden notoriety as a result of the burning down of the house of one John Lehr, a farmer in the locality who refused to join the church of fanatics. Gasoline had been employed freely in starting the fire. Three days later, all the male members of the church (nine in number) were arrested and brought up to Medicine Hat, where they were charged with arson before Inspector Parker of the R. N. W. M. P. In the fortnight's hearing, sufficient evidence has not been obtainable to justify the magistrate in sending these men up for trial on the charge, though there is little doubt of their guilt in the mind of any person who attended court while the hearing was in progress.

There has been much bad swearing on the part of the witnesses. The prisoners who were kept from communicating with one another have sworn to diametrically opposite statements. Of the origin of the fire they feign ignorance. The zealots of this strange faith believe they are performing a righteous act by forswearing themselves in what, in their own terminology, they call "the devil's courts."

The Dreamers, or "The People of God," came originally from a German colony in Southern Russia. They were first members of the Lutheran Church, then Adventists, then, in South Dakota, Jacob Merkel, now an old man on the verge of the grave, rose and proclaimed himself the incarnate God, co-equal with the God Unseen. Meetings were held in houses of the faithful, at which dreams were discussed; these were to be carried into effect by the worshippers. For a time they were peaceably disposed. Later Merkel was accused of shooting his own brother-in-law and, it is alleged, debauching women of the church. In any case, criminality became more and more characteristic of the acts of the members. Frederick Neiman, one of the leaders, is said to have burned down the buildings of a neighbour, but was foiled in an attempt to burn the house with his enemy's family within.

At the Saturday meetings of the sect the Bible was read and interpreted according to the perverted judgment of the readers. All who did not accept the tenets of their faith were to be destroyed by fire, or by some other convenient means. All sense of moral obligation in the matter of contracts with "unbelievers" was lost. The business of the Elect was to cheat the "Satans" (their all-embracing name for outsiders), to bring about in due season the time when they, and they alone, should inherit the earth.

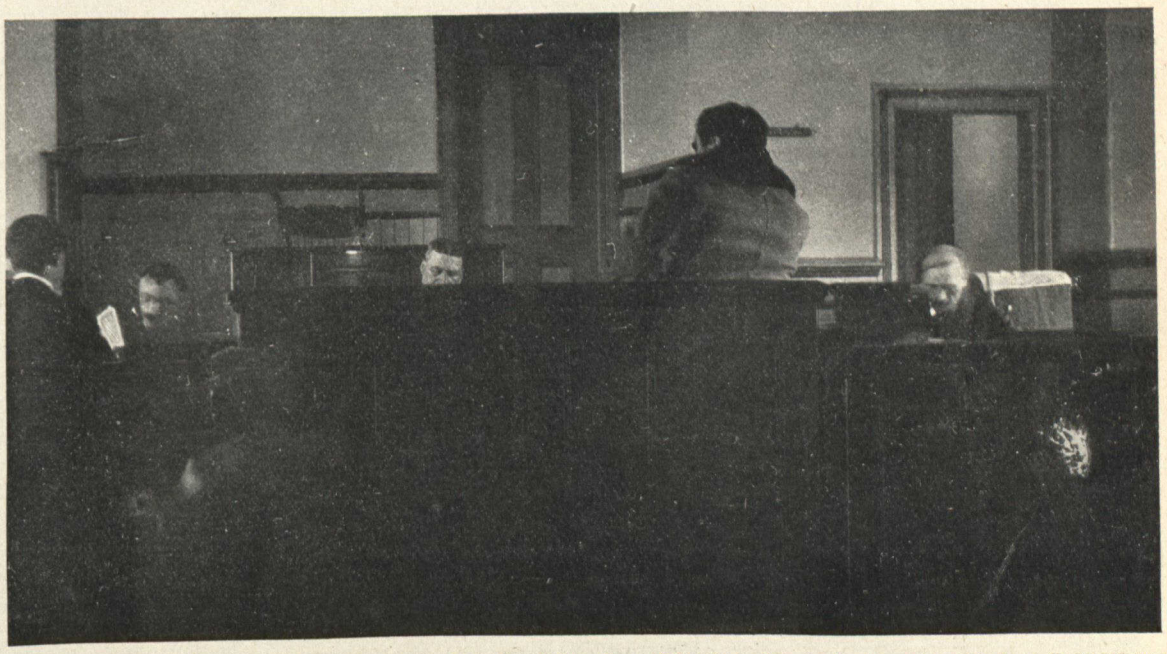
Every "Godly" man carried a rifle or revolver, because, said they, "Jesus Christ carried a gun"!

Dakota becoming too warm for the evil-doers, they trekked three years ago to Southern Alberta. And here, after many crimes of a minor nature, they have at last over-reached themselves.

Merkel senior wrote letters from South Dakota, where he still remains, advising a course of action to be observed by the "children of God." Murder and incendiarism are broadly hinted at, and in a strange admixture of Biblical quotation and the obscene or revengeful conceptions of his own mind, the "God-man" admonishes his people.

The whole Josephsburg district has been in a state of terror for months past. Threats have been made by letter or by word of mouth to almost all its non-Dreamer residents. Emmanuel Gill was to have shot his brother (an "unbeliever") through the window of his house. One of the women had fired at the little daughter of John Lehr. Revenge and desolation were the articles of the Dreamer creed. The Lutheran and Baptist churches in Josephsburg were to be burned down. The Rev. Mr. Sillak, a Lutheran minister, was threatened with slaughter by the wife of Frederick Neiman. Surely it was a tribute to British law and British justice that, restraining their outraged feelings, the German people of Josephsburg first appealed to their magistrate rather than to lynch law.

Though the charge in the case of Lehr's house has not been proven, the question of Merkel's vicious correspondence will be followed up, and an attempt will be made, should sufficient evidence be obtainable, to bring the criminals to justice. Eight of the men are now released, under assurances of $2,500 each, for twelve months. One is sent up for trial at the district court for perjury. A new Mounted Police post has been formed at Josephsburg, and the police will patrol the district day and night.



The Court Room at Medicine Hat—Jacob Merkel, Jr., "The Son of God" in the dock. Inspector Parker, R.N.W.M.P., the magistrate, is just visible over the dock. The other figures are W. A. Begg, prosecuting attorney, Corporal Humby and Rev. John Sillak, interpreter.

Patronage and City Government

MAYOR PAYETTE of Montreal is making a fight for the restriction or abolition of patronage in civic affairs. A new ward has been annexed and the City Council will now consist of 42 members—which Mayor Payette believes is preposterous. In an interview in the *Star*, he says:

"To-day we have two aldermen for each ward. Could there be anything more absurd? One alderman for each is plenty. Take the position as we now find it. By having two aldermen for each ward there is such an everlasting scramble after patronage that the city's true interests, in many instances, have to be neglected. The idea of most of the aldermen seems to be that they are specially elected to the Council to look after the interests of one ward alone—the one that they happen to represent. This system is a bad one. Our civic conditions should be so remodelled that the aldermen should feel that it is the general good of the entire city that they have to look after.

"What I would urge is that, in the first place, there shall be a redistribution of the various wards. There are certain wards that are five or six times as large as others; yet the very smallest ward has as many aldermen to look after it as the large and important wards have."

CHARMING CHESTER

By JOSEPHINE FREDEA

CHESTER is picturesquely situated on the hills at the head of Chester Bay, about fifty miles by rail south from Halifax. The bay itself is a beautiful sheet of water about twenty miles long by twelve wide, encircled by wooded hills which reach out long arms on either side, as if to shield the loveliness which they enclose. The Tancook Islands and Ironbound form a rugged barrier across the mouth of the bay, against which dash the restless waves of the Atlantic. Out of the sea comes the livelihood of the dwellers on these islands; and out of the sea, too, comes death to many of them. Hardy, rugged fishermen they are and better sailors would be hard to find, or stauncher boats than the well-known Tancook whalers. They build many handsome boats on Tancook which compare well in speed and beauty of design, with those of the best outside builders.

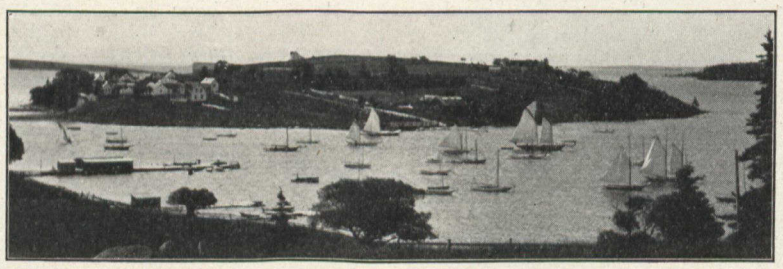
The bay is crowded with points of interest. Along the western arm of land are Oak Island, Murderer's Point, Heckman's Island, Hobson's Nose and the Ovens, which have already been noticed. The chief objects of interest in the eastern bay are Mount Aspotogan, the highest land on the southern shore of Nova Scotia, and Deep Cove, the ancient resort of pirates. The mountain is visible from many parts of the county, and, seen through the beautiful blue distance, with perchance, streamers of misty clouds floating across its bosom, is an impressive feature of the landscape. From its summit the outlook is superb. A considerable portion of the mountain forms a dark background of evergreens, mingled here and there with the lighter tints of hardwoods and the feathery fringe of the Hackmatack. Beneath your feet a sheer precipice drops hundreds of feet to the cove below. Spread before you is a gorgeous panorama embracing the whole beautiful bay, dotted in all directions with scores of lovely islands and framed in a dozen miles away by the blue hills of western shore. In the glassy surface of the cove beneath, you see every rock and tree, every tiny leaf on the mountainside, faithfully reproduced in the silent depths below. Deep Cove occupies a cleft at the foot of Aspotogan about a mile long and perhaps two hundred yards wide. The water is so deep that an excursion steamer discharges her passengers by running her gang-plank from her deck on to the main highway which winds about the foot of the mountain.

The town of Chester stands on an elevated peninsula at the head of the bay. To the east, looking across the Front Harbour, is the lovely Aspotogan peninsula; southward, across Battery Point, lie Quaker Island with its harbour light, the Tancooks, Ironbound, and away out to sea far as the eye can reach; to the west, you see the beautiful Back Harbour, thickly studded with islands; while northerly lies the unbroken sweep of forest which encloses Chester on its landward side. Indeed, it is this delightful mingling of forest and sea which constitutes one of Chester's chief charms and makes its climate so delightful.

Chester's islands are perfectly lovely and almost without number. Many are owned by wealthy Americans who have summer homes here. Indeed, Chester is rapidly becoming "The Cottage City by the Sea." The beautiful island on which stands "Camp Crusoe" is a dream of summer delight. A portion is under cultivation, but for the most part its natural beauties have been carefully preserved and emphasised. There are lovely grassy roads, where "all the green trees over me clap their little hands in glee"; there are great beds of ferns stretching away among avenues of hardwoods; there are tangles of wild-rose and sweet-briar and blackberry vines; there is the dearest little rustic cabin where clam bakes and candy pulls are held and there are the finest of sand beaches.

Chester, a typical Nova Scotia Coast Town.

Ideal Driving on the Beach at Chester.



View from Hackmatack Inn, Chester.

Yachting and bathing, golfing, tennis and riding, are among the chief amusements. The conditions for sailing are ideal. The wind is usually fresh and free and the water is seldom too rough for comfort. You have deep, open water and a steady breeze to work your boat away from and bring her back to her moorings directly off shore. The Chester Yacht Club holds weekly races and an annual regatta. Almost everybody takes to the water in summer time; even tiny children revel in the sea-bathing. The beaches are smooth and white, the water is clear and of a delightful temperature, there is no heavy surf and no undertow.

"Golly! but dis am delicious.
Tain't no wonder dat de fishes
Crimp der noses at de people on de shore!"

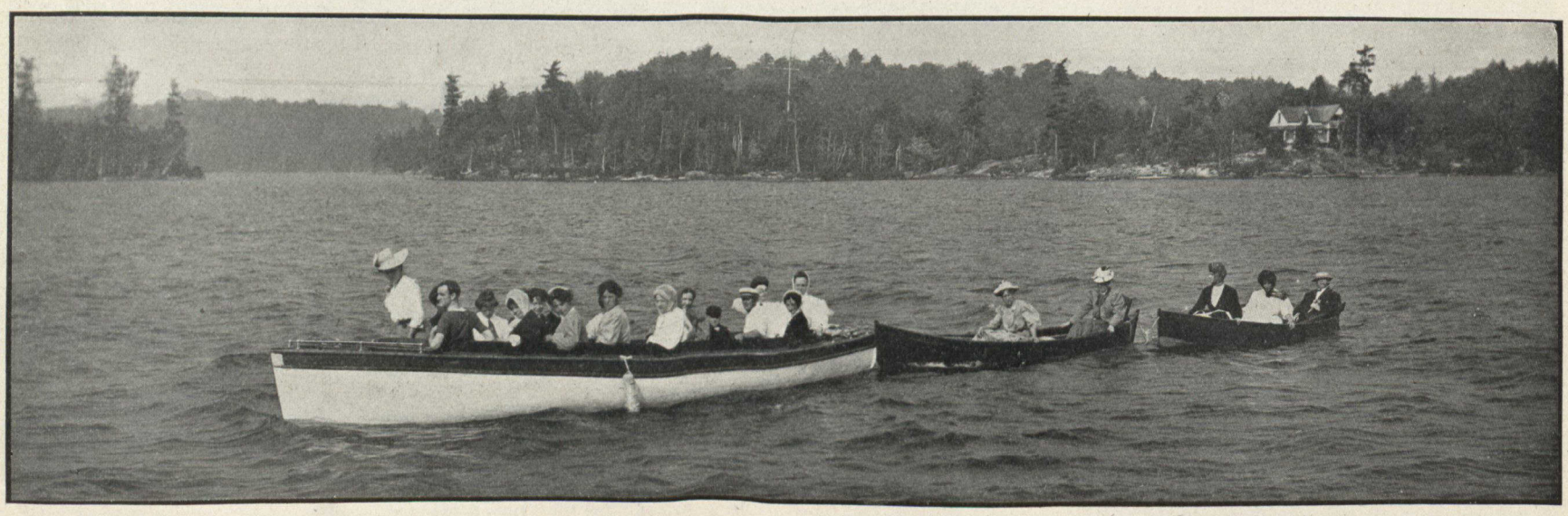
As a resort for the sportsman, Chester has many attractions. There are fine salmon and trout streams in the vicinity; in the woods and among the islands off shore are plenty of birds; there are bears on the blueberry ridges and rabbits in abundance; but chiefest of all are the moose which range these forests in goodly numbers. There are numerous hunting-lodges in the Canaan woods and many fine heads have been captured. Last year L. G. Blair of Chester got a fine specimen in these Canaan woods: the spread of the antlers measured 58 inches, with twenty-seven well-defined points and an unusual breadth of pan. A family of Gold River Indians has furnished some famous guides. In the Catholic cemetery in Chester is an old grey stone bearing the following inscription:

"In memory of
Joseph Pennall, Indian.
Gone at Death's call is Indian Joe.
Moose-deer, rejoice!
Low lies your deadliest foe!"

The climate of Chester is ideal, being mild and equable, the days only pleasantly warm, the nights uniformly cool. The prevailing winds blow from the southwest so that the soft air of the sea is mingled with the pine-laden breezes from the forest.

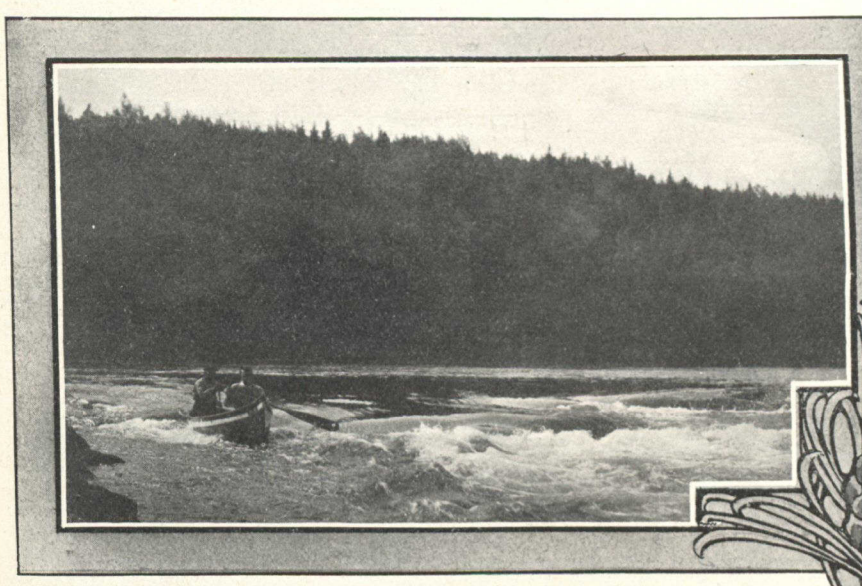
Chester has several excellent hotels. The Hackmatack Inn with its annexes, has few rivals in Canada. It is open only during the summer season and is thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. Its capacity is always taxed to the uttermost. The Columbia also caters only to the summer trade. The Lovett House for long years has been known as one of the very best and most comfortable hostelries in the province. Its cuisine is of special excellence.

Chester has already established a reputation as one of the most charming summer resorts in America.

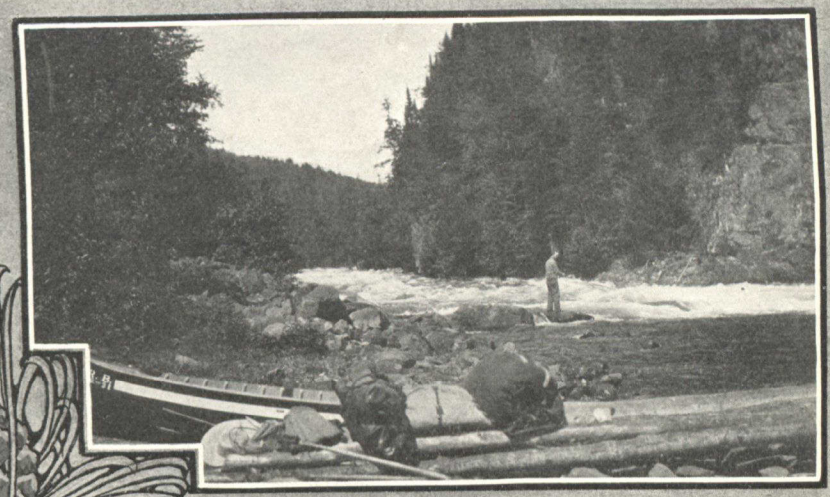


A Summer Scene on one of the Muskoka lakes, where boats of all sorts, from the motor to the punt, hold informal daily regattas.

THE CHARMS AND BENEFITS OF THE OUT-DOOR LIFE

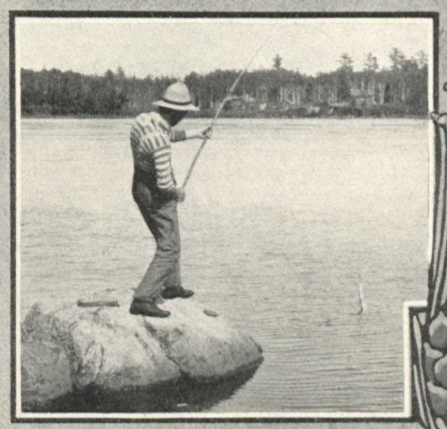


On the Nepigon River.

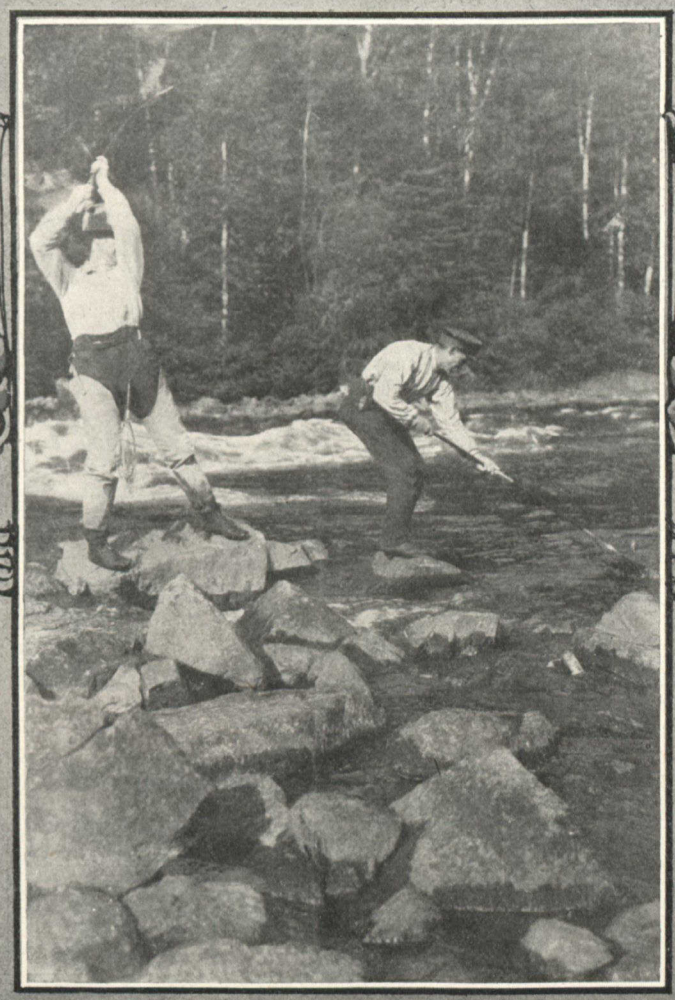


In Northern Ontario.

PHOTOS BY FRED. ROBSON



The Last Pull.



From Waggon to Lake.

Over the Portage.

A Critical Moment.

Getting Ready for Lunch.

The open-air Dining Room.

A Lady and her Triumph.

Making Them Work.

SUMMER DAYS IN ONTARIO

AS the province of Ontario is second in size in the Dominion, having an area in which four Englands might be comfortably tucked away, it is reasonable to suppose that the residents of this favoured territory find ample room for a summer playground.

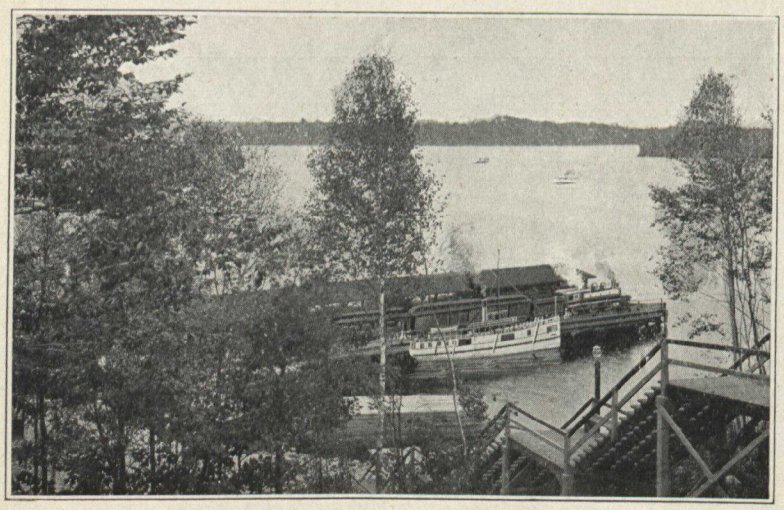
To begin with, Ontario has four Great Lakes for those who want their summer holidays on a grand scale. Ontario, Erie, Huron and Superior have an imposing line of ports which are enviable summer resorts for those who are in need of lake breezes and idle hours along the beach. Few of these ports have been spoiled by fashion and noise. Cobourg, on Lake Ontario, has become almost exclusively a summer home for visitors from the Southern States, who seem to have marked this picturesque town for their own. Niagara-on-the-Lake has both lake and river for aquatic attractions with a historic old village to dream in during lazy summer hours, unless the visitor be unusually vigorous and should take to tennis, golf or bowling. Erie has many a pretty inlet. Port Stanley has been a popular resort for many years and along the Kent and Essex shores there are spots of smiling loveliness which fairly compel the holiday-maker to rest awhile. Rond Eau is dear to the picnic party but not until autumn are the reedy waters of this retreat at their best, when the duck-shooter is strong in the land. The Detroit River with its calm blue sweep, the St. Clair Lake and River have many islands which the summer vagabond knows, and along the shores of turbulent Huron are ports of ancient renown. Far to the north is the Isle of Manitou. "girdled by Huron's throbbing and thunder."

Lake Superior is almost too stupendous an expanse to be associated with holiday experiences; yet no one has seen the majestic beauty of our inland waters who has not witnessed a storm gathering over Thunder Bay above the "mighty Cape of Storms." The Sault is a pleasing bit of north lake prospect which those who take the Mackinaw trip do not soon forget. To sit on the deck of a great lake steamer on a Saturday night in August and watch the myriad lights stretching along miles of locks at the Sault is to have a holiday lesson in the traffic of a continent.

Then there is Georgian Bay, with its North Channel and its 30,000 islands. No tourist ever counts them, for he is too absorbed in their verdant beauty or stony severity to think of mere quantity. Collingwood, Meaford and Owen Sound are sure of a throng of summer visitors, while Pittsburg has taken possession of a myriad of Georgian Bay islands and gasoline spoils the odour of the north country though it may testify to the presence of the millionaire's yacht. Farther north still is the vast Temagami district with its hardy campers and sunburnt fishermen. Those who wish to get away entirely from the fashionable hotel and the make-believe camper do well to journey to Temagami and the forest beyond. That is the district of the enthusiastic artist who is in search of true northern colour and more than one canvas in winter exhibitions shows the clear depth and cold blues of this northern paradise.

The most popular playground of Ontario is unquestionably Muskoka, which has developed in the last score of years into a district supporting a summer population of thousands of campers and tourists. The three lakes, Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph, are dotted with all shapes and sizes of islands and all manner of summer residences, from the lonely tent of the boy who wants the "real thing" to the plutocratic splendour of the Philadelphia magnate's mansion or the restful expanse of the "Royal Muskoka," with its generous verandahs. There is Bala with its whirling foam of falls, there is the gentle winding of the Moon River or the glistening depth of Shadow River as the twilight steals over Rosseau. The railways are taking us farther north every year and opening new regions of sport and holiday enjoyment. The Canadian Northern now penetrates the Maganetawan district, where lake trout and bass fishing rejoice the piscatorial tourist. Ka-she Lake and Bolger Lake far surpass the ordinary Muskoka lakes as a glorious fishing territory and the wealth of waters throughout that region is such as to afford an August paradise for many a year to come. Those who have fallen under the spell of Muskoka find themselves longing, when the July days come, for the northern express and the rush to the country of rocks and pines and dark, gleaming lakes.

Thousands of happy Ontario citizens know the Kawartha Lakes to their everlasting benefit. The cottages and camps which dot their blue waters increase by scores every summer and make glad the vendor of canoes and launches. The St. Lawrence at the Thousand Islands is a joy for ever, although the moneyed cottager has done his best to vulgarise one of the fairest prospects in the province. Altogether, the Canadian of Ontario birth can survey his broad territory, from the sweep of our proudest river to the dark shores of our largest lake, and feel that nowhere is to be found a more glorious holiday scene for those who want the breath of the pines, the gleam of the waves and the golden sunlight of the northern summer.



Lake Joseph Station on Canadian Northern Ontario Rialway.

WANDER LUST OF THE WEST

THE summer tourist in the Canadian West has quite the largest field in the world of pleasure to take his time and money. From Port Arthur in a straight line to the mouth of the Mackenzie on the Arctic Ocean is the longest span of it, and that is a little matter of some three thousand miles. As to area of this potential playground, mathematics has not yet definitely spoken. Time was not so long ago when the entire West was a playground; but in the Twentieth Century the Westerner has learned that he has to get out of town just as often as he can; and out of town for him may mean a holiday jaunt from Winnipeg to Banff—a thousand miles; from Calgary to Victoria—two days climbing mountains and down again by the C.P.R.; from Port Arthur and Fort William up to the head of Lake Winnipeg; and in some cases from Edmonton to the Mackenzie River.

Westerners travel more freely than people in the east. It costs more—but they usually manage to hang the expense. Getting over the trail has always been the way of the country. Half-breeds have been known to drive in buckboards from Edmonton down to Montana. The Red River cart trails were long enough to make a month's journey. Everybody in those days was more or less of a pathfinder and a camper. The habit has persisted. Western folk have given up the Red River cart and the thousand-mile trail on a horse; but they have become patrons of the railway. It's quite a mistake to suppose that a Westerner can't get away from the monotony of his surroundings without paying half a year's income to the railways. Scenery in that land changes rapidly. The West and North have practically all there is anywhere in the matter of scenery. The tourist who happens, for instance, to jog down to the old town of Fort Macleod on the Old Man River in Southern Alberta may without turning round behold precisely three sorts of sublime scenery. To the east the dun, infinite flare of the treeless pampas on which a man on horseback resembles a far ship at sea; at his feet the rumpled-up reaches of the foot-hills and at the shoulders of these the indigo bulges of the Rockies.

Northward to Calgary and west from there the prairie vanishes; but if you leave the train anywhere within forty miles of the base of the nearest mountain you are in the land for the real sense of landscape which almost any sensitive soul loses in the heart of the mountains. Of course there are thousands to whom a day at Banff is better than a week out in the hills; but they are mainly the weary ones who don't like hill-climbing or horseback riding or anything but the langourous pleasures of a summer hotel. So that whereas you may meet hundreds of tourists in Banff in the same day, in the hills eastward you may tramp for a week and see none—except a tramp like yourself: somebody who has got strayed from the railway and has taken an excursion among the ranch-houses—about one every two miles along the Bow, and back of the Bow one in a day's journey.

Northward to Edmonton. People here travel much. The whole ultimate north is theirs as far as there is a trail or a river. The trend of Edmontonians used to be Banffwards. They are going all ways now. They have got railways, some of them beginning to creep west to the mountains, some tentacling out north to the Athabasca region and the Peace—and after the average traveller has put in half a summer amid the grandeurs of the Peace, which is one of the most enchanted valleys in the world, he has no time even if he had the appetite for the steamboat glide down the Slave and the Mackenzie to the land of the midnight sun. Still there are some folk who make this trip regularly—but they are traders who do it once every two years. Some day this century the smoke-weary, telephone-haunted slaves of the cities along the Saskatchewan will finger the timetables of the Yukon and Beyond R. R. and decide whether they will spend a month with their ranching cousins on the Peace, or take nine weeks and visit their wives' people up around Great Bear Lake.

Meanwhile the Saskatchewan Valley is something of a fools' paradise. Emerson is responsible for this uncomfortable term—meaning the way of those who travel much and unless they are always on the go can't have any sort of a good time. Well, there will always be a lot of such folk in the West; for the land of the bald-headed prairie and the poplar bluff, the land of the coulee and the thousand-mile rivers, of the long black trail in the buffalo grass spidering in and out, the land of the railway that stretches as tight as a fiddle-string for a short-cut—that land has a loud call to the heart of a man. It gives him the instinct to travel which was the way of the land before the railway got there; the wander-lust that seems to have its origin in the northerners and that is supposed to hang both expense and time when it comes to finding the end of a trail that leads vagrantly nowhere, perhaps, but like Emerson's cow-trail peters out into a squirrel-track and runs up a tree.

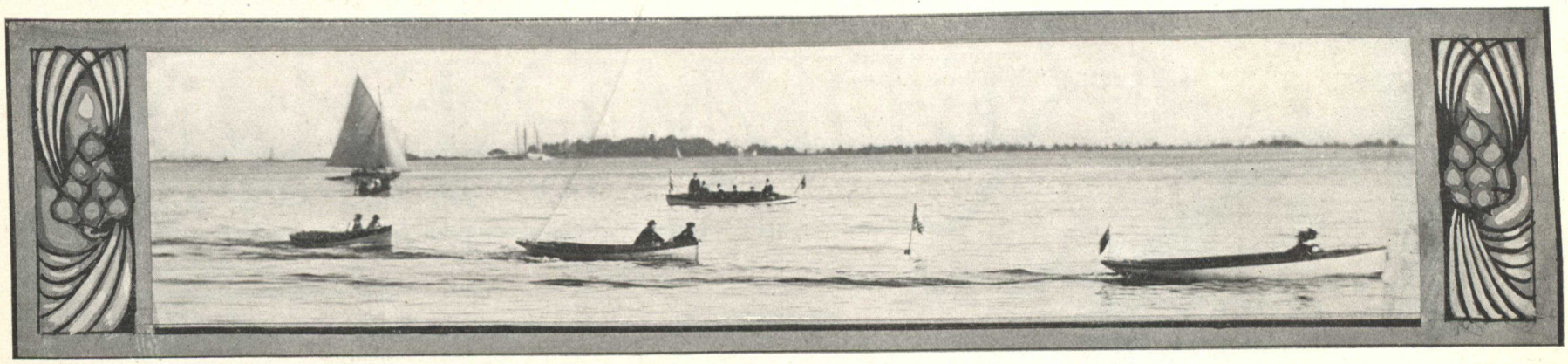
Timetables on the Saskatchewan; yes—it wasn't so five years ago. Then we did the big valley on a river scow—weeks of it with nothing to do but pole fore and aft at the crooks in the river and cook grubstake at the firebox behind. Now—parlor car and smoker and diner; train due to reach Battleford at such an hour and so many minutes and doing it by the turn of a hand—whereas by the old way three days extra to reach Battleford from Edmonton made no difference whatever; and if you took a notion to drop off for a week to visit a few white folks on an Indian reservation all you had to do was to moor the scow and cache the grub and hit the trail back from the river. The railway tourist has the regular way now. He pays his money and he gets the worth of it in scenery—right in the Saskatchewan Valley, which if you follow all its devious windings far enough is just about the whole West between the Rockies and the eastern edge of Manitoba.

TWO of the Thespians, who held the boards at one of the Edmonton theatres last week, were heard conversing in the lobby of the Castle.

"I come of an old theatrical family," boasted the tragedian. "My father played Hamlet for thirty years."

"That's nothing," replied the comedian; "my grandfather played Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin for more than forty consecutive seasons."

SUMMER DAYS ON THE GREAT LAKES



A Motor Boat Race on Toronto Bay.

A Family Party in the Lake Surf.

Posing for "The Courier."

A Group of Merry Maids sunning themselves on the Beach.

The Crowd on the Beach at a Holiday Regatta—Balmy Beach, Toronto.

REDEMPTION

BY M. E. POTTER.

THE doctor stood on his own hearth-rug, welcoming his guests. For the doctor's door was hospitably opened, brightening as far as the opposite houses, and darkening the rest of the street.

The street, at least, was scoring a success, and it was really very entertaining. But in the house the rustle of skirts and the fall of light dancing-shoes were interrupted at last by boots that should never be seen at a dance. Yet their owner was wearing his evening dress. It was also his morning dress, and he had worn it all the afternoon. He went up the steps with the same calm air as the gentleman he followed in.

In the hall, among five or six white-fronted men who were freeing themselves from their overcoats, he stopped and spoke to a housemaid.

"May I see the doctor?" His tones were clear and cultured.

"You'll have to go round to the surgery door. The assistant is in charge to-night."

But the would-be patient was taken by such an attack of coughing that he was forced to sit down on a chair. There was something peculiar about that cough, and the girls glanced at him sharply. Fresh arrivals were hurrying in and waiting for her assistance.

"If you'll come with me," she said shortly, "you may see the assistant at once."

The patient answered chokingly, as if only a very strong will was keeping the coughing under, "The doctor said—when I was here before—he must see me again himself."

"Oh!" said the housemaid, staring. "Then will you come to the waiting-room? The doctor may come when everyone's here, if you don't mind staying so long. What name shall I tell him?"

The patient hesitated for the fraction of a second while his eyes went round the hall.

"Kelson," he said.

A strange coincidence—his name agreeing with that of the clock-maker printed across the doctor's hall clock! Such an unusual fact might surely escape the housemaid, except for the easily forgotten one that she dusted the clock every morning.

No, he did not mind waiting; so he followed the girl in and sat as near to the fire as possible without setting himself ablaze, leant back and closed his eyes.

But a little later, when the rush of coming guests was over, the doctor's patient quickly left the waiting-room and found his way back to the hall. He paused just the time it takes to hang a coat on or take it off a peg, then passed on to the door.

Softly drawing it open, with a hasty glance at the reception-room and another up the stairs—he let the housemaid in!

He was so surprised that he allowed her to step in and close the door before he realised exactly what she meant. He guessed when she did not leave the door, but leant against it.

He tried to explain.

"I'm afraid I daren't stay any longer," he said, without meaning to tell such a truth. But his voice fell a little. A short time before it had urged a desire for indefinite waiting.

"I'm afraid I daren't let you go!" said the girl.

His face changed. It would have gone white, only it was white already.

He glanced round; but he dared not seek another exit through the house, because he could not do it more quickly than the girl would call for help—and get it. And, as he turned from her, she beckoned quickly to the doctor, who was crossing the hall, free at last to respond to his patient's call.

But the doctor never had a more unwilling patient. He turned again to the girl and seized her by the arm.

"Let me out!" he whispered hoarsely. "Let me out!"

She did not move.

"Let me out! You *must!*"

He heard that of all sounds the most irrevocable—a key turning in a lock. He roughly tried to drag her from the door; but a hand even rougher than his came down on his shoulder. He raised wild eyes to the doctor's grave ones.

"You asked for me," said the doctor. "I'm ready to prescribe."

From the large reception-room came one of the doctor's visitors, a slight man who had passed the prime of life. He came towards them as the doctor spoke.

"Well," went on the doctor quietly, "I'm waiting to hear your symptoms."

The doctor's guest paused curiously, and the patient, watching, saw that he was blind. He dared not look at the housemaid, dared not read in her face the conviction her tongue soon uttered.

"That man," she said to the doctor, "has your overcoat over his arm!"

"Ah!" said the doctor thoughtfully. "I consider his symptoms dangerous!"

The thief dropped the coat, almost as if he thought he was dropping his guilt. Then he turned in quick, overwhelming desperation, for both his arms were now at liberty to strike.

"I shouldn't advise you to make a fight," observed the doctor; "you'll only attract my guests."

Somewhere in the house a door burst open. Both men turned their heads. It was the kitchen door: out of it came the smell of cooking food.

The captive leant back against the wall. The desire for fight had left him.

The doctor's hold passed from the shoulder to the unresisting wrist. He raised the listless hand and examined it deliberately.

"Mary," he said, glancing up, "I don't think you need stay." He whispered hurried directions to her as she left them.

The doctor stood a moment silently waiting, but the only movement the other made was in trying to keep his face from the light. "Well?" he said.

"Well!" burst out the other bitterly. "I should call it d——d bad myself. I suppose you've sent that girl for the police?""

"You seem to understand these things. Is this a practised hand?"

The hand in question doubled suddenly, as if to resent the taunt. The doctor knew, and was glad, that his words had stirred up shame.

"Stand over there in the light," he said, stepping back a little, obviously to guard the door; "I want to see your face. How old are you?"

"I don't see what difference that makes." He had not moved from the wall.

"I told you to stand in the light. How old are you?"

It was a very protesting face the gas-light fell upon, and pitiably young.

"I don't see what that has to do with it," he repeated doggedly; yet he saw how useless it was to resist.

"How old are you?"

"I was twenty-one last week."

"And is this the way you celebrate your manhood? You haven't told me your name."

Again the prisoner started forward. There was an open door behind him now, and no one there but the grey-haired, curious visitor, and he looked very gentle.

He laid a light touch on the young man's shoulder and whispered in his ear.

"Stand up to him," said the blind man quietly. "Don't make bad worse by funking."

The doctor heard, and his lips softened, but they did not soften his words. "I intend to have your name."

"It's—it's—my name's—" His lips declined to shape it; his eyes implored the doctor. "My name is—Talma Norris."

He had nearly given the name of Kelson, but the grey-haired visitor had influenced him.

"It's not!" said the blind man sharply. "It's not! Don't tell me it is Talma!" His voice wavered through many keys. He was suddenly more agitated than this thief. "Talma! Talma!" he repeated. "Don't tell me that's your name!"

"I'm telling you the truth."

And he had found it hard, for Talma was the maiden name of his mother, and he did not want to think of his mother just then.

"Then you were born at Halsted?"

The prisoner started.

"What has that to do with it?" he asked.

"Not much. And yet"—the blind man smiled—"you see, I live at Halsted."

He lived at the Hall at Halsted, and if the link of the same birthplace should hold him to offer a helping hand to one who had fallen to want, his hand was well worth taking. But to the one who had fallen he was merely a gentleman who, living at Halsted, might have known his father. At such a thought the son drew back into the shadow—which was not dark enough to hide his humiliation.

"Were you born at the white house by the river?"—the voice had grown persistent. "The cottage with the ivy porch? Were you six years old when you left it?"

Both the captor and his captive were staring at the man who seemed to know so much of the latter's history. "Was your father an artist?" the blind man was saying. "His death was in the paper two years ago last August. Did your mother die when you were born?"

"How did you know?" said Talma. "I thought there was nobody living who knew me."

"I'll guess again," said the blind man. "Your mother's maiden name was Talma?"

The doctor, stooping for his overcoat, removed some papers from the pocket. Again Talma Norris started. He had quite forgotten the doctor's presence.

"If it's 'Yes' to all these questions," he said, "what good is that now to me?"

"Not much," said the doctor gravely. "If it's a question of addresses, your present one is more useful."

He gave it; a short address in a mean part of the great city. The blind man drew off a little when he heard it, as if he would have no more to do with one who came from such a place. Yet he lingered within hearing.

The doctor lifted up the coat.

"You're going to——?" Talma murmured blankly, watching the doctor's movements.

"Get into it!"

He moved forward, staring. He tried to find out the doctor's meaning, but his thoughts seemed drifting darkly, like a fog at night. Before to-night he had been honest, and to-night he had wildly done this thing to try and cover up his shabbiness and answer an advertisement that might give him honest work. "I suppose you want to make more evidence against me? Heaven knows I've given you enough!"

"Get into it!"

"I suppose you want——" He felt out mechanically for the sleeves. The doctor gave it the little lift. "Oh, all right, doctor; I—don't care."

The doctor quietly unlocked the door. "You'll remember," he said, "all locks are not so easy to turn." He flung the door wide open and signed to his prisoner to pass out.

The latter involuntarily drew back, but the doctor looked at him gravely—and he went out.

"One moment," said the doctor quickly. "You speak well; have an educated voice. You have also a sense of shame. The white house by the river must have had—respectable tenants. I'm glad they cannot see their son to-night. Well, I'm not a judge, so I won't deliver sentence. I can only prescribe for my patients."

And he went in and shut the door.

* * * * * * * *

Less than three hours later a cab drew up at the address of Talma Norris. The landlady came to the door, but she lost her voice in the presence of a gentleman in evening dress.

"Will you take me to his rooms?" he asked. "I'm blind, and I've forgotten to bring my servant."

To take this gentleman to the room in question shocked the woman into speech.

"It ain't my fault," she burst out. "'E said when 'e come 'e'd take my attic back! It ain't my fault 'e pays so little—it don't make it worth scrubbin'! An' it ain't my fault 'e's behind with 'is rent. and 'e'll pay or leave on Saturday!"

"You think I shall find him packing?"

The woman laughed. "Packin'!" she said. "Why, 'e ain't got nothin' to pack! 'E's packed what 'e 'ad—at the pawnbroker's—tryin' to pay 'is rent. Will you come this way? It's a long way up to the top."

The visitor dismissed the landlady before she had time to knock at the door on the fourth floor and gently groped his way into the room. He claimed as the privilege of his blindness to enter without knocking.

"Talma! You here?" he said.

Talma was standing at the window, staring into the dark, fighting the Giant Despair—and getting badly beaten. There are times in the rounds with this giant when nothing seems to surprise.

"I suppose you're wearing the coat?" asked his visitor gently.

It was lying flung into a corner of the room. "It—it didn't fit," said Talma.

"I'm glad—it didn't fit. You're telling me the truth?"

"I can't expect you'll believe me—I'm telling you the truth."

"On your honour, are you?"

"On—the honour that is left me!"

"Talma," said the blind man, "do you think you could redeem yourself if you were given the chance? Ah, you need not answer. Well, I'd like to give you that chance. Years ago I loved your mother, but she married your father. I have lived a lonely life—a blind life. A large house—great, lonely rooms; in fields—great, lonely fields. For company, my valet. No wife, no child, no heir! A blind life. Have you ever heard of Sir John Halsted?"

"Yes. When my father was dying, he suggested if I were in need I should go to him for help."

"Did he? You never went?"

"How did you know that?"

"Because I'm Sir John Halsted."

"I might have known," said Talma. "My father wrote you a letter, and I—afterwards I burnt it. I thought I could stand by myself. I'm sorry now I burnt it."

"Yes; you didn't stand—quite so straight—"

"I didn't stand—I fell!" He hesitated. "They advertised a walking part at Drury Lane," he said. "They're putting a street scene on. I thought if I could get it— We have to supply the dress."

"I suppose you are really hard up?"

He had spent his last sixpence. Those who have not spent their last sixpence do not know the tragedy of it. And to-day he had been mad—hunger mad! Those who have not suffered it do not know how one may be willing to risk one's soul on the chance of getting money to buy a loaf of bread. He had suffered it, smothering hunger-dulled shame with the thought that there was nobody living who knew him. Really hard up? He could put in such a plea of poverty as might soften the dense blackness of the picture painted of him in the doctor's house. But the presence of Sir John, who had known his people, appealed to his old self, his unfallen self, the self that burnt the letter and tried to stand alone.

"Yes, desperately," he answered.

His room would have shown how desperately, if Sir John had not been blind.

"We were very hard up before," he added, as if to excuse his own failure—"before I was left alone."

"And now you will take my help?"

"Yes, if you would!" Life since two years ago last August had sufficiently humbled him. "I could never repay you. But if you could find me work—" He broke off suddenly, his face reddening. "If it were possible," he said, "to give me that chance you spoke of—to prove I am not so bad."

"If it is possible," said Sir John. "I'll remember what you have said." He paused a long while before speaking again. "I think it right to tell you," he said deliberately, "I am in London—partly to have my will drawn up; and you are mentioned in it."

"I!" said Talma. "I?"

"My heir!" said Sir John Halsted.

"I? You can't mean *me!*" He was feeling weak, and ill, and hopeless; he had had no food all day—and he had been named heir to the richest man in the finest house in the county. It seemed an unreal farce. "You can't mean me!"

"Your mother's son," explained Sir John.

"But *me!*"

The blind man nodded; he appreciated the difficulty.

"Ah! that was before you met me at the doctor's. As it is—as it is—Talma, I'm going to take you back with me to the Hall. You shall live with me six months—and then—I'm going to decide how much I must alter the will. Talma, have you had supper?"

"I don't have supper now!"

"Why not? Are you never hungry at night?"

"I'm so hungry, I——" He checked himself hurriedly. "I mean—I haven't had supper."

"Then come and have it with me. They shall put you up to-night at my hotel, and to-morrow you shall sleep at Halsted."

Talma gently took the blind man's arm. He was glad of this little act of service to Sir John, for words of thanks had failed him. Then he paused.

"Well, what is it?" asked Sir John.

"I should like to return the coat."

"Then find someone to take it."

"I think I'll take it myself."

"You needn't trouble," said Sir John. "I've paid the doctor for it. He and I are old pals. I made him take its value. He knows about the will."

The wealth that he had forfeited—by theft! For, of course, Sir John, after such an introduction to him, would erase his name from the will. For his mother's sake, Sir John was taking compassion upon his poverty, giving him a helping hand, would surely put him in the way of earning his own living; but he would find another heir.

But the next six months were secure, freeing him from a burden he had not been able to bear. He guided Sir John down the passage, which was to him no longer perilous.

* * * * * * * *

At Halsted, eight months later, "Dr. Maynell" was announced. Sir John rose from the deep armchair and held out both his hands. "You've come at last," he said, like one relieved from waiting.

The doctor always tried to spend a week near Christmas at the Hall; he called it his winter holiday. He was two monthes later this year.

"Well," he said, "I want to know what's troubling you? Three letters and a telegram, because I was slow in coming! And all the time you knew I couldn't please myself. I've only time to keep professional appointments. You've no fresh symptoms, have you? Then what's wrong? I told you you weren't to worry."

For the friend was also his patient. Eight months ago, when he had felt it right to warn Sir John, he had felt very sorry for that.

"John," he had said, "you might have consulted a man who wasn't your friend."

"A man who might have lied! From you I want the truth. After all, it isn't your decree. Is it an urgent warning?"

Why is it often we find wicked hearts that are strong and good ones that are weak?

"Not with care," he had said. "I can give you years with care."

"Can I live a quieter life?"

And the doctor had been forced to admit its impossibility.

Sir John's quiet life had accumulated his money. He had never married. He was an only child. His relations were all connections. They only came to him when they wanted to borrow money. He was blind, and behind the times—he still lived in the days when he lost his sight—and he bored them. Besides, they were so sure of him. He had no one else to whom to leave his money, had he? No wife, no child, no heir! Why should he trouble to make a will at all? He would just die quietly out—and they would come quickly in.

The doctor knew them thoroughly; he knew the reputation of the man who would legally be quickest in—and it was not a pretty reputation.

Sir John also knew it.

"You advise me to choose my heir?" he said.

"I think it's good advice." Only it did not seem a question of choice. Was there anything left for Sir John but division among the connections? As to which should have Halsted itself, the doctor thought of suggesting he should write their names on playing-cards—and cut.

"I've chosen my heir," said Sir John.

"Indeed?" said the doctor. Had Sir John cut?

"He's not among the folk who call themselves my own folk," Sir John went on. "My heir's all right."

He spoke over-confidently. He knew his heir by name, and not by reputation; but he thought it safe to say the son of the woman he loved was all right.

And then had followed the drawing up of the will and—the theft of the doctor's coat.

Of all these things was the doctor thinking tonight.

"Well, how's your protege?" he asked.

"He's upstairs dressing for dinner. I told him you were coming."

"How does he like his new position?" The doctor's thoughts were of the white-faced man who leant against the wall and tried to hide his face.

"He's been like a son to me."

The doctor smiled. It is easy to be like a son to one who has money to leave. Any lazy scamp is fully qualified. "So you haven't altered your will?"

"No. But I—I have decided."

"Did you find him out in other things? Of course, you made inquiries?"

"Made inquiries! There was nothing—but I heard about his poverty. He'd had nothing to eat that day."

"Of course," said the doctor, "as your heir he would not again be tempted under the same conditions."

After all, he preferred the reputation of Talma Norris to that of all the connections.

"No; but there might be others. You see, I can't be sure of him now—and mine's a big estate. I ought to be quite sure; it's a duty I owe the tenants. Besides, I'll not give up the Hall to one who can't be trusted. If I could see his face, I think I could decide; but I'm in the dark. I love to hear his voice—after Ascott's." Ascott was the man who waited upon Sir John. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do." He put it very briefly, for Talma at that moment was coming down the stairs. He was very eager about it, and the doctor, demurring slightly, finally agreed.

"I think you're right," he said, rising. "Afterwards, he must remember he brought it upon himself."

Talma came in to meet the doctor. He looked very well in evening dress. He had not met the doctor since the night that would not die in his and Sir John's memories. Sir John was sitting alone.

"Hasn't Dr. Maynell come?" he asked.

"Yes, he is here." Sir John smiled a little. "I'm glad you have come down; I've something I must say. Talma, have I done you any good?"

Talma glanced down at his hand. He was wearing Sir John's signet ring. At first it would not fit, and now it was rather tight. At Halsted he had played the part of son, companion, secretary; he had lent his eyes to the blind—and all was little in return for the good Sir John had done him. His head was bent, and his voice was lowered.

"'I was hungry, and you gave me food; I was a stranger, and you took me in; I was half naked, and you clothed me.' You saved me—body and soul. And you ask me, Have you done me any good!"

"You came on a six months' trial," said Sir John; "and then I was to decide—about my will. I have given you eight months."

Talma was sitting facing the window, staring unseeingly at the heavy curtains drawn across, sudden, desperate fear upon his face. Sir John might turn him out, weaponless, to fight again for mere existence!

"I have decided," said Sir John.

"For—or against?" He spoke; and regretted speaking—the fear stood out in his voice.

It caught Sir John's notice.

"Against!" he said.

Talma pushed back his chair. The colour rose to high tide in his face and ebbed again slowly, leaving it strangely pale. Sir John's next words brought a quick return of the tide.

"I can't forget that night," he said—he had never been so merciless before. "Gentlemen—never do that sort of thing. Talma, you haven't left me, have you?"

Nothing answered him; nothing stirred—except before the fire the heavy breathing of a sleeping terrier.

(*Continued on page 19*)

THE YELLOW GOD

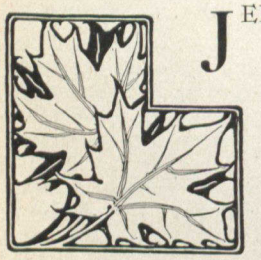
Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "The Witch's Head," Etc.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Champers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Champers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal. Alan and Jeeki set out for Africa in search of treasure from the worshippers of the Yellow God, "Little Bonsa." In their African adventures, Major Vernon and Jeeki are attacked by dwarfs, armed with poisoned arrows, who are driven off by a cannibal tribe, the Ogula, who take Alan and Jeeki prisoners but treat them kindly on account of the Yellow God. Alan falls sick but the Ogula take him and Jeeki up the river. They reach the Gold House where the Yellow God is placed and meet the wonderful priestess, Asika, who takes them through the treasure house. The Gold House is a great revelation of riches but Alan and Jeeki become anxious when they observe Asika's determination to make the former her husband. At the feast of Little Bonsa, Alan is disgusted by the slaughter and heathen orgies.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MOTHER OF JEEKI.



JEEKI," said Alan next morning, "I tell you again that I have had enough of this place; I want to get out."

"Yes, Major, that just what mouse say when he finish cheese in trap, but missus call him 'Pretty, pretty, come along,' and drown him all the same," and he nodded in the direction of the Asika's house.

Alan left it to Jeeki, with the result that after long argument the priests consented or obtained permission to produce Fahni and his followers, and a little while after the great men arrived, looking very dejected, and saluted Alan humbly. Bidding the rest of them be seated, he called Fahni to the end of the room and asked him through Jeeki if he and his men did not wish to return home.

"Indeed we do, white lord," answered the old chief, "but how can we? The Asika has a grudge against our tribe, and but for you would have killed every one of us last night. We are snared, and must stop here till we die."

"Would not your people help you if they knew, Fahni?"

"Yes, lord, I think so. But how can I tell them who doubtless believe us dead? Nor can I send a messenger."

"Jeeki," said Alan, "can you not find a messenger? Have you, who were born of this people, no friend among them all?"

"Yes," he said, "I think one, p'r'aps. I mean my ma."

"Your ma!" said Alan. "Oh! I remember. Have you heard anything more about her?"

"Yes, Major. Very old girl now, but strong on leg, so they say. Believe she glad go anywhere, because she public nuisance; they tired of her in prison, and there no workhouse here, so they want turn her out starve. I pray priests let her out of chokey, as I sick to fall upon bosom, which quite true."

That very afternoon, on returning to his room from walking in the dismal cedar garden, Alan's ears were greeted by a sound of shrill quarrelling. Looking up, he saw an extraordinary sight. A tall, gaunt, withered female, who might have been of any age between sixty and a hundred, had got Jeeki's ear in one hand, and with the other was slapping him in the face while she exclaimed:

"O, thief, whom by the curse of Bonsa I brought into the world, what have you done with my blanket?"

"Worn out, my mother, worn out," he answered, trying to free himself. "I have travelled across the world to find you, and I want to hear news of your husband."

"My husband, thief; which husband? Do you mean your father, the one with the broken nose, who was sacrificed because you ran away with the white man whom Bonsa loved? Well, you look out for him when you get into the world of ghosts."

"Peace, my mother," said Jeeki, patting her on the head. "Do what I tell you and you shall have more blankets than you can wear."

"How shall I get all these things, my son?" asked the old woman, looking up. "Will you take me to your home and support me, or will that white lord marry me?"

"No, mother, he would like to, but he dare not. You see this man here, he is Fanny, king of a great tribe, the Ogula. He wants you to carry a message for him, and by and by he will marry you, won't you, Fanny?"

"Oh! yes—yes," said Fahni, "I will do anything she likes."

"Set out the matter," said the mother of Jeeki, who was by no means so foolish as she seemed.

So they told her what she must do, namely, travel down to the Ogula and tell them of the plight of their chief.

The end of it was that mother of Jeeki, who knew her case to be desperate at home, where she was in no good repute, promised to attempt the journey in consideration of advantages to be received, and departed on her mission.

"She will tell somebody all about it, and we shall only get our throats cut," said Alan.

"No, no, Major. I make her swear not split on ghosts of all her husbands, and by Big Bonsa himself."

That day there were no excitements, and to Alan's intense relief he saw nothing of the Asika. After its orgy of witchcraft and bloodshed on the previous night, weariness and silence seemed to have fallen upon the town.

On the following morning, when he was sitting moodily in his room, two priests came to conduct him to the Asika. Having no choice, followed by Jeeki, he accompanied them to her house, masked as usual, for without this hateful disguise he was not allowed to stir.

At the opening of the door Asika looked up with a swift smile, that turned to a frown when she saw that he was followed by Jeeki.

"Say, Vernoon," she asked in her langorous voice, "can you not stir a yard without that ugly black dog at your heels?"

Alan made Jeeki interpret this speech, then answered that the reason was that he knew but little of her tongue.

"Can I not teach it to you alone, then, without this low fellow hearing all my words? Well, it will not be for long." She removed her mask and Alan's and asked if he were happy.

"I don't know what to say," answered Alan, despairingly, through Jeeki, "the honour is too great for me who am but a wandering trader who came here to barter Little Bonsa against the gold I need."

"Then I think you will remain a long time, Vernoon, for while I live you shall never return. Much as I love you I would kill you first," and her eyes glittered as she said the words. "Still," she added, noting the fall in his face, "if it is gold your people need, you shall send it to them. Yes, my people shall take all that I gave you down to the coast, and there it can be put in a big canoe and carried across the water. See to the packing of the stuff, you black dog," she said to Jeeki over her shoulder, "and when it is ready I will send it hence."

"Tell me," she added, "would you have me other than I am? First, do you think me beautiful?"

"Yes," answered Alan honestly. "But I do not like cruelty or sacrifices, O Asika. I have told you that bloodshed is *orunda* to me, and at the feast those men were poisoned and you mocked them in their pain; also many others were taken away to be killed for no crime."

"But, Vernoon, all this is not my fault; they were sacrifices to the gods, and if I did not sacrifice I should be sacrificed by the priests and wizards who live to sacrifice. Yes, myself, I should be made to drink the poison, and be mocked at while I died, like a snake with a broken back. Or even if I escaped the vengeance of the people, the gods themselves would kill me and raise up another in my place. Do they not sacrifice in your country, Vernoon?"

"No, Asika; they fight if necessary and kill those who commit murder. But they have no fetish that asks for blood, and the law they have from heaven is a law of mercy."

She stared at him again.

"All this is strange to me," she said. "I was taught otherwise. Gods are devils, and must be appeased lest they bring misfortune on us; men must be ruled by terror, or they would rebel and pull down the Great House; doctors must learn magic, or how would they avert spells? Wizards must be killed, or the people would perish in their net. May not we who live in a hell strive to beat back its flames with the wisdom our forefathers have handed on to us? Tell me, Vernoon, for I would know?"

"You make your own hell," answered Alan when with the help of Jeeki, he understood her talk.

She pondered over his words for a while, then said:

"I must think. The thing is big. I wander in blackness; I will speak with you again. Say now, what else is wrong with me?"

Now Alan thought that he saw an opportunity for a word in season, and made a great mistake.

"I think that you treat your husband, that man whom you call Mungana, very badly. Why should you drive him to his death?"

"The Mungana!" she exclaimed, "that beast! What have I to do with him? I hate him, as I hated the others. The priests thrust him on me. He has had his day—let him go. In your country do they make women live with men whom they loathe? I love *you,* Bonsa himself knows why. Perhaps because you have a white skin and white thoughts. But I hate that man. What is the use of being Asika if I cannot take what I love and reject what I hate?"

Alan rose and bowed himself towards the door, while she stood with her back towards him, sobbing. As he was about to pass it, she wheeled round, wiping the tears from her eyes with her hand, and said:

"I forgot. I sent for you to thank you for your presents, that," and she pointed to the lion skin, "which they tell me you killed with some kind of thunder to save the life of that old cannibal, and this," and she pulled off the necklace of claws, then added, "As I am too bad to wear it, you had better take it back again." And she threw it with all her strength straight into Jeeki's face.

Fearing worse things, the much maltreated Jeeki uttered a howl and bolted through the door, while Alan, picking up the necklace, returned it to her with a bow. She took it.

"Stop," she said. "You are leaving the room without your mask and my women are outside. Come here," and she tied the thing upon his head, setting it all awry, then pushed him from the room.

"Always thought white man mad at bottom," Jeeki said, shaking his big head. "To benighted black nigger thing so very simple. All you got do, make love and cut when you get chance. Then she pleased as Punch, everything go smooth and Jeeki get no more kicks. Christian religion business very good, but won't wash in Asiki-land. Your reverend uncle find out that."

Not wishing to pursue the argument, Alan changed the subject by asking his indignant retainer if he thought that the Asika had meant what she said when she offered to send the gold down to the coast.

"Why not, Major? That good lady always mean what she say, and what she do, too."

"Don't you see, Jeeki, that here is a chance, if a very small one, of getting a message to the coast. Also it is quite clear that if we are ever able to escape, it will be impossible for us to carry this heavy stuff, whereas if we send it on ahead, perhaps some of it might get through. We will pack it up, Jeeki; at any rate, it will be something to do. Go now, and send a message to the Asika, and ask her to let us have some carpenters, and a lot of well-seasoned wood."

The message was sent, and an hour later a dozen of the native craftsmen arrived with their rude tools and a supply of planks cut from a kind of iron-wood or ebony tree.

(*Continued on page 29*)

PEOPLE AND PLACES

THE death of Chief Piapot removes one of the few aged Indians of consequence left in the Canadian West. Piapot was lord of the Qu'Appelle Valley—from the origin of its name one of the most poetic places on the prairie; legend has it that a French traveller hearing the echo of his own call on the evening air sang out "Qu'appelle?"—"Who is calling?" A most lovely valley it is; finest flower of all the prairie lands about Regina, and old Piapot who was eighty years of age lived in it most of his days. He has been known in Regina since long before mounted police were there. Usually he drove solitary after the way of many of those old Crees—in the buckboard which is the plains Cree's automobile. During the Rebellion of 1885 Piapot was half expected to lead his Crees into revolt, for his entire band trailed to Regina and pitched camp—but with a pipe of peace. He was perhaps the last of the real chiefs that were at the head of bands during the Rebellion—nearly all the principals in that eventful struggle having shuffled off in succession.

* * *

FIFTEEN million dollars is the tidy little sum that New Brunswickers expect to be spend in that province by the Grand Trunk Pacific in the section which traverses New Brunswick. This amount is expected to find disbursement during the next three years. Contracts are already let to two firms to the extent of five millions. The Lyon & White contract alone runs up to two millions—for sixty-one miles beginning at the Quebec boundary and reaching to within three miles of Grand Falls. Mr. Horace Longley, son of Judge Longley, of Halifax, is the engineer in charge of this section.

* * *

A WEEK ago five hundred men had got to work on the Grand Trunk Pacific west of Edmonton. Two hundred more are in the woods making ties; more than a hundred teamsters are hauling supplies. Construction in this part of the route till the foothills are reached will be easy and comparatively cheap owing to the abundance of timber. The whole western end of Saskatchewan is a timber country. Already hundreds of men have left the city with their kits to go into the spruce woods of the upper Saskatchewan and its tributaries.

* * *

THE memory of our border wars was recalled again the other day when a concourse of people at Stoney Creek witnessed the consecration of the battlefield there by Bishop Dumoulin of Niagara. A society is working for the preservation and restoration of this historic battleground. Two cannons were presented and placed on logs on the field; lists of the brave dead were posted over the grounds. The Bishop compared the coming tercentennial at Quebec with the war of 1812.

* * *

POWER for the new tunnel at Windsor and Detroit is to be furnished by electricity from Niagara. This is a little premature, perhaps, since the tunnel has only been in construction a little over one year. However, the plans are well laid and the electrified section of the tunnel route will be more than four miles in length with fifteen miles of single track including sidings in the yards. The tunnel tracks are to be laid sixty-five feet beneath the surface of the Detroit River. Already, of course by a recent reconstruction, the Sarnia tunnel has been operated by electricity, the change being brought about on account of the need of ventilation, which has been considered in advance by the constructors of the tunnel at Windsor.

* * *

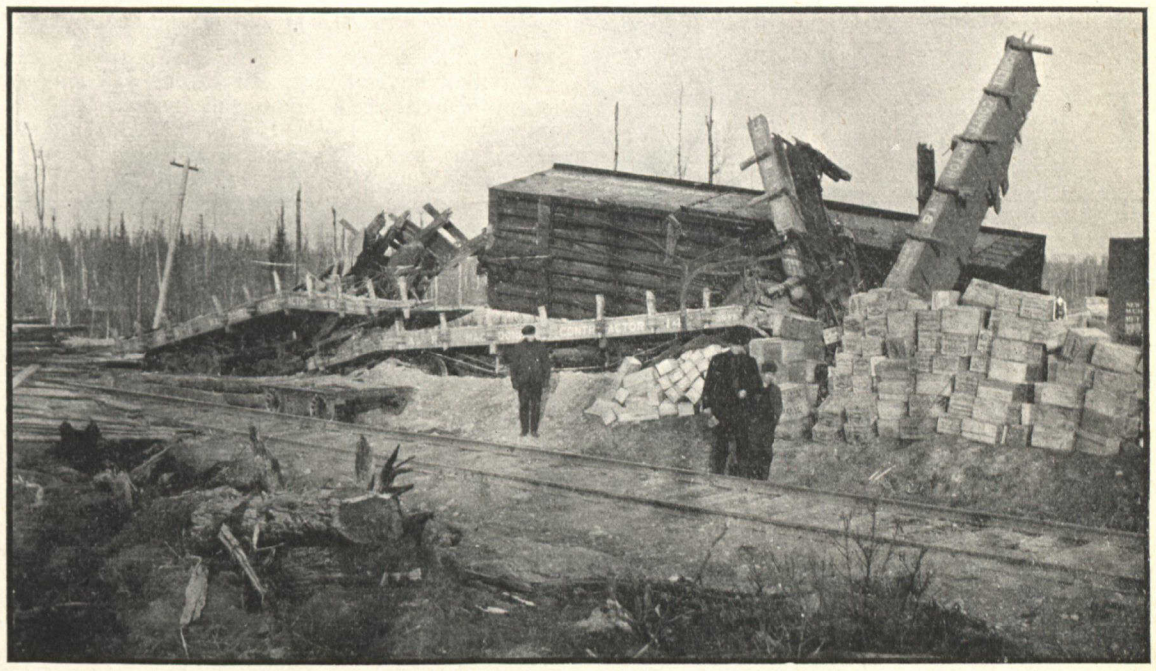
THE Immigration Agency of Nova Scotia is one of the newest enterprises in the province, but in a year much work has been accomplished. The object of the department is to secure a proper sort of immigrants for Nova Scotia, quite regardless of what sort of people may be allowed to slide through into other parts of Canada. The authorities are advertising the land of Nova Scotia; they are getting immigrants from Great Britain who will go on the land and work it in preference to crowding the cities with a more or less idle population. The department is also advertising in the eastern States and in New England.

* * *

MOUNTED police, of whom there are already far too few in the West, are this season to go still farther out-field for jurisdiction. Not weary of thousand-mile patrols and of bringing criminals thousands of miles to justice, a posse of men this summer will set out under Inspector Pelletier to a region bounded on the south by a line from Great Slave Lake to Chesterfield Inlet on Hudson's Bay. This is an eastern extension. Merely to lay out the route will take the posse all summer till next November. Inspector Pelletier, who has this hazardous trip in commission, is a young man who has seen service in South Africa.

* * *

BARON SAKATANI YOSHIRO, ex-Minister of Finance in Japan, has been in Victoria, B.C. He was "en train" with ten other Japanese, all of them financial magnates. The Baron's visit had nothing to do with the Oriental problem—except the very urgent problem of how to raise money in Japan to pay interest on the war loan. Baron Sakatani did not borrow money in Victoria. He admitted that he was on his way to the United States and Europe. Meanwhile Japan is being taxed to death to pay interest. The per capita rate is $4.05, compared to an average income of $17 a year, contrasted with a per capita rate of 6.95 in the United States on an average income basis of $275. Everything in Japan is taxed; land, city property, incomes, street railways. It is figured that if the United States were to pay taxes at a similar rate there would in one year be a surplus in the treasury of six billion dollars.



Wreck of Train Load of Construction Camp Supplies at the end of the steel near McDougall's Chutes on T. & N.O. Ry.

REDEMPTION

(*Continued from page 17*)

"Talma!" He put out both his hands to feel for Talma through the dark.

And Talma spoke—to ward him off. He was leaning with both arms on the table, and his head pillowed on them. "Do you want me to go tonight?"

"Go?" asked Sir John. "Go where?"

"Back where you found me."

"Oh! I meant to help you, Talma; only, perhaps—" He altered his sentence—"I don't think I should care to make you an allowance."

It meant there would be no reserve force in Talma's fight for existence.

"As for the will," went on Sir John, "I'd better destroy it at once. Here's the key. You'll find it in that drawer."

Talma took the key and fitted it into the lock. The drawer was heavy and awkward to get at, but he managed to get it open at last.

"You have it? It's the only one."

"Yes, I have it." It was strange to hold the will, a draft of his own on immeasurable riches, and to pass it quietly to be destroyed.

"Then take it and put it on the fire." Sir John leant back and closed his useless eyes, as if that closed the subject.

It was strange to hold the will, a draft on wealth, and know they were his hands which must destroy it.

But he went across to the fire quickly, unprotestingly. He was bending down, about to drop the will into the flames, when he glanced round at Sir John, who, since their first meeting, had always been so kind to him before—and he hesitated.

He watched Sir John groping across the table for his handkerchief; and he hesitated. Slowly rising to his feet, he hesitated.

Blind!

Just that quick thought—"Blind!"

Then others followed it—a host of demon thoughts that danced and laughed in his head.

He drew back a little, standing very motionless, his right hand holding the will. It was in his possession now. What if he kept it? There was no other will!

There was nothing to do but say he had burnt the will, and carry it with him up to his private rooms. It is so easy to cheat the blind.

Sir John was leaning forward in his chair. Talma knew he was listening for the paper to begin to burn; but, with a jolly roaring fire of logs it would be very easy to imitate a burning will.

It was not a question of a little more or a little less money. To keep the will meant much more—position, respect, admiration, travel—but to him, above all, it meant security from want. To burn the will meant—hands fettered to the daily toil of earning the sort of bread which is cheapest in the market; or it meant—going without it.

Sir John was blind, could know of nothing that he did, nothing that he did not do. If he kept the will, nobody would ever know it had been his trust to burn it.

How could anyone know?

The terrier raised its head and looked at him with sleepy, blinking eyes. The only being in the room to see him—a dumb and useless witness! He pushed the will into the inner pocket of his coat, and as he did so he saw the signet-ring on his finger. After all, if not as his heir, Sir John had trusted him.

After—*all!*

And this was his second theft. During the eight past months he would have given his sight to wipe the first from his memory—for gentlemen never did that sort of thing. And what he contemplated was worse—out of all degree.

He dropped the will into the hottest part of the fire; he watched it curl, redden, blacken, flash into flame, and sink back into a little heap of ash—all that was left for him of a very fine estate.

The shadow of a low-class lodging-house stretched from London to his feet. Silently he went straight through it—to the door—as blindly as Sir John.

"Talma!" called Sir John.

Talma turned, half through the door. Dr. Maynell and Sir John were standing by the table. He stared at the former, his lips stiff.

"You were here in the room—all the time?"

"As a witness of your honour!" said Sir John.

"Because you dare not trust me with the will?" asked Talma.

"Oh, no. I was simply showing Maynell how very much I could trust you. . . . I'm glad you burnt that will."

"He thinks he burnt it," laughed the doctor.

"I did burn it! If you were in the room you saw me burn it!"

"I was watching from behind that curtain. You burnt what looked like a will; but the proper will, I hear, is with Sir John's solicitor."

"I don't understand," said Talma. "May I know the meaning of it all?"

Dr. Maynell turned away.

"My son," said Sir John, "my dear, new son—for you, it means—redemption!"

THE DEMI-TASSE

A RAILWAY GUIDE.

THE scribes who write the railway folders occasionally say weird things, by way of literary and historical information. In an illustrated pamphlet setting forth the charms of the scenery along the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, the writer pauses, in expending a few adjectives on Lake Evelyn, to explain that this beautiful sheet of water is named after "Lady Evelyn Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Argyll, who, as Marquis of Lansdowne, was at one time Governor-General of Canada."

Would you listen to that! The learned author probably refers to Lady Evelyn Cavendish, daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who, indeed was Governor-General of Canada. It may be necessary to state that the Duke of Argyll, as Marquis of Lorne, was also Governor-General of Canada and that his wife is Princess Louise, a sister of King Edward, and that there are neither sons nor daughters in the household. It is just possible that the authorities of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario road employed an enterprising Yankee to write up their scenery and that he supplied imaginary details.

It may please the exploiters of the Lake Evelyn region to learn that the lady, after whom it was named, has lately acceded to the rank of Duchess as her husband, formerly known as Mr. Victor Cavendish, will succeed to the titles and estates of his late uncle, the Duke of Devonshire.

* * *

GETTING EVEN WITH THE DOCTOR.

AN old Scotchman, not feeling very well, called upon a well-known doctor, who gave him instructions as to diet and exercise and rest. Among other things he advised the patient to abstain from all form of spirits. "Do as I say," he added cheerfully, "and you'll soon feel better."

The Scotchman rose silently and was about to withdraw when the doctor detained him to mention the all-important topic of the fee. "My advice will cost you two dollars," he said.

"Aw, mebbe," said the old Scotchman, "but I'm nae gaun to tek yer advice."

* * *

ON WHAT THEIR FATE DEPENDED.

DURING the week certain members of the flock had been paying overmuch attention to sampling the local whisky, and the minister took advantage of his position in the pulpit to administer gentle reproof. "An' I tell ye, one an' all, ye're on the way to Perdeetion!" he cried. At that moment a fly settled on the Bible before him. He raised his fist. "Ye're gaein' tae hell!" he shouted. "An' ye'll all get there, just sae sure as—sae sure as I ding the life out o' this flee!" His fist crashed down as he uttered the words, then he looked to see the result of his handiwork. "Missed!" he ejaculated. "Ah! weel, maybe there's a chance for some o' ye yet!"

* * *

A NEW SOCIETY.

TWO men were standing together in the corridor of a post-office. One of them happened to notice that a post-card held in the fingers of the other was addressed to the holder.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked. "Do you address letters to yourself?"

"In this case, yes," was the answer.

"That's funny."

"Well, not so very. See the other side."

He held it up, and the other side read: "Brother Blank—There will be a meeting of the I. G. O. S. B., No. 387, at the hall, the evening of October 1, to transact special business. Members not present will be fined $5. N. B. ——, secretary."

"Yes, but I don't exactly catch on," protested the innocent.

"Oh, you don't? Well, I got the cards printed myself; the society is all a myth. When I want to get out of an evening I direct one of these cards to my house, I reach home, and my wife hands it to me with a sigh. I offer to stay home and stand the fine of the fiver, but, of course, she won't allow that. That's all, my friend, except that the scheme is worked by hundreds of others, and our poor deluded wives haven't tumbled to it yet."

* * *

A COMPENSATION.

IT was not always possible for Mrs. Leahy, from her permanent station at the wash-tub, to appreciate the silver lining which Mr. Leahy discovered in every cloud, and pointed out to her.

"I've lost me job, Nora," he said, cheerfully, "but this is the time you'd ought to be thankful I'm not as smart as some."

"Why should I be thankful for that?" inquired Mrs. Leahy, pausing for an instant to wipe her glistening forehead with her damp apron.

"'Tis aisy seen," and her husband gazed tolerantly at her from his comfortably tipped-back chair by the stove. "If I was Terry Dolan, now, and out of me job, I'd be losin' t'ree dollars a day instead o' wan-sivinty-five. You think o' that, me darlin', an' 'twill put the heart into you, same as it has into me."

* * *

STRICKEN FROM THE LIST.

I THINK it was James Payn who told me the story of how he escaped performing his duty as a citizen. He was bewailing his untoward fate in some public place, when a most respectable man informed him that for some small sum he would insure his never being called upon again to serve. James Payn gave what he asked, and being consumed with curiosity to see how he would manage, he repaired to the court whither he had been summoned and waited. His name was called, and then a sad figure in deep black arose from the well of the court, bearing a spotless handkerchief in his hand. The man simply said, "Dead, my lord!" The judge uttered a few commonplace condolences, the name was struck off the list, and he was never again called upon to act.—*From "Leaves from My Life," Anonymous.*

* * *

ANOTHER STORY.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL tells with keen enjoyment of a medical friend of his who engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting his patient and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him if he "began to see snakes again." At the next call the physician found the patient again raving. To his puzzled inquiry, the nurse replied that the man had been going on that way for several hours and that she had not given him any medicine.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" demanded the physician.

"But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently. "He saw red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

* * *

HOW HE DID IT.

"WHEN I was connected with a certain Western railway," says a prominent official of an Eastern line, "we had in our employ a brakeman who, for special service rendered to the road, was granted a month's vacation.

"He decided to spend his time in a trip over the Rockies. We furnished him with passes.

"He went to Denver and there met a number of his friends at work on one of the Colorado roads. They gave him a good time, and when he went away made him a present of a mountain goat.

"Evidently our brakeman was at a loss to get the animal home with him, as the express charges were very heavy at that time. Finally, however, hitting upon a happy expedient, he made out a shipping tag and tied it to the horns of the goat. Then he presented the beast to the office of the stock car line.

"Well, that tag created no end of amusement, but it served to accomplish the end of the brakeman. It was inscribed as follows:

"'Please Pass the Butter. Thomes J. Meechin, Brakeman, S. S. and T. Ry.'"—*Harper's Weekly.*

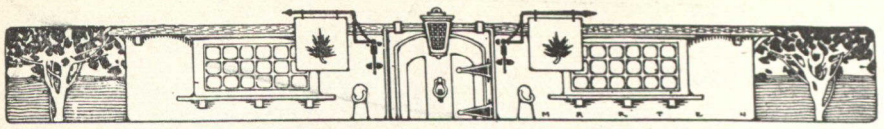
* * *

A VALUABLE MEMBER.

THE British M. P., Mr. Will Crooks, is looked upon in the slum district of Poplar, London, as a species of guide, philosopher, and friend for all the neighbourhood. If there is a street fight, someone runs to call him; if the drains are wrong in a neighbour's house, Will Crooks is appealed to, to make the landlord "look sharp." If there is a row between husband and wife, father and son, mother and daughter, Will Crooks is expected to arbitrate. A little girl once came to his door with the announcement, "If you please, father's took to drink again, and mother says will Mr. Crooks come round and give him a good hiding?"

Old Lady (to Conductor—her first drive on an electric tram). "Would it be dangerous, Conductor, if I was to put my foot on the rail?

Conductor (an Edison manque). "No, Mum, not unless you was to put the other one on the overhead wire!"—Punch.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

HERE'S TO HAMILTON!

SOME years ago, a deputation of Hamilton men waited on a certain Cabinet minister in the Ontario ministry to urge that a grant be given towards a celebration in the Ambitious City. "If the Hamilton women are going to manage most of it, I'd give the grant," advised a sagacious Deputy, "because they're the ablest women in the province." The grant was forthcoming and the event was duly celebrated.

There are many women's organisations in Canada but none more happily conducted than the Daughters of the Empire chapters in Hamilton. Many have attributed the success of the Hamilton Daughters to the bright, magnetic influence of Mrs. P. D. Crerar, who has enough enthusiasm to lead a forlorn hope. Mrs. Crerar herself attributes the model working of this order in Hamilton to the excellence of her assistants, who unite in a whole-hearted fashion good to see.

Following Easter, these Hamilton Daughters held a "Feast of Blossoms" which made light and fragrance for a week and proved a most original and satisfactory undertaking. Japan was the background for a scene of delicate and varied beauty which made the Hamilton world forget the laggard spring and believe that O'Toyo's garden was not merely a Kipling dream.

"How is it that the Hamilton women work so splendidly together?" asked a Toronto girl who could speak of the Feast of Blossoms only in superlatives. "They do so much and yet it just seems like play when they're up to their eyes in work."

"I suppose it's organisation," I said in reply, for the energy of those Hamiltonians always makes one feel ashamed.

"I'd like some of those men who say that women's societies can't get along without quarrelling to see the harmony among all those chapters. There's another thing which I liked. Last year, I was at two Daughters of the Empire fairs or festivals where some of the girls assisting charged absurd prices for trifles and even refused to give change. I heard one man say that men couldn't teach anything about graft to the holders of some of the booths. There wasn't anything like that at the Hamilton 'Feast.' They simply wouldn't allow it and the consequence was that no one felt swindled for his country's sake, as my brother called it when he paid two dollars for a twenty-five cent blotter at a bazaar in another city."

It was good to hear about the Hamilton chapters again for I know by experience how thoroughly they carry out whatever they plan and what a jolly time they always give a visitor. There is one especially good feature about their work and that is its close connection with the schools. Teachers and pupils, alike, share in the genuine enthusiasm of such a chapter as St. Hilda's, while there are two school chapters—Ryerson and Alexandra. It will not be the fault of Hamilton women if the children in the schools grow up in ignorance of Canadian History.

About two years ago, just after Sherring's return from Marathon, it was my good fortune to visit the Hamilton schools on Empire Day and I shall not soon forget the pretty, flower-decked halls, the spirited music, the addresses from Daughters of the Empire whose eloquence was worthy of the day and the hundreds of happy-faced children who were learning a great lesson without a suspicion of toil. It was the brightness of it all which stayed in the memory —and brightness is not too common in our Canadian festivities.

* * *

CRUELTY AT A PREMIUM.

THERE are strange tales in the papers these days. While one naturally wishes to dwell on the sunny side of life, it is impossible to escape entirely from the shade, especially when the darkness means cruelty to the helpless. Toronto papers recently told of a delicate small boy who was tortured for two hours by twenty-one enterprising lads who were trying to force their victim to get money for cigarettes. The most amazing feature in the whole episode is that the father of the injured boy said to a newspaper reporter that he did not want the offenders punished.

What a nice parent that daddy must be! I wonder if the mother was as complaisant when she found that her small son's hands had been burned by the playful fiends who undertook mediæval methods. I hope she felt some slight glow of indignation against them and will take steps to have proper punishment meted out. Boys who will torture a helpless youngster for two long hours are not mischievous—they are fiendish and the sooner we drop a molly-coddling policy with regard to such brutality the safer the city of Toronto will become. If a sleek alderman is robbed of five dollars there is a commotion over the crime and the offender is regarded as a criminal to be punished promptly. But it is quite another story if a woman is brutally attacked in a shop or an innocent child is tortured by a crowd of pernicious hoodlums.

The man who is so indifferent as not to care whether the torturers of his child are punished is not likely to be a valuable citizen. We can hardly expect the law to do much towards protecting the helpless and punishing the wantonly cruel when a father is so apathetic in a case which would arouse any decent stranger's warm indignation.

CANADIENNE.

THE HEART OF THE LAKES.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

There are crags that loom like spectres
Half under the sun and the mist,
There are beaches that gleam and glisten,
There are ears that open to listen,
And lips held up to be kissed.

There are forests that kneel for ever,
Robed in the dreamiest haze
That God sends down in the Summer
To mantle the gold of its days;
Kneeling and leaning for ever
In winding and sinuous bays.

There are birds that like smoke-drift hover
With a strange and bodeful cry,
Into the dream and the distance
Of the marshes that southward lie
With their lonely lagoons and rivers
Far under the reeling sky.

LITERARY NOTES

THE ROMANCE OF THE REAPER.

IT has been asserted many times that this is a commercial, not to say materialistic age. Doublets and court garb are no longer the fashion and the plain business suit is the only masculine wear. When pirates and other picturesque characters are in the great army of the Unemployed it is not surprising that the modern novelist or writer of essays should turn to the existing world of finance for material. Captains of industry may not be so striking as the gentlemen who sailed under the black flag but they may be made, under the manipulation of an imaginative biographer, fairly interesting figures to the Twentieth Century reader.

During the last ten years there has arisen a group of writers who devote themselves to commercial subjects or characters, seldom stopping short of huge trusts and impressive multi-millionaires. The modern magazine is sure to contain an article with reference to sugar, wheat, coffee, steel, copper or aluminum and the magnates who control the production and prices of such useful commodities.

Among new books dealing with such subjects, *The Romance of the Reaper* by Herbert N. Casson, author of *The Romance of Steel,* will probably be of unusual interest. Mr. Casson is a Canadian by birth, the son of a Methodist minister and he has already gained a reputation as a writer on industrial themes. His story about the steel manufacture and extension was told with remarkable vividness and was first published in *Munsey's Magazine.* A Canadian ought to know something of wheat and Mr. Casson will doubtless include his native country in this study of North American harvests. An advance notice says of the book: "It is a wonderful story of our most useful business—a medley of mechanics, millionaires, kings, inventors and farmers." (Doubleday, Page and Co., New York.)

* * *

MRS. WARD'S VISIT TO CANADA.

THERE are few living novelists who have won the place accorded to Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Most of the Toronto papers, by the way, insist on spelling the word, *Humphrey.*) It is said that Miss Corelli's romances are the most widely-read works in modern fiction; but popularity and literary merit are not synonymous. Mrs. Ward seldom falls short as an artist and usually makes herself felt as a possessor of ideas. *Robert Elsmere* created a decided sensation in the later eighties and no one may declare how far it was advertised by Mr. Gladstone's review. The book was preached about until many church members bought it and were grievously disappointed at receiving no shock. *The History of David Grieve,* published about seventeen years ago, is the strongest book Mrs. Ward has written and will be remembered when *Marcella* and *Kitty Ashe* are not even ghostly memories.

It is to be debated whether the fact that Mrs. Ward is an Arnold was not an early handicap. It may have been depressing, at the outset of her literary career, to be reminded that the great Matthew Arnold was her uncle and that much was to be expected from the niece of a famous literary critic. Macaulay, in his essay on John Milton, appears to consider formal scholarly training a disadvantage to the imaginative writer. Milton, in his eyes, was a poet in spite of his academic studies. Hence, it may be that Mrs. Humphry Ward deserves great praise for rising superior to the constant admonition "to be an Arnold," and proving herself a novelist in spite of tradition.

Mrs. Ward has been visiting in Montreal for the last fortnight and will come to Toronto next week where she will lecture on May 18 in Association Hall on *The Peasant Element in Literature.* Mrs. Ward is deeply interested in providing playgrounds for the children in large cities and has accomplished a great deal towards that desirable end. However, her Toronto readers will probably be glad that her subject of address is to be literary rather than philanthropic. Canada is fairly supplied with women who can talk exhaustively about the poor whom we have so much with us. In fact, Toronto has been most thoroughly dosed with the poverty-stricken and their needs. Just by way of change, it will be pleasing to hear of the peasant in literature, instead of having the immediate distress of the man with the hoe pressed upon public attention.

POEMS OF OUTDOORS

AT THE FERRY.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

We are waiting in the nightfall by the river's placid rim,
Summer silence all about us, save where swallows' pinions skim
The still grey waters sharply, and the widening circles reach,
With faintest, stillest music, the white gravel on the beach.
The sun has set long, long ago against the pearly sky.
Elm branches lift their etching up in arches slight and high.
Behind us stands the forest, with its black and lonely pines;
Before us, like a silver thread, the old Grand River winds.
Far down its banks the village lights are creeping one by one;
Far up above, with holy torch, the evening stars look down.

Amid the listening stillness, you and I have silent grown,
Waiting for the river ferry,—waiting in the dusk alone.
At last we hear a velvet step, sweet silence reigns no more;
'Tis a barefoot, sunburnt little boy upon the other shore.
Far thro' the waning twilight we can see him quickly kneel
To lift the heavy chain, then turn the rusty old cog-wheel;
And the water-logged old ferry-boat moves slowly from the brink,
Breaking all the star's reflections with the waves that rise and sink;
While the water dripping gently from the rising, falling chains,
Is the only interruption to the quiet that remains
To lull us into golden dreams, to charm our cares away
With its Lethean waters flowing 'neath the bridge of yesterday.
Oh! the day was calm and tender, but the night is calmer still,
As we go aboard the ferry, where we stand and dream, until
We cross the sleeping river, with its restful whisperings,
And peace falls, like a feather from some passing angel's wings.

(*Continued on page 26*)

THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

"THOR'BREDS."

THE coloured boy leaned against the high board fence and gazed proudly down the long walk. He had danced and somersaulted the whole length of it, a feat any boy might well be proud of.

With the warm sun bathing him, the high fence shielding him from the wind, he rested a black atom, where his exuberance of spirits had left him.

There was not a cloud in his sky. He was wholly content. Why shouldn't he be? He didn't have to go to school, and wasn't he the owner of a "purp"?

The "purp" lay at the boy's feet. He was long and lean and bandy-legged. He was snoozing comfortably, one clumsy paw shielding his eyes from the sun's rays.

The boy gazed at him lovingly.

"He's a thor'bred all hunky," he chuckled, lifting his old, felt hat and scratching his woolly pate. "He sure is a thor'bred."

He slipped down on the walk and gathered the "purp" up in his arms.

By and by, the boy's head nodded above his pet. It was warm and restful behind the wind-break.

A step on the walk aroused him and the "purp" squirmed and opened one eye. A young man, stylishly dressed and swinging a light cane, was passing along the opposite side of the street. He was leading a beautiful fox terrier by a slender chain.

The boy, his chin sunk in his hands, watched him. The smile had passed from his black face and the corners of his mouth were drawn. "Purp" scrambled out of his arms and rolled in the dust on the roadside.

At last the boy spoke.

"You'd think him, dressed like he all is, would be ownin' a thor-bred, Duke," he said, addressing the "purp." "But dat dog o' his'n ain't nuthin' but a no-'count mongrel. He ain't de shape o' you no-how."

Suddenly he sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Gollies, dat dog's tail has been bobbed," he gasped. His sombre eyes turned to "purp's" long tail, wagging its gladness, and a frown puckered his brow. He arose and leaned against the fence again. He stood looking down on his pet thoughtfully. A suspicion that could never become a conviction, had killed for him the joy of the May morning.

With a sigh and a fearful glance about him he lifted his battered hat and smoothed it into a fedora shape. Next he buttoned the bottom button of his coat and turned up the bottom of his trouser-legs. When he passed back along the walk, the boy's shoulders were squared and he walked with a dignified mein. In one hand he jauntily swung a stick cut from a maple shoot and with the other he tugged "purp" along by a piece of fish-line.

At the corner the boy turned and a gleam of pity sprang to his eyes.

"Wag that 'ere tail o' yourn, wag it right hard," he said. "Kase to-morrie, 'purp,' you-all won't have any tail ter wag." Then squaring his shoulders and swinging his stick, the boy passed on, dragging "purp" behind him.

* * *

FISHIN' DAYS.

AS a rule, Gran'pa was up, his breakfast eaten, and enjoying his morning pipe before the boys came down.

This morning, much to his surprise, he found them in the kitchen, Tom busily attaching weights and hooks to two long lines and Dan packing a huge lunch-basket with sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs.

"It's likely to be a hard day on the fish to-day, I guess," smiled Grandpa.

"Look at those lines, aren't they dandies, though?" cried Tom, holding up two balls of new twine.

"Strong enough to hold a whale, Tommie, only the hooks are too large. You need small hooks for carp."

"Grandpa ought to know, I guess," called Dan. "Change 'em, Tom, and put on little hooks."

"I will," said Tom, going down after his knife.

Jane brought in the toast and coffee and the old man sat down to breakfast. The boys withdrew to a corner and held a whispered consultation.

Grandpa found them waiting, lunch basket and lines in hand, when he got through.

"What, not gone yet?" he asked. "You'll miss the best part of the day, boys."

"We would like you to come along, Grandpa," said Dan. "Jim's going to drive us over to the river. We'd like to have you, eh Tom?"

"You bet," said Tom.

Grandpa settled back, a wistful look on his face. He lit his pipe and puffed it thoughtfully. Then he shook his head slowly.

"Rheumatism and fishin' don't get along well together, lads," he smiled. "I'd like to go, o' course, only I guess I hadn't better."

The boys passed out and the old man sat thinking. Outside in a near-by tree a robin was calling and trilling his prophecy of a sweet April day.

When the sound of the wheels died on the gravel, Grandpa rose stiffly and passed painfully outside.

A great splash of sunshine fell between the kitchen and cook-shed, kissing his face and giving him a joy tinged with regret.

"Maybe it wouldn't have hurt me any, after all," he thought.

The sun and the wind and the robin seemed to him things from the far past. He was over eighty years old, and the spot he saw this morning lay away back nearly seventy mile-stones away; and every mile-stone marked a year.

He heard the black-birds carroling from the trees and rush-tops. He smelt the fresh, damp earth again as he had smelled it before when digging for bait. He could see the mossy bank with its new coat of green where he had sprawled, his eyes ever upon the slender switch to which the long line was attached.

He came back to the present with a sigh.

"Maybe it wouldn't have hurt me any, after all," he whispered again.

He lifted the spade resting against the shed and turned over some of the mellow soil at his feet. A wriggling worm came to view. He picked it up and put it in an old salmon can.

The robin hopped around the building and watched the old man earnestly. He got up from the lumber pile, easily and without one twinge of pain, and commenced hunting for more bait.

At the sound of wheels on the gravel, the old man picked up his can of worms and walked to the lane. "The boys caught three carp and a pike afore I left 'em," called Jim jubilantly, as he drove up. "'Tell Grandpa we wish he had came,' they says."

"If you don't mind, Jim, I'll go now," said Grandpa, handing up the bait.

Jim grinned his pleasure.

"Where's your cane, won't you be needin' it?" he asked as he helped the old man in the rig.

Grandpa looked back toward the lumber-pile.

"Of all things if I haven't left it behind," he chuckled. "Never mind the cane, Jim, let's get a move on."

* * *

BY AND BY.

World, betwixt the weary, grey days
And the tardy, scented May-days
They will come, the dear old play days,
By and by;
Sweet with olden, golden weather,
And a song to last forever,
And we'll drink of joy together,
You and I.

The East Aurora Orator

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, of East Aurora, New York, U.S.A., recently visited Toronto and delivered a talk in the Conservatory of Music Hall. It was not the first time that Mr. Hubbard has visited the capital of Ontario, which knows him fairly well and buys his *Philistine* and other wares in moderate quantity. Several visitors to the *Courier* office in the following week said pityingly: "Oh, you missed *such* a treat in not hearing Hubbard.

The admirers of this lecturer from East Aurora are inclined to be urgent and occasionally hysterical. When I calmly told a certain persistent woman that I do not admire the style and subject of Mr. Hubbard's discourses. she retorted: "I don't believe you've ever read anything he has written."

Now it does not matter in the least to Mr. Hubbard whether one lone Canadian woman likes or dislikes his writings. However, I informed the indignant champion that I had read quite enough of Mr. Hubbard's productions to find them utterly repellent but that I have no quarrel with those women—or men—who find them choice food.

In the issue of *Toronto Saturday Night* of May 2, "Lady Gay," in her interesting column, wrote a criticism of Mr. Hubbard's lecture which, like the famous *Christopher North* article. "mingled praise with blame," but which was in kindlier tone than *Christopher's* remarks. In the *Toronto Sunday World* of this week there appeared a communication signed Margaret I. MacDonald which attacked "Lady Gay's" few unfavourable comments. "Lady Gay" is quite equal to defending her own point of view in this matter. She is a brilliant, graphic journalist, with good Irish blood in her veins and is independent enough to write what she thinks, while she will hardly descend to the personal tone which marks the communication to which I have referred.

To anyone who tries to read even a little of the best that is written nowadays, the latter's characterisation of Mr. Hubbard as "one of the finest intellects of the day" is deliciously amusing. Mr. Hubbard is clever and smart and many of his admirers justly apply to him the odious word. "brainy." But his acquaintance with the best side of literature, music or art is merely showy and shallow. One may mention, by way of contrast, a member of the present British Cabinet who is hardly one of the finest intellects of the day—Mr. Augustine Birrell. There is more substance in *Obiter Dicta* than in all that the prophet of East Aurora has written. Mr. Hubbard's essays are lacking in scholarship and good taste and he probably rejoices in the lack.

"You'd better read some more of Elbert Hubbard's stuff," persisted the adviser; "it does one *so* much good." Several days after this advice was given, I discovered a copy of *The Philistine* among a pile of papers in the *Courier* office and settled down to read the first article. It consisted of an attack on Charles Dickens, because. forsooth, the English novelist had resented the action of a United States landlord who presented himself with a band of admirers for Dickens' delectation. No doubt Mr. Hubbard finds it entirely incomprehensible that Charles Dickens or any other writer should be irritated by the incursion of unknown admirers; but the average Englishman has a reserve and fondness for decent privacy which are. perhaps, serious flaws in the eyes of essayists to whom the big drum is the sweetest music. Some of the opening sentences in Mr. Hubbard's paragraph displayed a vulgarity so offensive that I carefully laid *The Philistine* away with the wonder how those who care for the finer things in literary expression can enjoy such material. Charles Dickens was not without faults, either as man or writer, but he was a great creative genius whose works will be loved and cherished when the productions of "Fra Elbertus" have gone the way of last year's snow.

The writer in the *Toronto Sunday World* emphasises the high esteem in which Mr. Hubbard holds woman. Really! This is news to some readers of *The Philistine*, who have found the flamboyant editor singularly lacking in appreciation of the truer, nobler qualities in woman's nature. Mr. Hubbard wrote an article some years ago in which he decried Mr. Kipling's work, because, sad to say, the critic considered that Mr. Kipling has a contemptuous opinion of woman. Yet it never entered into the heart of Mr. Hubbard to depict such an honest type of wholesome womanhood as *William the Conqueror,* to say nothing of *Miriam Lacy* and *Georgie's* mother, while the wistful beauty of *They* is as far removed from the *Philistine* as the heavens are from East Aurora. Mary Wollstonecraft is hardly a type of womanhood to be held up for admiration and honour.

There is one feature of the *Sunday World* letter which may well arouse protest. The heading, "And They Spat Upon Him," is used in quotation marks. Surely, this is in deplorable taste. No one "spat" upon Mr. Hubbard. An able woman journalist who appreciates the brilliant aspect of his work merely made reference in well-bred fashion to features of his oration which she did not admire. The criticism was quite legitimate and independent. The time should be forever past for a difference of literary taste to be accompanied by personal unpleasantness. However, there is a more offensive aspect to this heading. The words were originally used in reference to the sufferings and persecution of the Founder of Christendom and their employment in the present connection is not short of blasphemy. Even the most ardent admirer of Mr. Hubbard's virtues will be capable of seeing the worse-than-impropriety of such an allusion.

This article is intended neither by way of attack nor defence—merely as a frank expression of opinion.

JEAN GRAHAM.

The New Learning

They taught him how to hemstitch,
and they taught him how to sing,
And how to make a basket out of
variegated string,
And how to fold a paper so he
wouldn't hurt his thumb—
They taught a lot to Bertie, but he
couldn't
do a
sum.

They taught him how to mold the
head of Hercules in clay,
And how to tell the difference 'twixt
the bluebird and the jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little
picture-frame—
But strangely, they forgot to teach him
how to
spell his
name.

Now, Bertie's pa was crabbed, and he
went, one day to find
What 'twas they did to make his son
so backward in the mind,
"I don't want Bertie wrecked," he
cried, in temper far from cool,
"I want him educated!" So he
took him
out of
school.

—From Jersey Jingles, by Leonard H. Robins.

What Canadian Editors Think.

NAVAL DEFENCE IS URGENT.

(*Halifax Herald.*)

THE problem of naval defence seems to be little thought of in Canada. In Britain it is by far the most important matter with which Government, Parliament and people have to deal. In Australia naval defence has for many years past received some reasonable attention, and is now a matter of increased concern. The apathy or carelessness or selfishness of Canada is a contrast to the rest of the Empire; even South Africa contributes something to the upkeep of the Royal Navy. The attitude of Canada is also a matter of wonder, if not of irritation, to some people in Britain. Whether the attitude of the Canadian Government, and perhaps of the Canadian people, can be explained in some reasonable way, is another question.

* * *

CHICAGO CANAL AND CANADA.

(*Ottawa Journal.*)

THEY are talking now in Chicago of producing and supplying power from the Drainage canal. The Canadian members of the International Waterways Commission are probably aware of it, but if they are not they will do well to find out what effect this power project is likely to have on the water levels of the Great Lakes in which Canada is interested equally with the United States. The flow into the Chicago ditch is supposed to be regulated by mutual agreement, but if the trustees are going to turn the ditch into a water power to supply all Chicago there is a danger of a much heavier current being taken from the lakes than the Canadian Commissioners have agreed to.

* * *

THE ASIATIC PROBLEM.

(*Victoria Times.*)

THE political enemies of the Premier in British Columbia have tried with all their little might and perverse ingenuity to inculcate the belief that the solution of the Asiatic problem as it affected the province has not been satisfactory. If they had had the disposition of the matter they would have discovered a more excellent way, they say. The effective answer to that contention is that the Asiatic influx has ceased. And it has ceased without endangering the commercial relations of British Columbia with the Orient, relations upon which there is no question the future of British Columbia largely depends.

* * *

THE CASSELS COMMISSION.

(*Montreal Star.*)

BUT the new Commission will make a mistake if it creates the public impression that it is trying to put its predecessor on trial. That is precisely what it ought not to do. The work of its predecessors should serve as a foundation on which to build and not as an old structure to be torn down. It might have been courteous to ask the first Commissioners if they had anything more to say. It has certainly been illuminating to find that they do not care to be more specific than their report. But there should be no attempt to put them in a wrong position by asking that they name "one man" who was dishonest when they have already declared their intention not to go beyond the limits of their official report.

Judge Cassels must go beyond it, however. That is his business. He must come down to persons and instances. He must either find out which of the servants of the departments were "serving two masters," or he must report that he can discover no foundation for that accusation in the first report. The report of this second Commission ought to be followed by such a re-arrangement of the department as will command public confidence. After it is presented, the Minister ought to be no longer in doubt about whom he should dismiss and upon whom he should repose increased trust. There must be no firing in the air this time.

* * *

LAY OUT FORT CHURCHILL.

(*Manitoba Free Press.*)

NOW that the building of the Hudson Bay Railway within the next four or five years is assured, the Dominion Government should determine, thus early, the lines upon which the port at the end of the railway will be developed. The entire harbour front, if not the whole city site, should be vested in the people, thus enabling the building of a city on model lines. We already hear about plans of enterprising speculators to seize points of vantage on the Bay with a view to future profit. If Western expectations with respect to the new northern route are fulfilled, Fort Churchill will be a considerable seaport, and in its building the interests of the community need never be subordinated to the vested rights of the individual, because there are now no individual rights, and they should not be permitted to arise. There is here a great opportunity which the Dominion Government, we trust, will not allow to pass.

* * *

A BUSINESS AUTO.

(*Ottawa Journal.*)

A CHEAP, low speed automobile, safe, and easily controlled, seems to be one of the wants of the day. Everyone who remembers the advent of the bicycle knows the avidity with which the public generally began to avail themselves of the new vehicle for locomotion as soon as its advantages were fully demonstrated and prices came within reach. But the bicycle is a mere toy compared to what a serviceable, handy, cheap automobile might be in connection with the delivery of parcels and the movements of a large population occupying wide areas, as for example in Ottawa and cities of like dimensions. At present the automobile is the luxury of the few. Like the sewing machine, it ought to become the servant of the many. A small, compact machine made strictly for business, would be a boon.

Saguenay.

(*From the French of Frechette.*)

J. D. EDGAR.

The forest has spells to enchant me,
The mountain has power to enthrall;
Yet the grace of a wayside blossom
Can stir my heart deeper than all.

O towering steeps, that are mirrored
On Saguenay's darkening breast!
O grim rocky heights, sternly frowning,
The thunders have smitten your crest!

O sentinels, piercing the cloudland,
Stand forth in stupendous array!
My brow, by your shadows enshrouded
Is humbled before you to-day.

But, peaks that are gilded by Heaven,
Defiant you stand in your pride!
From glories too distant, above me,
I turn to the friend by my side.

Poems of Outdoors.

(*Continued from page 22*)

BIRCH AND PADDLE.

To Bliss Carman.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Friend, those delights of ours
Under the sun and showers,—

Athrough the noonday blue
Sliding our light canoe,

Or floating, hushed, at eve,
When the dim pine-tops grieve!

What tonic days were they
Where shy streams dart and play,—

Where rivers brown and strong
As caribou bound along,

Break into angry parle
Where wildcat rapids snarl,

Subside, and like a snake
Wind to the quiet lake!

We've paddled furtively,
Where giant boughs hide the sky,—

Have stolen, and held our breath,
Thro' coverts still as death,—

Have left, with wing unstirred,
The brooding phœbe-bird,

And hardly caused a care
In the water-spider's lair.

For love of his clear pipe
We've flushed the zigzag snipe,—

Have chased in wilful mood
The wood-duck's flapping brood,—

Have spied the antlered moose
Cropping the young green spruce,

And watched him till betrayed
By the kingfisher's sharp tirade.

Quitting the bodeful shades,
We've run thro' sunnier glades,

And dropping craft and heed
Have bid our paddles speed.

Where the mad rapids chafe
We've shouted, steering safe,—

With sinew tense, nerve keen,
Shot thro' the roar, and seen,

With spirit wild as theirs,
The white waves leap like hares.

And then, with souls grown clear
In that sweet atmosphere,

With influences serene,
Our blood and brain washed clean.

We've idled down the breast
Of broadening tides at rest,

And marked the winds, the birds,
The bees, the far-off herds,

Into a drowsy tune
Transmute the afternoon.

So, Friend, with ears and eyes,
Which shy divinities

Have opened with their kiss,
We need no balm but this,—

A little space for dreams
On care-unsullied streams,

'Mid task and toil, a space
To dream on Nature's face.

* * *

CANOE SONG.

ISABELLA VALANCEY CRAWFORD.

O light canoe! where dost thou glide?
Below thee gleams no silver'd tide,
But concave heaven's chiefest pride:

Above thee burns eve's rosy bar;
Below thee throbs her darling star;
Deep 'neath thy keel her round worlds are!

Above, below, O sweet surprise!
To gladden happy lover's eyes;
No earth, no wave,—all jewelled skies!

Some Canadian Summer Resorts and Hostelries

IT is possible to give only the names of the leading hotels, boarding-houses and other places of accommodation in the various summer resorts and outing districts, in an issue of this kind. Any person desiring further information concerning any place in Canada, where fishing, boating, hunting or any other kind of outing may be taken, can secure the same by enclosing a two-cent stamp in a letter to the Editor of "The Canadian Courier." Our "Information Bureau" is free to the public, whether subscribers or not. All sorts of railway folders and other pamphlets mailed free on application.

Location	Name	Rates per Week	No. of Guests
LAKE ONTARIO			
Burlington	Hotel Brant	$12.00-25.00	300
Cobourg	Arlington	15.00 up	150
Niagara Falls	Clifton House		
Niagara-on-Lake	Queen's Royal	Special	300
St. Catharines	Welland	12.00-20.00	125
MUSKOKA			
Bala	Windsor	8.00 up	150
Morinus	Morinus House	7.00-9.00	150
Bala Park	Morton's	10.00	75
Lake Joseph	Barnesdale House	9.00	30
Port Cockburn	Summit House	10.00-16.00	200
Beaumaris	Beaumaris	12.00-25.00	200
Minett P.O.	Cleveland	10.00-12.00	150
Ferndale	Ferndale	8.00-12.00	100
Maplehurst	Maplehurst	12.00-18.00	125
Lake Rosseau	Royal Muskoka	Special	300
Rosseau	Monteith	10.00-18.00	200
Windermere	Windermere	10.00-14.00	200
Port Sandfield	Prospect	10.00-15.00	200
Port Carling	Stratton	10.00-12.00	85
Fox Point	Ronville	8.00-12.00	100
KAWARTHA LAKES			
Coboconk	Pattie House	5.00	80
Lakefield	Craig	Special	60
Lindsay	Benson	5.00-12.00	65
Stony Lake	Dulce Domum	5.00-7.00	50
Peterboro	Oriental	12.00	150
LAKE SIMCOE DISTRICT			
Beaverton	Victoria Park	7.00	100
Jackson's Point	Lakeview	7.00-8.00	150
SPARROW LAKE DISTRICT			
Hamlet P.O.	Peninsula Farm Resort	6.00-9.00	50
NORTHERN ONTARIO			
Kenora	Hilliard Hotel	10.00-18.00	150
LOWER ST. LAWRENCE, QUE.			
Cacouna	St. Lawrence Hall	10.50	300
Chicoutimi	Saguenay	12.00-18.00	300
Gaspe Basin	Bakers	Special	100
Grand Metis	Woollands	6.00	40
Lake Megantic	Lake House	4.00	100
Lake St. John	Roberval	17.50-28.00	300
Little Metis	Turiff Hall	6.00-8.00	100
Murray Bay	Richelieu	15.00-28.00	400
Murray Bay	Lorne		100
Quebec	Frontenac	24.00 up	500
Quebec	St. Louis	15.00-25.00	250
Rimouski	St. Germain	5.00-7.00	100
River du Loup	Bellevue	10.00-12.00	200
St. John's	Windsor	7.00-10.00	125
Tadousac	Tadousac	14.00-20.00	200
NEW BRUNSWICK			
Campbellton	Waverley	9.00	50
Fredericton	Queen's	14.00	100
Moncton	Brunswick	14.00-21.00	200
Seaside	Seaside	5.00	20
St. Andrew's	Algonquin	20.00 up	250
St. Andrew's	Kennedy's	10.00-12.00	75
St. John	Royal	Special	200
NOVA SCOTIA			
Digby	Columbia	9.00-12.00	50
Halifax	Halifax	Special	350
Yarmouth	Queen	10.00-12.00	60
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND			
Charlottetown	Victoria	12.00 up	200
Hampton	Pleasant View	6.00-9.00	60
Summerside	Queen	5.00	50

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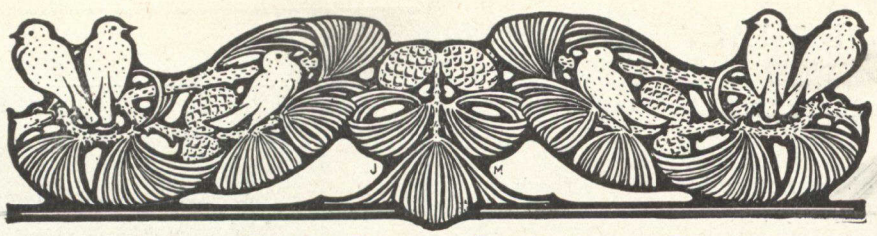

FOR THE CHILDREN

A GAME OF MARBLES.

BY LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

IT was pretty hard to stay in the house on a rainy Saturday, especially when one had a great many new marbles with which to play. As Leonard Reese looked thoughtfully as his collection of "jaspers," "alleys" and "glassies," he said, "I wonder who first thought of playing marbles?"

"A good many wiser ones than you have asked the same question," replied mama, "but no one really knows, although it is pretty certain that boys used them more than two thousand years ago."

"I don't see how any one can tell what boys did so long ago," said Leonard, doubtfully.

Mama smiled. "As I went to market this morning," she said, "I found several marbles in the alley back of the house. How do you suppose they came there?"

"Oh, some of the boys must have been playing there!" exclaimed Leonard, eagerly. "How many did you find? What did you do with 'em? May I ask Teddy to give them to the boys?"

"We'll talk about that presently," answered mama, "but first I would like to know how you can be so sure they belong to the boys?"

"Why, mama, course they do! Who else would use them?"

"Did you see the boys?" persisted mama.

"No, but I'm sure they were there playing marbles and lost these, for nobody but boys care for marbles."

"Very likely," replied mama, "and I presume the men who found marbles in Pompeii and among the ruins of old Eastern cities were just as sure as you seem to be that boys had been playing with them. But these first marbles were only water-rounded stones, very different from the fine ones you have to-day."

Leonard looked at his marbles critically.

"Who do you suppose made the first real ones?" he asked.

"No one knows," said Mrs. Reese "but as early as 1620, or nearly three hundred years ago, they were sent from Holland to England, and the little Dutch boys had played with them for years before that time."

"Where are marbles made?" asked Leonard, curiously.

"Nearly, perhaps quite, all of them are made in Germany, and the little German children do a great deal of the work."

"How do you know they do that, mama?"

"Because I once visited a marble factory in Germany, and saw them making the common gray ones like those," pointing to some upon the bed. "They were made from a kind of stone found near Cobourg in Saxony."

"Tell me about them!" said Leonard, eagerly.

"The stones are quarried in large blocks and taken to the factory, where with a hammer they are broken into little cubes. Sometimes as many as a hundred of these cubes are placed in circular grooves in a round stone, something like the millstone in a grist-mill. By means of water, or horse-power, this stone goes round and round all the time, while tiny streams of water are flowing through the grooves and over the bits of marble.

"Above this lower stone is a second stone, or stout oaken plate, called a 'runner,' which comes just low enough to press upon the bits of stone as they are whirled round and round, and by this means in a very short time—not more than fifteen minutes—they have become perfect spheres."

"Why-ee!" cried Leonard. "I didn't suppose that was the way to make them! It's just the way the sea makes the round stones we find on the beach."

"Yes, the principle is the same," replied mama, "but these are only the cheaper and coarser marbles.

"When they want to make them a little better the tiny spheres are put into a wooden cask lined with stone cylinders, and as these are made to revolve, the friction makes the marbles very smooth, and they are afterward polished with some of their own dust mixed with emery powder. Now they are called 'polished grays,' and cost more than the others. Sometimes they are stained different colours, and they are then known as coloured marbles. It means considerable labour, doesn't it?" ended mother.

Leonard looked at his marbles with new interest. "Are the alleys made in the same way?" he asked.

"No," said Mrs. Reese, "those are made from clay. They are pressed in wooden molds, painted in fine circles or broad rings, and afterward baked.

"These are only the cheaper kinds: the better ones are molded, painted and fire-glazed. The jaspers and agates are of glazed and unglazed china, marbled with blue, green and brown. As for the glass marbles, some, I believe, are blown, while others are rounded by grinding."

Just here Mrs. Reese was called away, and Leonard found that the sun was out and the sidewalk dry again.

* * *

LITTLE BIRD BLUE.

LITTLE Bird Blue, come sing us your song;
The cold winter weather has lasted so long,
We're tired of skates and we're tired of sleds,
We're tired of snow-banks as high as our heads:
Now we're watching for you,
Little Bird Blue.

Soon as you sing then the spring-time will come,
The robins will call and the honey-bees hum,
And the dear little pussies, so cunning and grey,
Will sit in the willow-trees over the way.
So hurry, please do,
Little Bird Blue.

We're longing to hunt in the woods, for we know
Just where the spring beauties and liver worts grow.
We're sure they will peep when they hear your first song,
But why are you keeping us waiting so long,
All waiting for you,
Little Bird Blue?

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Yellow God

Continued from page 18)

"Well, Jeeki," said Alan, bursting into such a roar of laughter that he nearly shook off his mask, when he found that the carpenters intended to make a coffin for Jeeki, "you had better be careful, for you just told me that the Asika never changes her mind. Say to this man that he must tell the Asika there is a mistake, that however much I should like to oblige her, I can't bury you because it has been prophesied to me that on the day you are buried, I shall be buried also, and that therefore you must be kept alive."

"Capital notion, that, Major," said Jeeki, much relieved. "She not want bury you just at present."

This slight misconception having been disposed of, they explained to the carpenters what was wanted. First, all the gold was emptied out of the sacks in which it remained as the priests had brought it, and divided into heaps, each of which weighed about forty pounds, a weight that with its box Alan considered would be a good load for a porter. Of these heaps there proved to be fifty-three, their total value, Alan reckoned, amounting to about £100,000 sterling. Then the carpenters were set to work to make a model box which they did quickly enough and with great ingenuity, cutting the wood with their native saws, dove-tailing it as a civilised craftsman would do, and finally securing it everywhere with ebony pegs, driven into holes which they bored with a hot iron.

This box-making went on for two whole days. As each of them was filled and pegged down, the gold within being packed in sawdust to keep it from rattling, Alan amused himself in adding an address with a feather brush and a supply of red paint such as the Asiki priests used to decorate their bodies. At first he was puzzled to know what address to put, but finally decided upon the following:

"Major A. Vernon, c.o. Miss Champers, The Court, near Kingswell, England," adding in the corner, "From A. V., Asiki-land, Africa."

Then he bethought him of writing a letter, but was obliged to abandon the idea, as he had neither pen, pencil, ink nor paper. Whatever arts remained to them, that of any form of writing was totally unknown to the Asiki. Even in the days when they had wrapped up the Egyptian, the Roman, and other early Munganas in sheets of gold and set them in their treasure-house, they had no knowledge of it, for not even an hieroglyphic or a rune appeared upon the imperishable metal shrouds. Still, Alan did something, for obtaining a piece of white wood, which he smoothed as well as he was able with a knife, he painted on it this message:

"Messrs. Aston, Old Calabar. Please forward accompanying fifty-three packages, or as many as arrive, and cable as follows. All costs will be remitted. 'Champers. Kingswell, England. Prisoner among Asika. No present prospect of escape, but hope for best. Jeeki and I well. Allowed send this with gold, but perhaps no future message possible. Good-bye. Alan.'"

As it happened, just as Alan was finishing this scrawl with a sad heart, he heard a movement, and glancing up, perceived standing at his side the Asika, of whom he had seen nothing since the interview when she had beaten Jeeki.

"What are those marks that you make upon the board, Vernoon?" she asked suspiciously.

With the assistance of Jeeki, who kept at a respectful distance, he informed her that they were a message in writing to tell the white men at the coast to forward the gold to his starving family.

"Oh!" she said, "I never heard of writing. You shall teach it me. It will serve to pass the time till we are married, though it will not be of much use afterwards, as we shall never be separated any more, and words are better than marks upon a board. But," she added cheerfully, "I can send away this black dog of yours," and she looked at Jeeki, "and he can write to us. No, I cannot, for an accident might happen to him, and they tell me you say that if he dies, you die also, so he must stop here always. What have you in those little boxes?"

"The gold you gave me, Asika, packed in loads."

"A small gift enough," she answered contemptuously, "would you not like more, since you value that stuff? Well, another time you shall send all you want. Meanwhile the porters are waiting, fifty men and three, as you sent me word, and ten spare ones to take the place of any who die. But how they will find their way, I know not, since none of them have ever been to the coast."

An idea occurred to Alan, who had small faith in Jeeki's "Ma" as a messenger.

"The Ogula prisoners could show them," he said, "at any rate as far as the forest, and after that they could find out. May they not go, Asika?"

"If you will," she answered carelessly. "Let them be ready to start to-morrow, at the dawn, all except their chief, Fahni, who must stop here as a hostage. I do not trust those Ogula, who more than once have threatened to make war upon us," she added, then turned and bade the priests bring in the bearers to receive their instructions.

"Go where the white lord sends you," she said in an indifferent voice, "carrying with you these packages. I do not know where it is, but these man-eaters will show you some of the way, and if you fail in the business and live to come back again, you shall be sacrificed to Bonsa at the next feast; if you run away, then your wives and children shall be sacrificed. Food shall be given you for your journey, and gold to buy more when it is done. Now, Vernoon, tell them what they have to do."

So Alan, or rather Jeeki, told them, and these directions were so long and minute, that before they were finished Asika grew tired of listening and went away, saying as she passed the captain of the company:

"Remember my words, man, succeed or die, but of your land and its secrets say nothing."

"I hear," answered the captain, prostrating himself.

That night Alan summoned the Ogula and spoke to them through Jeeki in their own language. At first they declared that they would not leave their chief, preferring to stay and die with him.

"Not so," said Fahni, "go, my children, that I may live. Go and gather the tribe, all the thousands of them who are men and can fight, and bring them up to attack Asiki-land, to rescue me if I am still alive, or to avenge me if I am dead. As for those bearers, do them no harm, but send them on to the coast with the white man's goods."

So in the end the Ogula said that they would go, and when Alan woke up on the following morning, he was informed that they and the Asiki porters had already departed upon their journey. Then he dismissed the matter from his mind, for to tell the

truth he never expected to hear of them any more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALAN FALLS ILL.

After the departure of the messengers a deep melancholy fell upon Alan, who was sure that he had now no further hope of communicating with the outside world. Bitterly did he reproach himself for his folly in having ever journeyed to this hateful place in order to secure—what? About £100,000 worth of gold which, of course, he never would secure, as it would certainly vanish or be stolen on its way to the coast. For this gold he had become involved in a dreadful complication which would cost him much misery and, sooner or later, life itself, since he could not marry that beautiful savage, Asika, and if he refused her she would certainly kill him in her outraged pride and fury.

Day by day she sent for him, and when he came, assumed a new character, that of a woman humbled by a sense of her own ignorance, which she was anxious to amend. So he must play the role of tutor to her, telling her of civilised peoples, their laws, customs, and religions, and instructing her how to write and read. She listened and learned submissively enough, but all the while Alan felt as one might who is called upon to teach tricks to a drugged panther. The drug in this case was her passion for him, which appeared to be very genuine. But when it passed off, or when he was obliged to refuse her, what, he wondered, would happen then?

Anxiety and confinement told on him far more than all the hardships of his journey. His health ran down, he began to fall ill. Then, as bad luck would have it, walking in that damp, unhealthy garden out of which he might not stray, he contracted the germ of some kind of fever which in autumn was very common in this poisonous climate. Three days later he became delirious, and for a week after that hung between life and death. Well was it for him that his medicine chest still remained intact, and that, recognising his own symptoms before his head gave way, he was able to instruct Jeeki what drugs to give him at the different stages of the disease.

For the rest his memories of that dreadful illness always remained very vague. He had visions of Jeeki and of a robed woman whom he knew to be the Asika, bending over him continually. Also it seemed to him that from time to time he was talking with Barbara, which even then he knew must be absurd, for how could they talk across thousands of miles of land and sea?

At length his mind cleared suddenly, and he awoke as from a nightmare to find himself lying in the hall or room where he had always been, feeling quite cool and without pain, but so weak that it was an effort to him to lift his hand. He stared about him, and was astonished to see the white head of Jeeki rolling uneasily to and fro upon the cushions of another bed near by.

"Jeeki," he said, "are you ill, too, Jeeki?"

At the sound of that voice his retainer started up violently.

"What, Major, you awake?" he said. "Then thanks be to all gods, white and black, yes, and yellow, too, for I thought your goose cooked. No, no, Major, I not ill, only Asika say so. You go to bed, so she make me go to bed. You get worse, she treat me cruel; you seem better, she stuff me with food till I burst. All because you tell her that you and I die same day. Oh, Lord! poor Jeeki think his end very near just now, for he know quite well that she not let him breathe ten minutes after you peg out. Jeeki never pray so hard for anyone before as he pray this week for you, and by Jingo! I think he do the trick, he and that medicine stuff, which make him feel very bad in stomach," and he groaned as under the weight of his many miseries.

Weak as he was, Alan began to laugh, and that laugh seemed to do him more good than anything that he could remember, for after it he was sure that he would recover.

Just then an agonized whisper reached him from Jeeki.

"Look out!" is said, "here come Asika. Go sleep and seem better, Major, please, or I catch it hot."

So Alan almost shut his eyes and lay still. In another moment she was standing over him, and he noticed that her hair was dishevelled and her eyes were red as though with weeping. She scanned him intently for a little while, then passed round to where Jeeki lay and appeared to pinch his ear so hard that he wriggled and uttered a stifled groan.

"How is your lord, dog?" she whispered.

"Better, O Asika, I think that last medicine do us good, though it make me very sick inside. Just now he spoke to me and said that he hoped your heart was not sad because of him, and that all this time in his dreams he had seen and thought of nobody but you, O Asika."

"Did he?" asked that lady, becoming intensely interested. "Then tell me, dog, why is he ever calling upon one Bar-bar-a? Surely that is a woman's name?"

"Yes, O Asika, that is the name of his mother, also of one of his sisters, whom, after you, he loves best of anyone in the whole world. When you are here he talks of them, but when you are not here he talks of no one but you. Although he is so sick, he remembers white man's custom which tells him that it is very wrong to say sweet things to lady's face till he is quite married to her. After that they say them always."

She looked at him suspiciously, and muttering, "Here it is otherwise. For your own sake, man, I trust that you do not lie," left him, and drawing a stool up beside Alan's bed, sat herself down and examined him carefully, touching his face and hands with her long, thin fingers. Then noting how white and wasted he was, of a sudden she began to weep, saying between her sobs:

"Oh! if you should die, Vernoon, I will die also, and be born again, not as Asika, as I have been for so many generations, but as a white woman, that I may be with you. Only first," she added, setting her teeth, "I will sacrifice every wizard in this land, for they have brought the sickness upon you by their magic, and I will burn Bonsa-Town and cast its gods to melt in the flames, and the Mungana with them. And then amid their ashes I will let out my life," and again she began to weep very piteously and to call him by endearing names and pray him that he would not die.

Now Alan thought it time to wake up. He opened his eyes, stared at her vacantly, and asked if it were raining, which indeed it might have been, for her big tears were falling on his face. She uttered a gasp of joy.

"No, no," she answered, "the weather is very fine. It is I—I who have rained, because I thought you die." She wiped his forehead with the soft linen of her robe, then went on, "But you will not die; say that you will live, say that you will live for me, Vernoon.

"I hope that I shall live," he answered. "I am hungry, please give me some food."

Next instant there was a tumult near by, and when Alan looked up again it was to see Jeeki, very lightly clad, flying through the door.

(To be continued.)

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