

THE  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE

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SEPTEMBER

Vol. XXXV

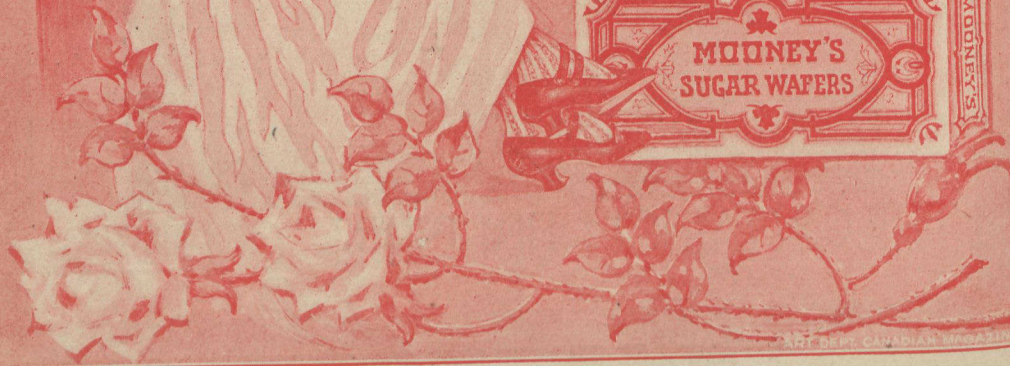
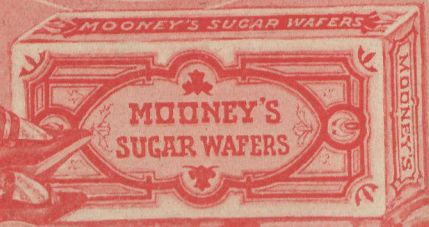
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXV.

No. 5

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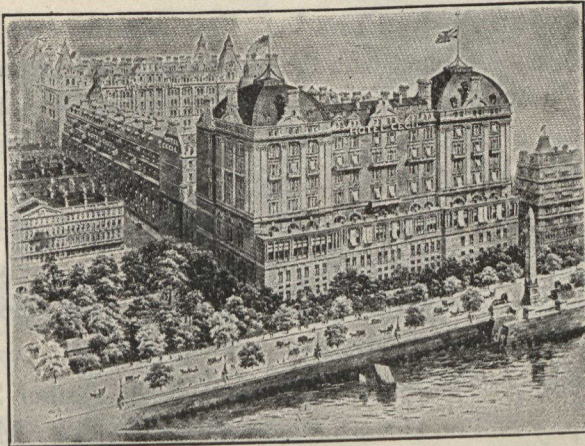
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# The Canadian Magazine for October

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**Calgary.** In this breezy article Jane Pratt gives us the real spirit of the City of the Foothills. There is individuality about Calgary, and Miss Pratt has discovered it. Excellent illustrations.

**The Northern Ontario Clay Belt.** This is a careful and comprehensive consideration, by Mr. Frank H. Newton, of a section of Ontario that seems bound to play an important part in the future of the Province—in agriculture as well as in mining. The article deals mostly with agricultural possibilities and it is well illustrated.

**The Y.M.C.A. in Canada.** Few persons, even of those who are closely identified with the movement, realise what a great work this Association is doing in Canada. Frank Yeigh handles the subject in a comprehensive and telling manner. The photographs back up his statements.

**Is the Old Roman Race still Dominant?** Here is an interesting deduction by Mr. Stuart Jenkins. It is a study of race development, and, coming at a time when the fate of empires is closely studied, it carries more than ordinary interest.

**The Blot.** The fourth and last act of Mr. Arthur Stringer's absorbing play will be found the most dramatic of all. Mr. Beatty has made a fine drawing to illustrate a difficult situation.

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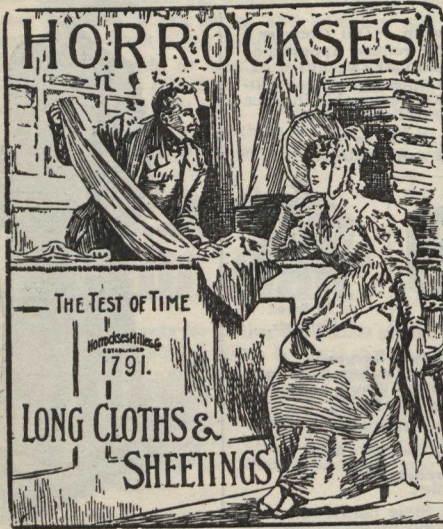
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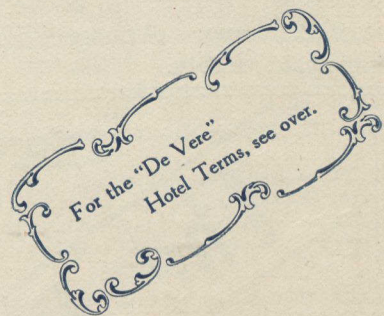
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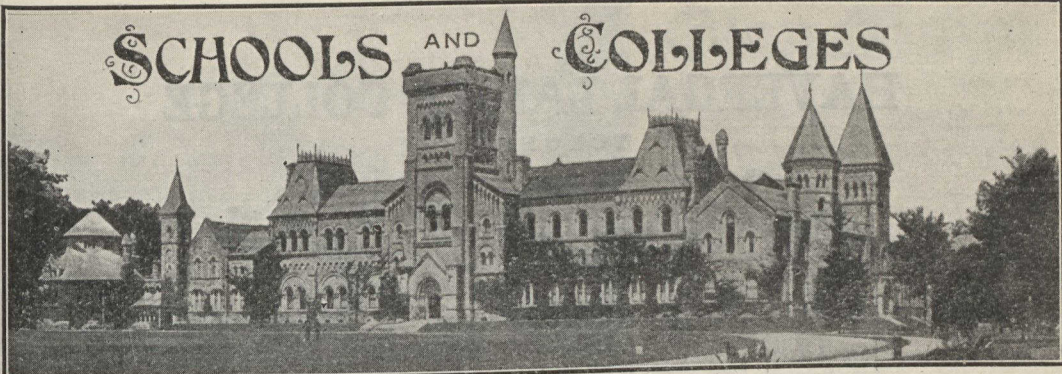
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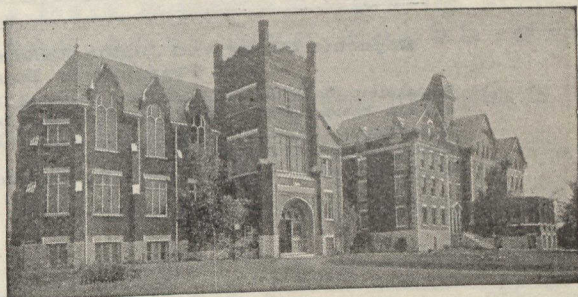
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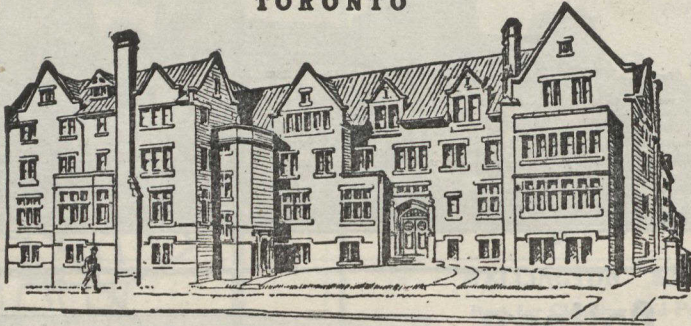
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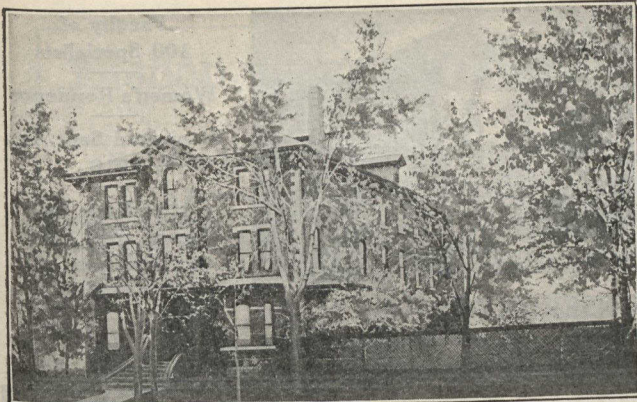
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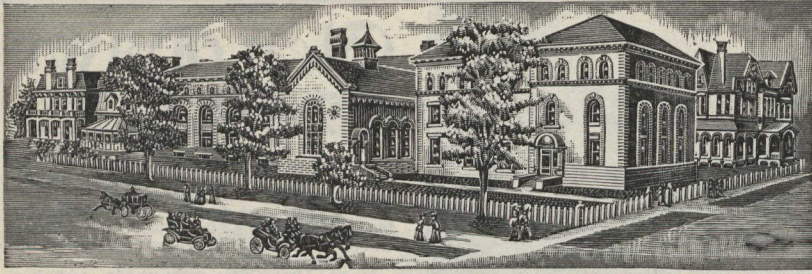
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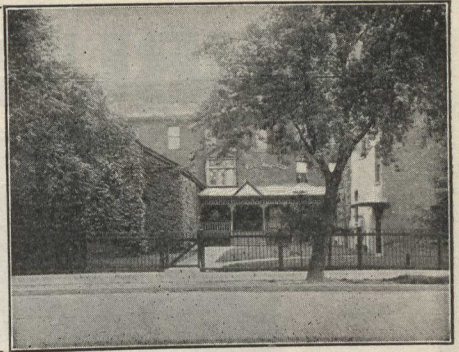
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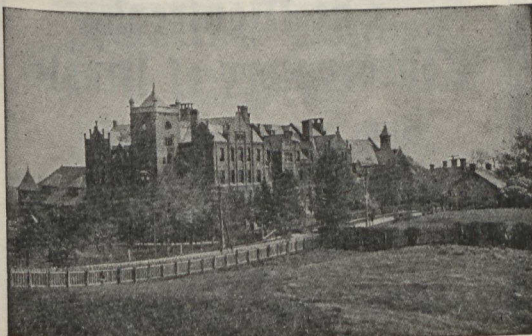
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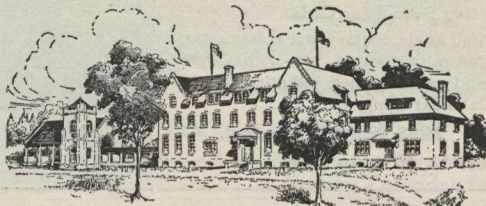
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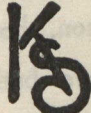
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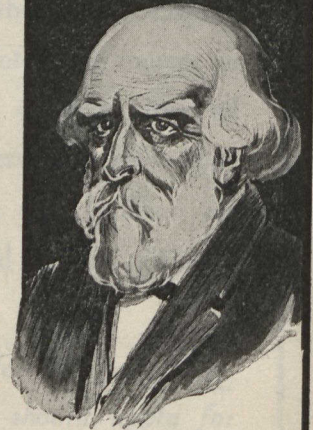


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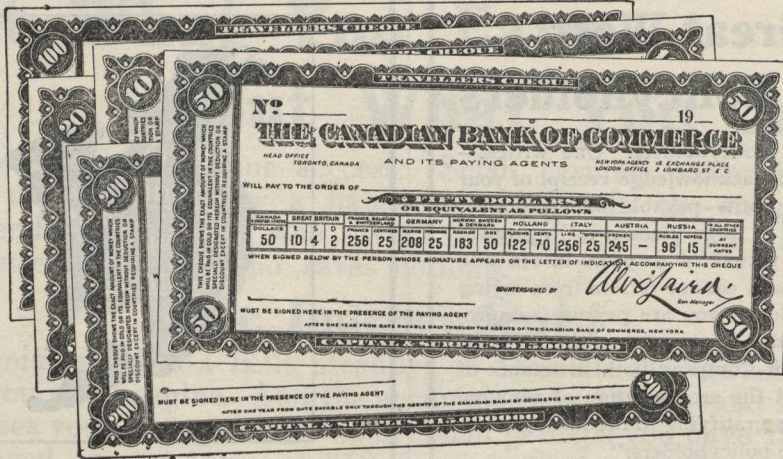
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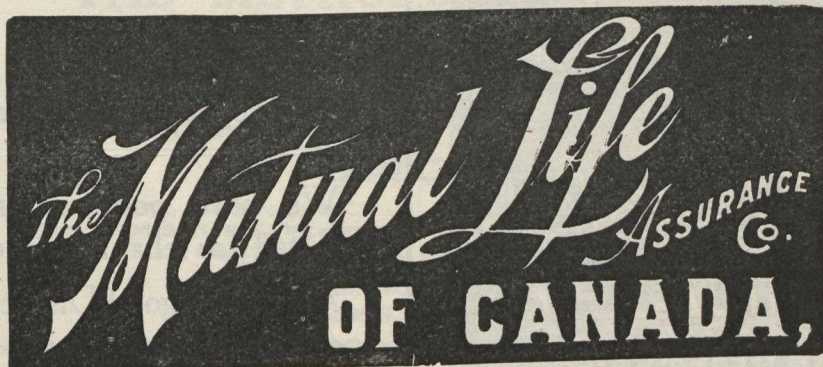
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CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000  
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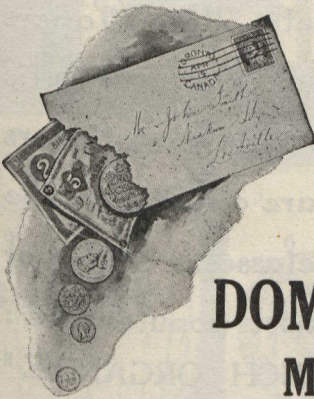
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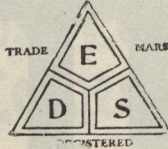


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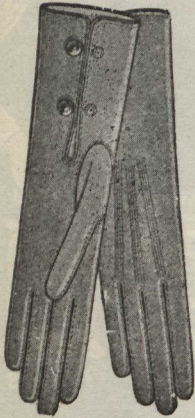
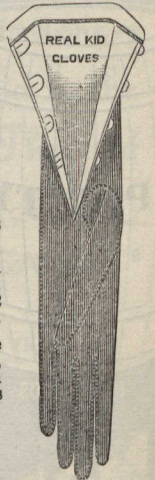
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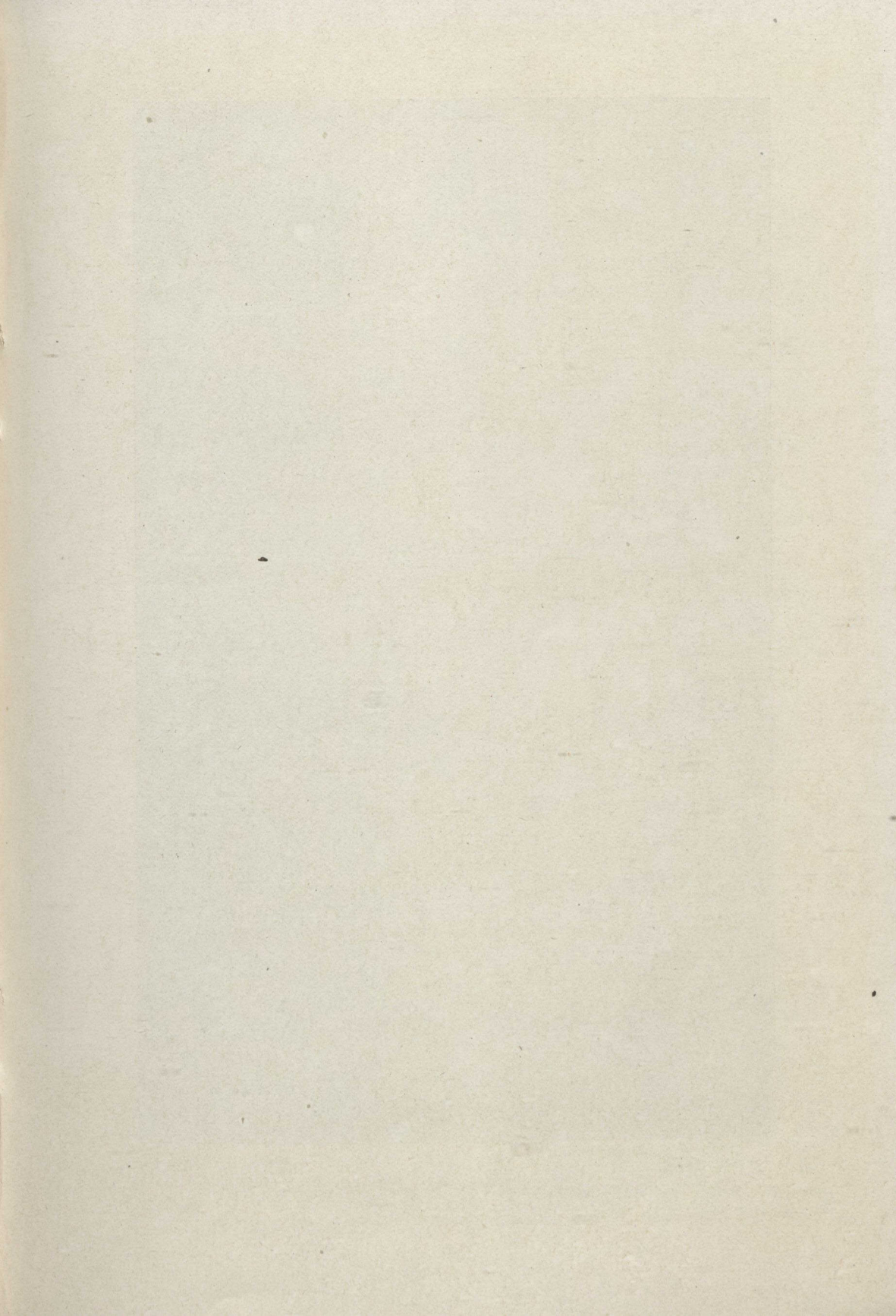
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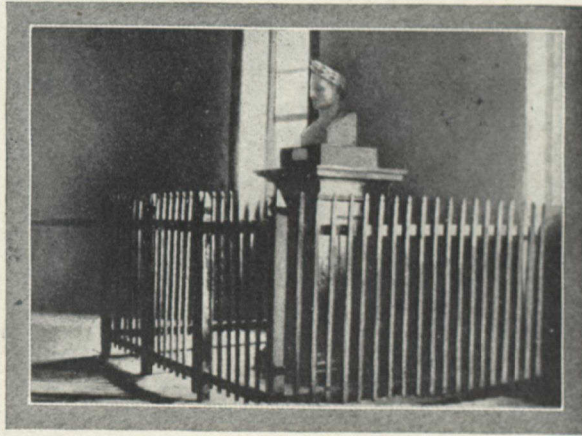
"AND WHY IS MR. BURKE STILL INSISTING ON SEEING YOU?"

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXV

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1910

No. 5



THE ROOM IN WHICH NAPOLEON DIED AT SAINT HELENA

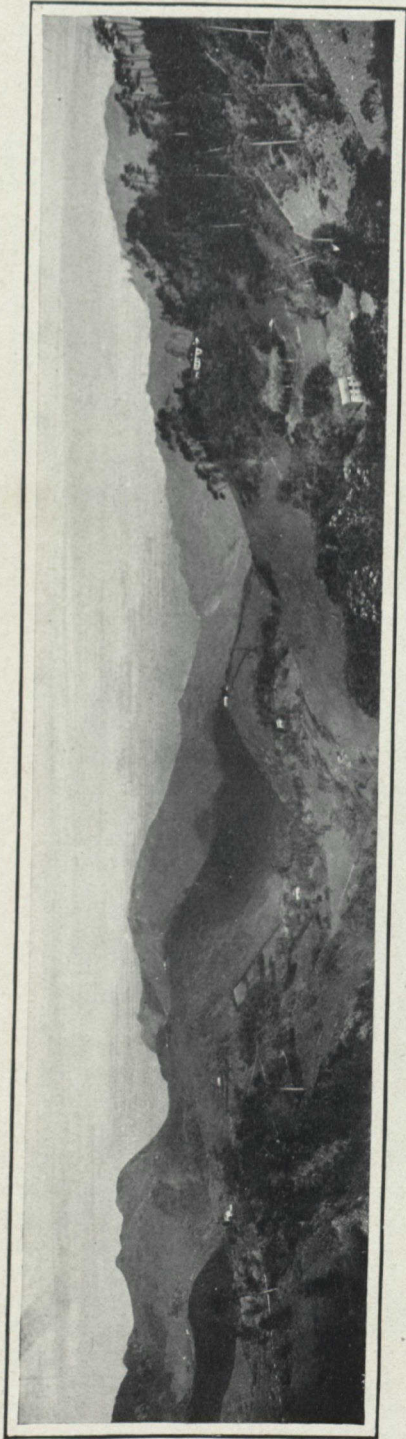
NAPOLEON'S  
BURIAL AND EXHUMATION

REMINISCENCES OF MR. G. B. BENNETT, WHO ATTENDED BOTH  
CEREMONIES ON THE ISLAND OF SAINT HELENA

EDITED BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

THERE were given to me lately, in literary form, some reminiscences of a gentleman who was born in the Island of Saint Helena, who saw the funeral of Napoleon Bonaparte in 1821, and who was also present at the exhumation of the great man's remains in 1840. The eye-witness of these events, Mr. G. B. Bennett, died three years ago at the advanced age of ninety-one. To his

daughter, Mrs. Skill, of Toronto, we owe the production of these interesting papers which serve to bring the past so close to the present. All that relates to Napoleon seems remote to us now. Here we have the testimony of one, but recently deceased, who saw the culmination of that remarkable career. Mrs. Skill writes: "The reminiscences of my father regarding the burial and exhumation of



SCENERY UPON WHICH NAPOLEON LOOKED DURING HIS BANISHMENT AT SAINT HELENA

Napoleon Bonaparte came into my possession on his death in 1907. I was born on the island, lived there for several years, and well remember visiting Napoleon's tomb and his residence, "Longwood," upon several occasions. I spent a good deal of my time with my grandmother at her home, "Maldivia," from which the dining-room table used in making part of one of the coffins for Napoleon's body was taken.

W. Bennett was born at Saint Helena in November, 1816. At that time Napoleon lived close by, "Longwood" not being ready for his occupation.

"My recollections of my child life at Saint Helena (four and a half years)," he writes in his reminiscences, "are very scanty and consist mainly of my journeys to school upon my little pony Black Prince, accompanied by my nurse, a visit to my father while on outpost duty at Rock Rose Hill, a very out-of-the-way place, indeed, between eight and nine miles away, and the incidents of the ever memorable 9th of May, 1821, when the mortal remains of the once "Great" Napoleon were committed to the tomb. My parents, with a thoughtfulness that does them credit, arranged that, young as I was, I should not be absent from the grand ceremonial, and so, accompanied by my nurse, and mounted on my pony, I went to the funeral, and have a fairly distinct recollection of it. I can call to mind lying upon the sward just above the open grave all the forenoon, and being amused by the glitter of the piled arms of the soldiers, who were awaiting the arrival of the cortege, and then later in the day seeing the long procession from "Longwood" filing around the edge of the Devil's Punch Bowl, and then descending into Lane Valley. My sister and I were both present at the burial at Saint Helena in May, 1821. She, an infant of a few months, and in her nurse's arms; I, of the more mature age of four and a half years.



"LONGWOOD," AT SAINT HELENA, THE RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON DURING HIS EXILE



NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT SAINT HELENA

She, of course, has no recollection of the event, but I have, and were I taken back to the Island, believe I could point out the spot where I stood. He was a poet of no mean order, who thus and so sweetly, sang of an episode in Roman history :

“The yoke lay o’er the manger,  
The scythe was in the hay,  
In all the Alban villages  
No work was done that day.”

“These lines pretty accurately describe the state of things at Saint Helena on the 9th May, 1821, and on the 15th October, 1840. In short, these two days were made public holidays, I presume, to allow the inhabitants to witness the pageants attaching to both functions. I was at both although singularly enough I was away in England nearly all the interval, 1821 to 1840. All the Saint Helena world was present at the burial.”

Soon afterwards young Bennett was sent by his parents to be educated in England. A boy fresh from Saint Helena, and one who had seen Napoleon, was an object of interest to his school fellows. “Perhaps to this I owed it that I was often invited out to spend a day or two, and at times the whole holidays at the houses of some of the boys’ parents. Whether I had ever seen the great man or no, I cannot say. It is very possible that I had, but they somehow would have it so, and if I did not say so, they must have said it for me. I know he visited and partook of tea at “Maldivia” (then Colonel Hudson’s) and my mother very much valued a china tea cup out of which he had drunk. But for all that, I cannot remember ever having seen him. My dear mother used to tell with pride that she was the first to receive a bow from the Emperor after he landed on the Island.”

In 1835 young Bennett, who had been articulated in his brother’s law office in London, returned to Saint Helena and was thus, strangely enough, present at the second

funeral, or exhumation, ceremony of Napoleon. Of this event, his written reminiscence is as follows:—

“I was close to the grave-side at the exhumation. I confess now that I had no right to be there. The Governor (Major General Middlemore) moved thereto, I believe, by the Prince de Joinville, had given an order that no one was to be admitted to the vicinity of the grave unless having a permit in writing from the Prince. These permits were confined to heads of departments, and not given to all of them. Later in life I have filled the rôle seven or eight times, but never at Saint Helena. At this time I was not twenty-four years of age. For all this, I was present. I was in utter ignorance of the Governor’s order. How to account for this I know not. I was also unaware of the fact that a cordon of sentries was to be posted right across Lane Valley, in which the tomb is situated, purposely to keep off all who were unprovided with tickets of admittance. Had I known that a ticket was necessary, I feel sure that I could have obtained one from the Prince easily, as I had rendered him some service connected with the mission to exhume, and to convey to France Napoleon’s body, and this he evidently appreciated, as he presented me with one of the medals struck to commemorate the event. Moreover, I was misled by the precedent furnished by what took place at the burial in 1821. Suffice it to say that I started off from my home in Jamestown valley just after breakfast, about 8.30, quite alone and on foot, and, walking steadily on, found myself in Lane Valley, I should say about 10. But judge my astonishment to find the whole valley filled by a fog bank of uncommon density which had come up from the sea through Rupert’s Valley. The edges of the fog bank were as clear and well-defined as are the walls of a house. When I had entered it I was effectually concealed.

“Following a foot-path and knowing



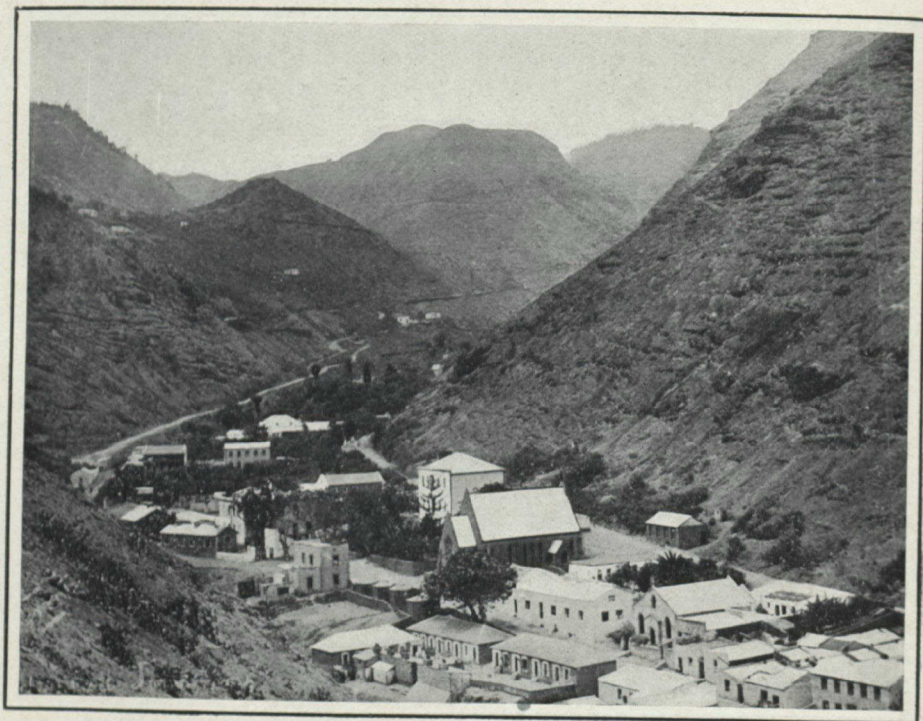
MAIN STREET, JAMESTOWN, SAINT HELENA

well the way, I walked on and on until I came out at the bottom of the fog bank. I had passed between the sentries, not seeing them, and they not seeing me. I don't suppose these men were fifty feet asunder. When I got out of the fog I found myself just a few feet from the outer railings of the tomb. I fully expected to meet a crowd, as in 1821, but judge my surprise to find myself the only solitary individual there outside the railings.

"I soon became sensible that I had arrived at a very opportune moment. There were two working parties of R. E. and R. A. respectively (inside the railings) of about ten or a dozen men each. The latter were working vigorously at the handles of a windlass and in a very short time, I should say about one or two minutes, I saw the bulky mass of coffins emerge from the grave and hang 'twixt heaven and earth,' just a few feet in front of

me. There had been placed directly over the grave a huge tripod of very stout spars, the apparatus, in point of fact, used by the Royal Artillery in mounting and dismounting heavy guns. It had been carted up from the Jamestown lines for the purpose. From the apex of this tripod hung a pulley and block arrangement, with stout rope attached to the windlass, and passing under the coffin, or rather coffins, for there were three of them. The men of these two working parties were the only persons visible. The officials and others of the exhumation mission had all retired to a large marquee, driven thereto, I presume, by the inclemency of the weather for there had been much rain during the night.

"I can account for the absence of the officer in charge of the working parties Captain Alexander, R.E., by the supposition that he had gone into the marquee, with *Eureka* or its



UPPER PART OF JAMESTOWN, SAINT HELENA

English equivalent upon his lips. The coffin was soon lowered upon the grass, and almost immediately I saw the whole exhumation party emerge from the marquee. They made straight for the coffin, and soon a procession, headed by the Abbe Cocquereau, was formed, and then all moved into the marquee, where the coffins were opened and the contents verified. I, of course, saw nothing of this, and, having seen all that was to be seen outside, I turned and wended my way homewards, entering and emerging from the fog bank, and passing between the sentries as before unseen and unchallenged by any of them. In due course I reached my home, there to relate my strange adventure, and there to hear for the first time of the Governor's order.

"I have been, it may be thought, unnecessarily precise in describing the *modus operandi* in lifting the coffins from the grave, but I have an

object in this. I have lately had before me a picture purporting to represent what took place on that occasion. All that I can say is that this so-called representation is incorrect in every particular. In the first place, there were no soldiers outside the railings as therein shown. I was, I declare, the only person there. The picture shows a shapeless hole and something resembling an Egyptian mummy case, upon a kind of handbarrow, being handed by two men in the hole to another two standing on the brink. One would gather from this picture that the British Government had begrudged providing a decent coffin, whereas the corpse was enclosed in three, one within the other: the innermost one of lead, the two other ones of wood, both of them, I believe, of mahogany. One certainly was of this choice wood, for my father's dining-room table furnished in part the material for its



construction. I have since ascertained that the outermost one was of mahogany and ebony combined, in point of fact the more splendid of the two. I dwell upon this and give prominence to it, for the reason that a mischievous print had been under my eyes purporting to represent the doings at the exhumation in October, 1840. From this it may be inferred that the body had been consigned to the tomb in May, 1821, in something little better than an ordinary box, whereas, on the contrary, the greatest respect was shown.

In fitting out the exhumation expedition, the part religion was to play was by no means forgotten. Down in the very hold of the larger ships an apartment was contrived to serve as a chapel for the performance of religious rites. It was to be converted into a *chapelle ardente* at Saint Helena immediately upon the reception of the body on board. Candles in countless numbers were there, but not lighted until the body had been taken aboard. I saw this never-to-be-forgotten sight on the day following the exhumation. How it was that I was present in the *chapelle ardente* and during the performance of religious rites requires some explanation. We (my sister and I) were there by invitation, and accompanied by one of the officers of the ship. There was also an altar, or structure to serve as such, at which a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church (the Abbé Cocquereau) was officiating in full canonicals. (He was similarly attired, though I omitted to say so in my first letter, when he took over the body at the grave from Captain Alexander, C.R.E., and headed the procession to the marquee.)

"Now, in carrying out these arrangements, the English Government officials readily and cordially gave their assistance, furnishing the means of land transport, and providing even a funeral car. This was constructed out of one of the transport waggons; and by a liberal use of

black cloth, it was surprising what a respectable appearance it made. The time for doing it was very brief. The four horses were also clad in black cloth trappings almost from their ears to their fetlocks, the whole making a very good show in the procession through the town to the landing-place, where the men-of-war were in readiness to receive the sarcophagus containing the coffin. England truly has her faults, but surely the lack of magnanimity is not one of them, for all this honour was done to one who never ceased to vituperate her. Napoleon Bonaparte's hatred of us and our people was open and undisguised, and I, for one, think he did not deserve the valedictory salute fired over his remains when they were lowered into the grave.

"It was somewhat singular that I do not remember this salute, but I state it on the authority of Melliss's 'Saint Helena.' At page twenty-seven he says, 'there were three discharges from eleven pieces of artillery, something more than a royal salute. That I cannot call to mind this salute is, perhaps, after all, not much to be wondered at, seeing that I was on that memorable day (May 9th, 1821) only four and a half years old.'"

In another of Mr. Bennett's reminiscences of the exhumation he says: "Immediately the body was deposited on the deck of the frigate (the *Belle Poule*), all three ships were as if by magic, covered with flags, and then salvos (not salutes merely) were fired; and in the flames and smoke of what looked very much like a naval engagement the sun went down and darkness quickly followed. It was a wonderfully impressive sight.

"The exhumation and shipment of the body were both effected in the course of the 15th, as had been planned by the authorities. Thus the time that Napoleon Bonaparte was on the island, living and dead, was exactly twenty-five years to the very day, he having arrived a prisoner of war on October 15th, 1815.

# THE BLOT\*

BY ARTHUR STRINGER,

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER POPPY," "THE WIRE TAPPERS,"  
"THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN," ETC., ETC.

## ACT III.

THE RIGHT TO JUDGE.

*SCENE: Same as Act II., afternoon, two weeks later. As the curtain goes up Wilson enters, carrying bags, rugs, parasols, boxes, etc. The room, which is darkened by drawn blinds, has been denuded of all ornament, and the furniture stands covered with striped ticking. Wilson is followed in by Mrs. Tupper in a travelling ulster. Wilson stands and waits, apparently for further orders.*

*Tupper (fervently).* Well, thank Gawd it's over! [*Sinks into chair and shakes dust from her wrapper.*] Now I can get some of this B. & O. make-up off my face.

*Wilson.* Yes, ma'am!

*Tupper (looking about).* Nothing ready, of course! [*Sniffing peevishly.*] This house smells like a storage-vault. Let in some air, Wilson.

*Wilson.* Yes, ma'am. [*He opens blinds and windows; rooms light up.*]

*Tupper (viewing furniture).* Ugh! This looks like Sing Sing. [*Looking at desk.*] Why wasn't that desk taken out of this room?

*Wilson.* It was Miss Rider's orders, ma'am.

*Tupper.* Miss Rider's orders! Well, she'll give no more orders in this house. Putting my whole Florida holiday on the blink! [*Looking at pile of letters.*] Wilson, whose mail is this?

*Wilson,* Miss Rider's, ma'am.

*Tupper.* That name's actually getting on my nerves! [*Turns over letters.*] H'm! Gotham Hotel! University Club! Hospital Guild! Harvard Club! Susan Carrington—and with a crest—it ought to be a beer-mug! The Waldorf Astoria! The Metropolitan Club! H'm, [*meditatively*] who's writing is that?

[*Enter Helen, in travelling clothes, as Mrs. Tupper still peers at letter held up to light.*]

*Helen.* Will you mind if I go to my room and pack?

*Tupper.* Not in the least!

*Helen.* My trunks will go to the Grenoble for a day or two.

*Tupper.* [*To Wilson, acidly.*] I don't want this room touched, Wilson. Not until Miss Rider moves out. Send the decorators to me, when they come.

*Wilson.* Yes, ma'am.

*Helen.* Would you mind if I met Mr. Burke here? If we talked together here for a little while?

*Tupper.* Why talk with Mr. Burke here?

*Helen.* He insists on seeing me. He's sent word he's coming this afternoon.

*Tupper.* And why is Mr. Burke still insisting on seeing you?

*Helen.* He thinks he can help me—in something.

*Tupper.* [*Aside.*] H'm! It's wonderful how an ash-blonde can usually get a life-line thrown out to her!

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[*Tupper crosses and exits as she speaks. Helen looks after her; then, with a hopeless gesture, goes to desk and gathers up telegrams, mail, etc. Wilson coughing tentatively as he watches her.*]

Wilson. Excuse me, Miss, but are you going away?

Helen. Yes, Wilson! [*Examining letters wistfully.*]

Wilson. At once, Miss?

Helen. Yes; to-night.

Wilson (*with humble kindness*). I'm sorry to hear that, Miss.

Helen. I'm sorry, too, Wilson—in a way.

Wilson. You'll be coming back?—

Helen. No, Wilson, I'll not be coming back.

Wilson. We'll all be sorry, Miss.

Helen (*bitterly*). We can't always be sure of our places, can we, Wilson?

Wilson. Our places, Miss? I don't understand. [*Wilson moves about, as Mrs. Tupper enters. She turns to Helen.*]

Tupper. Annette will help you with your packing.

Helen (*gathering up mail*). Thank you.

Tupper. [*To Wilson.*] Wilson, take my alligator down and ask the cook exactly what he ought to be fed.

Wilson. Alligator, ma'am?

Tupper. Yes, in that box with the screen on. The man in Miami told me they often make very faithful pets. He said they've been known to get tame enough to eat off your hand! [*Exit Wilson. Mrs. Tupper as she watches Helen passing quietly out.*] And I guess there's about as much society in an alligator as there is in a human gold-fish! [*Moves irritably about, crosses to the pile of travelling impediments, looks at it, and pokes it viciously. Then she opens hand-bag, takes out roll of crumpled manuscript, and regards it with disgust.*] Sonnets! Bah! Sonnets! I've found it out, at last! I'm an old fool! [*She tears the manuscript in two, twice, and flings it into the waste-paper basket.*] There's about as much poetry in me

as in a keg of beer! About as much. [*Enter Wilson, followed by John Burke.*]

Wilson. Mr. Burke.

Burke. [*Shaking hands.*] You're back early, Mrs. Tupper. And well, of course?

Tupper. It's a wonder if I am! I must say I never put in a more miserable two weeks in all my life! Car-sick every time I got on rails and sea-sick every time I got in a motor-boat.

Burke (*with studied politeness*). But your house-party was surely a success?

Tupper. Oh, I s'pose so—While it lasted. It must have been. Every time I get a gang of high-brows who make me feel like a perfect stranger in my own house I know it's what they call a brilliant occasion.

Burke. But Florida, the land of fruit!

Tupper. The land of fruit where they feed you out of tin cans! Oh, I guess I've had an overdose of authors this last few weeks! [*With solemn sincerity.*] Me for the low-brows after this! Monkey dinners, and if that won't make 'em sit up in this town— [*With grim determination.*] then a pug banquet to Kid MacNutt!

Burke (*politely patient*). But Miss Rider, she is well—and happy? I had hoped—

Tupper. I s'pose she is! I don't know. I give her up—she's one too many for me!

Burke. I should like to see her, very much.

Tupper. [*Rings.*] Well, I wish you'd had the dose of her I've had for the last few months! That's all I can say! [*To Wilson, as he enters at door.*] Tell Miss Rider Mr. Burke's waiting for her in her—I mean in my study. [*Exit Wilson.*]

Burke. I'm sorry to annoy you in this way, before you've got settled, but you see, I'm off to Santa Barbara in a day or two.

Tupper. Of course, don't let me intrude! [*Tupper goes out left, as Helen enters right. She stands close*

by the door, waiting, as though uncertain of herself.]

*Helen.* [As she watches Burke, guardedly, and after a prolonged silence.] Well? [She laughs—but it falls short.]

*Burke* (gently, yet bravely). I'm glad you're back. [He studies her.] I'm glad to see you again!

*Helen.* [As she shrugs and waits, and silence again lengthens.] Is it true you're going west?

*Burke.* To-morrow, if I can get away. There's a year's work out there, waiting for me.

*Helen.* To-morrow?

*Burke.* Yes.

*Helen.* It must seem good, to be going home to the West. You see, I still think of the West as home.

*Burke.* Yes, it is good. But I couldn't go without seeing you.

*Helen* (uneasily). That was kind of you.

*Burke.* I hope you will think so, to the end. But can't I take your wraps?

*Helen.* Thanks, no; one feels the cold here, after the South.

*Burke.* Yes, that's how we pay for too much sun, isn't it? But won't you sit down?

*Helen.* I'm afraid I can spare only a few moments. You see, I'm leaving Mrs. Tupper, at once. I should like to give you more time, but—[She looks at him searchingly.] What was it you wanted to ask me about?

*Burke.* You refuse to guess?

*Helen.* Not about the hard passages in my books? [Laughs.]

*Burke.* No; more about the hard passages in your life—and mine.

*Helen.* [Still laughing.] In my life! [More seriously.] I thought life was always hard!

*Burke.* We make it harder, sometimes, than it ought to be.

*Helen.* I wish you wouldn't speak in riddles.

*Burke.* [Facing her.] I know you're in trouble. I want you to let me help you.

*Helen.* [Laughing, as she sits down.] Am I in trouble?

*Burke.* I think you are. I know you are.

*Helen* (vaguely). But it's so hard to help others. Even our best friends, often even those closest to us, can't do that.

*Burke.* I want you to think of me as one of those best friends.

*Helen* (uneasily). I do! I've always wanted to.

*Burke.* Then I know you'll help me out of a great difficulty.

*Helen* (nervously). Concerning what?

*Burke.* Concerning yourself.

*Helen.* Would you mind drawing that window curtain? This light is blinding, almost— [Slowly turning back to him.] But why should I interest you?

*Burke* (hesitatingly). You have always interested me. Now, I find, you puzzle me.

*Helen.* I assure you, there's nothing in the least puzzling, nothing in the least mysterious about me!

*Burke.* That's what I've always felt. That's why I want to ask you one question.

*Helen.* About what?

*Burke.* About this book of yours.

*Helen.* [Startled.] About Smoking Torches?

*Burke.* Yes.

*Helen.* [Rising.] But this sounds terribly like the third-degree that police-officers face prisoners with! [Laughing.] And I can't be kept a prisoner, you know.

*Burke.* I don't mean anything like that, of course; I'm not a judge of the Supreme Court. I merely want to straighten out this tangle, if I can.

*Helen* (with dignity). Mr. Burke, unless all this is leading to some clear and definite end, I must ask you not to keep me longer.

*Burke.* I have a clear and definite end.

*Helen.* There's something about me or this book of mine that puzzles you. Will you please tell me what it is?

*Burke.* How long have you been writing?

*Helen.* For years and years.

*Burke.* But when did you begin writing professionally—for publication?

*Helen.* It's over two years since I began writing my first book.

*Burke.* Would you mind telling me the name of that book?

*Helen.* Of course not. It's *Smoking Torches*.

*Burke.* That has been your only book?

*Helen.* Yes, so far. It's my only book actually published.

*Burke.* Did you write that book alone?

*Helen.* [After pause.] Of course.

*Burke.* Out of your own hand, without help, without guidance?

*Helen* (distinctly). Quite alone.

*Burke.* You mean that every speech, every idea, every sentence was your own?

*Helen.* I trust so; I've always hoped so. But you remember we agreed there was nothing new, under the sun.

*Burke.* Even the little epigrams, as when you're speaking of—

*Helen.* [Wheeling quickly on him.] Every author, I believe, absorbs things.

*Burke.* And when you say society's like salt water, good to swim in, but hard to swallow, and again that human souls are like railway bridges, that they can be rebuilt even while the trains of temptation are creeping over them—these, too, are entirely your own ideas and your own phrasing?

*Helen.* This sounds like a mixture of the Higher Catechism and the Book Publishers' Annual! But you've already implied I'm indebted to you for that speech about bridges.

*Burke.* Where did those ideas originally come from?

*Helen.* From the same place that the rest of *Smoking Torches* came from. From my ink-well, if you like to call it that.

*Burke.* [Still perplexed.] Where were you when you wrote this book?

*Helen.* In my home at Buckhorn—in Colorado.

*Burke.* Who was with you there?

*Helen.* Must my family come under the microscope as well?

*Burke.* I must ask your pardon for all this. But you will, I know, be patient with me. Who was at your home in Buckhorn when you wrote this book?

*Helen.* Am I still a prisoner before the bar?

*Burke.* Of course not. But these questions shouldn't be hard to answer.

*Helen.* Our old servant Martha was with me.

*Burke.* And your brother Syd?

*Helen.* Yes; and Syd. [She rises nervously, with growing agitation.] Mr. Burke, this is becoming more than a joke. I appreciate your interest in me. But I have other demands on my time and energy. I've just had a tiring trip. I—

*Burke.* I'll try not to tire you. If you would only help me a little. [He motions her gently back into her seat.] Who else was at your home when you began this work? [A long pause, without movement.]

*Helen.* Wait—let me think!

*Burke.* Does it require so much thought?

*Helen.* But you make me pick my steps so, with these questions.

*Burke.* But why pick your steps? You're not on dangerous ground. Where is your brother Syd now?

*Helen.* It's impossible for me to say.

*Burke.* You mean you don't know?

*Helen.* I'm not in a position to say where he is.

*Burke.* Then perhaps I can enlighten you!

*Helen.* [Looking up quickly.] You can enlighten me!

*Burke.* Yes.

*Helen* (resentfully). This is friendly interest in me!

*Burke.* Yet if you and Syd had only come to me, at the first, I could have saved you both a great deal of suffering.

*Helen.* What do you know of Syd?

*Burke.* I know both you and he acted foolishly. The boy was in a panic. He imagined, a month ago, that he was an outlaw, a felon, I don't know what, simply because a vindictive official named Lorimer was trying to wring a couple of thousand dollars out of him! A couple of thousand dollars which Tiernan's confession has shown the boy had nothing to do with. A couple of thousand dollars which I've taken the trouble to get back for you—for you were trying to help him in the wrong way.

*Helen.* Where is Syd?

*Burke (shortly).* Syd's working out his own salvation.

*Helen.* [*Starting up at him.*] So you're interested in all my family?

*Burke (quietly).* No. In you, mostly.

*Helen.* And having run Syd down, you intend to run the rest of the family to earth? [*She laughs a little.*]

*Burke (with grave kindness).* If I could do for you what I've done for Syd, I'd call this the happiest day of my life.

*Helen.* I shall remember it as one of the most hateful days of my life.

*Burke.* But hasn't your life for the last year been hateful? Haven't you as much as admitted that, yourself?

*Helen.* But it's my own life, whatever it's been. Why should I submit to this cross-examination? I'm not one of your workmen. I'm not a tunnel-mason who's been using bad mortar. Or are you the great Medicine Man for every uneasy conscience in America?

*Burke (with quiet fortitude).* No; I'm just an ordinary, blundering man who's trying to lead you back to the light.

*Helen (mockingly).* And the illuminating moment is to grow out of your deliberate intention to drag me into a criminal's witness-box?

*Burke.* No; no; it's not that. [*She rises and crosses to the bell, and makes a movement to ring it. She stops and regards him as she stands with back to the wall.*]

*Helen.* I'm not yet a criminal. I don't know what trick or trap this is. I'm sorry, but we cannot go on with it.

*Burke.* Then tell me one thing, only one thing, before you go. Did you, with your own hand, and out of your own head, write *Smoking Torches*?

*Helen.* Are you intimating I've an Alter Ego who's so good as to make my books for me?

*Burke.* I know we all have an Alter Ego, as you call it, another self which leads us into things we're sorry for.

*Helen (with mock wonder).* But have you seen me bathed in the tears of contrition?

*Burke.* I'd rather see that than—

*Helen (quickly).* I can't even see what gives you the right to question me about such things.

*Burke (unhappily).* I've no right, unless you give it to me. Oh, can't you see it's only your refusal to answer—

*Helen.* There's nothing I can't answer.

*Burke.* Then let's end this, once for all.

*Helen.* Yes, let's end it. [*She sinks into chair, nervously drawing her gloves on and off as she watches him.*]

*Burke.* All I want you to do is to show me I'm wrong—that there's some kink or twist I haven't stumbled on.

*Helen.* I'm waiting.

*Burke.* [*After deep breath.*] Then we'll have to go back two years, to the time when I was working on the Gunnison Dam and you were in that lonely little shack at Buckhorn. Wasn't anyone there with you beside your brother Syd? [*At her start.*] Remember, I'm only trying to straighten out a tangle of my own. Had you been quite alone there, during the time you were writing this book?

*Helen.* People came and went, of course, as they do in even the loneliest places.

*Burke.* Who, for instance?

*Helen.* [*Picking at glove, indifferently.*] We had a boarder there, for a

short while—not for very long.

*Burke (more hopefully).* A boarder? What was his name?

*Helen.* [After a pause.] Herman Opdyke.

*Burke.* [Not looking at her.] Who was he?

*Helen.* He was an invalid, a consumptive. [Another pause.] He was the man who shot himself, when he knew he was dying, the night you went away.

*Burke.* Where did he come from?

*Helen.* He never told me—he would never say. But he'd been in New York, and later in Mexico. I think, in some way, he was under a cloud.

*Burke.* You mean he never talked about his earlier life?

*Helen.* Yes, I mean that.

*Burke.* Did you see much of him?

*Helen (hesitatingly).* No, not very much. [Quickly.] In fact, I saw very little of him.

*Burke.* Who took care of him, when he was ill?

*Helen.* I did. [More hurriedly.] I was very busy then, you see. I had the Post Office and the house to look after, besides my work, my literary work, I mean.

*Burke.* You were writing your book when this man Opdyke was ill there?

*Helen.* Yes.

*Burke (almost pleadingly).* Did he help you with it, sometimes?

*Helen (sharply).* No.

*Burke.* Not at all? Not by giving you ideas? By suggesting bits of dialogue?

*Helen.* No; he never helped me. We had nothing in common.

*Burke (as though suggesting her answer).* But wasn't he bookish? Couldn't you have talked over your plans with him?

*Helen.* He was very weak, towards the last.

*Burke.* And not a line of your book came from him?

*Helen.* [After a pause.] No.

*Burke.* [Looking away.] And some time before your book was actually finished he shot himself?

*Helen.* Yes. [She now watches Burke covertly as he paces back and forth.]

*Burke (perseveringly).* But you surely cared for him? You were in some way fond of him?

*Helen.* I felt sorry for him. I pitied him.

*Burke.* And he, in turn, must have become attached to you?

*Helen (nervously).* No.

*Burke.* [With quiet solemnity.] And you're sure that wherever he is now, he'd be glad to hear you say what you've just said?

*Helen.* [Struggling against her feeling.] Yes.

*Burke.* [Still impressively.] And if he could be here in spirit, if that dead man could be somewhere here between you and me, you feel that he'd still be glad for everything you've said and done?

*Helen.* [With bowed head.] Yes.

*Burke.* You feel that everything has been made even and atoned for? That the whole blot has been wiped out?

*Helen.* [Looking up.] Wiped out? The blot?

*Burke.* [Still sorrowfully.] Yes, the blot! The blot that's as corrupting as cancer—the wrong that'll go on aching until it's rooted out, like an aching tooth.

*Helen.* [Rising.] Why do you say this?

*Burke.* Because you've not been open with me. You've not told me all the truth.

*Helen.* [With rising pitch.] I have told you the truth. You've tried to badger and corner and trap me, in some way; but what I've said is true. It's true.

*Burke.* And you mean to tell me, on your word of honour as a woman, that this book of yours is wholly and entirely your own?

*Helen.* It's mine; of course it's mine.

*Burke.* Will you swear before God, your maker, that what you say is the truth, and nothing but the truth?

*Helen.* [After a silence during which her white and intent face is turned straight to his own face.] I swear before God, my maker, that this is—No! No! I will not! This is a trick! Who, who are you, to degrade me with questions like this? Who are you, that I must stand and answer as though I were a prisoner before a judge?

*Burke.* You compel me to be cruel.

*Helen.* [Passionately, as she crosses and rings bell.] Cruel? You're brutal—brutal!

*Burke.* Wait! Passion like this solves no problems. I asked you for the truth, only the truth—there's nothing brutal in that.

*Helen.* It's all brutal! How dare you ask me anything?

*Burke.* Because I want you to come out of this morass of deception. I want to see you drag yourself from this festering swamp of lies!

*Helen.* [In low voice, unable to stem gush of tears.] You—you are a coward—a coward!

*Burke.* This means more courage on my part than you'll ever know.

*Helen.* This is cowardly!

*Burke.* I challenge you to show me where or how it is cowardly.

*Helen* (scornfully). I've no intention to play attorney and plead for you and your acts.

*Burke.* Then you must be one for your own.

*Helen.* I'll not endure this any longer!

*Burke.* Yet before I leave this house you'll answer my question. And I hope to God you answer it right.

*Helen.* You mean you'll force me to?

*Burke.* No; no—can't you see if it's not answered here, it'll have to be answered later, to those who aren't so close to you, who— [Wilson, entering, cuts him short. The servant waits, puzzled, as the other two stand confronting each other, in silence.]

*Wilson.* Did you ring, Miss?

*Helen.* [Starting.] Ring? Yes—yes, I rang. But I've changed my

mind, Wilson. It's nothing—now.

*Wilson.* Yes, Miss. [Exit Wilson.]

*Helen.* [Pulling herself together and facing Burke.] Now, what must I answer?

*Burke.* [Wearily, as he realises her obstinacy.] Nothing. I only want you to listen to me.

*Helen.* [Putting hands up to head, as though it ached.] But can't you tell me these things some other time? Can't you wait? Can't you come back to-morrow?

*Burke.* No; now.

*Helen.* [Sinking into chair.] Well?

*Burke.* [Hesitatingly.] Over six years ago I was in Yucatan, building the Arigua Lighthouse. A broken-down newspaper-man joined me in my home there. He went away, in time. But before he went we used to talk together—he used to talk about his work, about a book he was going to write, some day.

*Helen.* [Rising.] What has this to do with me?

*Burke.* Wait. This man went away. I lost sight of him. But I know he went to Morida. Then he went back to his own country. He drifted about in out-of-the-way places, and—

*Helen* (quickly). And you think I might have met this interesting young man, even in Buckhorn?

*Burke.* That man's name, when I knew him, was John Blewett—

*Helen.* Ah, then, I never *did* meet him. [She laughs and sinks back in her chair.]

*Burke.* You *did* meet him. He and this man named Opdyke were one and the same person.

*Helen.* No; no; it's untrue.

*Burke.* I repeat, he is the man who shot himself in your home two years ago. And I thought his book and his memory and the blight he had brought into two lives had died with him. But now I know better.

*Helen.* You know better? What do you mean by that?

*Burke.* I mean you stole Smoking Torches, and you stole it from this man.



*Helen.* A thief—you call me a thief?

*Burke.* You've refused to let me believe anything else.

*Helen.* It's not true—it's not true!

*Burke.* It *must* be true!

*Helen.* You call me a thief—you!

*Burke.* Wait! Listen to me.

*Helen.* [*With rising pitch.*] I'll not listen! *I'll not listen!*

*Burke.* It's my duty to prove it's true.

*Helen.* [*Panting as she staggers to chair.*] To prove it true! You don't mean you'd—you'd make such a belief public. You daren't do a thing like this, without knowing, without being sure. You wouldn't! You couldn't! [*Higher again.*] They're lies! All lies!

*Burke.* The dead are dead—but we *must* save the living; we must.

*Helen.* Oh, you daren't do a thing like this! *You*, who called yourself my friend!

*Burke.* God knows I am. I wanted to be your friend. It isn't the man who's gone we need to think of—he's dead—the dead can take care of themselves. But it's the living who count, who need to be helped. It's *you* I want to save—you!

*Helen.* But it's not true. You're mistaken. I can explain how you're mistaken. I can explain every move, every single step.

*Burke* (*relentlessly*). No, that's over with, forever. We've had enough of that. From the day you printed *Smoking Torches* your life has been nothing but a tissue of deception. For two years you've been acting a lie. For two years you've schemed and evaded and plotted; you've duped and deceived and tainted everything you've touched. It's too late to go back to the dead. That man nearly ruined my life. And now, dead as he is, he's going to ruin yours.

*Helen.* [*Quivering.*] Stop!

*Burke.* No. I want that man and everything he did purged out of your life, out of mine!

*Helen.* Stop!

*Burke.* [*Overwrought.*] There'll be no stop now! There can't be!

*Helen.* [*In a scream.*] Stop!

*Burke.* No, you can't stop it! We can't stop any more than a surgeon who's made an incision can stop! [*Bitterly.*] We've got to finish the gruesome job, between us. We've got to see this thing through!

*Helen.* [*Staggering.*] Oh, you're killing me!

*Burke.* No; I'm saving you. You, first of all. And this boy Whitgreave?

*Helen.* Oh no! Not him! Not him! You wouldn't tell him this story?

*Burke.* Can't you see he ought to be told?

*Helen.* He wouldn't believe it! He'd make you prove it, every word of it! Oh, you wouldn't drag this old skeleton out to the light!

*Burke.* It isn't a skeleton. A skeleton is only a thing of bones, clean bones. *This* is a corpse, a rotting, festering corpse.

*Helen.* Oh, you won't tell him!

*Burke.* You'll save me from doing that.

*Helen.* But he loves me. He believes in me. He doesn't abhor me as you do. [*Hungrily.*] He—he is all I have left now. He loves me!

*Burke.* Surely, then, you ought to tell him?

*Helen.* But he won't believe it. Nothing would shake his faith in me. He would *fight for me*, if I should ask it.

*Burke* (*sadly*). And you intend to ask it?

*Helen.* Yes, I'll ask it, if I have to. I've had to fight for what I have; every step, every move—and I'll fight for it to the end. I'm no young girl who can be frightened into submission. [*Crescendo.*] I'm not a child! I'm not a fool! Who are you, to sit in judgment on me? Who are you, to attack a woman alone in the world? Who are you, to prate about honour, and debts to the dead?

*Burke.* Stop!

*Helen.* No, I'll not stop! Who are you, to be the supreme arbiter of me

and my life? Who are you, to sermonise about honour? You didn't invent honour! You're not the final judge of what's right and wrong! Do you think I'd give up everything, now, without a word, without fighting for what's my own? Do you think I'd let you come and rob me of the one thing I've left?

*Burke.* I couldn't rob you. You've robbed yourself. You *are* robbing yourself, far more than you'll rob either the living or the dead.

*Helen.* [*With ever-rising passion.*] The dead! Now I'll tell you about him. I'll tell you everything. I'll give you the truth about that dead man.

*Burke.* I know the truth, more than you imagine.

*Helen.* You don't. You don't know half of it. That man came to my home, ill, friendless, dying. I waited on him; I worked for him; I watched over him and slaved for him. Without me his book would never have been written. I struggled to keep the life in his poor, wheezing, wrecked body, week by week, month by month. I worked on his book with him; I wrote it out for him, with him, chapter by chapter, line by line, word by word. I saved it when he would have thrown it away. I cherished it for him, as though it were a living being. I kept his faith in it alive. I made him forget his pain, his suffering, by leading him back to his work. I made that book possible.

*Burke.* Does even that excuse you?

*Helen.* [*Breathlessly.*] And when the end came he said it was as much my work as his own. He put it into my hand; he gave it to me, of his own free will. [*Hysterically.*] Do you hear, he gave it to me. On the last day he was alive, he gave it to me, with his own hand, he commanded me to take it.

*Burke (sadly).* But can't you see you hadn't the right? Even this couldn't make it right.

*Helen.* Wait. I worked over it—I rewrote the unfinished parts. I lived

with it, when I was alone in that little lonely place. Then I came to New York with it. I meant it only as a service to him. I did not ask anything from it. I expected nothing. I took it to Slater. He thought it was mine. He would accept it only as mine. I knew this man Opdyke had died under a name that wasn't his own. But I still tried to do the best I could for him. I begged to have the book printed with the name he'd used. But I was tricked into the other thing, before I could see what it meant. The book came out, with my name on it. With *my* name! Then I knew I was a living lie. And I had to act out the lie—I had to keep up the pretence, day by day, month by month. I had to play out the part, hoping—oh, how I kept hoping, that something would still happen to put everything right. I had to pass for something I was not, for something I could never be.

*Burke.* And day by day you fed on this dead man—like a vulture?

*Helen.* No—No! *He* fed on me—on me. How he fed on me!

*Burke.* And what has come of it? What have you left?

*Helen.* I've nothing left. All I've left is this man who still believes in me. He's all I have.

*Burke.* And you've been happy with him? You've been happy this last two weeks?

*Helen.* Happy? How *could* I be happy, with this hanging over me? I didn't ask for happiness. I only wanted to hope for it—some day.

*Burke.* Was this man who still believes in you, happy?

*Helen.* Yes, I think Paul was happy. I owed him *that* much.

*Burke.* And yet you deceived him?

*Helen.* I thought I could tell him, some day. Day by day I thought I'd be able to tell him. But it kept getting harder and harder—don't you see, he loves me. I'll *make* him love me so that some day I *can* tell him.

*Burke.* Do you love him?

*Helen.* I can't fight on alone, any more. I can't face life, any more,

without some one having faith in me, without believing in me; without giving me something to live for, to live up to.

*Burke.* Do you love him?

*Helen.* I need him—I can't fight on alone.—And I can't wreck his life.

*Burke.* Lives aren't wrecked that way. [*Again facing her.*] You don't love him. You're making a tool of him, a catspaw, for your own peace of mind. It's not Paul Whitgreave you love; it's love itself; any man's love!

*Helen.* I must have it. I've earned it. I need it. It's the only thing left to purify life, to fight down the things that have made living so hateful. Oh, I needed him, when Syd passed out of my reach. I kept trying to fit him into Syd's place. I ached for something to help and watch and care for.

*Burke.* But can't you see it's not fair? That he doesn't know?

*Helen.* No; he doesn't know—that's why he still loves me.

*Burke.* But should you sacrifice him for that, when any man's love would do? When even my love would do?

*Helen.* Your love? You don't know what love is—what it means. Your love!

*Burke.* It's not only boys who know what love can mean. You think I'm hard. I've seen life, and I've lived rough. But I've learned it's only justice that can make good in the end. Oh, I can't split hairs and quibble over fine issues. I can't argue about all this. But when a thing's right, it's right, and when it's wrong, it's wrong.

*Helen.* But Paul would come to me; he would stay by me; he would believe in me, whenever I asked. Oh, you're killing me! Not my body, not my flesh and blood. But you're killing everything I have to live for. It's worse than death. I can't face it. I daren't. [*She sobs forlornly.*]

*Burke.* Are you sure it's you he loves? Are you sure it isn't your name, it isn't what he imagines you to be?

*Helen.* [*Gazing at him with widening eyes.*] Now I understand. You're

envious. You're envious of Paul and me. You're envious of our happiness, our love. It's not justice that's making you drag me down—it's envy.

*Burke.* That's not true.

*Helen.* It is true. It's jealousy. Your love! What do you know of such things? You don't even know what pity is.

*Burke.* I pity you.

*Helen.* I don't want your pity. You've shown me what I must expect from you. You've only taught me how to fight my own way out to the end.

*Burke.* But move by move, you'll only be fighting against yourself.

*Helen.* Then I'll fight until I get what I'm after, until I find what I want. Until I'm free.

*Burke.* But I tell you liberty isn't something you can overtake and capture and carry away with you. It's only something crying out, deep down in our poor human breasts. It's only our own heart's never-ending requirement of itself.

*Helen.* Oh, you've no heart. You're stone. You're cruel and hard as granite.

*Burke.* You say I'm hard. But it's life that's hard. And that's why you must tell this boy Paul, before it's too late.

*Helen.* Tell Paul! No! No! He must not know! Not yet. It's all so far back, now. Why are you going so far back?

*Burke.* We must go far back. Redemption's like a river-tunnel. We must go far back, and dig deep, before we can even approach it.

*Helen.* But he's all I have, and you're taking him away from me. You must give me time.

*Burke.* Hasn't there been too much time?

*Helen.* But he loves me, he believes in me. Oh, we can do such wrong without knowing it!

*Burke.* But when we know it, when we see the right in front of us, God help us if we turn away from it.

*Helen.* He's all I have.

*Burke.* Then this will stand a test of his love.

*Helen.* A test? But such a test isn't fair to him.

*Burke.* It won't be unfair if he loves you as he ought to.

*Helen (pitifully).* Oh, you don't understand. You don't understand. You don't know what love is, what little things keep it alive.

*Burke.* I do understand. And I know what little things can keep it alive, what great things can never quite kill it. [*He turns away.*]

*Helen.* And yet you want me to tell him. [*Continuing to sob.*] And lose him. Lose everything. And you do this—you who once were my friend. You make me almost hate you!

*Burke.* [*Showing his great feeling for her by gesture and glance.*] If you love him, you will even give him up, to save him!

*Helen.* But you're making it too hard for me.

*Burke (gently).* Do you suppose all this is easy for me?

*Helen.* [*Between sobs.*] You? What does it cost you?

*Burke.* It's cost me everything.

My God, don't you know I love you? Don't you know I love you, in the face of all this, in spite of everything? Hasn't my heart been hungering for you, these two empty years? And when I want a thing, I want it, as much as you do, as much as anybody does. I don't care what you are, what you've been, what you've done. I want you! I love you!

*Helen.* [*Aghast.*] You! You! Love me!

*Burke.* I love you. You've made mistakes, but I've made bigger ones. I've always loved you—that's why I want to make you happy—why I've seemed to hurt you.

*Helen.* [*Wheeling on him.*] Now I understand.

*Burke.* No, you don't understand.

*Helen (blindly).* This is the way you clear the field. This is where you drag me, for your own ends.

*Burke.* That's where you're wrong. The field has not been cleared.

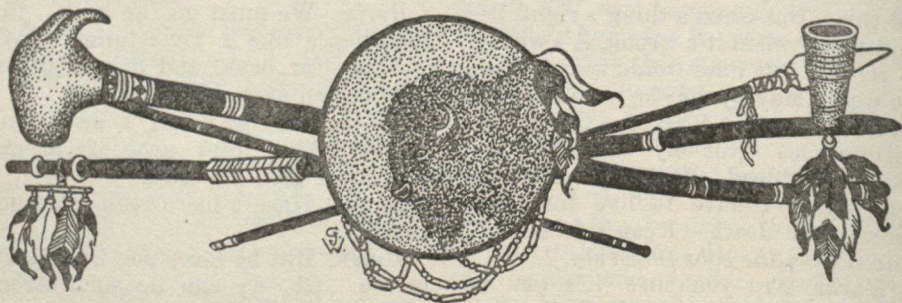
*Helen.* Oh, now I see everything.

*Burke.* I wish to God you did.

*Helen.* [*With ever-rising passion.*] I do! And I hate you! Oh, I hate you!

CURTAIN.

(To be continued.)



# SCIENTIFIC GHOST STORIES

BY W. S. WALLACE

OVER half a century ago, an English poet living in Italy wrote a poem about spiritualism, which may still be read in his collected works under the title of "Sludge the Medium." He described with splendid scorn the trickeries and deceits that underlie spiritualism, and then, having effected this exposure, he turned about and made the confession:

"I don't know, can't be sure  
But there was something in it, tricks and  
all."

During the years that have elapsed since Robert Browning wrote these lines, scientists have been investigating the phenomena connected with spiritualism; and it is interesting to notice that many of them have come to the conclusion to which Browning came in these lines. To enumerate all the scientists who have turned their attention to the phenomena connected with spiritualism, would be to enter on a lengthy task. It is perhaps sufficient to mention the names of Sir William Crookes, the discoverer of thallium; Sir Oliver Lodge, President of Birmingham University; Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, who arrived at the theory of Natural Selection simultaneously with Darwin; M. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer; the late F. W. H. Myers; Dr. Koch, the great authority on tuberculosis; Dr. Roentgen, the discoverer of X-rays. Then there are the members of the large and flourishing Society for Psychical Research. All these are investigators of the mysterious psychic forces which once passed under the name of spiritual-

ism. They all believe there is something in it, tricks and all.

Thus far the investigators have achieved very few definite results. They are at present engaged only in experimentation; it is yet too early to generalise. "We are in the pre-Newtonian, possibly the pre-Copernican, age of this nascent science," says Sir Oliver Lodge. "My book," says Dr. Maxwell, a French investigator, "is the statement of a witness—it has no other signification"; and most other writers on the subject echo his words.

But the depositions of these witnesses are of an absorbing interest. Let me transcribe a few sentences from a recent book of M. Camille Flammarion on *Psychical Research*, entitled "Mysterious Psychic Forces," in order to give some idea of what experiments have been, and are being, conducted:

"A heavy easy chair moves about of its own accord in the room." "A centre table persists in the endeavour to climb upon the experiment table, and gets there." "On tables, in pianos, and other pieces of furniture, in the walls, in the air, raps are heard, and their vibrations perceived by the touch." "I have heard not only sharp light raps on a table, but mallet blows, or blows of a fist upon a door, capable of knocking down a man if he had received them." "An invisible hand forcibly snatched from my hand a block of paper which I was holding out with extended arm at the height of my head." "Invisible hands removed from M. Schiaparel-

li's head his spectacles." "For my part, I have seen only two (apparitions of heads): the bearded silhouette at Monfort-l'Amaury, and the head of a young girl with high-arched forehead in my own drawing-room." "We have seen a vigorous gesture imprint itself at a distance in clay." "A book has been seen passing through a curtain. A bell has passed from a library room, locked with a key, into a drawing-room. A flower has been seen passing perpendicularly downward through a dining-room table."

These are facts attested by one of the foremost living scientists in France.

Here is a quotation from Dr. Maxwell, an authority already referred to. It is a memorandum dated June 3rd, 1903:

"A movement without contact was forthcoming this afternoon. I placed a table upside down upon a linen sheet. Mr. Maurice (the medium) and I put our hands on the sheet *some distance from the table*. The latter turned completely over; the movement was performed slowly and gently. It was 4 o'clock, the sunlight streaming in through the open window."

These strange phenomena, of course, can only take place through the instrumentality of a "medium" that is, a person who has the power of calling these mysterious forces into play. Some of these mediums, as, for example, the famous Eusapia Palladino, are illiterate; some are scholars and gentlemen. A medium of the latter description, Mr. Sastex-Degrangé, director of the National School of Fine Arts at Lyons, has published under the date 1899 an account of his initiation as a medium:

"I was acquainted (he says) with a company of people, who were occupied with spiritualism, and with table turning, and I had made them rather the butt of my wit.

"One day I was visiting them. The drawing-room was lighted by two

large windows. I began, as usual, with some pleasantries. Their reply was in the shape of an invitation to me to take part in the experiments.

"'But,' said I, 'if I take a seat at your table, it will not turn any more, because I shall not push it.'

"'Come all the same.'

"Well, I declare, upon my honour, that, just for a joke, I tried it. I had scarcely put my hands on the table when it made a rush at me.

"I said to the person facing me, 'Don't push so hard.'

"'But my dear sir, I was not pushing.'

"I put the centre table back in its place, but the same thing occurred again, once, twice, thrice—

"They all cried out, and claimed that they had caught a medium in me. I was not very much flattered by the title, which I considered as synonymous with lunatic.

"'You ought to try and write,' said some one to me.

"'What do you mean by that?'

"'Why, see here. You take paper and pen, let your arm lie passive, and have the wish in your mind that some unknown person or force shall cause you to write.'

"I tried it. At the end of five minutes, my arm felt as if it were wrapped in a woollen blanket. Then, in spite of myself, my hand began to trace mere strokes, then o's and a's, letters of all sorts, as a schoolboy learning to write would do. Then, all of a sudden, came the notorious word attributed to Cambronne at Waterloo. I assure you, my dear sir, I am never in the habit of using this coarse and dirty term, and that there was no auto-suggestion, or unconscious act of my own in the case. I was absolutely stupefied by the occurrence."

Mr. Castex-Degrangé continued his experiments at home. Out of the dozen or so marvellous experiences which he has to relate, the following may be selected on account of its brevity:

"One day, when I was seated at my writing desk, I felt the weird seizure in my arm. I let my arm remain passive. The unknown wrote:

"Your friend Aroud is coming to see you. He is at this moment in such and such an omnibus office in the suburbs. He is asking the price of tickets and the hour of departure.

("This M. Aroud is Chief of the Bureau of Police, prefecture of the Rhone). In fact, half an hour afterwards, Aroud made his appearance. I told him what had taken place.

"It is a good thing for you that you are living in the nineteenth century," he said to me. "A few hundred years ago you would not have escaped death at the stake."

M. Camille Flammarion has written messages from the unknown in this manner. "I have tried," he says, "to see if I too could not write. By collecting and concentrating my power and allowing my hand to be passive and unresistant, I soon found that, after it had traced certain dashes and o's and sinuous lines more or less interlaced, very much as a four-year-old child learning to write might do, it finally did actually write words and phrases. In these meetings of the Parisian Society for Spiritual Studies, I wrote for my part some pages on astronomical subjects, signed Galiles."

M. Flammarion prints also a number of other messages, dictated by raps, and signed "Pascal," "Fenelon," "Vincent de Paul," "Rabelais," etc. One spirit signed himself, "Belthasar Grimod de la Reynière," and dictated funny dissertations on the art of cooking. And Doctor Maxwell has had numerous communications with an eighteenth century *savant*, named Chappe d'Auteroche. "His name," Dr. Maxwell prosaically explains, "appears in Larousse's Dictionary."

What is the explanation of these riddles? Have we succeeded, like Glendower, in calling spirits from the vasty deep? Sir William Crookes and Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace have ex-

pressed their belief that we have; they have attributed these phenomena to spiritual agencies. The tendency of expert opinion at present, however, seems to be to discredit spiritualism, and to seek the cause of these mysteries in the human mind. There are difficulties in the way of any explanation, but it seems most likely that the force which performs these marvels is not spiritual, but psychic. It lies in "the mighty mind of man."

If a scientific explanation of the mystery is forthcoming, it will probably throw light on some dark corners of human history. It might serve to explain some of the miracles of the New Testament. It would throw a flood of light on mediæval demonology and necromancy. We should know what to think about witchcraft; and a figure like that of Michael Scott might become reasonable to us,

"A wizard, of such dreaded fame,  
That when, in Salamanaca's cave,  
Him lifted his magic wand to wave,  
The bells would ring in Notre Dame."

And lastly, ghost stories of all sorts would be submitted to the touchstone of science; and we should probably be able to distinguish between ghost stories that were true, and ghost stories that were not.

Let me conclude this brief survey with a curious letter which the younger Pliny wrote about the beginning of the first century:

"There was a certain mansion" (he wrote) "at Athens, large and roomy, but of evil repute, and a plaguy sort of place. In the stillness of the night, lo! there used to sound the clank of iron, and as you listened there was the rattling of chains; at first a long way off, then coming nearer and nearer, till it came quite close. Presently a spectre appeared. An old, old man, lean and wan, with a long beard and shaggy hair, with fetters on his legs, and manacles on his hands. The inmates of the house were very miserable. They could not live there. The place became deserted, and given up to the dreadful phantom. At last a certain philosopher came to Athens, Athenodorus by name. He saw the advertisement, inquired the terms, asked why it was so cheap, learnt the full particulars, and gladly hired the mansion. Towards evening, he ordered a sofa to be set for himself in the front of the

house, and provided himself with pen and paper and a light. He sent away all the servants, and set to work writing. For a while there was only dead silence. By and by—hark!—there was the sound of iron grating against iron, then the chains clanking. The philosopher never looked up or stopped writing. He kept his mind clear and his ears open. The noise increased; it drew nearer—it was at the threshold—it had come inside the door—it was unmistakable. He raised his eyes. There was the phantom he had heard of staring at him. The ghost stood still and beckoned to him with its finger. Athenodorus waved his hand as if to say, 'I'm engaged; you'll have to wait;' and he went on with his writing. The ghost rattled his chains over his head as he wrote. He looked up again—the ghost was still

staring at him. He took up the light and followed. The ghost went very slowly, as though it felt the weight of its chains. It led the way to a back yard of the house, then vanished. Next day Athenodorus went to the magistrates, and told them that they must dig in the place where the ghost disappeared. There they found some human bones and fetters upon them. They were collected, buried at the public expense, and the house was rid of ghosts from that time forward.

"Very odd," says Pliny. "My dear friend, what do you yourself make of this story?"

Perhaps modern research will some day be able to answer Pliny's question.

## AT PARTING

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

The night is silent, love, and here beside thee,  
Holding the hand that is not now denied me,  
I too am still: how shall I say farewell?

No words have we, and yet the summer weather,  
Lulling the garden, gathers us together,  
And mingles us with myrrh and asphodel.

Was there a time before that time, I wonder,  
When something flashed and rent the veil asunder,  
And visions faded, and the Truth befell?

And now, because thou *art* the Truth, I'll grieve thee  
No longer by withholding to believe thee,  
Though I am sent upon a sorrow-spell.

How long the way thou sayest not, but only  
That I must tread it loyally and lonely,  
Unheeding whether heaven wait, or hell.

Why this must be I cannot know, beloved,  
But thou dost know, and, howsoe'er removéd,  
Some day, perchance, the secret thou wilt tell.

Nothing I ask,—how may the Truth be bounded?  
I leave thee, yet by thee I'm still surrounded:  
The sea's voice sounds about the farthest shell.

The moonlight deepens, love, and grows to golden,  
And thou and I in it are strangely holden;—  
Ah, holy, holy moment of farewell!



# BONANZAS OF THE SLOCAN

BY HAROLD SANDS

COBALT is a name to conjure with now, but Canada's most famous silver district is not the great Ontario camp; it must yield the palm to the earlier found and still producing Slocan, in marvellous British Columbia. The silver-lead belt of that airy region was, without doubt, the richest of its kind in the world. At one time the Slocan had dividend paying mines by the score, and it will have them again.

The story of the camp is heaped up and running over with romance and adventure, in which stand out the figures of prospectors, far from heroic but very lovable. The Pacific Province owes a great deal to these men who threw open to the world treasure vaults which had lain untouched since the "sea of mountains" was upheaved by the giant forces of nature.

Most of the old-timers were filled with the old Adam. Many were hard-drinking, card-loving, fun-loving genial souls, and if they paid scant heed to the admonitions of "sky pilots" turned out by the yard in Eastern Canadian colleges and sent West to woo them from their wicked ways, we cannot lightly condemn them to perdition. When it comes to counting those who have done much for the advancement of British Columbia, the prospectors are numbered among the elect.

Striking pages have been added to Canadian history by prospectors. They are anything but noble in appearance when you meet them in the mountains, eagerly hunting for signs

of "the big mine," but they will share their last bit of bacon with you, and there is always room under their blankets for a wanderer tired with tramping over the hills.

Two men of this restless class crossed over Kootenay Lake from Ainsworth one warm September day in 1891. After a few days unprofitable search for gold they reached beautiful Slocan Lake, a sheet of hills. They wandered aimlessly up a country equal in many ways to far-famed Switzerland and certainly far richer in natural wealth.

Had they been educated men, possessing intellectual ideas, they might have felt like stout Cortez when, with eagle eye, he gazed at the Pacific. But this new land of lovely lakes and snow-crowned mountains whose natural beauties they were the first to behold, did not appeal to them. Their feet hurt after their long and difficult tramp through the unexplored country unmarked by trails; their grub was getting low and their packs, while actually lighter than when they started, seemed far heavier. Moreover they didn't like the formation of the country and they made up their minds there was nothing in it worth seeking further.

"Aw, let's get back to Ainsworth," said Jack Seaton, the younger of the two. He thirsted for the little bar by Kootenay Lake, where the prospectors and miners from miles around foregathered to swap yarns and make away with Hudson's Bay rum.

Eli Carpenter, his grizzled com-

panion, was just as eager to "hike" back to where his arm could rest on the mahogany, but he didn't want to return the same way they had come.

"I bet there's a short cut over that hill," he declared, pointing to the then unnamed Payne Mountain.

"You're off your reckoning," gruffly declared Seaton.

"Well, I'm going to see, anyhow," answered Carpenter. So he climbed the hill to look beyond for a glimpse of the blue waters of Kootenay Lake. He was disappointed; there was no short cut that way.

"You're right, Jack," he conceded, "there ain't a short cut; the drinks is on me when we get back to little old Ainsworth."

And while the two men stood on that eminence and discussed how they might the more quickly reach Ainsworth and hasten away from the terribly lonesome and seemingly bar-

ren region of the Slocan, they all unknowingly stood upon millions. They started down the hill, grumbling that their toilsome journey had been useless.

"It's just like our luck," growled Seaton.

As he spoke Carpenter stumbled, and there, right at his feet, was an outcropping of solid, high-grade galena.

The two prospectors had struck it at last. Just at the moment when fortune seemed farthest from them they ran into wealth right at the grass roots. With their find on that September day another volume was opened in the romantic history of British Columbia.

The discoverers gave the name of Payne to the first location in the Slocan district. They located other claims and, believing the trend of the vein would follow the strike of the



A TUNNEL IN A BRITISH COLUMBIA MINE



BIG GALENA BOULDER WHICH FELL FROM THE SLOCAN-STAR VEIN  
WAS BOUGHT FOR \$2,000 AND YIELDED \$20,000

country rocks, as at Ainsworth, they put in their stakes accordingly. That was their first mistake, for in reality they made their locations across the great vein instead of along it. Men who came into the district in the wild rush which followed found out the error of the discoverers and located the Maid of Erin, the Mountain Chief and the Two Jacks, through which the fissure ran.

Unconscious of their error, Carpenter and Seaton placed some rich ore from the surface in a sack and went down to Ainsworth. They were, of course, considerably elated. Just when they had given up hope of finding anything, the fickle jade had thrown a mine in their way.

Open-hearted and open-handed, both men were eager to let their friends in on the good thing. When they reached Ainsworth, Carpenter flung the sack of ore across the bar at the hotel as security for drinks, and "ginned up the house." Then

he told everybody present of the marvellous new land of silver up in the mountains above cool, sequestered Slocan Lake.

After recovering from the effects of their first surprise, Carpenter and his partner sought an assayer. There happened to be a man in town who went by the sobriquet of "Yankee Bill," and who claimed to be accomplished in this direction. As a matter of fact, his acquaintance with assaying was hardly even of a nodding nature, so he decided to make a guess at the contents of the ore from the Payne.

"It goes 34 ounces in silver," he reported. Ore of that character could not be profitably extracted even to-day, and in the early 'nineties nobody would look at it for a minute.

Carpenter was flabbergasted, but only for a moment. Then he not only brightened up, but he gave vent to a flood of language that was more forcible than elegant.

"I don't believe the blankety blank idiot knows the first blank blank thing about assaying," he remarked to Seaton. "Let's run the (some more blanks) out of the camp."

Seaton was generally open for all the fun that was going, but that morning his head was a trifle heavy.

"Aw, let the chap alone and try another man," was his brief and business-like comment.

So they went to the man they should have visited first of all, Charley Stalberg, a real assayer. He told them the ore went 150 ounces of silver to the ton, with a large percentage of lead. Silver in 1891 was 96 cents an ounce, almost twice the price of to-day. The samples showed Carpenter and Seaton that they had a bonanza.

Strange to say, from that moment they grew to disbelieve in the mine. They seemed unable to fathom their good fortune. The very fact that Stalberg had proved their own theory that the ore was several times

as rich as "Yankee Bill" guessed it to be seemed only to add to their distrust of the property.

They went back to the mine, looked over the ground, found out the mistake they had made in locating the second claim, and also that they were too late to rectify it, others having secured the ground. Still they had the Payne, the very centre of the rich zone, and they proceeded to strip the vein. It grew richer, but that had no effect on the two pessimists.

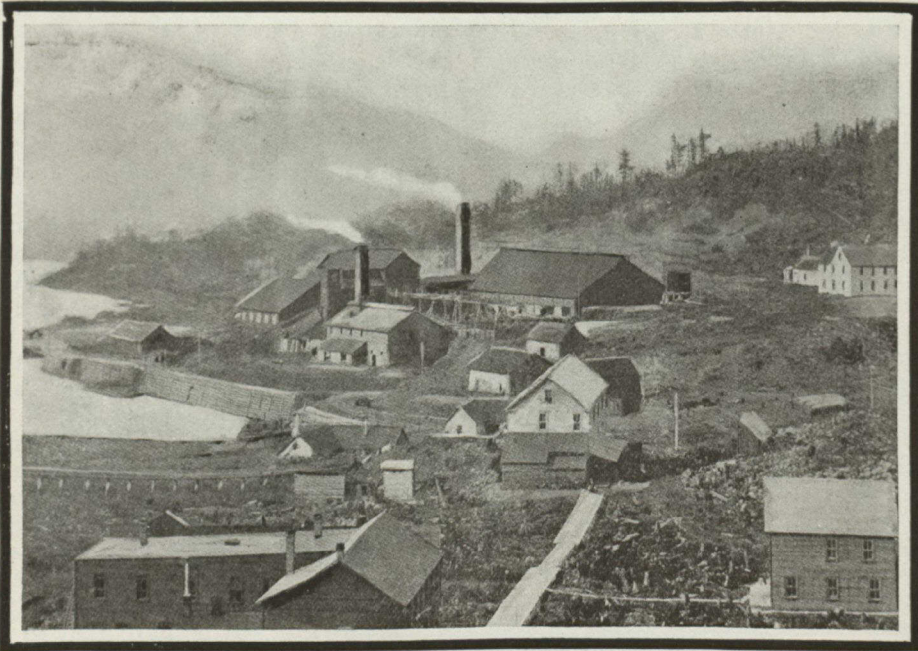
"The vein is bound to pinch out," they said to one another. "It is too rich; it can't possibly last."

They unburdened themselves of part of their unbelief to Steve Bailey, reputed to be one of the smartest mining men in the country. With delight he heard their "beefing."

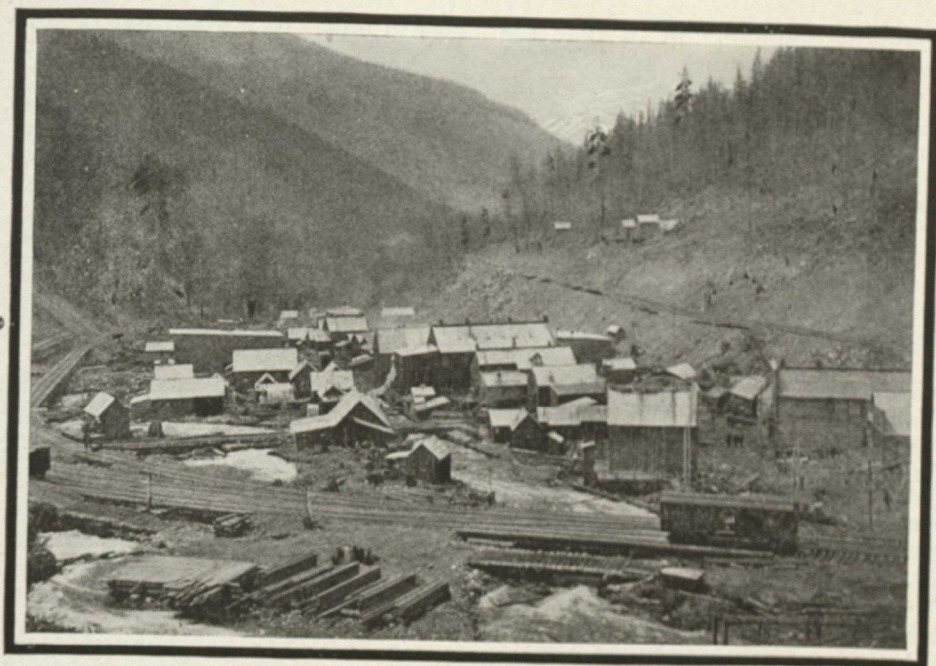
"I'll give you \$1,000 apiece for the Payne," he said.

They jumped at the offer, and went to Spokane to blow in the money.

In the saloons along Riverside in the American town, which practi-



PILOT BAY SMELTER, KOOTENAY LAKE, THE FIRST OF ITS KIND ERECTED IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



SANDON IN 1896

cally owes its rise to British Columbia. Carpenter and Seaton told the loungers with great glee how they "had roped in that smart man Bailey."

"Confidentially, there's nothing in the Slocan," they used to repeat over their fiery Bourbon. "The Payne, bah, it'll pinch out in no time."

While they were sluicing their throats the Slocan was the goal of the most spectacular rush that had taken place in British Columbia since the famous stampede to the Cariboo gold fields. News of the discovery on Payne Mountain spread in that swift mysterious way characteristic of great western finds. There were no telegraph wires to hum the information to distant parts, no wireless instruments caught the great intelligence, but it travelled on the wings of the wind.

All the camps along Kootenay Lake were swiftly deserted in favour of the new field. Within a few days of the time Eli Carpenter flung his bag of samples on the bar, prospec-

tors on the craggy peaks around where Rossland and Nelson now stand, had heard of the silvery Slocan. They left the golden-ribbed hills and hurried to join the army of silver hunters. Even the searchers in the placers of the Similkameen and East Kootenay rolled up their blankets, packed their bacon and beans and trekked over the divide to the new fascination, while Spokane let loose its hundreds of adventurers and a fair proportion of its riffraff, who swarmed toward Payne Mountain to take money off the miners. Where a camp is, there also are the parasites.

The rush worked a transformation. Kaslo, a virgin peninsula on Kootenay Lake one day, became a city of tents the next. All sorts of queer edifices straggled over the flat on the lake and a remarkable collection of men carried water from the shallow river which ran noisily over the boulders.

Farther inland, high above sea level and at the foot of snow-capped

mountains, Sandon, for a time the most famous mining town in the West, came into being in a single night. From that hour to this the sound of the poker chips has never been stilled in the little town that lies in a gulch where the mountains of silver almost meet overhead.

Some of the glory attaching to the opening up of the land of silver must be credited, of course, to Steve Bailey. He had no idea, when he secured the Payne for \$2,000, that he was paving the way to more fame than falls to the average American who comes to Canada to make his fortune. His sole hope was that he had found the silver road to get-rich-quick. He did, and he stands out to-day as the man who dared and won.

Contemporary publicists, the men who, in the crude and oft-times intensely personal and always original newspapers of the early days, recorded fleeting and bizarre impressions of the camp, were not very kind to him. They said that though he was not "roped in" by Carpenter and Seaton, yet he "gouged on the surface of the Payne and took out thousands." To gouge is not a criminal offence, nor even a vice, but it is not a habit to be encouraged. It comes natural to certain kinds of men who, not fortunate enough to possess much capital, want to extract wealth too quickly from the ground and spend it too rapidly in cities. While living laborious lives in the mountains, the thoughts of these men are for much of the time concentrated upon cities with their great white ways, their music, restaurants, and their fair women.

Many a man in the Sloean sold out more cheaply than he would have done had not Spokane called to him. The City of the Falls was the only one in those days for the mining men of Kootenay. It was wide open, and the lid was higher even than the top-most peaks of the Sloean.

But Bailey was not particularly a city man and chorus girls did not ap-

peal to him. He worked the Payne feverishly, not because he wanted to lavish jewels on any Spokane beauty but for the reason that it delighted him to see how much it could produce. He took little thought of the morrow for the Payne. After the mine on the ridge had yielded him a fairly comfortable fortune he took in partners, A. W. McCune, Scott Macdonald, Hoge and Sargent. The partners also took out their thousands. But they did more; they took the Payne to be a real mine. Under Steve Bailey it was really nothing but a very promising prospect.

Energy marked the operations of the new syndicate. They continued for several hundred feet the tunnel from which Bailey had taken out most of his riches. They found ore nearly all the distance, having what learned mining men call a quartz *gangue*, but with a maximum in width in parts of solid high-grade galena of three feet. Substantial mine buildings were erected at the tunnel mouth while on the Maid of Erin, to the south, a tunnel lower down was extended into the Payne claim. To the north of the latter, on the Mountain Chief, tunnels were also run in on the vein, and ore stoped out to the grass roots. The ore in those early days was so clean that a concentrator was unnecessary. The average net value of all the ore sold in the first few years was over \$100 a ton. Some of it was far richer.

After the mine had yielded over half a million dollars Steve Bailey became imbued with a distrust of it. Its richness had astonished him, but he seems to have felt that it could not last long. He had the same opinion that Carpenter and Seaton possessed in the first days. He sought to sell his interests and, after litigation, his partners bought him out for \$100,000. The price shows how low in his estimation the Payne had sunk. William McAdams, the early historian of the Sandon district, says:

"Steve pocketed the price and

chuckled; did what Carpenter and Seaton did, quietly told his friends that he had got more for the mine than it could ever be worth."

But Steve Bailey was as far wrong as the two prospectors who first threw away the property. The new owners mined. In the three years of their proprietorship they took out as much ore as all the other Slocan mines combined. They paid themselves \$1,000,000 in profits.

Then history repeated itself. Having made a fortune they became inoculated with the virus which, sooner or later, had touched all who handled the Payne. Its wealth almost alarmed them. They feared it would suddenly depart. Having risen from comparative poverty to affluence they dreaded the chances of mining, which might reduce them to almost the old level.

They determined to "cinch their future." Being shrewd Americans, they followed the instincts of most mining operators from across the border; they did what those other

Americans, Carpenter and Seaton and Steve Bailey had done before them—they unloaded.

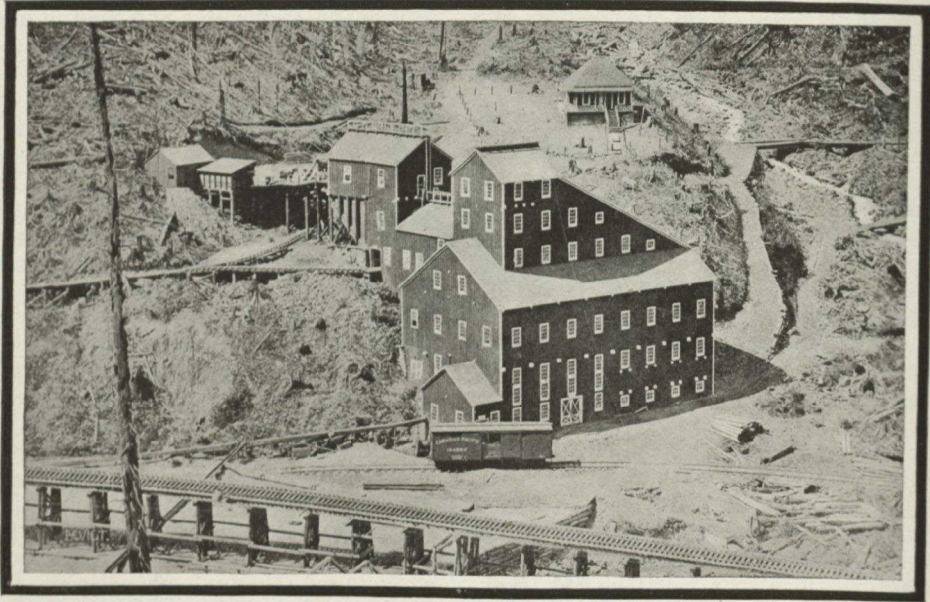
And, naturally, they unloaded on Canadians. The history of most big mines in the Kootenay, with one notable exception, contains a similar chapter—Americans got in on the ground floor and, in due season unloaded, either upon Canadians or Englishmen.

This time the price of the Payne was \$2,500,000. And the purchasers were citizens of Montreal who had never seen a mine! Scott Macdonald, McCune, Hoge and Sargeant shook hands with themselves. They appeared to believe, as their predecessors had done, that they had got more for the mine than it could ever be worth.

With the advent of the Canadians a gradual change came over the fortunes of the Payne. In the course of time the squawks of the croakers became justified. But the mine was not entirely to blame. It still held stores of wealth. The great bonanza



FIRST SLOCAN STAR CONCENTRATOR



IVANHOE CONCENTRATING MILL AT SANDON, BRITISH COLUMBIA

was sacrificed on the altar of gamblers in stocks and of strikers. The men who play with stock certificates and those who deal in the brawn of miners' arms, helped to reduce the magnificence of this mountain mining king. A stock gambling raid, engineered in Montreal and Toronto, combined with the eight-hour law strike, directed from the American side, served to make of the Payne a mere mimic of its former grandeur.

The Montreal company which secured the property stocked it for \$4,000,000. For a time all was as rosy as in the condition of the most promising mine in Gowganda to-day. The shares went to a premium. With the War Eagle and Centre Star stocks industriously boosted by Toronto parties, the Payne formed a mining triumvirate which moved men almost to madness.

Usually sedate and sage people of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec became afflicted with a mania to gamble in the shares of the three mines. A sudden collapse in silver and lead values, followed by a strike

in the Kootenay over the eight-hour law, brought the price of stocks down with a crash. Many Easterners who had hoped to get rich quick saw their fortunes engulfed and the Payne received a black eye from which it has not yet recovered.

Stock which has sold at over one dollar a share went begging in Toronto and Montreal at eight cents. Nobody would touch it. In an attempt to retrieve lost fortunes the Montreal Company put in a new management at the mine in Slocan. The auspices seemed fortunate for the new broom. Men had begun to cry that the Payne was indeed worked out, that the prophecies of the former owners had come true. The new management struck a vein, parallel to the former rich one, which had not hitherto been known to exist. The vein was a true fissure. Assays of 165 ounces of silver to the ton were obtained from early samples.

Word went out that the Payne had been born over again. Toronto and Montreal, once bit, were twice shy. However there was some dealing in



the stock on the exchanges and it was soon dancing around the twenty cents mark. Details of the new vein running only ninety feet away from the bonanza ledge, served to kindle some enthusiasm and the stock began slowly to climb back to its old position.

"The Payne is not worked out; it has secured a new lease of life," was the news that brought joy in both West and East. "The days of dividends will soon return," said the overconfident. In addition to the new find of silver-lead ore the Payne was able to dispose of a large quantity of zinc ore. This, in the old days had been considered a detriment and was thrown on the dump. American zinc smelters created a demand for the ore and the Payne mill was soon running day and night, turning out carloads of high-grade zinc for the smelter at Iola.

Unluckily the demand for zinc fell off as suddenly as it arose and conditions in the silver-lead industry went from bad to worse in the Kootenay. Payne stock tumbled again. Soon the mill was silent and the sound of the air compressors was no longer heard in the bowels of the mountain.

Following the labour troubles the leasing system was imported into the British Columbia mining country from the American side. The Payne naturally attracted men willing to "take a gamble at it." The upper and lower parts of the property were leased to different parties for a while, with fair success. Then a man named Walter Smith leased the whole property for three years.

The arrangement pleased the Slocan miners, as Smith employed more men than had worked in the property for a number of years. He did not have much luck. During his tenure the affairs of the Montreal Company reached such an unhappy state that the mine, which had made millions for some and had caused others to lose their all, went under the hammer. It was put up at auction in Montreal and was knocked down for the paltry

sum of \$50,000. At such disgrace Payne Mountain "stood like an extinct volcano in his mood, silent, and savage, and sad."

Great indeed was the fall of the big mine which in the twelve years of its activity shipped more than 50,000 tons of silver-lead ore representing, according to the figures furnished by Manager A. C. Garde to the British Columbia Bureau of Mines, a gross value of nearly \$4,000,000. The average value per ton for this period was \$73.30. The dividends paid amounted to \$1,438,000.

The shutting down of the important property was considered as a most fortunate occurrence all over British Columbia. Mr. William Fleet Robertson, the accomplished Provincial Mineralogist, spoke of it as a distinct misfortune to the mining industry of the Slocan and he had no hesitation in boldly and publicly announcing that "the mine, as it stands at present, is another victim of that short-sighted policy of gouging out all available ore, and neglecting the proper development, in advance, of further bodies of ore."

Gouging has been a curse to British Columbia, as to other parts of Canada, but it doesn't come within the criminal code and no doubt will last as long as there are mines to wreck.

Almost as interesting as the story of the Payne is that of the equally well known Slocan Star, which has paid in dividends \$600,000 and has, like the Payne, produced its millions. Litigation over "extra liberal" rights, which lasted for several years and was only recently brought to a conclusion, kept the company from anything but development operations. The history of this suit is so involved that it must be left for another time. As an indication of the greatness of the property it can be stated that in the thirteen years prior to the litigation the Slocan Star shipped 32,453 tons of ore, which carried 2,673,248 ounces of silver and 18,549 tons of lead.

Possessing the largest shute of high-

grade ore in the Slocan, the Star is what its name implies, the best mine in the great district. And that is saying a great deal for, in an area fifteen by twenty-five miles, there were discovered in the early days vein after vein of ore running all the way from \$100 to \$400 a ton. The cost of mining and freight and treatment charges were so high in the early 'nineties that a property that did not yield over \$100 a ton was hardly worth bothering about. Of course the expenses declined when ample transportation was afforded and smelters were erected on the Canadian side of the line.

The Slocan Star, the largest silver-lead mine so far developed in the West, was found on October 17th, 1891, by one of the present owners, Mr. Bruce White, an American from Milwaukee. He, with other prospectors, following up Sandon Creek, discovered in the bed of the stream, a mile above its junction with the South Fork of Carpenter Creek (the site of Sandon) a vein thirteen feet wide, which looked good to him. Men learned in mineralogy subsequently stated that the vein was of quartz and spathic iron, interspersed with galena, zinc blend and angular pieces of the slate country rock.

Prospecting to the west in a dense forest of heavy timber, along the strike of the vein, at about 800 feet, White found a large exposure of the outcroppings of the big ore chute and here he staked the Slocan Star claim. The Slocan King, the Silversmith and other claims were also located along the trend of the vein for several thousand feet. The Byron N. White Company was formed to develop the ore body, most of the capital being supplied by Byron N. White and Angus Smith of Milwaukee.

The company met with such success that it never had to make hysterical appeals for capital, such as so often mar the beginnings of many mining concerns, both in the East and West. It never had to use up pages of Toronto and Vancouver daily news-

papers in frantic beseechings to the public to "get in on the ground floor." In fact the Byron N. White Company is what is known as a "close corporation," ninety-five per cent. of its stock being held by three Americans. Its capital is \$500,000 and the dividends paid have exceeded that sum. They would have been well past the million by now had the unfortunate lawsuit not been started by the owners of the Rabbit Paw, an adjoining claim.

The suit having been disposed of in favour of the Slocan Star, we may now look for a resumption of activity around Sandon. But the good old days of feverish activity need not be expected to return. There is not likely to be a repetition of the excitement of the early 'nineties, when it was a dull week that brought forth no big find, and when adventurous men, scaling the summits of the high, precipitous mountains, found fortune-producing veins of high-grade ore right on the peaks.

In addition to the Payne and the Slocan Star mines were opened up, which, for a time, gave great rewards to those who developed them. Take the Reco for example, which lined the pockets of John M. Harris. A poor man when he went into the Slocan, Harris amassed considerable wealth, although he diverted no small amount of it to the pockets of lawyers and mining experts when he started the extraordinary legal battle with the Byron White Company over the latter's apex rights.

Harris located the Reucau claim, which the miners insisted on pronouncing Reco. It, with others, was subsequently taken over by the Reco Mining and Milling Company, of which he was president and manager. Across the group ran two distinct veins of such exceeding richness that the returns obtained enabled Harris to develop the group and purchase other claims. The galena ore mined from one small vein yielded several shipments which gave a net return

of 340 ounces of good ore to the ton.

Another famous mine was the Goodenough, so called because the man who located it remarked when he picked up some of the rich ore from the surface: "This is good enough for me." Smelter returns from carload lots gave from 277 to 507 ounces of silver per ton and 48 to 67% lead for galena ore, and 169.5 to 322.5 ounces of silver per ton and 2 to 34% lead for carbonate ores, while one lot of seven tons assayed 768 ounces silver per ton and 64% lead.

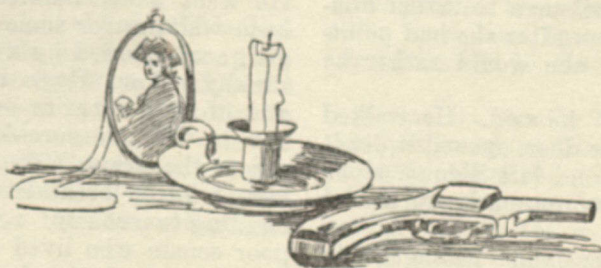
The Last Chance, the Wonderful, the Ruth, the Monitor, the Best and other claims all yielded phenomenally for a time. A number of the mines, such as the Slocan Star, the Reco, the Ivanhoe and others are still being successfully worked, with every indication of continuing to produce for some time to come. Others, however, having been "gutted" to pay dividends, have collapsed, their ownership has changed, and they are lying idle.

No mention of the Silvery Slocan is complete without mention of the Noble Five group. Five men who went into the Slocan at the first rush were known as "the Noble Five." They included Tom and Jack McGuigan, Joe and Jim Hennessy and another man. They located the Noble Five group for 5,000 feet along the course of one vein. They did

fairly well with it, but after it was disposed of to a Spokane company a hoodoo seemed to attach to it and remained firmly glued to it when James Dunsmuir, the coal baron of British Columbia, was induced to take an interest in the property.

Of the original "Noble Five" prospectors, Tom McGuigan was the only one to make anything like a pile from mining.

The annals of the Slocan are full of accounts of curious ways in which men tumbled on to fortune and of how many other failed to avail themselves of the full extent of their find or else squandered their money. One of the most remarkable of these finds was the discovery in the spring of 1892 of the famous big boulder. Two prospectors looking for a tent pole came across a huge mass of rock, higher than either and immensely rich. They thought they had stumbled on the outcrop of a mine and immediately staked a claim. Subsequent developments proved, however, that the mass of silver-lead ore had become detached and rolled from the Slocan Star vein further up the mountain. A mining speculator offered the two men \$2,000 for the chunk of galena as it stood. They accepted, and the speculator cleared \$18,000, for the big boulder proved to contain over \$20,000 in silver and lead. It weighed 125 tons.



# LOVE'S RECOMPENSE

BY MARIAN BOWER

"I AM sorry, Mr. Merricourt you should have made this mistake, but I cannot marry you," announced Sidonie Trevelyan as she stood up straight before a tall man whose face went white as he heard the decision. Less than a year ago, when the doors of such houses as still made some pretence to exclusiveness did not fly open to the rich heiress as readily as they did now, she had led him to think that he might ask much from her.

Roger Merricourt looked for a moment at the tall, beautiful woman in a wonderful gown, with a wealth of golden hair and a skin of creamy whiteness, as if he had received a blow, that for the time being had half knocked the sense out of him.

"You mean that you do not care for me," he ground out dully.

"I am not made for a quiet life," Miss Trevelyan evaded. "We should not be happy together. Believe me, it will be better for you to go away and forget me."

Merricourt bowed. He was too much of a gentleman to thrust himself on a woman after she had pointedly told him she would rather be without him.

"Good-bye," he said. He walked abruptly to the door, opened it, let it close on him, and left Sidonie alone in the great sumptuously furnished room.

Sidonie Trevelyan belonged to mixed races. Her mother was a Frenchwoman, her father a Cornish miner, who going out to America,

made a fortune that far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. Then he married only to find that his wife asked for dollars from him, his absence, and liberty to go her own way in Paris and New York. Sidonie was the only child of this ill-assorted marriage.

Now as she saw Merricourt leave her she made a gesture full of impatience and anger, and flung a question into the empty room.

"Why," she demanded, "could not Roger be Earl of Inneston instead of that stupid cousin of his?"

It was the one brief, feeble struggle of womanliness within her. The next instant Sidonie was cold, capable, calculating. She moved to her writing-table. She sat down brusquely, took up her pen, filled in a card of invitation to dinner, and addressed it to Lord Inneston.

Meantime Roger Merricourt was walking away from Belgrave Square towards the greenness and shade of the park. He left the Row sharply aside, and plunged into a by-path. He went along hurriedly, and had been walking for some time when a girl, accompanied by a maid, looked timidly at him. Roger raised his hat, and to his surprise—and certainly not to his pleasure—the girl cut across the grass. She stood before him, a little breathless, her hands twisting nervously. She was the poor cousin who lived with Sidonie. Old John had sent for his younger brother when he prospered and offered him a small share in his own busi-

ness, but that sober concern was too tame for William; he took to roving, to looking for gold and silver, and petroleum. Hitherto—for he still lived—Mary's father had not prospered, and when his sister-in-law had curtly sent for Mary, because Sidonie fancied having a girl with her, he had been glad to let her go, and Mary had seen the advantage of eating the bread of dependence as compared with the life of an under teacher in a New York school.

Merricourt remembered the little he knew about this as he looked down at the girl who was so like Sidonie and who yet lacked the rich Miss Trevelyan's brilliance and a certain French finish.

"Mary," Sidonia once said, "is nature's rough sketch for me."

Now as Roger stood before this plainer edition of the woman whom he still believed he loved, he merely wished that she would let him pass on.

But Mary had something to say.

"Sidonie has seemed unkind to you, I know," she began, and her voice was so like her cousin's that it might have been Sidonie herself speaking, "but don't you see? she wants the man she marries to be someone. I think I am sure that is it. It is in our blood—in Sidonie's, I mean, to value achievement. She must respect a man before she can give herself to him. She must be able to look up to him and then——"

"And then?" echoed Roger.

"She would love to find herself the lesser, the weaker."

The man looked ahead as if he had not heard this exceedingly plain speaking. His eyes were fixed on the trees just moving in the light breeze, and on the shimmering patches of water. Already his glance was less sombre, his mind less dejected. Mary's version took the sting from his rejection.

"I thank you," Roger said at length as he looked down at the face in which the eyes were gray, not blue,

the hair soft brown, and not golden. "But are you sure?"

"I am," answered Mary, judging Sidonie by herself, "for I am sure she loves you."

Roger wheeled about. He began to walk back to where the city throbbed, to the hive where men worked, and then as he hastened he asked himself not what should he do, but what could he do?

He was appalled by his own uselessness. He began to go more slowly. At the corner of Bond Street a stream of vehicles stopped him, and as he waited to cross a poster caught his eyes. Mechanically he read it. There were blue letters on a white ground. "Heavy fighting round Tangier," he read. "Splendid charge of the Second Foreign Legion." What other announcements filled up the space he neither knew nor cared. This stolid lettering had solved his problem. He looked at his watch. It was a little after six. He walked to Charing Cross, and asked what time the night service for Calais started. He went to his room, packed a bag of simple necessities, and then sat down and wrote a short note.

"Sidonie," it ran, "I am leaving England to offer my services to the legion fighting in Morocco. If I come back I trust it will be to convince you that I am a man, not a loiterer. If I fall, you will at least recognise that I was endeavouring to prove to you that I had the right to ask you to marry me."

The letter was handed to Miss Trevelyan at the same time as another from Lord Inneaton accepting her invitation to dine.

It was six months later. London was just emerging from a day of fog. Already, where the yellow cloud had lifted, the sky was flushed rosy and golden; but to the woman hurrying along in the coldness as fast as she could be driven, neither the night nor the hour, nor yet the circumstance that she was alone, save for a middle-

aged maid, who sat with disapproval imprinted on every line of her sour features, had any weight. All her world lay in the telegram that was crushed between her fingers.

That morning a poster had enlightened her, as another had enlightened Roger Merricourt. Again this one told of fighting, of the splendid heroism of the foreign legion, of their decimation.

Trembling so that her knees knocked under her, the girl hurried back to her aunt's house and laid the sheet before Sidonie. The blue eyes read the announcement as the gray eyes had previously done, and for a moment there had been a flutter in the regular breathing, a deeper whiteness of the skin, and then Miss Trevelyan looked up, laughing harshly.

"What is this to me, Mary?" she inquired.

Mary rose and faced her cousin.

"Roger Merricourt is with that legion," she said.

Sidonie's eyes narrowed. She looked at Mary as if she suddenly hated her, and then she answered with a piece of news.

"Lord Inneston has just left me," she said. "I have promised to marry him."

Mary heard; she spoke no word. She waited a moment as if she expected Sidonie to take back her words, and then, when she saw that the announcement was correct, she turned about and went out of the room. She walked upstairs, not into the attic that had sheltered her months ago, but into what had been a guest's room. She pushed open the door. "Walters," she called, and a woman, who was evidently a maid, came forward. Two months ago the under housemaid had "hooked up Mary behind," but that was before William Trevelyan, Mary's father, had realised the ambition of a lifetime, and had come upon a gold mine which he sold to a syndicate for a great price, and then, remembering

his daughter, had settled a large sum on her.

And, perhaps, Mary, who had known poverty, never valued her riches as she did at that moment, when she announced that she was leaving England that night for the South of France.

Mary Trevelyan only stayed in Paris to make inquiries, and then, taking the night express again, she hurried on to Marseilles, and at Marseilles learned that which gave her the hardest part of her task, for she had to sit still and wait.

At length news came to her. The wounded in the recent affair—it was more brilliant even than had at first been supposed—had been put on boats, and were to be disembarked at Marseilles to be nursed back to life in a villa which a patriotic Frenchman had lent to the legion for a hospital.

So, day by day, Mary counted the hours, or sat and looked over the glorious bay, or harassed officials with questions until there came an hour when the girl, entirely alone, presented herself before the doctor in charge at the Villa Belle Vue.

The little Frenchman, with his clipped, black beard, and his sharp, twinkling eye, heard the young Englishwoman's request, noted a certain costliness of her attire, noted, too, the great earnestness on the face that was beautiful in its quivering emotion, and with a wealth of protestation, but still in a firm voice, assured her that what she asked was impossible.

Mary Trevelyan did not immediately combat his decision.

"You say that the Sergeant Merricourt is a dangerous case?" she asked.

"I regret but yes, mademoiselle."

"He is injured over the right eye?"

"There," returned the surgeon, "and elsewhere."

"Then his eyes are bandaged. He cannot see."

"You have said it, mademoiselle. He cannot see."

Mary rose. She went up to the Frenchman. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Monsieur," she besought, "I am rich, but I have been poor. I, knowing all that it means to have no money, would go back to penury if it would spare this man one pang. Now, can you refuse to let me help to nurse him?"

The doctor hesitated. He had been in charge of wounded from the legion before, so experience had taught him to expect a romance with every second case, just as it had shown him that class was no barrier to love and the finest devotion. He had encountered mothers, sisters, cousins, tears, anger and expostulation, and he had battled with them all so successfully that the discipline of his wards was in no way impaired.

But there was something about the English girl before him that, without her speaking again, seemed to paralyze his will, and to undermine his resolution. He muttered under his beard at his own weakness, and then, with that movement of the shoulders by which a Frenchman shifts responsibility from himself to fate, he held open the door.

Mary understood.

"Monsieur," she whispered, "I shall always be grateful."

Doctor Chevasse bowed low.

"What a woman wills God wills," he replied, but whether in justification of his surrender, or because cynicism is a cheap cloak for emotion he himself did not quite know.

Mary followed him down the white rooms, along the foot of a row of cots, each with its bandaged occupant, into another room, past more wounded, until at length the surgeon stopped before another door, opened it, and let Miss Trevelyan see that it led into a tiny little space hardly bigger than a large closet and lighted by a single window, which was carefully darkened.

"In there," he said softly.

Mary Trevelyan stepped within, and the man who lay on his back, all his head to the mouth covered with bandages, with a knife wound in his leg, and with more than one bullet hole in his body, must have heard the rustle of her skirts, for he moved his head as if he would see, and then murmured "Sidonie."

Mary heard her cousin's name. She stood upright, but just inside the room.

"Sidonie," came the weak, weary voice, "Sidonie!"

Mary's face worked as if a sudden pain had stricken her. She turned quickly as if she must go, and then, flinging her head back, her eyes dilated, and as quickly she wheeled again and stepped up close by the injured man.

"Yes," she murmured, only wishful to help Roger Merricourt, and without a thought to the complications that might ensue; "it is I."

"Sidonie," repeated the wounded man, and he stretched out his left hand, the only member whose movements he could command.

Mary Trevelyan took it. Roger sighed contentedly, and then, so weak, so ill was he, that he fell asleep, still holding, not Sidonie's hand, but Mary's.

So began a deception that Mary entered upon in an impulse of pity, and each day made her avowal of the part she was playing more difficult, for Roger Merricourt's condition grew worse, not better. Not that there was the fear of death. That had been fought and conquered. But there was more than a chance of blindness for the man who was so alive, so alert, who had proved himself such a splendid soldier, since inflammation had set in in the eye with the wound above it, and the other might be attacked at any moment.

With this horror before him, with his thin hands groping out over the coverlet, and his voice whispering "Sidonie," how could Mary unde-

ceive him? And then an idea came to her. If the worst came to the worst, if it were to be always night with the man she loved, need Roger ever know? Mary Trevelyan sat down before that thought, hugged it to her, let it warm her heart.

She was seated thinking of this very thing one afternoon in the little salon of the house that she had taken to be close to the Villa Belle Vue. Roger's improved bodily condition, though both he and the doctor still refused to think of removing the bandages from his face, was giving point to her thoughts, when she heard a carriage drive up to the gate in the garden wall. Mary lifted her head apprehensively. Vehicles up the little lane were few; besides, she had always dreaded the possibility of her aunt's following her. She watched the stout little French "bonne" waddle down the path, bordered with heliotrope and violets, and she saw her open the gate with the great mimosa tree casting down yellow snow about it, but when she saw who was admitted she was more than amazed, she was overwhelmed, for the visitor was Sidonie.

The cousins were silent until they were alone in the little stiff salon, and then Sidonie began in that superior tone which she had not yet unlearned when she spoke to Mary.

"Where is Roger?" she demanded. "I want to see him. Take me to him."

She stood up in her vehemence. Mary rose too. The cousins stood facing each other. Mary looked at the imperious face before her, and noted a certain glitter in the blue eyes, a twitch about the upper lip.

"You said Roger Merricourt was nothing to you," she answered. "Where is Lord Inneston?"

Sidonie drew in a sharp breath as if she were relieved, not troubled, by this plain speaking.

"I want to see Roger," she persisted. "I found that after all I loved him."

Mary heard the announcement and stood dumb before it. Sidonie watched her cousin, and marked the trouble in Mary's eyes, the quivering of the lips, the sudden redness of the cheeks.

"Mr. Merricourt cannot see," Mary began. "It is possible that he may never be able to see again."

Sidonie stepped up to the speaker and put a heavy hand on her shoulder.

"And you have been passing yourself off as me," she cried, guided by the shrewdness which she had inherited from old John.

"Yes," confessed Mary.

Miss Trevelyan sat down and laughed in her satisfaction. Metaphorically speaking, she had rolled up her rival.

"Thank you, my dear," she went on. "You have done me such a good turn that I can afford to look over your deception. You have taken my place until I could get here myself. But now I will go to Roger, who wants Sidonie, not Mary. You must see for yourself that the only thing you can do is to leave at once."

Mary heard. She had no word to say, no protest to make. Roger had never wanted her, he wanted Sidonie. She must stand aside. That Sidonie would never, could never, love Roger as she loved him mattered not at all. The whole thing was summed up in that one sentence of Sidonie's—  
"Roger wants Sidonie, not Mary."

She bowed her head. She walked out of the room into the garden. There were flowers there that she had meant to cut for Roger, there were scents in the air that recalled the darkened room in the Villa Belle Vue. She could not stay in the garden. She let herself out by the door and began to hurry down the sandy road.

Soon she left the little group of villas, with their creeper-covered walls and the invariable green sunshutters behind, and came to a point where the lane joined the high road.



She turned on to the great highway which leads from Marseilles right down to Mentone. Before her was the stretch of white, winding like a ribbon over hill and dale; to the right of her was the blue sea lapping its tideless waves against the most perfect coast-line in Europe. But for the moment Mary had no time, no eyes, for Nature. All her attention was concentrated on Sidonie's unexpected move. It had left her forlorn, discredited, nothing, to one. She was thinking these bitter thoughts, she was telling herself how heavily she was punished for her deceit, when a motor, travelling quickly towards her, slackened speed, and a goggled figure leaned out and inquired the distance to the town of Marseilles. Mary answered in English, her questioner so obviously spoke that language; and while he thanked her, the man beside him pulled out his road map to check the car's exact position with some one who could speak as he spoke. As the glazed sheet was out-spread a page of newspaper fluttered out of the cover, was caught by a gust of that light breeze which springs up every night from over the sea, and the paper went scudding away from the car.

Mary looked after it.

"It is nothing," the man who had first addressed her answered, "only a piece of a Paris paper and a week old at least."

He lifted his cap. Mary told him a little more about his way, he set the car going, and then she stood still to let the dust settle. But as she waited for the fluffy, drab cloud to disperse, the wind puffed back along the road, caught the sheet of newspaper, and flapped it up against her skirts. Mary poked it down with the tip of her sunshade, but the paper or the wind resisted. The sheet rattled against her again, and that forced her to look at it and give it her attention. She pierced it again with her sunshade, doubled over one corner to give it more substance, and

then, as her glance caught a large headline a long, low moan came from between her lips.

With a white face, with starting eyes, heedless of dust, or dirt, she picked up the fragment and held it with both hands. Aloud—she was so dismayed—she read what she found printed there, and these were the words that she spoke out to the blue sky, to the still bluer sea:

"Sudden death of the Earl of Inneston. Fatal motor accident."

She stayed but a moment alone there in the middle of the road with her discovery, and then she turned about. Armed with this paper, that told her all Sidonie's baseness, all Sidonie's self-seeking, she would confront her cousin.

She hastened back. She almost ran up the garden, and saw Sidonie in a garden seat.

"Come with me!" commanded Mary.

She pushed Sidonie before her, and once in the salon turned contemptuously on the cousin whom for years she had regarded as such a superior being.

"I know why you came," she began breathlessly. "It is not that you love Roger, it is not that your heart has overcome your selfishness, it is because he is Lord Inneston now!"

The elder Miss Trevelyan looked at the flushed face confronting her. She was not ashamed, she was not abashed. It would have been more convenient had Mary remained in ignorance a little longer—that was the extent of her perturbation.

"Yes," she admitted, "Francis is dead. It was just like him to get himself killed. I never saw anyone so gauche. I was wise not to allow our engagement to be made public, and now——"

Mary stopped the cool voice with a magnificent gesture.

"You shall not deceive Roger," she cried out.

"Are you alone to do that?" put in Sidonie.

"You shall not let him think you love him," Mary went on.

"Who is 'to stop me?" asked the elder Miss Trevelyan.

"I will!" Mary averred.

"How?"

"I will go to him—I will tell him."

"What?" thrust in Sidonie, "that though he wants to marry Sidonie, Mary wants to marry him, and is so destitute of womanliness that she does not mind proclaiming her love to the man who would have none of it!"

The bitter taunt brought the blood to the girl's cheeks, but she never wavered.

"I must risk that," she returned. "If Roger thinks lightly of me I deserve it, for I have deceived him."

She turned about before Sidonie could say another word and passed through the French windows. She hastened across the little strip of field, all furrowed for the jasmine plants that later were to make scent, and hurried up to the villa. On the doorstep she met Doctor Chevasse.

"Monsieur le docteur," she cried out, a catch in her voice, "I need your help. Let me see Mr. Merricourt at once."

The doctor, with a new softness taking the place of the professional reserve to which he generally treated the English girl, perhaps because he admired her so much, for the Gaul when he is a gentleman is well bred to the finger tips, beckoned her to follow him into the little room where he took his meals—when he had time for them.

"Have you seen my cousin—another Miss Trevelyan—monsieur?" Mary began.

"The lady has been here."

"Then you know?"

"What I was told, mademoiselle," the little man answered

"And it is true!" Mary blurted out. "Every word of it is true. No one could have been more wicked than I have been. Let me tell you my tale, and then you will see if

there is any excuse for me. Roger Merricourt loved my cousin, and she sent him away. I loved him always, and he never gave me a thought. Later we heard that he was wounded, and—and my cousin stayed in London. I came—for I am rich now. I can go where I please. I did not mean to deceive—not when I came here. But Roger wanted Sidonie, and he could not see. I drifted into impersonating her, for it made him happy. Now——"

"Now?" echoed Doctor Chevasse.

"Roger Merricourt will never want to see me again."

The doctor waited a moment, looked at the pale face, looked out of the window on to the garden, which was ablaze with flowers and a riot of colour.

He sighed, this dry man of science and learning, and then he brought his eyes back.

"On the contrary, mademoiselle," he assured the woman who stood up before him as a prisoner stands before a judge, "my patient has asked me to bring you in as soon as you came."

"To bring me in!" the girl repeated. "Then he wants to see me?"

"He wants to see you."

"When he knows?"

"When he knows."

Mary Trevelyan looked at the little man, who she instinctively felt to be her friend.

"What have you done?" she cried out.

"Very little, mademoiselle."

"But——"

The doctor refused to be questioned. Just as he had done the first day when she came to him, he led the way to the darkened room. Mary followed, and as she went she looked from side to side. She was saying a mute "good-bye" to the white-washed wards, to the racks above the cots, to the men who—some recovering, some fading out of life—had grown to look for her coming and to wait for her cheery smile.

She passed in. The door closed behind her. The wounded man was sitting up, his face turned her way, and, to her surprise, she saw that one eye—the good eye—was without its bandage.

At least one thing was spared her. She need not tell Roger that she was Mary, not Sidonie, since he could see it for himself.

She stood stiff, upright, her face pale, her lips trembling.

The wounded man held out his hand.

"Then," gasped Mary, "you don't mean—you will——"

She stopped. Roger laughed gaily, happily even. The girl heard the sound, its joyousness, its amusement, and was bewildered by it.

"Come here," began Roger imperiously. "Do you think that when your cousin came to see me in your place to-day I do not feel the difference? or that, when she began to explain things, she told me anything that I did not know? You are a bad schemer, Mary. You forgot essential details. You forgot, for instance, to square the doctor. Weeks ago I alluded to your golden hair, and he put me right on that point. The woman who was nursing me, he said, had brown hair. Very beautiful brown hair, he evidently thought it. That set me thinking. I found things in you—shades, qualities, opinions—that I never remembered to have known in Sidonie. The one thing that puzzled me was that you were evidently rich. I asked our good medico, who scented a mystery, and was immensely interested in it, to write to my man of business asking him to find out whether Miss Sidonie or Miss Mary Trevelyan was in France. His answer settled everything, explained everything."

"Then you knew," faltered Mary.

"Weeks ago."

"And you said nothing!"

"I waited for you to tell me yourself."

"You believed I would do that, though I was deceiving you!"

"I believed you would do what you thought best for my happiness. There was one terrible moment of doubt I must own."

"And that was?"

"When I heard of my cousin's death."

"You knew that also?"

"Within a few hours of its taking place. You must remember I had written to my lawyer, so he knew exactly where to find me. But a moment's comparison of dates told me how unfounded was my suspicion of you. You had come to me while poor Francis was alive and well."

"And after you knew that," went on Mary.

"I waited again. Sidonie came. I expected her."

Roger pulled a letter from under his pillow.

"Read that," he said.

Mary took up the sheet, covered with writing in a prim business hand, and found out that, well as Sidonie had kept her secret, it had leaked out to the very man who, most of any one, she wanted to keep in ignorance of her engagement. The late Earl had instructed his man of business to draw up marriage settlements, and this the solicitor mentioned to the new Lord Inneston, when writing to inform him of the money and property that had fallen to him.

As the girl finished she realised that Sidonie was circumvented, that she herself was forgiven. She looked up. She met Roger's glance. The colour flamed into her cheeks, the tears flooded her eyes.

But Roger gave her no time for tears. He leaned over and put out his hand. He drew Mary to him—and all the rest was said without one single spoken word.

# THE DAUGHTER OF THE HORSE-LEECH

BY PETER McARTHUR

"HERE is your last chance for a bargain to-day," roared Old Sneath, the auctioneer, waving a hammer over his head. "This horse is the last item on our programme. I want you to take a good look at him before you make your bids. If there is another six-year-old in all Western Ontario that can outdraw him, I'd like to know who is his owner."

"Hach!" interrupted a farmer in the crowd that was standing about discussing the points of the animal; "that horse is ten years old if he is a day."

Before the auctioneer had time to make a crushing reply the man who was holding the horse said, quietly:

"He will be twelve years old next July."

"Well, Dugald," said the auctioneer, half-angrily, "how can you expect me to sell things at a profit for you if you won't give me a better chance? If you wasn't so blamed honest, I wouldn't be having the job of selling you out to-day."

Satisfied that he had but done his duty, Dugald patted the neck of the old horse and made no reply.

"That's right, Bill Evans," resumed Sneath; "examine them front legs carefully and maybe you'll find a bone-spavin."

This jest, which was perhaps contemporary with the first horse, was greeted with proper respect by all except Evans. He attempted a defense.

"Well, if I can't find bone-spavins on his front legs, I can't find much meat on his carcass."

"He's the better of that! It takes a lean horse for a long pull."

That delighted every one but Evans, who was thoroughly silenced.

"Come now, what am I bid for this horse? Make a start some one."

"Fifteen dollars!" said some one.

"Fifty dollars I am bid! Fifty dollars, Fifty dollars! Any advance on fifty dollars? Come, speak up!"

By this time the bidder had managed to stop him.

"I didn't bid fifty dollars," he shouted, "I bid fifteen!"

"Fifteen dollars! Ain't you ashamed of yourself? No one but a Scotchman would make such a bid! I won't take it. Won't some one give me a decent bid to start with?"

"Twenty-five dollars!"

"Twenty-five dollars I am bid! That is bad enough, but it's better than fifteen. Twenty-five dollars I am bid!"

For some minutes he went on joking and calling for advances. Finally, when the bids had increased to thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents and it was impossible to get another advance, he started in on his familiar, final sing-song.

"Going at thirty-seven fifty, once! Going at thirty-seven fifty, twice! Going at thirty-seven fifty, third and last time! Any advance on thirty-seven fifty? Gone! Sold to Pat Burke for

thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents."

Stepping down from the upturned waggon-box that served as his platform—with a salt barrel for an auction block—the auctioneer announced that the sale was over. He then went to the granary, where the note signing had already commenced. A lawyer's clerk who was in attendance was busy making out the notes under the careful supervision of the mortgagee, Neil McNab, in whose interests the stock and implements of the farm were being sold. All conversation was carried on in an undertone, presumably so as not to bother the clerk and cause him to make mistakes, but really because the signing of notes is a solemn function in the country—almost as solemn as the paying of them.

"Well, what does it all tote up?" he asked.

"Just twenty dollars more than the amount of the chattel mortgage and the expenses," said McNab.

"It was bad time to close on him. Stock never sells well in the spring."

"Well, I had to get my own," said McNab, doggedly, as he stroked his thin hair with his rough, crooked fingers. He had few friends among those who were assembled at the sale, for he had been the local Shylock for many years. During the hard times that followed the Russian war he had lent money to his neighbours at the most exorbitant rates of interest, and had in that way accumulated the competence that had enabled him to give up farming and retire to the town. As money lender he knew no mercy, and everything the law would allow him he grasped.

He held a mortgage on Dugald's farm; and one year, when the interest was not ready on time, he took a chattel mortgage on the stock and implements. When the chattel mortgage fell due, Dugald could not pay it on account of the failure of his crops, and McNab foreclosed it without a thought of pity. He would do the same when the land mortgage was

due, for, without stock of implements, Dugald could not hope to pay it off. He could but look forward to seeing the land that his father had cleared sold by the sheriff, and himself and his mother turned out-of-doors. But his piety and good-nature made him bear his troubles without complaining. The most he ever said about it was to quote to a neighbour who condoled with him on having fallen a prey to McNab and his two mortgages the humourously appropriate text: "Is-sacher is a strong ass couching down between two burdens."

When the notes were signed the buyers gathered their purchases and departed. There was little handshaking or leave-taking; for a sheriff's sale is never a genial affair, and no one went to the house for the meal that usually follows country auctions.

After bidding "good-bye" to the last of the neighbours who lingered after the sale, Dugald stood for some time looking vacantly up at the sky. The good-humoured twinkle that was usually in his eye had left it, and the sadness of his face was accentuated by the drooping underlip that betrayed the weakness of his character. Though his face glowed with animation when he spoke to anyone, its lines showed that his good-humour was unaccompanied by shrewdness. If his thoughts after the proceedings of the day were melancholy, it was certainly excusable. But suddenly the expression of his face changed, and he murmured, half audibly:

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein"; and yet I have been complaining."

He started as if rebuked and walked rapidly to the house. He found his mother waiting for him in what was at once the kitchen, dining-room and sitting-room of the old log house.

"Is no one coming to supper?" she asked.

"No. None of them would stay."

"Everything is sold now?"

"Yes; but we must not be cast

down. I am still strong to work; and as I was thinking of our condition and feeling rather low-spirited, 'The Word' came to me quite plainly: 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.'"

"Yes; and if He be with us who can be against us?"

While they were talking the mother was preparing the supper. They sat down together, and he asked a blessing. They ate in silence, and when the meal was concluded, she gave thanks. After some desultory conversation about the sale, the mother said:

"A passage of Scripture came to my mind to-day, and I cannot understand what it may mean."

"What is it?"

"It is Samson's riddle: 'Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.'"

"It is a strange passage to come to you to-day; but it will, no doubt, be made clear to you in the Lord's own time."

Like all who belong to their sect, the old Kirk of Scotland, neither doubted that the Lord spoke to them audibly through his Scriptures; and at every crisis of their lives they arrived at conclusions by having guiding verses borne in on their minds in this way. Their religion was not a matter of Sabbaths; it was a part of their lives. The Word of God guided them in their goings-out and comings-in, encouraged them in their hours of sorrow and weakness, and rebuked them when they were in danger of going astray. Their faith admitted of no doubts and, stern though the Bible's rule over them was, it was wholesome, and their lives were upright and sincere.

As the evening wore on they talked of plans for the future and spoke of McNab's severity more in sorrow than in anger.

"He has been a hard creditor," said Dugald; "but he can't do more than the Lord will allow. I wonder what Katie and Janet think of this

day's work, and what has been done?"

A half-humorous expression crossed Dugald's face as an opportunity for applying literally a verse of Scripture occurred to him.

"The horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, 'Give! Give!'"

"You should not say that against them, for they are not like their father."

"But, I mean that they say 'Give! Give!' in charity."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said the mother.

A moment later the door swung open and Janet McNab stood on the threshold. Her cheeks and eyes were bright, partly with the exercise of walking and partly with excitement; and the natural grace of her tall figure was increased by the passions that were moving her at the time. As they both rose to greet her, she said:

"Stop! Before we shake hands I want to know if you think I had anything to do with to-day's disgraceful work."

"Of course not!" they both answered.

As she shook hands and laid off her shawl, her excitement gave way to tears. When she had calmed somewhat, she began:

"I didn't know anything about it until Father came home and I asked him where he had been all afternoon. He must have been ashamed of himself, because he didn't want to tell me. To think that he should sell you out! You, who have always been a mother to me; and Dugald has always been like—like a brother. It is a shame—a shame!"

"Hush! Hush!" said the elder woman, as she put out her hand and laid it soothingly on the other's head. "He is your father, and he did but what the law allows."

"Then it is a cruel law that lets a man, who has no need for more money, rob those who are needy.

Who has he to leave his money to but Katie and me! and we don't want money that is bought at such a price. It would have been bad enough to sell out any one; but you"—and she burst into tears again. "I couldn't keep from telling him my mind. Haven't I worked like a slave for him all my life, and mightn't he have shown me kindness in this? I always obeyed him in everything."

"It is written 'Children, obey your parents.'"

"Yes, 'obey them in the Lord;' but surely this work is not of the Lord! It is also written 'Fathers, provoke not your children.' Oh, this had to come some time!" she continued. "That town life was not for me. I couldn't bear being cooped up in a house all day, doing things I hated. The idea of trying to make a lady of me, after I had worked on a farm for so many years, choring and slaving. Just think of it! I had to try to learn to play on an organ! Hach! I could get more music that I like out of scraping the bottom of a pot."

They laughed at her sally, and the conversation took a lighter turn.

"It might do well enough for Katie, for she is younger, and I always watched that the weight of the care and work never came on her. But me! I always was and will be a country girl. I'd rather come and help you wash the supper dishes, Auntie"—for so she called her old friend—"than go to the finest tea-meeting I was ever at!"

Dugald took no part in the conversation, though his attention to it was intense. He moved awkwardly in his chair from time to time as if he were greatly disturbed. Nor was this strange. He had loved Janet for years and had long hoped to make her his wife.

"But what are you going to do, child?" asked Mrs. McNeil. "You have parted with your father in anger. Don't you think you should go back to him?"

"I can't! He has made life bitter to me; and this disgraceful day's work makes me ashamed to lift up my head. I'm going to work out somewhere."

"That doesn't seem right."

"I know it doesn't; but it seemed to-day that I couldn't bear more."

"Does he know where you went?"

"I didn't tell him; but he knew well enough I would come here. Where could I go but to you, when I was in trouble? You have always been a mother to me since my own mother died."

"There is some one coming!" said Dugald, suddenly; and as they listened they heard an approaching footstep.

"Perhaps it is father!" exclaimed Janet, clutching at something in the folds of her dress.

Without knocking, her father opened the door and entered. He was evidently in a high temper; but as he looked at the placid face of his old friend and neighbour he seemed abashed. But when his eye rested on the shrinking form of his daughter his anger returned.

"Where is that paper you stole?"

She made no answer.

"You needn't think I'd have come after you if I hadn't found that you took that mortgage!"

"What is this? What paper have you taken, Janet?" asked Mrs. McNeil.

"She took the mortgage I hold on this farm!"

"And you'll never collect it if I can help it!" cried Janet, taking the paper from her bosom and rushing toward the fire.

Dugald stopped her and snatched the paper from her hand. Foiled in her purpose, she burst into tears and turned toward her father.

"Father! Father! why will you break my heart? I never asked you for anything before, as I ask you for this. Have pity on this mother and son, who have been so good to us all in other days. Don't drive them

from their home! Of what use will the money be to you? It is only for Katie and me you can save it, and there is more than enough for us already."

"You are a fool!" said the father, as he took the mortgage from Dugald's hand.

"See, father," she cried, "I go down on my knees to beg that you will burn that paper yourself!"

"Burning it will not pay for it. Besides there is a copy of it in the registry office."

"But you needn't press your claim. Remember how good Auntie McNeil used to be to Katie and me, and how Dugald used to help you with your work, like a son, before the hard times came."

"Janet! Janet!" exclaimed Mrs. McNeil, "don't say such things. We only did our duty."

But Janet did not heed. "I know, if my mother were alive to-night, she would beg of you as I do! She would beg of you not to be so hard."

The reference to her dead mother seemed to touch some sober chord in the old man's heart, and an expression came over his face as if he were wavering. "What would she think if she could see her daughter kneeling before you like this?"

"Come, get up!" he said gruffly. "You have talked too much already. If you want to come home with me, come. I have the buggy with me. But if you are going to stay here, stay and starve."

"McNab was turning sulkily toward the door, when Janet suddenly stepped toward Dugald.

"Here, Dugald!" she exclaimed; "since he will not show pity, this is what I'll do. I'll be your wife, and then, if he turns us out-of-doors, he will have the disgrace of turning out his own daughter."

As they all waited breathlessly for his answer, the Scripture came to his mind, as it never failed to in times of need: "Houses and riches are the inheritance of fathers, and a prudent

wife is from the Lord." He stepped forward and took her hand.

"Yes, Janet, I will make you my wife. The word of God is with me."

"So you think you will cheat me in this way!" stormed her father; "but you will see. You are handy with the word of God, I must say. If you had less of the grace of God in your heart, you would have more money in your pocket to pay your debts with. As for you, forward, disobedient huss, I cast you off forever! Who has brought the most disgrace on us now? I, in doing what is lawful and right, or you in giving yourself away to a canting loafer?"

With that he stepped through the door and left them.

Janet sank to the floor, overcome by terror and shame.

"What have I done—what have I done?" she sobbed.

"You have done nothing that you need ever be ashamed of; and I hope you will never have cause to be sorry," said Dugald, as he lifted her to her feet.

"I can work to support you and mother; and what does the land matter, if we are contented and happy!" and he quoted to her the verse of Scripture that had decided him.

"And you are sure," she persisted, "that you will never despise me for throwing myself at you like this?"

His answer was: "'Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need to spoil.'"

"There can be no wrong," said the mother, as she came forward and laid her hands in benediction upon them, "since the word of God is with you so strongly. How often have I longed and prayed for this hour, though I never hoped to see it. And now the Scripture that came to me so darkly to-day is fulfilled: 'Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.'"



# THE RED MEN OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

THE copper-hued aborigine of Vancouver Island, whether he be Siwash or Songhee, or what you will tribually, presents at once the seeming paradox of the poetical and the practical. In his native wilds, along the storm-beaten shores of the Pacific west coast, he pursues the avocations of his ancestors, yet wears the white man's clothing. He draws the trigger of a repeating rifle, instead of the bow of his forefathers. He buys fish-hooks from the "pale-face," and gets drunk in a derby hat and "store clothes." And yet, with the thin veneer of civilisation spread over his present environment, he is still the inevitable Indian. Over the shining linen collar he sometimes wears is an invisible necklace of bear's claws; sticking from the rim of the derby hat is an eagle's feather, albeit the thoughtless do not see it. You may break, you may shatter his dream if you will, but the soul of a savage will still cling to him.

His condition and surroundings have been the theme of many a learned and many a passionate discussion, for he is a puzzle politically, and more or less of a mystery socially and from a business stand-point. Here he is! What shall be done with him? It has been said by the sentimentalists that he was here before the white man, and by rights owns the land. Who was here before him? The mound-builders, possibly! And who before them." Suppose we say

the dinosaur! At any rate, when the division of land between the white man and his red brother was arranged, it pleased the fates to allot him the pick of the valleys and slopes, to make him walk beside green fields and running brooks. For once, at least, the white man was kind to his aboriginal brethren.

But time passed and the red brother pursued his old pastimes, and worked when he got a sufficient amount of excitement out of it. To "shoot" a rapid or follow a deer, to spear salmon or snare grouse or catch trout was hardly like work, but more in the nature of the nomadic and hunter-like instincts of his ancestors. So he fished and hunted, spending his time with the rifle and shot-gun, the spear and the rod, and though progress advanced with rapid strides, and though cities sprang up around his rude "shack" or little house, he either did not see, or refused to see its warning.

For it is so, that the wilderness falls before the axe; that the old order passes as the new regime comes in; that you cannot stay the current of development by a dogged refusal to go with the tide; and that the iron pen of history has written time and again the survival of the fittest is the law of nations. The Dutch cabbage-gardeners of old Manhattan days were compelled by the irresistible trend of destiny to subdivide their farms and sell them by the front



SIWASH HALIBUT FISHERMEN

foot. The future city of New York has risen where their rows of green vegetables once basked in the sunshine. The so-called "Indian reservations" on Vancouver Island must indubitably share the same fate, and the real sole question to be determined is. How shall the red man be dispossessed of his holdings of land, and yet have justice done to him in the process?

Here and there you will find extremities on both sides; those who see only one angle of the problem. On the one hand there is the "unco" fastidious, letting "I dare not wait upon I would," and deprecating any attempt to bring matters to a focus. They would temporise and delay. They would adopt the Fabian policy to the extent of leaving to a future generation the work cut out for today. On the opposite hand you will find those who insist with strenuous argument, on an immediate settlement of the question. Drastic measures and thorough and positive action are what they demand.

They point, but without pride, to the fact that the Indians own great tracts of land in the most fertile valleys of the island; that they occupy territory in Victoria and other places where their retention of the land is an insuperable barrier to the growth

and advancement of the surrounding country; that only a few of them will work at anything like real labour, and that their wives, as in the palmy days of yore, are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water; that in the field or by the primeval silence of the clam-digging precincts of lonely shores, it is the "woman" and not the "man with the hoe," whose bowed back evidences the life of the toiler; that, in fact, the Indian, except in occasional instances, will not labour, and that he should give up the land to those who will work. The tools to the man who not only can, but will use them.

There is strength in their arguments. Vancouver Island needs land for her incoming settlers, and the land held by the Indians in different parts of the Island, particularly in the Cowichan River Valley, is the choicest possible farming land. The clearing of land, with so often the task of felling and in disposing of thousands of feet of heavy timber, is really a matter of the Government, or a great corporation to handle, not of the individual settler. So that if this land were thrown open, as it must be eventually, thousands of acres would be on the market, for eager purchasers.

But what are you going to do with



THE FAMILY OF A SIWASH FISHERMAN

the Indians? Some of them work, and work hard, in the fields. Many of them earn a good living as guides, hunters, fishers. Is the problem such a difficult one, after all? Is it possible to do them justice, and yet allow for the imperative necessities of the situation? Why not? It is not at all certain that the Indians themselves, if it were put to a vote, would not be willing to dispose of their lands. Suppose for the sake of the argument, that we will assume they were opposed to the plan. On the theory of public policy, on the basis of the law of expropriation, analogous, I assume, to the law of eminent domain in the United States, what would hinder the Government from getting hold of the land? At any rate, where there is a will there is a way.

"But," say the sentimentalists, "can a forcible, *i.e.*, a legal dispossession be accomplished and yet no injustice be done to the Indian? Again, why not? Land entirely suitable for him could be allotted to him,

and he could occupy this land, where all his natural instincts and preferences could have full sway, land where agriculture would never come; land where the deer roam, the salmon leap, and the trout and grouse keep their habitat. There are ample spaces in the Island where the Indian could be given this kind of reserve and where he would be happier and less "civilised." This land could be given to him for so much less than the land he now holds, that the difference in value would afford a pension, which, paid at stated intervals by the government, would make him practically independent. At the same time, the land he left behind him would be of inestimable value in advancing the prosperity of the Island.

It is submitted, as a general proposition admitting of no denial, that the Indians would be not only satisfied, but happy, in regions where the fishing and hunting are good, and where they do not have to do any work. This is granting that there are among

them some men who have an ambition to rise in the scale of civilisation and emulate their white brothers in the race for a competency and nervous prostration. But "by and large" the Indian is a philosopher. And as the carved prow of his hand-hewn canoe is still good enough for him in descending the rapids of the mountain streams, or tossing on the waters of the lakes and inlets of the Island, so also are the customs of his departed fathers quite in accord with his present yearnings and desires, the sentimentalists to the contrary notwithstanding.

It may be granted, without question that the red man is highly decorative. Whether in the city parks on festal days, bending to the aboriginal paddle in the ancestral canoe, or listening with unquailing stoicism to the dulcet phonographs in the music stores, as they discourse a rag-time melody, he is always picturesque to a degree. But, after all, the enervating accompaniments of the cities do not bring out this quality in nearly

so vivid or pleasing a contrast as do his native wilds. The forest, the river, the shore, the lakes, streams and fastnesses of the Island are where his personality blends best with the whole. An Indian with a stiff hat is mostly reminiscent of one of the dejected eagles in a park aviary. He is not responding to "the right vibration."

As I have seen him on the west coast, in the canoes in the rude sailboats, especially at a reasonable distance, he was the wild, free inhabitant, the native *par excellence*. But to see him rolling cigarettes, or riding a bicycle, was to take the gloss off the perspective. As a fisherman, a hunter, or a guide, either at the work or from the point of appropriateness, he is admirable. But so far as "the strenuous life," as exemplified in farm or other labour is concerned, he does not seem to crave it. I saw one Indian piling brush in a "slashed" piece of land one day, but he was the exception. The dozens of others I saw were rowing boats, fishing, roll-



INDIANS FISHING ON VANCOUVER ISLAND



INDIANS ABOUT TO LAUNCH A CANOE

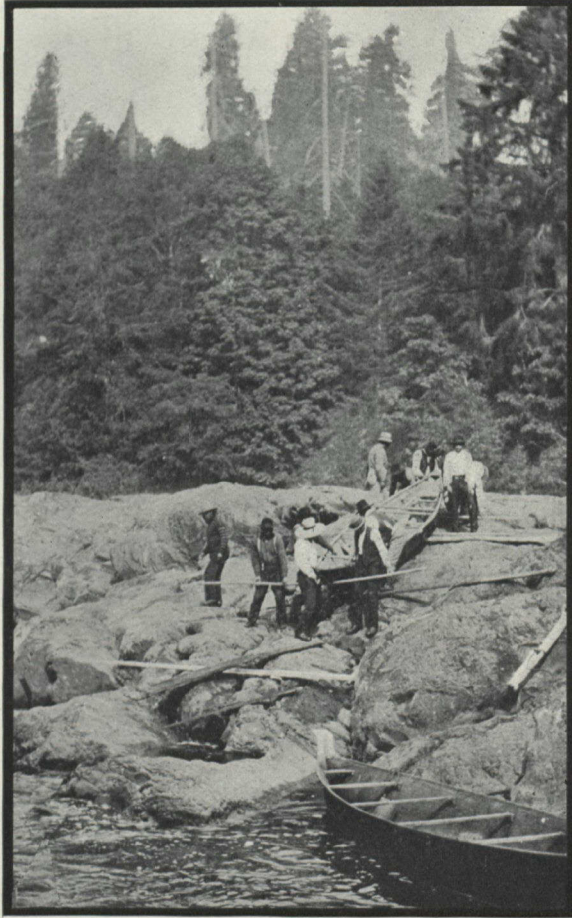
ing cigarettes, chopping out paddles, or waiting for something to "turn up." In this latter peculiarity they can outshine *Mr. Micawber*.

It has been suggested that one way to ascertain fairly the value of the land they hold would be by having the Indians select one party to represent them, the Government to select a representative, and these two men to select a third, the three to form an arbitration committee to fix the price, which could be a liberal one. It has been urged that ample justice would be thereby done. It seems to be admitted that the actual legal status of the Indians is decidedly vague. But suppose it were admitted that they held the land by law. When the reason of a law ceases, that law itself ceases. Can anyone advance a sensible reason why one section of a growing city should be occupied for a half-century by an Indian tribe, however interesting, picturesque and decorative from an ethnological view? On what system of justice? Does not the government owe something to the men who made

that government possible? There is a phase of this justice proposition which applies to the white as well as the red man, and the sentimentalists sometimes fail to discover this.

If they are "wards of the nation," as is sometimes declared, their guardian the government should be in a position to do what is best for its wards. To give them the power to squat stubbornly on a large portion of agricultural or municipal property and keep back advancement and improvement is one solution of the problem. To kindly but firmly, and with full justice, complete and carry out a plan which will give the tribes such liberal compensation as will provide a regular annuity for them and their descendants is the other solution. This is the situation in a nutshell.

The Indian of Vancouver Island has his good points as well as his failings. He is inclined to be peaceful, and gives comparatively little trouble to the authorities, unless suffering from an over-indulgence in some form of strong waters. He is strong,



TAKING A CANOE OUT OF WATER

hardy, and capable of enduring great fatigue. He is patient and tenacious, with a very marked sense of locality, which sometimes interferes with his views on migration. On the coasts he thrives well at the fisheries, and his courage and skill at this calling cannot be doubted. Some of the Indians work at the mines, according to the best of my information and belief, but the number is somewhat limited. Given his dues, he still remains a prey to his hereditary instincts, which are not enthusiastically in favour of hard manual labour, void of excitement. The Indian is not a natural farmer, fruit-grower or poultry-raiser. He is the

child of the wilderness, and so he remains.

The available land on Vancouver Island includes three classes: Land under cultivation (the land owned or leased by white farmers), land still uncleared, or land under "anticipation," and land owned by the Indians, which may perhaps not inaptly be said to be under "stagnation." The cultivated land is being slowly added to by herculean labour on the part of the whites, and Chinese, Hindoo, and Japanese labour. The land under "anticipation" will in the near future be cleared by either government or corporation initiative. But the land under "stag-



THE SONGHEE RESERVE IN THE HEART OF VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

nation" (and it comprises the very cream of some districts) cannot be utilised for the purpose intended by nature until the noble red man's perplexing problem is settled once for all.

And yet, in all fairness, it is a problem not to be decided hastily. But that does not mean another cycle of fifty years of waiting. The Indian's policy is silence, and a refusal to confer on the subject. The white man's policy ought to be justice, with a top layer of common sense. If it be admitted—and it cannot be denied—that the Indian must give up his lands in the populous city district, it follows that he must give way in the settled farming districts. If he must evacuate, why not when he can secure a competence for himself and for his descendants in the way of a regular annuity, with land and to spare which will give him the environment for which he is fitted?

The burden of this task, like every responsibility between the Caucasian and other races, lies at the door of

the white man. It is idle and evasive to ignore it; it gathers strength, and will engender bitterness as it lengthens out. What government, what ministry will cut the Gordian knot? There will never be a move on the part of the red man to change the existing order of things. He placidly accepts the white man's ideas of clothing, houses, stimulants, or whatever pleases his fancy; but he spells progress backwards.

The white man, meanwhile, dabbles in abstruse speculations as to the "hows," "whys" and "wherefores," and the Indian question worries him. Not so the sapient red brother. He plies the oar when it pleases him, and his faithful consort digs the succulent clam, and fries the finny denizen of the deep for his delectation. Let the spires and walls spring up about his "reservation," he heeds them not. Let the demands of commerce and the wheels of advancement clamour or rattle by his rude "shack" or lowly hut, he regards them askance, indifferently.

The problem admits of no haggling or bargain-counter methods of "marked-down sales." It should be a legal and perfectly open and above-board expropriation for the good of the community, or it should be settled by a positive statement from the highest possible authority, that the Indians must stay where they are until time eliminates them by racial extinction. This latter course has actually taken place among one or two of the tribes, principally induced, it is claimed, by the constant association and intimacy of the white races. But this seems to be a long-suffering method of arriving at a solution of the dispute.

At any rate, here is the land, and here are the aboriginal occupants. Here is progress waiting for a deter-

mination of the question. This question can be settled and the Indians given lands and annuities liberally recompensing them for the land. Some day the imperative demands of the situation, the insistent march of improvement, will compel their removal. Why wait? Vancouver Island is developing so rapidly that a few years will mark a tremendous change in its material prosperity. Already the portents of approaching improvement in the way of railroads, mills, factories, farming, fruit-growing, poultry-raising, manufacturing and lumbering, fisheries and general commercial enterprises are appearing in every direction.

The country cannot afford to beg this important question; it should settle it once for all and soon.

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## SEPTEMBER

By DONALD A. FRASER

**B**ENEATH the orchard's spreading boughs she stands,  
 September, rosy-cheeked, so like the fruit  
 She gathers from the heavy-laden shoot  
 Into her apron with her eager hands.  
 The autumn sun darts rays like golden bands  
 Down through the boughs, as though to check the loot,  
 And prison the fair thief at her pursuit;  
 But gay she laughs, and mocks at his demands.  
 The grass and trees and shrubs begin to lose  
 Their vivid green, and slowly turn to gold  
 And brown and crimson, as though fain to choose  
 A brief resplendence e'er Death's arms enfold.  
 But sweet September sings her harvest song,  
 And Death's forgotten as she trips along.



# HUMP'S DEBT

BY FRANK H. SHAW

THEY called him "Hump" at Mer-ridew's mill. True he was distorted bodily: one shoulder stood many inches higher than the other, and his back was disfigured by a great protuberance that seemed to weigh him down as the Old Man of the Sea weighed down Sinbad. His long, knotted arms were another deformity, and the huge hands at the ends of them, hard and unsightly and covered with warts. His face was twisted and unseemly; it was only when you looked into the depths of his great, dog-like eyes that you saw another aspect of the man. Those eyes spoke of a soul that refused to be limited by his misshapen body.

They made game of the hunchback, for his fellow workers were big and well-shaped, and it seemed to them a fine thing to torture him with open sneers and loud laughs. They played him a hundred tricks a day, and, knowing that above all things he dreaded fire, they raised false alarms for the sheer pleasure of watching him drag his sagging, unseemly body to the head of the stairs and stand there fearfully looking down. In due course he began to realise these alarms as shams, and whenever the word "Fire" was shouted he would gnash his teeth in a fashion awful to behold and shake one of those ugly hands of his in the faces of his tormentors. Not a man there knew how he dreaded the thought of leaping flames. Long ago whilst still a child, his careless mother had left him untended before an open fire. She had returned to find

a yelling, flaming morsel of humanity rolling on a rug, and though his life had been saved by great skill, his limbs were warped for life after that day, and in his brain, hardly a clear thinking brain, had grown a dread that nothing could efface.

"There are visitors coming to-morrow," said Jack Grinstead, the handsome young mill manager, to the room foreman. "They'll want to see weaving in all its branches. Who's your best minder? Put him onto a piece of fancy stuff and let him explain the ins and outs of the matter. Who's the best man?"

"'Hump,'" said the foreman, with something of a grin. "He's not much to look at, but he's the best weaver we've ever had. If you like, though, I'll give another man the job."

Grinstead looked at the figure that had scarcely any need to bend over the loom that throbbed and flashed before it. The smile on the manager's lips was pitying; he strode over to the hunchback and watched him carefully. There seemed no doubt that the foreman had spoken truth. He handled his machine with a loving tenderness that was unspeakable; he sent his doglike eyes roving to every possible corner, smoothing, searching, a weaver of weavers. In the crash and thud of the great machine the hunchback found his one joy.

"Yes, you're the man, Joyce," said Grinstead after a while. The hunchback looked up at the tall, strong, frame, and his eyes grew sullen. Why was he not like that? Why should he

carry the evil weight of a deformed body through life?

"There'll be visitors coming, Joyce. They'll want to see all that is to be seen. You'll put on a fresh piece, I'll have the pattern sent up. Be as clever as you can—there'll be ladies amongst them."

Joyce muttered something unintelligible, and bent over the frame again.

"He's a first-class man, and he's a surly brute," thought the manager. "But Elsie wanted to know all there was to know, bless her, and she shall see all I can show her."

The hunchback thought slowly. These visitors were a mere nuisance. They came and bothered a man by asking a hundred idiotic questions; they touched things they had no right to touch; they were entirely unnecessary. Ten to one they would laugh at his ugly shape behind his back; they might even do it to his face, as visitors had done before. He would have refused to undertake the exhibition, but it was necessary to work as long and as hard as possible, for that mother to whom he owed much of his suffering, was now old and needed many comforts.

When the pattern for the piece he had to work came up he forgot all other things in the workman's love of creation. This was something worth attempting, this mazy, intricate design. Completed, it would be a marvellous thing, and he laid out the plan on his frame with kindling eyes. He would show these supercilious visitors that a twisted body could hold the soul of an artist.

He caught his breath, his face went painfully white. The low soft voice of the girl had struck deep down into his inner soul, stirring unwonted currents there. Could she be human? Yes, there was no doubt of that—she was talking away happily to Grinstead, and the manager was devouring her radiant face with eyes that told the tale of his love to all that cared to read. But "Hump" saw nothing of that; all he saw was a woman such as

he had never seen before, a woman whose laugh rang like the chiming of silver bells, whose smile had in it nothing of cruelty. "Hump" had been used to these visitors—first to their feigned interest in his work, next to their somewhat quizzical stare, finally to their stifled mirth at his grotesqueness. He waited in an agony for the first gleam of ridicule, but it did not come. No; the unbelievable thing was happening instead: the wonder-woman was leaning over the loom, fascinated at the swift and masterly play of the weaver's hands.

"Oh, how delightful! Do you mean to say that you really did such beautiful work. I want to know how you did it." She was speaking to him, speaking as if he were sane and whole, instead of being a gruesome distortion. For a moment the icy barriers about his heart melted away, he glowed in the radiance of the girl's presence as if he had been a frost-bitten flower beneath a tropical sun.

"Yes, tell me—this and this. I can see why you do this, but why do you do that?" Glibness of speech came to him then; his lips that had long been used merely to evil cursing became unsealed, he answered rapidly, looking covertly upward all the time to see that this amazing thing was real. Yes, it was real indeed. No smile of derision on the perfect mouth, only a breathless interest. She followed his technical explanations with parted lips, her intelligent eyes devouring each trivial detail. "Hump" did not know it, but Elsie Pickering had a great desire upon her to familiarise herself with the details of this work. Grinstead was a mill manager, and in the coming time might look for an intelligent interest to be shown in his affairs!

The girl lingered by the deformed man and began to draw him out. Grinstead had moved on with others to a separate department of the great establishment. Fiercely, as if the words were dragged from him, Joyce spoke, touching but lightly on his

own affairs, until the sympathy in the girl's voice and glance bred confidence, and he found himself, against his will, telling her something of his ambitions and his drawbacks.

"What's the good of it all, Miss?" he asked plaintively. "I ain't like other men"—he drew deliberate attention to his deformity—"so I'm a fool to think I might do what any other man can. I'm handicapped, that's what I am, Miss." Elsie Pickering had a brother who had laboured for years under a painful affliction and because she realised the agony of "Hump's" heart she began to talk. Gradually the hunchback stood as nearly upright as his drawbacks would let him; his doglike eyes afire.

"So he determined to conquer his infirmity," went on the voice that seemed to him the voice of an angel. "After all, Joyce, it isn't the body of a man that counts—it's the heart and soul within the body, those and the brain. Many of our greatest men have been—not quite stalwart. You mustn't think of your body, you've got the brain of an artist behind your eyes, as I can see from this work. Why not forget your ills and look at the good in your life?" And so on, until the poor fellow was almost beside himself, his chest heaving strangely.

And then, because she knew how lonely his life was, Elsie Pickering did a daring thing. She glanced around her—not a soul was in sight. From her own greater height she leaned down and pressed her sweet, fresh lips to the hunchback's wrinkled forehead. A moment later and she was gone to join the party, whose voices could be heard above the roar of machinery, and "Hump" leaned back against his loom, his pulses throbbing madly.

"My God! she kissed me—me," he panted. "I'd like to do something for her for that. But what's the good—me, a hunchy?" He remembered her words. Even he, monstros-

ity that he was, might still do some service in the world. As the looms clattered and crashed about him "Hump" registered a solemn vow, as earnest as ever was made by knight of old, to be worthy of the amazing woman's confidence.

"And I'll pay her back for that," he said softly to himself. Thereafter he turned to his work with a new-born heart. No longer should the sneers and taunts of his fellows affect him; the wonderful woman had kissed him. He could not find any reason for that wild tumult in his heart and brain, though. Love had always passed him by unheeding; this agony of mingled pain and pleasure was something he had never known.

The self-knowledge came to him afterwards; a week later. A change in pattern took the hunchback to the office. It was almost closing time, but he must have the ranges fixed for the morrow. He followed close on the heels of his knock at the office door, and then—he stood like a man petrified. He had entered silently, and he saw the amazing woman of his dreams and of his waking thoughts locked in Grinstead's strong young arms. As he stood there, unseen, seeing all, the mill-manager stooped with a sturdy reverence and kissed Elsie Pickering on the lips.

"Hump" forgot all that had brought him there; forgot that his place was elsewhere. Mad anger blazed in him; he clenched his gnarled fists till the knuckles showed white; his teeth gritted savagely. At last he understood the meaning of that painful pleasure which had possessed him for bewildering days. Jealousy had him in thrall; he looked about him for a weapon. But as he did so his eyes fell on the entranced, enraptured face of his dream-woman. What he saw there fought down the blazing fires of his heart and left him weak and trembling. For Elsie Pickering had given her heart into the keeping of the mill-manager for all

time. "Hump" stole out and closed the door, his very soul torn to pieces.

\* \* \*

"No, not to-night, sweetheart. You mustn't look for me to-night. It's hard work to keep away from you—but there's the future to think of. Listen, Elsie, I've never breathed it to a single soul, but it's come to me that if I can only invent a patent shuttle for those new looms we put in on the top floor, I'll make a fortune. For you, my girl, for you. And I'm going to try the thing I've made to-night. This strike is giving me just the chance I need—the mill has been running night and day for a year, and I couldn't experiment without being seen. So to-night I'm going to the mill—I'll be there for hours likely enough. I'd stay if I could, but I'm wanting to make myself your equal, lass, and you won't stand in my way, I know."

Grinstead's voice was very earnest as he spoke to his sweetheart, and Elsie tried to choke down the sudden premonition of fear that stole into her brain. It would not be dismissed; she voiced it tremblingly:

"I'm afraid, Jack, I'm afraid. I don't know why, but I'm deadly afraid. There's some danger hanging over you, dear." The mill-manager laughed lightly.

"They're out on strike, lass, yes, but they're not intending harm. Bless you, I've been through more than one. They talk a lot, and smash a few windows now and then, but that's all the harm they do. Come, my girl, give me a kiss, and let me go. I'll see you in a carriage and pair before you're many years older, if only this new shuttle is what I think it is." He tore himself away, and disappeared down the road towards the town. It was dark, a thin rain fell. It might have been the dismal night that aroused all Elsie Pickering's fears, but had she overheard a muttered conversation that was taking place not a mile from where she stood, listening to the tread of her

disappearing lover, she would have tasted the agonies of deadly fear.

\* \* \*

"They sacked you and me, Bill. That blasted Grinstead did it, but it was old Merridew what told him to. We've got back at 'em by bringing on this here strike; but that's not enough. That—, Grinstead, kicked me out of the office when I went to complain, and when I told him to his face what he was he knocked me down. Me—mark you. Well, I'll get back at them all, curse them!"

The atmosphere of the miserable workman's cottage grew stifling, stifling with hatred. Bob Thornton, the most notorious idler and blackguard in Lyne Valley, glared furiously at his one companion, Bill Grantham.

"What are ye goin' to do, Bob?" The question was quavered forth in a husky whisper.

"Going to do? I'm going to set fire to th' mill, and burn it to th' ground, that's what I'm going to do."

"That won't do any good, lad. It's insured, and old Merridew won't lose aught."

"It's not insured, not th' new shed. I've got that from th' right shop—it's not insured. If it's burnt down old Merridew'll be ruined, and his precious Grinstead won't have a job. Then there'll be no more fluttering about wi' Merridew's niece, there won't. I'll settle their hash for 'em, I will."

Then Thornton started in to tell his scheme of operations. It was painfully easy. There was no night watchman; the last one had died, and no one had been installed in his place. Before nine o'clock the plot was settled definitely, before the ten minutes more had elapsed the two men stole forth into the night.

They scaled the wall that surrounded the great mill, and were lost to view in the engine-room, where great casks of oil stood about. Here they busied themselves industriously, and made all ready for what they had in mind.

"I thought we'd have to break th' door down, but here it's left open," said Thornton, and passed into the ground floor of the mill, pouring oil diligently on to great piles of waste, over the floors, everywhere.

"Now, run for it, Bill," he grated, as he drew out a match and struck it on his boot. The night hid them, but of a sudden the lower window of Merridew's mill grew flamingly red.

No one passed that way. The night kept most indoors, and the strikers themselves were at home, in the public-house—everywhere save near the mill. The roar of flames was added to the patter of falling rain, and still no one noticed what was toward. Jack Grinstead sniffed suddenly as, engrossed in his labour of love, he bent over the latest loom on the upper storey of the mill.

"It seems like something burning," he said; "but it must be my fancy. I'll go and look in a minute." But the minute lengthened to many for the work was weirdly fascinating. Then—he straightened himself with a hoarse cry of fear. A thin tongue of flame had licked up outside the window; he saw it red against the black of the night. He made two steps to the narrow staircase, and darted back, for the opening down which he must pass for safety was a seething pit of lurid fire!

To his fear-distorted brain came the loud roar of the fire signals, then the tramp, tramp, of racing feet. Hoarse shouts rang through the air—the clatter of the engines, the yells of those who hastened to the rescue. But higher than all other sounds rose the surge and thunder of the flames.

### III.

Elsie Pickering, looking from her bedroom window, saw the red glare in the sky, heard the hooting of the signals, and the tramp of hastening feet. Swiftly she reckoned up the position of that glare. It must be, it could be, no other than Merridew's mill on fire. She donned a thick

cloak and hood, raced downstairs, alarmed the household, and, without waiting for any to accompany her, set off like a madwoman to the spot. It had come to her in one terrific burst, that her lover might still be in the mill, all engaged in his task, those outside not knowing of his presence there. They must be warned that a human life was at stake—it was a vital necessity. With blanched face and starting eyes the girl tore on until she came to a stand, and a groan of dismay broke from her parched lips. The entire front of the mill was wrapped in a sea of fire. Around and about, working busily, yet painfully unable to stem the swift advance, men moved directing hissing streams of water, dashing from point to point, keen to save the threatened property, and knowing as they worked that their stoutest endeavours were futile and all unavailing. Elsie gazed up at the mill windows, each one a red and incandescent sheet against the sky, and with unerring instinct her eyes sought the windows of the room where she knew her lover was. One by one she searched those high panes—no face rewarded her search. Then, a loud and bitter cry broke from her lips. At a window, in the extreme corner, black where others were red, she saw Jack Grinstead. She broke through the open-mouthed crowd, and seized a policeman by the arm.

"Get back! Get back—yes, even you, Miss Pickering." She struggled with speech that would not come. But at last, "There's a man up there—up there at that window. Can't you see?" Her voice rose to a scream. "It's Mr. Grinstead—he was working in the mill to-night." A fireman passing paused and sent his eyes aloft.

"He'll have to stop there," he said with unconscious brutality. "No one can get up there to help him." He ran over to the fire superintendent, touched him on the arm, pointed swiftly to the one black window

amongst the glare. Elsie, her heart aching pitifully, saw the superintendent shake his head. Careless of the detaining hand of the policeman she broke into the circle and ran to the chief.

"You must do something," she panted. "Mr. Grinstead is up there. You can't let him die."

"There's nothing else to be done, Miss. See, the escape's cut off, and our ladders are too short. No one can get up there, Miss Pickering."

Elsie felt hope die in her breast; her lover was doomed. She turned with a sob, and then looked up again, as a long escape was run as near the walls as men might go. The ladder shot up into the air—it was fifteen feet short of the window. A man ran up the spokes, was licked by flames as he went, other men directed streams of hissing water over him, but the largest hose there could not reach even to the ladder's top. The fireman clattered down, lost his grip as the flames seized him, fell, and was caught in a blanket.

There was one watcher at the fire who had noticed many things. He, keen-eyed, had made out that single figure up there at the window; he had realised that it was Grinstead, the man who loved his dream-woman. "Hump" could hardly refrain from laughing—the girl he loved was no longer bound to the man he had grown to hate. The way was clear—he had no rival. Had not the girl herself said that such a deformity as his was no bar to his greatest ambitions? He drew nearer the fire zone, he who dreaded fire, who shrank from it instinctively. Yes, the man who loved his dream-woman was doomed.

And it was then that Elsie Pickering turned away from the scene and passed him close. He saw her working face, the agony in her eyes for the blazing building made the scene as bright as day. Too, he heard her choking sobs, the long-drawn sobs of anguish. The hunchback felt his

satisfaction wane. What price was this the girl must pay? The girl who had first taught him to know that he was as other men under his skin, was stricken with an awful grief, and—she had kissed him. Like a lightning flash there came upon him the memory of his oath, sworn weeks before. He had vowed to repay the debt. That kiss must be rewarded. How? Now the woman he worshiped was in pain—he was the stronger, she the weaker—their positions were changed. How could he help her?

He stumbled to her side and touched her hand. She looked down at him blindly, for long seconds her brain could not understand the significance of his presence. Then—the cry of her heart rose to her lips.

"He's up there, Joyce, he's up there. They say he'll die!"

Her tears fell on the hunchback's forehead as he stood before her, peering up into her eyes. They fell where before her kiss had rested—he realised then that this woman was tasting a bitterer grief by far than any he had known. He looked aloft—saw the figure of the man in the window—saw him lean out in answer to the cries from below. They were holding out a sheet, bidding him jump, but Grinstead drew back. It were better to face the flames than that awful leap.

And then, all suddenly, it came to the hunchback what he must do. The happiness of the woman he loved was at stake—she would never lift her head again if Grinstead died. By his own love he knew hers for the imperilled man.

One moment longer he paused, fighting the awful loathing that seized him. The fire appalled him—the raging flames chilled him when they should have warmed. But he fought down the fear, and with a swift gesture he pressed Elsie's hand to his lips. A moment, and he broke through the crowd, heedless of their taunts. His quick eye had discerned one loophole of escape. None but a

madman—or a hero—would have deemed it practicable, but “Hump” was inspired by a diviner passion than the mere greed of applause. He was sacrificing himself for the sake of the woman he loved blindly.

In a shed behind the engine-room were ropes of various lengths, stout ropes, just the thing for what he had in mind.

No one stopped him as he forced his way through the crowds and made towards the door of this second building, none saw him as he climbed laboriously from floor to floor. Not until he emerged on the roof itself did any pay heed to his presence there, and then the roars of the crowd died away into a hushed and painful silence. His every action was visible as he stood up there; they saw him unburden himself of a long, thin rope and knot it securely round a projecting parapet. They could not see what he would be at; a hoarse laugh of derision rose from those below at the foolhardiness that had sent him up there. But “Hump” was wise in his generation. It was just possible for a careful man to swing a rope from where he stood to the window where Grinstead was. He started to swing the saving line deliberately; little by little it gained impetus, it crossed the gulf, it dashed against the wall. But ere it reached its mark the figure of Grinstead fell back.

“Hump” knew then that the man was insensible, dead in all likelihood. He saw the time had come to give up the attempt—but—the man might still live. He was acting on impulse now. Without pausing he hauled up the rope, knotted it securely at the end, lowered it down again, and then slipped cunningly to the end. Here he hung for a long second, and then the rope began to swing—slowly at first, gaining impetus with every passing second. Little by little the outward swing grew and grew, until “Hump’s” feet touched the almost incandescent wall. He swerved and

measured his distance. One swing more—and the man’s feet crashed in the upper panes of the window he had aimed for. Those who watched below gave a gasp of wonderment, for the hunchback suddenly let go the rope, and hung head down, his feet caught in the broken panes. The rope swung back, the desperate expedient had failed. No—it had not. Attached to the rope by which he had crossed the gulf was a second rope—a slack rope this—and “Hump” held it in his hand. With infinite difficulty the hero began to grope about for a holding. And now the mighty arms and the knotted hands, the strongest hands in the town, began to show their use. He clutched at the window frame and kicked one foot clear; he released the other foot, and suddenly shot clean through the open sash. Those below let out a cheer that dominated the flames. Then they held their breaths, for the face of “Hump” had once more appeared. But this time it was not alone—they saw that in his arms he carried the senseless body of Grinstead. The work was Titanic now, for behind the two men the room showed red and lurid, but working deftly, “Hump” hauled the saving rope toward him, knotted it about the inanimate figure he held, lifted Grinstead out, and stood himself on the sill.

“Let go!” roared the fire chief loudly, for he had seen what he had seen. The wall tottered bodily and shut down on itself like a house of cards. But just then, as those who had darted away returned breathlessly, they saw a dark form hanging in the rope that depended from the roof of the opposite building. A dozen firemen had already gained that roof and were hauling up the inanimate form, but only Grinstead was there. “Hump” had paused a moment too long—and he had given his life to bring about the happiness of the woman who had kissed him out of the charity of her heart.

## ALONE

By DEAN MACLEOD

ONE of us, dear—just one—might go,  
And you were the one;  
You, with your songs like the south wind's blow,  
With your dreams, your love and your careless cheer.  
In the flush of its wonder of promise clear,  
Your life is done,  
And I'm here alone with your memory dear.

Just one of us, dear—in a wild unrest  
Of mocking regret,  
When the light of the first star peeps in the west;  
Or at dark, alone in the firelight's glow,  
When the night-winds swirl with the swish of snow,  
Oh, I can't forget  
My thoughtless words—for I loved you so!

Just one of us, dear—to call through the space that lies  
Between us now  
And keeps you from my eager eyes.  
Like a weary bird on the endless sea,  
My message returns again to me;  
And my head I bow  
In unshared grief, despairingly.

One of us, dear—but one—might stay  
To drop a tear,  
At the side of a snow-piled grave to-day,  
In the hush of the answerless, shivering air,  
To whisper a desperate, passionate prayer.  
Just one of us, dear;  
But, oh, that I too were lying there!

One of us, dear—but one—it must be,  
And you were the one;  
I stand by you now, 'neath the lone pine tree;  
I bring you a love-rose of crimson deep,  
With the violets you loved, and a tryst we'll keep  
At the red set of sun,  
While you rest in God's Garden of Sleep.



# SAINT JOHN: THE CITY OF LOYALISTS

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

**S**T. JOHN, the largest, the most important and the most enterprising of New Brunswick's commercial centres, shows quaintly that touch of poetic feeling which occasionally crops out amidst the evidences of our modern practicality, not to say materialism, and, with loving memory of its short but stirring past, delights to claim as second title that of the "City of the Loyalists."

Its first and official name has indeed the same ring of romance, for it is the oldest trace of the coming of the white men to the three rocky peninsulas, which make a harbour at the mouth of the St. John and twice in each twenty-four hours fret the mighty river into furious conflict with the mightier tides of Fundy. As if loving to witness this ever-recurring trial of strength, Dame Nature had handicapped the strongest combatant by placing a huge barrier of rock across the narrow gorge down which the river rolls seaward; but old Fundy triumphs, and, at every tide, works the daily wonder of the Reversing Falls.

The name St. John belonged to the river long before the city was dreamed of. It carries us back through three centuries to that summer day—the Festival of St. John Baptist—when De Monts and Champlain steered their little vessel into the harbour and renamed the river, called by the Indians "Ouigoudi" or "The Highway," after the strong, stern forerunner of our Lord.

But the naming of the river was not possessing it, and for long there was not even an attempt at settlement. Thirty years went by after Champlain's visit before the fighting, fur-trading Lord of Acadia, Charles de la Tour, conceived the idea of making the mouth of the St. John a centre for his commerce with the Indians, and so began the building of his great wooden fort. This appears to have been a vast square structure of wood, surrounded by rude earthworks, palisades and a deep ditch, and strengthened at the four corners by log bastions, each mounted with six cannon. The attempt to determine the exact position of Fort Latour has given rise to much discussion, but tradition places it on a low sandy point of land, jutting out towards Navy Island from the west shore of the harbour. At ebb-water the channel dividing the island from the mainland is indicated merely by a depression in the red ooze-bed, and the point is set about with stakes and interwoven boughs to snare the fish that come in with the tide.

Some crumbling vestiges of earthworks, from which bits of birch bark, rusty arms and ancient bullets have been dug up, lend colour to the tradition that this was the site of the old fort, but the mound has been almost obliterated in the process of digging cellars for several little houses, and the place looks far more picturesque when seen from a distance than near at hand. The ap-



PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

proach to the spot, where in all probability were played out some of the most tragic scenes in the early history of Acadia, is (or was a few years ago), one of those depressing "mean streets" which are such a regrettable fruit of the modern crowding into towns.

Possibly the realities of the long ago may have been even farther from the ideal than those of our own day, but we see them under a glamour, as we gaze at sunset on some far-away city, half-veiled in luminous mist, half-lighted by a capricious glory which now gleams on the lofty church spires and now silvers the smoke-clouds from the factory chimneys. Fleets of birch bark canoes, clusters of rude huts, red-skinned warriors in paint and blankets, French "coureurs-du-bois" in finery as savage, their lord, La Tour, an amazing compound of merchant, courtier and freebooter, their lady, brave and true and tender as she shows herself even at tasks rarely counted womanly, her little white-skinned children, the woods, the

rocks, the roaring tides, the tempests and the thick, white sea-fogs—here are materials galore for picture and pageant. The real life of that day—let us not doubt it—abounded in the fine, fresh-air virtues of energy and courage, but it had, like ours, its squalor, its sordid cares, its bitter tears, its appalling crimes and tragedies. In other words, the good old times had their abundant shadows, whilst our own despised day is by no means devoid of light and of vivid colour. We of the twentieth century need not exclaim "Farewell, Romance!" like the Cavemen of Kipling's poem,

"Changed are the Gods of Hunt  
and Dance,  
And he with these. Farewell,  
Romance!"

Romance did not desert the harbour of St. John when La Tour, an old man, become peaceable at last for dearth of opponents perhaps, was drowned in his turbulent river. The recital of his wild doings and those of his rival, Charnisay, had been almost superseded, at the hearths of

the settlers in Acadia, by new tales of French and English warfare and Indian horrors—they were, indeed, century-old stories when the City of the Loyalists began to be. During the passing of this hundred years the stronghold by the St. John had been abandoned, rehabilitated, changed from French Fort Latour to English Fort Frederick; a flourishing fishing station had been established on the harbour and a new blockhouse was perched on a ridge, which, though no longer fortified, still bears the name of Fort Howe. At Mougerville, some seventy or eighty miles up the river, there settled in 1766 a few New Englanders. At other places were Acadians, who had fled from the peninsula of Nova Scotia when the doom of exile was pronounced against them, and hither and thither through the country watered by the St. John wandered tribes, many of whom were perhaps as eager for adventure as for gold. All these together were incon-

siderable in number, and in that day the chief part of the population was Indian.

On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War both sides began to court the redmen, knowing that, though generally incapable of understanding the grounds of the quarrel, they loved war for its own sake, and might be expected to sell their scalping knives to the most adroit bargainer, if not the highest bidder. The Indians, moreover, had a prejudice in favour of being on the winning side, and it gave a rude shock to the loyalty of the St. John chiefs when the disaffected colonists scored the first success, though not on an imposing scale. A party from Machias, descending suddenly on the inoffensive traders at the mouth of the river, burned the buildings of Fort Frederick, and, crossing the harbour, destroyed a vessel which was on the stocks. This, by the way, was the unfortunate beginning of the ship-



WHERE THE LOYALISTS LANDED AT SAINT JOHN



HARBOUR OF SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

building industry at St. John. About this time the Indians on the river engaged to send 600 braves to join Washington's army, and he would have been a bold prophet who, at that day, had ventured to predict that in less than a decade a Loyalist stronghold would rise at the mouth of the St. John.

Looking back to that widespread war, it is easy amidst the confused movement and bewildering eloquence of the time to attach undue importance to the doings of some actor who was chanced to catch one's attention, but in the few scenes played out in the magnificent setting of the woods and waters of St. John, the figure which seems to dominate the action is that of Michael Francklin, sometime Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia and later official Superintendent of the Indians. An Englishman who could speak French, a merchant who had gained a knowledge of Indian habits and customs in the hard school of captivity amongst

the savages, he had also the qualifications for his difficult post of tact, courage and untiring energy.

Through dry brief official despatches and invoices, we catch many a glimpse of Francklin at his work, and the scene of it is often on the St. John. For instance, on a certain September day in 1778 he held a council with the Indians near Fort Howe, and, with all the proper oratorical accompaniments, the chiefs gave up to him certain medals bestowed on them by Washington and the treaty they had made promising to send their young men to his aid. Francklin knew the value of due ceremonial and on their knees he made the proud Micmas swear, by the Holy Scriptures, to be true to King George. But he did not stop here. The solemn function concluded joyously with feasting and a general distribution of presents; and never in the after-history of St. John can there have been a gayer scene than that day's revelry in the woods

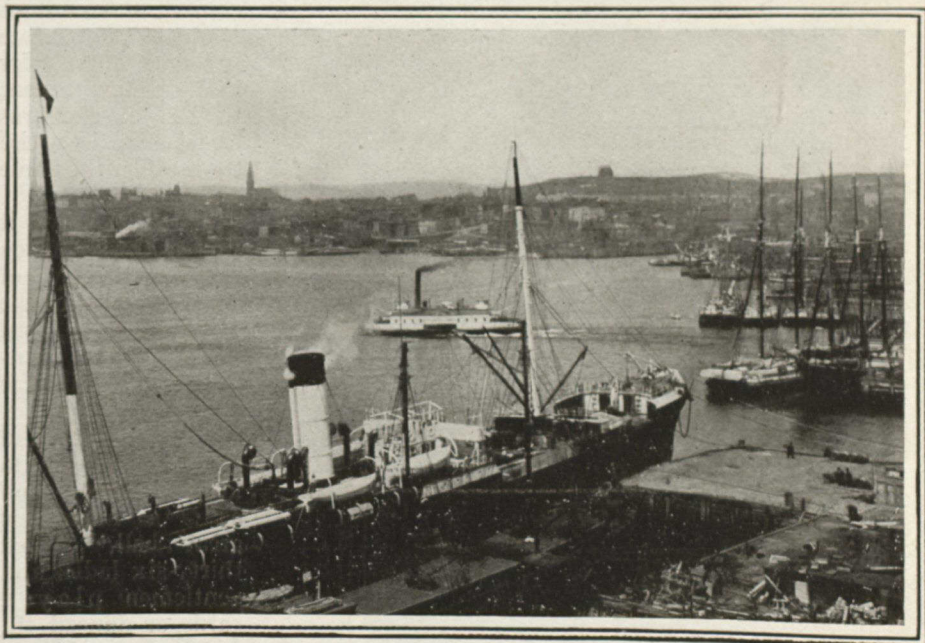
outside the palisades of Fort Howe. Weeds and brambles in the little clearing were putting on their autumn glories, gold-laced hats and scarlet leggings were a more gorgeous sight to see, and their whole following—men, women and children—were flaunting in new raiment or testing the merits of some freshly acquired jack-knife, Jew's harp, or looking-glass.

In his Indian work Francklin almost met his match in John Allan, a well-to-do Nova Scotian, who had become Indian agent for Massachusetts; but the latter complained bitterly of the superiority of British goods and British promises to those with which he was expected to beguile the redmen, and was fain at last to confess himself worsted. But Francklin's success was won at the risk of fortune and health and he did not live to see the beginning of the Loyalist City, though he had done so much to keep the St. John British, that he might well be numbered with its founders.

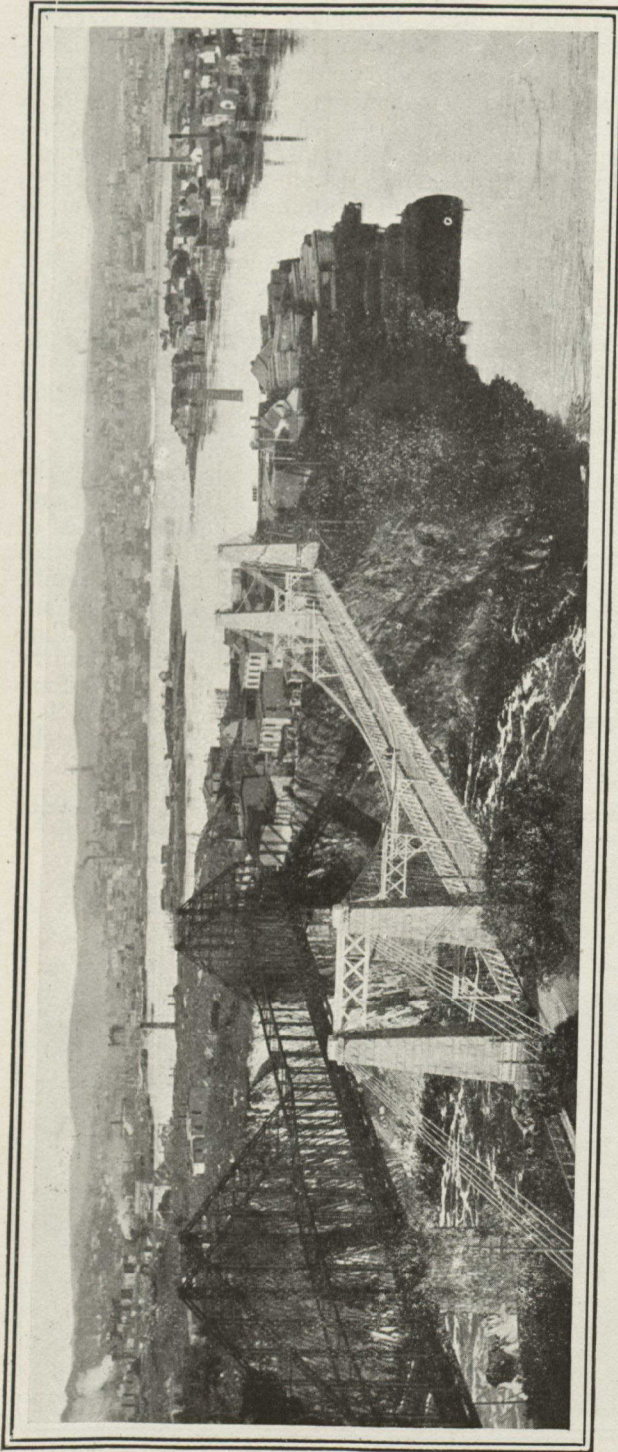
It was in May, 1783, a few months

after his death, that there arrived at St. John from New York a little fleet of twenty small vessels, having on board some 3,000 Loyalists. The season was wet and cold, the forest dense, with the exception of the small clearing about Fort Howe, and there were no buildings to give shelter to so great a host, so the new-comers stayed on their vessels till May 18th. On that day—ever memorable in the history of St. John—they disembarked at the Old Market Slip, or "Public Landing," as they called it, at the foot of King Street, and this portion of the city, after all changes, is still most picturesque.

These first arrivals were only the advance guard of a larger army, and at the muster held in the summer of the following year, 1784, the Loyalists of St. John numbered 9,260 souls. By this time they had built an "astonishing" town, and "in less time that was ever known in any country before." It was at first called Parr Town, after a governor of Nova Scotia, who proved unpopular with the Loyalists. This gentleman hinted



THE HARBOUR AT SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK



REVERSIBLE FALLS, AT SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK  
WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN THE WATER RUSHES OVER ONE FALL, AND WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT THE FALL IS REVERSED

that the choice of a name was a result of "female vanity," but as it was in use so short a time, it is scarcely worth inquiring whether it was owing to the governor's wish for distinction or his wife's. Later some grateful Loyalist suggested that Parr Town should be called "Guy," in compliment to General Sir Guy Carleton, but happily the idea did not commend itself to those in authority.

When the present Province of New Brunswick was cut off in 1785 from Nova Scotia, the inhabitants of the Loyalist town were naturally disappointed that it was not made the capital, and perhaps it was to compensate in some degree for this disappointment that a charter was conferred on the town under the name of St. John.

In those days it was a town of log houses, many of them built about the Market Square, and small as the community was, its life was never stagnant. If it had not had social functions to keep it alive—such as "a monstrous great ball," when thirty-six ladies and gentlemen played cards or danced till four in the morning—

there were always politics to fall back upon, and that was a subject to which no true Loyalist could be indifferent. Indeed, the first election of members of the Assembly was so fiercely contested at St. John that a riot ensued and the soldiers had to be called out. When other excitements were lacking there was always the coming and going of vessels with the tides, and during Napoleon's wars and the struggle of 1812 it became a nest of privateers. At the beginning of this latter war was built on Carleton Heights the gray Martello Tower, which keeps watch and

high up under the rafters is a little dark room, not much bigger than a cupboard, which is said once to have served as a prison for a luckless lad, who was afterwards hanged for some small theft. But the house has pleasant memories. In 1794 the Duke of Kent held a levee in the low, old-fashioned parlour, which was then one of the stateliest rooms in St. John, and sixty-six years later his grandson, our late King, slept in an upper chamber of the same old mansion.

That was in 1860, seventeen years before the original town of the Loy-

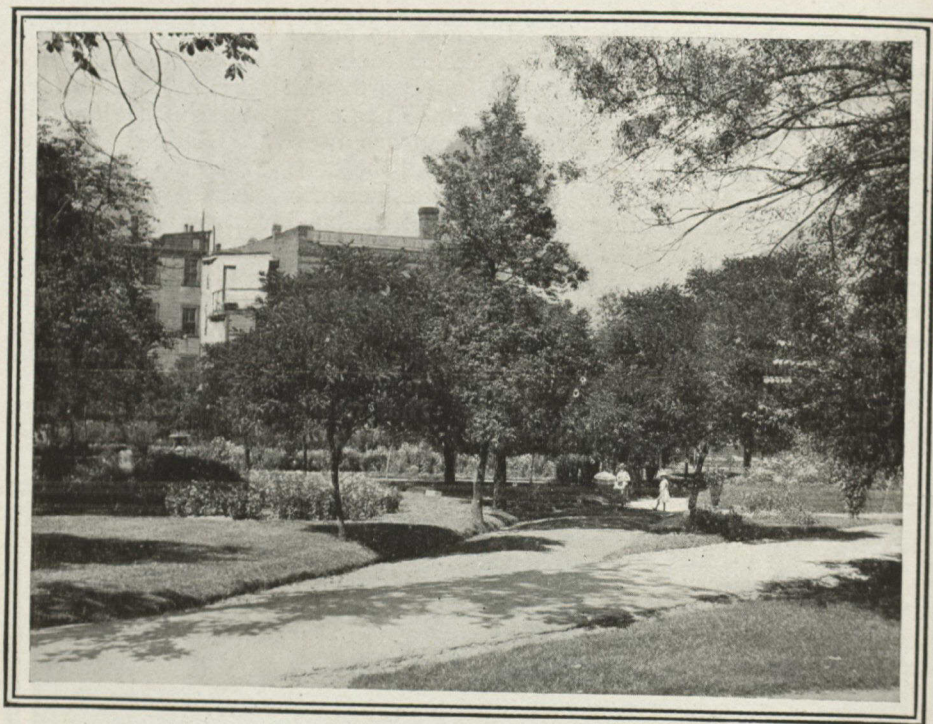


KING'S SQUARE, SAINT JOHN

ward over St. John by land and sea. It bears some little resemblance to an ancient Norman keep, looking as if it might have defied for centuries the storms that beat in from the Bay, and not a few visitors to St. John feel a twinge of disappointment when they learn that the old tower has not yet attained its hundredth year.

An actually older building is the frame dwelling known as the Chipman House, near the Carnegie Library. It is haunted by traditions of the severities of one of its early owners, Chief Justice Chipman, and

alists was swept away by the most terrible of the many fires which have wrought havoc in St. John, and one of the historic buildings then standing was Old Trinity Church, of which the corner-stone was laid by the first Bishop of Nova Scotia. This edifice, with its low tower and cupola, must have closely resembled the older church at Halifax, St. Paul's, as it appeared before the side aisles were added. Before Trinity Church was opened for service on Christmas Day, 1791, the Royal Arms, which had originally adorned the old State



A SCENE IN THE OLD GRAVEYARD AT SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

House (as it is now called) at Boston and had been carried by the British troops to Halifax, were brought from the temporary church first used by the Loyalists to the new place of worship. When Old Trinity Church was burned, the Royal Arms were rescued, and they now adorn the handsome stone church erected in place of the wooden building after the great fire of 1877. This conflagration, by the way, well deserves its name, for it consumed ten miles of streets and 1,600 houses, rendering some 15,000 people homeless.

Possibly the situation of the town, on a high and wind-beaten rock, may account to some extent for the frequency and the disastrous nature of the fires from which it has suffered. It is so thrust out into the waves that from some points you may look down the steep streets in two or even three directions and see wharves or boats or water at the end of each. These

glimpses of bay and harbour have a charm all their own, but nowadays St. John's stern rock is almost bare of vegetation and even of soil, and there remain but two or three green oases in the heart of the old town, to remind the descendants of the Loyalists of the thick woods of birch and cedar, which in former days made settlement difficult. Two of these pleasant green plots lie close together and are intimately associated with the early history of St. John. Quaint King's Square, at the head of a short steep incline from the Market Slip was used in early days as a cricket and baseball ground, and is now surrounded by a picturesque medley of shops and houses. Behind it to the northeast, lies the old burying ground, where, beneath the trees many of the founders of the city are sleeping their last sleep, in resting places marked by curious old tombstones and epitaphs.



In St. John there is little need for monuments to the Loyalists, however. There they are held always in loving memory, and if at times their descendants indulge in praise of them that seems to border on extravagance it should be their excuse that for a century it was the fashion in the United States to refer to the Loyalists as deliberately wicked or contemptibly stupid. Now, however, a new race of American historical students has arisen, which dares even to do justice to this long-maligned class, reminding their compatriots that "the side of the Loyalists . . . was, even in argument, not a weak one, and in motive and sentiment, not a base one, and in devotion and self-sacrifice, not an unheroic one." In this connection it is pleasant to recall that at the Tercentenary Celebration of the Discovery of the St. John, no heartier tribute was paid to the Loyalist founders of the city than that of Mr. C. F. Adams, a descendant of their inveterate enemy, John Adams himself.

In one sense, indeed, the City of the Loyalists is no more; but a new St. John, richer, more populous, and far outspreading the ancient limits, has arisen on its ashes.

Thanks to the tremendous tides of Fundy, St. John, even in the severest weather, was open to the sea, but in

early days it seemed much shut in on the landward side from the rest of British North America, and when need of communication with Quebec was pressing, travellers sometimes made their way on snowshoes through the hundreds of miles of wilderness to reach that city. So, on hearing of the illness of his brother the Governor-General, went Lieutenant-Governor Carleton in 1788; and so, a quarter of a century later, marched a New Brunswick regiment to aid in the defence of Canada. But the building of railways changed all that, and the Loyalist city is now one of the great gateways to the West.

For years her people have cherished the ambition of making St. John the winter port of Canada on the Atlantic. With this end in view the city made arrangements with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to aid in competing for the freight from the West, and within recent years has spent a million dollars on the equipment of freight sheds, elevators and deep-water wharves. Now the port is flourishing as never before, even in the palmiest days of the lumber trade. Last year its exports were valued at \$30,000,000, of which a third came from the United States, and the ocean steamships of eight different lines made use of its wharves.



# THE STRUGGLE FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

BY IDA BURWASH

A CENTURY ago, in London, there appeared the little book entitled "An Account of Prince Edward Island, in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, North America."

Its author, John Stewart, was for many years a resident of this island; but though born in the eventful year that saw Canada taken by the English, it was not till 1780, when a young man of twenty-two, that Stewart settled in the West. He at once identified himself with his new home, and soon became an important public man. For years he was Speaker of the Assembly, leaving to his followers a correspondence that tells its own tale of his patience and ability.

His Account forms an odd page indeed in Canadian history. It was written chiefly to encourage settlers; its author, in consequence, begins it by a description of the Island, followed by a short sketch of its history up to the installment of Governor Desbarres, in 1804, about which time his book was placed in the printer's hands.

Prince Edward Island apparently was destined from the first to be a bit of England's Empire. Discovered by Cabot on Saint John's Day, 1497, it was first called by him Saint John's Island when claimed in England's name. But as the centuries rolled on, their new possession was forgotten by the English, till gradually as the French took possession of

the Gulf it became incorporated in the kingdom of New France. Yet, though French in name for quite two centuries, it remained a wilderness in fact. Fishers, it is true, edged along its coast, but it was not till 1715 that its first settlement took place. This, too, happened as it were by accident. When in 1713 Acadia was granted to Queen Anne by Louis XIV. that august "father of his people" so far remembered his Acadian children as to gain for them a year's time in which to remove their household goods should they prefer exile to a foreign rule. Rather than suffer heretics within their borders, a number of Acadians accordingly crossed over to the Island of Saint John, which was still under French dominion.

But destiny was not so easily to be thrust aside. Scarce thirty years had passed when trouble arose once more between the rival powers of France and England in the West. This time Louisbourg was taken. Then New Englanders, firm of will and hard of hand, marched into the pleasant places of Acadia. The terms they offered seemed bitter to the helpless peasants. Exile once more seemed vastly sweeter than submission to this foe. So, hastily seizing their lares and penates, many of them departed to join their comrades of an earlier flight in the Island of Saint John. None the less a relentless fate was close upon their heels, for in

1758 these new homes, like the old loved lands, passed finally to English hands.

Tradition reports 4,000 inhabitants as gathered in the Island at this time. If so, the number lessened quickly; for in 1764 Captain Samuel Holland, Surveyor-General for British North America, mentions in the report of his survey of the Island that only thirty Acadian families then were left. "All were extremely poor," he states, "keeping themselves by gardening, fishing and fowling, the few remaining houses in the different parts of the Island being very bad and the quantity of cattle inconsiderable." The Captain, indeed, was obliged to make a winter shelter for himself out of the frame of an old barn, which was not too comfortable. "For the single fort," he continues, "at the mouth of Charlottetown Harbour was a poor stockaded redoubt, with barracks scarcely sufficient to lodge the garrison." Such was the condition of this "gem of the Dominion" when taken under English rule.

At the time when Stewart wrote his book, the Island had not been in English hands for quite fifty years. And as the writer goes on to tell of its ups and downs during those years his account presents somewhat startling phases. This is scarcely to be wondered at when one remembers how England herself was occupied in that half-century. She was surely "making history" with emphasis. Looking calmly back to-day, the pressure of events during those fifty years is almost bewildering. It was the time of England's awakening to her mission as an empire-builder, when almost at a stroke Canada, India and Australia were, so to speak, tossed into her lap. Her explorers were searching the Pacific seas. The Atlantic was shrinking year by year. Revolutions seemed to heat the very air she breathed. At her back Ireland fumed rebellious. One decade saw her American colonies setting up

for themselves an independent nation; a second saw the French Revolution flaming its fiery way till its most insolent product, the compact "little Corsican," was checked by Nelson on the seas.

Equally bewildering were the changes going on within her own particular domain—the change of dynasty, to begin with, which was much more tolerated than approved, a fact the narrow-minded king could only learn piecemeal when brought into hand-to-hand conflict with a united public opinion and a steadily persistent press. In such throes of self-realisation at home and abroad, it is scarcely surprising that the fate of a distant island in the far Atlantic Gulf should sink into insignificance and fall a prey to individuals.

And it is the plans and projects of these individuals that were so unique.

At the close of the Seven Years War, London was swarming with adventurers of many stripes. Soldiers back from action pressed their claims upon the government. Dreamers, too, existed still; poets were not yet extinct; and for the brotherhood of dreamers there is neither race nor date. In the long ago, when every dreamer's eye was filled with the blink of far Cathay, it was a romantic Frenchman who planned to settle Sable Island. Now a brother dreamer, a man of Anglo-Saxon blood, appeared with a plan more romantic still for the settling of Prince Edward Island. It was the noble Earl of Egmont, First Lord of the Admiralty and father of nine children, who now presented the Government with his elaborate scheme of settling the Island of Saint John. Stewart puts the matter very tersely. "The late Earl of Egmont," he writes, "then First Lord of the Admiralty, proposed settling it upon a feudal plan, his Lordship to be Lord Paramount of the Island, which was to be divided into a certain number of baronies to be held of him, every baron to

erect a stronghold or castle, to maintain so many men in arms, and with their under-tenants to perform suit and service, according to the custom of the ancient feudal tenants in Europe." At this distance of time such a scheme stands out in curious contrast with the strongly republican feeling then growing to completion in the New England States.

The quixotic Earl, however, had no qualms regarding his cherished scheme. In December, 1763, his first memorial was presented to the King. And one can picture, as that Christmas was celebrated in Egmont's castle halls, the enthusiasm of the nine sons and daughters regarding their father's daring scheme. The chasing shadows cast by the leaping firelight can scarcely have been more fantastic than the shifting visions of father and children of their coming adventures in this Island World. To evidence their interest, at the opening of the year, the memorial was backed by three further communications, addressed this time to the Lords of Trade and Plantations and signed by thirty influential gentlemen supposed to have claims on the Government for military service past. The King, meantime, having handed the first memorial to the Board of Trade also, that body discreetly refused it. Undaunted still, the dreamer immediately addressed a second memorial to the King. This remained unanswered. Persevering, a third was then drawn up; but in May, 1764, it received an unmistakable refusal. So the matter dropped till the arrival of Captain Holland's plans of the Island stirred things up again. Finally, a fourth memorial was sent in, signed by many important personages. These enthusiasts were for the most part wealthy and influential, and it might have been better in the end, in the matter of settlement, at all events, if the dreamer had been given a chance to prove the failure of his scheme. The important Board of Trade, however, saw with other and

more practical eyes, but to refuse the Earl's scheme gently they offered him any parish in the Island (about 100,000 acres) which he might select. This proposal his Lordship declined with dignity.

So the next body to try its prentice hand at settling the unconscious Island was the Board of Trade and Plantations itself. The servants of the Government were daily pressing their claims. To reward them with lands in the newly gained dominions seemed reasonable enough. But how to choose among them! Holland's survey-plan divided the Island into counties and townships. The Board of Trade and Plantations accordingly now hit upon a novel scheme. Calling to its chambers the deserving applicants, it announced that the townships should be divided as desired, but that, in order that no preference should be shown, they should be divided by lottery. Terms and conditions were then explained to the expectant "grantees." Quit-rents of six shillings on a hundred acres in certain townships, of four shillings in others, and two shillings in a few, all payable at Michaelmas yearly, were to be reserved for the King. There should be reserved also all lands needed for fortifications, wharves, naval yards and highways, with 500 feet from high-water mark for the fisheries, while all mines discovered were to be the property of the Crown. In addition, in each parish a hundred acres were to be set apart for church uses and thirty for a school-master. Finally and most important, was the condition that each township was to be settled in ten years by its proprietor, in the proportion of one person for every two hundred acres. Failing one-third of this settlement in four years' time, the proprietor should forfeit his right of lands to His Majesty. The numbers of the lots were then tossed into a hat—or its equivalent at the moment—and in a single day, with the exception of the three reser-

vations for three county towns, the whole Island was disposed of. Interest was keen regarding the division. Captain Holland's report confirmed the reports of the returning officers as to the natural advantages of this chosen spot in the Atlantic, and so Prince Edward Island was "boomed" in London a hundred years ago. The division made and the applicants dispersed, the august Board of Trade and Plantations no doubt heaved a sigh of relief, believing the matter fairly settled. Schemes of men, like schemes of mice, however, vary. Many of these adventurers who had seen service abroad and liked the stir of camp and battlefield, had not the least idea of turning farmers in the New World. Land grabbers flourished then as now, and almost immediately the townships began to fly from hand to hand without even the necessary grants being taken out to secure a complete title. Speculation, in fact, lay at the root of the struggle for possession of the townships at the lottery.

Odd as it is to-day to look back at this dreaming Earl, with his scheme of planting an extinct feudal system in the sturdy new world, and to see it replaced by a "toss up" for a country a fourth as large as Ireland, odder things were brewing. The following year, before fulfilling even the first conditions in the matter of settlement, the remaining "grantees" presented a petition to the King, "praying that their Island might be erected into a separate government," apart from Nova Scotia, to which it was annexed. In order to defray the expense of such establishment, they proposed to commence paying one-half of their quit-rents even before the stipulated time. Behold John Bull, then, lumbering over seas with a "Complete Constitution" to govern practically trees and wild geese, for few settlers then or for many years to follow were forthcoming.

It was accordingly in the year 1770 that there landed on these

island shores Captain Walter Patterson, Governor, and the other members of the staff required for the working of this "Complete Constitution"—secretary and registrar, chief justice, attorney-general, clerk of the Crown, provost-marshal. It was calculated that the quit-rents would amount to 1,470 pounds sterling, from which sum the salaries of all these officials were to be paid.

The arrangement was reasonable had settlers and quit-rents materialised, but, both proving visionary the "Complete Constitution" was soon in danger of starvation. At his wits' end, the Governor was obliged to use the money granted by Parliament for public buildings to feed himself and staff, and the matter finally reached a point necessitating an immediate trip to England on the part of Patterson. Just before leaving he appointed the senior member of his council, Honourable Callbeck, an administrator in his place. It was a wise act, for a steady hand was needed. The year had arrived in which the American war was fast coming to a crisis, and troubles multiplied for the Islanders. A ship from home with a valuable cargo and a number of settlers on board was wrecked off their northern coast. The settlers were saved, but the cargo was lost, which entailed great hardship on its owners. Absorbed in these affairs, the seat of war seemed far enough away. But the winds blew trouble north and south, for when least expected two American vessels suddenly appeared in Charlottetown Harbour. The surprised President and certain members of the Council were taken prisoners, and, securing all the booty they could find the ship's crew sailed for Boston, carrying Mr. Callbeck and Mr. Wright with them.

"Upon the arrival of these gentlemen," writes Stewart, "at the head-quarters of the American Army, then at Cambridge, in New England, it appeared that the rebel officers

had acted in this manner totally without orders from their superiors; they were immediately dismissed from their commands and told by General Washington in their own style—that they had done those things which they ought not to have done, and left undone those things which it was their duty to have done and their prisoners were immediately discharged with many polite expressions of regret for their sufferings, and the plundered property was all honourably restored.”

The onslaught, however, stood the Island in good stead, for it awakened England to a sense of its openness to attack. The Admiral of the British Fleet in the West at once sent the *Diligent*, an armed brig, to Charlottetown, and in November the *Diligent* was relieved by the sloop of war *Hunter*. Socially, these were great events in the life of the little capital, but officially the ships had little work to do, for with this fizzle of fight all trouble ended.

Shortly afterward, in 1780, Governor Patterson returned triumphant. His administration will doubtless longest be remembered for the gigantic land scramble with which it was so long connected. First and last, this dashing Governor seems to have been a bold adventurer. Socially attractive, when he liked he made friends among the best society of his day. If amenable to flattery, he could also flatter in his turn. Ambitious to take first place in the Island, he schemed unceasingly to get possession of its best lands. While in England he managed to have a new law passed for enforcement of the quit-rents due, and on returning to the Island, he at once appointed his brother-in-law receiver of these rents. Mismanagement and quarrels followed. The Governor tried to pack the house to suit his own ends; but finally, having overstepped all limits, he was superseded by Lieutenant-Governor Fanning. With the rolling sea between him

and the reigning powers, the gay Captain struggled hard to maintain his hold. He was most anxious to pass a bill making legal a sale of lands which he had manipulated in 1781, and confirming to all purchasers under it their properties. It was a perilous moment for the ambitious captain. The Governor who, being a purchaser himself on a large scale, hoped by his great estates to make himself a little Lord Paramount in his Island World. Before quitting his place, then, in addition to packing the House, he tried to pack the Council also. Boldly declaring that Governor Fanning was only appointed to act as temporary Governor during his own absence in England, he seized the interval before sailing to hurry on his bill. Every thinking man, even his own adherents, saw the madness of this conduct, but all were too much his creatures to refuse to act. Confident of redress, the supported new governor treated his rival with a dignified silence. In the meantime the better thinking inhabitants sent their version of matters directly to headquarters, and finally they prevailed on Governor Fanning to issue his proclamation as legal governor of the county. Not to be outdone, Patterson, the following day, issued a counter proclamation. Nevertheless the die was cast. For the ship was already on its way bearing peremptory commands to Patterson to deliver up the Great Seal and all public documents instantly to Governor Fanning, his lawfully appointed successor. Checked for the moment, though unconvinced, Patterson retired to Quebec only to return a few months later to set up a systematic opposition to his successor.

“Having been,” writes Stewart, “long in the government, many of the first people in the Island were under obligations to him, and he, of course, had a considerable influence. Every effort that was possible in the infant state of the colony was tried

to render the administration of the government in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor impracticable; a prudent and steadily moderate conduct, however, enabled the latter to overcome every difficulty, and Mr. Patterson, after a fruitless struggle of nearly two years, left the Island and came to England, where he expected to resume his old influence among the proprietors of the Island, by whose interest he had originally got the government; but here too, he was disappointed: the hearing of the criminal complaints preferred against him by the proprietors of the lands sold in 1781, turned out so much against him that he lost all influence with that body, and with that every hope of a restoration to the government of the Island, to which he never afterwards returned; and, having fallen into distress, his extensive and valuable possessions were soon after sacrificed for not a fifth of their real value under the operation of colonial laws passed during his administration."

In making his audacious "graft" the gay governor had certainly overreached himself, and upon returning to English society he found its "cold shoulder" unmistakably extended. "Graft" in those days was known in England by the simpler term of "theft," and theft to the Anglo-Saxon still meant disgrace.

His successor, though a young man, had nevertheless, been through rough experiences in America. Throughout the War of Independence General Fanning had remained stoutly loyal to England's cause and England remembered those services when in 1784 she offered him the post of Governor of Nova Scotia and three years later that of Governor of the Island of Saint John. Upright and conservative, rather than progressive, the Island developed little under his rule. It was during his administration that its name was changed to Prince Edward Island in order to avoid confusion with the other names

of Saint John in the region of the Gulf. The name Prince Edward was chosen in honour of the Duke of Kent, who from his first arrival in Canada had warmly befriended the island-colony. But if Fanning was not to leave his mark on the annals of the Island, he was permitted, before leaving it, to see the dawn of a more progressive era. In the year 1802 the long vexed questions of land-sales and quit-rents were finally and satisfactorily settled. Fresh impetus was given, too, by an inrush of settlers, fully a third as many arriving in two years as in all the time before. Much of this was due to the Earl of Selkirk, who brought out eight hundred strapping Highlanders in a body and planted them in the finest districts of the Island.

In the writer's estimation a less desirable visitor was the new attorney-general soon known throughout the Island as "Mad Wentworth." Stewart thus describes this wild official:

"In 1880 much mischief was done to the colony through a Mr. Wentworth who was sent to the Island in the office of Attorney General; whoever recommended him has much to answer for: whatever his professional abilities might have been, either from habitual drinking or the effects of disease, he appeared to be insane the greater part of the few months he spent on the Island; on the first day he made his appearance in the Supreme Court, he addressed himself to the audience, and informed them that he had been pitched upon by their Sovereign, as a person of distinguished abilities, to come to the Island to regulate their affairs, and see justice done, and in a short time he told them that everything was wrong, and that he would undertake to clear the greatest part of them from paying rent, or fulfilling any contract made with the proprietors, most of whom he said had no right to their lands; the Court and even the Governor he treated with the greatest insolence, nobody seemed to know what to do with him,

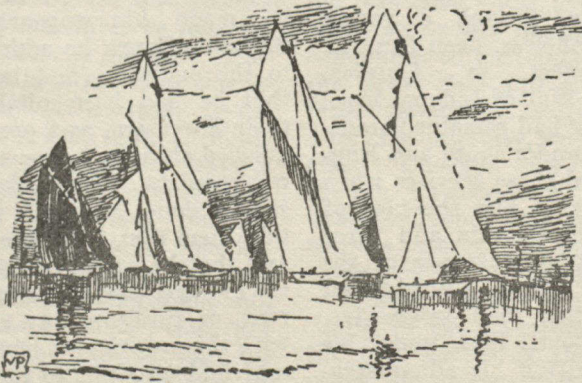
at the same time it was evident that his conduct, if not checked, would be productive of very serious evils; so fascinating was his doctrine with the ignorant, that in the short space of two months he received, according to his own account, four hundred retaining fees. All this, however, did not satisfy him. Wherever he heard of any differences existing, he contrived to set a lawsuit on foot. Never perhaps was there a more complete instance of popular delusion than this man excited for some weeks; but, happily for the colony, when the madness was at its height, letters arrived from the Secretary of State announcing to the Governor Mr. Wentworth's being superseded."

The "Account" here practically ends with a farewell to the retiring Governor and a welcome to the new Governor (Desbarres) who arrived in the Island about the beginning of July, 1804.

Dry as the little book looks at first sight, it repays the reader; for its simplicity bespeaks its truth and reveals throughout its pages, not only the dignity and integrity of its writer but his broader outlook as a statesman. It is the unshaken faith of a loyal Canadian who speaks in the following:

"It may suit the views of particular people to represent the connection and dependence of the remaining British colonies in America on the mother country as loose and precarious. Such is not by any means the light in which the subject is seen in these colonies. . . . . I consider the maritime colonies as perfectly safe in the present state of the British naval power, and whenever their valuable natural resources are generally known and the immense extent to which their fisheries may be carried is felt, I think I may venture to predict that their affairs will be put on such a footing as will at no very distant day render them the most powerful foreign dependency of the British Empire, that which will be most cherished and last parted with."

The vast sweep of Canada's present day Dominion was withheld from the writer's vision a hundred years ago. But the belief in a wider Empire, even then foreshadowed, was firmly fixed in his innermost convictions. It was a belief that was part and parcel of the staunch principles, warm affections and unyielding wills of these first Canadian settlers of whom the writer of this book stands as a signal type.





# Current Events

By  
F. A. ACLAND

NO doubt one of the most notable events of the months has been the prize fight at Reno, Nevada, though it is somewhat of an old story now. The enormous publicity given the encounter between Jeffries and Johnson has served the purpose of disgusting the public at large with the whole world of pugilism with its atmosphere of coarseness, brutality and vice. There was comparatively little to be said against the cultivation of the "manly art," and not a little to be said in its favour, when the details of a fight were not obtruded roughly on all the world. There are plenty of people who enjoy the spectacle of a fistic encounter, and the training of men to a gladiatorial contest of this nature has nothing in it essentially vicious. In the days of Tom Sayers the patronage of the sporting section of the aristocracy lent a doubtful lustre to the prize ring, and some higher and lower elements of society were drawn together by a common interest; the particulars of a coming fight and of the fight itself were, however, confined to the sporting realm and were not served up at the breakfast table morning after morning for weeks at a stretch with all the concomitant details of the manner of life and domestic relations of the respective champions, for the edification of mild-mannered men who have no taste for stories of blood and of women and children who shudder

at the hideous photographs of athletic ugliness forced on their gaze.

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It is to the credit of journalism that some newspapers withstood the pressure of the noisy element and refused to give to the recent fight the same prominence as a war or on earthquake might have commanded, and the wide reaction against the exhibition of fight pictures is on the whole a hopeful sign of the times. Few things in journalism have been more amusing than the quick volteface of some of the worst examples of the yellow journal when they found there was a danger of the public conscience being really outraged by a continuance of the pugilistic publicity campaign. As to the attempt to dignify the Reno contest by ascribing to it the importance of a racial conflict because Jeffries was white and Johnson black, it is a far-fetched and futile effort to classicise an atmosphere that has become thick with commonplaceness and vulgarity.

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The vote on Women's Suffrage in the British House of Commons was not apparently a very decisive victory, since the measure at issue, a bill introduced by Mr. Shackleton, the Labour member, goes to a committee of the whole with the certainty of being no more heard of for the

present session. Before the next session the whole scene may have been transformed and the responsibility placed on other shoulders than those that now bear the burden. The vote shows wide divergence of opinion, and is evidence that the matter is not yet one purely of party politics. Mr. Asquith was frankly hostile, and urged with pseudo-logic that the natural and inevitable sequel to woman suffrage was the election of women to the House of Commons and the eligibility of women for nomination to the Speaker's chair. The position of sovereign is far higher than that of member of Parliament or Speaker and has been conceded to women as the accident of sex determines. If the world or the Empire were governed by logic, however, it would be easy to prove the uselessness of sovereign, Speaker and parliament altogether. When the English race becomes logical, it will have ceased to be practical. Logic, meanwhile, is in the air, and Suffragism having ceased to go on the rampage may score a victory at no distant date. That the cause of women, if there is or can be any cause of one sex as apart from or against the other, is not likely to be appreciably advanced by the exercise of the franchise by women is shown in the case of the states or countries where women have already voted for a number of years past, Colorado, New Zealand, Finland, none of them possessed of the highest responsibilities of nationhood, and none of them shining in their respective spheres with particular brilliancy; New Zealand, which is indeed somewhat startling in its radicalism, had started on its original and interesting career, which will lead we none of us know exactly where, before the vote was given to women, and the good or evil of its novel legislation cannot be set down for or against women's votes. It will be the same elsewhere; women's votes, when they come, will be an imaginary settlement of an imaginary grievance, and will not probably seri-

ously affect the way of the world, or the manner of dealing with the real problems of life.

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The knighting of ex-Premier Ross of Ontario is a tribute to the ability and public spirit of an eminent public man who in his sphere had done great service to the Dominion and to the Empire. Sir George Ross had the misfortune to become leader of the Ontario Government when its course had well nigh run, and the most brilliant tactics could not have long postponed the impending catastrophe, but long before this period of ill fortune set in Mr. Ross had as Minister of Education during the greater portion of Sir Oliver Mowat's long regime skilfully administered the school system of the Province, had brought the department with credit through the most severe political attacks, and had earned a reputation throughout the Dominion as a brilliant and forceful orator. His great gifts as a speaker have always been and are yet freely given to any cause identified with the upbuilding of the Dominion, and Sir George Ross has been for a generation an earnest and devoted promoter of that spirit of broad and patriotic imperialism which has swept Canada from end to end during the last decade and a half. Nor should it be overlooked that the vast development which the last few years have witnessed in Northern Ontario, with its Cobalts and Gowgandas and armies of miners, was appreciably hastened by the policy of railway-building inaugurated by the government led for a few years by Mr. Ross, while the railway remains as one of the last sources of revenue of Sir James Whitney's lucky administration.

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Sir Wilfrid Laurier's tour of western Canada is an event of the widest national significance. When Sir Wilfrid last went across the prairies and the

mountains, sixteen years ago, he had not yet commenced his long Premiership, so the people of the West have never seen him as Premier. In any event, it is a new West since 1894. The West of that day had failed to attract immigrants and a spirit of pessimism and apathy was creeping over the land. It was about ten years ago that the real awakening began, and it is during that decade that the West has turned a score of struggling backward little towns into handsome flourishing cities, while the names of communities then unheard of are now household words throughout the Dominion. A million of people have gone into the West during the last decade and the organised life of Canada has been extended over its vast areas. Law and order have been in the meantime maintained to a degree that is truly marvellous when from this point of view we contrast the making of the West with the quick development of other lands. The story of energy and progress is a fascinating one, and though it is not yet by any means finished, it is well that the scene of this great transformation should be visited by the statesman who has guided the destinies of Canada throughout this brilliant period of her history; and it is not less fitting that as many as possible of this million of new citizens should have the opportunity of coming into contact with the appealing and forceful personality of the Dominion Premier.

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The cabled statement that Premier Botha had refused to live in Groote Schuur, the residence left in Cecil Rhodes' will for the use of future premiers of South Africa, caused an unpleasant jar to the feelings of many who had found in the soldier-premier almost an ideal exemplification of the virtues of conciliation and reasonableness; it is pleasant therefore to learn that the first cable, as alas! too frequently happens, was without founda-

tion and that the residence will be used for the purpose Rhodes wished. The gift of Groote Schuur was a generous one, but it is not this aspect of the legacy that chiefly appeals to the imagination; rather is one inclined to think of the absolute faith of the man who in the darkest hour of South African history looked confidently for a splendid dawn and emphasised his conviction in the peculiar Rhodesian way. On the whole, General Botha seems to have viewed the whole political situation broadly and generously, and his premiership will do much to reconcile the Dutch race to British ascendancy, an ascendancy which, in spite of the Dutch majority and the Dutch premier, is still a substantial factor in the near background. Some have criticised Premier Botha because he has allowed himself to be placed in nomination in the impending union elections against Sir James Percy Fitzpatrick, the well known author of "The Transvaal from Within," and not long since a visitor to Canada, on the ground that it is a violation of the truce he has himself proclaimed in racial strife; but this is part after all of the necessary opportunism of politics, and we must make the best of such small departures from the line of idealism. There can be little doubt that if Cecil Rhodes, the greatest of all South Africans, were living to-day he would be working in the closest comradeship with General Botha for the good of South Africa and the Empire.

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It is impossible for us in Canada to follow closely the trend of affairs in Egypt and India and other great outlying dependencies of the Empire, but with the increasing tendency towards a certain unity of responsibility for the government of the Empire, it is desirable we should note the main incidents of current history in this connection and their bearing on the problems of the moment. It is in Egypt that the situation has become

most acute, partly, no doubt, because the position of Great Britain in that country is more anomalous than that which she occupies in India. The latter country is frankly claimed and held as a possession, whereas Egypt is yet technically a possession of Turkey, its government being administered by England—temporarily, or until such time as withdrawal seems safe, for all concerned; the Egyptian position is one that can be defended only by results and the results fortunately leave no room for doubt as to the wisdom of the step taken twenty-five years ago in this direction by the British Government.

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Could Lord Cromer have taken a leaf from the book of our own wonderful Lord Stratheona and remained young and vigorous at ninety, the Egyptian problem might have been staved off for many a year. But Cromers are not bred every day and his successor, Sir Eldon Gorst, seems to have been of another kidney, of unimpeachable honour and decorum it goes without saying, or he would not have occupied a high station in the British public service, but lacking apparently much of the force and somewhat of the tact of his predecessor. One instance cited of the changed circumstances is that whereas in Lord Cromer's time when occasion demanded conference between the British representative and the Khedive, word was sent to the latter that Lord Cromer would call at a particular hour, and Lord Cromer called at that hour and found the Khedive ready and waiting to see him, nowadays the British representative waits in the Khedive's ante-rooms until the Khedive is pleased to be ready. This is a trivial example to quote, but it serves to show the different characters of the men. It is personal force that impresses the Oriental. It may or may not be wise and proper for England to rule the Orientals, but if she would rule them,

she must choose the proper mediums, and Sir Eldon Gorst by common report seems not to be one such; so Sir Eldon is being removed to a more suitable sphere, and the British Government is looking for another Lord Cromer. Sir Eldon's retiring disposition is not, however, reflected in the attitude of the British Government as expressed by Sir Edward Grey, who in discussing the whole subject in the House of Commons declared that "Occupation must continue, more so now than ever. . . . The agitation against British occupation of Egypt must have one result: to insist on one occupation."

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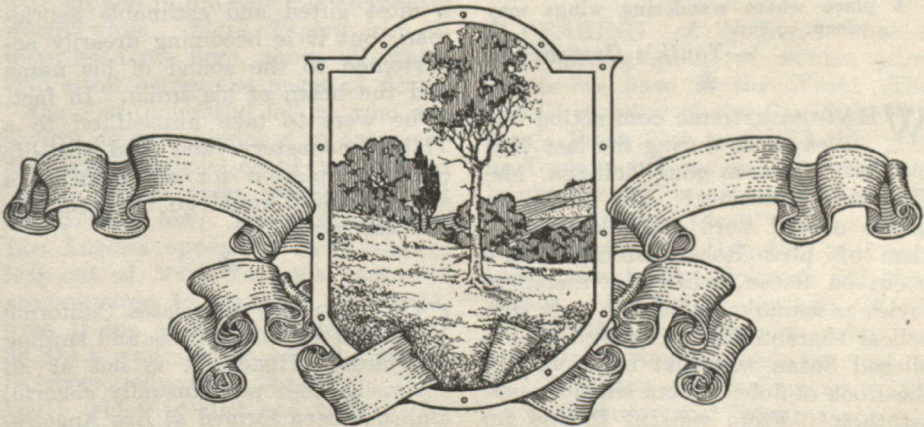
The settlement of the century old fisheries quarrel between the three English-speaking sections of the North American continent, Canada, Newfoundland and the United States, with Great Britain as the backer of the two first-named, goes on somewhat wearily at The Hague. Fragmentary cable dispatches appear relative to speeches of several days' duration by counsel for the different parties, but the press is not pretending to follow the subject in any detail. Some of the questions to be argued are purely technical, as, for instance, the familiar one, "When is a bay not a bay?" or words to that effect, involving the vexed point as to whether the three-mile limit outside which the Americans are admittedly restricted as to a portion of the Newfoundland and all the Canadian coasts shall be measured from headland to headland or shall follow the curve of the bay. Other questions carry us back to the days of the American revolution and involve in one case the point as to whether or not Great Britain when she recognised the independence of the United States yielded any sovereign rights over the territories that remained to her; the contention that any such rights were conceded is no doubt the extreme limit of the American claims and can only be

taken seriously because of the formality of the court. The British contention, on the other hand (on behalf of Newfoundland), which holds that any privileges enjoyed by American ships in British waters do not hold unless such ships are manned exclusively by American citizens, seems a little difficult to sustain. Whatever the result, it is to be hoped the rendering of the judgment will be clear and unambiguous, so that a hundred years hence the question may not still be plaguing our descendants.

\*

British politics have not shown any marked feature during the past few weeks. The result of the conference of leaders is not yet known, the deliberations being, in fact, still unfinished. Extremists on either side are protesting against this practical though informal method of attempting a settlement, but the plan seems to find approval with the average man and if success is attained it is to be hoped it may be more frequently resorted to. The Unionists have scored their first notable success since the general election in a bye-election at Liverpool where their candidate held a seat by a largely increased majority over the same Labour candidate who

had been defeated in January last, but if there be truth in the cable dispatch which attributes the success to the Unionist opposition to the proposed change in the accession oath, the success is to be deplored as indicative of a reactionary sentiment opposed to an enlightened toleration. Mr. Lloyd-George's budget has proved a success as a revenue raiser and no difficulty is contemplated in raising the enormous income of £200,000,000, practically a thousand million dollars. Mr. Lloyd-George made a tactical error in creating the impression that he believed the sum devoted to naval defence, ample enough to please all parties but the Socialists, to be the outcome of a policy of insanity, and was immediately faced by two challenges from widely differing sections of the House, Unionist and Socialist, to resign if he did not approve the provisions of his own budget, a challenge which was not accepted. The Chancellor showed more courage, however, with regard to the whisky tax, which has evidently had excellent results and has been retained despite the extremist opposition from the Irish members, an opposition which may have serious effects for the Government at a later stage.





## At Five O'clock

### SWALLOW SONG

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

O little hearts, beat home, beat home,  
 Here is no place to rest.  
 Night darkens on the falling foam  
 And on the fading West.  
 O little wings, beat home, beat home,  
 Love may no longer roam.

Oh, love has touched the fields of wheat,  
 And love has crowned the corn,  
 And we must follow love's white feet,  
 Through all the ways of morn.  
 Through all the silver roads of air  
 We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of love are wide,  
 O winds that turn, O stars that guide.  
 Sweet are the ways that love has trod  
 Through the clear skies that reach to  
 God.

But in the cliff-grass love builds deep  
 A place where wandering wings may  
 sleep.

—*Youth's Companion.*

\*

WHAT an extreme commotion has been made during the last year by that "Chinese gong" citizen, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt! He really reminds one of Lord Macaulay's criticism of poor Robert Montgomery's poem on Satan, when the merciless reviewer remarked that the only diabolical characteristic possessed by the alleged Satan was that mentioned in the Book of Job: "From whence comest thou? From walking to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

Mr. Roosevelt has, in a positively alarming degree, this propensity to locomotion. Shooting lions, defying His Holiness the Pope, telling the Germans how to conduct military drill, informing the French of their defects of temperament, instructing the British as to the government of Egypt — these are small undertakings for a gentleman of the robust vitality of Theodore the First. He takes himself with such blessed seriousness, this Czar of all the Americans, that it is difficult to believe that he is not a specialist in all subjects, from Norse sagas to the hunting of elephants. This continent has not the slightest doubt that Mr. Roosevelt is a most gifted and estimable gentleman, but it is becoming dreadfully accustomed to the sound of his name and the beam of his smile. In fact, if he were to take himself off to a Thibet monastery, and lead the life of contemplation for six months, a sigh of relief would go up from the civilised world.

\*

ONE naturally associates California with sunshine, roses and smiling vineyards. Hence, it is not at all surprising that an unusually cheerful club has been formed at Los Angeles, bearing the name, "Jolly Old Ladies' Club." The members are the "young-

est" old ladies, because they boast about their age, bubble with optimism, and never intend to get old at heart. The creed of this Jolly Old Ladies' Club reads:

"Cheerfulness leads to perennial youth.

"Flowers are the poetry of fragrance and of colour.

"Life is eternal. There is no such thing as so-called death. Mortals merely 'pass on' from this world to another.

"Happiness and a good digestion go hand in hand.

"Dwelling on such subjects as sickness, disaster or death is strictly prohibited.

"As like attracts like, sweet tender sentiments, often expressed, mould a character of sweetness and tenderness. Be jolly at all times and resolve never to look glum."

To be eligible to this organisation one must at first be an optimist, possess an abiding faith in all things good, and have passed her sixtieth birthday. After that, when a vacancy occurs and one has qualified by never losing her temper and being able at sixty to laugh with the enthusiasm of sixteen, she may become a member of the Jolly Old Ladies' Club.

This appears to be the most sensible organisation on the continent, with an aim in life which is eminently worth while. *Mark Tapley* has always been my hero, above all others who stroll across the pages of fiction—the dear, delightful fellow, who was always doing a kindness to some one and whose whole creed was to be "jolly" when skies were dark and friends were few. These old ladies of Los Angeles appear to have taken a leaf out of *Mark Tapley's* book and are prepared to smile at the world, even if the shadows are lengthening on their way. After all, who should be more jolly than the old? It is youth which is hurt and tortured by the thought of what is to come. The second youth which follows life's fever

and fret has known disillusion and defeat and has come to see that this oblate spheroid known as the Earth is only a school after all, and that we are merely getting ready for a higher course of study in some other sphere. Of course, there are would-be wise-acres who would have us believe that we are only dust and ashes and that there is nothing for us but a grave. The jolly old ladies of Los Angeles know better, and so does every brave and honest soul, who has striven to make the best of this world, and has learned to smile over the heart-breaking failure, as well as over the stimulating success. We wonder what books the old ladies read. Surely, "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is somewhere in the club, and the genial wisdom of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," to say nothing of the stories of Mark Twain and O. Henry. California is another spot which I am going to visit when a certain ship comes sailing in, with a cargo of gold and ivory. And may I be permitted, though the age of three-score is still some years in the twilight distance, to be the guest of the jolly old ladies and foregather with those choice anti-disaster souls. They are the right kind and may they all be spared to crack jokes at the age of ninety "upwards"!

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**S**PEAKING of "jollity," what a cheering group of women journalists we have in the West! The annual meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club was held this year in Toronto and we had "a perfectly lovely party," in which the readers of these "Five O'Clock" columns may take an interest. Hamilton sent over two guests — Mrs. Coleman and Miss Nisbet — the former, our own "Kit," of the *Mail and Empire*, who can write fairy rings around the rest of us, the latter, a Hamilton journalist whose industry and brightness are in keeping with the best traditions of the Ambitious City. From the West

came two worthy representatives — Miss Cora Hind of the *Manitoba Free Press* and Mrs. Balmer Watt of Edmonton, who is "Peggy" of the *Saturday News* and who does a variety of columns for other journals. Miss Hind has a unique place among Canadian women journalists. She knows as much about Western wheat and financial affairs as any other authority in newspaper circles. At least, that is what the men tell us and we take their word for it. Miss Hind is a clear and business-like speaker, who tells modestly of her work in a straightforward and interesting manner. Her evident enjoyment of her department in journalism and her appreciation of its scope set many others thinking of the prospect afforded in this field of endeavour. The Press Club is genuinely proud of Miss Hind's work, as affording convincing proof, if such were needed, of feminine ability in finance. Mrs. Watt is as stimulating as Edmonton air—which is said to possess the wine-like qualities of the true West. She has written two books and manages to accomplish a surprising amount of work, with a merry ease of expression which makes "Peggy" a welcome visitor for a wide circle. One would have wished to see also that radiant exponent of "the joyous life," Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton, who does more good in less time than any other scribe I have met over the teacups. Under the name, "Emily Ferguson," she has recently written "Janey Canuck in the West," a book which is sparkling with good cheer and which has an underlying texture of good sense. Another who would have been royally welcome was Mrs. Isabel E. MacKay. But alas! Vancouver is a magnificent distance from Toronto and we had to content ourselves with electing her vice-president for British Columbia.

There were masculine guests at that luncheon — four favoured gentlemen who made themselves so eminently agreeable that the feast would have

been flat without the flavour of their comradeship. Mr. George Ham is the godfather of the club and set it going under the benign auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Thus it has been going like a transcontinental express train ever since, and bids fair to rival the Canadian Press Association. There is hardly a more popular official in Canada than Mr. Ham, who would be at home anywhere in the universe and who is quite capable of being "chummy" with Kaiser Wilhelm himself. Mr. J. S. Willison is an esteemed guest with the club whose presence is deemed an essential at the annual luncheon. His address was characterised by gracious recognition of the claims of "sister journalists" and a subtle humour which gave a light touch to the occasion. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe of the London (England) *Daily Mail*, whose letters are a "colourful" feature of that sprightly publication, proved himself as gifted in speech as in descriptive paragraphs, and nobly disproved the charge that the Englishman can neither see nor tell a joke. Mr. J. F. MacKay of *The Globe*, the courteous President of the Canadian Press Association, acted the part of kindly brother and slyly hinted at such a possibility as affiliation between the two societies. Of course, there was a smiling assent at the suggestion of a joint excursion, and the prospects of affiliation glowed brighter, although, as in every proposed bond, there was a certain hesitancy over the decisive proposal.

Altogether it was a most enjoyable occasion, which emphasised the great change that has taken place in woman's place in journalism. Ten years ago such a gathering would have been impossible, twenty years ago it would have been considered an idle dream. There are a few doleful critics who would deplore the fact that so many women are occupied in other than the domestic sphere. But woman is progressing very nicely, thank you — and wouldn't I like to



come back one hundred years from now to see just what she is doing—or not doing!

\*

TO infringe on "The Way of Letters" is always in order. Wherefore, I hope my readers will listen to a word of advice and read the book to which I have referred—"Janey Canuck in the West." It is brimful of good humour and a hearty sympathy with all sorts and conditions of humanity. The author's cheeriness is never forced—like the perfunctory philanthropy of Zona Gale's "Friendship Village." She writes of the various phases of Western life with a vivacity and discernment which enable us to see the country which is in the making and the manifold races who are engaged in building it. There is more than vivacity in the writer's reflections on the conditions of the West. This comment on a certain sermon is well worth the attention of those who may be disturbed by modern theological criticism:

"In the evening we went to church at Holy Trinity. The preacher was a theological professor from one of the lower provinces. I knew him once as a brilliant young student, and was pleased to see him mount the pulpit.

"But alas! 'how the devil spoils a fire God gave for other ends!"

"Our friend undoubtedly feels he has a reputation to keep up as a controversialist and dogmatist, and so turns the pulpit into a kind of theological fortification, from whence he pours down broadsides on the doubts and mooted questions which he imagines are greatly troubling us.

"The fact of the matter is, few of us are puzzling over the 'tangled Trinities,' over these analytical, metaphysical aridities which may be picked out from what Hume would designate as the 'speculative

tenet of Theism.' They are too much out of the beaten track, and besides, most of us are kept far too busy, week days and Sundays, fighting the world, the

nd the devil.

"There are some of us—in truth, many of us—who do not care about the wonderful something in the future, nor do we desire, in the present, morbid self-introspection and gloom. We ask the Church to teach us how we may live life now; how we may have it in large abundant measure. We want to know how to be strong, healthy and holy (wholesome), happy and wise. And if there are other worlds we want the same things there."

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AMONG the various comments on the life and works of the late Goldwin Smith, these remarks from "A Loyal Canadian" in the *Montreal Standard* strike a note not often echoed:

"I would recommend the city of Toronto to erect a splendid monument to his memory, draped with the American flag, having the Stars and Stripes brilliantly prominent, with the following motto:

"Dedicated to the memory of Goldwin Smith,

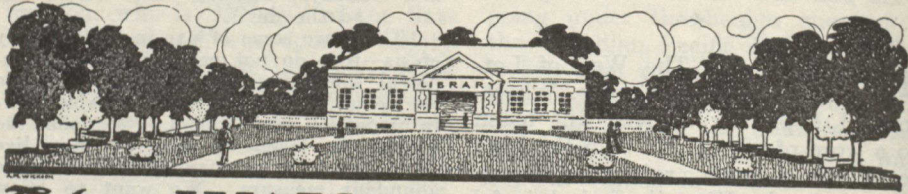
In honour of his distinguished place in Canadian History."

"He was a brilliant writer who never allowed the opportunity to pass without belittling Canada and everything Canadian; continually wasting all the eloquence and energy he could spare in efforts to get the American flag floating over the Dominion."

It must be admitted that Professor Goldwin Smith was much more attached to Cornell University than to any institution in Canada and that his "Canadianism" was not such as to excite enthusiasm in the breasts of those who wish to keep "our own Dominion" separate from the republican nation to the south of us.

JEAN GRAHAM.





## The WAY of LETTERS

THESE are two outstanding characters in William J. Locke's new book, "Simon the Jester." These are *Simon de Gez*, member of the House of Commons, England, and *Lola Brandt*, an animal trainer. *Simon* becomes afflicted by what he calls a "little pain," but one which the highest medical authorities say will cause his death in six months. He views the prospect with a sense of humour and betakes himself to what he believes is the most God-forsaken spot in England, namely, Mugglebed-on-Sea. Here he plans for the quintessence of happy-fatedness, as he puts it. His decision is to help fellow creatures. His time and wealth go to benefit others. The climax is reached in his endeavour to induce an intimate friend, *Dale Kynnersley*, to forsake what *Simon* believes is a foolish infatuation for *Lola Brandt*, whose morals he questions. But in the rescue work *Simon* becomes enamoured by *Lola's* charms. *Dale* returns to a former sweetheart of his own rank, while *Simon's* affections drift from she who was his fiancee till the doctor's ill-fated message came to the women against whom he had worked to protect his friend.

By a chance operation *Simon's* health is restored, and in time he marries *Lola*, whose human sympathy and wonderful magnetism had such power over the hearts of men, but whose breeding would bar her from what might be styled "London so-

ciety." *Simon* and *Lola* live happily in a social settlement in Lambeth. And even if social life is still a mighty factor in the motherland, and even if it be thought that *Simon de Gez* ought to have married other than an animal trainer to strive again for parliamentary honour, it perhaps should be admitted that under the circumstances his actions were somewhat justifiable and that ultimately he became annexed to work for which he was aptly suited. A curious humour pervades the story. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

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THE West is such an evolving, busy, money-making part of Canada that few people stop to realise what a mine it is for literary workmen with powers of observation of first quality. It is with all the greater pleasure therefore, that we welcome such a book as "Janey Canuck in the West," by Emily Ferguson. The author, whose real name we believe is Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, is already known as a writer of Western sketches. The present volume will greatly enhance her reputation, for it is redolent of the soil, and of the activities and difficulties which are characteristic of pioneer life. The author narrates a series of experiences covering a journey from Toronto and a residence of two years in a northern Manitoba village before settling in Edmonton. Her manner of writing recalls something of the charm of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden,"

and the frank love of all outdoors which marked that fascinating book. Instead of the cultivated forests and gardens of Germany, however, we have the prairie carpeted with "black-eyed Susans," the slough alive with wild ducks, the winter forest trails a mass of glistening snow; instead of humming Continental village life, we have glimpses of lumber camps, of lonely settlers and of servant girl problems that the old world would not dream of.

Mrs. Murphy has a terse, epigrammatic style, which makes her frequent use of quotations unnecessary and a little monotonous, but on the whole she has produced an eminently readable book. Her intimate knowledge of western conditions enables her frequently to hit off a situation neatly, as, for instance, when she says, "Lying is not one of the Westerner's failures; it is his success," or when she says, "There are not sufficient village girls to go around. The unequal distribution of trousers and skirts in Canada makes countless thousands mourn." (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

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"PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT," by Baroness Orczy, is a bright story, attractively written, but without any claim to importance. It is built too closely upon the lines of the earlier and more successful "Scarlet Pimpernel." It may be suggested also that it requires more than a lavish use of impressive titles and long-past silks and satins to reconstruct the atmosphere of the court of King Louis and La Pompadour. One of the best things in the book is the brief sketch of the romantic and unfortunate Charles Edward, "the Chevalier Saint George." He appears for a few pages only, as "a young man with fair curly hair worn free from powder, and eyes restless and blue," making the eternal appeal of the uncrowned king. As for the hero, *Lord Eglinton*, he is almost too amiable to be convincing. And the fair

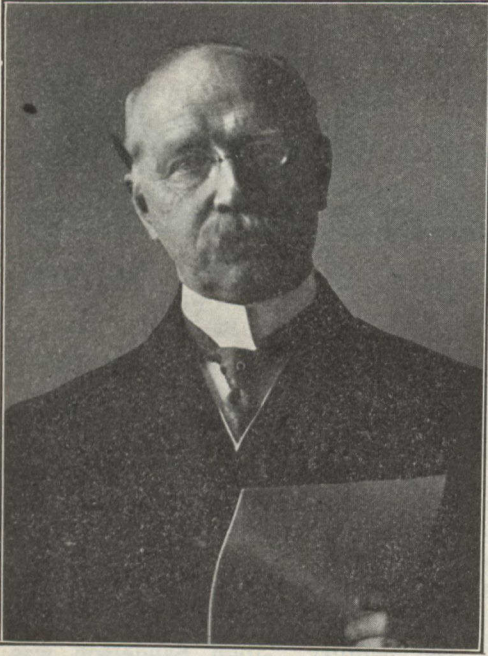
*Lydia* is a most unpleasant young person. In conclusion, one may ask whether there is no other period of time, no history save that of France, to which the novelists might turn their attention? One grows a little tired of the days before the "deluge" in that fair land. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

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IT will be to such books as "John Sanderson the First," by his daughter, Camilla Sanderson, that the future historian of early life in Ontario will be greatly indebted. Miss Sanderson's work in itself is not a piece of literature; it is a chatty, fireside sort of family narrative with intimate facts and poems by the author which would have no place in a piece of impersonal writing. That fact aside, however, it is a mine of detail and colour of the life of a Methodist minister in the thirties and onwards of last century. John Sanderson was Irish by birth and with his highly-strung English wife and brood of little ones he laboured now here, now there, always with scant means and with constant mental anxiety, but ever with a cheerful heart and fun-loving spirit which drove away many a carking care.

The Methodist rule for frequent change of station by ministers was to the family a hardship, but to John Sanderson it was not. He regarded the Stationing Committee, who allotted the spheres of work for the ministers from year to year, as a sort of sub-Providence. His wife was expected to take a leading part in church work, but she was possessed of the good old English principle that a woman's first duty is to her family.

Miss Sanderson relates many incidents of life in the Peterborough district during the long sojourn of the family at different points in the Midland counties. Her book is so filled with human interest that it possesses much of the charm of a well-written novel, having in addition the fact that it is a true record and treasure-house



THE LATE JOHN A. EWAN

Associate Editor of the *Toronto Globe*, one of the best known and most respected of Canadian journalists, who died on July 28. Mr. Ewan conducted for several years the department of "Current Events Abroad" in *The Canadian Magazine*.

of historical material. (Toronto: William Briggs).

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THE charm of "The Book of a Bachelor," by Duncan Schwann, lies largely in the fact that it is exactly what its title indicates. We have had books by maidens and old maids and young wives and old wives; we have books of love letters galore, but a book telling something of the really life of a bachelor is something a little newer. One rather hopes, however, that all bachelors are not quite as *Gerald Hanbury*—if they are, one is converted at once to the saying which one hitherto doubted, namely, that any girl is too good for any man; for of all egotistical, conceited, heartless creatures *Gerald Hanbury* is easily first! The young girl who reads the book will shut it with a thoughtful face and ten to one will become

a militant suffragette shortly afterwards. "Can it be possible," she will say, "that man really thinks as well of himself as all that? If so, I shall immediately proceed to disillusion him." One feels quite sure that if *Audrey Maitland*, the lady of *Gerald Hanbury's* choice, had any idea of his state of mind there would have been no wedding at the end of the book, and one feels sorry that *Cynthia*, the actress whom he permits to amuse him, never knows how worthless is the man who deserts her. Not that the book is intended to present him as worthless—bless you, no—the book represents him as a model of the frank and manly, at times almost too bright and good—but we refuse to be blinded by a prejudiced autobiographer. *Gerald Hanbury*, bachelor, is a cad, and we know him for what he is. Too bad that *Audrey* and *Cynthia* didn't! (London: William Heinemann).

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IT is matter for regret that a publishing house of the standing of A. and C. Black should have sent out a book so carelessly written as "Canada: The Land of Hope," by E. Way Elkington. It is in many places superficial, abounds in hasty impressions and wrong inferences and would have been much improved by a careful revision by one well-informed on Canadian subjects. The author seems to have been angered by the prejudice existing in some quarters against Englishmen—a prejudice which he greatly exaggerates—hence his spleen against a country of which he should know more before writing a book upon it. (London: A. and C. Black).

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ONE would have thought the Gladstone literature had been about all written. Instead, however, we find a new work of considerable magnitude entitled "Letters on Church and Religion," by William Ewart

Gladstone, edited by D. C. Lathbury. These two volumes show how near church matters lay to the heart of the great statesman during the sixty years of his active career. Mr. Gladstone was an avowed High Churchman and in early life a stout defender of the rights and privileges of the Church of England, yet later on he came to be regarded as the Parliamentary champion of Non-conformity and the prime mover in the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Whether Mr. Gladstone was a profound theologian may be open to doubt, but that he had an abiding interest in religion and the welfare of the church is beyond question. (London: John Murray).

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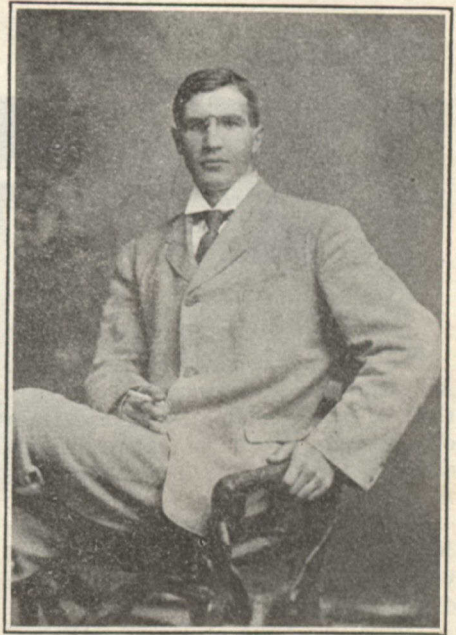
#### NOTES

—"The Intrusion of Jimmy," by P. G. Wodehouse, is a fine detective story, in which a wealthy young man about town attempts, on a bet, to break into a house and escape undetected. Of course, the girl he loved but whose home he did not know, is the scene of his exploit. Hence many interesting situations. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen).

—"The O'Flynn" is the title of Justin Huntley McCarthy's latest historical romance. It deals with events in Ireland at the time of the coming of William of Orange and the last flickering days of the Stuarts. O'Flynn had been a soldier of fortune on the Continent for twenty years, and when he returned he found adventure, and a lady to love. The story is humanly interesting and has a tasty flavour of history and romance about it. (New York: Harper and Brothers).

—Stephen Leacock's "Literary Lapses" has been warmly praised in England. The London Spectator declares it to be "for the most part uproariously funny, and fairly entitled Mr. Leacock to be considered not only a humorist but a benefactor."

—"Troublous Times in Canada: A History of the Fenian Raids of 1866



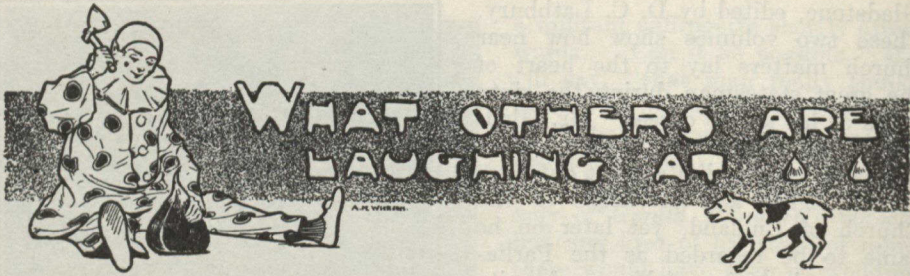
MR. THEODORE ROBERTS

Author of "A Cavalier of Virginia," recently published by L. C. Page and Company, Boston

and 1870," is an historical work of some interest by Captain John A. Macdonald. The book is an inspiration to young Canadians from the picture it gives of the loyal response by the people of this country during days of unrest and danger. (Toronto: W. S. Johnston and Company).

—"The Wild Olive," by Basil King, is one of the best-selling novels in the United States. Canadian writers are not very numerous, but they have a high percentage of quality and success.

—Professor Hugo Munsterberg has written a new book called "American Problems: From the Point of View of a Psychologist." The outspoken professor finds fault with the prohibition movement as being psychologically wrong, blames the women for reckless expenditure on dress and pokes fun at the people for their fear of "nerves." The professor is ever interesting but not always convincing. (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company).



CHARITY AND PRUDENCE

The contradictions of life are many. An observant man remarked recently that he was prowling about a certain city square, when he came upon a drinking-fountain which bore two conflicting inscriptions.

One, the original inscription on the fountain, was from the Bible: "And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely."

Above this hung a placard: "Please do not waste the water."—*Youth's Companion*.

\*

THE WAY TO GO

"He was driven to his grave!"

"Sure he was. Did you expect him to walk there?"—*Pittsburg Observer*.



LADY: Do you keep stationery?

FLOORWALKER: No, madam, we continually walk about.

—*Life*

PUZZLING

Low—"I went to the phrenologist's last week."

Sue—"Oh, what did he tell you?"

Low—"Well, I can't understand. He coughed a little and then gave me back my money."—*Catholic News*.

\*

INTENSIVE STEERING

A raw Irishman shipped as one of the crew on a revenue cruiser. His turn at the wheel came around, and after a somewhat eccentric session in the pilot-house he found himself the butt of no little humour below.

"Begorrah," he growled at last, "and ye needn't talk. I bet I done more steerin' in tin minutes 'n ye done in yer howl watch."—*Success*.

\*

ELOPING UP TO DATE

The coatless man puts a careless arm 'Round the waist of the hatless girl, While over the dustless, mudless roads

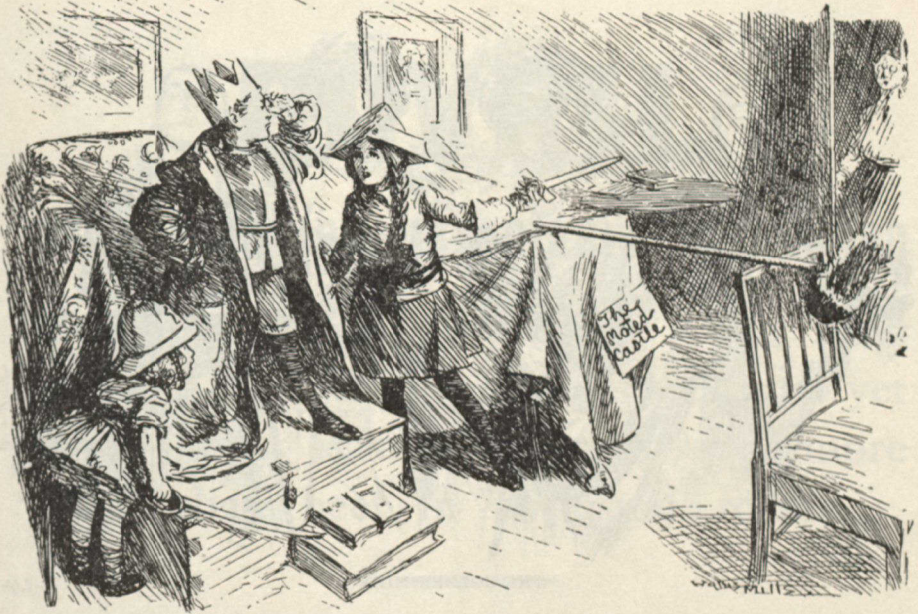
In a horseless wagon they whirl. Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun,

By smokeless powder driven, They fly to taste the speechless joys By endless union given.

The only luncheon his coinless purse Affords to them the means Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod, With a dish of stringless beans.

He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe, And laughs a mirthless laugh When papa tries to coax her back By wireless telegraph.

—*Motor Record*.



BOBBY (feudal baron): "Minion, who comes hither?"  
 BETTY (enthusiastic vassal): "Methinks, my lord, 'tis thy sworn foe."  
 PEGGY (younger ditto ditto): "My lord, me knows it is!"

—Punch—

#### QUITE DIFFERENT

Mrs. Subbubs (who has hired a man to plant shade trees)—"Digging out the holes, I see, Mr. Lannigan."

Lannigan—"No, mum. Oi'm diggin' out the dirt an' lavin' the holes."  
 —*Catholic News*.

\*

#### A HIT

Kirke La Shelle met an actor and noticed that he was wearing a mourning band on his arm.

"It's for my father," the actor explained. "I've just come from his funeral."

La Shelle expressed his sympathy. The actor's grief was obviously very real and great. "I attended to all the funeral arrangements," he said. "We had everything just as father would have liked it."

"Were there many there?" asked La Shelle.

"Many there!" cried the actor with pride. "Why, my boy, we turned 'em away!"—*Success*.

479

#### BEEF AND—

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
 His wife could eat no lean,  
 So in the happy days of yore  
 They licked the platter clean.

But now for neither fat nor lean  
 Can poor Jack find the means;  
 They neither eat a bit of meat  
 But both go in for beans.

*Brooklyn Life*.

\*

#### THE CAT CAME BACK

Friend—"What became of that drawing of yours entitled, 'The Cat?'"

Artist—"It came back."—*Chicago News*.

\*

#### HEREDITARY POWER

Hoax—"Poor old Henpeckke has to mind the baby."

Joax—"Yes, it's wonderful how that baby takes after its mother."—*Philadelphia Record*.



THE GOLDEN MIEN

—Life

REFORMED TOO SOON

An eminent speaker at the Congregationalist meeting in the First Congregational Church, East Orange, was telling the other day of a Westerner's opinion of the East.

"This man," said the speaker, "was a prominent churchman and had occasion to visit New York, where he remained for a few days. In writing of his experiences to his wife in the West he had this to say: 'New York is a great city, but I do wish I had come here before I was converted.'"

—Newark Star.

\*

REASSURING

She—"Somebody has told me that you already have a wife—a blonde."

He—"I assure you, dear girl, you are the first blonde I ever loved."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

\*

HER FAVOURITE SCHOOL

First Fair Invalid—"Which kind of doctor do you prefer — the allopathic or the homeopathic?"

Second Fair Invalid—"I prefer the sympathetic."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

WELL SUPPLIED

Benevolent Lady (to show-girl)—  
"And, my dear girl, have you no home?"

Show Girl—"Yes, indeed. My father and mother have both married again and I am welcome at either place."—*Life.*

\*

GROWING OLD TOGETHER

Irate Creditor—"I shall call every week until you pay this account!"

Debtor — "Really. Then there seems every probability of our acquaintance ripening into friendship."—*London Opinion.*

\*

A FRIEND OF THE CAUSE

By mistake a farmer had got aboard a car reserved for a party of college graduates who were returning to their alma mater for some special event. There was a large quantity of refreshments on the car, and the farmer was allowed to join the others. Finally some one asked him: "Are you an alumnus?"

"No," said the farmer earnestly; "but I believe in it."—*Lippincott's.*



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graphic terms that have bothered you before; by means of over sixty striking illustrations, it shows you wherein

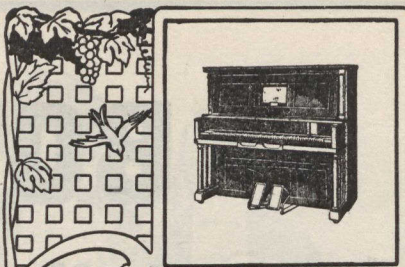
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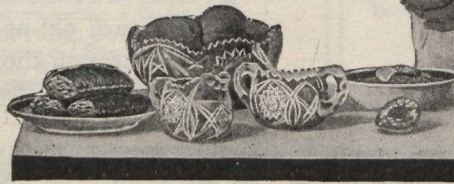
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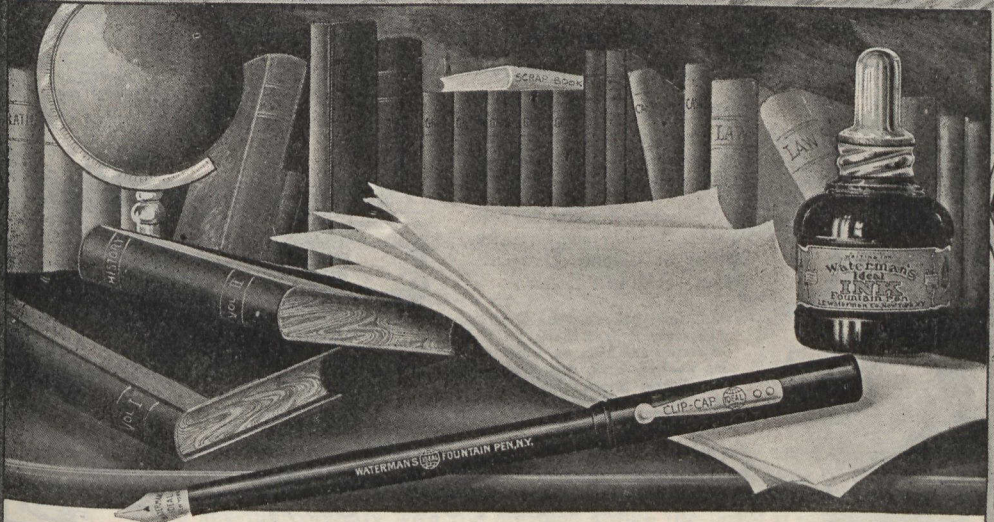
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THE WILLIAMS' SAFETY RAZOR carries the WILLIAMS' guarantee, the guarantee of the N.Y. Barber Co., the guarantee of 16,000 Retail Druggists in the United States under the name of the American Druggists Syndicate, and the guarantee of 6,000 Druggists throughout the Dominion of Canada under the name of the National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada. It will carry your endorsement if you try it.

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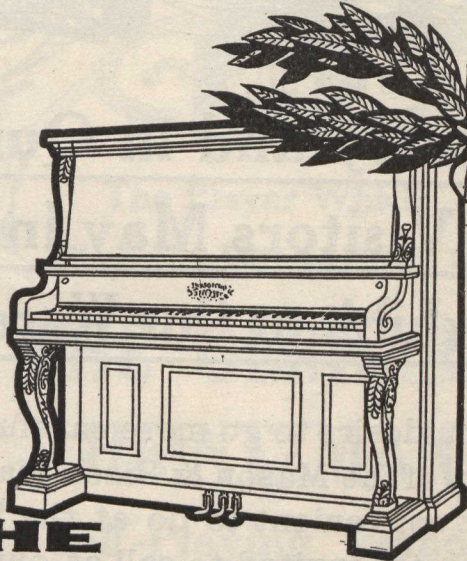
Of his piano compositions, the best known and most popular are his "Songs Without Words," the scores of which were first published in 1832, when he was 23 years old. They are full of a peculiar vein of pure and charming melody and of simple sensuous harmony. Though devoid of great technical difficulties, they require the aid of an instrument like

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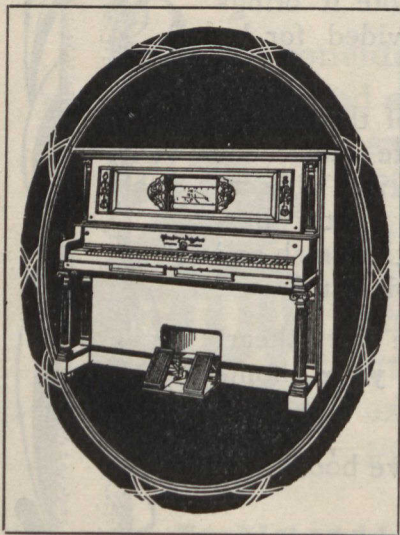
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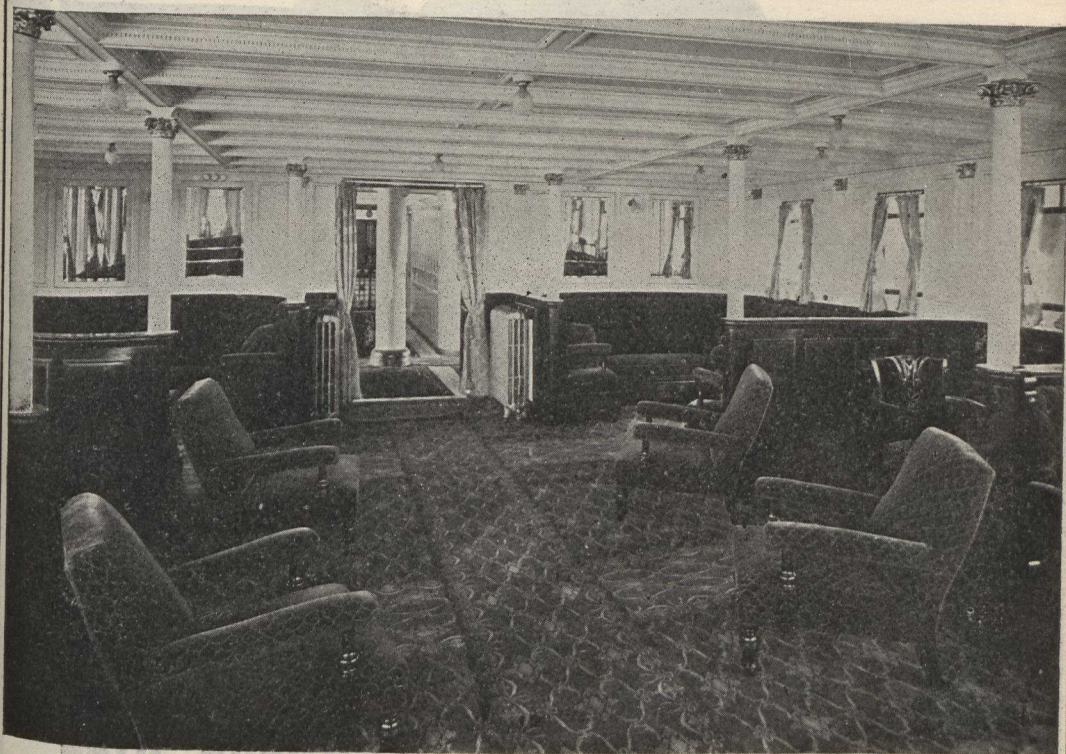
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**Tuesday--SS. Keewatin      Thursday--SS. Manitoba**  
**Saturday--SS. Assiniboia**

Ask any Agent to reserve accommodation for you, or write  
**R. L. THOMPSON, District Passenger Agent.      TORONTO.**



*"The Great  
Double Track Road"*

**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

## WHERE WILL YOU SPEND YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY?

In reaching your conclusion you will do well to consult The Grand Trunk Railway System. It is the pioneer tourist route in Canada, and the only railroad reaching all tourist districts situated in what is known as "The Highlands of Ontario," the finest playgrounds in all America. What nature has not done for it—"the hand of man has,"—and in any of the districts included therein, you are sure to find your ideal, beautiful scenery, fine fishing, bathing, boating, first-class hotel and boarding house accommodation at moderate price, and all points are easily accessible by The Grand Trunk Railway System. "The Highlands of Ontario" embrace:

**"THE MUSKOKA LAKES," "LAKE OF BAYS," "KAWARTHA LAKES," "LAKE NIPISSING AND FRENCH RIVER," "ORILLIA AND LAKE COUCHICHING," "30,000 ISLANDS OF THE GEORGIAN BAY," "ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK," AND "TEMAGAMI."**

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Nothing better can be suggested than "The Fresh Water Sea Voyage" afforded by the Northern Navigation Co.—Grand Trunk Route through the Georgian Bay, Lakes Huron and Superior. The trip will afford you a perfect week's pleasure.

**FEATURES AFFORDED THE TOURIST AND TRAVELLER, on the line of the Grand Trunk—FAST TRAINS AND FINEST MODERN EQUIPMENT; DOUBLE TRACK AND PERFECT ROAD-BED; PUL' MAN SLEEPING CARS ON NIGHT TRAINS; PARLOR-LIBRARY-CAFE AND DINING CARS ON DAY TRAINS.**

Write to any agent of the System and obtain descriptive matter full of interest, information and maps relative to the numerous resorts mentioned above. They are sent you absolutely free on application to J. D. McDonald, Union Station, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

**W. E. DAVIS,**  
Passenger Traffic Mgr.,  
MONTREAL.

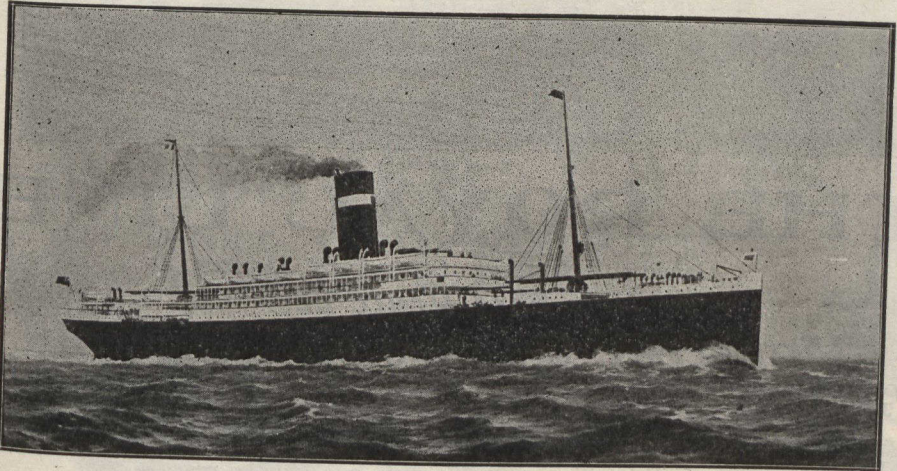
**C. T. BELL,**  
Asst. Pass. Traffic Mgr.,  
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## ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

ESTABLISHED 1854



The St. Lawrence Route

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Shortest, Smoothest, Most Picturesque  
3 Days, 21 Hours, 48 Minutes from Land to Land

The Turbine Steamers, VICTORIAN and VIRGINIAN (Triple Screws) have demonstrated the advantages of the Turbine for Trans-Atlantic navigation—No noise—No engine-room odours—No vibration—Elegant accommodation. Twin Screw S.S. Corsican and Tunisian,

Steamers sail from Montreal and Liverpool every Friday.

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Seven Days from Port to Port

New Twin Screw Steamers, GRAMPIAN and HESPERIAN, 10,000 tons—Saloon Passage, \$67.50 upwards; Second Saloon, \$45.00 and \$47.50.

**One-Class Cabin Steamers** IONIAN and PRETORIAN. Rates, \$42.50 to \$60.00, according to Stateroom, all passengers having the same privileges on the Steamer.

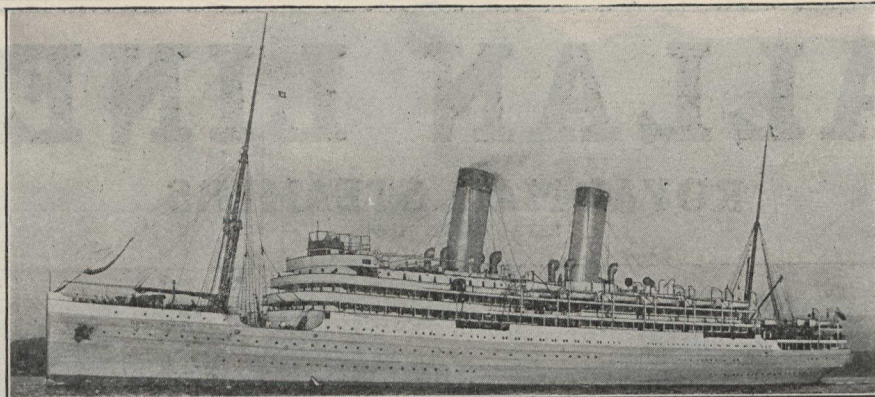
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CORINTHIAN, SICILIAN, SARDINIAN AND LAKE ERIE, **One-Class Cabin** called **Second Cabin**. Rates \$45.00 and \$52.50 upwards.

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SEND FOR  
CIRCULARS

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Triple Screw Turbines

ROYAL EDWARD

12,000 tons gross

# THE ROYAL LINE

Canadian Northern Steamships Limited  
*The New Fast Route between*

## Montreal, Quebec and Bristol

<p>FROM MONTREAL</p> <p>July 7th.....</p> <p>July 21st.....</p>	<p>SAILINGS</p> <p>Royal George.....</p> <p>Royal Edward.....</p> <p>and fortnightly thereafter.</p>	<p>FROM BRISTOL</p> <p>July 21st.....</p> <p>August 4th.....</p>
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For rates, reservations, etc., apply any steamship agent or Wm. Phillips, Acting Traffic Manager, Toronto; Guy Tombs, Acting General Passenger Agent, Montreal; Wm. Stapleton, General Agent, Winnipeg.

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(Canadian Service)

Regular weekly sailings between  
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Twin screw one class cabin (Second Class) steamers affording splendid accommodation at very moderate rates.

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*"A Sheaf of Warconigray and a Coetter"*

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*"Have had a glorious afternoon in dear old Quebec. Now we are off again."*

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**IN THE HEART OF THINGS—HIGH CLASS FIREPROOF HOTEL**

Handsomely furnished, all outside rooms, with every modern appointment, one block from new Penn Depot, near all leading department stores and theatres.

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The highest class of accommodations at modern rates.  
The new addition will be completed on September 1st,  
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**WALTER CHANDLER, Jr. - MANAGER**



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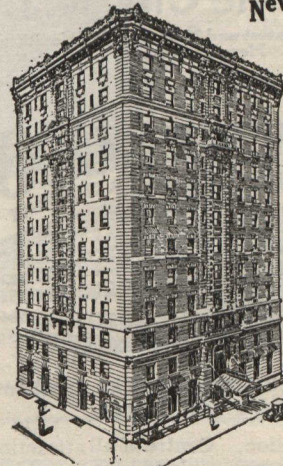
Broadway and Eleventh Street  
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European Plan — Convenient Location

**WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON**

The Convenient Location, Tasteful, Appointment Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance, and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence are Characteristics of this Hotel, and have Secured and Retained for it a Patronage of the Highest Order.

## Hotel Cumberland New York City



Broadway at  
54th Street  
*A Real Home  
Luxurious  
Comfortable*

**Absolutely  
Fireproof**

Hardwood floors throughout, covered with genuine Oriental rugs, is a feature of the Cumberland which indicates the character of the entire establishment. Rare attention to home-like details eliminates the usual hotel atmosphere. Yet there is retained all the charm of hotel life—provision for every want immediately at hand, and at prices within the limits of the average income.

**The Cumberland is within:**

—A few steps of surface cars, elevated and subway.—Eight minutes' ride of the best shopping districts.—Ten minutes' walk of twenty theatres

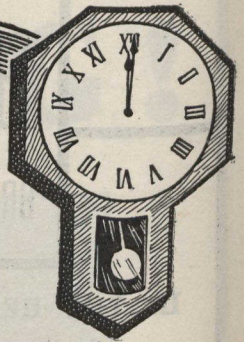
"Broadway" cars from Grand Central Depot pass the door.

Rooms with bath, \$2.50 per day, upwards

Write for Booklet Today  
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**WM. CLARK**  
MONTREAL  
Manufacturer of  
HIGH GRADE FOOD SPECIALTIES

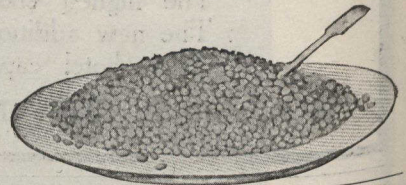


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THE children's  
persistent de-  
mands for "some-  
thing good to eat"

and the pleasure with which they  
welcome CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS  
makes it wise to keep them always  
on hand.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS are better for  
both old and young in the summer time  
than butcher's meat.



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THE HOTEL FOR COMFORT



Modern High-Class Home like Excellent  
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Splendid location. Centre of all attractions.  
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Six months' leisurely travel *de luxe*. Small private  
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still the best; our illustrated booklet tells why.

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The Cut is No. 954 in the No. 24 Catalogue—is made of genuine Sea-lion, dull black, very fine English frame, gold plated lock and catches, leather lined, and contains on a detachable stand: real Ebony hair and and cloth brushes, best real Ebony mirror, comb, fine cut glass bottles with nickel plated tops. It is a 16 inch bag — and the price is **\$25.00**

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Fitted with Sterling Silver Top Bottles cost \$6.00, extra.

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### The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

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## ELITE CUT GLASS

**F**OR WEDDING GIFTS nothing is more suitable or acceptable than Cut Glass. To the new housekeeper the gift which adds to the furnishing of her table or rooms is sure to be most warmly welcomed.

Elite Cut Glass brings satisfaction such as only the judge of fine products knows.

Every piece is a masterpiece—a gem of exquisite design and cunning workmanship—a distinct acquisition to the most distinguished furnishings.

Its cost is no higher than is charged for ordinary commercial glass.



*Ask your dealer—he sells it or can readily get it for you. Ask to see the very newest designs, so distinctly Canadian in character—the “Wheat” and “Maple Leaf”—delightfully original free hand effects.*



**Be sure to look for  
and find the  
Elite**



Trade Mark

**on the bottom  
of every piece.**

**None is genuine  
without it.**



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LIMITED  
MANUFACTURERS  
16 Front St. E., TORONTO**



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"Because your great grandfathers did not use the GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, is no reason why you should not.

"Parade the streets in powdered wig and knee breeches—as your ancestors did—and see what people will think of you.

"Here I am, shaving in ease and comfort, in a quarter of the time it takes you to shave with your old time devices.

"And I have yet to cut myself the first time with the GILLETTE.

"Lay aside your prejudice, old chaps, look up to the light and get a GILLETTE."

Standard sets, \$5—Pocket Editions, \$5 to 6.

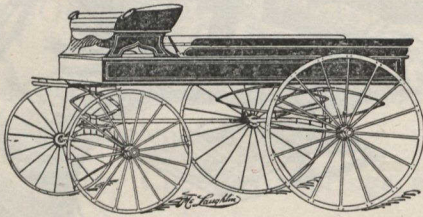
You will know which dealers carry GILLETTE RAZORS AND BLADES by the Gillette Signs. Look for them.

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA LIMITED**

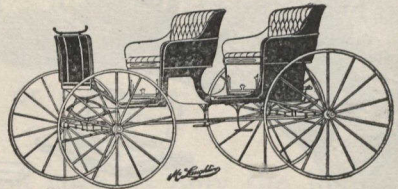
Office and Factory, 63 St. Alexander Street, - MONTREAL

# McLaughlin Vehicles

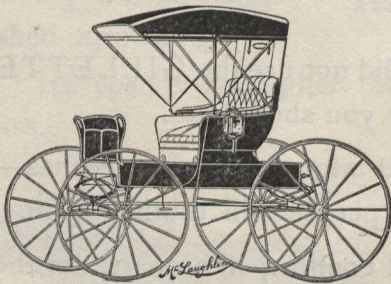
"ONE GRADE ONLY AND THAT THE BEST"



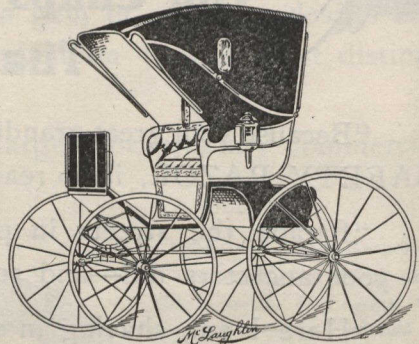
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We manufacture over one hundred and twenty-five different styles of Carriages and Spring Wagons, and offer to the purchasing public a wide range of nobby, up-to-date vehicles. When in the market call on our nearest Agent or Branch house and have the many points of excellence of the "McLaughlin Line" explained by our Salesman.

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## NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery

For men, women and Children

are made differently. Only the finest prepared maco and long fibre Egyptian Lisle yarns are used, and interwoven by special machinery. The heels and toes are doubly reinforced, as are the knees of the children's sizes. This weave makes them extra durable, yet soft and easy on the feet. Then the Holeproof dye is absolutely fast—never rubs off. Neverdarn Holeproof Hosiery is stylish in appearance and perfect fitting—hosiery comfort heretofore unknown. Buy six pairs to-day, do away with darning or mended hosiery.

6 pairs Guaranteed 6 months, \$2.00

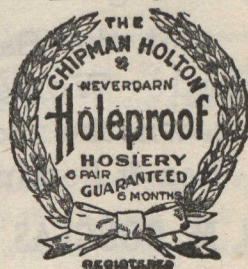
### Our Guarantee

If any or all of these six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.

Neverdarn Holeproof Hosiery for men and women, six pairs to the box, \$2.00. Children's sizes, three pairs in box for \$1.00. Only one size and color in each box. Made in black and tan.

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"It's the name behind the guarantee that makes it good."



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KELLY STREET, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

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By ROYAL WARRANT.



By ROYAL WARRANT.

The Original and  
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“THE WORLD’S FAVORITE”

The bottle and label may be copied—but the piquant, delightful flavor of Lea & Perrins' Sauce is as safe from imitation to-day as 70 years ago.

Get the Sauce that made Worcestershire known the world over—Lea & Perrins'.

**J. M. DOUGLAS & CO.**

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HIS MASTER'S GLOVES

**PERRIN GLOVES**

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM** OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) — "As you ladies will use them, I

recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers

**GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER**

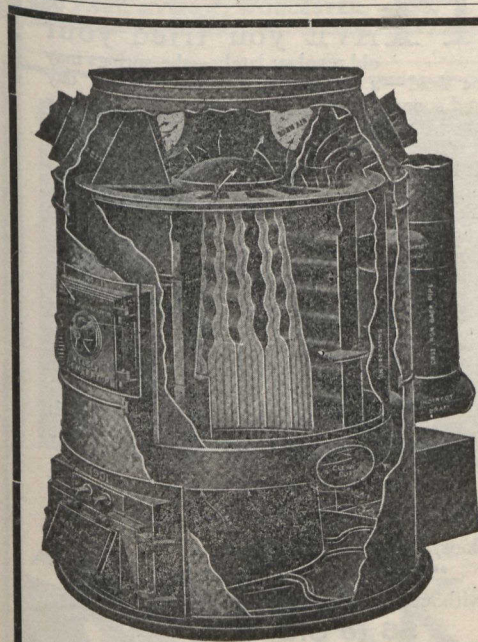
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

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gives practical training for any calling; prepares girls for home responsibilities. Conducted on sensible principles. Picked faculty. Refined home surroundings. Careful, thorough instruction. Situation, climate ideal. Tuition low. Address for prospectus and terms, Robert I. Warner, M. A., D. D., President St. Thomas, Ont. 12



No Heat Lost in the Cellar

This is a Distinctive Feature of the

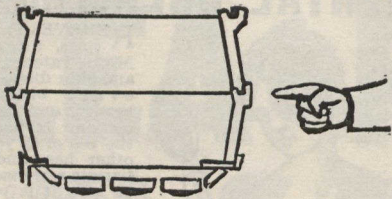
**KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR**

that all air, as quickly as heated, passes through the hot chamber, and on to the part of the building to be heated. There's no heat lost by radiation in the cellar or basement.

Churches, Schools, Halls, Dwellings, 'etc., can be evenly heated by the **Kelsey** with an amount of fuel which, with any other system, would be wholly inadequate.

Write for Catalogue "S" which gives full details.

**James Smart Mfg. Co., Limited** BROCKVILLE, ONT.  
Western Branch : WINNIPEG



## A fire-pot that prevents dust in the home.

Your doctor would recommend the Pease "Economy" Furnace on this point alone. It's a small one, but is essential for pure, healthy air in the home. Let me tell you how the cup-joints on the

# PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE

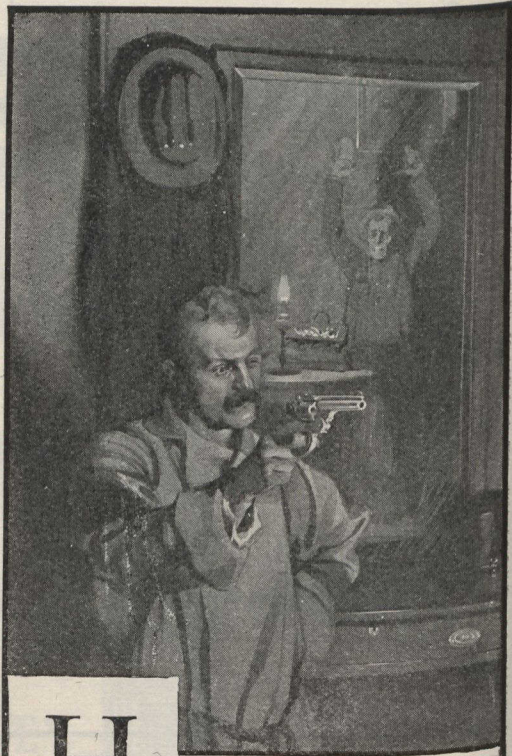
insure these ideal conditions—why the "Economy" is different to ordinary furnaces. Some fire-pots are cast in one piece. No allowance is made for the expansion and contraction that takes place—they eventually crack. This allows the fine dust to reach the air chamber and thence all through the house.

The two section "Economy" fire-pot prevents this. The upper section fits into the cup-joint on the lower section. This cup-joint is packed with fire clay. No matter how much expansion or contraction the dust cannot escape to the air chamber. That is one reason why the "Economy" Furnace is called the one perfect heating apparatus. Learn other reasons—read our free booklet "The Question of Heating". Send for your copy to-day.

**PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY**  
LIMITED

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NOTE—We manufacture exclusively Warm Air, Hot Water, Steam and Combination Heating Systems.



**H**AVE you tried your old revolver lately—the springs may be dead—a flat spring weakens day by day and sooner or later, perhaps when life is threatened, fails to work.

There is one revolver that will never fail. It has coil springs—springs of drawn tempered piano wire such as are used in U. S. army rifles. Their tension never weakens. No other revolver is so equipped. This famous

## IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic REVOLVER

is absolutely dependable for generations. It is the finest revolver in the world. And above all, it is safe.

Safe about the house as a toy until it is needed. It can only be fired by a purposeful pull on the trigger. It can be thrown on the floor, kicked about, or you can

"Hammer the Hammer" without fear of accidental discharge

**\$6 to \$10**

at dealers or by express prepaid.

Send for technical catalog illustrated.

**IVER JOHNSON'S  
ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS**  
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# H & R REVOLVERS

A Revolver  
you can ALWAYS  
say "THE BEST" about

**H&R ARMS CO**

**REVOLVERS**

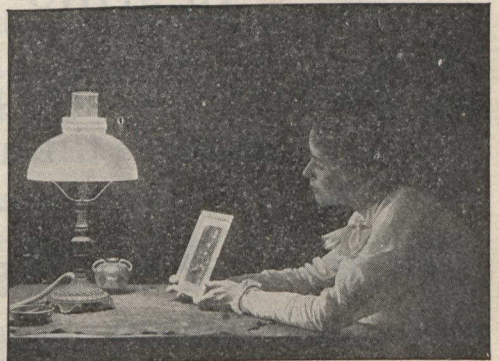
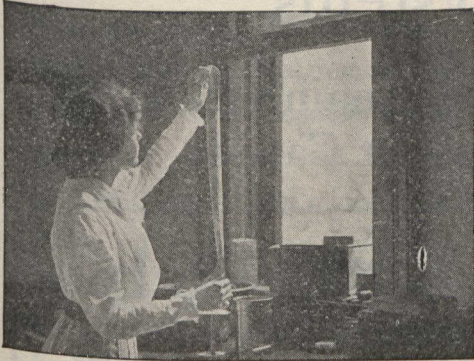
are the embodiment of perfection — the result of thirty-six years' experience in making firearms exclusively. Up to the minute in finish and detail, and absolutely reliable.

Sold by all first class dealers. *Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and little target trade-mark on the handle. Send for Illustrated Catalog.*

**HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.**  
620 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.



H & R  
"Premier"  
Automatic  
Double Action,  
22 caliber, 7 shot,  
or 32 caliber, 5 shot,  
3 inch barrel, finest  
nickel finish, Target  
Grip, \$7.00; 4 inch  
barrel, as illustrated,  
50 cents extra.



*Let the Kodak Film Tank and Velox Paper  
Complete the Pleasure of Your Kodak Day.*

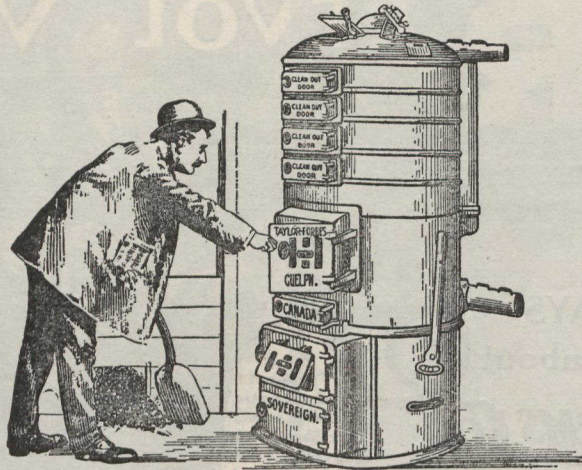
## KODAK Simplicity

marks every step. No dark room for either developing or printing and better results than by the old methods. Ask your dealer or write us for the two free booklets: "Tank Development" and "The Velox Book."

If you do not finish your own pictures, insist on the use of Velox by the man who finishes them for you. A good negative is worthy of Velox; a poor negative needs Velox.

**CANADIAN KODAK CO. Limited.**

**TORONTO, CANADA.**



Easy on  
coal—  
requires  
little  
attention

# “SOVEREIGN” HOT WATER BOILER

The most perfect of modern  
heating systems.

Installed by Heating Engineers and  
Plumbers throughout Canada.

**Taylor-Forbes** Company Limited, **Guelph**

Send to my address your “Pocket Dictionary of Heating.”  
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CANADIAN



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why not choose one possessing delicate emollient properties sufficient to allay minor irritations, remove redness and roughness, prevent pore clogging, soften and soothe sensitive conditions, and promote skin and scalp health generally? Such a soap, combined with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most fragrant and refreshing of flower odors, is Cuticura Soap. It costs but a little more than ordinary toilet soaps, it wears to a wafer, and gives comfort and satisfaction every moment of its use in the toilet, bath and nursery. No other soap has done so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair. It has done even more for skin-tortured and disfigured infants, children and adults, when assisted by Cuticura Ointment. For the free thirty-two page Cuticura Booklet, a guide to the best care of the skin and hair, address Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, 133 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.



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This name and trade mark stamp the superior quality of the article—absolute satisfaction is found wherever they are found.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Ltd.

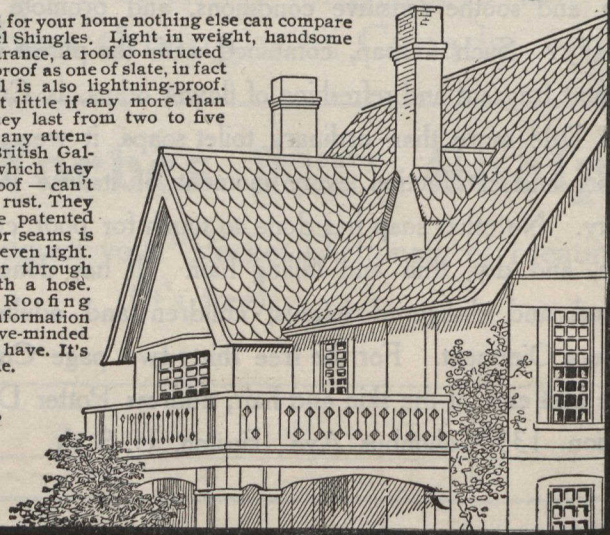
Cutlers to His Majesty  
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Limited  
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# "SURPRISE" SOAP

Has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes, while it can be used in any and all ways a laundry soap is used, we recommend a trial the "Surprise" way on wash day.

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DELIGHT**



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Leave chance-made drinks for those who don't appreciate good liquor and to yourself and your critical friends serve **CLUB COCKTAILS**. They're infinitely better.

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*Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular.*

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**"The Great Britain of the Pacific."**

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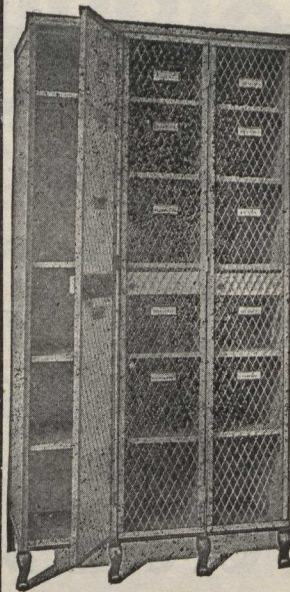
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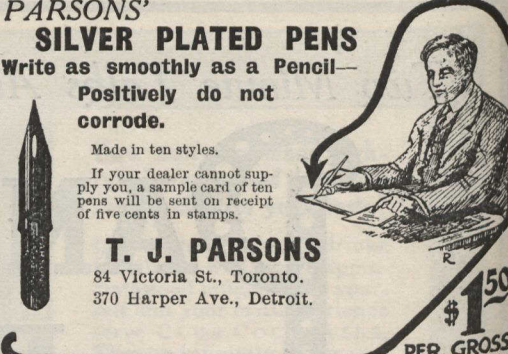
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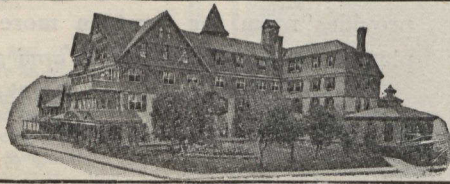
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 Tired aching feet, weak ankles, flat-foot, callouses, bunions, and pains that resemble rheumatism, are **instantly relieved** and **permanently cured** by wearing the Scholl "FOOT-EAZER." Scientifically supports the arch or instep in an walking or standing a genuine pleasure.  
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**SHOE POLISH**  
makes shoes last longer

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You will at once be struck with its comfortable support, and also the absence of pleating. Then when you have adjusted the straps at the hips you will perceive the improvement in your profile. A difference of 3 inches or more can be effected with comfort. The band at the bottom prevents creasing of the flesh and the gown will fit with absolute smoothness.

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We know Madam they will please you.

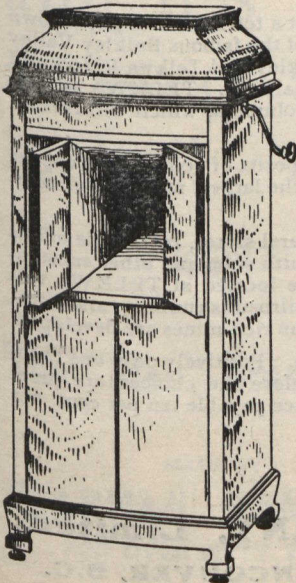
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There is no limit to the pleasure it will give you and your friends.

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A poor digestion and flagging appetite can be much improved by using

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Sold in 1 and 2 lb. Cans only.

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## Telkwa the Coming City

will be the BUTTE of BRITISH COLUMBIA. TELKWA is not a townsite or a paper town but is a thriving established town—the metropolis and centre of the famous Bulkley Valley farming country. TELKWA is located at the junction of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers and is on the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Transcontinental Railway. TELKWA adjoins fifty thousand acres of the richest coal fields in Central British Columbia, which will furnish fuel for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

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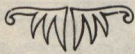
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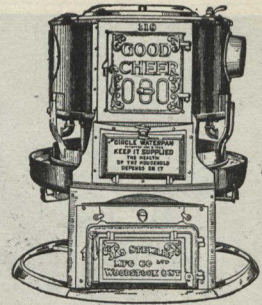
Stuffy Rooms Alone Responsible Says Dr. Treves.

Special Cable to The Mail and Empire  
Over Our Own Leased Wires.

London, June 26.—Dr. Sir Frederick Treves astonished the public last week by declaring that "the idea that colds are caused by draughts are absurd. No cold ever had such an origin. Colds are the origin not of draughts, but of stuffy rooms." Other famous London physicians back up Sir Frederick in holding that no cold was ever caused by draught.

You may question Sir Frederick's statement but there can be no doubt whatever as to the evil effects of a close, stuffy atmosphere. In the winter time, when

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The demand for our booklet "Humidity and Humanity" is taxing the capacity of our mailing staff, but we have a copy for you upon request, stating where you saw this advertisement.

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At home or abroad nothing else takes the place of a cup of good tea.

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All the concentrated goodness of the choicest Seville Oranges. Delicious for breakfast—good at any meal.

Made and guaranteed absolutely pure by

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FOR INFANTS  
AND INVALIDS

☐ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ☐ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ☐ But insist on having ROBINSON'S



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## High Class Oriental Rugs

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Opposite King Edward Hotel



You out-of-doors men can appreciate the fine sense of satisfaction that possesses the wearer of



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For the man who wears them knows he can go coatless, on occasion, and be sure no one can find a fault in the fit, style or cut of his linen. Ask your haberdasher.

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On silver no mark conveys the same sense of worth as that expressed by the quality stamp

**1847**

**ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE**

—which guarantees the heaviest triple plate.

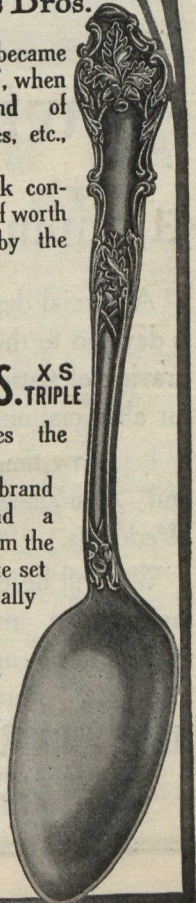
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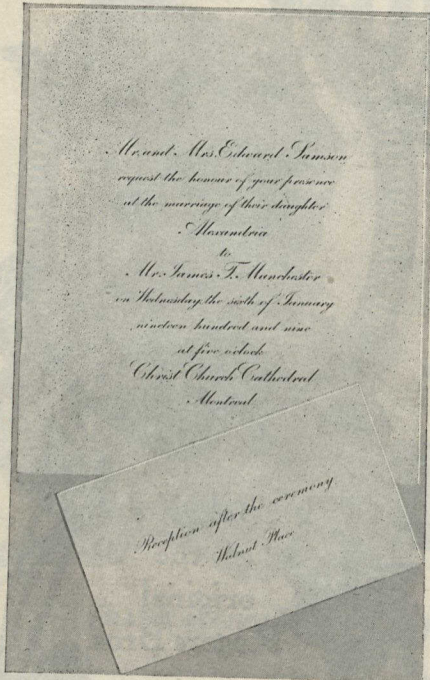
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But

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Writing in sight is part of it. Keyboard in sight is the other part. It is as important that you see what you do as to see what you have done. The key-for-every-character keyboard of the easy action, light running

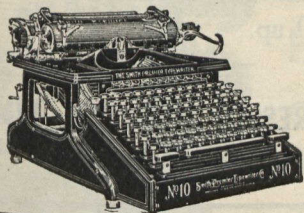
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**Smith Premier**

makes it the only truly visible writing machine.

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THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., INC.  
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There have been 22 contests—the most recent in Toronto, May 19, for the championship of Canada. The winner wrote 105 words a minute for 30 minutes.

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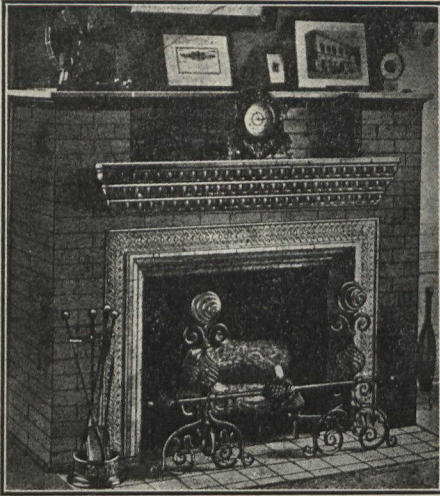
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# The Charm of the Fireplace



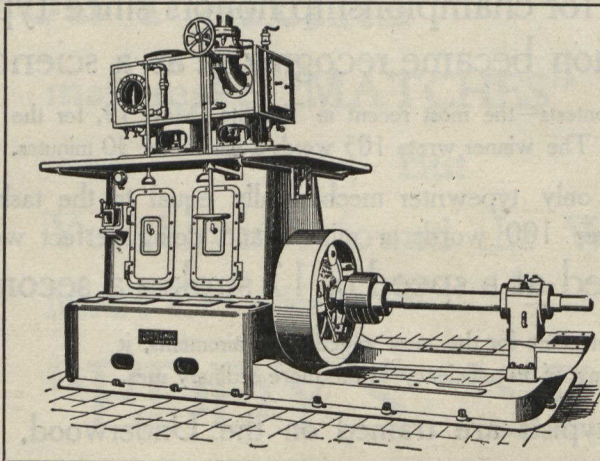
A MILTON BRICK MANTEL is a constant delight in every home that possesses one.

It is an ornament to den, dining or living room, library or sitting-room—and adds the touch of cosines and comfort that completes the home.

If you are planning a house, write for illustrated catalogue of Milton Brick Mantels—\$18.00 up.

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Milton, Ont. Toronto Office, Janes Building

# Has Cost Nothing For Repairs



A customer says:—  
“We have used one of your vertical high speed engines, English Type, forced lubrication, since 1907. The engine runs at 425 revolutions per minute almost constantly night and day. It has given us every satisfaction and so far has cost us nothing for repairs”

**ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited, AMHERST, N.S.**

**District Offices:** { 607 Canadian Express Building, Montreal, R. W. Robb, Manager  
Traders Bank Building, Toronto, Wm. McKay, Manager  
Union Bank Building, Winnipeg, W. F. Porter, Manager  
609 Grain Exchange Building, Calgary, J. F. Porter, Manager





# O'Keefe's

## PILSENER LAGER

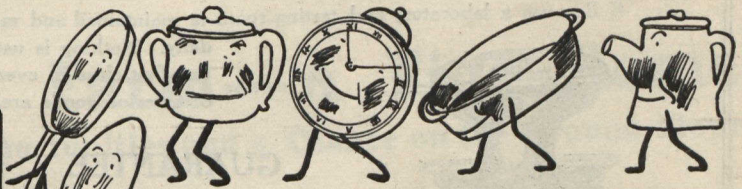
*"The Beer with a Reputation"*

O'Keefe's "Pilsener" has a reputation because it sets a standard of quality reached by no other lager—imported or otherwise.

Insist on having

217

*"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"*



**NEXT!** The gold, silver, tin, copper, brass and glassware of a well-ordered household can be quickly and perfectly polished with

### RUBY RUB METAL POLISH

(Made in Canada)

BECAUSE RUBY RUB contains no acid or grit, and preserves as well as polishes metals. RUBY RUB leaves no stains or white marks and does not discolor woods, leather or stone that may surround the metal to be polished. RUBY RUB does not evaporate. The entire tin can be used until the last drop of satisfaction has been extracted. It is as effective on fine jewellery as it is on the metal parts of motor cars and domestic metal ware.

Send or Mail loc. for large tin of "RUBY RUB"—To-day.

**J. A. FRENCH & CO., Limited**

14 Terauley Street,

Phone Main 7791

**TORONTO**



## MAKE KITCHEN WORK EASIER

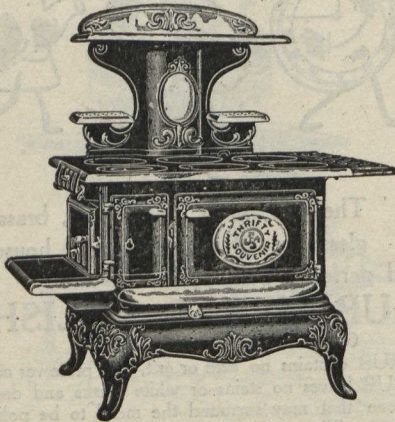
- ☐ Because the drafts are right and it is easy to keep a good, steady fire.
- ☐ Because the grates are machine fitted and turn easily. They work evenly and do not waste fuel.
- ☐ Because no sifting of ashes is necessary. You can use a SOUVENIR all winter and not waste enough fuel to fill a scuttle.

## EASY ON FUEL

- ☐ Because the firebox is just the right size for the oven, large enough to heat it properly with a slow easy fire.
- ☐ Because the dampers are simple, easily understood and quick to respond.

## WELL MADE AND DURABLE

- ☐ Because they are made by skilled workmen, trained to make stoves in the SOUVENIR way, and using at all times best material obtainable.
- ☐ Because a laboratory and testing-room is maintained and materials are tested daily. Nothing is used that does not test first-class in every way. No scrap or inferior goods are ever used.



## GUARANTEE

- ☐ With every stove we send a written guarantee, bearing the trade-mark and seal of the Company.
- ☐ Furthermore, in the 67 years that we have been making stoves, we have built up a reputation for high class goods that we are proud of, and we will maintain it at all times—we pledge you that.

**Gurney, Tilden & Company**  
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO  
 Limited



ARE YOU HOME HUNGRY OR LAND HUNGRY?  
DO YOU FIND YOURSELF CROWDED AND THE OUT-  
LOOK CIRCUMSCRIBED?  
HAVE YOU DECIDED TO LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER  
SITUATION WITH BETTER PROSPECTS?

*Then you are invited to consider Western Canada, where you  
can obtain*

## **A Free Farm—A Fine Home**

**Unlimited Opportunities and a Chance on the Ground Floor**

The land is offered free by the Canadian Government, and settlement conditions are easy.

### **SYNOPSIS OF HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

**DUTIES**—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him, or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price, \$3.00 per acre. **Duties**—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate 80 acres of homestead or pre-emption.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$3.00 per acre.

**DUTIES**—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

Full particulars will be sent free of charge on application to

**W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration,**

**Ottawa, Canada**

# Prove Things

Hold Fast That  
Which Is Good.

A ten days' change from coffee  
to well-made

# POSTUM

Tells it's own convincing story.

**"There's a Reason"**

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Ltd.,  
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

# A Delicious Drink Baker's Cocoa



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blending of  
the best  
tropical fruit

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**WALTER BAKER & Co. Ltd.**

Established 1780

**Dorchester, Mass.**

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THE OXYGEN  
TOOTH POWDER

The daily use of this scientific dentifrice ensures sound white teeth and freedom from dental decay. Mixed with water Calox forms peroxide of hydrogen, the only known substance that will whiten the teeth without injury.

**"THE OXYGEN DOES IT"**

Dentists advise its use.  
Physicians prescribe it.

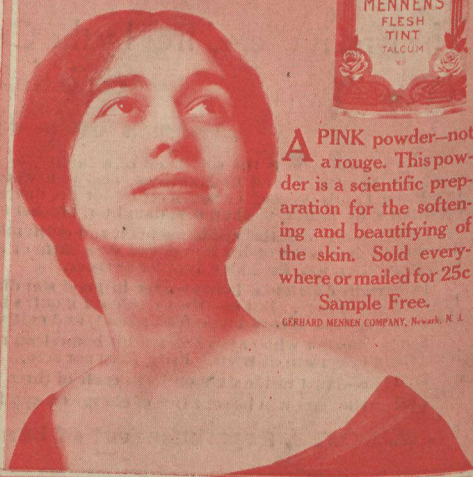
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to preserve your  
Complexion



A PINK powder—not  
a rouge. This powder  
is a scientific preparation  
for the softening  
and beautifying of  
the skin. Sold every-  
where or mailed for 25c  
Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.