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A CANADIAN MAGAZINE

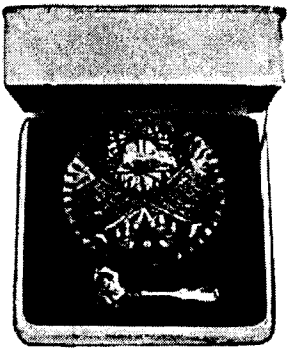
WESTWARD HO!

A Magazine is a Mighty Mechanism whose Motion Move Mighty Masses of Men. ☙ It sets spinning stagnant cogwheels by the electric force of criticism; and thus makes prosperity hum where dull apathy reigned over a territory of speculative possibilities.

This is the work of
Westward Ho!

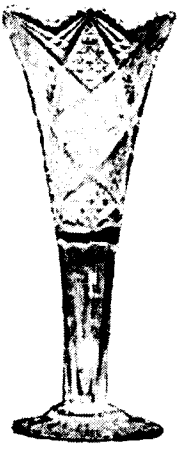
VOL. IV FEBRUARY, 1909 NO. 2

Beautiful Pieces of Cut Glass



The striking characteristic of cut glass is that it never seems out of place. No table is so simple but glass is suitable—none so stately but glass will adorn it. Glass finds its place at EASTER wedding and anniversaries.

We carry the Libbey make—recognized on the continent as the best manufactured. In our crystal room we show the usual lines in great variety; among these will be noted many unusual shaped baskets, vases, comports, lamps, etc.



Our catalogue lines were carefully chosen and we believe a finer selection and variety could not be gathered together.

When in Vancouver do not miss calling on us. Be sure our catalogue is in your home; a postcard will bring it.

Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd.

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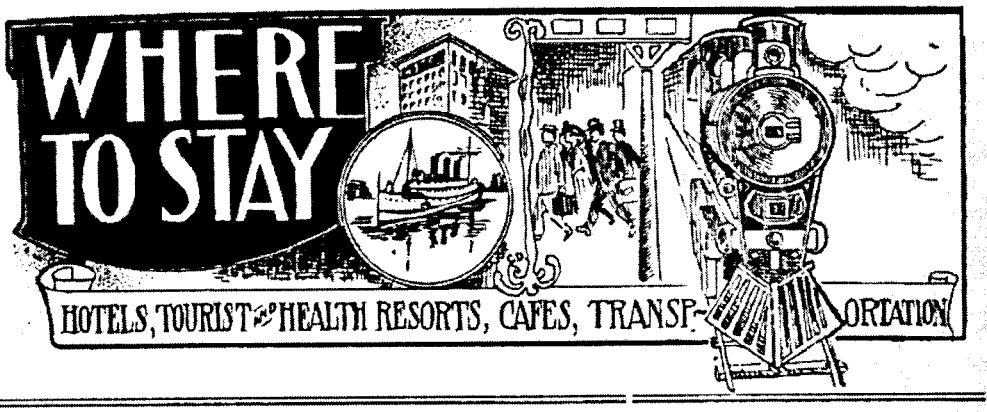
GEO. E. TRORY, Man. Dir. VANCOUVER, B. C.



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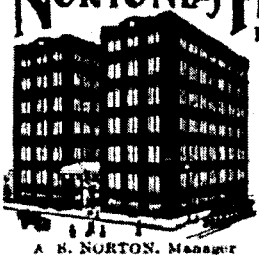

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D. McDOUGALL - Proprietor

British Columbia Enjoys a Most Beautiful Climate 12 Months Every Year

Fruit Farming is a profitable industry in B. C.

Any man who means business can have a 5-acre fruit farm if he has $100.

I feel confident that there are many readers of the Westward Ho! Magazine who are more or less dissatisfied with their position, and who may wish to make a change. They would appreciate a proposition which will guarantee them an independent income for life at the same t carry with it the maximum amount of comfort.

A Five-Acre Fruit Farm in Peachvale Addition offers you such possibilities.

Peachvale Addition is that large area of rich fruit land situated a few minutes ride by boat up the river from New Westminster. Peachvale Addition immediately adjoins Peachvale, that beautiful tract of fruit land which was closed off the market on January 25th at $100 per acre.

You will never be able to buy fruit farms in Peachvale Addition any cheaper than the present price of $100 per acre. The terms are very easy, $100 cash is all that is required to buy five acres and the remainder of the purchase price spread over a period of three years.

Think of it—five-acre fruit farm with the railway and tram station within easy walking distance and the steamboat wharf within a stone's throw, for $100 per acre, and all the cash you require is $100.

Next year your crop of vegetables on five acres would net you from $1,200 to $1,500.

If you add to the vegetables, strawberries, raspberries and currants you can increase your net profits from $1,000 to $2,000. These crops may be grown between the rows of the young orchard which you can set out this spring. In five years time the young orchard will have matured and will yield profits of from $450 to $1,000 per acre.

I make each statement herein without fear of contradiction, because I can take you to many farms adjoining Peachvale Addition on which there is living evidence of the truthfulness of my statements regarding the wonderful prolificness of the soil and the enormous crops.

Bear in mind that Peachvale Addition, being in the Fraser Valley country, needs no irrigation. The soil being a rich, deep, vegetable mould, varying in depth from three to seven feet with a stiff clay subsoil, will grow enormous crops for many years without fertilization. The property is many feet above high water mark consequently never floods.

I will be pleased to take every reader of this magazine with me on the boat any morning, which leaves New Westminster for Peachvale Addition wharf at 9.30, so that every one of you could see for yourself the beautiful location of the property, the picturesque view from the verandah of many of the homes in Peachvale and Peachvale Addition, and incidentally note the wonderful productiveness of the soil.

There is no better land in all British Columbia than Peachvale or Peachvale Addition. Several farms have been sold in Peachvale at $150 and $175 per acre although the property was only placed on the market a few months ago. This goes to prove that when a property has been taken off the market its value increases.

This will be true of Peachvale Addition. I am positive, therefore, that 60 days from the date of this issue that Peachvale Addition farms will be selling for from $125 to $150 and that three years from now this property will be selling at an advance of 100 per cent.

Remember the five-acre farms in Peachvale Addition all front on main roads, and all main roads lead to the town, only 700 yards distant. There are stores, churches and schools quite close to all farms. Those living in Peachvale intend to improve their farms and build large houses. Mr. Runohr's house commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country and will cost $3,000.

The new tram line between New Westminster and Chilliwack, when finished, passes the front of the farms of Peachvale and Peachvale Addition, therefore there will be a street car service at the door of every farmstead.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in the purchase of a five-acre farm as an investment or as a future home WIRE ME; don't wait to write because every day necessitates settlers going farther out, as I am receiving wires hourly for reservations.

IMMEDIATELY ON RECEIPT OF YOUR WIRE I will select the best and closest-in farm unsold. You will send me $25 by first mail after wiring. On receipt of the same I will notify you of the lot reservation number, after which you have ninety days to inspect the property. If the farm reserved is not entirely satisfactory and exactly as represented in every way your money will be cheerfully refunded.

You will see, therefore, that you take no chances or run no risk by wiring a reservation today for one or more five-acre farms and sending a deposit of $25 for each five-acre piece reserved.

W. J. KERR

New Westminster, B. C.

REFERENCES: Any Bank or Business House in New Westminster, B.C.

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

P. F. GODENRATH, President.

CHARLES McMILLAN, Secretary and Treasurer.

BRAM THOMPSON, M.A., Editor-in-Chief.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1909

Volume IV Number 2

Subscription Terms: In Canada and British Possessions, $1.00 per year. In United States, $1.50. Single Copies, 10 cents.

THE WESTWARD HO! PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

536 HASTINGS STREET W. - - - - VANCOUVER, B.C.

Editorial Epitome for March.

The Editor has to announce that he received such a rhetorical flagellation of criticism over his article on "**CANADA AND NATIONHOOD**", that he almost shrunk from the dangerous ordeal of formulating another one on the alluring subject of "**VITAL PROBLEMS OF CANADA.**" But feeling that the wounds were as quickly soothed and healed by the balm of bountiful approval as they had been inflicted by hasty animadversion he essays in the present issue an article on "**INTRA-EMPIRE TARIFFS**" which contains some original views and vigorous expositions of this prosaic but politic proposition; and in the March number the subject of

"**OUR MARITIME RESOURCES AND RESPONSIBILITIES**"

will be dealt with in a manner that will arouse our National pride and appeal to the Commercial instincts of the mercantile classes. Pure facts; no fantasies.

THE EMPIRE OF WOMAN

Her Royal Highness Valerie Veetis, the Empress of this the most entrancing of all the beneficent and beautiful domains of this Earthly Paradise having depicted "The Ideal Woman and the Ideal Man," neither of whom—but tell it not in Gath!—the Editor falteringly insinuates exists, will proceed to make her Empire more and more attractive. This is her own assertion; but how she can do so the Editor fails to comprehend as the charm imparted to it in the past two numbers seems unsurpassable. Nevertheless a woman's word, and especially the word of an Empress, is not to be impugned. Watch the changing scene.

FICTION

"**THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM,**" by Annie S. Swan, the celebrated novelist, will be continued. After this, the 5th chapter, the previous chapters will be epitomised month by month for the benefit of readers as the demands on us for back numbers in order to procure the earlier chapters cannot readily be supplied.

"**THE TEST OF TRUE MANHOOD.**" Frank H. Sweet who is now known to all Canadian readers, gives us another of his delightful rural stories.

"**THE WORTH OF REMEMBRANCE,**" by Isabel Macdonald, is full of pathos and romance; long dissevered love finally united by fatuous fate.

"A MOTHER'S COUNSEL" is a touching story of domestic life wherein true love triumphs over every temptation to sully its sanctuary.

"THE MARK OF CAIN" is a short story of almost weird interest by Henry Morey.

"A TERM OF EXILE," by J. H. Grant, is a short tale of the fluctuations of filial and paternal regard.

"THE NINE TIDES OF SRON-NA-BOGHAR," by N. Tourneur, is a tale of a legend attached to the Mull of Galloway, and of its repeated verification. Weird and disastrous in all its points, it is well worth perusal.

ARTICLES

The strong feature of March will be articles.

STEVENSON'S PHILOSOPHY is introduced to us by R. A. Hood. The charm, the beauty and the ennobling attributes of Robert Louis Stevenson's writings are such that all lovers of the true and pure in Life and Literature ought to be familiar with them; and we trust this may be the beginning of many more articles on the same subject resulting in our Readers familiarizing themselves with Stevenson's noble life and example to men.

THE KOOTENAY LAKES are described by H. R. MacMillan, Department of the Interior at Ottawa, and there are some beautiful illustrations.

PORT SIMPSON receives fresh glosses by O. B. Anderson, aided by six illustrations.

LITTLE LIVING PICTURES is a sweet and pathetic pen picture by Mrs. Blanche E. Holt Murison.

THE SUFFRAGETTES have for the first time a look in upon Westward Ho! headed by Miss Isabel Macdonald, who, however, has divested them of many of their menacing manoeuverings.

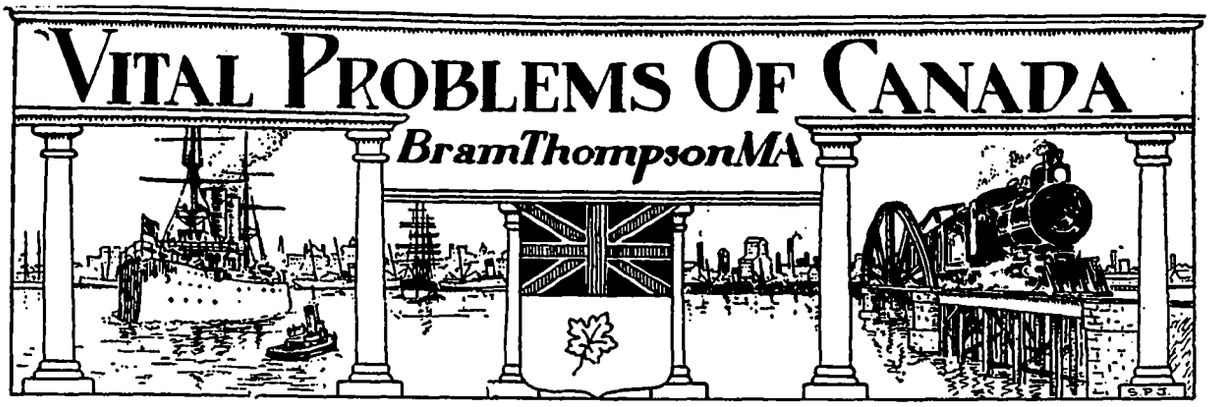
POETRY

Poetry will yield its accustomed sweetness to the tales with and around which it will be entwined.

THE EDITOR.

WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

Vol. IV. February, 1909 Number 2



Intra-Empire Preferences

THE PROBLEMS OF CANADA are so ramified and various that there are illimitable possibilities of disputation as to which should receive pre-eminence in a series of articles or dissertations on the subject. For this reason not a few have been the remonstrances, and protests received by the Editor because of the premier place assigned to the question discussed in our January number. Many there are who have declared that "Our Maritime Importance and our Shipping" or "Our Commercial Development" or "The Expansion of our Treaty making powers for the advancement of external trade relations" or some other subjects which at present there is neither time nor desire to enumerate,—should rank first in this serial discourse.

To one and all I rejoin that while these mooted questions will be dealt with in due order, they are involved in and covered by the larger issue of this country's National status.

How lightly must we value "Our Maritime Importance and Shipping" or "Our Commercial Development" or "Our external trade relations" if we will not assume the obligations of defending and protecting them? Canada, rightly, will not assume such obligations until her national status is obtained and her National existence is recognized; and then they will be incumbent upon her, and cannot be evaded or postponed without treason to herself and perfidy to the people who dwell within her borders.

This is the reason why they were subordinated in the exegesis on our eventual evolution.

There is another question that must take precedence over the three which have been mooted; and that is the one we deal with in this number.

INTRA-EMPIRE TARIFFS, if we can obtain their establishment, will indeed be the most effective means of augmenting our Maritime Importance, and of accelerating our Commercial Development. This enunciation is not a dogma but an axiomatic fact. Commercial development, however, will precede the augmentation of our Marine and Shipping. The two are inter-dependent: without Commerce our Maritime importance would be a misnomer; and without shipping facilities all efforts to develop our Commerce would be neutralized. Therefore it is that to intra-Empire Tariffs we assign the second place in this serial discussion; for preferential trade within the Empire whose centre and source is the greatest Commercial Nation that the world has ever seen, must give to Canadian industries an impulse and propulsion which would carry them almost *per sal-*

tum to an elevation that otherwise it would take twenty years to attain.

BRITISH COLUMBIA would benefit by this preferential trade more, I think, than even the Wheat Growing Lands of the Prairie and other parts of Canada. This is a dangerous assertion because it is new, and in contravention of accepted doctrines.

Outside of Canada the intrinsic potentialities of British Columbia, and the peculiar character of her produce are comparatively unknown, while years upon years of steady extension have made the Wheat region now quite famous. But the needs of Great Britain are as varied as the resources of Canada to meet them are great; and British Columbia is as well adapted to supply the fruit as the rest of Canada is to supply the grain to the food-necessitous "Mother of Nations." And the products of British Columbia will do more to move the admiration and attract the attention than will the products of the "Middle West." What man with capital wandering for an investment, after he has seen his table replenished with the apples and other fruit of British Columbia would not, if the proposal were placed before him and its multiform potentialities propounded, instantly grasp the opportunity for a magnificent investment which is destined to grow in magnitude as the years roll on? Thus might British Columbia secure an interest whose intensity, and a flow of capital whose volume, would quickly cover her with people and transform her vales and valleys into an Orchard—the Orchard of the Earth.

This is from the capital-attracting aspect of the question alone; and above all things British Columbia wants Capital.

AS TO THE OTHER PROVINCES their peculiarity is that they want above all things men; and before I have done I shall show how men can be attracted to them.

Great Britain is Canada's best customer. Canada sends to Great Britain nearly all of her Wheat exports and fifty-six per cent. of her total exports. What an impetus, then would a preferential tariff on wheat in Great Britain give to this country! Think of it, ponder over it, and in imagination lift your eyes five years after its accomplishment and behold the Prairie Lands of Canada, instead of seeking for settlers, infested with contending multitudes for their possession.

The consequential effects to Canada of a Preferential Tariff in Great Britain are undoubted; but what are we doing to attain it? Absolutely nothing. We are acting rather like whimsical, petulant school-boys than sane business men.

A few days ago I saw an article in the "Standard of Empire" by a "Canadian Merchant" stating, inter alia, that "If Great Britain has not within a year a Government prepared to reciprocate the Preferential Tariff my firm belief is that Canada will decide to play her own business game. Once that is started, alas! for poor sentiment, and the prospect of a really solid and United Empire." This gentleman, evidently controlled by sentiment, talks like the amorous nincompoop who instead of winning what he loves by the acts, the addresses and the persuasions of intellect and reason threatens self-destruction if his love is not reciprocated and his proposal instantly accepted.

Canada is not the only wheat-producing country in the world, nor the only source of Great Britain's supply. There are India, Russia, Argentina and other countries.

There is no element of sentiment in the Canadian Preference. It did not spring from love of the old land or gratitude for the protection that Canada received during her maturing years. Sir Wilfrid Laurier should know, and here is what he says: "We gave the British Preference because we wanted British Trade; that is the vindication of our Preference Policy." It has effected that which it was designed to effect, and to demand reciprocation of it with a menace is, to say the least, neither politic nor rational.

Preference we want continued and extended, but there is a statesmanlike way of accomplishing the idea.

Canada herself has something higher and more rational to perform, at the present juncture, than either to threaten or to sit passive.

Intra-Empire Preference is only subsidiary to, and may be a consequence of, Tariff Reform in Great Britain. With-

out the latter the former could never be effected.

British Tariff Reform is not, however, what Canada generally assumes it to be. She regards it as a British national issue in which she has no *locus standi.* This however is only a scintilla of the truth, and far from the philosophic statesman's view—far, indeed, from the view of anyone who is not politically purblind.

British Tariff Reform is an Imperial issue in the consequences that its success or failure entails to Canada and the other portions of the Empire. If it succeed Great Britain's manufactures and commerce will be rescued from the German and American inundation which has been undermining them with subtle and malign forces, and Intra-Empire Tariffs will follow. Thus far Canada has no interposing right.

If Tariff Reform fail, Great Britain must abandon her sublime altruistic policy of providing a Navy from the resources of her own people for the Protection of a World Wide Empire whose scattered entities in turn pursue their own fiscal systems, protect their own industries, provide no navy for themselves, and contribute nothing to their great protector.

Commerce is Revenue; and Le Revenu c'est l' etat. With the continued decline of Britain's Commerce her revenue must diminish: and she cannot much longer continue to supply an Imperial Navy unless the Tariff Reform is effected. Canada would then *nolens volens* be forced to face the problem of her own Naval Protection.

THIS IS ONE OF THE GREATEST PROBLEMS CANADA EVER CONFRONTED, if it were suddenly forced upon her. If gradually, as I hope, she emerges into the assumption of her own National Obligations, there is nothing startling, nothing to apprehend. But the failure of Tariff Reform in Great Britain at the next election means the triumph of the party that still breathes the spirit of Cobden—the spirit of Little Englanddom. It means the failure of Intra-Empire Tariffs, and the continuance of a policy of parsimony in the name of economy. It means most of all the decline of the British Navy, and the maintaining of it only at a standard fit to cope with the exigencies of that part of the Empire that pays for its upkeep, that is Great Britain alone.

Canada is concerned and concerned deeply in this aspect of British Tariff Reform; and here she has a *locus standi* that cannot be disputed. She has a right to know whither she is going. Her Nationality is at stake, and that immensely transcends all preferential tariff questions, though both are integers of the same equation.

Some will say that this is a morbid view of the failure of Tariff Reform. We do not feel inclined to discuss the question of morbidity further than from one view-point which recent declarations by Canadians of importance bring into conspicuous prominence.

Supposing that the threat to withdraw the Canadian preference on British imports, unless that preference is promptly reciprocated, were put into effect; and suppose non-Tariff Party were in power in Great Britain who responded to that threat not only with the *non possumus* argument, but with a retaliatory threat of diverting British custom from Canadian exports—what would be the consequence of this mutually defiant attitude?

Canada would drift from her anchorage within the Empire. The idea of Empire so far as she is concerned would be dispelled, and she would be forced to face the problem of her Nationality and Independence. She could then no doubt freely assert her Treaty-making power; but how would she enforce it? She could resent Japanese immigration, but how would she prevent it? If she threatened force she would be met with an invitation to put her threat into execution. Could she do it? Would this then be a brown, a yellow, or a white man's country?

Let Canada answer; for all this is involved in the issue of Tariff Reform now before the British people.

Canada clearly has a right to interpose in an issue which may involve such vital consequences to her. The financial menace is even less than the National: and

it is incumbent upon her at once to go to the aid of the Tariff Reformers who, if they succeed at the next election, will not only insure to us the existing National *status quo* until Canada of her own volition seeks to alter it, but give to us that intra-Empire. Preferential Tariff that Canada desires and requires.

Surely she cannot sit tranquil in the midst of a maelstrom. Great Britain now fights a fight of Life or Death for the Empire, and her own existence as the centripetal point of it.

The right to interfere having been demonstrated, the urgency of it having been established, we can only suggest that the least that Canada can do is to send a few men, eloquent ready of argument, and able to adjust themselves to the various aspects of the problem as a Canadian contingent to the Tariff Reformers of Great Britain; to co-operate with them; to traverse Great Britain from border to border, and formulate and propound the views and wishes of the Canadian people on this, the most momentous problem that has ever confronted them.

This is one way in which Canada may interpose with decorum and act with dignity, without hurting the sensibility of the British people or entrenching upon their undoubted prerogative in the last resort to decide the issue of Tariff or no Tariff, Preference or no Preference.

Besides, this would be one of the most effectual ways of diffusing a knowledge of the vastness and the unrivalled potentialities of Canada and of attracting to her that which she requires—in British Columbia—capital to develop her multitudinous resources. It would bring the people of both countries into close touch and sympathy; responsiveness of sentiment would be established between them; many acerbities and misunderstandings would be effaced and obliterated, and the aspirations of Canada for a National existence could be shown to be, not only consistent with, but a condition precedent to a consolidated Empire.

Heart would respond to heart; and both a CONSOLIDATED EMPIRE AND CANADA A NATION would be things mutually desired and mutually accomplished.

Gigantic is the tree that intra-Empire Tariffs may generate!

Canada

Blanche E. Holt Murison

Canada! Canada! land of the free;
Land where our fathers have laboured and died:
Ever our thoughts shall turn homeward to thee,
Land where the hearts of thy children abide.
The waves of great oceans roll in to caress thee,
The crags of thy mountains stretch forward to bless thee,
The hearts of thy people acclaim and confess thee,
Dear land of their love, of their hope, and their pride.
Canada! Canada! here at thy side,
Ever the hearts of thy children abide.
Fair land with thee—fair land with thee;
Ever the hearts of thy children shall be.

Canada! Canada! garland we now,
Leaves of the maple to twine round thy name;
This is the chaplet we wreathe for thy brow,
Bright with thy promise, and fair with thy fame.
For now from the days where the shadows hang hoary.
Ascendeth thy star to its zenith of glory,
Outpouring its beams o'er thy wonderful story,
And tracing in gold all the way that thou came.
Canada! Canada! words cannot frame
All the great love that our hearts would proclaim.
Dear land with thee—dear land with thee;
All the best love we can offer shall be.

Canada! Canada! Homeland, of thee,
Wake we the patriot song as we go;
Treading thy ways with the step of the free,
Proud of the record thy pages can show.
Then let them beware who would hurt or offend thee,
For strong are the arms that we give to defend thee.
May God and his angels watch o'er and attend thee,
Intrenching thee safe from the face of the foe.
Canada! Canada! Homeland, of thee,
Ever the prayers of thy children shall be.
Homeland, of thee—Homeland, of thee;
Ever the prayers of thy children shall be.

The Patchwork Quilt

Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

A POOR thin little creature, in a faded calico wrapper, with hair drawn tightly back from her pinched and wrinkled face, she knelt on the bare floor, beside a wretched bed, in a gloomy attic, of her wealthy sister's home.

"Old Beggar, in everybody's way." All about her, the words echoed. The wind shrieked them through the broken windowpane—the candle, spluttering in its socket, hissed them at her—and even her reflction caught in the cracked mirror, hurled the words in her face. The taunt had come from her own sister's daughter. "In everybody's way—" She sobbed, and her angular shoulders protruding through the worn old wrapper, shook convulsively. The best years of her life had been spent caring for an invalid mother, who at her death willed to the younger daughter, one thousand dollars and to the elder, who patiently and uncomplainingly, had cared for her, bequeathed only a patchwork quilt, which she had made during her illness. In a spirit of magnanimity, the younger sister who was married, offered the spinster, a home. The home soon ceased to extend any comforts to the poor dependent, who became a household drudge, of less consequence than the lowest menial, under her sister's roof. The furnishings of her room were like her wardrobe—meagre and delapidated.

"O, Lord, take me out of my misery," wailed the shrunken figure, crouching beside the bed. "In everybody's way," a piece of broken plaster falling at her feet, seemed to whisper; then through the mind of the lonely woman flashed the thought—"suicide, will end it all." She raised her head, as though hearkening a voice, and tremblingly asked, "By what means?" Money I have naught of, to purchase anything towards taking my life—the luxury of gas in my room, I have not known in my sister's house—though I might; yes, indeed, I might hang myself, but with what?" Suddenly her eyes became riveted on the patchwork quilt, on her bed. "Ah, the very thing, but would it hold! it was so very old, and already threadbare; feverishly, her hands tested the quilt, but alas! even this means was denied her. The threadbare places gave way to great gaps, with the slightest strain; but wait. Under the patchwork cover, appeared a layer of oilskin; surely a strange fancy, to interline a quilt with such material. But the lean fingers have torn a hole through the oilskin—and then—has the woman suddenly gone mad? She is laughing, sobbing, praying and weeping, as with trembling hands, she draws forth bank note after bank note, from the depths of the old patchwork quilt. Two thousand dollars for "the old beggar, who was in everybody's way."

"Where can Priscilla be?" Mrs. Bertrand questioned of her daughter at breakfast, the following morning. For the first time in a score of years, the family drudge, failed to materialize, and upon investigation it had been found that her bed had been slept in, but there was no trace of its occupant, nor the old patchwork quilt, that had been her only covering, summer or winter, for many years.

"For my part, I'm glad she's gone," spoke up the daughter. "Her usefulness didn't amount to much, and she was certainly not ornamental."

"Yes, but it would be a pretty morsel of gossip for people hereabouts should she disgrace us, by committing suicide,' answered her mother.

Just then a messenger boy brought a note which read: "Dear Margaret. Do not worry about my absence, nor permit dear Ethel to weep over my departure. A business call hurried me to New York

so that I trust you will pardon my not saying 'good-bye.' Will write more fully later. Kisses to Ethel. Affectionately, your sister, Priscilla."

"Business?" Why, whoever dreamed that poor stupid Priscilla could have business. And where did she get her fare? She had not a copper, nor even its equivalent," exclaimed Mrs. Bertrand, after reading aloud the contents of the note.

"Perhaps someone left her a fortune," said Ethel.

"A fortune; why she has no other relatives but us, and as for friends, she is completely destitute of any," Mrs. Bertrand answered.

"The nasty old cat; *her* kisses to Ethel indeed. But I always told you, mother, that you should have insisted upon her calling me 'Miss Ethel.' Well, I'm glad to be rid of her; poor relations are a nuisance."

After her find, the little old maid, lay for several hours, coiled up on her bed, thinking, planning and praying. At daybreak, she arose, and with the patchwork quilt held closely to her throbbing heart, she crept silently out of her sister's house, and mingled with the sombre shadows that presaged the approach of dawn.

"Oh, Spirit of Morn," Priscilla murmured, as she hurried toward the South Union station. "I, like you, am creeping away from night's shadows, that so long have encompassed me—into the light of day that is already flushing my poor old heart, with its rosy warmth."

With the patchwork quilt still hugged closely to her, Priscilla had dozed on the deck of the Fall River boat, when someone in passing, jostled her chair and the quilt fell from her grasp. She started up quickly, but was reassured by a sweet-faced girl, who picked up the quilt, and restored it to her shaking hands.

"Poor soul, eccentric, no doubt," Priscilla heard a pitying voice say, as she shrank back into her corner.

"Eccentric." It was the very keynote of her future, that until now had been vague. Yes, she would become eccentric, but prosperously so, for to wear the appellation successfully, she must live, and be gowned expensively, or at least, seemingly so. But they were entering New York harbor, where the Statue of Liberty seemed to smile upon the faded little figure, as Priscilla murmured—"Liberty for me, for poor me."

Two weeks since Priscilla left her sister's house, and now Mrs. Bertrand could scarcely control her excitement, as breaking the seal of a fashionably-addressed envelope, she read the enclosure:

"Dear Margaret,—My time since leaving you, has been so occupied with social obligations, that this is my first opportunity of communicating with you, as promised in my note.

"My friend, Mrs. Armitage, insisted on my remaining over for her week-end party; then I joined friends at Bar Harbor, and here I am, enjoying every moment to the utmost.

"I expect to return to Boston shortly, so, will see you very soon. To dear Ethel and yourself, my most cordial love.

"Affectionately, your sister,

"PRISCILLA.

"Well, of all the mysteries, this is the greatest," Mrs. Bertrand exclaimed, handing the perfumed note to her daughter.

"It certainly is a swell note, mother, and to think of poor old 'Cilley' having the courage to pen such words, and in white ink too, on scarlet paper. She evidently has friends in the smart set, and see, her envelope is sealed with a crest, in white. Really, mother, it might be worth while to exercise a little diplomacy towards aunt Priscilla, and procure an introduction, to those aristocratic friends of hers."

"Yes, but she has given no permanent nor definite address, so we must wait until she writes again. She is the sly minx, to keep silent for so long about her friends. I only hope it won't make her too independent when she returns home, for, of course, she will return, I presume."

The idea of "Old Cilley" being independent, amused Ethel greatly, and laughing at the matter, as though it were quite a joke, she passed out of the room, leaving her mother scanning the seal emblazoned on the scarlet envelope.

Two days Priscilla spent in bed, after arriving in New York, to rest the poor aching bones. Then she frequented the theatres, producing comedy, to learn what she had almost forgotten—how to smile.

She had a masseur wait upon her at her lodgings, to smoothe away the inroads that care had made upon her face. For several days she haunted the parks listening to the merry prattle of children, and the seductive voices of nature. Then began her shopping expeditions, and gradually was accomplished the transformation of the "beggar who was in everybody's way," into the eccentric, but sweet old lady, whom all were anxious to serve.

The Bertrands had not quite recovered from the surprise occasioned by Priscilla's last message, when another, and a greater one greeted them, in the form of a dozen long stemmed American Beauty roses, for "Dear Ethel," from aunt Priscilla, and an invitation for Mrs. Bertrand to lunch with her sister, the following day, at the Somerset Hotel.

"Back in Boston, and at the Somerset," gasped Mrs. Bertrand. "American Beauty roses, and from Galvin's!" exclaimed Ethel. Oh, mother, she must have found some rich friends—do lunch with her, and perhaps you may meet the fairy godmother."

She had sent up her card, and was waiting in a reception room of the Somerset, and now the haughty Mrs. Bertrand was beginning to regret her acceptance of Priscilla's invitation. Suppose that some of her friends should see her lunching with the little shabby old woman, she would never forgive herself.

Then there was the frou-frou of silken skirts, an odor of sweet lavender, and Margaret's eyes were riveted on the form that passed through the door held by a lackey, who bowed very low before her. "An aristocrat evidently," Margaret mentally ejaculated, as the stately figure rustled along the corridor, a dainty creation in a gown of mauve silk, brocaded over with silver lillies. She carried a gold-headed cane that clicked musically against the marble floor. A pair of smiling blue eyes, beamed from a peachy face, that was framed by gray silky ringlets, and, "oh," thought Margaret, as the vision drew nearer, "What an exquisite collar and revers of real Duchesse lace, and such a beautiful cameo brooch, while her bonnet—delightfully antique—but—Priscilla——" she fairly screamed as her sister stood before her, smiling through the jeweiled lorgnette, suspended in a hand daintily enveloped in a black silk mit.

"Priscilla dear, what does it all mean?" questioned Mrs. Bertrand when she had recovered her breath. "Why did you masquerade so long in old clothes when you were all the while expecting a fortune? For, of course, you have come into possession of wealth?"

"Ah, sister mine, I have certainly come into a good little fortune, or a little good fortune, which, it matters not, as it overtook me quite unexpectedly. And, after all, what is life but a masquerade? We are too often judged by the domino we wear; smiles greet the scarlet, frowns the sombre black. It was my peculiar fancy to don the black for a while, but growing weary of the shadows it conjured up around me, I tossed it aside, and behold the world laughs with me, where it was wont to laugh at me!"

"But you must be very rich; your gown is exquisite, your style, superb; and to be domiciled in such expensively fashionable quarters, certainly bespeaks wealth. Why, it seems just like a beautiful dream."

"True, Margaret, but the mind that is content, is always rich, and my dream belongs to the scarlet domino. It is such as follows the nightmare that I discarded with my black domino. But come, sister, let us repair to luncheon, and afterwards, if you will, drive with me in the park."

"It seems increditable," said Mrs. Bertrand, in relating to Ethel, the events of the afternoon; "that it can be Priscilla; she, who was always meekness personified, and now—well, you must see for yourself—she assumes the airs and grace of a duchess, wearing them as though to the manner born, while the lackeys at the hotel, bow to her slightest bidding, as though indeed she were royalty itself."

"But where did she get it? That's the puzzle. Wouldn't she tell?"

"No, she laughingly turned my query aside, and spoke as though she were born to the purple, insinuating that it was now her whim to be gay, while her appearing poor in the past, was her fancy. She is ravishingly eccentric, her clothes exquisitely rich, and her cameos priceless. She maintains a carriage too, fashioned after an old-time coach, but elegant in its appointments. I have invited her to share our box at the Hollis to-night, so you can then judge for yourself, of the wonderful change wrought in aunt Priscilla by her accession to wealth."

Weeks passed and it became quite the fashion to be seen riding in the park with the "Duchess," as she was familiarly termed. She always contrived to have a young and charming face beside her, accentuating her own beauty. Ethel now felt honored when "Dear Aunt Priscilla" invited her to ride in her coach.

Invitations crowded in on Priscilla, until she rarely knew what it was to eat a meal at the hotel; but she foresaw that fads like fortunes, are evanescent, and her purse was already losing much of its bulk.

"Yes," Mrs. Bertrand was wont to say, "my sister is slightly eccentric you know, but so very charming and sweet; wealthy too. Well, a trifle peculiar, but my daughter and I adore her!"

"Old beggar who once had been in everybody's way!"

Twelve months had already faded from the calendar, since Priscilla asserted her independence, and she calculated mentally how much longer her finances would cover her expenses. Her small room on the top floor of the Somerset, while not expensive, must be paid for; invitations were not as plentiful as formerly, so the cost of her daily supply of fruit and milk, which she kept outside the window of her room, became an item of expenditure; one meal a day, for appearance sake must be taken in the hotel dining-room, and this was her one extravagance.

"Mother," exclaimed Ethel, one afternoon on returning from a reception at the Vendome, where Priscilla had been the guest of honor. "We must coax aunt Priscilla to visit us for a while Strangers think it odd that she should stop at the Somerset, instead of with her sister, and there is certainly no disguising the fact that she is the fad of the hour. Everybody at the reception today was hobnobbing, and handshaking with her, until I felt quite proud of our relationship."

"Yes, I too, think she should make her home with us, if she can be induced to do so. With all her wealth, she is a stingy old cat. The idea of her sending you only a bunch of violets for a Christmas gift. But of course we are her only relatives, and naturally she will make you her heir, so the more she saves, the more she will have to bequeath to you. It behooves us to cater to her, for our own gain, socially, as well as financially; so tomorrow I shall urge her to make our home her's."

"So sweet and kind of you, Margaret, but really, you know it suits me admirably here. I am so comfortable and independent. Lonely, well a trifle, but I've grown used to it, so don't worry. My carriage too, I simply could not dispense with. My afternoon rides are so essential, as tending towards cheerfulness. No, dear sister, after all, I think I had better remain here."

"Of course, of course, Priscilla dear, I understand fully your feelings in the matter, but Ethel and I are so anxious to have you with us that we are ready to overrule every objection raised. The spare room shall be painted, papered and fitted up to suit your exquisite taste. Your carriage shall be maintained; and as for independence, you shall be as free as air. Now, do come to us. It will make Ethel and me so happy, that I am sure you will not deny us the pleasure of your company under our roof."

"As you will then, Margaret. If my presence in your home can further the happiness of my sister and niece, far be it from me to deny it to you. My only means of repaying you, will be the putting forth of every effort to scatter sunshine about your home."

"Dear Priscilla, your charming presence will be its own sweet reward, and we desire no other payment."

So, the beggar who once was in everybody's way, re-entered her sister's home, as its favored inmate to partake of the best at the table; to sleep in the remodelled guest chamber, and to have at her command, a carriage, maintained at her sister's expense.

Mrs. Bertrand's Commonwealth Ave. home, gained in prestige as the residence of "The Duchess," as the old lady became known, who was seen riding through the parks in a fashionable turnout, and who always wore such a sweetly charming smile.

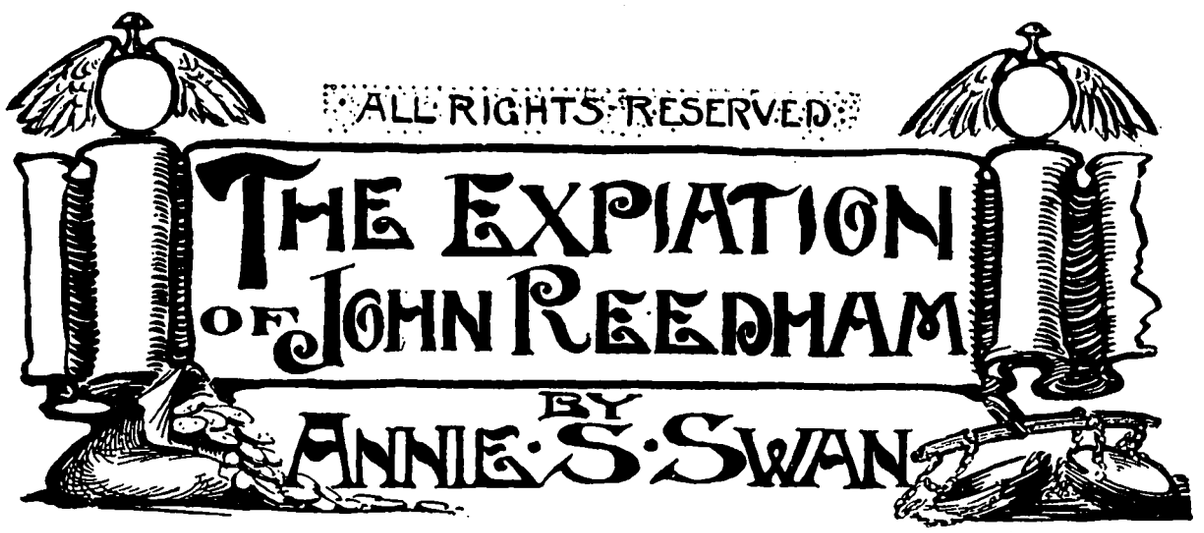
An air of luxurious comfort pervaded the room in which Priscilla was now domiciled, in her sister's mansion. Her favorite shade of mauve was in evidence everywhere, from the lilac-figured paper on the wall to the velvet carpet, like a silvery mist with soft purple shadows. A Polar bearskin gleamed before the crackling logs in the open grate. Priscilla smiled grimly as she knelt before the blazing fire. Then she crept softly to the attic under the eaves, where rats had been the only companions of her solitude, and the cracked mirror had unpityingly reflected the sorrowful countenance of the poor old drudge. Now, as she stood before it, a sweet face from a frame of silver curls, smiled back at her, and she turned hastily away, lest it should witness the tears conjured up by memories of the old beggar who had been in everybody's way.

It was taken for granted in the household, that Priscilla had in some way, come into possession of a fortune, but as she evaded the subject, it was seldom touched upon. The matter too, of her Bar Harbor friends, she eschewed, so that, also ceased to be openly spoken of; and they never guessed that Mrs. Armitage was a myth, Priscilla having mailed the letter to her sister while on a one day's excursion to Bar Harbor.

"Rich, yes, immensely so." Ethel was wont to intimate to her friends, "and with ample means to gratify her many eccentricities."

For two years Priscilla graced her sister's home, radiating cheerfulness about her, in return for the favors received. Then, one night, death crept softly to her bedside, and extinguished the last spark of life in the frail body.

Expectation was rife in the breasts of the Bertrand family, but their disappointment was keen, when in lieu of a will, a letter from Priscilla was found containing the statement that she had privately endowed her favorite charity, and bequeathing to her sister her cameo brooch, while dear Ethel was to inherit, what had been her aunt's best friend—"The Patchwork Quilt."



CHAPTER V.

LIDGATE got out at Clapton Station in the dusk of an autumn evening, and turned his steps in the direction of an obscure, quiet street, where he had to pay a call.

More than a year has elapsed since the disappearance of John Reedham from the ken of those who had known him. The few who had not forgotten him believed him dead.

In Burnham-road, Clapton, remote from the scene of her former happiness, Bessie Reedham lived the life of the solitary and struggling woman in London. She had not even the cloak of widowhood to protect her. She was still attractive, and looked astonishingly young; the year, therefore, had not been without its trials.

Of these trials she did not speak to any human being, least of all to Lidgate, though she knew him to be truly her friend.

But they did not meet often; they could not meet often because of that chance revelation made in the drawing-room at Norwood, when the blow had first fallen across Bessie Reedham's life.

Lidgate bitterly regretted that he had not been able to keep a better guard upon himself. There was now a barrier between them it would be difficult, if not impossible, to clear away.

He was going to her now, against his better judgment, impelled to it by a haunting intuition that she was in trouble of some sort.

He had no ground for that intuition, except his own certainty of it. She had not written to him, or indicated that she would like him to call. Yet there was no hesitation in his step as it approached the familiar house. It was one of a neat, small, uniform row of small dwellings, much sought after by the newly-wed of moderate means because of the pleasant gardens sloping at the back to the River Lea. It was this very garden that had attracted Bessie Reedham in her dreary search for a home suitable to her slender means. They had allowed her to keep the whole of her furniture; the more expensive articles she had sold, and furnished the small house with the simpler items, and had made it a home, albeit it was plain and simple and unpretentious. She had hoped to make it a home likewise to other people who would come to her as paying guests, and be glad, perhaps, to find something a little higher than the usual London boarding-house.

Guests had come certainly, but most of them had proved unsatisfactory, exacting, some of them even dishonest. She had been disillusioned, and was now thankful to receive two city clerks who desired a respectable shelter more than a home, preferring to find their social environment outside. Her boy was now at home with her. In spite of her protestations, the Luttrells had kept him another year at Reigate and after the summer term he had taken a situation in a shop at Clapton. This was a bitter pill for

Bessie Reedham to swallow; but the lad had acted on his own initiative, and she had deemed it wiser to let him have his way. But her eye, quickened by love and anxiety, had discovered that he was not happy there, that his spirit was being crushed, and she was almost in despair.

In these dark days her thoughts had turned naturally to Lidgate, who had just returned from a three months' American tour.

It is possible that some spirit message went from her to him, and assured him that he would not be unwelcome at Clapton.

As he turned in at Burnham-road, he saw a lad at the opposite corner, and, though he was greatly grown, he recognised Leslie.

"Hulloa, Leslie, old chap!" The boy stool still, peering through the dusk, uncertain of the voice. When he recognised Lidgate he seemed pleased, and returned the grasp of his hand quite warmly.

The year had reassured Leslie, and his jealousy of Lidgate slept.

"I thought you were in America?" he said bluntly.

"I have only returned a few days. How are you, my boy?"

"I—oh, I'm quite well," he replied, but the falter in his voice seemed to belie his words. Lidgate detained him a moment, as he would have passed on to the house, ashamed, perhaps, of his brief emotion.

"Tell me what it is, lad. I am truly your friend, if you would only believe it," he said, sincerely.

"I didn't want to show the white feather," said the lad bravely. "But I'm down on my luck, too. I've been paid off."

"But it was a poor job, Leslie, and never good enough; probably it will come a blessing in disguise," said Lidgate cheerily.

The lad's face brightened.

"I didn't think of it like that. It was only the money I thought of; eight shillings a week isn't much, is it, but it helps a good bit, mother says, more than you'd think."

Lidgate almost gasped.

Eight shilling a week! What did it represent to him—a few boxes of matches, a copper or a sixpence bestowed here and there for service rendered, and not to be taken into account at all.

"How is your mother?" he asked, abruptly changing the theme.

"I'm afraid she isn't very well. It's been very hot in London this summer, and she has only two boarders at present. They pay very little; I know she is worried about the rent."

"Let's go in and see her, lad," said Lidgate, unable to bear any more.

"In a moment. I'd like to tell you how I came to get the sack today. I haven't done anything very bad, you know, and the master said he'd never had a sharper lad. But I was cheeky, I suppose. They said something about my father when we were at dinner upstairs, and I got mad, and hit out; with my tongue, I mean. I don't remember what I said exactly, but I know I could have killed them."

Lidgate's heart was full. The bright, eager face from which the rounded fulness of boyhood was so rapidly passing, the troubled eyes, the sensitive mouth, all appealed.

"Dear lad, you did right, quite right. Always cherish his memory, he was a good father to you."

"His memory, why do you say his memory?" he asked sharply. "He's still living, we shall see him again one day. Whatever you or anybody else may say I am sure of that, and so is mother."

Lidgate shook his head; Leslie put his hand on the gate and pushed it open. The brief warming of his heart towards Lidgate passed, and the old distrust returned.

They entered the house, and hearing two voices, Mrs. Reedham came out. That she was quite glad to see Lidgate was evidenced by the pleasure on her face. She had few, almost no friends now; those who thought of her with a passing pity did not come to tell her they remembered her, the world at large is only too anxious to forget those who have dropped into its byways.

"Mother, I've had my tea, I only want to change and go out for an hour; you won't mind now Mr. Lidgate has come,"

said Leslie, and he saw with an added bitterness that she did not mind in the least, nay, that she would be glad to have some talk with the intruder alone.

He left the house without coming to the small sitting-room at the back they had reserved for their own use; his mother started when she heard the closing of the outer door.

"Leslie is not very happy where he is, Mr. Lidgate. I wish I could find another place for him."

"I will find him something tomorrow," replied Lidgate readily. "Personally, what I should like to do is to take him to London Wall, but James Currie would certainly object. There would not be any trouble with Sir Philip."

"He has left his situation," he added, and in a word explained what had happened. Her eyes filled with tears.

"He is so loyal to his father's memory, it is a perfect passion with him. And so jealous he is, too, about it. I believe he would cease to care for me if he thought I could forget."

"It is a fine trait, later he will get more sense of proportion," observed Lidgate quietly. "I'll do what I can for him tomorrow, I promise you. And wherever he may go he will not find the time he has been in the Clapton shop lost. It will have taught him to appreciate better things. And now, let us talk about yourself. You are sadly changed. You have had a terrible year."

"Not quite terrible; there have been gleams of peace," she said, but her eyes did not meet his. "How did you like America?"

"Oh, it is not new to me, I went as far as the Argentine," he added carelessly. Her lips parted in breathless interest.

"That is where you thought John would go. You did not hear anything, I suppose?"

"No, I made very full inquiries. Of course, it is difficult to find a man there, and he might easily evade recogntion, but I am nearly certain that he never left this country."

"And equally certain that he is dead, perhaps," she said in a dispirited voice.

Lidgate made no reply.

He could not tell her of the visits he had paid to mortuaries, where unclaimed and unidentified bodies could be seen, neither could he say that certain news of John Reedham's death would simplify life for a good many people.

"I must go on hoping with Leslie that something will happen, that things will be cleared up; though the sort of life I have been living lately does not conduce to cheerfulness," she went on, after a brief space.

"You have had a terrible year, and Leslie tells me you have sordid anxiety now."

She neither denied nor admitted. Lidgate sat forward in his chair and began to speak rapidly.

"I cannot bear to see you like this, and there is no reason why I should bear it. I am, comparatively speaking, a rich man. I cannot, even if I would, spend my money on myself. I have few ties, none of them binding or obligatory. You must let me help you for old acquaintance sake, if for no other reason. Try to think of me as a brother, and let me order you to leave Clapton."

He tried to speak with a sort of bantering gaiety and an assumption of naturalness which did not in the least deceive her.

"You have already done too much in becoming guarantee for my rent. I am afraid you will have to make that guarantee good this time. I have not been able to get the money together."

"For Heaven's name don't speak of it. I can't bear it. I tell you it is a mere bagatelle. Don't let it ever be mentioned between us. But honestly, now, do you think it is any good keeping on this house, or in pursuing the life which you admit can't bring you in a living wage?"

"Can you suggest a substitute for it, one which would come within the region of possibility?" she asked with a faint smile.

"I will think of it. Meanwhile the first thing is to get something better for Leslie. Have you ever met Archibald Currie, Mrs. Reedham?"

"Once or twice at Fair Lawn. A delightful man, I thought him, and I often

said to John it seemed incredible that he and James could be brothers."

"Many have had such a thought. It would be a fine thing for Leslie to get into his office in New Broad-street. I shall call there tomorrow morning and see if he can suggest anything. It is the sort of thing he would delight to do. The record of his good deeds in the city would fill a book."

"Thank you very much. I shall in deed be grateful if you will do that. It would be the making of Leslie. He does not lack brains, Mr. Lidgate."

They used to be George and Bessie to one another in the old days of their friendship, but in the last year had adopted by common consent the more formal address. In Lirgate's case at least it was a safeguard.

"I am sure that Leslie has plentv of brains. He is a bit fiery and impulsive, and takes strong likes and dislikes. He does not care much about me for instance."

"Oh, I am sure you are mistaken," she said, but her colour faintly rose.

"No, I don't think we make mistakes of that kind, but I understand his feelings, partly at least, and can respect him for it."

She did not ask him to explain, and when she spoke again it was of a different theme.

"Miss Wrede came to see me twice after it all happened, once just before I left Norwood and once here. But I am afraid I was not very cordial to her when she came last."

"Don't you like her? Everybody reports her charming, and Stephen Currie is madly in love with her."

"She is very clever and bright I think and—and dangerously sympathetic. I did not want to become intimate with her, Mr. Lidgate, and if she had gone on coming it must have ended in that."

"You were quite frank with her, then?"

"Yes, I told her I would prefer that she did not come, that I should always be grateful to her for her sympathy and would send for her if I were in any special trouble."

"And she understood?"

"She quite understood. That is what I say, she is dangerously sympathetic; one would talk too much to her. It is better not to see her."

"But for you it would have been good."

"No, bad, thoroughly bad, and besides I wanted to be detached from all those who knew me in happier times. But I cannot conceive of her and Stephen Currie!"

"I don't think she encourages him, but everyone knows of Stephen's infatuation. In fact it won't hide."

Bessie Reedham sat still a moment, and then looked him more straightly in the face than she had yet done.

"Tell me truly. Is the loss so great as was said at the time John disappeared?"

"Yes, it was in no way exaggerated."

"And how was it met?"

"The firm met it," he replied evading her straight look.

"Then it is Sir Philip Lowther and James Currie and you who are actually out of pocket."

"Yes, I suppose so, if you put it like that."

"And how much? Tell me the exact sum."

"Why open up all this painful business again?" he asked almost impatiently. "It can make no difference now."

"Oh, yes it can. It will be Leslie's debt. He has set it before him as a goal. Poor boy, it is a dreadful millstone about his neck, even now, but I believe that it is a debt he will live to discharge."

"I hope he will not allow it to trouble him unduly; to be a millstone as you describe it," observed Lidgate, as he rose to his feet. "Well, I must go, and I will write to you tomorrow after I have seen Archibald Currie."

"You are very, very good to me," she murmured. Lidgate merely shook his head.

"I have done very little. Good-bye. You will hear from me tomorrow."

He left the house rather abruptly, and retraced his steps to the station in doubt whether the visit had been a success. At least it had stayed the longing he had had to see her once more, and convinced

him, if he needed any convincing, that he had not forgotten her in the smallest degree. She was ten thousand times more attractive to him now in her poverty and loneliness than she had ever been in the days of her happiest fortune.

He reached his chambers in the Albany half an hour late for dinner, a most unusual occurrence in his methodical, well-ordered life. His valet, Grimston, regarded him with a furtive anxiety as he waited on him, fully conscious that something ailed his master. He ate sparingly that evening, and had very few remarks to make. Grimston saw that he was preoccupied, and full of serious thought, and began to fear that further business troubles might be looming ahead. Grimston had proved, even in his uneventful life, that misfortunes come not as single spies, but in battalions.

The real trend of his master's thoughts would have surprised and dismayed him had they suddenly been revealed. Grimston's fears regarding the amenity of that comfortable bachelor establishment had not received any shocks for a long time, and he had arrived at the definite conclusion that Lidgate was not a marrying man.

He went out immediately after he had drunk his coffee, lighting a favourite cigar as he left the house. In the street he hailed the first hansom, and gave the address of Hyde Park-square, where he arrived soon after nine o'clock. He was not on terms of sufficient intimacy with Archibald Currie to warrant dropping in of an evening for a friendly visit, but he knew enough of the man to feel assured at least that it would not be resented, and that the nature of his errand would be sufficient to justify a departure from the usual routine. In the day time they were both busy men with their time fully occupied, and a quiet half hour at night would be infinitely better for arranging something concerning the future of Reedham's son.

Mr. Currie was at home, the butler informed him, but engaged for a few moments. Would he step in? As Lidgate put his hat down in the inner hall the door of a room at the further side suddenly opened, and Katherine Wrede appeared. She started a little at the sight of Lidgate, and, then recognising him, came forward with a ready smile.

"Mr. Lidgate, isn't it? You wish to see my uncle? He is engaged for a few moments. Will you come in here?"

Lidgate thanked her with his pleasant smile, and followed her into the room she had just left; once the morning-room, but which Katherine had converted into a small drawing-room, where she sat a great deal. The big double drawing-room on the first floor was now seldom used, except on the occasion of the large and rather stately dinner parties which Archibald Currie gave once or twice in the course of a year.

"We have not met for a very long time, Mr. Lidgate," she said. "Did I hear from someone that you had been to America, or have I dreamed it?"

"You heard aright; I have only just returned—last Saturday, in fact."

"You had a pleasant voyage, I hope. My uncle won't be long. He is engaged with a gentleman from the office. He dined with us this evening, and they have had a little private matter to discuss. They may be back here again. Has the man taken your name to uncle, I wonder?"

"It doesn't matter," said Lidgate quickly. "I shall be very glad of an opportunity to talk to you. You might even be interested in the matter about which I have come tonight."

He could not help admiring her as she sat under the soft shade of the lamp, the delicate light falling on her beautiful face and giving wonderful sheen and richness to the folds of her brown velvet gown. It was a very simply-made gown, all straight lines and folds, but it had true artistic effect.

"I am sure I shall, if it interests you. Tell me about it."

"I have been this evening to see Mrs. Reedham—you know who I mean?"

Her face instantly assumed an expression of the deepest interest.

"Mrs. Reeham—why, yes, of course. Tell me about her, all about her, at once. I would like to go to see her sometimes, but—but she told me quite frankly it would be better not; and when she said

it, from her point of view, it really seemed better. But I often think about her. How is she getting on?"

"Not well," he answered without hesitation. "It is a frightfully sad case, and a case which it is difficult, if not impossible, to help."

"Is—is she in need of any kind?" she inquired, with a wistful, eager note in her voice. "It is dreadful to associate her with such a question; but you know how I, and a great many other people, feel about her, and how terrible it is to stand by and do nothing."

"I quite understand. She has had a very bad year. She has had boarders at her house in Clapton, but she is not the sort of woman to make such a business pay. She gives them too much for their money. I am afraid she is very poor. I wished to talk over her affairs with Mr. Currie, if he would give me a few minutes of his time. If he would take the boy and give him a helping hand, that would mean everything to them. I would take him myself at London Wall, but, as you know, I am only a junior partner, and I would not dare to suggest it."

"Don't I know it?" she said, with a little grimace. "It is a very sad case, hedged about with every conceivable kind of difficulty and hardship. She is so innocent and so sweet. It is hard how the innocent have to suffer in this world. The injustice of it all often stings me."

Her voice quickened, and her eyes were full of eloquent feeling.

"I am so glad you have come to Uncle Archie. He will think of some way. He always does. At Christmas he sent her twenty pounds anonymously, and he has sometimes spoken about her. But when I saw her she was doing well with her boarders, and she told me quite frankly she was not in need of anything, except to be left alone to live her own life."

Lidgate nodded.

"She told me that tonight—I mean what had passed between you—but I think she may have regretted it. She is very lonely now, it is easy to see."

"Then I will go again. I should like to go tomorrow, perhaps," said Katherine eagerly.

"I would wait a little," he counselled. "At least till we have settled something between us. You understand how more than willing I am to help her, only in my case it is even more difficult than in yours."

"I can see that. You were very intimate with John Reedham, were you not not?"

"We were like brothers once. We lodged together in our young manhood for seven years, and—and we both loved the same woman."

The words were out before he could keep them back, and though his face flushed a little, he was conscious of a sudden and sweet relief.

Of one thing, at least, he could be sure that Katherine Wrede would not misunderstand. She possessed in a very rare degree the gift of sympathetic intuition, which so often dispenses with the need for words.

"Oh, how you interest me!" she said, leaning forward with a soft beautiful light in her eyes. "And yet how terribly sad it all is! I have never understood how a man like Reedham could go wrong. He had everything to keep him right. Has the mystery ever been cleared up?"

He shook his head.

"It will never be now, I fear."

The significance of his words were not lost upon her.

"You believe that he committed suicide," she said with parted lips.

He nodded.

"In my own mind I have not the slightest doubt of it. How else could he have eluded the vigilance of the police?"

"It has been done," she suggested. "One night Major Polock, from Scotland Yard was dining here, and it made me quite creepy to hear him talking about the number of mysterious disappearances there are in London. Men, and women too, simply fall out, and are heard of no more. They go out from their homes in the morning apparently in good health and spirits, and without any pressing cares, and they never come back."

"They have ulterior motives, I should say, in every case. They leave London and hide themselves in other countries."

"The Major says not. He says more than half create new personalities, new careers, new environments for themselves, in fact, become different people."

Lidgate did not seem credulous.

"Such a course would not have been possible to poor Reedham. I am forced to the conclusion that there were wheels within wheels, a portion of his life that we never suspected. And I am certain as certain as one can be of anything for which there is no ocular proof, that he is dead."

"It would be better so, perhaps, and one day in the future you may perhaps comfort his poor wife."

"I would marry her now, Miss Wrede, but I dare not ask her. She is still absolutely devoted to his memory."

"Ah, but one cannot live forever on memory," she reminded him. "I do hope it may come to pass. You have been so truly a friend to her, you deserve happiness. And I shall always be glad that I have known this."

"I had no intention of telling you. I betrayed myself because you are so sympathetic. I have not yet ceased wondering at myself."

She smiled, and at the moment held up a warning finger.

"Hark, I hear them coming out of the library."

At the moment the drawing-room door opened and Archibald Currie, a fine and picturesque figure in his velvet coat appeared. He nodded pleasantly to Lidgate.

"I shall be with you in a moment, Mr. Lidgate. Charlton is going. Katherine, come and bid him good-night."

They left the door ajar, and Lidgate could see out into the spacious hall. The man they called Charlton stood under the hall lamp, a figure of ease and grace. His clean-shaven face showed clear cut as a cameo against the bright light. It was not famaliar to Lidgate, yet somehow it interested him deeply. As Charlton turned to bid Miss Wrede good-night, he glanced back and saw Lidgate where he stood before the fireplace in the inner room. He turned away with such sharpness that Katherine Wrede was surprised. Almost before the door closed upon him he took out his handkerchief to wipe the cold sweat drops from his brow.

(To be continued.)

The Last Fight of the Tennessee

Patrick Vaux

IN MOBILE BAY, ten minutes to nine on the sunny morning of August 5, 1864, a most amazing spectacle was to be witnessed. A single Confederate man-of-war, the Tennessee, was moving out from under the shelter of the guns of Fort Morgan to attack the Federal fleet of three heavily-armed monitors and fourteen wooden ships of war, their crews already flushed with victory. The clatter of projectiles against the armor of the Tennessee was to mark a contest as homeric and desperate, if not as deadly in effect as the Revenge's great and glorious fight against the Spanish fleet off Flores in the Azores, 1591. It was to be that the Confederate surrendered only when nothing was left to her either for defence or flight.

Between 7 and 8:30 o'clock that morning, Admiral Farragut, that master of war on the waters, had at last taken his fleet up the Main Ship Channel into Mobile Bay, over fields of torpedo and submarine mines and past the terrible bat-

teries of Fort Morgan with its thick pall of multi-colored smoke.

"D—n the torpedoes!" he had cried, amid the terrific crashing. "D—n the torpedoes! Go ahead. Four bells. (The engineroom signal for full speed ahead.) He was to see a few seconds later, when his retreat was impracticable, one of his monitors, the Tecumseh, sent bow first to the bottom by an exploding mine.

"Everything has a weak spot, and the first thing I try to do is to find out where it is, and pitch into it with the biggest shot or shell that I have, and repeat the dose till it operates;" This is the confession of faith stated by the great Admiral just prior to the attack. Yet, not only could he state a principle, but he could enforce a way of doing things. His finest feat was at Mobile Bay on Sta. Cruz de Tenerifo, 1657.

It was against him, then, one of the three great admirals of the modern navy and backed with the concentrated strength of the Northern fleet, that Admiral Buchanan was throwing himself, so heroically, so regardless of consequences.

Buchanan, wounded when commanding the Merrimac in her first engagement—March 8th, 1862,—when she slaughtered the frigates Cumberland and Congress—was an officer full of pluck and audacity; was much of the very man to lead a forlorn hope. What he decided to do, he did with all his will. There was no half measures with him. Yet he was only too apt to put down his head, and blind with Krieglust smash recklessly into the enemy. Had he kept in shallow waters, and attacked the Federals' wooden ships at long range he would have effected much and inevitable destruction, the monitors with their heavier draught and short range smoothbores, then being unable to get at him. But like to a berserker of old he had taken his fate into his hands.

The build of his ramshackle ironclad was on the lines of the Merrimac. Like her, she steered badly, was propelled by cranky, paralytic engines doing barely 6 knots; and was manned with 138 of a complement; raw, untrained in naval efficiency. Yet steadily, valiantly, was she now steaming across the smooth waters of Mobile Bay to fight a force twenty-five times her strength.

Behind her gun-port shutters of 5-inch iron, alert gun-captains stood ready to click the defective primers of six rifled cannon, two 7.12-inch 100-pounders, mounted forward and aft, and two 6.4-inch 95-pounders on each broadside. Gun squads held themselves braced and taut in body for instant duty. Behind her 5 to 8-inch armoured sides was as brave a crew as ever got scourged by resentful nerves.

In the plated pilot-house of her, Buchanan had noted the enemy hurriedly getting under way again. Attack the ram, not only with your guns but bows, at full speed, had been Farragut's signal to his ships. His surgeon he had sent over to monitors moored some distance away, with instructions for them to move in to the attack.

About 9:30 a. m. the U. S. Monongahela opened the last naval fight of the Southern Confederation. At full speed she rammed the clumsy ironclad, fair amidships on her starboard side. On board the Tennessee lurching port-shutters slid open and rifled guns bellowed forth their deadly missles. The broadside of the Federal, discharged at right angles, pattered like to hail against the thick plating of the undamaged Confederate. Suddenly the thundering Monongahela swung away.

To port, the Lackawanna was charging down. She smashed against the port quarter of the Tennessee, but failed to hurt her; slowly came round and for a few minutes lay alongside, keeping up a hot musketry fire on the enemy's gunports, and hammering out with the only 9-inch gun available. One of the Tennessee's port shutters was beaten in by the continuous rain of shot. Its iron splinters harrowed the adjoining gun crews, flaying the flesh, and lodging deep in wincing bodies. The ironclad's shell burst inside the Lackawanna with disastrous effect, the redhot fragments firing the shattered wood. Yet the Northerners served their guns coolly. One of them giving ear to scurrilous speech, flung at them, picked up a holystone—the first

thing handy—and slinging it through the Confederate's open gun-port, smote him into silence.

But a sterner foe, Farragut, in the wooden-walled Hartford, was now bearing down, and Admiral sought Admiral. Bow-on, the two antagonists tramped toward each other, both intending to ram. Nearer the bellicose vessels swept. Suddenly the Tennessee swerved, fearing to be dragged down by the rammed battleship; gusty mouthed men breathed easier and plied their mighty guns. The Union's flagship ground along her side, 9-inch missles hopping off her plating. Well it was for the Tennessee her sides were thick, for the primers of all her guns save one, had missed fire. The crew of the flagship heard the harmless clickings.

It was now the infuriate Lackawanna, having circled round, bungled her steering and collided against the Hartford's starboard side. Indignantly the flagship talked to her: "For God's sake, get out of our way, and anchor," and plunging ahead at full speed again made to ram the enemy.

Intrepidly the Confederates awaited her onset for the stability and strength of the ironclad had calmed feverish men. Soon the prickling blood of fury and desperate action was to enflame their louring faces, for the monitors at last were closing in, slowly, deliberately as if sure of their prey. It was now to be armoured vessel against armoured—a contest for which the South was ineffectively furnished compared with the North and her trained naval personnel.

On board the Tennessee there was espied a hideous looking monster creeping up on our port side, where a slowly revolving turret revealed the cavernous depths of a mammoth gun. Throughout the Confederate's casemate rang the order, "Stand clear of the port side." One moment later, a deafening detonation thundered out, a burst of thick sulphurous smoke seethed against the port gun shutters of the Tennessee, and the 16-inch shot of the Manhattan's pierced iron plate and wooden packing. But the huge projectile stuck in the side of the enemy, her inside nettings caught the splinters, and no casualities resulted.

Then the Confederate's great guns began to splutter madly, chaotically, and the besmutched faces of her swaying gunners assumed rigid lines, for now the guns of the other monitors, Winnebago and Chickasaw, were thwacking out at them. A far-spreading drift of smoke settled down, splashed crimson and orange by fire from the great guns. Amid their stunning, interminable roaring the Tennessee was reeling and shaking and staggering, for the Winnebago and Chickasaw were pounding with square-headed, steel bolts at the after part of her casement, starting the armour, and shooting away her steering tackle. Her funnel was carried away, short within the casemate amidships, and smoke poured into the confined battery, coil upon coil, dense, stiffling, intolerably hot. One gun became disabled, and three port-shutters got jammed in their sides. Still black-bodied men cursing, grunting, gasping in that unbearable atmosphere, strove to work their guns. If obduracy and effort ever won a fight, the Confederates had been victorious that morning.

An effort was made to clear away the porthole shutters. One of the engine-room staff, with intrepidity hardly ever equalled, leant himself against the side of the casemate, and began hammering the pins out of the jammed lids. It was just outside where he was working, that a projectile hit the plating and caused such a tremendous concussion that he was scattered piecemeal, over the grimy deck.

The Confederate flagship was helpless. She was an inert hulk of old iron now. Her Admiral was lying below, severely wounded. She could neither fire a gun, nor manoeuvre, ram or do any further damage whatever; yet for twenty minutes more she faced the fire from the monitors, that were most energetically battering her frames apart. Then, with Buchanan's consent, the white flag was shoved up into the air through the casemate grating, but not being observed by the enemy, had to be waved by Captain Johnson from her upper deck, a very hurricane of missles whistling about him.

Close on 10 o'clock it was when the Federal flag was hoisted on board the Tennessee. The last note of the South's marine had been sounded. April 7th, 1865, dates the collapse on land of the resistance of the Southern Confederation.

The Shadow of a Great Mistake

Isabel Macdonald

EFFIE'S heart misgave her as she looked at the remainder of that half bag of flour. She could have made two more pies, but the dripping was done and there was only enough butter in the cellar to last till the next churning. She had hoped that the thrashers would have finished that last stack of wheat in time to get over to Cummin's for their supper, but it was five o'clock now and they stopped at six.

She knew the men would grumble, but old Burrows was angry and objected to their being too well fed. They were a "damned lazy lot," he said, and Effie was to blame for their "loafin' around so long." His thrashing had not been done in the stipulated time. There had been a slight fall of snow one day and the stacks got damp, then something had gone wrong with the engine and there was another half-day of idleness. Joe Wilkins was running the engine and the old man had given him a blowing up about it.

At half-past five Effie peeped out of the kitchen window to see if the men were finished at the stacks. She saw Joe Wilkins break off from a group standing by the engine and come toward the house. She wondered what brought him—perhaps he had something to say to Burrows—but no, that could not be, for yonder was the old man himself, walking back and forth by the granary. She put on a clean aporn and fluffed out her hair a bit—it was a red gold that shone in the sunlight, setting off her pale, clear skin to advantage.

"Ah, Miss Miller, I guess you thought you'd got rid of me and jolly glad of it, I reckon, but here I am back again in spite of fate."

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins, what have you done to your finger?"

"Just chopped it off, but not quite. I'd just like to wash my hand and wrap it up a bit."

She had disappeared ere the words were out of his mouth to fly back with a basin of warm water, a piece of white cotton, scissors and thread.

"I wouldn't mind having you always when accidents happen," the young man said softly, as he felt the soothing touch of her deft fingers binding up his maimed hand. Her face was bent a little lower over her task as she replied, "I reckon you weren't coming up to the house again if this hadn't happened."

"Eh? What's that you say? Well I guess if I hadn't been coming back to-day or to-morrow, I'd have been the day after."

"Ha, ha, Mr. Wilkins, do you think I believe you?"

"Honest, I mean what I say. I am coming around with the cutter some of these days when the first fall of snow comes. You'll come with me for a drive, won't you?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins, but you are not coming just for me, are you?"

"Sure. Won't the old lady let you go?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but—it's very kind of you, but, there must be someone else you'd like to take, is there not?"

"Well, not that I know of, and if there is, they'll just have to be kind of self-sacrificing for a while," Joe replied, with a merry light in his eyes.

The drive came off all right. It was the first time Effie had ever been in a cutter and to her intoxicated senses, the sweet tingling air, the rhythm of sound and sight and motion over the beautiful snowy ground seemed like a dream of heaven. Joe drove past his own place, "just to let her see the shack." It was a snug, cosy log house of three apartments, well plastered and neatly finished inside.

Having inspected the premises, including the sod roofed stable and the straw stacks, where Joe's ten head of cattle were feeding, they drove back across his east quarter-section, "a fine bit of land,"

as he said, which would yield good crops when he got it broken.

Effie was not surprised when they drove up the banks of the ravine, where the horses had to walk and the bells softened from a merry jingle to an intermittent melody, that Joe should slip her hand into his beneath the buffalo robes and, as he searched her fair little childlike face, make the old request that is fraught with all the tremulous hope and desire of which the human heart is capable.

And Effie! Was it mistrust of her own heart or some memory of the past that made her face grow strangely pale and the little hand tremble so within his. No, she did not say "yes," but Joe was to understand that they might still be friends. She knew his pride was wounded, though, and that vague misgivings would stir within his heart; he would think he had been too hasty or that one of the other fellows had got within the sanctuary of her affections before him. For Dan Skimming had made bold to show Effie that he was smitten since the first day of the thrashing. He had boasted to her that his team were the best in the neighborhood, and that he was going to put up a frame house in the spring.

"You 'er coming in?" she said as they drew up in front of the Burrow's house.

"No, thank you; I have to go home and fan some wheat now. I am taking a load into town to-morrow."

The blue grey yes looked up into his with a wistful, yearning expression, but her lips refused to plead their cause. She knew that Joe was angry with himself and with her as he turned the team and drove home. She watched him drive down the road, then she went into the house and up to her own room to sit there a long time dry-eyed and tearless, with her little pale face buried in her hands—only a deep drawn sigh now and then as if striving to lift the dead weight of her own heart.

It was old Mrs. Burrows who managed it—how, it would be difficult to tell. But the old lady had a shrewd knowledge of the world together with a certain spontaneous kindness of heart, though not over-burdened with sentiment, and she had taken to Effie from the first day she came to the farm as a hired girl.

"They're just the very fit for each other and there that girl is wastin' her life mopin' and sighin' all the day when she might make a decent match and have a bit home of her own. Say Father, can't ye get Joe over here on some pretext or other?"

The old man wasn't paying any attention to her just then, but suddenly he took his pipe out of his mouth and looked round at his wife, "What's that ye were saying Mother?"

The old couple had once had a little daughter who had died from want of proper medical skill in the hard early days. It was away in those dim and misty years that are never to be recalled, but "Father" and "Mother" they had always been to each other since then.

"Bring Joe over here? Ay ther's the new well to crib—he might gi'me a helpin' hand wi' it."

Joe had been reluctant to come. Effie knew why and she secretly feared for them both, knowing that Joe's embarrassment would be as great as her own should Mrs. Burrows "walk into him" as she threatened to do. Her fears were realized as she listened behind the kitchen door the first day he came to assist with the well. It was after dinner and Joe had sat down by the fire to have a quiet smoke, unsuspicious of the old lady's confidential mood.

"See here Joe Wilkins, I was jes sayin' to Father the other day, what's the use o' folk spoilin' life a' for a bit nonsense. The old man turned on me and says, "Mind yer own business, woman, and let them be," but I says to him, says I, 'No, that's not my way. Ye mind how I asked you a straight question and you had to say as what ye meant by comin' over home an' sittin' aside the stove every night. Bill Slocum had done it for a year an' it was that awkward; I never could git the kettle off the stove or open the oven door when I was in a hurry. An' then first thing as I knew he's taken up with Kate McGee and married her in three months. So I just says to myself, kin' o' knowin' like, I'll have no foolin' from Jim Burrows'—and that was how

we came together. But Effie hasn't the grit—she's only a lassie, ye know, an' ye musn't mind her being a bit shy, Joe. Ye're the very fit for each other, as I said to the Old Man, Effie can milk and bake and churn good's the whole bunch o' them Morton girls. She's a ketch for any lad, an' Dan Skimming's runnin' it pretty close with you Joe. He'd be for drivin' round here every night if the Old Man didn't let him know as he grudged the hay for his team."

Effie felt that Mrs. Burrows' well-meant advice would be enough to frighten Joe away forever, and from a casual remark he let slip that night she suspected that he intended to skip clear of the well cribbing before it was finished. On the second morning, however, when they started work he had the misfortune to lose his footing on the slippery, ice-sheeted edge of the well and fail in, resulting in a broken ankle and very nearly costing him his life.

Joe was carefully tended in the days that followed—a doctor was brought from town and with Effie's skill at nursing the ankle soon healed. He was low spirited, however, and prostested that he must go home for this was a time when he could not afford to be idle; he had only sold one load of wheat and the rest was not cleaned yet, and there would soon be a slump in the elevators. But Effie laughed and chatted like a light-hearted child, though sometimes there was a pensive sadness in her eyes when absorbed in thought.

Six weeks elapsed after Joe went home before the Burrows household saw any more of him. Effie used to watch for the light in his shanty at night. It could be seen by standing at the west end of the stable, and she knew just when he had finished the chores in the evening and went into the house to light up. She wondered if he felt lonely and what he had for his supper.

Dan Skimming still persisted in making his presence familiar at the farm. But two nights before the ball at Walker's, Joe put in an appearance again. Effie was preparing supper and Dan was sitting with his feet up on the front of the stove. When Effie opened the door for him, Joe walked in with an unconcerned expression, which was evidently assumed, for Effie knew of the antipathy between them, and she could see that the presence of the other man would be like a wet blanket on Joe's spirits, whenever he entered the house. Yet it was not her fault that Dan was loafing about, for he was pretty thick-skinned, and it took more than a gentle innuendo to let that gentleman know that his company was unwelcome.

"Do you suppose I could borrow half-a-dozen bags off the old man?" Joe asked in an abstract, indolent tone as he warmed his hands before the fire.

"Sure—I just patched some old ones yesterday for the men, and they said this morning they would not need them now, as they've got the grain all busheled," Effie answered, assuming that the question was addressed to her. "Yes going to put up the horse, Mr. Wilkins," she added, glancing out of the window.

"Well, I don't know," Joe replied with a displomatic attempt to veil his motives, "Perhaps I might, though," and with assumed indifference, as if acting on second thoughts, he swung out of the house.

"Mr. Wilkins—Joe!" she said softly, as she came out after him with a shawl thrown over her shoulders; "there is'nt room in the stable for your pony. Skimming has his team in, but couldn't you—" She thought for a moment as if devising a means to detain him.

"Well, I guess, you see, Effie, I thought as you might come with me to the dance over to Walker's to-night—we could start right off, ye know."

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins!"

"Will you come, or not?" There was firmness, even a rough note in Joe's voice.

"Yes, I think I might," the words came forth in a tremulous whisper, but his alert ear caught the answer.

Then Effie ran in and Joe led the horse round to the sheltered side of the house, and threw one of the fur rugs over it, for protection.

There were plenty of gossiping tongues in the neighborhood to spread the news far and wide that Joe Wilkins had taken Effie Miller ta the dance; the truthful

facts soon dwindled into dreamy fiction, and ere a week had elapsed since the night of festivities at Walker's, the news was scattered broadcast over the country side that Joe and Effie were engaged. Perhaps Mrs. Burrows had a hand in it, seeing that her mind was set on the match, but be that as it may, the young people did not appear to resent it, further than a casual contradiction on Joe's part, when questioned directly upon the subject by Bill Morris. But he muttered to himself immediately after that "folk needn't ask such personal things as a fellow has a right to keep to himself."

The upshot of it was that one crisp bright day, the week before Christmas, Joe and Effie drove over to River Bank, and got the Rev. McVane to marry them. They were settled down in their own snug little home for at least five days before the startled neighborhood knew what had happened.

But it was not always a safe thing to disappoint the local gossips of what they considered their legal prey, and Effie, by doing so, merited their displeasure to such an extent that all that winter vindictive little tales were circulated about her housekeeping, her husband and even her own family connections, of which they knew nothing, but had, on this account, all the more room for speculation.

Joe and Effie, however, lived happily indifferent to all such warring winds without, sheltered and content within their own snug little log house, with its white plastered walls, its polished stove, uncurtained windows and ornate rag carpets on the floor, the art of making which Effie had learned from motherly old Mrs. Burrows.

Of a winter's night, when the wind howled outside and the snow drifted in eddying wreaths up against the shack, Joe would come in from doing the chores and sitting down in front of the stove with his chair tilted back and his feet stuck up before the blazing fire, would light his pipe and sit there with a smile of meditative contentment on his face.

It gave Effie a loving satisfaction to see him thus, and yet deep down in her heart it strengthened the pain of that dreadful doubt and uncertainty, which against all the temptations of a happy home, had held her back so long from marrying Joe. She sometimes stopped, conscience stricken, to wonder if some horrible punishment would not be meted out to her in payment of her injustice to him, for that portion of her life which she had held back from him.

One day in earl yspring, when Joe had just commenced the harrowing, and after a hard morning's work was watering the horses at the well, the dog suddenly flew down the road, barking furiously. Rover had an inveterate hatred of strangers, and could scent them a mile away. Effie looked out of the window and her eyes followed the resentful old collie; she could see a man crossing the field of last year's breaking, that bordered on Bill Morris's homestead. The man was evidently a stranger, else he would not have got off the trail. Joe was watching him, too, and waved to him how to get round the slough, after mounting the fence.

Something in the man's appearance, as he drew nearer awakened an unpleasant apprehension in Effie's mind. She tried to persuade herself that she had not seen him before, but her fears grew into certainty as the man approached. She recognized the battered felt hat, and who else but Sam Petrie could have that slouching gait. He had once been shot in a saloon brawl, and his left leg was stiff. Effie leaned against the window, a chill dread at her heart and her mind stunned into inaction. She had once feared Petrie, but now it was a feeling of bitter hatred that took possession of her. How had he dared to come here with the villainous purpose of ruining her happiness.

Joe was hospitable, and was sure to invite him in. Through the open door she could hear their conversation.

"Fine day," the stranger said, slouching up with his hands in his pockets. "Gettin' a bit like spring now," he added, coming to a standstill and glancing up into the vast azure canopy, where a dark triangular streak moved northward, indicating a flock of wild geese on their return flight.

"Ay," Joe responded, "I reckon ye're a stranger in these parts?"

"Ye've struck it right."

"Spent the winter here?"

"No, just out—and I'm lookin' up a job of some kind. I met a man, as I came along the trail, who said as he thought you might want help for the spring work, so I supposed there'd be no harm in trying you."

"Umph," Joe was doubtful that any of his neighbors would have made such a suggestion, knowing that he never hired help except at thrashing time. "Well, ye see it's like this, a fellow like me wants to do his own work, if he can. It's more saving."

"Wouldn't you want a helpin' hand with the harrowing, just for a week or two? I've done a bit o' harrowing on a farm down eat, for a few days, before I came up here," the other responded.

"Have you walked all the way from town? Come in and have a bite of dinner with us."

Was it possible he did not know of her whereabouts, Effie asked herself. That he had only come here by chance ? They had gone down to the stable with the horses and she could think a bit. The table was set and the dinner was cooking on the fire. She could avoid detection by feigning illness, knowing that her white face and shaken nerves would carry out the deception, and Joe could attend to the visitor himself.

Shutting herself into the bedroom she revolved in her mind all possible means of escape from the cruel humiliation which she felt to be inevitably facing her. Like a person in the desperate throes of drowning, the whole panorama of her past life was flashed before her with a painful knowledge that all was about to be lost.

The men entered the house and sat down. There was silence for a few minutes, and then she heard Joe apologizing for her absence.

"I guess the wife was not expecting visitors, or maybe she is out feeding the chickens. But sit in to the fire and warm yourself, while I go and hunt up the Misses." Joe, acting on first thought, was just going out of the house when he heard his wife's voice feebly calling him from the next room.

"Why, what's the matter, Effie? You look as white's a ghost. You've had a faint, eh? What's come over ye, lass?

"I got a fright when I saw you coming in with that ugly looking man," she replied, her large blue eyes speaking the truth of it like a child.

To this Joe laughed incredulously. "I reckon he aint an old lover o' yours, eh? He's from the other side and seems a sort o' decent chap—he wants some work badly, and I've kind of half promised to give him something to do. What's wrong Effie. Why do you look at me like that?

For answer Effie only gave a hysterical laugh. She was half reclining on the bed with tear-stained cheeks and a woebegone expression Joe had never seen before.

"I wonder that you don't know better than to waste yer pity on the scum o' the earth, Joe—ye'll find him like all the others—a lazy good-for-nothing."

"Well, it's this way, Effie, I don't exactly need him, but I like to give a fellow a helping hand now and then." But Effie's face hardened.

"I wouldn't have brought him into the house if I'd a been you—he's such a ruffian like—I saw him through the window."

"Well, I guess I'll have to get him some grub anyhow. Where do you keep things?"

Effie gave him directions about the dinner and soon she heard the men pulling in their chairs to the table.

"Ye're fixed up kin' o' snug here, ain't ye Just late married I expect."

"Ay, that's so," Joe responded phlegmatically.

"Umph! Things go kin' o' smooth for a while," Petrie's voice had an audible sneer in it.

"You speak a bit sarcastic. Ever tried it yourself?" Joe answered with an attempted civility.

"Waal, I reckon so. The gal ran away."

"Oh, you were kind of broken up about it and came out here, eh?"

"That's about it. I'm looking for her."

"Then she came to this country too? I'd have stayed on the other side if I'd

been you. Nothing like having space between you when once you've quarreled."

"Yes, my friend, but ye see I don't mean to allow no such tantrums as that. When a man's married he's married and his wife hez a right to stand by him."

"Well I haven't had to think the matter over, Mr. Petrie, because Effie and I have never had a quarrel yet. But it seems to me if I were a gel as wanted to be left alone I'd get to know how to handle a revolver. That's what they do here."

"Ye mean to say that ye would shelter the lass agin her husband?"

"No, Mr. Petrie, I didn't exactly mean that—I merely suggested as there might be faults on both sides. But never mind, we wont say no more on the subject seeing as I don't know her nor much about yerself either."

So it was evident Petrie did not mean to reveal himself to Joe just at once. There was some comfort in this, though it did not quiet her turbulent feelings. What other devilish scheme would he employ to torment her, she asked herself, for she more than suspected now that he knew she was Joe's wife.

The men finished their meal without having much more to say to each other and to her great relief she heard them rise and go out of the house.

Joe came in again to tell her how he had succeeded in getting rid of the visitor. Effie watched jealously for any indication of suspicion in her husband's face and manner, but it was evident that their conversation outside had not revealed any more to Joe than she had overheard.

Joe drove into town the following Saturday to buy some farm implements. It was unusually late when he came home. Effie had stood long outside the shanty in the chilly moonlight listening for the rattle of the wagon coming down through the ravine.

"What's kept you till this time of night?" she asked him as he unhitched the team. Joe only gave a grunt in response and she knew that something was wrong.

His face had a sullen look as he came into the house. "Tell you what, lass, it's you that's getting a name round the country-side."

"What's put you out o' sorts tonight, Joe?"

"I'm not out o' sorts, wife, all I want is a straight answer to a straight question. How is it you come to know the man Petrie? I kind of thought as there was some reason for your being so scared of him."

"Joe, who said as I knew him?"

"Don't yer face tell it?"

"Joe! Joe!" Effie trembled and tears choked her voice as she threw herself down on the couch, "it's all lies they've been telling you. Who says I knew him? You don't mean to tell me as you'd believe what Petrie would say. You know as well as I do he's a man as is not fit to live. Joe, it's downright cruel of you to bring this up against me." Her eyes brightened with something like the look of a deer brought to bay when it suddenly feels the strength to defend itself, and she anxiously searched his face for the effect of her words.

Effie knew what his thoughts were, that his mind was not at rest, but that Joe had a manly spirit which forbade him trying to ferret out things. The knowledge of what she felt to be her own unworthiness gave her the most poignant self-accusation, and yet what would a confession mean—she dared not think of her own utter desolation without Joe—rather would she have told a thousand lies than risk losing him, her husband, her all in the world. Did she not value his love more than any other woman possibly could, after all the bitter suffering she had come through?

Day after day she hoped and feared alternately, knowing that while Petrie was in the neighborhood all her dreams of home and happiness might be blasted any moment he chose to raise his hand against her.

It was the day that Sandy McAllister drove up in his wagon to consult about some seed wheat he was buying from Joe, that her fears were realized as to Petrie's mischief-making. She had watched them from the window, their heads bent in earnest conversation. She

saw a strange pailor on Joe's face, his lips moved as if muttering a curse and he strode off toward the granary without further parley with the other man. Sandy looked after him, whistled to himself and then came up and knocked at the door.

He smiled sort of sheepishly as Effie came out to speak to him. "No, I'm not coming in, Missis. I reckon yer husband's a bit upset by something I said to him." "It 'ud be a bad lookout for that fellow Petrie if Joe got unto him just now," he added with a knowing look as he jumped into his wagon.

When he had gone Effie ran into the house and dropping on her knees, with her head falling forward into the big rocking chair that Joe always sat in; she prayed in a spasm of heart-struck repentance and grief for her own wretched fate in being the cause of all this trouble and misunderstanding. Couldn't some super-natural agency intervene to sooth Joe's mind and banish that evil man from the neighborhood. Her poor mother had always said that prayers were answered and she prayed now with her hands clenched together, and offering herself to heaven as a sacrifice if only the happiness of their home should not end in shame and sorrow.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet and rushing out of the house ran down the road like some wild terrified creature. Bursting open the door of the granary she looked up to the wall on the right hand side. She saw the empty pegs and his cartridge belt hanging there but the gun was gone! What had he done? What was he going to do? Would he be tempted to commit a crime that would send him to the penitentiary for life. Poor Joe! And it was all her fault. She knew him too well. Joe was hard to anger but there was a primitive spirit of righting one's wrongs by blood that she knew to be latent in him. She leaned against some bags of wheat standing in the corner, her breath coming fast and her thoughts in a wild whirlpool of ineffective madness.

She knew too well where he had gone. Petrie was working Bill Morris' new quarter section, and Petrie was the object of Joe's revenge. What could she do? If only she could warn Petrie before Joe found him. With an effort she roused herself into action.

Leading the old grey pony out of the stable she tied a couple of sacks on his back in place of a saddle. Joe had taken the short cut through the woods; she had seen him disappear in the distance as she left the house, but by taking the new trail she figured upon being across the ravine before him. But the ravine was boggy and it took her a long time to find a sure footing for the pony.

When she reached the field of breaking she saw the team standing at the end of the furrow but no sign of their master, till the sound of angry voices, as she rode up, attracted her attention to a clump of bushes some few yards off. Her heart almost misgave her at this moment. It was the penalty of her long effort to keep Joe in the dark as to the terrible secret of her own life.

The two men did not notice her approach till she drew up beside them. Joe gasped and for the first time she saw a look of fear come over his face. "You here, Effie? What's wrong? You don't mean to tell me as there's a word of truth in what this blackguard says, and that you've been deceiving me all along?"

She looked at him with wild, staring eyes. How could she answer him? The cruelty of it seemed too hard to bear, for the moment, though she had lived it over in bitter anticipation all those weeks since Petrie first came to the neighborhood.

"Joe, I knew as this 'ud come some day and it's no use me asking your forgiveness now. I don't deserve it and I know you can't do it. But oh! if you knew how I have been punished. I didn't want to ruin your life and I tried hard to send you away, fearing as I couldn't trust my own heart. But I loved you from the first day as I set eyes on you, when you held the lid of the kettle so as I should not scald my fingers, and it was so hard. Mrs. Burrows said as how it was downright sinful that I should spoil both our lives and I began to see it that way too, though she didn't know that I had mar-

ried Petrie when I was sixteen and that he was still living. I was just a child staying with my step-mother who didn't want me, and I believed him when he told me how good he would be to me and was glad to leave home. But he was drunk the day of our marriage and struck me because I wouldn't give him Grandmother's gold pin I was wearing. I found he hadn't a dollar saved up and there was no food in the house, because he'd been drinking for three days and pawned his clothes, so I slipped out of the house and ran home. My brother, Bob, protected me and said as he wouldn't see me go back to Petrie while he lived. He told me my marriage vow was not binding on account of my youth, and that I could start life anew. But Petrie hunted me like a hare till Bob sent me out here. We thought Petrie had no money and would never find me. But I never meant to take up with anyone else till I met you, Joe, and then it seemed so hard. Oh! Joe, I vowed I would be true as gold to you all my life."

"Ay, ye see now as ye've been callin' me a lier and such rot for nothing," Petrie jeered.

Joe looked at his wife. She could read in his face a grief deeper than her own. Suddenly it came to her with a shock of remorse that he too must have had long days of a pent-up dread. Why had she not trusted him? She feil on her knees, "Joe! Joe, if I'd a thought you'd have stood by me I'd have told you all—but—I was afraid you would hate me." She spoke low, her voice hoarse with a throbbing emotion. Joe's face was white, his eyes looked set like those of a man who ascends the scaffold. He did not answer, he did not even look at her, but turned and strode across the plowing.

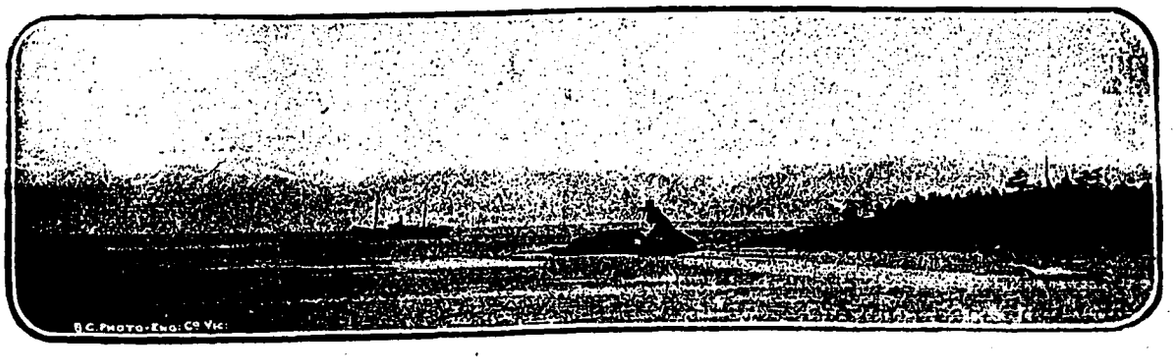
There was a shriek like the death-cry of some wild woodland creature and she had bounded after him and held him tight, "Joe* Joe! you're not going to leave me—not with him. You don't know him; he would kill me."

He turned to her with a face void of passion now and in his voice no note of anger, only a deep, raw grief: "Effie, why did ye come to me iookin' so innocent when yer heart was deceitful? Think what it means to me, an honest man, to bear shame and disgrace in the neighborhood because his wife lied to him."

"Joe, I knew it was wicked, but, oh, I was so frightened—to lose you!" It was all she could say for herself, but what advocate could have pleaded her cause so earnestly as the wealth of meaning hidden between those words, "I was so frightened—to lose you."

"Effie, though I was for blamin' you just now, I tell you what, lass, it's only your love as matters to me. Yon scoundrel is not your husband in God's sight or mine, for you were and are still a child, but I left you to choose between us." Joe looked back at the man they had left, "Give him time Effie and don't fear, lass, so long's I'm here; he'll be gone tomorrow."

Effie never knew why, for he was always mild and gentle to her, but other men feared Joe as well as Petrie, and when word went round that that individual had cleared out it was generally conceded to be a good riddance. In consequence, his capacity for tale-bearing was regarded as natural an offshoot as the fungus that sprouts on a rotten tree, and not even the gossips suspected it bore some foundation.



One Glimpse of High Life

St. John Bradner

THERE is a secluded part of St. Jame's Park, where, screened by trees and shrubbery, a bench has been placed, and any person seated thereon enjoys an immediate view of the artificial lake, with its swans, ducks, and wild fowl. A gravel path passes this bench between it and the water, and now and then someone strolls along the path, but usually there is no such traffic here as that which flows over the bridge, where pedestrians find a short cut from Piccadilly to the Victoria Station district.

A girl of rare beauty and dignity of bearing sat on this bench and gazed dreamily at the view before her. She was dressed with an air of distinction, and a connoisseur in costumes would have read Paris in the exquisitely fitting garments she wore. Her fashionable hat formed an appropriate climax to a toilette that characterized her as a woman of taste, and it set off her abundant wealth of tawny-bronze hair, as the perfection of art always enhances the perfection of nature. Young women, quite plainly in a more humble station of life, passing down the path, cast envious glances at the slightly disdainful figure seated there, but the lady of the bronze locks, her splendid eyes fixed on the distance, was entirely without cognizance of these promenaders' existence. An open book lay face downwards on the bench beside her. She had tired of reading, and now her thoughts engrossed her; perplexing thoughts, even disturbing thoughts, if one might judge by the slight wrinkle on her fair brow, and Edward Totley, passing her for the fifth time, could not but notice this distraction of expression, wondering if it betokened knowledge of his frequent saunterings back and forth, and whether this made the chances of inaugurating an acquaintance with the haughty beauty more or less difficult.

At last his opportunity came, and he seized it with almost overdone avidity. A sudden movement on the part of the sitter disturbed the balance of the book by her side. It rocked for a brief instant on the edge of the bench, then fell to the gravel. Totley sprang forward, stooped, picked up the volume, and, with a bow that subtly suggested the shop-walker trying to be more than ordinarily polite, handed it to her, saying:

"Your book, I think, Miss."

She glanced carelessly at the volume, probably had forgotten all about it; then her fine eyes surveyed the young man before her from head to foot, and he reddened slightly under a scrutiny which seemed to appraise him at slight value, and cast him aside.

"Thanks," she said coldly.

She did not take the book, but there was dismissal in her glance, and dismissal in the one careless word she had drawled. But the young man, abashed as he was, did not take his departure, nor place the book once more on the bench, as perhaps he should have done if he had been as truly courteous as he wished his suave bow to indicate. He looked at the title in gold at the back of the book.

"Ah," he said, with a certain radiance of expression, "I see you are an admirer of the great Cora Parilla."

The young lady slightly raised her eyebrows, and an expression of annoyance, which for a brief instant swept over her face, departed as quickly as it came. A slight glimmer of amusement played for a moment around those delicately chiselled lips. Here before her stood something new and unusual in her experience. She seemed to enjoy his increasing confusion as time passed before she replied.

"I do not aspire to be an admirer of Miss Parilla, although I have been given to understand that her works are extremely popular with the middle classes."

"They are that," said the young man with fervour. "I like them myself."

The young lady inclined her head, more perhaps to conceal the flicker of amusement which illuminated her highly bred face.

"I can quite believe that," she said, "but I am reading this work, endeavoring to obtain some idea of the point of view of those who labor."

"Really?" cried the young man. "Why I read them for exactly the opposite reason. They give such grand pictures of the expensive lives led by our aristocracy and the people of wealth. For instance, where can you find such impressive language as that used in describing the grandeur of the ball at the Duke of Tottenham's town house?"

For the first time during this impromptu conversation, a real smile illuminated the countenance of the lady.

"His Grace the original of the character called the Duke of Tottenham in this book is a very old and dear friend of mine. The charming old man is slightly deaf, but nevertheless I read to him the grandiloquent account to which you have just referred, and the ancient nobleman, with his hand to his ear, listened attentively. Do you know what his criticism was?"

"I do not," replied the young man eagerly, "but I should be much interested to learn."

The eyes of the young lady grew tender as her mind dwelt reminiscently on her elderly but noble friend.

"His Grace dismissed the subject with the one expressive word 'Rot!'"

"You amaze me," said the young man, with a note of sadness in his voice. "Am I to understand that our aristocracy are given to the use of such low—and if I may say so, vulgar—expressions, which I thought passed current only in Whitechapel."

"I regret to say that they do," replied the girl, the smile leaving her face. "The deterioration of high society, in the matter of conversation alone seems to me one of the most deplorable signs of the times. I attribute it to the advent of Americans with their slang, and to the welcome extended by even the most select circles to South African people, whose only recommendation is their wealth. I remember when association with the smart set was not so easily attained."

"Surely, Madam," said the young man with great deference, "you are too young to have seen much change at the distinguished altitude at which you evidently move."

The young woman graciously inclined her head.

"Even in my short life I have noticed the decadence. But tell me about yourself. May I ask your name?"

"I am called Edward Totley, and I belong to the drapery department of Sherard's Stores. Indeed, I think, madam, I have had the pleasure of seeing you there."

The young lady slowly shook her head.

"I do most of my shopping in Paris," she said. "I am going there to-morrow."

"Ah, your are fortunate. I have often thought of taking a week-end in Paris, but I never seemed to be able to spare the money."

"I don't know that you have missed much," she answered. "I care little for Paris except as a shopping centre, and to attend the balls at our Embassy. I much prefer Vienna, or even Rome, although in the winter Cairo is sometimes worth while."

"Why, you must have travelled a great deal," said the young man with respectful admiration.

"What else is one to do?" asked the girl, with a slight shrug of her shapely shoulders. "Won't you sit down, Mr.—er—er——"

"Totley," prompted the young man.

"—— Mr. Totley. Would you mind telling me something of your mode of life and your aspirations?"

Mr. Edward Totley sat down on the bench, thanking her for the permission, and she placed the closed volume between them.

"If I may make so bold," he stammered, "may I venture to ask by what term I am to address you?"

"Call me Lady Gladys," she replied simply.

"I thank your ladyship," he said gratefully. "Well, my mode of life is of the

simplest. I occupy a back room, third flight up, in Stanley Street, not far from the Stores. I make my own breakfast over a spirit lamp, and get to my business by 8 o'clock prompt."

"Surely the Stores do not open at that early hour?"

"No, your ladyship, they do not, but we must arrive early to arrange the fabrics in which we deal."

"How interesting! And lunch?"

"Well, your ladyship, we call it dinner, and during the busy season it proves a hurried meal. It is enjoyed on the premises, and costs from eightpence upwards."

"Dear me, do you mean to tell me that a meal can be purchased in London for eightpence?"

"Oh, yes, madam—I mean, your ladyship, and they'll do you exceedingly well for a shilling. Supper I generally take at a restaurant, or perhaps content myself with a bit of bread and cheese in my room."

"Really, I am very much obliged to you for this account of the day; and now, what are your aspirations, Mr. Topness?"

"Top*ley*, your ladyship."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Topley."

"I hope in time, by strict attention to business, and an intent to please customers, that I may become the manager of the department."

Her ladyship sighed deeply.

"You seem to think that an ignoble ambition, I fear," protested the future manager.

"Indeed, no, you quite mistake my mood. I was contrasting to my own disadvantage the useful, industrious life you lead as compared with that dull, trivial round which circumstances compel me to follow. Dinners, balls, receptions, the Riviera, Egypt, or Algiers in winter, country house party after country house party after the season in London, a bit of summer at Trouville or Ostend, hunting during the month of the fox, and the shooting on the moors or the fishing in the lochs and rivers of Scotland. Oh, the weariness of it all, the weariness of it! The same inane people, the same inane remarks, an unceasing treadmill of frivolity."

"Well, you know, your ladyship, I should like to have a taste of it. I could do with a bit of tiring of that sort, but, my eyes, it must take a pot of money."

"Oh, money," cried her ladyship. "Yes, I suppose it does. I am at least saved any worry about money. That is all attended to by my man of business. Indeed, when the wealthy Baron de Mournville proposed to me the other day, I said to him wearily, 'Why should we join those two huge fortunes, when each of itself is already too large,' and he answered, 'Egad, your ladyship, the whole modern tendency is towards combination.' Alas, how can one look for unbiased love amid such an environment."

"Well, your ladyship, with such beauty as you possess, and such charm of mind as you have already displayed during my short acquaintance with you, If I had the courage——"

"Spare me any compliments, I beg of you. I have heard them all time and again, and in various languages, while you, I take it, are restricted to English only, which does not possess that flexibility that robs flattery of its nauseating fulsomeness. Cannot you see that although we sit here together in the Park, without having undergone the formality of an introduction, the difference in our stations renders any attentions I may receive as disinterested."

"I fear that is too true," murmured Mr. Topley, drawing a very deep breath. "I suppose that any protestations I might make——"

"Quite so," interrupted Lady Gladys, with a tone of finality. "Let us talk of something else. How is it that you, a young man bound down by hours, as I may say, are able to spend an afternoon in the Park?"

"Oh, this is my afternoon off. Each of us in the drapery department has one afternoon a week to himself."

"Ah, I see."

"But it is no less remarkable," continued Mr. Topley, "that your ladyship should be here sitting on a bench unattended."

Her ladyship smiled indulgently.

"My attendant is not far off," she said. "Did you come into the Park by the entrance near the Ritz Hotel."

"Yes, I did."

"Perhaps you failed to notice a large red motor car standing there?"

"I saw it, as a matter of fact. A very fine one I judged it to be, with a dignified, imperturable chauffeur in brown livery sitting there like a statue."

"Ah," said her ladyship, smiling, "that is Fritz—that is my attendant."

"Am I to take it that the car is yours, my lady?"

"It is one of mine," she said, rising slowly, "although I think I like my black electric brougham better. Now I must bid you good-bye. I am due at the Countess of——"

Mr. Topley rose also.

"May I esort you to your car?" he asked.

"No, no, not for worlds. I could not have the dignified Fritz think I had met you here by appointment, and his station in life is such that he would entirely fail to understand the casual nature of our meeting, and the quite impersonal turn our conversation has taken."

"May I accompany you part of the way?"

"Sir, I trust to your honor neither to accompany me nor to follow me. If society knew I had stationed my motor car there in order to meditate upon human problems alone in the Park it would think me demented. It is my only chance of escaping for a moment from the treadmill. I carry this book, not to read, as you may have surmised, but as an excuse for sitting here, gazing at those who pass me, and meditating on the mystery of their lives. You see, Mr. Tottem——"

"Totley, your ladyship."

"——You see, Mr. Totley, how I have revealed to you my inmost thoughts. Do not spoil the sweet remembrance of our casual meeting by being so banal as to follow me."

"May I not hope, your ladyship, that we shall meet again?"

Lady Gladys shook her head, the young man thought somewhat sadly.

"A second meeting is unlikely. Our paths must sever. To-morrow morning you will be behind your counter, and I shall be on the Dover express. Good-bye and thank you so much for your interesting conversation.

After a momentary hesitation she extended her hand to him. He took it with a courteous deference that seemed to her accustomed eye not entirely composed of a shopman's politeness. He bent and touched the dainty fingers with his lips. Next instant she was gone. When the shrubbery screened her from his vision the young man ran, not after her, as he had been forbidden, but along the path which joined the broader way that led to Piccadilly. His speed to that thoroughfare attracted some attention from the Park police, but he was not interfered with. On the opposite side of the street from the red motor car, where the statuesque chauffeur still held his station, he waited. By-and-bye the tall and elegant form of her ladyship appeared. She cast one brief admiring glance at the great red machine but instead of taking her seat in it, she rapidly crossed the road so directly towards the perturbed Mr. Totley that for a moment he thought she had recognized him, but such was not the case. She walked directly to the servants' entrance of a mansion, and there was met by a flurried man-servant, who spoke so loudly that Mr. Totley overheard.

"Susan, Susan," expostulated the other, "whatever kept you? Her ladyship is in a rage. She says you will never finish her packing in time."

"I became so interested in my book," replied Susan, with a tremor of alarm in her voice.

"I knew that would catch you," said the other, and the door was closed.

The young man with a sigh crossed the road, opened the side door of the red motor car, and seated himself.

"To the Club, Henri," he commanded.

"Very good, my lord," replied the statuesque chauffeur, and next instant the great piece of mechanism was purring like a kitten along Piccadilly, and down St. James's Street, and into Pall Mall.

Love's Gross Purposes

Isabel Bowler

"OH," said the fair-haired girl, reining in her pony at the summit of the rise, "isn't it glorious! Clorinda, look at the changing colors on the mountains, and that blazing gold and crimson sunset, as if the end of the world had come with blood and flames! But," with a little catch of weariness in her voice, and a sudden descent to the mundane, "I *am so* tired that I would fall off only that I have stiffened into this position, and in any event I shall perish of hunger in ten minutes more."

The other turned her eyes slowly from the many-colored panorama stretching to the West, with a little absent smile at the absurdity of her companion's conclusion. Then she noted the drooping figure and the pallor of fatigue showing through recent tan, and said penitently.

"Poor Allie, I'm a brute to forget how little used you are to riding, why, you must be simply worn out. We've ridden forty miles since noon; I wonder how you stand it so well. But the camp is just over that hill—brace up, honey, we'll be there in a minute." At the prick of the spur the ponies shook off their weariness, scenting home, and dropped into a rocking gallop.

"Don't *you* ever get tired?" said Alicia, her eyes dwelling unconsciously on the strong lithe curves of the other's figure, that swayed and answered to the swinging gait of the horse.

"Tired!" with an expressive flash of white teeth. "Hardly; but poor old Chico often does," and she leaned forward to pat the sorrel pony's neck. "Before the round-up's over you won't know how to get tired either."

"I wish it could last forever," sighed Alicia. "Wasn't it dear and lovely of Uncle Jim to let us come with them on a real round-up, when we—I mean, when I am so much in the way all the time. Oh I never dreamed of anything so—so wild, and Western and picturesque; and I think the cow-boys are so romantic. I can never get to see enough of this life."

"Dad is an old darling," Clorinda assented, continuing categorically, "but you know you are not a bit in the way and we all just love to have you; and you must be a wonder if you can find anything romantic about the cow-punchers; *I* can't, and I ought to know them." Clorinda forgot the transfiguring glamour of novelty. They were topping the next rise by now; at its further foot, snuggled in the curve of a lazy, willow fringed creek, lay the round-up camp.

Three big tents and a little one stood about irregularly; but just at this moment the life of the camp seemed to focus around the chuck-wagon, beside which glowed a big portable sheet iron stove in charge of a fat, cook. Further down the creek, the strings of saddle horses spread themselves for half a mile, grazing under the lazily-watchful eye of a solitary, cigaretteful cowboy. Half-a-dozen cattle of varying ages moved restlessly about within the strongly-built, six-foot pole corrals across the coulee, gazing out through the bars with red, resentful eyes or sniffing suspiciously at the smouldering remains of branding-fires. They were all that were left of the hundreds of snorting, wild-eyed brutes that had been driven in, branded or otherwise dealt with, and turned loose again headed toward their home ranches in the course of the day; and for various reasons they had been reserved for the next day's business.

All this Clorinda's gaze took in as a thing familiar and expected as the atmos-

phere of home; her glance settled on the group about the chuck-wagon.

"Look, Sang has supper ready," she announced. "Four, six, seven—why, there's an extra man tonight. I can count nine besides dad. There, don't you see, sitting beside Mexy, and a tenderfoot, too, by the sign of his yellow gaiters." She dropped her hand from shading her eyes as they rode up, and reined Chico suddenly to his haunches, cowboy fashion, sitting straight and slim, with the last golden glow from the sunset bringing points of living fire from her chestnut hair and topaz eyes.

The men sprawled carelessly about on the gress in the lee of the wagons, half rose and greeted the girls merrily and several of them rose and strolled over to take the horses. The foreman, a careless, handsome giant in worn leather chaps, and a soft shirt, lifted Alicia from her saddle as easily as if she were a child, with a certain grave courtesy that seemed always her due, and an underlying hint of tenderness that had so far passed unnoticed, even by himself, perhaps; but before such help could be offered Clorinda she had swung to the ground as lightly as a cat.

The stranger had risen, too, and stood hat in hand; he was well built, if slight, and wore his correctly made riding togs with an air that spoke of city parks rather than the breezy freedom of the priarie. His smooth hair was brushed from a pale, high forehead; in his grey eyes the look of weariness habitual to one overgiven to introspection was replaced for a moment by a glimmer of curious interest as they rested on Clorinda.

He drew his reluctant glance from her as Alicia came forward, smiling pleased recognition; but Clorinda, unusually observant, fancied there was also a hint of arrogance, an assurance of welcome, that grated on her sensitive pride in a way she could only feel and not define. She had grown very fond of the slender, blue-eyed cousin.

Was it only ingrained shyness, or some more special cause of embarrassment, that brought that sudden tide of color to Ally's face, Clorinda wondered. ! She bent her head indifferently to the confused introduction:

"Arch—Mr.—Mr.—Staynes, let me present you to my cousin Clo—I mean, Miss Macklin. You've heard me speak of Mr. Staynes, I'm sure, Clo; a great friend of brother Jack's."

"I am always pleased to meet my cousin's friends," said Clorinda. "But you will excuse me a moment; I should like to refresh myself before supper." With a touch of brusquerie she turned away and disappeared into the small tent. Staynes followed her with his glance, totally misapprehending the meaning of her manner. "A shy, gauche little country girl," he reflected, "but what eyes—and, gad, what a mouth!"

Alicia's voice, forcedly merry, brought him back. "Does this remind you of camping in the Adirondacks, with three guides apiece and all the modern conveniences? And what stray wind blew you to our iittle corner of earth? I thought you were in Japan."

"I was—three weeks ago," he answered, "but I had enough of lotus-easing for a time, and a sudden fancy took me to see the West again—besides," and from long habit his voice dropped half a tone; "I knew you would be here; Jack writes me as often as I can persuade him to."

The blood reddened her transparent skin again; she laughed a little nervously.

"That's very nice of you—but you must excuse me too, for a moment only," and she went away hastily after Clorinda. In her averted face a keen observer might have read both embarrassment and relief, as well as a certain confusion that showed she had reached a stage where some re-adjustment of old and new view-points was imminent.

Clorinda was pulling the comb savagely through her thick waves of chestnut hair, scowling into the little cracked mirror; at Alicia's entrance she smiled unconsciously and kissed her. She was striving to bring clearly to memory some hints and vague confessions, but nothing crystallized definitely out of it except the name, "Archie Staynes," and the certainty that some interruption had just prevented a formal engagement. She

sighed; he had roused something antagonistic in her, and the reflection that unless he were serious he would hardly have followed Alicia all this way to resume the affair was not, in her present state of mind, comforting. So, with human fallibility, she read her own meaning, which might or might not have been the true one, into Alicia's pink cheeks and troubled blue eyes.

One mistake at least she made; Staynes had come to the West primarily on business. True, he had meant, "if he had time," to look up Alicia Wayne; but chance had brought him to her sooner than he had expected. Now he was, as usual, trying to define his own emotions at seeing her again, with no very satisfactory results, for some troublesome factor which he could not quite analyze was obscuring his mental vision.

When the girls appeared again the others were busily despatching the evening meal, sitting about on the ground or on anything that would serve, tin plates well laden on their knees, tin cups of steaming coffee in their hands. Staynes was talking to Mr. Macklin and had not commenced; he quietly brought them their portions while they fell upon Clorinda's father with glad ejaculations. Clo. accepted her supper from his hands with brief thanks and went away to perch on the wagon tongue. Alicia made place for him by herself on a folded tarp. As he began his meal Clo's voice drifted to him:

"Sit on the ground and let your feet hang over, Mexy; you've got my seat of honor on that wagon-tongue. That's better—thanks! Say, you should have seen Ally and me pursuing a ferocious coyote pup to-day; it must have weighed at least three pounds, mostly ears and feet. We surprised it down by the Cottonwood Coulee and took after it yelling—yes, Ally yelled for the first time in her life. I heard her. We got quite close, and I thought to capture the savage brute alive, so I took down that highly ornamented rope from my saddle horn. I got it uncoiled all right, and swung it with really fine effect. If Remington or Russell could have seen me then, it would have ensured me undying fame. But something happened; please don't ask me what. Anyway, the rope seemed to get tangled just as I let fly; it went flop to the ground right in front of poor Chico, and he lit in it with both front feet. Well, after I had got tired of standing on my ear on an ant-hill, I rose and unwound about three half hitches and a true-lover's knot from Chico's forelegs and gently helped him up; then I looked round and there was Alicia sitting stock still on her pony, her face frozen into an expression of horror and her mouth still open and fixed for that yell. She had been too scared to move."

Her story finished in a burst of laughter from the punchers. "What became of the coyote?" inquired Jack Barnes.

Clorinda paused with a forkful of beans poised in mid-air, and transfixed him with a glance of grieved reproach. "And is that all the sympathy I get? Maybe Alicia knows what became of the coyote. I lost interest in it about the time I discovered that ant-hill." Her sweet, throaty voice trailed away plaintively, she sighed, still contemplating the beans, and then ate them meditatively. Presently, under her breath she queried of Mexy, otherwise known as Mexico Bill Farrell: "Who's the maverick?"

"Him," said Mexy, with a lofty disregard of grammar and a lift of his eyebrow to indicate Staynes. "Name's Stein or something like that; staying at Hooper's ranch down Milk River; blew in tonight with the boss. Rides like a jumpin-jack."

"M-Mm." she murmured enigmatically, and fell silent, while the object of her curiosity was, less directly, trying to obtain some information about her.

"Miss—Miss Macklin, your cousin, is a fine rider, is she not? he said carelessly to Alicia, after a brief discussion of home topics and a sketchy description of his impressions of Japan.

"Oh, Clo is simply splendid on horseback," she answered with enthusiasm; "but then, she's splendid anyway. Her father idolizes her, you know, and around the ranch she does as she pleases. Indeed, she could run the place as well as anyone; she's always been with him when at home. And she can shoot, and

throw a rope, or drive a sixhorse team—oh, she's wonderful." To Alicia these accomplishments were indeed much more wonderful than such of Clorinda's as she forgot to mention, such commonplaces as her ability to sing and play; and although she added that Clo could speak Peigan, she forgot to mention that she could also speak French. Therefore to his former impressions Staynes added that Clo was "a hoydenish tomboy, half Indian, in fact. Too bad, with that face——" but, of course, nothing of this appeared in his speech. He was an adept with the small change of conversation, so the evening passed pleasantly enough; Alicia made her fatigue an excuse for retiring early.

To the secret dismay of both the girls, and not a little to his own amazement, the next morning found Staynes accepting an invitation from James Macklin to spend the rest of the days of the roundup at the Macklin camp. As the only idle member of the party, he usually made it his duty to escort the girls on their rides; sometimes Joe Devereaux, the foreman, made a fourth, but not often, for his position was no sinecure. Clorinda was generally pleased with the addition; she was always rather silent and reserved with Staynes, and it irked her naturally buoyant spirits to maintain such an attitude day after day. But with Alicia it was otherwise. Sometimes she was her old self, and chatted unconstrainedly with Staynes of old times; but Devereaux' presence never failed to recall the embarrassment and shyness of the first evening of Staynes' arrival.

More than once, to Clorinda's secret fury, Staynes deftly manoeuvred with Devereaux to change partners in the ride; and the fact that she could find no overt cause for complaint in his speech or attitude only annoyed her the more. Presently he found himself taking infinite pains to please her, spending half an hour at a time trying to coax a smile into the depths of her golden eyes. One day he wiled her for full ten minutes into forgetting her secret resolution not to like him—and for the rest of that day she spoke not at all.

Ten days after his arrival, and the last on which he would be with them, she was once more scowling earnestly into the little cracked mirror as she adjusted her stock tie preparatory to mounting. Outside the tent she could hear Staynes' languid, pleasant tones addressing Alicia, and at the sound her brows became one straight black line above her lowered lids, while her mouth drew to a streak of crimson. "Fool," she addressed herself inwardly. "Be honest about it with yourself—bah, I'm sick of this pretense of hating him—I like him, yes, I do—and he would like me if I would let him—and he's Aily's sweetheart. And what under Heaven either of us can see in the supercilious, dandified, useless, bored-looking creature ——" She flung out of the tent, caught Chico's reins from the ground where they trailed, and vaulted into the saddle merely by laying her hand on the pommel, without touching the stirrups. Before the other two could mount she had three hundred yards start, riding straight and hard, with head bent and sombrero pulled down over her eyes.

When the others caught up to her she found Joe Devereaux had made an excuse to join them; he declared he was going their direction for a few miles anyway. As Alicia and he were deep in conversation and riding so close their knees touched, she did not try to interrupt them. Staynes ranged his horse alongside her; she looked blankly out over the landscape.

"Don't you think you are rather unfair to me?" he said presently.

"No," she answered briefly, uncompromisingly.

"Then what good reason have you for being so nasty to me?" he persisted.

"I am not nasty to you," she said coldly.

"You are not nice to me," he smiled.

"Why should I be?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps out of the depths of your natural amiability, or because I am your father's guest," he teased.

She flushed. "I am sorry if I have seemed rude," she said gravely, and before he could press his advantage she

spurred Chico to a pace where conversation was impossible, although he kept close to her side as she fled.

Thereby she undid herself. For on looking around again, half an hour later, neither Alicia nor Joe were in sight, although Staynes still rode by her, courteously silent. Again she flushed nervously.

"Have I really been rude to you?" she said, in a low voice.

"Very," he said in a light, bantering tone. "Tell me, do you honestly dislike me?"

"I did at first," she answered.

"But now?"

She fumbled awkwardly with her riding quirt; it slipped to the ground under Chico's feet, and the pony stopped. Clorinda and Staynes sprang to the ground for it almost simultaneously.

They had been riding straight up the coulee away from camp, to the Westward, and had been ascending most of the way. Here the country was growing more broken and rolling, and the little creek ran in a narrow valley between cut-banks which at some places were thirty to sixty feet high. They dismounted almost at the verge of one of these cut-banks; the buffalo-grass grew to the last inch of it, and in some cases the tough sod held in a little shelf beneath which the brown clay soil had crumbled away. Ten feet from where the ponies stopped was a sheer drop of perhaps twenty feet of bare yellow-faced cut-bank, and below that for another twenty feet the slope of crumbled earth was barely sufficient to give foot-hold to an active climber, down to the trickle of water which September had left in the coulee bed.

With a murmured thank you, Clorinda caught up her whip and walked nearer the edge, looking down the valley. He followed and stood at her elbow. His gray eyes held a hint of amusement, more than a hint of determination, and a growing glimmer of something else that might have been more dangerous than either. They were fixed on a little glinting curl just behind her left ear, that stirred softly in a passing breeze. He was conscious of an absurd desire to kiss it. The suggestion of unyielding rigidity in her straight young figure only brought a maddening, perverse desire to crush her within his arms until she *should* yield. But his voice was languid and even as he repeated:

"Do you dislike me now?"

"N-not so much." He laughed quietly at the grudging tone.

"Then give me a little chance," he said.

"A chance for what?" She turned her head slightly, regarding him through lowered lashes, and something in the pose or look fired the glimmering spark in his eyes to flame. There was nothing cold about them now. But her thoughts were really with Alicia; she never noticed. In fact, she was repeating Alicia's name as if it were an invocation against the powers of evil and her own young blood.

"A chance to——" He never finished the sentence, for she had faced him now, head thrown back a little, golden eyes mysterious under dark lashes, color rising, and the ripest, reddest mouth ever meant for kissing curved to a defiant pout. He stopped with a quick, indrawn breath, then with one sweeping movement, caught her in his arms, lifting her bodily until his lips met hers.

"You little witch," he muttered fiercely. "How dared you look at me like that?"

But the first blinding second had passed, and she was mistress of herself. With a movement as lithe and unexpected as a wildcat's, she twisted from his grasp.

"Dare!" she choked. "Dare! You—" with a sudden descent to the purely primitive, she struck him full on the cheek with one small gauntleted hand.

Instinctively, unconsciously, he moved no more than a few inches sidewise, but it was enough; under his feet the thin shelf of sod gave way, and before her uncomprehending eyes he suddenly disappeared over the edge of the cut-bank.

Clorinda never lost her head in an emergency. Now she neither screamed nor fainted, nor did any of the other foolish things usual to women. She flung herself first face down on the grass and

peered over the edge where Staynes had fallen. He was lying limply at the foot of the cut-bank, beside the water; down stream a few feet his hat bobbed and floated; his face was a splotch of white to her tear-blurred eyes. She looked up and down; either way it was a good five hundred yards to a path whereby she could scramble down. It would take too many precious seconds to go that way. Unhesitatingly she ran to her pony, took the long rawhide lariat from the saddle, and slipper the noose of it over the horn. At the familiar pull of it Chico looked at her wisely and braced his feet, a trick that any cowboy knows. She tossed the loose end over the cut-bank, gripped the rawhide firmly in her stoutly gloved palms, and slid lightly over.

The leather slid warm between her fingers, then she had a footing on the steep lower slope. Another second, and she knelt beside the still figure in the grass. Big tears were rolling from her eyes, but she never stopped to brush them away. There seemed little wrong with him except a slowly rising lump on the back of his head, where he must have struck a stone, and some minor scratches. He was breathing reassuringly, though not for several minutes after she had doused him with a hatful of cold water did he open his eyes.

His first words were: "Thank you—and, if you can, try to forgive me."

She stiffened. "You will oblige me by keeping silence about—that. Now be quiet until I can fetch the ponies down; you cannot make the climb yet." She walked away without a backward glance; though he never knew it was for the good reason that she dared not let him see her emotion.

They rode home in almost utter silence. Once he winced as his weight went on his left foot, for the ankle had been severely twisted; and she glanced at him with eyes full of pity, but looked away again without speaking.

Nearing the camp, they rounded a thicket of box-elder suddenly, and Clorinda reined Chico in sharply with a little audible gasp. There was Alica and Joe Devereaux; they had evidently dismounted for a drink. Jot was lifting Alicia to the saddle again—but as he did so he held her in his arms for a moment, and she turned her mouth frankly to his for a kiss. They had not seen the others approaching; and they did not now, for Clorinda caught her companion's bridle and forced both the horses back out of sight again.

"Now tell me," she said, "did you know?" The backward movement of her head indicated her meaning.

"No," he returned.

"Weren't *you* engaged to Ally?"

"No," he repeated. "But I had meant to ask her, last spring."

"Ah," she said, "then you—are in love with her?"

"Don't you think it is my turn to ask a question?" he said, parrying hers. "Will you answer one?"

"Perhaps."

"Are you afraid to?" teasingly.

Her head went back haughtily. "I am not afraid of anything."

"Then," he said, "why did you kiss me and call me 'dearest' when I was lying at the foot of the cut-bank?"

She looked at him in utter dismay; and then, with total unexpectedness, said, "You cheat!"

"Admitted," he said. "Though it does not answer my question. Now listen," he reined in beside her, caught her deftly about the shoulders and turned her face to him, looking into her eyes, "if I tell you that I love *you*, better than anything in heaven or earth, will I need then to answer what you asked?"

Her answer was too low to catch, but he seemed satisfied.

"Sweetheart," he said, and kissed her lips again. Then they rode homeward together.

The Conjured Melons

Frank H. Sweet

MOST people who like history are familiar with the national story of Marcus Whitman's "Ride for Oregon"—that daring horseback trip across the continent, from the Columbia to the Missouri, which enabled him to convince the United States Government not only that Oregon could be reached, but that it was worth possessing. Exact history has robbed this story of some of its romance, but it is still one of the noblest wonder-tales of our own, or any nation. Monuments and poetry and art must forever perpetuate it, for it is full of spiritual meaning.

Lovers of missionary lore have read with delight the ideal romance of the two brides who agreed to cross the Rocky Mountains with their husbands, Whitman and Spaulding. How one of them sang, in the little country choir on departing, the whole of the hymn,

"Yes, my native land, I love thee,"

when the voices of others failed from emotion. They have read how the whole party knelt down on the Great Divide, beside the open Bible and under the American flag, and took possession of the great empire of the Northwest in faith and imagination, and how history fulfilled the dream.

Oregon and Washington are full of monumental legends, as grand as those of the pioneer colonies of the East; Vancouver, the original explorer, if we discard the charming romance of Juan de Fuca; Puget, the poetic lieutenant of Vancouver; the old merchants of Astoria; the Boston fur-traders, and, more heroic than all, the missionaries who offered to the cause their lives, and thought no more of themselves.

Theodore Winthrop prophesied that in these April empires of the setting sun religion itself would one day find a higher and more luminous development. Whether this prove true or not, Oregon and Washington are already rendered immortal by the souls of their pioneers.

At the time of the coming of the missionaries the Cayuse Indians occupied the elbow of the Columbia, and the region of the musical names of the Wallula the Walla Walla and Waiilaptu. They were a superstitious, fierce and revengeful race. They fully believed in witchcraft or conjuring and in the power to work evil through familiar spirits. Everything to them and the neighboring tribes had its good and evil spirit, or both—the mountains, the rivers, the forests, the sighing cedars and the whispering firs.

The great plague of the tribes on the middle Columbia was the measles. The disease was commonly fatal among them, owing largely to the manner of treatment. When an Indian began to show the fever which is characteristic of the disease, he was put into and enclosed in a hot clay oven. As soon as he was covered with a profuse perspiration, he was let out, to leap into the cold waters of the Columbia. Usually the plunge was followed by death.

There was a rule among these Indians, in early times, that if the "medicine man" undertook a case and failed to cure, he forfeited his own life. The killing of the medicine man was one of the dramatic and fearful episodes of the Columbia.

Returning from the East after his famous ride, Whitman built up a noble mission station at Waiilaptu. He was a man of strong character, and of fine tastes and ideals. The mission house was an imposing structure for the place and time. It had fine trees and gardens, and inspiring surroundings.

Mrs. Whitman was a remarkable woman, as intelligent and elegant as she was

heroic. The colony became a prosperous one, and for a time was the happy valley of the West.

One of the vices of the Cayuse Indians and their neighbors was stealing. The mission station may have overawed them for a time into seeming honesty, but they began to rob its gardens at last, and out of this circumstance comes a story, related to me by an old Terirtorial officer, which may be new to most readers. I do not vouch for it, but only say that the narrator is an old Territorial Judge who lives near the place of the Whitman tragedy, and who knew many of the survivors, and has a large knowledge of the Indian races of the Columbia. To his statements I add some incidents of another pioneer.

"The thieving Cayuses have made 'way with our melons again," said a young farmer one morning, returning from the gardens of the station. "One theft will be followed by another. I know the Cayuses. Is there no way to stop them?"

One of the missionary fraternity was sitting quietly among the trees. It was an August morning. The air was a living splendor, clear and warm, with now and then a breeze that rippled the leaves like the waves of the sea.

He looked up from his book, and considered the question half seriously, half-humorously.

"I know how we used to prevent boys from stealing melons in the East," said he.

"How?"

"Put some tartar emetic in the biggest one. In the morning it would be gone, but the boys would never come after any more."

The young farmer understood the remedy, and laughed.

"And," added he, "the boys didn't have much to say about melons after they had eaten *that* one. The subject no longer interested them. I guess the Indians would not care for more than one melon of that kind."

"I would like to see a wah-wah of Indian thieves over a melon like that?" said the gardener. "I declare, I and the boys will do it!"

He went to his work laughing. That day he obtained some of the emetic from the medical stores of the station, and plugged it into three or four of the finest melons. Next morning he found that these melons were gone.

The following evening a tall Indian came slowly and solemnly to the station. His face had a troubled look, and there was an air of mystery about his gait and attitude. He stopped before one of the assistant missionaries, drew together his blanket, and said:

"Some one here no goot. You keep a conjurer in the camp. Indian kill conjurer. Conjurer ought die; him danger, him no goot."

The laborers gathered around the stately Indian. They all knew about the nauseating melons, and guessed why he had come. All laughed as they heard his solemn words. The ridicule incensed him.

"You one conjurer," he said, "he conjure melons. One moon, two moons, he shall die."

The laborers laughed again.

Half moon, more moons he shall suffer —half moon, more moons," that is, sooner or later.

The missionary's face grew serious. The tall Indian saw the change of expression.

"Braves sick." He spread out his blanket and folded it again like wings. "Braves double up *so*"—he bent over, opening and folding his blanket. "Braves conjured; melon conjured—white man conjure. Indian kill him."

There was a puzzled look on all faces.

"Braves get well again," said the missionary incautiously.

"Then you *know*," said the Indian. "You know—you conjure. Make sick—make well!"

He drew his blanket again around him and strode away with an injured look in his face, and vanished into the forests.

"I am sorry for this joke," said the missionary; "it bodes no good."

November came. The nights were long, and there was a perceptible coolness in the air, even in this climate of April days.

Joe Stanfield, a half-breed Canadian,

and a member of Whitman's family, was observed to spend the lengthening evenings much with the Cayuses in their lodges. He had been given a home by Whitman, to whom he had seemed for a time devoted.

Joe Lewis, an Indian who had come to Whitman sick and half-clad, seems to have been on intimate terms with Stanfield, and the two became bitter enemies to the mission and sought to turn the Cayuses against it, contrary to all traditions of Indian gratitude.

In these bright autumn days of 1847, a great calamity fell upon the Indians of the Columbia. It was the plague. This disease was the terror of the Northwestern tribes. The Cayuses caught the infection. Many sickened and died, and Whitman was appealed to by the leading Indians to stay the disease. He undertook the treatment of a number of cases, but the patients died.

The hunter's moon was now burning low in the sky. The gathering of rich harvests of furs had begun, and British and American fur-traders were seeking these treasures on every hand. But at the beginning of these harvests the Cayuses were sickening and dying, and the mission was powerless to stay the pestilence.

A secret council of Cayuses and half-breeds was held one night under the hunter's moon near Walla Walla or else on the Umatilla. Five Crows, the warrior, was there; Joe Lewis, of Whitman's household, and Joe Stanfield, alike suspicious and treacherous, and old Mungo, the interpreter. Stikas, a leading Indian, may have been present, as the story I am to give came in part from him.

Joe Lewis was the principal speaker. Addressing the Cayuses, he said:

"The moon brightens; your tents fill with furs. But death, the robber is among you. Who sends Death among you? The White Chief (Whitman.) And why does the White Chief send among you Death, the Robber, with his poison? That he may possess your furs."

"Then why do the white people themselves have the disease?" asked a Cayuse.

None could answer. The question had turned Joe Lewis's word against him, when a tall Indian arose and spread his blanket open like a wing.

It was the same Indian who had appeared at the mission after the trick of the plugged melons.

"Brothers, listen. The missionaries are conjurers. They conjured the melons at Waiilaptu. They made the melons sick. I went to missionary chief. He say, 'I make the melons well.' I leave the braves sick, with their faces turned white, when I go to the chief. I return, and they are well again. The missionaries conjure the melons to save their gardens. They conjure you now to get your furs."

The evidence was conclusive to the Cayuse mind. The missionaries were conjurers. The council resolved that all the medicine men in the country should be put to death, and among the first to perish should be Whitman, the conjurer.

Such in effect was the result of this secret council or councils around Waiilaptu.

Whitman felt the change that had come over the disposition of the tribes, but he did not know what was hidden behind the dark curtains. His great soul was full of patriotic fire, of love to all men, and zeal for the gospel.

He was nothing to himself—the cause was everything. He rode hither and thither on the autumn days and bright nights, engaged in his great work.

He went to Oregon City for supplies.

"Mr. McKinley," he said to a friend, "a Cayuse chief has told me that the Indians are about to kill all the medicine men and myself among them. I think he was jesting."

"Dr. Whitman," said McKinley, a Cayuse chief never jests."

He was right. The fateful days wore on. The splendid nights glimmered over Mt. Hood, and glistened on the serrated mountain tents of eternal snow. The Indians continued to sicken and die, and the universal suspicion of the tribes fell upon Whitman.

Suddenly there was a war-cry. The mission ran with blood. Whitman and his wife were the first to fall. Then

horror succeeded horror, and many of the heroic pioneers of the Columbia River perished.

"The Jesuits have been accused of causing the murder of Whitman," said one historian of Washington to me. "They indignantly deny it. I have studied the whole subject for years with this opinion, that the Indian outbreak and its tragedies had its origin, and largely gathered its force, from the terrible joke of the conjured melons.

"That was the evidence that must have served greatly to turn the Indian mind against one of the bravest men that America has produced, and whose name will stand immortal among the heroes of Washington and Oregon."

I give this account as a local story, and not as exact history; but the tradition is believed by many in Washington.

The Spirit of the West

Blanche E. Holt Murison

OF what does it consist, this great intangibility—this all-pervading, persistent spell, that grips the senses as soon as one passes the mystic line that divides East and West in this mighty Dominion of Canada? As subtle as the boundless distances of rolling prairie, as elusive as the mist that wraps itself in filmy folds about the snow-crested crags of the Rockies, and yet as perceptible and real as the Sun in his strength. Fancy transfigures every pulsing throb of the pistons of the huge Mogul engine—that like some titanic modern Pegasus bears one on and on to the sunset goal—into gigantic heart-beats, striving to all—express the spacious soul-stirring emotion that filters into one's being with the very air one breathes.

Westward Ho! Westward Ho! The mind becomes obcessed with the one idea — speeding West — speeding West! Through primaeval forests, where in places of desolation blackened stumps uplift twisted fingers in weird uncanny defiance; through tunnels of blasted rock, and monotonous stretches of forlorn loneliness—on—on—while the heart becomes attuned to the same tireless dynamic energy that animates the fiery-tongued snorting steed that is plunging through space, and one welcomes with a wild abandon every strong spurt, every supreme effort that brings into closer consciousness the wonder of the West. The air becomes keener, pregnant with a tang hitherto untasted; a subtle something that thrills through the blood like wine, touching the senses to a strange exhileration, and filling the whole being with eager anticipation.

Westward Ho! Westward Ho! The rhythmical measure beats through the brain, until it becomes a mild intoxication just to repeat the magic words.

The first peep into the Western wonderland comes at Winnipeg, and here anticipation is hopelessly lost in the glamor of a realization that bewilders. The spirit of the West—it is here; one feels it's potent power irresistibly. Brave, buoyant, indomitable! What a world of wizardy it has created. What a marvellous scaffolding it has builded about itself—that is how it impresses one. Here things are in the course of construction, but the fabric is colossal, and Rome was not buiit in a day. One of the future cities of the world is here; the thought is borne home at every turn, and the life on all sides reflects the spirit of its people. The spirit of its people is but the visible expression of the Spirit of the West, and as one's own heart, mind, and brain become imbued with the same insidious volatile influence, one ceases to wonder, because many things acquire a

broader significance, and no misgivings find a place in the magnitude of what has been already achieved. In this new world everything is on a large scale, and one is apt to dream great dreams of the future that draws nearer every day to this broad Empire of Vastness and unparalleled Possibilities, where dreams become realities when touched by the magic breath of the Spirit that animates alike the dreamer and his dream, the conception and the consummation. One sees it in the faces of men, one feels it in the strong hearty handclasp, one is conscious of its presence in the very atmosphere; but like a will-o'-the-wisp it eludes, even while it beckons ever on and on. Although one would fain linger, there is no choice but to follow, for the sunset goal is far ahead the challenge of Silence is unanswered, and the mystery of the mountains still unfathomed. As one enters the vast barren spaces in between, the solitude becomes almost oppressive, and one forgets the tantalizing sprite that has hitherto lured one on. All other thoughts are engulfed in the terrific loneliness of the endless empty stretches that drown the senses in immeasurable distance. But the Spirit of the West is triumphant even here, and thousands and thousands of acres are aglow with the flaunting golden tassels of ripening grain. Here the Spirit of the West and the Spirit of Man have met and blended, and the prophetic augury is the promise of a harvest that no man can measure.

Silence becomes attuned to a music that enchants the finer senses with a strange rapture. What the Objective cannot grasp, the Subjective gathers in to its own delight.

There are chords untouched by mortals,
Intermezzos vast and grand;
Waiting by the Open Portals
Of the Silence of the Land.
All the empty spaces throng
With the sound of steps untrod,
While the air grows full of song,
And the symphonies of God.

One does not need the wisdom of the oracle, or the vision of the seer, to see and feel the Lure of the Land; that irresistible magnetism that draws forgotten instincts to the surface of the soul to revel in the untramelled freedom of illimitable spaces. It is this indescribable Spirit of the West that breathes the breath of compensation which tempers the rougher blast of hardship and adverse fortune, that otherwise might daunt or dismay. Face to face with the naked truth of living, life assumes larger proportions and the courage that can dare and win, even against overwhelming odds, is part of the elementary curriculum of the school, where men are taught by the voiceless silent monitors of Nature.

But if the level monotony of the prairie can charm by the very vastness of its sameness and the grandeur of its boundlessness—the majesty of the mountains enthralls and bows the heart in awe. At times the immensity of things seems almost more than one can bear; the senses become satiated with the splendor of scenic effects no pen could ever portray, and no brush, however skilful, could adequately picture. Heaved to heaven, they stand like immutable guardians of the searchless secrets of all ages. One wonders vaguely whether the Spirit of the West can pass this gigantic barrier of forbidding height upon height, crag upon crag. Will it not be lost in the depth of some abysmal canyon, or left inert and frozen in the chilly arms of some great glacier? One becomes speculative in one's conjectures and the curious persistence that has chased this *ignis fatuus* over half a continent perceptibly lessens.

In this higher altitude it is enough to breathe, to fill the whole physical entity with the exuberant joy of just being—and to revel mentally in the consciousness of life. One becomes a creature of elemental forces, of latent possibilities. Thought becomes illuminative, and a sudden flood of inspiration bears one triumphantly to the very marge of the Immortal. But the mood passes—such emotions are ever fleeting, and the mountains stand immovable and silent, wrapt in their inviolable mystery, softly shrouded by a gossamer veil of diaphanous silver, that half obscures and half reveals their shadowy solidity.

Westward Ho! Westward Ho! The scent of the sea is in the air, and the

pageant of the sunset has just begun. It seems fitting that the goal should be reached just as the golden portals open to welcome the tired day after its brief sojourn among mortals. The soul stands almost afraid before the sublimity of the scene disclosed. Mountains, sea, sky and forest, blend in an indescribable beauty, and make a picture that could only emanate from the Master-hand of the Great Artist. A jewelled bridge of tremulous light arches from the horizon to the shore, spanning land and sea, and the distance between the finite and the infinite is lessened for a breathless moment by a sense of soul-communion with the Unseen. With a final spurt and shriek, that sounds almost like a gigantic sigh of relief, Pegasus comes to a halt. The long journey is ended. Then as one looks around, one realizes with a sudden rush of ecstacy that the Spirit of the West is still present, strong and predominant: that here is the source from which it springs, and that one has all unknowingly been tracing back instead of forward. Here in this beauty spot of earth men have called Vancouver, one feels that this cogent charm is in its own native element. Here in many ways, although not less elusive, it is perhaps better understood; the imaginative scaffolding has been removed in places, and the finishing touch becomes apparent. Although as yet much is in the abstract, much in the dream, the inner sight can catch a far-off glimpse of the concrete structure, that shall stand to future generations as a memorial to that intuitive philosophy, which pervading the Present shall glorify the Future, and guard to grander ends the ultimate destiny of a people, wooed to their splendid inheritance by the Spirit of the West.

Our Empire

Ada Sifton Walker.

God bless our Empire—world renowned,
For striving wrongs to right,
God grant that peace and plenty,
May ever dwell in sight.

God bless our sister colonies,
Their land, their homes so bright;
May peace e'er dwell within their shores
And Right prove ever Might.

May our united voices rise
And ring from height to height
Ring loud for Justice, liberty,
Equality, and Right.

And for our own dear land, we trust
That in all Nations' sight,
Our country's watchword, ever must
Be—Freedom, God, and Right.

Ex-Mayor Carey, with Reminiscences of Lord Dufferin

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh

WERE those who deemed their existence indispensable to any community, vouchsafed the privilege of returning for even so brief a season, to scenes of former triumphs, the readiness with which niches left vacant were filled, would certainly be a revelation. The pompous personages, who, bristling with self-importance, imagined that their patronising smile imparted additional lustre to the sun's rays, or, that the wheels of commerce only revolved when they deemed proper to open their front doors, would experience a rude awakening.

In British Columbia, for instance, less than forty years ago, a few scores of malcontents could discover no other panacea for ills complained of, than annexation, consequently, the President of the United States was petitioned to wrap the sufferers within the folds of the Stars and Stripes. Where are those patriots now? It were well to draw the veil over even the names of these misguided experimentalists.

There were others, however, who, responsive to the patriotic appeal of the late Sir Henry Crease (then Attorney-General) chivalrously co-operated in efforts to solidify the chain of provinces now constituting an auxiliary kingdom of the Motherland. Mr. Crease eloquently portrayed obstacles to be surmounted as well as advantages to be gained, admitting that the issue would tax all their patriotism, all their forbearance, all abnegation of self and selfish aims, dwelling upon the fact that it would be necessary to combine individual power and influence in one effort for the common good. His words were prophetic. True, men like the late honoured Justice Drake, Doctor Helmcken, and a few more, faltered on the threshold, not lacking loyalty nor wavering in allegiance to the Crown; rather, from a sense of loyalty to the Province, misgivings as to commercial results, and a conviction that so important and far-reaching an issue demanded prolonged deliberation. No hesitancy characterized the majority: J. W. Trutch (afterwards Sir Joseph, Lieutenant-Governor), F. J. Barnard (father of the present member for Victoria), Messrs. Humphreys, Alston, Doctor Carrall,. Hon.. E.. Dewdney. (afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, Minister of the Interior and Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia) uttered no uncertain opinions and British Columbia merged her isolated fortunes with those of the Federal Union.

In this connection, the name of the

late Amor De Cosmos should be remembered, an earnest worker in the Legislature, a journalist and a distinguished representative in the House of Commons. His arguments in 1878 and 1879 will be found to contain the gist of cogent reasons for "Better Terms." He died—his remains being followed to their resting place by two or three, faithful friends or admirers. He had run the race, and new aspirants flocked to the arena. A prominent citizen (the writer is under the impression it was Doctor Helmcken) at the time animadverted, in a letter to the press, upon the ingratitude, forgetfulness, indifference, or, concisely put, abandoned selfishness, of a community which profited by the dead publicist's services, yet grudged a flower to drop upon his grave. Amor De Cosmos had faults, weaknesses, shortcomings—who has not? Nevertheless, he was one whose undeviating loyalty, ripe intellect and matured judgment, were freely devoted to advancing the material interests of his adopted Province. In return, his name is allowed to pass into oblivion. Little he recks; the dull, cold ear of death hearkens not; neither eulogy nor censure, praise nor reproach disturbs the quietude of his solitary, almost neglected abiding place. Fealty to, appreciation of, the memory and deeds of those who toiled in the national vineyard, and toiling, stamped, their handiwork upon the country's institutions, are pregnant with meaning: not the mere process of recording deeds on shafts of cold marble; but loyalty, appreciation, manifested while the warm flush of life courses through their veins. The advancement of a country, attained by civilizing methods, can at all times be traced according to the progress and development of its institutions. Irrespective then, of scholastic attainments, the first legitimate step towards a higher intelligence, an elevated and elevating patriotism, is, the instilling into the minds of the young, love, respect for and devotion to, the better ideals of life. When we cease to appreciate the work of those whose energies were concentrated upon expediting the progress and adding to the glory of the State, that hour the foundation upon which depends the safety, permanence and solidity of the superstructure, is weakened.

Republics have been censured for ingratitude. Are not new countries, under changing conditions, similarly so? There is noticeable, at times, a brutal indifference, as well as ignorance of what was, and cavalier unconcernedness of what is; always providing, of course that self interest has not been interfered with. Notwithstanding, no reason exists, why a plea should not be made in favour of the recognition of those who suffered all the vicissitudes of pioneer life, opened the treasure house of vast resources and utilised the golden key to the Orient. Why not proclaim, trumpet-tongued, that the sturdy men of earlier days are appreciated? Why not bring together those who have Done Something? Surely there are scores of people with time, money, energy, enough to become sponsors for such a laudable undertaking. This would involve responsibility. What is life for? A great Pioneer Re-union, an assemblage of "all that is left of them" would prove of value to the Provincial Archives, and be timely, appropriate and historic from every point of view.

The above discursive comments, are suggested by the simple incident of an introduction to an old citizen of Victoria whom the writer met travelling between Vancouver and the Capital City of the Province, Mr. Joseph W. Carey, a typical path-finder and a man who has Done Something. Thereafter, the writer visited ex-Mayor Carey at his residence, 2842 Douglas street. Verging upon his eightieth year, straight as a rush, deep chested, clear eyed, a well knit frame, the extended, welcoming hand, muscular, friendly, hospitable—no wonder that heart and respect and confidence went out towards this old war-horse of Progress.

"Now," he said, "don't ask me if I'm the man who built Carey Castle; everyone asks that. To be sure, I have built castles, long ago—but they were in the air! It was my old friend George Hunter Carey who erected that mansion. I lived for thirty-seven years on Kane street,

No. 16, near Doctor Jones' residence. Imagine! when building, I imported California red-wood at $55.00 per thousand; imported doors, windows-sashes and framework around the Horn, from Englond. What a change today!"

The writer listened to a story of Pioneer Reminiscences. The man who Did Something was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, in 1830; his father was an officer in the 33rd Foot, in active service during the Napoleonic wars in Egypt. Mr. Carey crossed the Atlantic in 1845, assisted in surveying in Massachusetts and elsewhere until 1852, then went to California; surveyed the boundary lines between California and Arizona, surveyed in the Colorado desert, finally going to Mexico. A hardy annual, he appears to have weathered all climates and blossomed and bloomed in all hemispheres. However, he became homesick, yearned for the British flag and British surroundings. Accompanied by Amor De Cosmos, he travelled up the Fraser, visited the forks of the Fraser and Thompson rivers, explored the surrounding district, and subsisted on 'horse flesh' at "four bits" (50 cents) per cut. "Well, it wasn't bad," said the old gentleman; "it recalled the historic days when a Monarch was offering a whole kingdom for one horse!" The Irish was coming out; Mr. Carey continued: "We went to Hill Bar, and later, discovered Foster Bar. Of course," he continued, with quizzical originality, "those were about the only *bars* one could frequent then! After that, I worked Rocky Bar, cleaning up from $50 to $60 per day—sometimes more. Then I got my head crushed and remained in Yale until 1859." He added, with a smile, "I had known quartz to be crushed, but objected to my head being subjected to any such process. I packed my traps and accepted a position under Commissioner Campbell, making roads, maps and topographical observations. Then to the now flourishing Similkameen district, becoming thoroughly conversant with engineering difficulties west of the Rockies. I then, happily for me, determined to permanently reside in Victoria, where I arrived late in 1860. I accepted some work in the Hudson's Bay Company, but constantly heard the buzzing of the mining bee in my bonnet and the call of the wilds to be up and doing. So, I up and did, went off to Leech's, where was gold with a small settlement—but no profit worth following. During my travels I discovered a fair acreage of promising agricultural land and thought it would pan out well—which it did. The farm was in the Colquitz Valley, and I soon had fruit trees planted, and cattle and live stock purchased. After a while hill, dale and valley re-echoed the grunting of innumerable hogs. My son, William, now cultivates those broad acres and the people honoured me by calling the traversed highway Carey's Road."

There were worlds yet to conquer, for in 1874, Mr. Carey was surveying townships in Langley and Ladner, and Islands in the Gulf of Georgia. Profits were invested in real estate and buildings in Victoria, where he had long before identified himself with municipal affairs, beginning in 1865 and remaining in the Council many terms. In 1884 Mr. Carey was elected Mayor of the City of Victoria. "Of course," he remarked, "I hadn't it all my own way; municipal life is not a bed of roses; sometimes I thought it was all thorns." He handed the writer a copy of a newspaper called the *Post,* published at the time. After reading an article certainly not overflowing with encomiums, the writer said: "Never mind, the future vindicated your foresight."

"It's gone now, I don't mind," said Mr. Carey; "Victoria of those days was not the Victoria of the present. Why, the civic revenue twenty-four years ago only amounted to $99,324.26, the expenditure being the same amount, less $690. And yet they charged me with extravagance! I remember urging my old friend Boscovitz to take up the waterworks; the enterprise could have been got for a song as compared with values now. He didn't see it; $100,000 was a lot in those days."

While speaking, Mr. Carey gazed pensively at a portrait on the wall, as though it assisted his memory. "That is the girl I married, a Miss Slater, daughter

of a clergyman. We were very happy. I lost her less than ten years ago. The other drawings are by my sons. Major Herbert Clement, my younger son, with his wife, visited me quite recently. He is commandant at Dublin Castle and holds the rank of Major. Thank Providence, I have been able to make them comfortable for life. That other picture is of myself; the kiddie on my knee is a grandchild."

The old gentleman paused again, looking towards the portrait of the wife who had crossed the Great Divide. He thought, perhaps, of the early days, of hopes and fears, struggles, failures, successes, triumphs; recalled the wifely word of encouragement, when clouds towered and fortune frowned. That look of love, nay, reverence, the moisture in the eyes, were indeed intensely human.

Ex-Mayor Carey and Grandchild.

Mr. Carey then continued: "I observe you have the photographs of Lord and Lady Dufferin in your hands. I value those pictures very much—so please take care of them. I value them, not alone because the noble people were Irish and I am Irish; but when things were not as bright as one would wish, Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, gave me the hand of good-fellowship and Lady Dufferin was very kind to my dear wife."

Lord Dufferin.

"Do you refer to the time that His Excellency visited British Columbia, in

Lady Dufferin.

than Lord Dufferin, I never saw before. Railway and Terms of Union?"

"Yes, in 1876, and a man more anxious

to know the truth, to do the right thing than Lord Dufferin I never saw before. Someone must have informed him of my explorations along the Fraser. However, he sent for me. He was wonderful at mastering details; would take the map and remember everything I pointed out. His inferences were marvellously correct. He asked me about the people; what they expected, what sacrifices they would likely be willing to make, who were the leaders of different interests, promoters of agitation and so forth. On several occasions he sent for me to discuss points he afterwards made in his brilliant speech. Then he wanted to know all about the Cariboo road, the state it was in and whether it was patronised. He said he intended remaining a month, so would often see me. Naturally, the neighbours were puzzled to solve the problem of such a great man and great lady cultivating the acquaintance of humble individuals like myself and my wife; however, like every nine days' wonder, the circumstance was forgotten. I think I did some good in speaking to His Excellency of the great resources of the Province and the splendid mineral and timber country that would be opened by the transcontinental railway. He said "the people will get the railway, but they must be reasonable and not look for or demand miracles." I observed that Lady Dufferin always accompanied her husband, evincing deep interest in what he said and what was said to him; she frequently commented upon replies made to his questions."

The writer said: "No two people ever lived in Canada better respected and loved than they."

"I am glad to hear you say that, for it agrees with all I ever heard or thought. Living in Ottawa as you did when they were there, you enjoyed opportunities for hearing everything. Oh, by the way, I must tell you of the local sensation created on Beacon Hill, when their Excellencies attended a reception. In those days there were no tram cars out to the Hill. When His Excellency with Lady Dufferin drove up, after speaking to civic and political dignitaries, he beckoned me towards his carriage and with my wife, I of course responded. They received us very warmly and we talked for some time. The surrounding guests were simply petrified. One civic official said to me: "Carey, who did His Excellency mistake you for?" I did not like it, simply replying: "I only have one face; I have met His Excellency several times. Is there any reason he should not treat me courteously?" I heard no more. Lord Dufferin delivered his diplomatic speech, which set men thinking. To my astonishment, the facts I had supplied were so enlarged upon, so brilliantly put, that I again marvelled at his wonderful intellect. He left British Columbia carrying the good wishes of all—my heart and that of my wife, always retained a feeling akin to worship, of them. His Excellency's prescience was vindicated, eventually, and all, more than all, of his promises fulfilled. The photographs you are looking at were presented to us by their Excellencies—two of God's own.

The Irish again dominated; tears were in the eyes of the man who DID SOMETHING.

The Prairie

D. D. Ross

FAR beyond the veil of civilization, but yet amid all the beauty and splendor of Nature's most careful handiwork, lay these vast unexplored regions, known only as, "The Great Lone Land." Lone, because it was wholly unknown. Vast, because as yet no man had fully comprehended its greatness.

Here beneath the northern skies nestled down between the Rockies on the west and the Great Lakes on the East, stretches this great level vastness. An endless waste of uncultivated plains over which roamed the majestic buffalo, and dotted here and there only by the Redman's wigwam. With no trace of civilization, no sign of law or order, the savage sturdy Indian led a life of freedom and carelessness, either worshipping the sun or moon or singing wild incantations to his gods.

No; not so now. The past is gone, and with the present comes law and order. These vast undulating plains, boundless and beautiful, teem with life and energy. The dark places are made straight and the maiden prairie is made to send forth her crops of fruit and flowers in endless profusion.

The spring usually slow at coming, seems suddenly to burst forth into full summer. Life and growth are seen on every hand. From the long snow-covered plains spring the tender herbs and plants, and soon the dried surface turns a deep velvety green. It is here that Nature truly asserts her rights, for in only a few short weeks an entire transformation has taken place. The cold searching blasts of fearless winter have turned into the loveliest of spring and on every side growth and vegetation answer back, the same thankfulness to nature.

Far up the distant mountain side tiny silver streams are seen to gurgle down, tumbling over jagged rocks, falling into deep dark canyons and emerging hundreds of feet below, only to be again dashed over another steep precipice as it hurries on to join the mighty rivers of the plains beyond.

Watered by these never-failing glacier-fed streams, the vast prairies are truly the future granaries of the world. The luxuriant growth bespeaks the richness of the soil, for along the low-lying lands, the ravines and dried up sloughs, the tall rank grass waves and undulates in every passing breeze. The wild pea-vine too is not wanting. Its growth, surpassing almost every other vegetation. In fact, so much so that in some parts it is almost impossible to gallop a horse without endangering its rider by the animal's feet becoming entangled in the vines. This is particularly so in the far north along the great Peace River Valley. Here the shrub and vine interlacing in endless beauty form a complete network of entanglement, which provides shelter to the ever weary wolf and coyote. Strange to relate, the prairie chicken is nowhere here to be found, but like most other harmless creatures, prefers the open to the dark underlying places.

The Indian too, but of a much lower type than his kinsman to the south, haunts these lonely valleys, leading a life of carelessness and want. His sphere is cramped for the settler crowding in on every side, has forced him back. Hemmed in as it were until today the once noble Redman remains only a part of his true self. Many of his noblest traits are gone; and in their place are found "unfortunately" many of the white man's vices. The buffalo, whose once mighty tread shook the earth like distant thunder, have almost disappeared until now only a few protected by law and guarded

by high fences, remain to tell the tale of the useless slaughter of bygone years. The plains, too, are rapidly changing in appearance. The rich virgin soil has proved her fruitfulness, while the mighty rivers are being made to yield their store of wealth. The distant hills on every hand show signs of advancing civilization, while in almost every valley the rancher is to be found with his herd of branded cattle.

Time moves on and with it comes the multitude who spy out our land and then returning to their own countries, are reinforced by friend and neighbor. Thus the onward march of myriads of souls who shall people these vacant lands and build up our cities. Westward, yet ever westward march, these great invading armies until ere long our seemingly inexhaustible supply of free lands will be as a story that was told. Millions upon millions of acres of this once useless land shall be turned into life sustaining granaries and long ere another decade shall have come and gone, the plains that today know no man shall teem with life and energy. Towns and cities shall dot this fair land of ours where today only the passing hawk poised on high swoops down on some poor helpless creature to satisfy his insatiate hunger.

We look but a few years back and there we see the noble Redman in all his glory, while on the other hand we look into the future and there we see the fruits of civilization. The busy farmer tilling the soil amid all the comfort and contentment of that most free and noble life. For truly it is the farmer and more especially the Western farmer who enjoys to the full the privilege of nature's best, and greatest gift, namely, Health and Strength.

Dense clouds of dirty black coal smoke belching from high chimneys shall mark the great manufacturing centres where our many wants are being prepared for us at our very door. No more then shall we hear that old time-worn cry "Protection"; for it shall then be an unknown quantity. A nation within ourselves with three oceans lapping at our shores. Truly this is a heritage to be proud of. Interlaced with connecting systems of railways our main product, wheat, shall go forth as the warriors of old conquering wherever it is sent, until the nations will be compelled to exclaim, "Behold the Granary of the World." These once unshorn fields shall now yield to their fullest extent under the trained hand of their cultivator, while with all the skill of modern science and genius of invention, the seemingly arid districts of today shall be made to produce their crop of wheat and fruit. The rivers and streams that today run the course mapped out for them by nature, shall be harnessed and made to lend their assistance and to do their share towards acomplishing this great end.

Our minerals, as yet practically unknown, shall add materially to our national wealth; the bowels of the earth shall be made to give up their hidden treasures, while our rocks and sandbeds will yield their stores of gold. Nature too has provided a beautiful supply of coal; and a famine from that source need not be feared for hundreds of years. Natural gas is found in many places, and being utilized as a substitute for other fuels. It is found at a depth ranging from five hundred to three thousand feet and seems to be similar to the dry marsh gas. It is not combustible without air, but burns brilliantly when mixed in the proper proportions. Several places along the banks of the South Saskatchewan, this gas is found escaping through cracks and crevices in the ground, and in one or two places particularly a lighted match thrown to the ground will cause a flame to dance and quiver up and down the openings. Its future usefulness, as yet, is wholly a speculation, but we believe that great things are in store for us through this wonderful medium. Petroleum too is found in great abundance. In several places in the foothills it is found oozing from the hillsides. In fact minerals of all kinds lie hidden at our very hand, and all that is needed is time and energy to unfold to us this fabulous wealth.

While we speak of the illimitable prairie, yet we have an almost endless supply of timber. This timber ranges in size from the thickness of your arm

to full grown trees, from which the finest of lumber can be cut.

What few fur-bearing animals that are left are being protected by law and thus we are assured of our needs along that line. In conclusion, let me say that in these once vast unknown regions, believed to be of perpetual snow and uninhabited by a savage, unconquerable people, we have one of the finest, if not the finest, country open for settlement under the sun—a country which appeals to the poor man, the laborer and the artisan—a country where wealth accumulates more wealth, and where energy counts to its fullest reward.

Dotted as our plains will be, with towns and cities, settled with the sturdiest sons and daughters of the world's noblest men, our fair soil that today lies mantled in her maiden dress, shall send to every known land the fruits of her labor. Instead of as today, supporting only seven millions, it shall support seven times seven, and still have room for more.

All these great resources, all these ours—ours for the taking, and may we say with the Caesar of old:

"We came, we saw, we conquered."

The Dawn of Love.

Blanche E. Holt Murison

In the heart of the woods a voice is heard.
List, my dear!
The soul of the silence is all disturbed,
Silvered to sound by the song of a bird.
The voice is the voice of wooing and winning.
The song is a song that is just beginning.
Gleam by gleam the Dawn encroacheth,
Love awake, the Day approacheth:
Waken, dear!

In the Dawn is a breath of soft suspense:
Breathe, my sweet!
The air is all holy with sacraments,
Dew-drenched with the odor of frankincense.
Drowse not in the dusk, awake out of sleeping,
The sun through your lattice is boldly peeping.
Life with love and rapture thrilleth;
Where the fount of Youth distilleth,
Drink, my sweet!

In the heart of the heart of me—a prayer.
Come, my love!
The voice and the song and the fragrant air
Are waiting for us, and the world is fair.
The day's at the morning, still dim with dreaming
Its fabulous fancies for our redeeming.
Come, oh, come!—where souls are meeting;
Haste, oh, haste!—the time is fleeting.
Come, my love!

My Ideal Man

HERE HE IS, just as I promised him last month—my ideal man! With awe and trembling I approach my fearful and wonderful subject: an ideal man, you must admit, is rather a rarity of the species, and as such demands due reverence and respect.

It is not my intention to draw comparisons between my ideal man and my ideal woman; everybody is already familiar with the classical rhymes—"Sugar and spice and all that's nice"—and "Frogs and snails and puppy-dog's tails" which tell their own story of a difference as well as a distinction.

The schoolboy in his essay wrote: "Man is a two-legged animal"; perhaps he was not very far wrong! However, when properly tamed and domesticated, he is a very interesting specimen of his kind, full of wonderful possibilities. We have to thank one of the Lords of (their own) Creation for the following definition. He informs the world in general, and nobody in particular, that the very best among his brethren is only—

"A very man, with something of the brute;
(Unless he prove a sentimental noddy)
With passions strong, and appetite to boot,
A thirsty soul within a hungry body.
A very man—not one of Nature's clods,
With human feelings, whether saint or sinner;
Endowed perhaps with genius from the gods,
But apt to take his temper from his dinner."

Every woman knows the last line at least is true, and the rest she can concede or not, just as her fancy dictates. But I fear I have wandered from the idealistic, and strayed into the realms of the realistic; I must get back to the creature of my imagination—the ideal man.

Every sage rule and wise maxim of experience justifies the query, "Whose ideal?"—for there certainly are a good many ideals in the world. For instance, when Mrs. Guelph-Smythe grows enthusiastic over some man of her acquaintance, and with many complimentary ejaculations and superlative adjectives assures me that he is her *"beau ideal"* I listen—oh, yes, I listen; but nevertheless I am not converted! Not I! You see I know Mrs. Guelph-Smythe, and while for many reasons I accept her views, *"nemine dissentiente,"* our opinions on the subject of ideals are not unanimous.

As I remarked before, Ideals depend entirely on the Idealist; so long as there are many men and women in the world there must always be many opinions. What would fascinate one, would give

another a touch of the ultramarines. However, the world is getting well on in years now, and should have had considerable experience as to what should prove the all-round best type of man; yet the ideal appears as indefinite as ever, and perhaps it is as well that it should be so. The monotony of the thought of a *fixed* ideal would be intolerable, and would leave no scope for individuality.

Ideals! Oh, those beautiful elusive things that somehow always seem beyond our grasp. Those vague, shadowy, beckoning inhabitants of an altitude so much higher than ourselves—sweet spirits of a sphere that lies a great way off. Ideals are the symbols of the soul's emancipation; and the fugitive freedom of thought their native element.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed
his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

Let the grim old world keep its ideals, therein lies its salvation. The struggle upward through the mist must eventually lead to the sunshine of the summit, and the mountain streams of faith shall give refreshment by the way.

"The body is the storm,
The soul the star beyond it."

The "star beyond" is the bright beacon that points the way, and no cloud can dim the eternal radiance of its light for long. Keep the Star always well in sight.

Oh, dear, what a refractory pen—so many generalities, and my poor ideal man waiting all the time to be introduced.

Allow me!—I present you a King, for my ideal is royal; a King among men—because he is King of HIMSELF. He takes his conscience as Prime Minister and rules right royally over the realm he is set to govern; rebellious subjects in his kingdom are kept well in check—his weaknesses are his vassals—not his masters.

With regard to outward appearance—*"Mens sana in corpore sano"* goes a long way. It matters not whether he be tall or short, (whichever he happens to be it isn't his fault), whether his eyes be blue or brown, black or grey, so long as they mirror the reflection of a true brave heart. Erect on manhood's height, he stands a conqueror of baser things and the smaller soul, strong in a strength that is more than merely physical.

He is a devoted son and a good brother (that is if he is fortunate enough to enjoy the latter privilege; some brothers sadly underrate their blessings—mine do!) and is always ready to lend a helping hand where it is needed.

He is essentially a gentleman, chivalrous and courteous to all. He considers the comfort and welfare of others before his own ease and enjoyment. He is truly noble, and disdains to stoop to little meannesses or small hypocrises. His sympathies are not of the superficial kind, but are of the broad-gauge, comprehensive order. He is the very embodiment of a brave, true, healthy manhood; gentle in his strength, strong in his tendencies, fearing naught save God, dishonor, and untruth. To the woman who loves him he represents home and a sweet restfulness; she looks to him as naturally in the lesser things of life, as she looks to a Higher Power in the greater. For such a man, a woman's heart should beat faithful while he lives and break when he dies.

Of course my ideal marries. It only needs the love of a pure good woman to mould his life to its perfect circle, and with the woman of his choice he takes Joy home with him, and "makes a place in his own heart for her." Jean Ingelow's beautiful thoughts are realized, for she "sings to him when he is weary with working in the furrows; aye, or weeding in the sacred hours of dawn." He is husband and lover, and, above all, comrade and friend. He and Joy go on their way together hand in hand, strong in their trust in each other, to face the unknown future; doubling the joys and halving the sorrows of life by sharing them together. As they slowly ascend the world's great altar-stairs, whether sun or rain he will whisper, "Never mind the weather love; all the way together, love!" The smile—maybe through tears—the tightened handclasp of her who leans on his greater strength, shows the fire of love to be still burning brightly. And so it will be to the end; though time may bend the upright form and sprinkle the once abundant hair with sil-

ver, he is always my ideal man. As the lamps of earth flicker out one by one, the beacon lights of eternity shine all the brighter; and in the deeper, fuller glories of the aftermath, they reach at last the fair land where awaits—

"Gladness for such as are true-hearted."

Such is my ideal man! Now where do you think I shall find him? Did I hear somebody say I had better look for him on another planet? If I had an aeroplane I might start on a voyage of investigation, but I have an idea that he is not so high up. You see, if I cannot *realize* the *ideality,* why I shall do the next best thing, and *idealise* the *reality!* What is the difference pray? A woman generally worships an ideal in the abstract, and usually ends by loving a mere man in the concrete.

It is just her luck!

On Correspondence

AS I was wending my way homehomeward from the post-office the other evening I heard somebody behind me say, "I don't owe anybody a letter."

This frank statement gave me a "pause," and I thought to myself, "I wish I could say the same."

The simple remark started a train of thought in my mind on the many little courtesies and obligations connected with our correspondence, which I think we are oft-times apt to forget.

We hear quite a lot about the deterioration of modern letter-writing, and I suppose we all know from experience, that the accusation is not entirely unmerited. When one thinks of the many incoherent, stupid, illegible scrawls, that often pass for letters now-a-days, one is apt to wonder why this charming art should be so neglected, so unfinished, and unpolished. A well-expressed, well-written, kindly letter is a joy forever, and simply brims with sweet influences.

This is not intended as a "preachment" against the modern correspondent, but is intended merely as a friendly chatter on a subject that should be of universal interest.

Letter-writing is an art, and like all arts must be cultivated if one wishes to obtain fluency of expression and proficiency of style. Of all the arts, I suppose letter-writing is the most neglected. Anything does; a few blots or erasions more or less do not matter, and even grammatical errors and mistakes in spelling are often lightly passed over. This may be rather an extreme view, but yet I venture to think not altogether unjustified. It is astonishing how few people take the trouble to express themselves lucidly and gracefully through the medium of pen and paper, and yet the mission of the letter is such a manifold one, its messages so varied, and its influences so tremendous.

Every hour of the day and night, millions of these silent messengers are travelling on their errands of joy and sorrow, of life and death, of love and enmity, of peace and war. Sealed within the small compass of the envelope mighty issues pass on their quiet way, moulding the minds of men, and the destiny of the world. Looked at in this light, letter-writing assumes a larger aspect, and the importance of written words a greater significance. We may not all wield pens of power and words of wisdom, but everybody may have the gift of kindly expression and unselfish thought if they only take the trouble to cultivate their mind in the right direction.

There are many things which acquire a deeper meaning and a new dignity when committed gracefully to paper, and through the eye and brain they filter right into the heart, forming some of life's most precious memories. We, all of us, have these little sanctities hidden away in their own sacred places, where

we may go in the quiet intervals and re-read and live them all over again.

The painter takes infinite pains and trouble, and uses his utmost skill to portray in his picture the message he wants to give to the world; why should we not use a little of the same thought and intelligence to convey with our pen the many messages we send through the mail to all corners of the earth.

Let us try to make our letters better worth the reading, with something more in them than frivolous chatter, or mere gossip.

A letter very quickly gives away the character of the person who writes it, and it is small wonder that graphologists find it an easy matter to become very proficient in their profession.

Few people realize what an education letter-writing really is, and what a lot may be learned as one goes along, if one only takes the trouble. Instead of being a "bore" as so many people find it, letter-writing should be one of our greatest pleasures and recreations.

Try and get a new view of the subject, and prove it for yourselves.

At the Shrine of Euphrosyne

LIFE were indeed a solemn session, if glad-ewed Mirth kept away from the proceedings altogether. As Charles Lamb has said, "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market," the moral of which is, of course, laugh often, and groan only at intervals —very rare intervals at that!

Mirth mixed with Merriment, makes an excellent medicine for the megrims of melancholy, and should be taken frequently in liberal doses as a preventative as well as a cure.

The world needs liberal-hearted laughter-lovers, who, having drunk deeply themselves at the sunshiny source of supply, carry away brimming cups of the magic elixer, that others may also drink of its wholesome felicity.

Laugh, not with the laughter of Democritus, at the folly of your fellowmen, but laugh because the world is fair, and life is worth while for those who make it so.

The Editor has accused me of being a philosopher, so I must live up to my reputation; but, (let me whisper it, lest it reach the editorial sanctum), I can "merry-make" with the best, and that is why I intend every month to take you for a five minutes space to the shrine of the goddess of perpetual cheerfulness. The philosophy of fun is too much of an unknown quantity, and if by any chance no such thing exists, I invent it right away.

One sunny soul has left on record,— "There is nothing like fun, is there? O, we need it! We need all the counter-weights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. God has made sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?"

Why, indeed? Polish the windows of the mind that not a speck obscure the pure radiance, and then let in the light until the darkest corner is illuminated, and there remains no possible chance of stumbling over shadows, either real or imaginary.

New let us laugh! Every month you shall have the best and funniest stories that come my way; here are two or three to begin with:

A Prudent Wooer.

Very careful was the farmer who entered a telegraph office in New York and sent this message to a woman in Canada: "Will you be my wife? Please answer at once by telegraph." Then he sat down and waited. No answer came. He waited till late in the evening; still no answer. Early the next morning he came in again, and was handed a despatch— an affirmative reply. The operator expressed his sympathy. " 'Twas a

little rough to keep you so long in suspense." "Look here, young fellow," said the farmer, "I'll stand all the suspense. A woman that'll hold back her answer to a proposal of marriage all day so as to send it by night rates, is jest the economical woman that I've been a-waitin' for."

An Unexpected Answer.

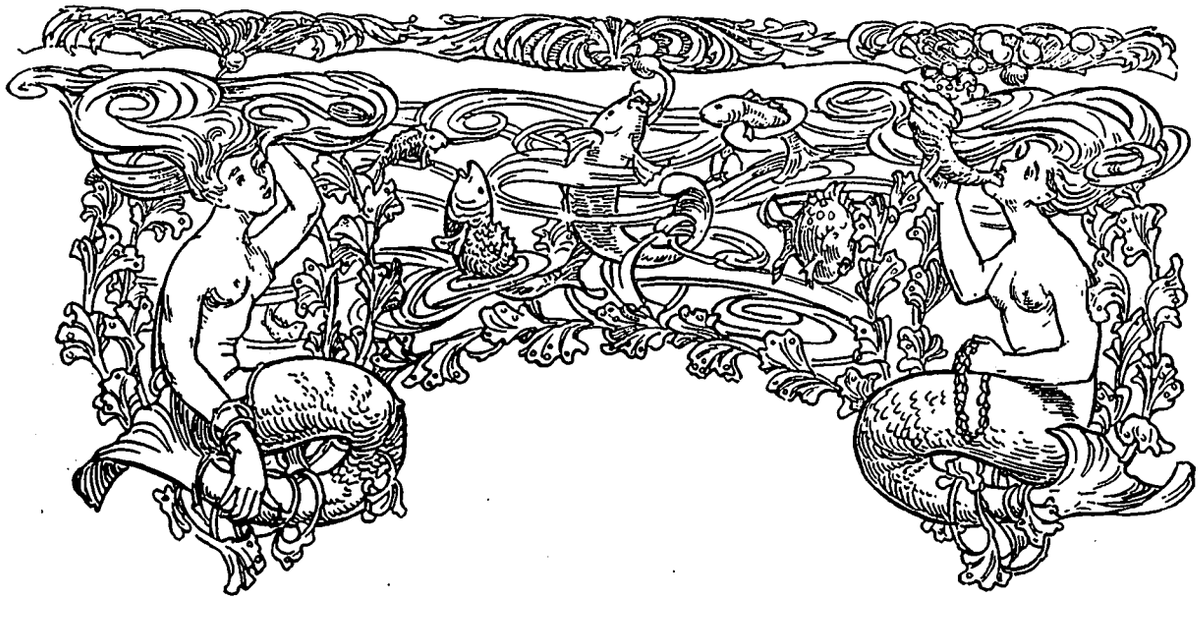
The lesson was from the "Prodigal Son," and the Sunday school teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. "But amidst all the rejoicing," she said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return brought no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any of you tell me who this was?" There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus, "Please teacher, it was the fatted calf!"

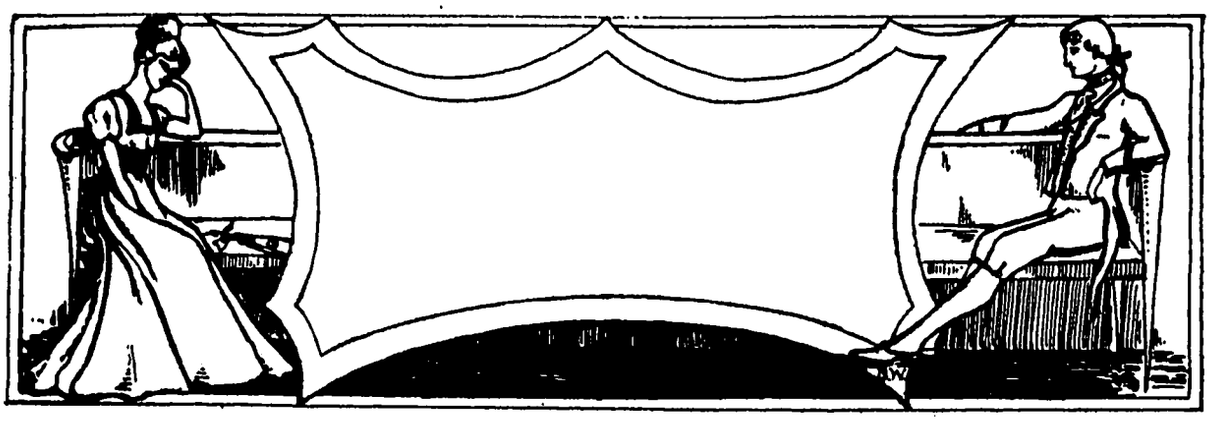
A Story of Whittier.

A little girl, who was staying at the same house with Whittier, the poet, and of whom he was very fond, asked him to commemorate in verse the death of her kitten, Bathsheba by name. Without a moment's hesitation the poet recited solemnly:—"Bathsheba, To whom none ever said S'cat! No worthier cat ever sat on a mat, Or caught a rat. Requiescat." The same little girl had a pony who broke his leg, and again the poet was called upon to comfort the child with some poetic sentiment. "I have written some lines myself," she said, "but I can't think how to finish the verse." "What did you write?" asked Mr. Whittier. "My pony kicked to the right, he kicked to the left; The stable post he struck it; He broke his leg right off—" "And then," added Whittier, "And then, he kicked the bucket."

Notices Which Make You Smile.

There is quite a rich crop of humor, usually unconscious, to be reaped by the observant in the notices displayed in shop windows, of which the following announcement by a Southend bird-fancier is not at all a bad sample: "Doves for sale, cheap. Eat nearly anything. Fond of children." Not long ago a Farringdon-road butcher had in his window this notice: "Wanted, a respectable boy for beef sausages." "Wanted, a warehouseman," ran another similar notice. "Applicants must be accustomed to rigorous discipline. Only the offers of such candidates will be entertained who have served in the Army or been married for a considerable length of time." Equally amusing is the following notice by a Japanese laundryman in America: "Contrary to our opposite company, we will most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with possible cheap prices as follows—Ladies, two dollars per 100; gentlemen, 1 1-2 dollars per 100."—Westminster Gazette.





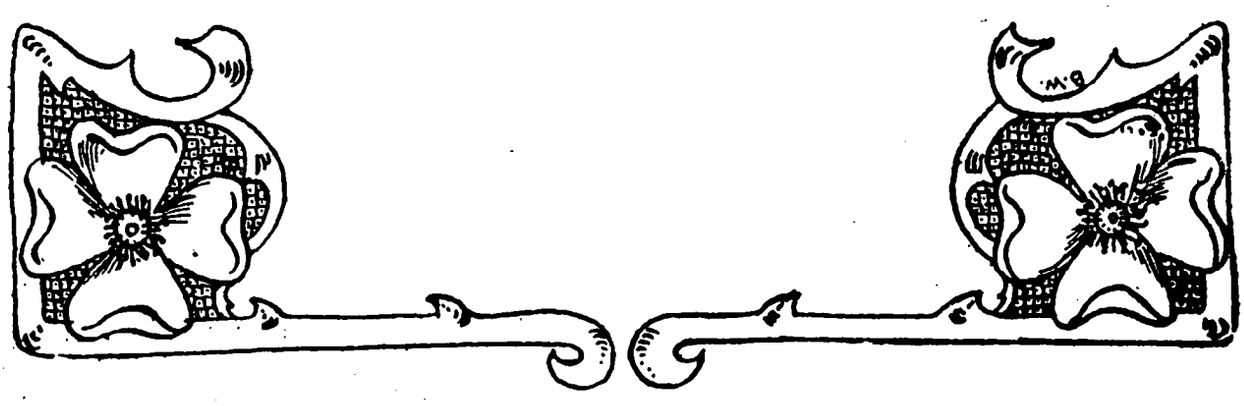
My Valentine

Blanche E. Holt Murison

I'm in love with a little Dutch maiden,
With hair of a glorious hue;
And lips with sweetness laden,
And eyes of a ravishing blue:
But she only laughs and teases me,
This little Dutch maid from the Zuyder Zee.

She's as dainty as a woodland flower,
And as fair as the sun at noon;
As fresh as a Summer shower,
And as sweet as a rose in June:
But she only laughs and teases me,
This little Dutch maid from the Zuyder Zee

I'm in love with that little Dutch maiden,
With her eyes of ravishing blue;
But still with grief I'm laden,
Oh, what can a lover do?
I never can make that maiden mine,
For she came by mail—as a valentine!



VIII.

ALEXANDER Caulfield Anderson, in his valuable "Notes on the Indian Tribes of British North America, and the North-West Coast," written in 1855, refers in his own inimitable way to these same white dogs: "From point to point as we descend the river," he remarks, "the palisaded villages which I have mentioned appear. Around gambol whole hosts of white quadrupeds, some shorn like sheep, others sweltering under a crop of flowing fleece. A stranger, sentimentally disposed, might possibly, on getting a distant view, imagine a scene of Arcadian felicity, people it to his heart's content, and sing as did one of yore,

"Heureux qui se nourrit du lait de ses brebis
Et qui de leur toison, voit filer ses habits."

But alas! worthy stranger, these are only dogs: their owners (alas again), the veriest knaves and pilferers under the sun. The dogs in question are of a breed peculiar to the lower parts of Fraser's River, and the southern portions of Vancouver's Island and the Gulf of Georgia. White, with a long woolly hair and bushy tail, they differ materially in aspect from the common Indian cur, possessing, however, the same vulpine cast of countenance. Shorn regularly as the crop of hair matures, these creatures are of real value to their owners, yielding them the material whence blankets, coarse it is true, but of excellent fabric are manufactured. My habits of life since early manhood, have possibly tended in some degree to blunt the power of appreciation in these matters, but I confess I could not witness without satisfaction, the primitive approach to texile manufactures which here first recurred to my view after the lapse of many years. An additional interest was afterwards created in my mind, when on examination.

I found the implement used for weaving, differed in no apparent respect from the rude loom of the days of the Pharaohs, as figured by modern archaists."

By dint of perseverence and excessive labour the explorers at last reached tidal water. On Friday, the 30th, the Indian precursor of the little hamlet of Yale was passed, and a point reached where a large stream joined the river from the left bank. The stream here referred to we take to be that now known as the Chilliwack. A round mountain loomed up ahead, called by the natives Stremotch. Masson, in a footnote, baldly states that this same round mountain was no other than the Mount Baker of Captain George Vancouver, but, in view of the fact that the editor of Simon Fraser's Journal had no local knowledge of the scene of the exploits of the young fur-trader, we are quite justified in doubting the accuracy of the observation. The student will observe, indeed, that few of Masson's annotations are of any value, either geographically or ethnologically. We are inclined to think that the Stremotch (Sumas) of Fraser was the "Sugar Loaf Mountain" of Archibald McDonald, referred to by him in his notes on Sir George Simpson's journey to Fort Langley.

At this point seals were observed in the reaches of the river and such a certain indication of the close proximity of the sea must have been almost as welcome to the toil-worn travellers as the appearance of the dove with a twig in its beak to the weary voyagers in Noah's Ark. After sunset the party encamped near a spot where vast cedars, "five fathoms in circumference," reached majestically skyward. Being entirely without provisions, the men went supperless to bed, the faithful Indians, who had accompanied them, faring no better, for they also were without food of any description. Those pests of the marshes, mosquitoes, made their appearance in clouds and added to the discomforts experienced on the occasion. Unfortunately, it is impossible now to exactly place the site of the encampment, but, in all probability, it was at, or in the near vicinity of, Yale.

The canyons and dangerous places of the river had all been safely passed and one would naturally think that little or no difficulty would have been experienced in traversing the broad bosom of the Lower Fraser. But, on the very threshold of success, disaster threatened to overwhelm the entire expedition. So far Fraser had been engaged in overcoming the stupendous obstacles which nature had placed in his path, but now, when that path was clear of all natural impediments, he was called upon to contend with the declared hostility of powerful tribes. In the first part of the journey the friendliness of the natives had been an important factor in his success,—now the position was reversed, and the leader of the expedition found the clear road before him barred by the savage ill-will of the aborigines. Surely the very irony of Fate! Heretofore the fur-trader had pitted his wits against Nature and, after a long battle, the fur-trader had triumphed; now the furtrader was to pit his wits against the wiles and machinations of the savage folk, and the fur-trader was again to be the victor in the unequal struggle. Here, if anywhere, and now, if at any time, Simon Fraser would be called upon to prove himself.

Mist shrouded the river on the morning of July 1st. After it had cleared away the brigade again embarked. At 8 o'clock an Indian village of some two hundred souls was approached. Here the hungry party enjoyed the fish, berries and dried oysters which the Chief spread before them. The Little Fellow (of the Hacamaugh or Thompson nation), who had faithfully remained with the expedition since June 20th, now, by virtue of his many and great services, ranked with the leaders of the expedition and on all occasions accompanied them. So now he is served with Fraser, Stuart, and Quesnel. The consideration with which he was treated no doubt added greatly to his prestige among his fellow red men. It is much to be regretted that we do not know the Indian patronymic of the Little Fellow, for he deserves to have his name handed down to posterity. If ever

a native ally deserved honourable mention it is this Little Fellow, who so cheerfully aided his white friends. We know very little about him, but as long as Simon Fraser's great exploit is remembered, the Little Fellow will be honoured as a true friend in need. He emerges from the darkness which shrouds pre-historic times, flits across the stage before us, and departs, we know not whither. He is to us now nothing more than a very shadow, a vague but pleasant memory.

The chief of the clan was evidently hospitably inclined for he presented his guest with a coat of mail (leather) of which much needed shoes, or moccasins, were made. Moreover, the strangers were entertained with weird songs and a dance no less weird. The hospitable chief stood in the centre of the ring formed by the dancers and directed their movements, while a primitive orchestra vigorously beat a drum upon the wall of the communal house—making, according to an eye witness, "a terrible racket." To shew the chief that his courtesy and entertainment were appreciated, Fraser presented to him a calico gown, which delighted the heart of the unsophisticated warrior.

It was remarked that the Indians at this village evinced neither curiosity nor surprise at the appearance or weapons of the party, and in view of their apathy Fraser concluded that they had seen white men before. They dwelt together in one large house six hundred and forty feet long and sixty feet broad. At first the adventurer thought that they were fair, but afterwards he discovered that they used a white paint which effectually disguised their swarthy complexions. Once again he notes the dogs' hair rugs, which, it is stated, were spun with a distaff and spindle.

The Indians who had piloted Fraser thither, now departed homeward with their canoes. This caused some delay as the natives of the village refused to part with their craft under any consideration whatever. Finally, however, the Chief consented to lend the strangers his own large canoe; he also promised to accompany them as guide.

Fraser spent the night at the village of the white-painted Indians, or encamped near it. It is not possible from his inadequate description of the place to ascertain its exact position. In those days there were many villages between the present site of Hope and New Westminster. Not a few of them have undoubtedly been completely obliterated in the hundred years which have passed since Fraser's exploration.

IX.

The 2nd of July, 1808, was a memorable day in the life of Simon Fraser. Seldom even in the adventurous life of a fur-trader have so many exciting incidents been crowded into the brief space of a few fleeting hours. His troubles commenced early with the discovery of the thieving propensities of the natives—in that respect they seemed verily to have been "whited sepulchres." Being anxious to proceed without delay, the explorer applied for the canoe which the Chief had promised him the day before, but to his chagrin no attention was paid to the request. What followed may be given in the words of the written account of the day's proceedings:

"I therefore, took the canoe," the Journal reads, "and had it carried to the water side. The Chief got it carried back. We again laid hold of it. He still resisted and made us understand that he was not only the greatest of his nation, but equal in force to the sun. However, as we could not get on without the canoe, we persisted and at last gained our point. The Chief and several of the tribe accompanied us."

On arriving at a village (about two miles above New Westminster —Coquitlam probably), a few hours later, Fraser was warned not to proceed further as the Indians at the Coast were wicked and at war with their neighbours, and it was more than likely, so thought the aborigines, that the white men would be killed by their warlike brethren at the mouth of the river. Little or no attention was paid to these remarks and the men prepared to embark, but they were prevented from doing so by the natives who seized the canoe and dragged it out of the water.

At this juncture Fraser and Stuart were invited to the principle house of the village, but no sooner were they out of sight than the Indians began to make a "terrible noise" near the baggage. Stuart immediately went to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. He found that one of the natives had pilfered a jacket from the canoe. The article, however, was promptly returned by order of the Chief. But the trouble was not all over as we learn from an entry in the Journal which reads: "We then made a motion to embark with the Chief, but his friends who did not approve of his going, flocked around him and were embracing him with as much concern and tenderness as if he were never to return. Our native followers seeing this scene of apparent distress between the Chief and his connexions, changed their mind and declined to go any further. Even our Little Fellow would not embark, saying he was afraid of Ka-wa-chin (Cowichan) or Indians of the sea. Some of the Indians laid violent hands upon the canoe and insisted upon taking it out of the water. We paid no notice to their violence, but made them desist and embarked without them."

As the succeeding paragraphs are important and vastly interesting, we will quote them in full, in order that the reader may the better understand the unhappy predicament of the expedition at this juncture. "Proceeding on for two miles," the Journal continues, "we arrived at the place where the river divides in several channels, when we perceived a canoe following us and we waited for its arrival. One of the Indians embarked in our canoe, with a view, as we thought, of conducting us in the right channel, but we soon remarked that several other Indians from the village, armed with bows and arrows, spears, clubs, were pursuing us in their canoes, singing war songs, and making signs and gestures highly inimical. The one who had embarked with us became also very unruly, singing, dancing, and kicking up a great dust. We threatened him and he mended his manners and became quiet.

"This was an alarming crisis, but we were not discouraged; confident upon our own superiority, at least on the water, we continued and at last we came in sight of a gulf or bay of the sea; this, the Indians called Pas-hil-roe. It runs in a south-west and north-east direction. In this bay are several high and rocky islands, whose summits were covered with snow.

"On the right shore we noticed a village called by the natives, Misquiame. We directed our course towards it. Our turbulent passengers conducted us up a small winding river to a small lake, near which the village stood; there we landed, but only found a few old men and women, the others having fled into the woods on our approach. The fort is 1,500 feet in length and 90 feet in breadth. The houses which are constructed as those mentioned in other places, are in rows; one of the natives, after conducting us through all the apartments, desired us to go away, as, otherwise the Indians would be apt to attack us. About this time, those that had followed us from above, arrived.

"Having spent an hour looking about and examining the place, we went to embark, but found that the tide had ebbed and left our canoe on dry land. We, therefore, had to drag it some distance to the water. The natives seeing our difficulties assumed courage and began to make their appearance from every direction, dressed in their coats of mail and howling like so many wolves, and brandishing their war clubs. We at last got into deep water and embarked; our turbulent guide no sooner found himself on board again than he began a repetition of his former pranks. He asked for our daggers, for our clothes, in fact for everything we had. Fully convinced at length of his unfriendly disposition, we turned him ashore and made him understand, as well as the others who were by this time closing upon us, that if they did not keep their distance we would fire upon them."

The foregoing remarks of the explorer plainly indicate that he actually reached the Gulf of Georgia. Not a few writers have asserted that he turned back at the point where the City of New West-

minster now stands, but if this had been the case the downward voyage would have ended at the "place where the river divides into several channels," which description evidently refers to the reaches immediately below the Royal City. We may also conclude that Fraser followed the North Arm from this point and not what is now the main channel. If he had descended the river to the present site of Steveston or beyond it, he could not have recognised so easily the village of Musquiam, so particularly referred to in the Journal. Musquiam is situated exactly at the mouth of the northern outlet of the North Arm, and it faces both the Gulf and the River. Therefore we may safely conclude that Simon Fraser not only reached tidal water but that he also actually viewed, from the shore thereof, the arm of the sea visited by Captain George Vancouver in the year 1792, and named by him the Gulf of Georgia. If further proof should be required we have only to turn to the chart of John Stuart and to read the legend quaintly marked thereon at the point where the river flows past "Massquiame Village." This is the legend: "Mr. Simon Fraser and party returned from the Sortie of the River."

With reference to the "small winding river" and "small lake," we may remark that a little creek flows past Musquiam, and the lake was no doubt formed by the flooding of the low land between the river and the village. This land, having been dyked, is not now subjest to overflow. The river was at its highest stage when Fraser descended it in 1808.

Much as Simon Fraser desired to explore the arm of the sea, he was obliged to give up the idea. The hostility of the natives, and the lack of provisions, proved an effectual bar to further progress. The odds were against him and he was forced to retire. But he had accomplished his purpose so steadfastly adhered to,—he had reached the sea—not by the Columbia, however, but by another river which henceforth was to bear his name. That he did not view the Pacific ocean itself was a bitter disappointment, as indeed we may gather from the following entry in his Journal: "Here again I must acknowledge my great disappointment at not reaching the Main Ocean, having gone so near it as to be almost within view; we besides wished very much to settle the situation by an observation for the longtitude. The latitude is 49 deg. nearly, while that of the entrance to the Columbia is 46 deg. 20. This river therefore is not the Columbia. If I had been convinced of this when I left my canoes, I would certainly have returned." We may be thankful that the explorer did not find out his error earlier, as, in that event, we would have been deprived of one of the most interesting chapters of the early history of our Province.

Having accomplished his purpose, Fraser started homeward. But his difficulties were by no means over. In the first stage of his return journey he was continually harassed by hostile natives, who persistently followed him with the set purpose of annihilating the whole expedition. Once the Indians slily tried to upset the canoe but fortunately their object was divined and the attempt frustrated. The continual dangers and perils so wrought upon the nerves of the voyaguers that on the sixth day of July they mutinied and threatened to desert in a body. But, after a conference, peace was restored and the men solemnly resolved to keep together until the end of the journey. To make this resolution binding upon the consciences of one and all, each member of the party subscribed to the following oath: "I solemnly swear before Almighty God that I shall sooner perish than forsake in distress any of our crew during the present voyage."

After harassing days of innumerable hardships, the expedition reached the territories of more friendly natives, who were much surprised at the re-appearance of the white men—they had evidently expected that their genial congeners of the Lower River would have effectually disposed of the travellers in a manner becoming the traditions of the race. At 2 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 14th, the party arrived at the Thompson River; the Chilcotin River was passed on Tuesday, the 25th;

a week later Quesnel River was left behind; an at last, on the 6th day of August, the expedition reached Fort George, finding there Hugh Faries and his two men.

It is interesting to note that, while forty days were consumed in descending the river, the ascent was accomplished in thirty-five days. In going to the sea Quesnel was reached on May 30th, Lillooet on June 15th, Lytton on June 20th, Jackass Mountain on June 22nd, Spuzzum on June 27th, Yale probably on June 30th; New Westminster on July 2nd, and Musquiam, where the outward voyage ended on the same day. In returning the Thompson River was passed on July 14th, the Chilcotin River on July 25th; on August 6th the journey ended at Fort George, the place of departure.

Such was the nature of Simon Fraser and John Stuart's achievement. Such is the story we have almost forgotten. Surely these men who so nobly persevered in their undertaking are indeed worthy of all honour and respect.

X.

After his three or four arduous years in New Caledonia, where he had been so strenuously employed in enlarging the territories of the North-West Company, Simon Fraser returned to Eastern Canada. As a reward for his distinguished services he was given charge of a district in the Middle North-West. In 1811 we see him at the Red River; two years later on the MacKenzie. In 1816 he was at Fort William when that post was captured by the Earl of Selkirk.

It is passing strange that the story of his adventures was not given to the world in the form of a book. While the results of Sir Alexander MacKenzie's journey were duly set forth in the form of a quarto volume, which appeared in the year 1801, and while the Government of the United States took very good care that the world should not remain in ignorance of the important discoveries of Captain Lewis and Captain Clark, in the valley of the Columbia, so far as we are aware, no attempt was ever made, publicly or privately, to publish a full and authentic account of Simon Fraser's equally important expedition until long after the decease of the chief actor in that daring episode.

It should be borne in mind that at the time of Simon Fraser's descent of the river it was at flood-height. His achievement is all the more remarkable on that account. Had his journey been undertaken in the same season of the year as that of Sir George Simpson in 1828 the task would have been far less difficult, and the accomplishment of it by no means so memorable. Sir George Simpson, the energetic and wide-roving Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, passed the "ruins of Fort George" a few minutes before five o'clock on the morning of Friday, September 26th, 1828, and he reached Fort Langley, which had been established in 1827, precisely at eight o'clock on the evening of Friday, October 26th, having thus consumed but fourteen days in covering a distance which took Simon Fraser considerably over a month to traverse. But everything was in favour of the Governor, who had at his command all the men and resources of the Western Department, to say nothing of the hearty co-operation of the Indians, while Fraser was entirely dependent upon the adventitious resources of an unexplored and unknown country, peopled by natives of whose disposition and propensities absolutely nothing was then known.

We are told that the worthy explorer was offered knighthood as a reward for his services, which honour, it has been asserted by several writers, he declined on the ground that he had not the means to support the title. Very interesting such statements, but in all probability rather misleading. Fraser was at one time a comparatively wealthy man and he could have supported the honour of knighthood with a becoming dignity—after all knighthood is not an expensive luxury. But, it has been inferred that he had a far more important reason for declining the title. It would appear that he traced his descent, in a direct line, from the fourth Lord Lovat—claimed in fact that he was the rightful successor to the title and ancestral estates of the Lovats. It was on account of this claim

that he refused knighthood. He would not accept, so the story goes, any title beneath the title of Lord Lovat in dignity. In later years the explorer unfortunately lost money through the burning of some mills in which he was interested, and he died a poor, but not a poverty-stricken, man.

Simon Fraser married a daughter of Captain Allen MacDonnell, of Matilda, Ontario, we presume, shortly after his return from New Caledonia. Retiring from active service, probably at the time of the union of the North-West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, he took up his residence at St. Andrew's, on the Ottawa River. Here he lived for many years a much respected member of the community. He died in 1862, his wife surviving him only a few hours. They were buried, on the same day, in the same grave.

[NOTE.—Several mistakes have inadvertently crept into my brief note on Simon Fraser, but, as the material, so hastily compiled, will shortly be revised, elaborated, and published in another and more permanent form, I have not deemed it advisable to trouble the reader with minutiae at the present moment. I take this opportunity to acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. C. F. Newcombe, of Victoria, His Honor Judge Howay, of New Westminster, and Mr. James Teit, of Spence's Bridge, for much valuable information and kind assistance.]—E. O. S. S.

Sunrise

Francis G. Strong

O distant glow of early dawn,
Why flushest thou so faintly rose
With such ethereal light?
The golden Sun from realms of Night
A ray to kiss thee gently throws,
To wake thee to the morn.

O crystal drop of morning dew,
Why tremblest thou so nervously
Within thy fairy nest?
The golden Sun knows what is best
As now He comes in search of thee
To waft thee to the blue.

O Nature fair awake and sing
Thy happy songs—the Day is here
With Life's own Promise sweet;
O glorious Sun with joy we greet
Thy living Presence bright and clear,
And all our homage bring.

A Drug Story

R. M. Eassie

DESPITE the internal application of four "tots" of raw spirit in rapid succession, the toothache of Curly Pete continued to rage violently.

"Crool, I've got it," he groaned, "simply crool! Can't shift the blamed pain nohow!" He ceased swaying his head to and fro, and eyed the whisky bottle wistfully.

Notwithstanding his companion's reputation as a malignerer, Big Jim was sympathetic; yet he was anxious to save the remnant of his seven-year-old rye for a more legitimate purpose. With the stem of his pipe he indicated a half empty phial that stood uncorked upon the rough table. "Guess you oughter try a dope o' that nerve killer o' mine, Pete," he suggested persuadingly. "I ain't got no objeck in boostin' the stuff," he added, prevaricatingly, "but the way it wiped out a ter'ble jawache o' mine las' fall was jest about the slickest thing——"

"I don't hold with nerve-killin,'" interrupted the sufferer peevishly. "It's agin Nater. Wuz we givin' nerve ter kill? No, sir! Not no more'n we wuz given arms ter cut off. What nerves want when they git obstrup'rous an' jumpy is dead'nin, an' not killin'; an' fer dead'nin' nerves ther ain't nothin' ter touch whisky."

Big Jim shrugged his shoulders and accepted the inevitable. With scrupulous care, he divided the remainder of the spirit into two equal portions, and passed one over to his companion.

Pete made one gulp of the coveted draught, and, having gained his purpose, began to feel a trifle ashamed of his importunity. Therefore, to justify his conduct somewhat, he began further to discourse concerning the inefficiency of any toothache-cure but whisky.

"Ef it ain't a rude question, Jim," he asked presently, taking up the rejected phial gingerly, "how much did yer waste on this proposition?"

"Paid a dollar fer it in Morrisville," replied Jim shortly.

Pete snorted contemptuously, and made a show of reading the label. Then with a grimace, he withdrew his nose from the region of the tiny bottle. "Queer grafters them druggist outfits," he mused. "The smaller the quantity, the more yer pay fer it. Take this here Killer o' your'n, f'r instance. Yer go an' part with a dollar fer two thimblefuls of it. Now, ef it wuz made up in a fair-sized med'cine flask an' called Liver Cure, they wouldn't ask yer no more'n four bits fer it. An', ef it wuz sold in beer bottles an' labelled Embrercation fer sprains, it wouldn't cost mebbe no more'n eighty cents. Like as not yer kin git it in jars fer horses, or in bar'ls fer elephants fer a quarter or thirty cents a gallon."

"Wuz you ever in the paten' drug bizness," queried Jim, with marked sarcasm.

"Waal, no," replied Pete easily, "but somethin' happened ter me years back thet kind o' med me shy o' takin' drugs, an' sort o' give me the notion thet they ain't all they're med out ter be. I reckon yer never heard tell o' how I tried ter suicide meself once?"

In spite of Pete's notoriety as a recounter of unreliable anecdote, Jim assumed a pose of languid interest. "Ken't say I did," he answered slowly.

Waal, it wuz jest after I sold out at Roughtwater Creek; jest about the time thet Lucy Miller threw me over fer the beauty that druv the stage ter Percy's Landin'. P'raps yer never bin given the go-by by the gel yer wuz sweet on?"

"P'raps not," articulated Jim in the midst of sad reminiscences.

"Waal, it ain't a bully feelin' while it

lasts," went on the other, "an' it sent me on the toot. Night an' day I wuz up at Flynn's bar, lickerin' up an' playin' faro, till I wuz thro' with me pile. Then I reckoned it wuzn't worth livin' no longer, so I med up me mind ter pass in me checks, nice an' quiet, an' no shootin.' Jest as I wuz bummin' around, wond'rin' what wuz the slickest way ter die, durned if some low down cuss of a drummer didn't come along an' kind o' show me a way out. He wuz hawkin' drugs, an' had no end o' diff'rent lots o' cures in his pack; an' they wuz all med up in bottles in all sorts o' shapes an' sizes, an' the labels on 'em wuz all colors. 'Cording ter that ther hobo, if yer'd fixed yerself up with a complete set of his med-cines, yer cud hev cured yerself an' yer ox an' yer horse an' all thet wuz yours, of every blamed disease goin' from poonoomonia ter bunions.

"Waal, one of his fakes wuz called 'Rub It On,' an' he said it wuz a dandy fer sprains, an' I giv' him a dollar fer a bottle of it."

"Yer'd better be careful, boss," sez he ter me, an' not leave it lyin' around, becuz its kind o' dang'rous."

"Waal, the only reason I'd bought the darned stuff wuz becuz it had a small red label on it marked *deadly pizen.* I reckoned ter do my bit o' bizness with it anyway. Still it wuzn't up ter me ter tell him thet much."

"Will it kill animals?" sez I.

"You betcher," sez he. "Sure thing. Ten drops or so," sez he, "'ud wipe out a trav'ling circus, riders an' ringmasters, an' all the whole outfit," sez he.

"Waal, I put the bottle in me pocket, an' rustled two sheets o' note paper at the hotel, an' wrote one letter ter me ol' dad, tellin' him he wuz a stric' father but a good 'un, an' thet I wuz a bad son; an' warnin' him not ter hev any thin' ter do with shakin' dice, or drinkin', or wimmen, which wurnt likely becuz he was deacon in a chapel down east. Then I wrote ter Lucy sayin' I was broken-hearted thro' her runnin' off with the stage-driver, an' that she'd never see me alive agin. After I'd posted them ther two letters I went an' put me las' dollar bill across the bar, fer jumpin' powder. Then I walks upstairs ter one of the sleepin' rooms, an' undresses, an' goes ter bed, in broad daylight, an' gits outside the whole bottle o' that ther deadly pizen an' lays back ter die, nice and peaceful.

"But d'yer think that durned pizen 'ud kill me? No, sir, not a kill! I waited two minits, five minits, ten minits, quarter of'n hour. Barrin' a kind o' warmish feelin' inside, I felt as live as a squir'l. Waal, bein' in no special sort o' hurry ter peg out, an' reck'nin' praps thet thet ther 'Rub It On' was one o' them slow pizens I've heard on, I lit me pipe an' giv' it more time ter work. But it wuz no good. Eggsckly one hur after dopin' meself with thet ther deadly pizen I wuz feelin' better'n I'd ever done in me life, before or since! Gee! I wuz riled. I got up agin, an' dressed, an' started ter hunt that durned bummer an' his med'cine outfit. I picked up his trail ter Red Scotty's shanty, an' foun' him ther tryin' ter sell the ol' man a bottle o' Temp-rance Mixture which he calkerlated wud fix him so thet he would never want ter smell spirits agen let alone drink 'em. Wall, I didn't want ter shine off a dead beat, so I pulled Scotty off him, and took him outside an' told him ter git himself ready fer I wuz goin' ter hurt him some."

"Woffor?" sez he.

"So I explains.

"Waal, then thet ther son of a tinker gits ter work ter make excuses. Fust he reckoned he'd mixed up the labels an' I'd swallered a pint o' blood purifier by mistake; then he calkerlated I wuz pizen-proof, an' cud make me pile at a dime museum; then he had the face ter try ter make me give him a testimonial becuz only fer his durned med'cine I'd hev bin in the boneyard.

"Yes, sir," sez he; 'my 'Rub It On' has saved yer life; an' that's a blamed sight more then any other pizenous embrercation wud hev done fer yer."

"Look here, me son," sez I, drawin' me gun on him. "All yer talkin' don't cut no ice. Ef you don't want ter travel back ter Roughwater feet first, jest you draw the corks out er six bottles o' them fake cures o' yours an' swaller them down right now.

"Wall, that bummer he squirmed an' howled fer all he wuz worth, but, seein' I wuz puttin' up no bluff, he set to an' emptied jest haf a dozen of his rubbish inside him.

"I picked out the ones I fancied most fer him. I started him on Bronchitis Balsam, then I followed that up with Muscle Builder, an' Infants Food; then I turned him on ter Gripe Water an' Disinfection Fluid. Jest ter finish up with I persuaded him ter sample a bottle o' the same stuff he sold me, an' I med him take the deadly pizen label off an' swaller that as well. But you'd reckon that puttin' away all them mixtures med a bit o' difference to thet ther bummer? No, sir. May I never taste whisky agen if he didn't look fresher after he'd got 'em down, than he did before!

"Bein' rather curious fer the reason o' thet, I scared him by tellin' him I'd mek him drink another six bottles of his muck if he didn't kind o' give me particklers. Then he sed he reckoned it was all the same, an' quite harmless, an' thet none of it wuzn't good fer anythin.'

"Waal, I let him scoot after thet, after mekkin' him pay me five dollars of his own free will as kind o' damages fer disappointin' me in thet ther suicidin' propersition o' mine."

"What happened ter them two dyin' letters yer posted?" asked Big Jim with a sudden show of curiosity, and the air of one putting a poser.

"Waal," replied Pete unabashed, "I had ter quit Roughwater when the yarn got about. There wuz too much hot air flyin' around. I never heard what Lucy Miller thought o' me fer not dyin', an' fer takin' back the di'mon ring I left her in me letter; but me dad paid a dollar to put a notice in the paper sayin' his lovin' son wuz dead an' deeply mourned. I went an' saw the ol' man on the strength o' thet ther notice, but he wuz ter'ble riled at me fer foolin' him, an' he wud'nt use a cent ter celebrate my comin' ter life agin."

Warming the House in Winter

E. Stanley Mitton

ONE would naturally think, warmth and comfort being of paramount importance to the home builder, that he would devote considerable thought to this side of the building problem, and expect to have it solved satisfactorily.

So far is this from being the case, that I believe most people give less attention to this most important detail, than to any other in connection with their homes, the result being that, frequently, they are deprived of a good deal of comfort in winter, or else put to considerable expense for fuel, both conditions to be avoided.

Indeed, experience has taught me that many architects, even, are inclined to slight the matter, being perhaps, of an artistic instead of a practical temperament, and throw the burden entirely upon the shoulders of the contractor, who, honest though he may be, has naturally enough his own interests nearest at heart, and lacks the architectural knowledge necessary to secure really first-class results.

Believing, as I do, that comfort is one of the primary requirements of our homes in the winter season, I propose taking up briefly, for Westward Ho! readers the different methods of heating, and how they may be applied to obtain the most satisfactory results.

Naturally, by right of antiquity, as well as actual merit, fireplaces come first. By all means let us have fireplaces—several of them, if possible. They give a cheery home-like appearance to a room, and smile like the faces of kind friends, in the chilly autumn and winter nights. Frequently, too, even in late spring and

early fall, the fireplace can be called into requisition, and a cheery blaze obtained in the twinkling of an eye, to comfort the members of the home circle, or to welcome some friendly visitor.

The simplest and least expensive method of warming a small house or cottage is the hot air furnace. For a small house of six, or not more than eight-rooms it has many advantages that commend it to the home builder. In the first place, it is comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other systems of heating; there is no danger of damage to floors or ceiling from leaky pipes or air valves, and the amount of heat may be readily regulated according to outside temperature.

Among the chief advantages is the fact that the heat supply is somewhat variable. In our mild and genial climate, this is not a matter of vital importance, but I mention it for the benefit of those readers of Westward Ho! who are less favorably situated. Furthermore, dust and ashes are sometimes carried through the rooms through the air flues, and some people complain of the dry or overheated quality of the air.

Taken for all in all, the hot water furnace is probably the most satisfactory, and economical of time and labor. It furnishes a pleasant heat that may be readily adapted to meet the requirements of the season, is clean, uses a minimum of fuel, and requires little attention on the part of the head of the house.

I have known people who made the mistake of putting a small furnace in a big house, and wondered thereafter why they had so much difficulty in keeping warm. In houses hastily built for sale purposes, the contractor, for the sake of economy and subsequent profit, usually performs this adroit trick. A small furnace has its uses, and is well enough in its way, but when I design a ten-room house, I do not propose to put in it a furnace originally intended to heat but six rooms.

In locating a furnace it should be so placed that the warm air pipes connecting with the flues, will be nearly of the same length, but favoring those leading to the coldest rooms. This is done by

placing the furnace somewhat to the north or west of the centre of the house, or toward the point of compass from which the prevailing winds blow.

Carry the smoke pipe to the chimney as directly as possible, as bends add to the friction of the gases, and reduce the draft. All woodwork should be properly protected by suitable air spaces, around the pipe, and covered with tin or asbestos.

For small houses and cottages, the hall stove or base burner will always maintain its popularity, undisturbed by the different modernized forms of house warming that have come into fashion. This is an inexpensive method of providing for the requirements of a small house, and one that is reasonably satisfactory. I could wish that the makers would secure some new and more artistic designs for their productions, and replace their present barbaric ornateness with simpler and more subdued patterns better suited to modern decorative schemes.

In conclusion, I again express my desire to hear from Westward Ho! readers about their building problems. I shall be glad to devote a portion of my time to answering any questions that may arise if you will address me in care of the Editor of Westward Ho!

I want to make this series of real value and assistance to you. If you desire any particular style of residence or plan, give me full particulars of it, and I shall prepare a design, with full detailed information regarding it, for an early issue.

Sunset.

Francis G. Strong

Far to the West in a vapour of light,
Flooding the hills with his crimson and gold,
Sinks the great Monarch of Day;
Touches the clouds as he passes away—
Shadows are formed into glories untold,
Richly and tenderly bright.

Far to the West where the scenes ever change,
Slowly the colours grow deeper in hue,
Quietly waiting for rest;
Softly the breeze which those wavelets caressed
Sighs on its way to the still azure blue,
With a tranquility strange.

Far to the West the last roseate gleams
Fade, and the clouds nestle close in the cold,
Silently ready for sleep:
Over the water the pale shadows creep,
Coming the whole of the world to enfold,
While softly tired Nature dreams.

The Development of the Wood Pulp and Paper Industry in British Columbia.

A Rare and Splendid Opportunity for the Creation of a Great Important Industry in Western Canada.

J. MORGAN PARKS

WESTWARD the course of Empire takes its way, it moves slowly perhaps, but it moves. For years the development of the Wood Pulp and Paper Industry in British Columbia has been a matter of common and persistent discussion. Experts have looked upon our vast forests and marvelled at its possibilities. The Bureau of Provincial Information has repeatedly pointed out in special literature the tremendous possibilities which British Columbia possesses in the way of raw material for the manufacture of wood pulp and paper. Various booklets have been issued elaborating on our vast water powers and unlimited forests, unequalled by any other country in the world. Men trained by long experience in the manufacture of wood pulp and paper, have repeatedly emphasized the natural advantages possessed by this Province for the manufacture of these products, and yet until the last year, the people of Western Canada have turned from actual participation in the great wood pulp industry as though it were a matter of little consequence or of no concern. During the last fifteen years while Western Canada has been indulging in idle speculation on the subject, Quebec and Ontario have gone quietly on and increased their output from 300 to over 4,000 tons per day. The towns of Hull, Grandmere, Hawkesbury, Frazerville, and scores of others, during the last eight or ten years have grown from sleepy hamlets to progressive towns as the result of the location of pulp and paper mills. During our meditation, the great Pacific Coast milis of the United States such as the Everett Pulp & Paper Co., Everett, Wash., Willamatti Pulp & Paper Co., Oregon City; Crown Columbia Pulp & Paper Co., Oregon City, Oregon; Floriston Pulp & Paper Co., Floriston, Cal.; California Box Board & Paper Co., Antioch, Cal.; Lebanon Pulp & Paper Co., Lebanon, Oregon; Camas Mills, Camas, Wash., have come into existence as the result of American pluck and perseverence, giving employment to thousands of people and paying immense dividends. While we are still engaged in meditation, all our vast supply of paper, representing hundreds of carloads per year, is hauled across the country 3,000 miles, from Quebec and Ontario, or secured from the United States or Europe. But things are now changing—the dawn of the better day is approaching and in the dim shadow of the light can be seen

the handwriting on the wall, which indicates that soon the Western country will be independent of the East for its supply of paper, and that British Columbia, with its glorious wealth of raw material, will be the leading producer of wood pulp and paper in the world; and why should it not be so? What has Quebec and Ontario got that British Columbia has not got in equal quantity and richness? Why should we go away from home for that which we can produce as cheaply ourselves? What is there in a ton of pulp or a ton of paper that cannot be secured or produced with equal advantage in British Columbia as in Ontario or Quebec? The elements of one ton of Sulphite pulp are roughly: Two cords of four-foot wood, three hundred pounds of sulphur, two barrels lime, fifty pounds of magnesite, labor and fuel, administration and depreciation. Regarding wood, we have an advantage over our Eastern neighbours. Sulphur pyrities from Japan is sold on the Pacific Coast equally as low as Eastern mills can secure the same product from Italy or Louisiana. There is no material difference in the cost of Magnesite or Lime, while in the question of coal, the British Columbia manufacturers, on account of the proximity to the Nanaimo and Cumberland collieries, would have, if anything, an advantage over Eastern Manufacturers. In the matter of wages, the difference in favor of Quebec and Ontario would be about 25 per cent, but as the labor involved in a ton of pulp amounts only to approximately about $5 the difference is of no material consequence, and is more than counterbalanced by our supply of wood which can be secured at from $2.50 to $3.00 per cord as against $4.00 to $8.00 in Quebec or Ontario, and from $8.00 to $15.00 per cord in the United States. Everything considered, there is no reason why wood pulp and paper should not be manufactured in British Columbia from $2.00 to $4.00 per ton lower than Ontario or Quebec. Notwithstanding our splendid water powers and immense timber lands, we still have a greater advantage over the Eastern manufacturer

by being on the threshold of the great Oriental markets instead of from 3,000 to 6,000 miles away. Last year China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, and the Philippines, imported over $10,000,000 worth of paper, principally from Germany, Great Britain, Eastern Canada and Eastern United States, Norway and Sweden. Every dollar of this great trade properly belongs to British Columbia, on account of our geographical position, and within ten years there ought and will be, sufficient mills in Western Canada to control these vast and growing markets. It is rarely, if ever, a country is presented with such an unusual opportunity for commercial development as that which is now almost forced upon us, in the manufacture of wood pulp and paper. So, therefore, let us be up and doing. What other states and provinces have done, we also can do. We have the brains and the material should we wish to exercise it, with which to create in this province, one of the most useful and necessary industries of the world. An industry that will give employment to thousands of people and will build up new and prosperous towns on every important waterway of Western Canada. During the past year, a great deal of splendid progress has been made in the establishment of this industry in British Columbia, but there is still room, room, nothing but room. The British Canadian Wood Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., have now almost completed their splendid plant at Port Mellon, near Vancouver. This modern plant will be ready for operation during the early part of March and will open with a capacity of 150,000 pounds of high grade fibre paper per week. The Western Canada Wood Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., of Victoria, have recently secured the entire pulp limits representing almost one hundred square miles of pulp timber on Vancouver Island, formerly owned by the Quatsino Power and Pulp Co., and are now proceeding with the erection of a mammoth plant at Quatsino Sound, exclusively for the manufacture of news and wrapping paper. This new company is backed by such substantial men as Mr. Chas. J. V. Spratt, President Vancouver Iron Works; Dr. Lewis Hall, Mayor of Victoria; Mr. Frederick Appleton, Managing Director M. R. Smith Co., Ltd.; Joseph McPhee of Cumberland; Richard Hall of Victoria, Chas. Lugrin, Editor of the "Colonist," F. J. Marshall, Col. Henry Appleton, R.E., and other substantial men of British Columbia, and its success is therefore reasonably assured. One of the most conspicuous workers in the development of the wood pulp and paper industry in this province has been Mr. Greely Kolts, who has labored persistently in behalf of both the Western Canada Wood Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., and the British Canadian Wood Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., but what we need is not only more mills, but likewise more men—men that can make such enterprises possible and profitable and who are not afraid to go out of the beaten path and lend their time, their talent, and their efforts, in the building up of new industries such as will develop the country and give employment to the in-

creasing population. If we are to mean anything in the industrial life of Canada, we must proceed to develop the natural resources which nature has so bountifully supplied us with.

A NEW FORM OF INSURANCE.

Nothing is of more importance to the modern businessman or wage earner, than the question of insurance. As a prudent man keeps in touch with his family physician in case of emergency, or will lay in a store of fuel for the Winter, have a raincoat and umbrella for the rainy day, so will the ordinary man carry Insurance for protection in case of emergency.

The ordinary Canadian has been educated to Insurance to such an extent that it is unnecessary to ask him if he is carrying Fire Insurance on his buildings, stock of merhcandise, etc.; or Life or Accident on himself, but Insurance on Live Stock is to a great many a new feature.

It has been hard to establish such Companies. The rate of mortality was hard to arrive at, as our Government keeps no statistics upon the loss of live stock. It has only been by guess that companies attempting this business could base a rate for insurance until THE BRITISH AMERICAN LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION, with their main office in the Johnson & Howe Building in this city, was organized. They have, however, taken the trouble to gather from the books of the other Live Stock Insurance Companies doing business in Canada, United States and Europe, the ratio and causes of death, and it is said they have now the most complete and compiled figures on the subject.

The Management of this Company sets forth the argument that there are hundreds of dollars of loss to stock-owners through the death of their animals, when by the same calamity a few dollars are lost by fire to buildings. It does seem strange that a man owning a stable or small house worth but a few hundred dollars would seek insurance on it against loss by fire, while habitually housed in the same building there might be horses worth from hundreds to thousands, liable to loss by fire and a hundred different

causes, wholly uninsured simply because this species of insurance was totally unknown to the owner.

The Company, which first started doing business in this Province only, has been registered in Alberta and Saskatchewan, and has written a large amount of business in both Provinces, and expects to be taking risks in every Province in the Dominion during the present year.

Vancouver has given it every encouragement. When effort was made by the Live Stock dealers and Stock-owners of the Prairie to induce it to move its main office East of the Mountains, the Company decided to stay with Vancouver, and has taken a long lease of the premises it now occupies.

At all the principal Fairs of this Province and the Prairie Country, this Company has been very liberal in giving cups as trophies and in pursuance of that policy, the Board of Management has decided to purchase one hundred cups, to be distributed as prizes throughout the Territory in which the Company is doing business.

The Company point with pride to the great progress they are making in new fields, and to the fact that there is not an adjusted loss claim under a policy of the Company unpaid at the first of the year. Their policy is "A square deal, and a quick action"—not an action at law to frustrate payment, but an action by the Company to promptly recoup the loser who is covered by their Insurance.

The officers of the Company at the present time are as follows:

W. J. WALKER, President and Manager.
C. E. BURNHAM, Secretary.
A. A. WALKER, Treasurer.
F. A. THOMPSON, Inspector.
J. R. CATHCART, General Agent.

GASOLINE MOTORS.

The twentieth century or "The Machinery Age" has brought forth many inventions. Some of them are only suited to a few scientific students, while others are suitable for use by the general public.

One of the most popular of these is the gasoline engine. Up to a few years ago, it was very expensive and not altogether reliable. But in the past four or five years a great many improvements have been added; and since the manufacture became general in America the price has been reduced about five hundred per cent., so that at the present time any one can afford to have his own pleasure boat, and no one needing a boat in a commercial line can afford to be without a gasoline motor.

The fisherman can no longer be becalmed as he used to be. Now he uses a small motor, which drives his boat about seven miles an hour.

The fisherman is only a single instance showing the commercial value of gasoline engines. As for pleasure boats merely a mention is necessary, as you have seen the great number of launches of all sizes and descriptions on the harbor on every holiday or fine afternoon.

There are two types of the marine motor on the market. The four cycle and the two cycle. The latter is less complicated and more suitable to general use, and is almost exclusively used in small pleasure or working boats.

Easthope Bros. Factory, which is situated at 1705 Georgia Street, on a waterfront lot, is the pioneer gasoline engine factory of Vancouver, B.C. The Company has the only machine shop in Vancouver devoted exclusively to the manufacture of the two cycle gasoline engine.

They manufacture engines in single cylinder sizes of five, eight and ten horsepower, and any power necessary can be obtained by multiplying the units.

The engines are of the heavy duty type made to stand long and continuous running and the horse-power rating of the different sizes is a fair one. The power being determined by a brake test of the engine running at four hundrd and fifty to five hundred revolutions per minute, and all these engines are capable of being speeded to seven hundred and fifty revolutions per minute if desired for fast launches or speed boats.

Easthope Bros. guarantee their engines and will replace all parts where either material or workmanship shows any defect.

That this advantage is appreciated is shown by the rapidly increasing share of

the marine engine business which is falling to them.

Easthope engines are now in evidence in at least two out of every three of the power driven fishing boats on the Fraser River, while around Vancouver probably more of their engines have been installed than any other make. The Easthope engine is manufactured in Vancouver from the casting up.

In addition to engines Easthope Bros. are also builders of all kinds of launches. Their own motor launch "Pathfinder," which is the unchallenged champion of the British Columbia coast, is a striking example of what they can do both in the hull and engine building when speed is desired.

In this connection it may be mentioned that a 42-inch cruising launch is now being built for Dr. A. R. Baker, of Vancouver, and it is pronounced to be the best boat of its kind in B. C. She will be equipped with a 30 horse-power Easthope engine, a duplicate of the one in the "Pathfinder."

The Alberta Canadian Oil Company

INCORPORATED WITH A CAPITAL STOCK OF $2,000,000.
DIVIDED INTO 2,000,000 SHARES OF A PAR VALUE OF $1.00 EACH.

DIRECTORS:

ALVO v. ALVENSLEBEN (of Alvo v. Alvensleben Limited).....President
SILAS M. SHIPLEY .....Secretary
WILLIAM HEMRICH .....Treasurer
H. L. WILLIAMS .....General Manager
W. A. D. PASSMORE.

The Alberta Canadian Oil Company controls 1120 acres. This land is situated 23½ miles northwest of Edmonton and is adjoining the American Canadian Oil Company's holdings.

This latter company has at present reached a depth of 1300 feet, entering the cretaceous formation at 1100 feet. They closed their works several weeks ago on account of the extreme cold weather and are going to begin operations again **early** next spring.

Everybody who has followed carefully the work as carried on by the American Canadian Oil Company is aware that the outlook for this particular company is at the present time a great deal better than it has ever been before, and consequently people who have had such inside information have bought up a great many of the American Canadian Oil Shares on the open market; in consequence of this the shares of the latter company are now held very closely.

The best proof which the writer of this may advance as to the very bright outlook for the American Canadian Oil Company is the fact that the Canadian Northern Railway have sent an outfit costing them approximately $50,000 to Edmonton, where it is at present stored, waiting until the spring before commencing operations on the land which the latter company has acquired, and which is in close proximity to the land held by the American Canadian Oil Company, as well as that held by the **Alberta Canadian Oil Company.**

This railroad has had, previous to these movements, one of their experts in Edmonton, who has followed closely the work as carried on by the American Canadian Oil Company.

As the above-mentioned shipment of machinery by the said railway corporation has been subsequent to the visit of their oil expert we may safely assume that the report of said expert was favorable.

It is further of significance that the President of the American Canadian Oil Company is a man who has had twenty years' experience in Texas and California; that he has a record of putting down the first submarine oil well at Summerland, California, and that he has further opened up several oil fields in these states, which are still doing splendid business. We know for a fact that this gentleman has invested over $20,000 in hard cash by securing leases of lands which are in close proximity to the holdings of the aforesaid oil companies' holdings.

We believe that by next summer the country northwest of Edmonton will see the greatest oil boom ever experienced by any country. As the American Canadian Oil Company's lands are adjoining the lands of the new Company the work done by this concern as well as the indications which were found when boring are of the greatest interest to the new Company and to its Shareholders, and we are, therefore, giving you a full account of these achievements, which are as follows:

The Company first struck gas at 330 feet and another heavy flow at 450 feet, besides going through a bed of asphaltum 6 feet in depth. The latter flow of gas was so heavy that it enabled this Company to secure a gas franchise for the cities of Edmonton and Strathcona for 30 years. Then at a depth of not quite 1100 feet they entered the cretaceous formation.

They firmly believe they will find oil the moment they have gone through said cretaceous formation, and anybody who knows anything about the successful oil fields in Texas will know that the indications encountered in this country, northwest of Edmonton, are absolutely identically the same and should therefore bring us to the same result, namely, oil.

In order to disperse any doubts which may be in the mind of anybody as to the absolute bona fide motives of the Directors of **Alberta Canadian Oil Company**, we make it herewith public that the stock which has been given in payment for 960 acres of the Alberta Canadian Oil Company lands has been placed in escrow with the Trustees of this Company, with an agreement setting forth that this stock can only be released after the **Alberta Canadian Oil Company** has sold all of its treasury stock or found oil.

This will, therefore, make it absolutely impossible for anybody to take advantage of the new company's work or advertising to sell their own stock and therefore hurt the prospects of the new company—or, in plain words, this is not a promotion scheme.

We have been on the ground ourselves and will be glad to go further into details with anybody who will call at our office for such purpose

Before closing this ad we want it clearly understood by everybody, that although we are extremely sanguine about the successful outcome of this company we cannot, and will not, guarantee oil. We can only guarantee that the statements made above are absolutely correct, and that they indicate the existence of oil. A risk is always connected with these undertakings, and we want you to be fully aware of this fact before you invest your money.

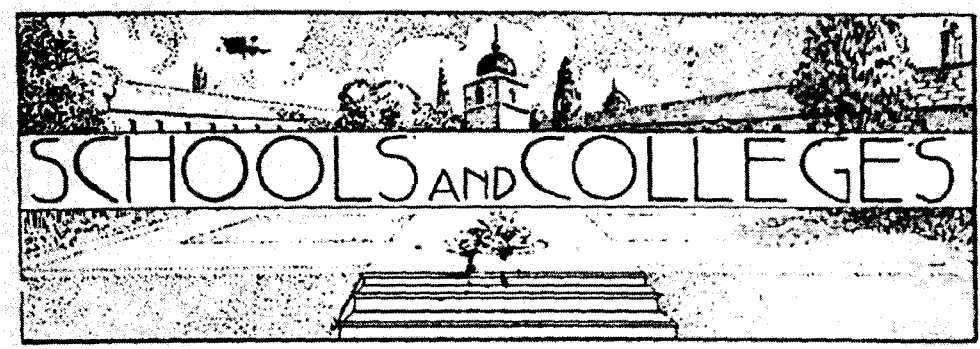
One Dollar shares, fully paid and non-assessable, are at present offered for 10c per share. This offer is made by the company, giving the purchaser 10 to 1 on the par value of the share alone, not to speak of the value that each share will have the moment this company strikes oil, and in which event the stock should be well worth $3 per share and over. In order to show to the public that we are not using big figures for the purpose of inducing some uninformed people to interest themselves, we point out the fact that $1 shares of successful oil companies in Texas have been bid up as high as $100 per share. We have no doubt that inside of three months we will have sold every single share of the first block offered at 10c per share, and we invite you to investigate further into this matter by writing to our office.

A. v. ALVENSLEBEN,

LIMITED

500 Hastings St. West Vancouver, B. C.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.



INVESTMENTS & SECURITIES

LANDS, BONDS, STOCKS, ETC.

THE SOUTH-WEST ALBERTA LAND CO., Limited

(INCORPORATED IN PROVINCE OF ALBERTA).

Invests funds on first mortgages on Albertan Wheat Farms at Eight to Ten per Cent. per annum. The Large margins and the upward trend of values make these lands the best secured investments at the highest interest for both home and British Capital.

ARTHUR C. KEMMIS, PINCHER CREEK, ALBERTA, CAN.

Refer to UNION BANK OF CANADA — Solicitor for S. W. Alberta Land Co., Ltd.

HAROLD MAYNE DALY

MEMBER VANCOUVER STOCK EXCHANGE

STOCKS, LOANS AND INSURANCE

103 Crown Building — 615 Pender St, VANCOUVER, B. C.

MONEY TO LOAN

JOHN J. BANFIELD

REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE, INVESTMENTS.
607 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C.

EST'D IN 1891

Yorkshire Guarantee & Securities Corporation,

Limited, of Huddersfield, England

CAPITAL - - - $2,500,000.

MORTGAGES ON REAL PROPERTY
MUNICIPAL BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD
ESTATES MANAGED, FINANCIAL AGENTS.

Vacant and Improved Properties for Sale in Vancouver, North Vancouver, Victoria, and New Westminster

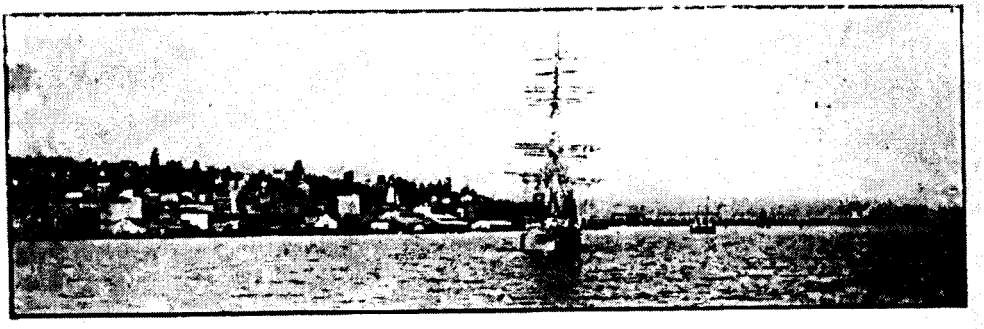
Also SUBURBAN AND FARM LANDS in Lower Fraser Valley.

General Agents in B. C. for
YORKSHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, OF YORK, ENGLAND (Established 1824, Assets $10,000,000).

R. KERR HOULGATE, MANAGER

440 SEYMOUR STREET - - - - VANCOUVER, B.C.

NEW WESTMINSTER



NEW WESTMINSTER is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

THE ROYAL CITY

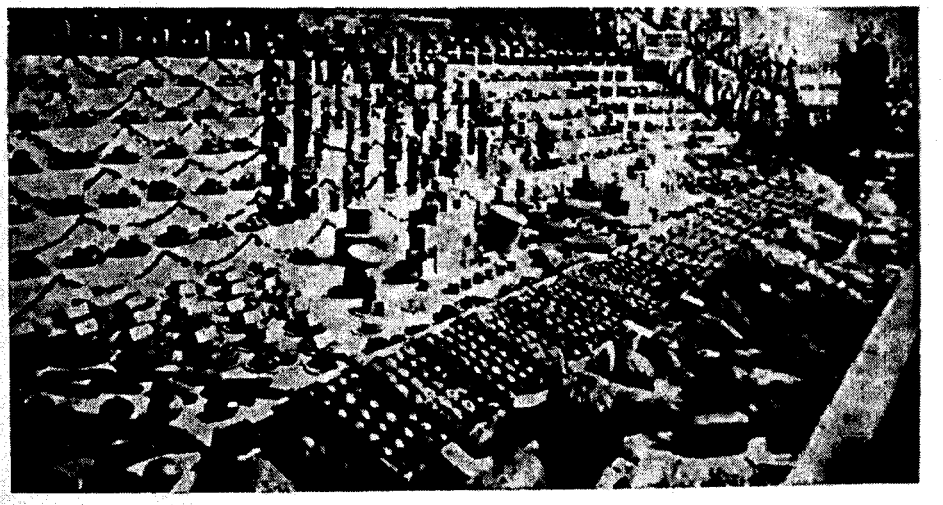
NEW WESTMINSTER is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent.

NEW WESTMINSTER is pre-eminently the home of industries, for Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

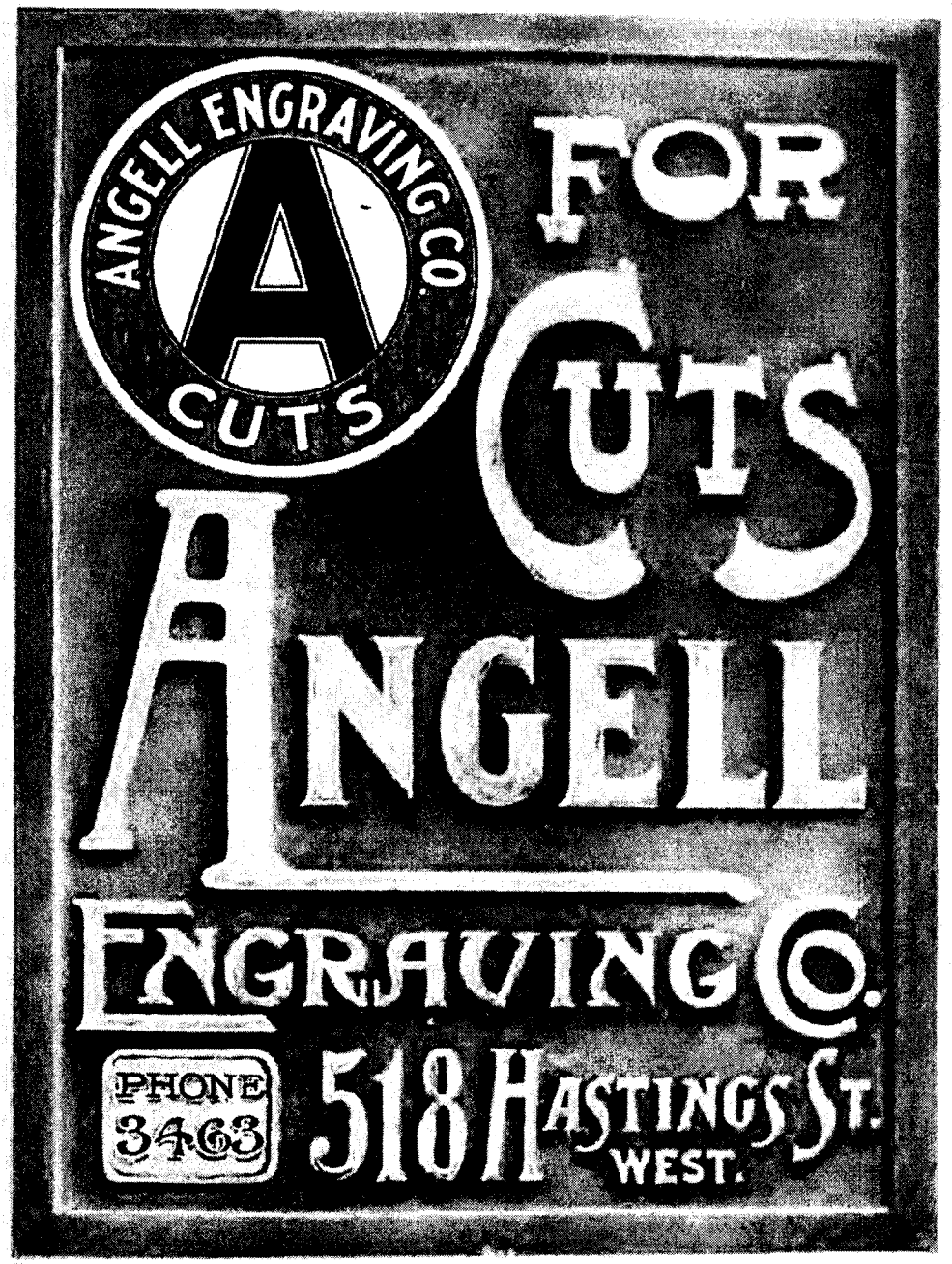
NEW WESTMINSTER boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at $5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at $1,000,000

NEW WESTMINSTER, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminster advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

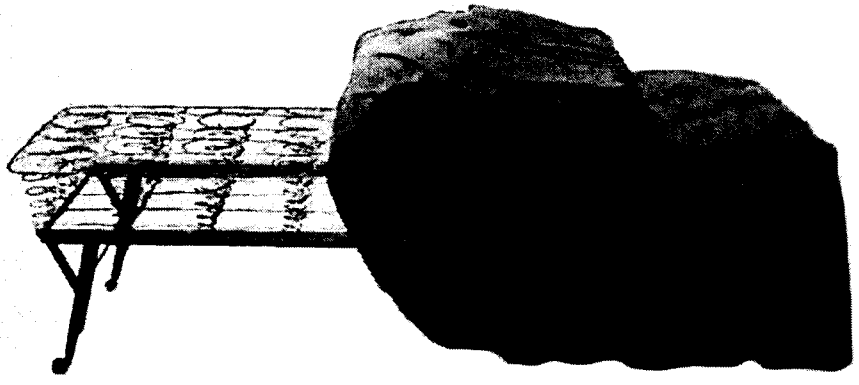


PRODUCTS OF THE FRASER VALLEY



VANCOUVER, B. C.

"BANNER" SPIRAL SPRING COUCH



Makes a Delightfully Comfortable Cosy Corner

This Couch is made for hard service and comfort, as well as for appearance.

It is made exactly like the well-known "Banner" Spring Bed, which is giving satisfaction to thousands of Canadians to-day.

The 50 Spiral Springs, mounted on rigid steel bands, are oil-tempered and japanned, and will retain their "springiness" for years.

The width is 2 ft. 2 in. by 6 ft. long, and makes a comfortably roomy Cosy Corner or Lounge and a luxurious "Banner" Spring Bed for night use.

The Pad is filled with buoyant layers of pure, new cotton felt, and covered with good quality olive-green denim, the pleated vallance being of the same material.

Your dealer can sell you the "Guaranteed Banner Couch" as cheaply as a poor sofa. Ask to see our trademark before purchasing. It is put on the side of every genuine "Banner" Couch for your protection and ours. Or, if he cannot supply you, write to us for full information and price.

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING

THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO., Limited

MONTREAL

Real Estate

The history of Real Estate investment in Vancouver and British Columbia reveals individual instances of profit that read like fairy tales. Vancouver is pre-eminently Canada's natural port, and as such she has a wonderful future. British Columbia is the last West, and has only begun to develop. And it is an established fact that Real Estate values increase with increase of population. Our Real Estate Department is fully versed in all matters pertaining to profitable investment, and persons consulting our experts will find them able to place them in the most desirable sections of the city or country, and in the districts which are most rapidly increasing in value. Having their fingers on the pulse of the city activities they know where money can be placed to the greatest advantage. We have made large sums of money for our clients who have invested in Real Estate through our office. We can make you a safe and profitable investment in city property by purchasing vacant lots and erecting buildings thereon which will net you from 4 to 12 per cent. per annum, besides the increase in value of the property, which is very often in excess of the profits made from the rents. The combined profits of both rent and increase of value often making a very handsome profit.

If you are interested in Farm Lands we have always on hand a good selection of desirable farms, while our New Westminster office makes a specialty of farm and fruit lands in the rich Fraser River Valley, and has a thorough knowledge of values and a large list of desirable farm lands in all parts of the Province to choose from. These lists sent to any address on application.

DOMINION TRUST COMPANY LTD

HEAD OFFICE: [illegible] W. VANCOUVER, B.C.