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The Canadian Magazine

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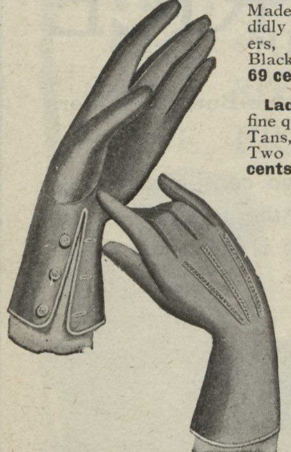

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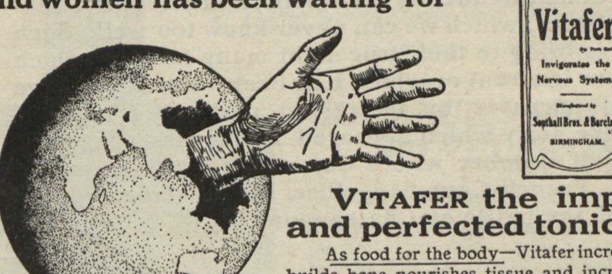

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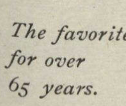

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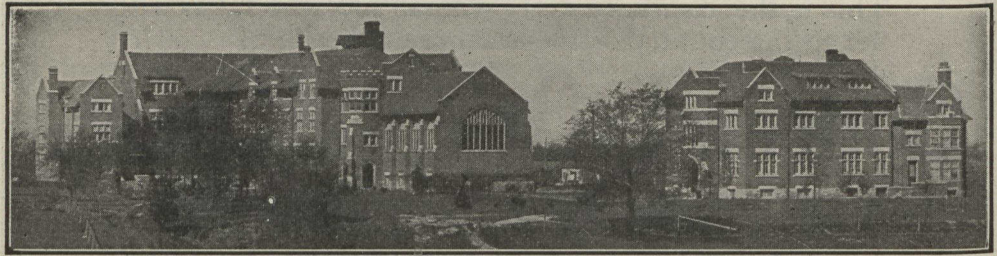

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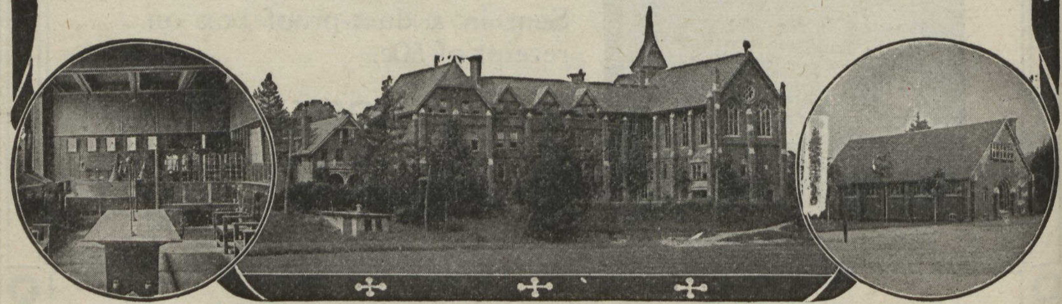

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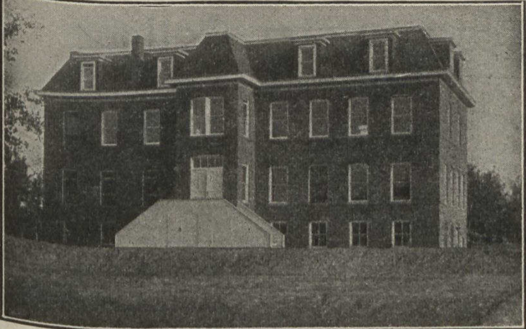

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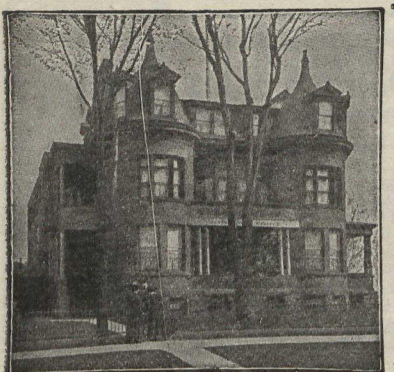

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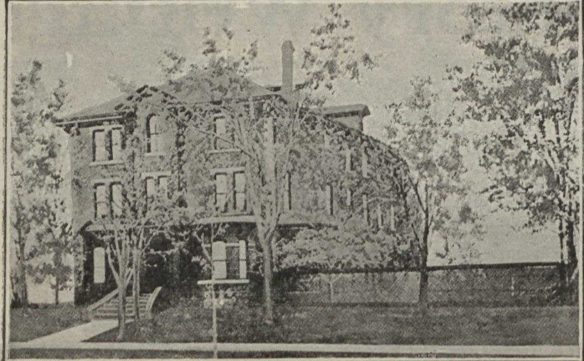

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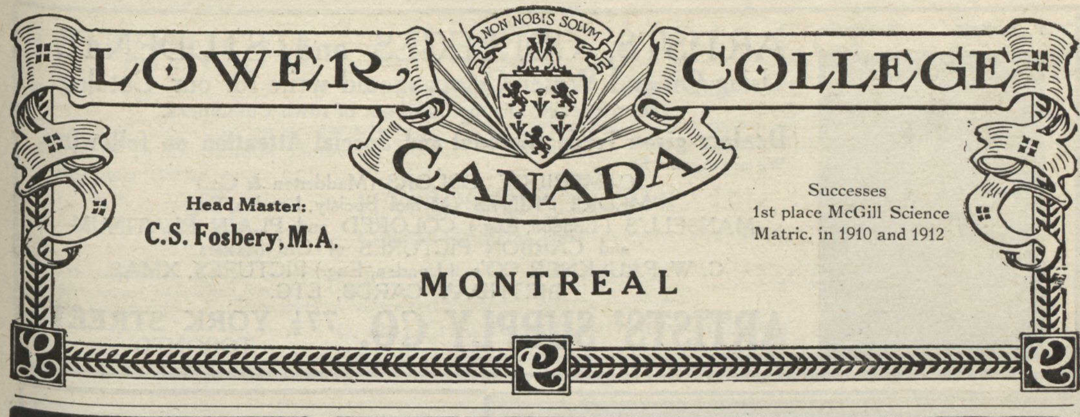

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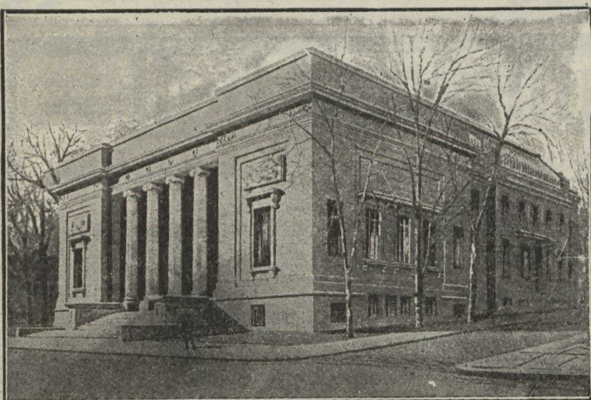

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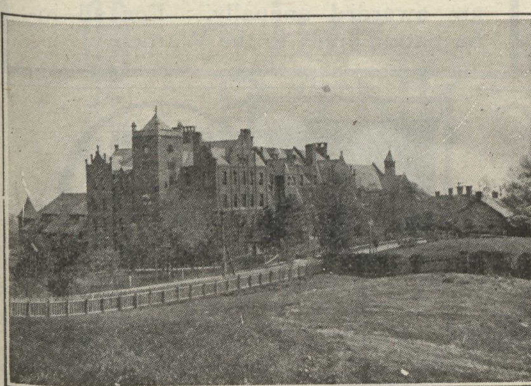

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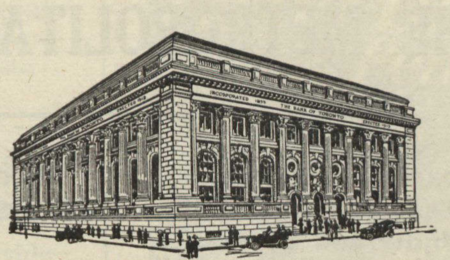

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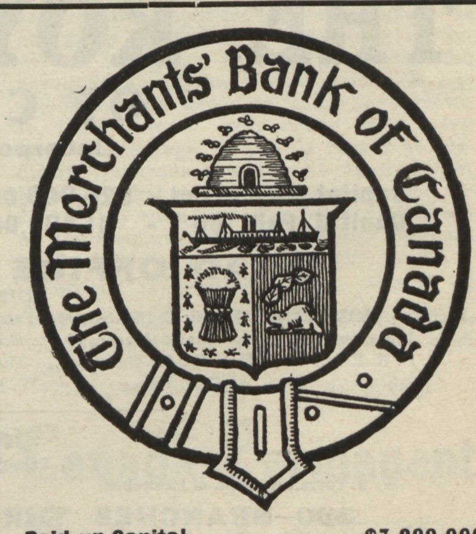

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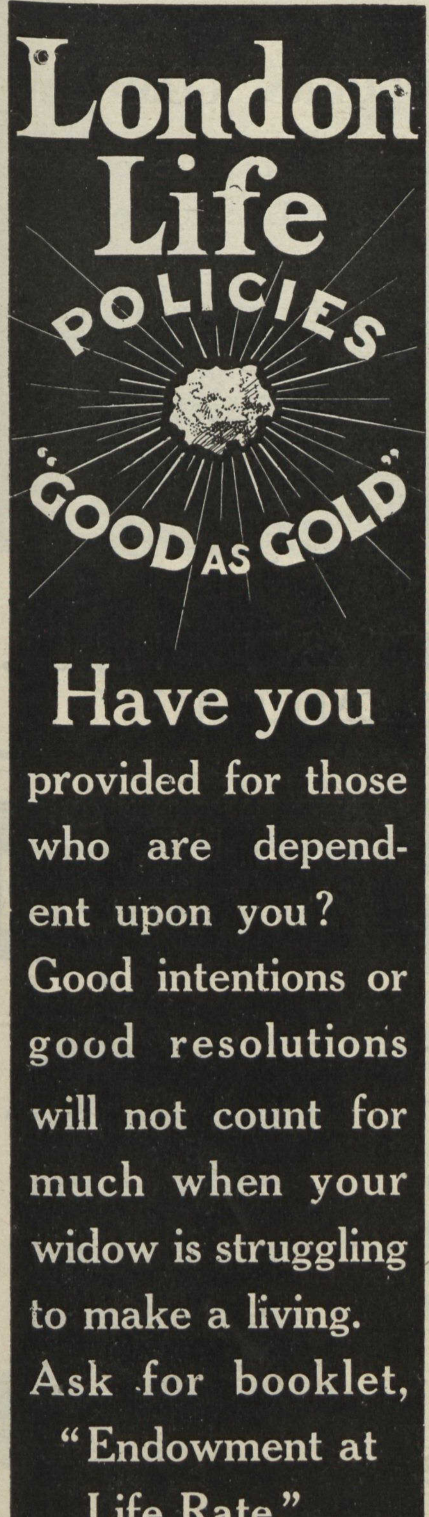

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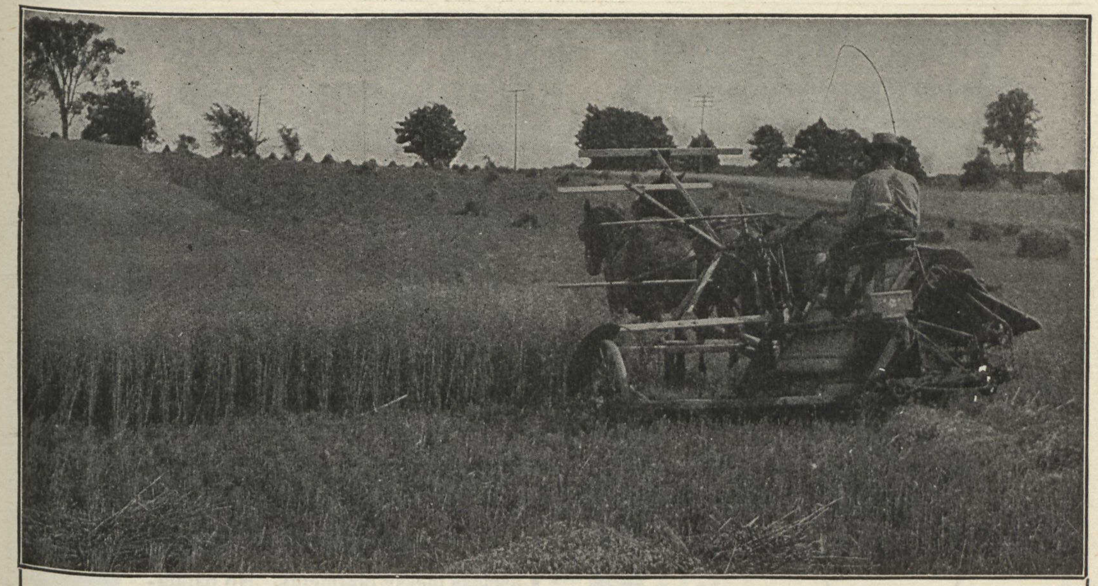
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES



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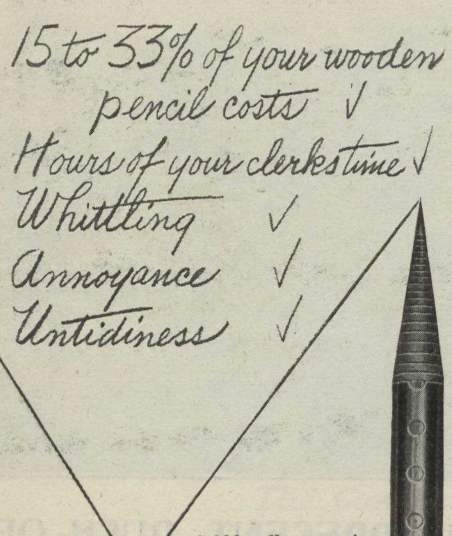

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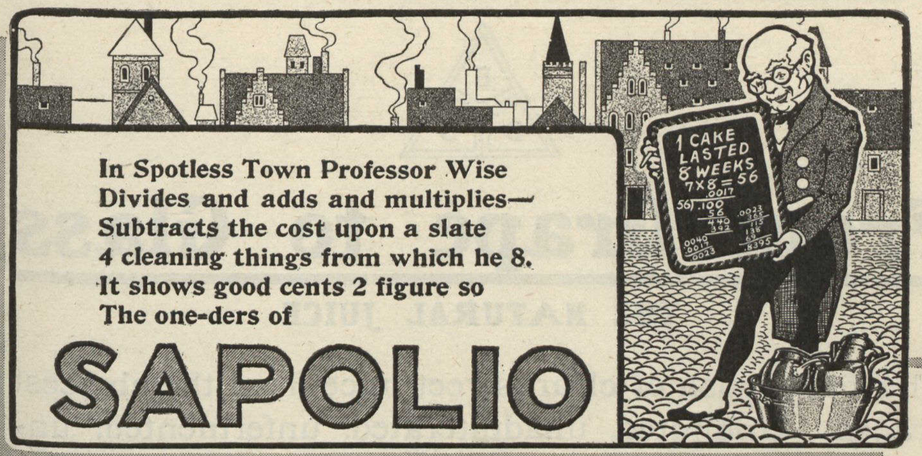

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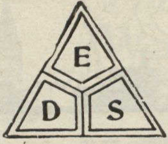

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Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIII TORONTO, JULY, 1914 No. 3

THE LAST OF THE UNGAS*

BY M. GRATTON O'LEARY

THE Isle of Unga, from the top of whose haunted rock the last score of a populous nation flung themselves, lies in the Aleutian chain in 55 degrees, 20 min., north latitude, and 160 degrees, 30 min., west longitude. The peninsula of Alaska stretches out from the continent in a westerly direction, and including the many islands which stretch from the mainland like links of a chain toward Asia, it reaches through fourteen degrees of longitude. Unga is one of this island chain of the Shumagin group, which lie just beyond the outermost cape of the peninsula, which is also to the westermost point of the American continent. It was upon this island that the Unga tribe made their headquarters, long before the white man had penetrated the depths of the Canadian Interior.

*In the wonderful legendary lore of Alaska there is no more stirring tale than this, and indeed the records of ancient times may be scanned in vain for a story more full of primordial human passion. A party of surveyors and geologists sent out by the Canadian Government about five years ago met, near Dawson City, a number of coast Indians who had reached that point in the interior by working on the river boats of the White Pass Company, a distance of more than two thousand miles of river navigation, without rapid, fall or shoal. These Indians were the descendants of the Kenaits, and among their most treasured legends was the story of how their forefathers wiped out of existence a great and powerful tribe that dominated the whole southern portion of the Behring Sea. The story told to the surveyors and geologists was fragmentary and incomplete, and it was not until a later date that the entire narrative became known.

It was a ''sleep-talker,'' or medicine man, of the Aleuts who told the complete story of the destruction of the Ungas to L. L. Bales, a famous trapper, explorer, and collector of Alaskan folklore. For years Mr. Bales had moved among the people of this peaceful, dying race, speaking their language, observing their customs, and winning his way into their confidence. Then he visited Ottawa and related this story to the officials of the Indian Department, from which source it was obtained by the writer. The spirit and meaning of the original as told by Mr. Bales is followed as closely as is possible. Some day the historian will discover that Alaska Indian lore is as interesting and tragic as any the world has to offer, and worthy of classical attention. As yet it is almost entirely neglected.

For hundreds of years the storms of the Northern Pacific had flung their flotsam on the Unga beach, enriching the tribe. War there was none, for the forefathers of the Ungas had conquered every tribe within the reach of their largest bidarkas (skin canoes). Trade with other tribes flourished; the sea yielded up her choicest wealth of timber, furs, fish, and oils, and in the big native igloos many children played the odd child games of the Arctic Circle. The maidens of the tribe were the most beautiful in all the North. Happy indeed was the brave of another tribe who managed to purchase, cajole or coerce one of these dusky beauties to enter his bidarka, to become his squaw, and join his tribe in a lifelong allegiance. Few succeeded, and those who did aroused the envy, cupidity and race hatred of the other warriors. It was this fact that led to the tribe's undoing. The fierce Kenaits and Keniks, the hereditary enemies of the Ungas, coveted the beauty of their women, and when they looked at their own scrawny wives and daughters bitter envy arose in their hearts, and again and again they vowed to see the proud Ungas humbled in the dust.

Inter-tribal travel among the Aleuts is almost entirely by water. On all the islands along the coast are villages large or small according to the neighbouring facilities for obtaining food. On account of sloping sandy beaches, the sheltered harbours of Unga, the richness of the surrounding sea, and also on account of the fact that the Mainland of North America, with all its wealth of game and resources, was but a few miles distant, the great tribe grew and prospered on their Island. Food was always plentiful, and thus the Ungas came to dominate the whole of that portion of the coast and of the Archipelago.

The native canoe is made by covering a light frame of wood obtained from the Behring drift with the skin of sea lions lashed with strong sinews. In these canoes, holding one, two, or three men, the natives would attack sea lions, otters, and even whales, and so expert were they in the handling of a paddle that seldom if ever were there any fatalities. The sloping beaches of Unga—an unusual formation in that part of the world—enabled the tribe to keep more of these canoes than any of the surrounding tribes, and among the Aleuts tribal strength and wealth is often based on the number of canoes, even as the strength of a modern nation is often based on the tonnage of its navy; and this again gave the Ungas an additional supremacy.

With supremacy and the continued absence of war alarms came carelessness. For twenty years after the final war in which the Unga army subdued and hopelessly broke the strongest of its foes, the approach of an enemy could be signalled to the main village on the Unga Island from fifty miles in any direction by a remarkable system of signalling that has no counterpart in any part of the world. This system was understood by every male member of the tribe. Sitting in his canoe, a warrior could wave his paddle so that the message he wished to convey would be perfectly understood a dozen miles off by a fellow warrior, who would immediately repeat it, and so on, until finally it would be relayed to the outlook hill above the main village. This wonderful system of signalling is worthy of pages of amplification, for no other uncivilized people have ever approached it in ingenuity or completeness. Indeed, the heliograph of a modern army's line of communication is poor, clumsy, and laborious as compared with the paddle flash code of the Aleuts.

The distance between the nearest point of Unga and the Alaskan peninsular is but five miles. At the point of the mainland there is a low pass, only nine miles long, leading clear across the peninsular to Behring Sea. On the Behring Sea side near the western end of the portage there

is a deep bay now known as Port Mothler. On the shores of this bay are a number of mineral springs and many pools of water of all temperatures. Some of these springs are so hot that the natives use them for the purpose of cooking fish, caribou and bear meat. The springs were also famed for their healing powers to the Natives of Unangashak, Nushagk, and as far north as Nunirak, on the Bering Sea side, and to the natives of all the Aleutian Islands as far south and west as Kisha. And to this day great banks of clam shells many feet in thickness, numerous stone lamps, also implements and weapons made of ivory, slate, stone, and jade can be found there. Here was the great market-place of the Aleut nation. Once every year the primitive people of the villages far and near came to visit, trade or barter. What farther inland took the form of potlatches, involving all kinds of dissipation and excess, became among the Aleuts an entertainment closely resembling in character the annual county fairs held by the civilized nations of the present day. Any curiosity of the chase, of the fisherman's net, any odd bit of flotsam thrown up by the sea was brought by its fortunate owner and shown to the neighbouring tribes. The women accompanied the warriors in their most gaudy dresses, wearing their beads and ornaments, carved from ivory and fish bones, leaving the old women and the very old men to take care of the villages and look after the children that were too young to accompany their parents on the trip across the island and the strait.

On the westermost point of Unga stood the great village of the tribe. It contained over a thousand strong, sturdy warriors, each of whom owned a canoe, and each of whom had a family. All was bustle and excitement getting ready for the annual migration and the ten days of feasting, gambling, dancing, slave-selling, love-making and fighting. And in the smaller villages of Unga the same scenes were being reproduced on a smaller scale. The final arrangements had been made, the chiefs of the villages had met and decided upon a rendezvous for the men and women of the different villages, and the journey was to begin the following day.

A series of trails led from the western and southwestern portions of the island, where the sloping beaches and the harbours abound, and where consequently all the villages were built. To the eastern points of the island, whence the mainland of America can be most easily reached the chiefs had arranged that the women and small children were to walk across the island to this point where there were a number of dugouts made of driftwood, moss, grass and sod. There they were to wait for the men and boys, who were to paddle around the island the following day with their canoes and take them all over to the mainland, so that they could continue on over the portage, the men to carry their canoes across the portage later on.

The Ungas were as happy as children and totally unsuspicious of impending danger. The oldest warriors of the tribe were young men when their hereditary enemies the ferocious Kenaits and Keniks, who lived twenty sleeps away to the north, had been last heard of or seen. Henceforth the people had become careless. For twenty years the sentries had watched for a foe that never came. The signal points had gradually been withdrawn, and no one ever dreamed that death hung over the entire people.

The women and children had left the day before for the northwest side of the island, expecting to be met by the men and boys, who were embarking in front of the various villages, with no suspicion that their mortal foes, commanded by their crafty chiefs, were lying in wait 2,000 strong in 1,000 canoes less than a dozen miles away.

The Kenaits and their allies the

Keniks lived away to the north, in the country known as Cook's Inlet, which was separated from the country of the Ungas by several hundred miles of rugged and exposed coastline; and not more than once in a lifetime would they attempt to raid the Ungas. At that time the radical admixture which civilization has brought in its wake was not known, so that the Kenaits were as different from the Aleuts as an Indian is from an Eskimo. The Kenaits were closely related to the Indians at the interior of Alaska and, like them at that time, a savage tribe. Their country was a land of plenty. The mighty moose, caribou, sheep, bear, the lordly salmon and white whale where there in abundance. They could not urge the need of food as a reason for their destructive expedition.

The real object of the trip was revenge for a defeat of more than a generation earlier; and, moreover, the brown bucks coveted the beauty to the Aleut maidens, who were famous all through the archipelago as good housekeepers, the duty of which in the Arctic region included net making, basket and blanket weaving, skin curing and other arts since lost. Then, too, the Kenait chiefs were anxious for more pomp and wealth, and the trip promised to add enormously to their wealth of goods and slaves as well as their importance as military leaders in their own northern fastness.

The crafty Kenaits and Keniks were aware of the never-failing custom of the Ungas to make their annual visit to the hot springs, and accordingly they carefully laid their plans. For several days they had been concealed at various points, watching and planning for just this very event. The chiefs had divided their forces, sending details of 200 two-hatch canoes carrying 400 picked men with instructions that they conceal themselves near the spot where the Unga women and children would camp after crossing the island. When they received the signal agreed upon, they were to attack and kill all the women who were old, or women and children who might seriously resist, and to capture the others. They were told that if they valued their own lives not to let even one escape, as upon this depended the success of the surprise upon the Unga warriors.

This done, they were to go into camp, to kill any stragglers that might appear from any part of the island. A hundred more two-hatch canoes, with two hundred of the best Kenaits trailers, were sent around into a bay on the north end of the island (now called coal harbour) there to hide their canoes in the high grass near the beach, and make their way over the island to a point as near the village of Unga as they could without being discovered. They were to conceal themselves along the trail where the women and children would pass, and after these had gone by, they were to watch for a smoke signal from a certain hill. When this signal appeared they were to make a rush for the village and intercept and kill or capture any of the Unga men and boys who might escape from the main body of the Keniks, who were, at the proper time, to attack the Ungas on the water in their canoes as they neared the sand spit behind which the Keniks were to conceal themselves.

The reserve of 700 canoes, with a complement of 1,300 men, was stationed at Hidden Bay (now called Pirate Cove) on the north side of what has been named Popof Island. On prominent points about two or three miles apart were stationed two Kenaits or Keniks, warriors, with their canoes hidden behind a nearby point. In this manner a series of lookouts were maintained on the shore line to the spot where the women and children were to come, and around the island the other way to a commanding view of Unga village. Immediately eastward and separated from Unga island by a crooked channel about eight or

ten miles long, varying in width from one to three miles, is Popof Island. About half way through this channel, putting out from the eastern end of Popof Island is a long low sand spit, and from this sand spit the attack was to be made on the Unga men and boys, as soon as they arrived abreast of it.

The signal had been flashed that the Unga women and children had been observed crossing the island, and the head chief with his 1,400 warriors in 700 canoes, had moved from Hidden Bay around into the channel between the islands and had taken up a position behind the sand spit, where the attacking party was to signal as soon as the Unga warriors' canoes should be sighted.

It was a calm, beautiful day. The water, with the exception of the long undulating swells that came in from the ocean, was smooth and glistened in the sunlight, like a mirror. The whistling scream of the eagle, the scolding cry of the gulls, and the steamboat-like puffs of the countless porpoises as they tumbled about in the channel, made a combination of scenery and sound suggestive of peace and repose rather than of a nation's impending doom. The tall grass on the sand spit, nodding in the gentle breeze, safely screened the cruel Kenaits and Keniks. To the southward 500 paddles flashed in the sunlight. The Ungas were coming. The chiefs, in anticipation of their annual visit, were singing their trading song, and their voices came vibrating across the water. Others were laughing and chatting like magpies, while others again were consulting their friends as to the price of skins, fish and oiled woods from Japanese currents, in anticipation of fine bargains for the goods they had to sell.

When the leading canoes arrived at a point abreast of the outward extreme of the sand spit, the 1,300 Kenaits and Keniks arose, and many of them put their canoes into the water on one side of the sand spit and paddled out to meet their astounded and totally unprepared Unga victims. They were quickly followed by the entire force, who took up a blood-curdling war song. A few minutes later, and the massacre was on. The surprise was absolute, and the odds were three to one against the Ungas. Besides, the northern tribes were always fighting among themselves, while it was almost a generation since the Ungas had stood in battle array. Already the gulls scenting the blood were hovering overhead, awaiting the feast.

With the exception of twenty Unga canoes that were bringing up the rear and that had turned in flight toward their villages, swiftly pursued by their northern enemies, the whole fighting force of the nation was hopelessly ensnared. For an hour the merciless massacre continued. One by one the canoes were cornered, and the paddlers speared or upset and drowned. Many of the Ungas, driven to desperation, did not await their enemies' convenience but killed themselves by means of their short knives. Many tried to swim for shore but the cold Arctic waters and the vigilance of the foe did not permit a single one to reach the land.

The Ungas in twenty canoes that formed the rear guard, and which in consequence obtained a slight start on the pursuing murders, paddled for their lives, knowing that if captured no mercy could be expected. So swiftly did they paddle that they arrived at the entrance to Unga Bay three miles ahead of their pursuers. As they reached the bay the Ungas in the head canoe suddenly struck up a weird chant that sounded almost like the croaking of a raven. It was the death song of the Unga nation. They had discovered a band of Kenaits and Keniks on the shore, and now realized that they were trapped. But life is worth a struggle, even to the survivors of a national Armageddon, and their chiefs gave hurried orders that they run their canoes ashore, grab as much of the bladders of fresh water

and bundles of dried salmon as they could carry along with their bows and arrows, spears and fur garments, climb the Chungut (now called Battle Rock) and make a last stand.

This bold, precipitous rock is three hundred feet high, with a flat grassy top, and is accessible only at one place, and then for only one at a time. Before the last Unga gained the top, the enemy was placing a strong guard all round. Later, when the slaughter of the main body was accomplished, the remainder of the Kenaits and Keniks arrived and took possession of the chief Unga village.

The four hundred Keniks detailed to capture the women and children had done their work so well that not one had escaped. Those who had not been killed were marched back to the village at Unga. The Kenaits and Keniks were so elated with their success that they determined to storm the rock held by the survivors of the Ungas. It was a fatal decision, for forty men were hurled down to death by the desperate Ungas before the Kenait chief ordered a siege.

The Unga chief who had escaped to the rock of refuge was the head of the whole Unga nation. He was the leader of the big village just beneath the frowning rock of the island. In order to see that there were no stragglers from the main body of the tribe —it was a matter of pride that each should arrive at the meeting-place in a body, presenting thereby the most formidable possible appearance—he had taken command of the rear guard, and thus was in one of the twenty canoes that had escaped.

One man of the beseiged constantly guarded the narrow pass to the top of the rock, while hundreds of the storming party surrounded it on every side. In full view of the remnant of the Ungas, the victors took the Unga women for wives, and those who were old or ugly for slaves. But in spite of the merry-making and feasting—the Kenaits having found great quantities of food, ivory and wealth of all kinds stored away by the thrifty Ungas—the watch kept was flawless, and the beleaguered men on the grassy elevation soon realized that their death was but postponed a few hours from the rest of their tribe. Their food lasted but a single day, and thirst and starvation became a horror as great as the enemy below. Yet one and all were determined not to be taken alive.

An opportune shower the sixth day revived the weak and rapidly dimishing little garrison. A few roots and some grasses growing on the lofty rock were all that remained to them in the way of food, yet day by day the Unga chief stood at the head of the pass and kept the rock. One by one he saw his little band pass away to the great white father. Some perished of hunger, and others, driven to desperation, dashed themselves to death on the rocks far below, till at last, on the nineteenth night, but one man was left—the chief of the race.

The Kenaits and Keniks still kept their watch. The night was wrapped in a great solemn stillness, broken only by the soft sound of the waves breaking lazily on the sandy shores, and the occasional wail of some woman who refused to be comforted by her new husband.

Suddenly there pierced the stillness a mournful sound that grew into a yell of proud and fierce defiance, died away into a wail of pathos and then rose again into a wild whoop like the sound of clashing spears. It was the death song of the chief, the song that was sung only after a great battle or on other great occasions in the history of the tribe. The song rose to a pitch of weird sorrow and then slowly died away. A moment's silence, and there was a great splash, and the last of the Ungas had sought death in the depth of the Arctic sea. The besiegers climbed to the top of the rock, and there was nothing nor no one to bar their way.

Little remains to tell. The victors

stayed a month on Unga Isle and then went back to their own country, carrying with them the story of the tragic passing of the Ungas and of the death song of their chief. The Unga women who were made the wives and slaves of the Kenaits and Keniks took with them their art of weaving grass baskets, and to this day the Kenait and Kenik women have retained the art. At present amidst a nation noted for ugly wives, there will often be found a family light in colour, straight limbed and tall, with fine, big sparkling eyes and ivory teeth. Then does the observer know that four hundred years ago their ancestors had the fortune to secure an Unga woman as share of the spoils of victory.

About the foot of the giant Battle Rock, which lifts its wild cragged peaks into the Arctic sky, are many caverns and hollow caves worn by the measured tides and waves of centuries. When fierce storms beat round these forlorn caves there is heard on the lonely iceberg-studded ocean sounds like weird songs that break into peals of demon laughter and die away into sad and solemn wailings. Then it is that the strange natives of the other islands say that the spirits of the Ungas are again singing the death song of their tribe.

ALWAYS

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

LOVE is never an alien thing;
Love set the gay world spinning;
Love sat light on the first bird's wing,
Sang in the chorus of earth's first spring,
Danced in the first green fairy ring—
For love has no beginning.

Love is never an alien thing—
When the last stars are sending
Their paling beams through an empty sky
And the mad earth reels and the sweet winds die—
Chaos and darkness! But you and I
And love that has no ending!

THE ADVENTURES OF ANIWAR ALI

BY MADGE MACBETH

II.—THE HUMAN NOTE

A stalwart Mussulman walked slowly down the village street, smiling. He was well pleased with himself and the world in general, and no one seeing the tall, handsome figure and noting the frank, winning smile would have identified this man **as the one whose name struck terror** to the heart of southern India—Aniwar Ali, the leader of the Thugs.

Hossein and Ameer, his right-hand men, had already disposed of much of Peer Khan's goods, and the proceeds richly paid the band for their slight trouble in strangling the merchant. The town of Hondeer was a restful place in which to tarry, the *Nuwab* (local ruling potentate) and *kotwali* (a sort of town magistrate) being friendly to Thugs because they received substantial portions of their plunder, and the ubiquitous young surveyor, Chisholm, who was bent on their apprehension, with his two Eurasian assistants, had for the time being been thrown off the track.

It lacked but two days to the Dusera Festival, a time particularly sacred to the patron goddess, Bhowanee, and one upon which any applicants to Thuggee were initiated.

Ismael, the son of Lah Meah, had come to the age when he must either follow his father's profession or perversely remain an enemy to it and all the bloody deeds that it entailed. He wisely choose to be a strangler, and he waited in a great state of impatience for his inauguration.

Aniwar Ali paused in his walk before a confectioner's shop and entered. There, seated at a table, alone, was this same Ismael who would so soon become a notorious Thug.

"Well met, my boy," greeted the chief affably. "We will have a sherbert together, and in its cooling draught drink to a certain event which, no doubt, your mind is intent upon."

"Indeed I can think of nothing else," answered the youth solemnly. "But with your permission, sahib, I would ask you a question."

"By all means. What is it?"

"Being a Mussulman, I cannot see why such respect is paid to the Hindu festival of the Dusera, or indeed why it is kept by us at all."

"The Dusera is the only one which is observed," replied the other. "And the reason of it is that the Dusera is the fittest time of year to commence our enterprises, and has been invariably kept sacred by all Hindu Thugs, by whom we were originally instructed in Thuggee. But I must tell you of the origin of Thuggee, that you may judge for yourself how ancient it is, and how well the instructions then given by command have been followed up. In the beginning of the world, according to the Hindus, there existed a creating and a destroying power,

both emanations from the Supreme Being. These were at constant enmity with each other; the creative power peopled the earth so fast that the destroyer could not get rid of them with equal rapidity, and he therefore appealed to the Highest Being. He then received permission to resort to any means he could devise to effect his object—that of wiping people off the face of the earth. His sacred consort, Devee, Bhowanee, or Kalee—you well understand that she has all these names and many more—in order to help him, constructed an image into which she was empowered to infuse the breath of life. As soon as the image breathed, Bhowanee assembled a number of her votaries, whom she named Thugs. She instructed them in the art of Thuggee, and, to prove its efficiency, with her own hands she destroyed, before them, the image she had made in the manner which we now practise. She endowed the Thugs with superior intelligence and cunning, in order that they might decoy human beings to destruction. She sent them abroad into the world, giving them as the reward of their exertions, the plunder they obtained from those they put to death. And she bade them be under no concern for the disposal of the victim's bodies, as she would, herself, convey them from the earth. Ages passed on in this manner, and she protected her votaries from human laws; they were everywhere found to be faithful. But with the increased depravity of the world, corruptions crept in among them. And at last a gang more bold and curious than the rest, after destroying a traveller, determined to watch and see how the body was disposed of, instead of following the ancient custom of leaving it for Bhowanee to remove. They hid themselves in the bushes by the side of the road, and awaited the arrival of their divinity. She quickly espied them and called them before her. Terror-sticken, they attempted to flee, but she arrested their steps and upraided them for their curiosity and want of faith. 'You have seen me,' said she, 'and looked upon a power which no mortal has ever yet beheld without instant destruction, Henceforth, I shall no longer protect you as I have done! The bodies of those whom you destroy will no longer be removed by me; *you* must take your own measures for their concealment. It will not always be effectual and will often lead to your detention by earthly powers, and in this will consist your punishment. Your intelligence and cunning still remain to you; I will in future assist you only by omens for your guidance, but this, my decree, will be your curse to the latest period of the world!'

"So saying she disappeared and left them to the consequences of their folly and presumption. But her protection has never been entirely withdrawn. It is true, the remains of those who fall by our hands are sometimes discovered, and instances have been known of that discovery leading to the apprehension of Thugs —at least so I have understood. During my lifetime, however, I have never known of such happening, and it is my firm belief that these instances have been permitted on purpose to punish those who in some way offended our protectress by neglecting her sacrifices and omens. You, therefore, see how necessary it is to follow the rules which have guided our fraternity for ages. We follow the blessed precepts of our prophet; we say our prayers five times a day; we observe all the laws of our faith; we worship no idols; and if what we have done for ages, ever since the invasion of India by our forefathers, was displeasing to Mahomet, surely we would have had long ere this some manifestation of his displeasure. Our plans would have been frustrated, our exertions rendered of no avail; we should have dragged on a miserable existence, and years ago we would have abandoned Thuggee and its Hindu professors."

"I am convinced," said Ismael," that our connection with Hindus is most desirable, and shall henceforth do all in my power to cultivate them whenever it is expedient. I thank you, excellency, for the instruction you have given me, but beg, now, that you will excuse me so that I may spend the short time we have in Hondeer with some of my old acquaintances."

They parted in the street, Ismael striding off in the direction of the bazaar, while Aniwar Ali strolled aimlessly to the quarter occupied by the wealthier residents. Presently, he came upon a group of street urchins romping noisily with a handsome child which was obviously of much higher caste than themselves. Puzzled that the boy had been allowed such liberty, Aniwar Ali approached him in a kindly manner and asked.

"How is this, my fine lad, that you are playing in the street with a crowd of low-born children, who may at a moment's notice possess themselves of that wonderful silver necklace you are wearing, to say nothing of the gold ornament in your turban? Where is your mother or your father," he continued, "that they allow you to play in the street?"

The child hung his head a little.

"My mother was tired; she went to rest while my father makes further preparations for our journey. For we are moving to Pultanabad on the day following the Dusera."

"Ah, then!" exclamied Aniwar Ali craftily. "So you are the party I met yesterday on the road; your mother rides a bullock, does she not?"

"Certainly *not!*" contradicted the child angrily. "She rides in a palankeen, and I go with her; and father rides a large horse and we have Chumpa and several servants with us! Do you think," he boasted, "that a Pathan like my father would allow my mother to ride on a bullock like the wife of a ploughman?"

The Thug laughed, well pleased with his ruse.

"Let it be as you say, my man! You shall also ride a fine horse, some day, if I know anything about the stars. It is so written! But in the meantime, would you not like some sweetmeat? See how tempting are those julabees in the shop yonder. Come with me and we will buy some."

The temptation was too strong to be withstood by the child, and after a fearful look toward the house where he was staying, he accompanied the Thug to the confectioner's.

Aniwar Ali bought him a load of sweetmeats, which the boy tied up in a hankerchief he was wearing about his waist and then proceeded homeward. But the transaction had attracted the notice of some of the ragged urchins with whom he had been playing. As soon as the Thug had gone a short distance, they attacked him with stones and dirt, till one, bolder than the others, seized him and endeavoured to wrest the treasures from him. The boy struggled and fought as well as he could, but the odds were too heavy against him. He had to give up the sweets, and, not content with these, the largest ruffian snatched at the silver necklace. The little lad began to howl with all his might. Of course this attracted Aniwar Ali's attention, and he soon put the troop of boys to flight, took the child home and delivered him up to Chumpa, at the same time warning her not to allow the boy out in the street again. The child cried bitterly, and his mother, hearing a strange voice, called him to her and heard the whole story. She immediately addressed the stranger from behind the cloth, which she had put up as a screen, and thanked him—adding that her husband was absent, but that he would return shortly and would be glad to thank the gentleman who had protected his child.

Aniwar Ali needed no urging. He accepted the invitation to return in the evening. At the appointed time, he paid his promised visit, accompanied by Budrinath. The child

formed the first subject of their conversation, but it soon drifted into other matters and naturally to the merchant's projected journey. Subzee Khan, the child's father, was much perturbed on hearing from Aniwar Ali that the road they had to pass was infested with Thugs, but took heart again when he learned that his new acquaintance was the leader of a party of soldiers going in the same direction. He was most profuse in his thanks when Budrinath suggested that they should escort the party over that portion of the road which they had to travel together, and the offer was most gratefully accepted. Aniwar Ali was well pleased with the result of his day's work, and he looked forward to replenishing his coffers with the rich booty which the general appearance of the merchant naturally led him to expect.

"Ismael, my boy," said he, that same evening, "you must get all the practice possible before the Dusera. For to you, as a new member of our ancient order, shall be given the pick of our next enterprise—a beautiful young woman to strangle! Be sure that your heart is as hard as your knuckles!"

The youth took his leaders words in all solemnity. Early the following morning he put himself in the hands of Gopal, a Hindu of low caste, but inferior to none as a strangler.

"This is the way we use the handkerchief," said that worthy individual, as he picked up the cloth. "I have a particular knack of my own which is easily communicated. You will soon learn it."

He took the cloth, tied a large knot in it with a piece of silver inserted; this he held in his left hand, the plain end being in his right, and about as much space between them as would nearly compass a man's neck. The closed hands had the palms uppermost.

"Now," said he, "mark this: when you throw the cloth from behind and have got it tight, suddenly turn your knuckles into the neck, giving a sharp wrench to either side, whichever may be more convenient. If done in a masterly manner, instant death ensues."

Ismael took the cloth and held it as he had been directed. But Gopal jeered.

"You could not kill a child like that! When you feel my hands about your neck you will understand!"

The lad's flesh crept as he felt the chill, clammy hands fit around his neck, but he saw where his error had been and corrected it to the satisfaction of his instructor.

"A little practice, now, is all that is necessary," said the Hindu. "Ah," he exclaimed a moment later, his eyes glistening like those of a beast of prey in view of its quarry," see yonder mendicant picking his way along the lane to the mosque. What say you to making him your first subject for experiment?"

Inspired with fanatical zeal, Ismeal agreed, and Hossein, the inveigler, who happened to be in camp at that time, was sent to approach the holy one.

"Will you not bless our poor camp for an hour with your sacred presence?" he asked humbly.

The priest bent low as he replied, "The sun *is* very hot, yonder camp looks cool and inviting, indeed!"

They made a place for him under a peepul tree and placed a basin of water within his reach, after which they sat around watching the holy one in seemingly silent veneration.

As he nodded over his prayers, Gopal made a sign to Ismael. The boy took the cloth, whipped it over the head of the mendicant and, with a deft twist of his knuckles, ended the feeble writhing.

"Well done, my son!" cried the teacher, who had been a keen spectator of the gruesome performance. "You will need no further coaching, if you proceed happily as you have begun!"

On the day of the Dusera, Aniwar Ali spent the forenoon with his friend, the merchant. They arranged to set out to Pultanabad on the following morning at sunrise. Later in the day, however, he was free to attend the inauguration of Ismael into Thuggee.

In new clothes which had never been bleached, the youth was brought into a room where the leaders of the band were assembled. They were seated upon a white cloth, spread in the centre of the apartment. Aniwar Ali asked them with much ceremony if they were content to receive the youth as a Thug and brother, to which they all answered in the affirmative. Ismael was next conducted into the open air, accompanied by the whole number, and Aniwar Ali, raising his hands and eyes to the sky, cried in a loud voice:

"O Bhowanee! Mother of the world, whose votaries we are, receive this thy servant! Vouchsafe to him thy protection! Grant to us an omen which may assure us of thy consent!"

The band waited some time; at last, from a tree over their heads the loud twittering of a small tree-owl was heard.

"Victory to Bhowanee!" cried all the Thugs excitedly.

"Be of good cheer, Ismael, son of Lah Meah! The omen is most favourable! We could hardly have expected such a one: thy acception is complete!"

A pickaxe, that holy symbol of the Thug's profession, was then placed in the boy's right hand upon a white handkerchief; he was then desired to raise it as high as his breast and to repeat an oath—a fearful oath—lifting his left hand into the air and invoking the goddess to whose service he was devoting himself. The same oath was taken on the blessed Koran, after which a small piece of consecrated coarse sugar was given him to eat.

Aniwar Ali, congratulating him in the name of the assembly, then said:

"Ismael, thou has taken upon thee the profession which is, of all others, the most acceptable to the Divinity. Thou has sworn to be faithful, brave, secretive, to pursue to destruction every human being whom chance or thy ingenuity may throw into thy power, with the exception of those who are forbidden by the laws of our profession, these persons now being to thee sacred. They are particular sects over whom our power does not extend and whose sacrifice is not acceptable to our divine patroness. For example, washermen, Sikhs, two classes of mendicants called Nanukshahees and Mudare fakirs, dancing men, musicians, sweepers, oilmen, blacksmiths, carpenters and maimed and leprous persons. With these exceptions, the whole human race is open to thee, and thou must omit no possible means (but at all times dependent upon the omens by which we are guided) to compas its destruction! I have now finished; thou art become a Thug; and what remains of thy profession will be shown thee by our teacher who will instruct thee in all necessary details."

"It is enough!" said Ismael, with fervour. "I am yours till the death; and I only pray that an opportunity may soon be afforded me by which I may show my devotion!"

Thus the band of Thugs which set out on the following morning, with Subzee Khan, the merchant, his wife and little son, Amil, their female nurse Chumpa and seven servants, was augmented by the presence of Ismael to whom had been allotted the pleasant task of strangling the merchant's wife!

The party travelled slowly. Ismael and Aniwar Ali alternated in putting little Amil before them on their horses, and spinning marvellous yarns for the child's amusement. when his father suggested his riding in the palankeen he protested loudly, clinging to the men and crying:

"I want to be with them, not with the women! They are my friends!"

After the party had travelled some miles and were approaching the last halting-place but one before reaching Pultanabad, Aniwar Ali rode up to the side of Subzee Khan and thus addressed him:

"Why not send back the servants, whose work of protection is now ended? The danger from the Thugs existed while we were passing through the lonely parts of the jungle. Here the road is open and safe and the men will much appreciate getting back to their homes as soon as possible. Besides you will save something by not taking them all the way to Pultanabad and you well know, my friend, that my men are at your service for the little distance there is left."

So the merchant paid and dismissed his guard, glad to save the money their extra hire would have cost him.

Toward evening, they came to the deep bed of a river on the sides of which grew a very thick jungle. Aniwar Ali dismounted, as he said, to drink water. He told the little Amil to go ahead, saying that the horse would carry him safely across the stream. The child obediently went forward, but just as he had got well over the ford he heard a cry and a noise as of a scuffle. Turning he was terrified to see the whole party engaged in deadly combat. At this point the horse stepped upon a loose stone, stumbled, and the child, losing his balance, fell unconscious upon a rising bit of ground. When he opened his eyes, they fell upon the livid, contorted faces of his parents and their party.

They had been strangled!

Horror gave way to fright, and he broke into a loud wail of anguish, which attracted Gopal as well as his two friends, Aniwar Ali and Ismael. On seeing them advancing, the child bitterly reproached them for the death of his parents and begged them to kill him, too.

"What is the brat saying?" angrily demanded Gopal. "Are you two turned women that you do not heed his cries? Give me the cloth, and I will end his noise and impertinent shouting!"

Instinct made the child stretch out his little hands to the two men who had treated him kindly on the journey, and their intervention prevented Gopal, the strangler, from putting his threat into effect. Ismael lifted the boy up tenderly and carried him away to a place of safety. He had murdered the child's mother without a pang, but his heart yearned toward the boy.

"This is not pleasing to Bhowanee," growled Gopal with an ugly glint in his eye. "Human sympathy is not part of our work. We have never spared any part of a caravan before and trouble will come of this!"

He stooped to pick up a golden ornament which had fallen out of the child's turban.

Aniwar Ali watched him silently.

"I accept this," said Gopal, opening his palm, "as a reward from our patroness for my unswering devotion to her work. She sees that I, at least, was desirous of completing the task which we began."

"Cease muttering," admonished the leader impatiently. "What harm can come of bringing the boy up as a Thug?"

"Much harm," began Gopal, and then stopped suddenly as a superstitious quiver passed through his lean body. He pointed to a surveyer's pole, which had evidently been carelessly left behind by the meddlesome young Chisholm who had sworn to apprehend Aniwar Ali and his gang.

"There, you see, excellency! Bhowanee has already sent us an omen to signify her displeasure!"

But Aniwar Ali only kicked the pole scornfully, as he cursed it by various parts of his great-grandfather's anatomy.

The third story in this series is entitled "Wit and Outwit," in which the young Englishman, Chisholm, is once more outwitted by the crafty Aniwar Ali.

RARE CANADIAN BOOKS

BY JANET CARNOCHAN

WHILE we in Ontario must acknowledge that Quebec produced literature of a high order in early years, as we in point of time are producing a century later, still Upper Canada need not be ashamed of what came from the early presses, perchance in times of stress and strain. How many have seen or heard of the first novel published in Upper Canada or the first poem or the first history?

It has been related that a book collector, in looking through a stack of books in a second-hand shop in Toronto, came across a copy of "St. Ursula's Convent," the first novel published in Ontario. He felt that he had not enough money with him to buy it, but he went back later, prepared to pay a good price. To his utter amazement, however, he learned that meanwhile the book had been sold for ten cents.

This rare book was printed at Kingston in 1824, and Kingsford in his bibliography (1892) says that he does not know of a copy in existence. Dr. Bain, late Chief Librarian at the Public Library, Toronto, referred to this book in the course of an address delivered at the opening of the Niagara Historical Society's new building. He said that at a sale of rare books in Montreal he had bought a copy, but was ashamed to tell how much he had paid for it, particularly as the President of the Society had told him that they possessed a copy for which they had not paid anything. The title page reads:

ST. URSULAS CONVENT.
or
The Nun of Canada. Containing scenes from Real Life.

The moral world
Which though to us it seems perplexed, moves on
In higher order fitted and impelled
By wisdom's finest hand, and issuing
In universal good.
—Thomson.

In two volumes.
Vol. 1.
Kingston, Upper Canada.
Printed by Hugh C. Thomson.
1824.

The author's name does not appear but in an article written by M. Phileas Gagnon, read before the Royal Society in 1910, there appears an account of the writer and extracts from *The Canadian Magazine and Literary Repository*, published in Montreal in 1824. M. Gagnon's paper is entitled "*Le Premier Roman Canadien.*" The story was written by a young girl named Julia C. Beckwith at the age of seventeen and is sensational, full of intrigues, improbable events, shipwrecks, children exchanged and restored in later life. "The reader who expects to increase his knowledge of monastic institutions will be disappointed." Miss Beckwith was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, came to Kingston in 1820, married G. H. Hart and died in 1867 aged seventy-one. A list of subscribers is given, many from distant parts of Canada. A portrait of the writer is given, show-

ing her appearance in later life. The two volumes are bound in one, and a list of 150 subscribers is given. Ten copies are taken by A. F. Beckwith, Fredericton, New Brunswick. There is only one subscriber from York, one from Niagara, but many from Nova Scotia. The poetical quotations heading each chapter are from such early writers as Milton, Dryden, Gray, Thomson, and Scott. The work was not published for several years after it was written.

A copy of the first poem published in Upper Canada was found by the writer in a garret at Niagara, but on examination it was discovered that the first eight pages were missing. However, Dr. Bain, with his unlimited kindness, copied them from his own book, so that the pamphlet now besides its value as a rare book is a memorial of the Chief Librarian who was such a lover of books and possessed a large private collection.

This is the title page:

WONDERS OF THE WEST.
or
A day at the Falls of Niagara in 1825.
A Poem.
By
A Canadian.
1825.
C. Fothergill, Printer, York.

The writer was J. L. Alexander, a teacher in York Grammar School, afterwards incumbent of Saltfleet and Binbrook It is also a romantic and rather improbable tale. A few verses were, on finding the book, printed in the local paper with the remark that the lines were more interesting to us for their description of the scenery here than for their literary merit. A verse may be quoted:

Upon this river's eastern side
A fortress stands in warlike pride,
Ontario's surges lash its base
And gradually its walls deface,
And from its topmost tower displayed
A flag with stripes and stars portrayed,
Upon the west an ancient mound,
The Union Jack and British ground,
Nor distant far another stands
Which the whole river's mouth commands,
Between the two lay Newark village,
Which yet they let its neighbours pillage.
Not only so, but burn it down,
And from its ashes now has grown
Another, but more lovely far,
Since the conclusion of the war,
Which they have named Niagara.

This poetic license gives a different pronunciation still from Goldsmith's line.

And Nia-gar-a stuns with thundering sound.

The first history published in Ontario is that by David Thomson printed in Niagara in 1832, and it was long believed to be the first book outside the domain of parliamentary journals published in this Province. The title page reads:

History of the Late War between
Great Britain and the United
States of America.
With a retrospective view of the
causes from whence it originated.
Collected from the most
authentic sources.
To which is added an appendix containing public documents relating to the subject, by David Thomson, late of the Royal Scots, Niagara, U. C.
Printed by T. Sewell, Printer, Bookbinder and Stationer. Market
Square. 1832.

David Thomson became a successful teacher at Niagara, but his history had not been a financial success, as we read of his incarceration in Niagara Jail for debt to his publishers. In those sad days such things were by law allowed. An interesting touch of local colour is found in an old newspaper which says that in 1827 a collection was taken up by the children in Thomson's School in Niagara for the oppressed Greeks, amounting to 11s. 4½d.

Another interesting book, which, although printed in Montreal was

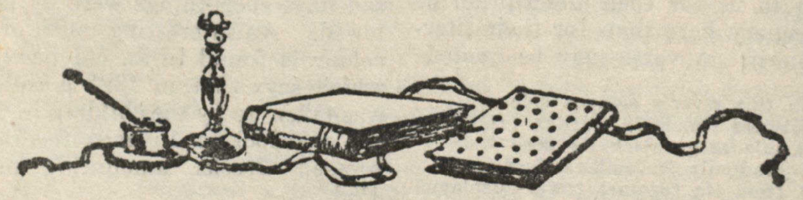
evidently written in Toronto, has the appendix by Bishop Strachan. The title page reads thus:

The Report of the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada with an Appendix, List of Subscribers and Benefactors. Montreal, Lower Canada, 1817. Printed by William Gray.

The report contains a wonderful mass of information, the formation of the society, letters from General Sheaffe, William Dummer Powell, Richard Cartwright, Colonel Thomas Talbot, Bishop Strachan to Thomas Jefferson, lists of contributions to the fund and lists of those assisted, remarks on those who suffered losses, and of those appointed to distribute help.

The book beautifully bound came to the Society in a remarkable way and must be rare, for Dr. Bain, who possessed a copy, said that he had been trying ten years to obtain a copy for the Library and had not then succeeded; the search has since been more successful. He kindly allowed the writer to spend several hours in making extracts from his copy. Three years ago a letter was received from a lady in Toronto saying that she was sending by post a copy of the Report of the Loyal and Patriotic Society of 1812 which might be interesting to us. Was that not a Loyal and Patriotic deed? The lady was a perfect stranger to us and has our grateful thanks.

The sums raised to relieve the distress caused by the war were generous. At the meeting in York, 15th. December, 1812, the sum of £1,800 was given. It is noticeable that the military men were most liberal, General Drummond in all gave £500 and General Sheaffe £200, Colonel Bishopp £100. In Kingston £494 was raised. In Lower Canada £4,600. In England £5,000 of which the Bank of England gave £1,000. In far-off Jamaica large sums were given both in money and in kind, the chief contributions being in rum and coffee. The Legislature of Nova Scotia also contributed largely. Part of the original plan of the Society was not carried out, this was to provide medals for distinguished service; one hundred pounds was set aside to procure as many silver medals as it would furnish and a description was sent to England. When received they were not distributed, as the execution did not correspond with the design. A further sum was given to procure more medals of a different quality. In a circle formed by a wreath of laurel "For Merit." "Presented by a grateful country." On the reverse, a strait between two lakes; on the north side a beaver (emblem of peaceful industry) the ancient armorial bearing of Canada; in the background an English lion slumbering; on the south side of the strait the American eagle plancing (whatever that may mean) in the air, as if checked from seizing the beaver by the presence of the lion. The legend is, "Upper Canada Preserved." Was the medal ever made? Are any specimens in existence?



From the Painting by Homer Watson
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE WOODMAN'S
COTTAGE

MOUNT ROBSON: A CANADIAN GIANT

BY P. W. WALLACE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON HARMON

On every side the snowy heads of mighty hills crowded round, whilst, immediately behind us, a giant among giants, and immeasurably supreme, rose Robson's Peak.—Milton and Cheadle, "The North-west Passage by Land" (1865).

CONRAD KAIN said he would climb in eight hours to the top of Mount Robson. Conrad is the great guide of the Rockies. He has dared the demons of wind and snow, traversed at night the most treacherous of glaciers, dodged avalanches of snow and rock, and fought for his balance on the bare lips of precipices. He has traced the law of gravitation to its home and mocked it to its face.

To Conrad a mountain is simply a staircase and its summit a balcony overlooking the world. So he looked up at Robson with a calculating eye and said he would reach the highest summit of our southern Rockies in eight hours from the valley. He knew that six out of seven attempts to reach the top had been failures; he knew that his friend, Moritz Inderbinen, had climbed for twelve hours without coming within four hours of the summit; he knew that the chief satisfaction of those who had previously climbed from the east, as he now proposed to do, was, in the words of Dr. Coleman, that of "having at least escaped being swept with an avalanche into the abyss"—but still Conrad clung to the idea of an eight-hour climb until the afternoon of July 31st, 1913. Then he began to understand the giant.

The story of the splendid climb of that date is not as well known as it might be, for the press reports lavishly scattered the honour of the ascent amongst a number of persons who could have achieved the honour in no other way. The party that really did make the climb was a small one: Conrad Kain, of Vienna; W. W. Foster, Deputy Minister of Public Works, Victoria, and Captain A. H. MacCarthy, of Wilmer, British Columbia, all members of the large Alpine Club camp pitched by the shore of Berg Lake. Mr. Foster humorously remarked that the expedition was well organized, each of the several departments of activity being in charge of an officer specially appointed.

"We divided the work into three parts," he said, "Mr. MacCarthy looked after the commissariat. I was appointed officer in charge of sleeping arrangements. We let Conrad Kain take charge of the climbing."

With this careful division of work they set out on the afternoon of July 30th, carrying on their backs food and blankets for a bivouac some miles up the glacier. They put in an hour and a half of their climb that even-

THE EAST FACE OF MOUNT ROBSON, SHOWING DOME, LEFT CENTRE

ing, and left six and a half hours for the next day, according to Conrad's previous reckoning. Their bed was made on a bit of moraine at the foot of the sharp pyramid of rock known as the "Extinguisher," just beyond reach of falling stones. They excavated a hollow in the thin film of rocks, and in doing so laid bare the ice. But they covered it up again with chips of slate and a few branches of evergreen carried from a distance to add an air of magnificence worthy of so great an undertaking.

Rain, accompanied by violent wind, beat upon the lower glacier that night, but spared the Extinguisher and the three men at its feet. By morning the giant had laid his plans and was apparently setting a trap like that which had so nearly caught two previous parties, for he stood smiling and cloudless, with that innocent expression of countenance that led Conrad to form his eight-hour ambitions.

At 4.30 a.m. the party started up the glacier. They ascended the rounded buttress called the "Dome," on the south side, thus avoiding avalanche paths that had greatly delayed former expeditions, and then attacked the *bergschrund,* or ice chasm—a kind of moat that forms the last and most critical obstacle to the ascent of glaciers. After some delay a steep bridge of snow was found, which they chopped into the semblance of a stairway, and thus passed across.

"This *bergschrund,"* said Conrad, "might on some days be so hard that the mountain cannot be climbed at all from this side," which appears to have been the experience of Dr. Coleman.

From the *bergschrund,* the resources of Conrad's department were heavily called upon. Conrad cut 105 steps in solid ice sloping at sixty-five degrees before the rocks above were reached. And then, "To my disappointing," said the guide, "the rocks have been not so good as it looked from below."

MOUNT ROBSON, FROM THE NORTH-EAST

At last he was beginning to make Robson s acquaintance and to understand that he was dealing with a real "Schweizer berg," as another guide, whose story follows, described it. Clear rocks would not be too bad, but rocks glazed with ice are not only difficult to overcome, but also extremely dangerous. Nevertheless, Conrad plied away with his axe where the ice was deep, scrambled and squirmed where the rocks were poor; and the little band went up like flies on a wall. They knew that a slip could never be recovered and that they had no wings to bear them up in case anything gave way; but still they were cheerful and confident that the difficulties would be over once they had attained the ridge above, which seemed to lead easily to the summit. When at last the long 2,000 feet of ice-covered cliffs were surmounted and the climbers stood upon the coveted ridge, they viewed their proposed pathway to the summit with something like dismay, for the *aréte* was but the edge of the giant's sword, too sharp and forbidding to be thought of as a means of ascent. So they turned to the left and climbed along the dizzy blade of the sword over ice, rock, and snow, cutting steps for hour after hour. The six and a half hours were exhausted below the ridge, and so were quite a few hours more.

Conrad said there was nothing *very* difficult about the climb, but apparently there was also nothing very easy, for one o'clock passed, two, three, four, and still the summit was a long way off.

They knew now that they were taking chances, for it was clearly imposibel to reach safety before dark even if they turned about at once. Still they struggled on, past a fine snow cornice, and then by a chaos of gigantic blocks of ice, some bigger than houses, with huge icicles and fantastic carvings of ogreish faces—little

giants clustered about their father's towering crest. Two hundred feet below the summit came an ice *couloir,* almost vertical, of solid green ice, where the indefatigable Conrad performed his great feat of balancing in a small space in which most men would hardly trust the footing, and in mid air swinging away with his axe as coolly and cheerfully as if he were down in camp, a mile and a half below, chopping wood for a supper of bacon and beans.

Now a bitter wind sprang up, chilling the climbers through and through, catching up the splinters of ice that flew from under Conrad's axe and dashing them into the stinging faces of those below. "And just a leetle bit of wind," said Conrad, "which you hardly feel it in the valley, can make you all kinds of trouble in such a height." Indeed it can, as some have found who never returned to tell their story. Grimly they fought on against the malicious elements and against the relentless warfare of old Father Time himself. It is the conquest of heights like these that makes *men.* To know that a second's forgetfulness, the slightest misjudgment of distance and balance, or a sudden moment of indecision, means death to oneself and one's companions, enforces an absolute self-control that should be engrained in the very fibres of one's character. It is for that reason that the mountaineer thinks it worth while occasionally to risk his life.

It was a tremendous struggle. Five o'clock, and still ascending. Doubt as to their ultimate success could never be quite expelled by all their determination and the encouragement of Conrad's ice-axe. Already they had been almost *thirteen* hours from the bivouac beneath the Extinguisher, when Conrad suddenly paused, turned about, and said:

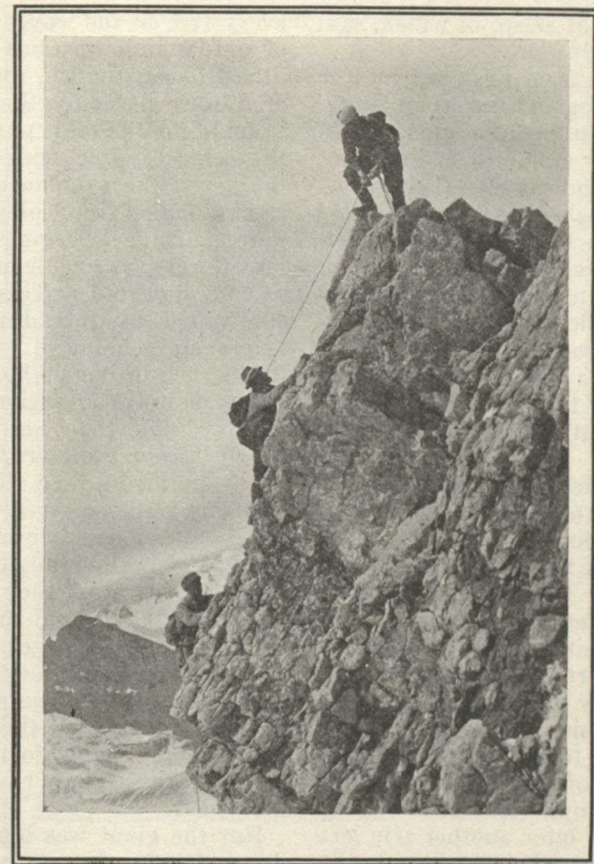
"Chentlemens, I will take you no farder."

They were on the summit of Mount Robson!

The customary hand-shake followed, and "ze chentlemens haf been perfectly happy." They had reason, having conquered for a second time the old giant who had defied so many brave men and overthrown so many antagonists in the icy blasts of the northland. In fact, it appeared later from the statements made by Donald Phillips, who accompanied Kinney on the first ascent, 1909, that Conrad Kain's party was the first to reach the very highest point of the mountain, the previous ascent having terminated in drifting clouds and snow some sixty feet below what Conrad found to be the true peak.

For a precious fifteen minutes the conquerors gloated over the spoils of war—"An incomparable panorama of peaks, snowfields, and glaciers," as Mr. Foster describes it, "which, from our superior altitude, appeared just like frozen waves on a lake, with little, white crests wherever a line of snow-crowned peaks appeared."

Conrad had brought his party up, but he had yet the greater responsibility of bringing them down in safety. It was observed that the giant had bombarded with avalanches the stairway which had been loboriously cut in the ice earlier in the day and had choked up the steps with frozen debris. Conrad was desirous of sharing with Dr. Coleman the satisfaction of "having . . . escaped being swept with an avalanche into the abyss," and he realized that this satisfaction was likely to be denied those who tempted the avalanches of the eastern face a second time that day. He would rather commit himself to unknown dangers than expose his party to dangers which he knew only too well. Accordingly he set the ice-axe at work on a new path on the opposite side of the mountain and began a race with oncoming night. Aiming for a promising looking glacier below, they descended as rapidly as safety would permit, only to find, as usual, that the attractions



CONRAD, MacCARTHY, AND FOSTER ABOVE THE ROBSON GLACIER

of the mountain were all promises and no pay. They were glad to get off the glacier again and make for the rocks, but between glacier and rocks intervened a most uninviting gully of hard and dangerous ice. There was nothing for it, however, but to hew a precarious ladder down the glassy incline, so Conrad set to work again as he had been doing all day, having already cut no less than 1,400 steps in snow and ice; and he cut another 200 steps before dark, when they were able to put foot once more on a little bit of solid rock.

On a narrow, outward-sloping ledge only eight feet wide, at a height of 9,000 feet, Mr. Foster prepared to execute the duties of his office by putting the expedition to bed. There was not much trouble about this, for going to bed on the bare rocks without fire, blankets, or extra clothing is a very simple matter. All Mr. Foster did was to tie his men close together with an alpine rope, to prevent restless sleepers from following their dreams into space. The duties of the commissariat department were executed with equal despatch by Mr. MacCarthy, for it does not take long to provide three hungry men with half a sandwich each; and that was all the supper that could be allowed by a commissariat organized on the eight-hour plan. Though the cold was bitter and the quarters were cramped, the belated travellers en-

joyed snatches of sleep, in which, said Conrad quaintly:

"I dreamed from firewood and ze chentlemens dreamed from blankets."

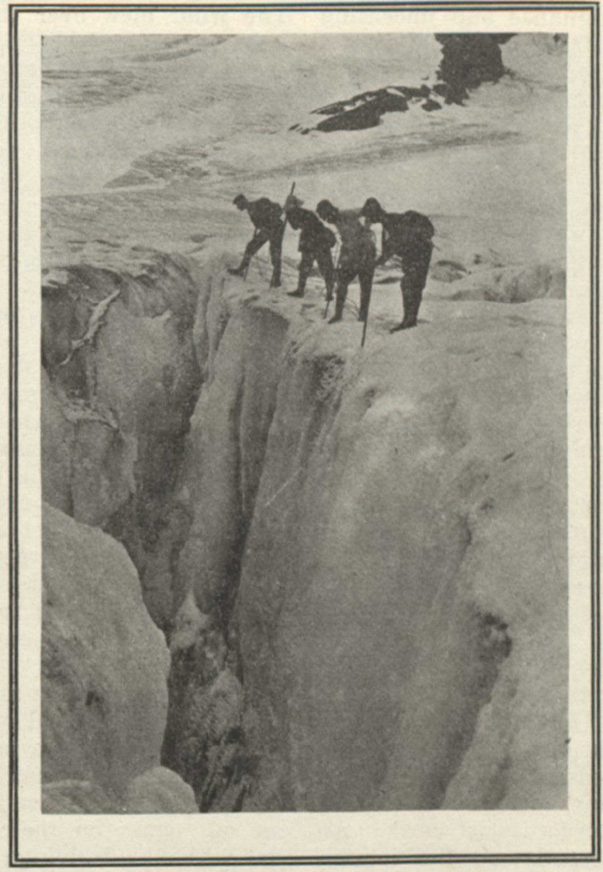
During the night the giant turned his artillery upon them and sent avalanches thundering in their direction, but though these passed close by, they failed to reach the protected ledge on which the climbers rested.

In the morning, an exciting scramble ensued, difficult ridges and chimneys being descended with the constant and more or less exhilarating uncertainty as to whether the route would be abruptly terminated by impassible cliffs. They crossed the gully down which the avalanches had shot during the night, clambered down the rocks and up them in places, and slid the length of a large snow slope near the valley. At twelve o'clock they were at length able to unrope after being in almost constant danger for thirty hours, during all which time they had but a few sandwiches to eat and the merest trickles of melted snow to quench their thirst.

The delights of this climb, when rehearsed in camp, were so enticing that a few days later another trio left Berg Lake to try their luck with the giant. Walter Schauffelberger, of Zurich, B. S. Darling, of Vancouver, and H. H. Prouty, of Portland, Oregon, formed a redoubtable party, and their climb is in many ways the greatest of all those that have been on Mount Robson.

By five a.m. on the fifth of August, they were storming the heights on the south-west side of Robson, and the longest battle ever fought with the giant had commenced. The ridge was so well defended by towers and outworks that the beseigers were repeatedly forced to turn aside from their course and outflank difficulties that could not be overcome by a frontal attack. To have kept doggedly to this ridge would have been as hopeless as walking up a street *via* the tops of the telegraph poles, or traversing a forest by climbing up and over every tree in the way. The progress of outflanking was also an extremely difficult one, for the towers encountered were not only themselves unassailable for the most part, but so well protected by precipices on either side that even the avoidance of these obstacles called into play all the resource of the besieging army. The first tower was hardly passed when a second appeared. This too was circumvented by threading a maze of ledges and chimneys (vertical splits in the rock through which the climber works his way like a glorified chimney sweep); and then half an hour of steady ascent was abruptly terminated by a third tower lifting its ugly and unscalable crest a hundred feet in the air. Another risky scramble along the wall brought them to a fourth tower and then a fifth, and after that they found themselves confronted by a still larger and more imposing tower than they had met before. Courage and perseverance won again, however, and the last of these almost impregnable fortresses was at their backs. They had rushed the outworks!

But the giant was laughing up his sleeve, for flagging strength and fleeting time were the fruits of a hard-won victory. By the time the first snow was reached, at a height of about 12,000 feet, it was five o'clock in the evening and growing bitterly cold. But they pressed on. In a few minutes the snow yielded to rocks, which proved to be in the most villainous condition, glazed over with ice. Steps could not be cut here, for the ice was but a thin skin stretched tightly over the rock below; so there was nothing for it but to step cautiously out on to the treacherous surface, steady one another with the rope, and never allow more than one man to move at a time. No place, this, for a man with weak nerves and unsteady muscles. But it was the most searching test of mental and physical fitness that nature could devise.



A CREVASSE ON ROBSON GLACIER

These slippery rocks were followed by slopes of solid ice slightly covered with loose snow, which was always ready to slide away skyward (for the sky was below as well as above) carrying victims in its clutches. Two large, overhanging cornices of snow, built by the architects wind and frost, were carefully avoided, and the dauntless three moved slowly upward to the rhythm of the axe. The summit was not far off, but the final wall of ice, "the glittering apex" that appears so white and beautiful from the pullmans of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway nearly two miles below, was so steep that not only steps for the feet but even notches for the fingers had to be cut, and the numbness of the hands, combined with the awkward angle of the steep incline of the ice which constantly jogged the elbow, so hindered the swing of Walter's axe that no more than fifty steps could be cut in an hour. "If we only had more time!" was the constant but despairing wish.

The wind, too, was growing dangerous, dashing fragments of ice into upturned faces, threatening to pull one and all from their holds, and the cold had become intense. Fingers were numb, clothes were stiff, and the rope was frozen as hard as a wire hawser. They had been fighting for over thirteen hours, and there still lay three hundred feet of hard, green ice between them and the summit. Three hundred feet at fifty steps an hour—that meant at least three hours more

of straining vigilance and unceasing labour in the frost and wind before the top could be gained, late in the evening, and then a night at over 13,000 feet or a race in the dark down walls of ice and frozen rock. They hesitated.

"It was now half-past six in the evening, and my companions were becoming impatient," says Walter Schauffelberger, "for they believed that the peak could not be reached before night, and a camp at 13,000 feet, was not to their liking. At first I made no answer, for to reach such a height and then turn back, that was indeed too hard. Accordingly I went on quietly cutting steps. But my companions gave me no peace and urged me to consider a retreat, which by no means appealed to me, for the thought of descending this difficult ridge gave me some serious reflections."

Probably he had in mind a descent by a different route, as Conrad Kain had done. "Our alternative was to camp overnight on the summit, which was also unpleasant to contemplate." And during this moment of indecision the giant showed his last card. An ugly cloud peeped over the summit and slid part way down the slope, while snowflakes swirled over the ice and crept steadily into the hollow footsteps. Storm had set in, and the light was fading. Above lay the frozen summit, the coldest and most exposed spot in Canada south of the Alaskan boundary, and below lay the slippery steeps of a climb, "like the Matterhorn from the Italian side, but for more difficult and dangerous."

The ugly cloud on the summit settled the question of alternatives. In the driving snow the party faced the descent and worked down over the whitened ridge.

"By nine o'clock," continues Schauffelberger, "it was quite dark. The wind blew over the ridge with frightful strength and threatened each moment to hurl us from the rocks. Blizzard, lightning, thunder, in short all the elements that the heavens can let loose, had set upon us."

To remain where they were was desperate, but to proceed farther was madness. So, on the narrow ridge where darkness caught them, at a height of 13,000 feet, they halted, piled up a few loose rocks to protect themselves at least to some extent from the wind, and drew on all the clothing they could, even to binding the rucksacks about their feet to prevent them from freezing. The wind passed howling among the crags and the drifting snow scoured the crouching figures. Thus, waiting for dawn, they huddled, the target of the swirling, scattering clouds; and all dreams "from firewood and from blankets" were swept away by one long waking nightmare.

It was a long night and a grim one, but they held on, and when day came at last it found them safe and sound. The clouds still hung heavily both above and below them. The party set out again on their way, though not without misgivings.

"All night long," says Schauffelberger, "it had been snowing, and the rocks looked very nasty, so that we wondered if we should ever get down in safety. Rock towers and ledges of yesterday's climb had now to be tackled with the greatest caution. The great smooth *gendarme* was altogether impregnable with ice. It was snowing like winter, and we were glad to find any way of passing this obstacle. We turned sharply to the south wall, clambered through wet chimneys and over ledges—in short, it was simply, 'Down, down, it will go.' " And they made it go. In six hours from their bivouac they reached the uppermost shelf of shale and knew that they were safe.

From a Photograph
by Harmon

"When the furies are in mad hunt along the ridges," at an altitude of more than 11,000 feet

BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

II—THE CURSE OF THE HOUSE OF DHOON

I.

WHEN a substantial legacy is divided into two shares, one of which falls to a man, young, dissolute and clever, and the other to a girl, pretty and inexperienced, there is laughter in the bells. But, to the girl's legacy add another item; a strong, stern guardian, and the issue becomes one less easy to predict.

In the case at present under consideration, such an arrangement led Dr. Bruce Cairn (the guardian) to pack off Myra Duquesne (the girl) to a grim Scottish manor in Inverness upon a visit of indefinate duration, led to heart burnings on the part of Robert Cairn, the guardian's son, and to other things about to be noticed.

Antony Ferrara, the co-legatee, was not slow to recognise that a damaging stroke had been played, but he knew Dr. Cairn too well to put up any protest. In his capacity of fashionable physician, the doctor frequently met Ferrara in society; for a man at once rich, handsome, and bearing a fine name is not socially ostracised on the mere suspicion that he is a dangerous blackguard. Thus Antony Ferrara was courted by the smartest women in town and tolerated by the men. Dr. Cairn would always acknowledge him, and then turn his back upon the dark-eyed, adopted son of his dearest friend.

There was that between the two of which the world knew nothing. Had the world known what Dr. Cairn knew respecting Antony Ferrara, then, despite his winning manner, his wealth and his station, every door in London, from those of Mayfair to that of the foulest den in Limehouse, would have been closed to him, closed, and barred with horror and loathing. A tremendous secret was locked up within the heart of Dr. Bruce Cairn.

Sometimes we seem to be granted a glimpse of the guiding Hand that steers men's destinies; then as comprehension is about to dawn, we lose again our temporary lucidity of vision. The following incident illustrates this.

Sir Elwin Groves, of Harley Street, took Dr. Cairn aside at the Club one evening.

"I am passing a patient on to you, Cairn," he said; "Lord Lashmore."

"Ah," replied Cairn thoughtfully—"I have never met him."

"He has only quite recently returned to England—you may have heard?—and brought a South American Lady Lashmore with him."

"I have heard that, yes."

"Lord Lashmore is close upon fifty-five, and his wife—a passionate Southern type of beauty—is probably less than twenty. They are an odd couple. The lady has been doing some extensive entertaining at the town house."

Groves stared hard at Dr. Cairn.

"Your young friend, Antony Ferrara, is a regular visitor."

"No doubt," said Cairn; "he goes everywhere. I don't know how long his funds will last."

"I have wondered, too. His chambers are like a scene from the 'Arabian Nights.' "

"How do you know?" inquired the other curiously. "Have you attended him?"

"Yes," was the reply. "His Eastern servant 'phoned for me one night last week; and I found Ferrara lying unconscious in a room like a pasha's harem. He looked simply ghastly, but the man would give me no account of what had caused the attack. It looked to me like sheer nervous exhaustion. He gave me quite an anxious five minutes. Incidentally, the room was blazing hot, with a fire roaring right up the chimney, and it smelt like a Hindu temple."

"Ah," muttered Cairn. "Between his mode of life and his peculiar studies he will probably crack up. He has a fragile constitution."

"Who the deuce is he, Cairn?" pursued Sir Elwin. "You must know all the circumstances of his adoption; you were with the late Sir Michael in Egypt at the time. The fellow is a mystery to me; he repels, in someway. I was glad to get away from his rooms."

"You were going to tell me something about Lord Lashmore's case, I think," said Cairn.

Sir Elwin Groves screwed up his eyes and readjusted his pince-nez, for the deliberate way in which his companion had changed the conversation was unmistakable. However, Cairn's brusque manners were proverbial, and Sir Elwin accepted the lead.

"Yes, yes, I believe I was," he agreed, rather lamely. "Well it's very singular. I was called there last Monday, at about two o'clock in the morning. I found the house upside-down, and Lady Lashmore, with a dressing-gown thrown over her night-dress, engaged in bathing a bad wound in her husband's throat."

"What! Attempted suicide?"

"My first idea, naturally. But a glance at the wound set me wondering. It was bleeding profusely, and from its location I was afraid that it might have penetrated the internal jugular; but the external only was wounded. I arrested the flow of blood and made the patient comfortable. Lady Lashmore assisted me coolly and displayed some skill as a nurse. In fact she had applied a ligature before my arrival."

"Lord Lashmore remained conscious?"

"Quite. He was shaky, of course. I called again at nine o'clock that morning, and found him progressing favourably. When I had dressed the wounds—"

"Wounds?"

"There were two actually; I will tell you in a moment. I asked Lord Lashmore for an explanation. He had given out for the benefit of the household, that, stumbling out of bed in the dark, he had tripped upon a rug, so that he fell forward almost into the fireplace. There is rather an ornate fender, with an elaborate copper scrollwork design, and his account was that he came down with all his weight upon this, in such a way that part of the copperwork pierced his throat. It was possible, just possible, Cairn; but it didn't satisfy me, and I could see that it didn't satisfy Lady Lashmore. However, when we were alone, Lashmore told me the real facts."

"He had been concealing the truth?"

"Largely for his wife's sake, I fancy. He was anxious to spare her the alarm which, knowing the truth, she must have experienced. His story was this—related in confidence, but he wishes that you should know: He was awakened by a sudden, sharp pain in the throat; not very acute, but accompanied by a feeling of pres-

sure. It was gone again, in a moment, and he was surprised to find blood upon his hands when he felt for the cause of the pain.

"He got out of bed and experienced a great dizziness. The hemorrhage was altogether more severe than he had supposed. Not wishing to arouse his wife, he did not enter his dressing-room, which is situated between his own room and Lady Lashmore's; he staggered as far as the bell-push, and then collasped. His man found him on the floor—sufficiently near the fender to lend colour to the story of the accident."

Dr. Cairn coughed drily.

"Do you think it was attempted suicide after all, then?" he asked.

"No—I don't," replied Sir Elwin emphatically. "I think it was something altogether more difficult to explain."

"Not attempted murder?"

"Almost impossible. Excepting Chambers, Lord Lashmore's valet, no one could possibly have gained access to that suite of rooms. They number four. There is a small boudoir, out of which opens Lady Lashmore's bedroom; between this and Lord Lashmore's apartment is the dressing-room. Lord Lashmore's door was locked and so was that of the boudoir. These are the only two means of entrance."

"But you said that Chambers came in and found him."

"Chambers has a key of Lord Lashmore's door. That is why I said 'excepting Chambers.' But Chambers has been with his present master since Lashmore left Cambridge. It's out of the question.'

"Windows?"

"First floor, no balcony, and overlook Hyde Park."

"Is there no clue to the mystery?"

"There are three!"

"What are they?"

"First; the nature of the wounds. Second; Lord Lashmore's idea that something was in the room at the moment of his awakening. Third; the fact that the identical attempt was made upon him last night!"

"Last night! Good God! With what result?"

"The former wounds, though deep, are very tiny, and had quite healed over. One of them partially re-opened, but Lord Lashmore awoke altogether more readily, and before any damage had been done. He says that some soft body rolled off the bed. He uttered a loud cry, leapt out and switched on the electric lights. At the same moment he heard a frightful scream from his wife's room. When I arrived—Lashmore himself summoned me on this occasion—I had a new patient."

"Lady Lashmore?"

"Exactly. She had fainted from fright, at hearing her husband's cry, I assume. There had been a slight hemorrhage from the throat, too."

"What! Tuberculous?"

"I fear so. Fright would not produce hemorrhage in the case of a healthy subject, would it?"

Dr. Cairn shook his head. He was obviously perplexed.

"And Lord Lashmore?" he asked.

"The marks were there again," replied Sir Elwin; "rather lower on the neck. But they were quite superficial. He had awakened in time and had struck out—hitting something."

"What?"

"Some living thing; apparently covered with long, silky hair. It escaped, however."

"And now," said Dr. Cairn—"these wounds; what are they like?"

"They are like the marks of fangs," replied Sir Elwin; "of two long, sharp fangs!"

II.

LORD LASHMORE was a big, blonde man, fresh coloured, and having his nearly white hair worn close cut and his moustache trimmed in neat military fashion. For a fair man, he had eyes of a singular colour. They were so dark a shade of brown as to

appear black; Southern eyes; lending to his personality an oddness very striking.

When he was shown into Dr Cairn's library, the doctor regarded him with that searching scrutiny peculiar to men of his profession, at the same time inviting the visitor to be seated.

Lashmore sat down in the red leathern arm chair, resting his large hands upon his knees, with the fingers widely spread. He had massive dignity, but was not entirely at his ease. Dr. Cairn opened the conversation, in his direct fashion.

"You come to consult me, Lord Lashmore, in my capacity of an occultist rather than in that of physician?"

"In both," replied Lord Lashmore; "distinctly, in both."

"Sir Elwin Groves is attending you for certain throat wounds—"

Lord Lashmore touched the high stock which he was wearing.

"The scars remain," he said. "Do you wish to see them?"

"I am afraid I must trouble you."

The stock was untied; and Dr. Cairn, through a powerful glass, examined the marks. One of them, the lower, was slightly inflamed.

Lord Lashmore retied his stock, standing before a small mirror set in the overmantel.

"You had an impression of some presence in the room at the time of the outrage?" pursued the doctor.

"Distinctly; on both occasions."

"Did you see anything?"

"The room was too dark."

"But you felt something?"

"Hair; my knuckles, as I struck out—I am speaking of the second outrage—encountered a thick mass of hair."

"The body of some animal?"

"Probably the head."

"But still you saw nothing?"

"I must confess that I had a vague idea of some shape flitting away across the room; a white shape—therefore probably a figment of my imagination."

"Your cry awakened Lady Lashmore?"

"Unfortunately, yes. Her nerves were badly shaken already, and this second shock proved too severe. Sir Elwin fears chest trouble. I am taking her abroad as soon as possible."

"She was found insensible. Where?"

"At the door of the dressing-room—the door communicating with her own room, not communicating with mine. She had evidently started to come to my assistance when faintness overcame her."

"What is her own account?"

"That is her own account."

"Who discovered her?"

"I did."

Dr. Cairn was drumming his fingers on the table.

"You have a theory, Lord Lashmore," he said suddenly. "Let me hear it."

Lord Lashmore started, and glared across at the speaker with a sort of haughty surprise.

"I have a theory?"

"I think so. Am I wrong?"

Lashmore stood on the rug before the fireplace with his hands locked behind him, and his head lowered looking out under his tufted eyebrows at Dr. Cairn. Thus seen, Lord Lashmore's strange eyes had a sinister appearance.

"If I had had a theory—" he began—

"You would have come to me to seek confirmation?" suggested Dr. Cairn.

"Ah! yes, you may be right, Sir Elwin, to whom I hinted something, mentioned your name. I am not quite clear on one point, Dr. Cairn. Did he send me to you because he thought—In a word, you are a mental specialist?"

"I am not. Sir Elwin has no doubts respecting your brain, Lord Lashmore. He has sent you here because I have made some study of what I may term psychical ailments. There is a chapter in your family history—"

he fixed his searching gaze upon the other's face—"which latterly has been occupying your mind?"

At that Lashmore started in good earnest.

"To what—do you refer?"

"Lord Lashmore you have come to me for advice. A rare ailment—happily very rare in England—has assailed you. Circumstances have been in your favour thus far, but a recurrence is to be anticipated at any time. Be good enough to look upon me as a specialist, and give me all your confidence."

Lashmore cleared his throat.

"What do you wish to know, Dr. Cairn?" he asked, with a queer intermingling of respect and hauteur in his tones.

"I wish to know about Mirza, wife of the third Baron Lashmore."

Lord Lashmore took a stride forward. His large hands clenched, and his eyes were blazing.

"What do you know about her?"

Surprise was in the voice, and anger.

"I have seen her portrait in Dhoon Castle; you were not in residence at that time. Mirza, Lady Lashmore, was evidently a very beautiful woman. What was the date of the marriage?"

"1615."

"The third Baron brought her to England from—?"

"Poland."

"She was a Pole?"

"A Polish Jewess."

"There was no issue of the marriage, but the Baron outlived her and married again?"

Lord Lashmore shifted his feet nervously, and gnawed his fingernails.

"There *was* issue of the marriage," he snapped. "She was my ancestress."

"Ah!" Dr. Cairn's gray eyes lighted up momentarily. "We get to the facts. Why was this birth kept secret?"

"Dhoon Castle has kept many secrets!" It was a grim noble of the Middle Ages who was speaking. "For a Lashmore, there was no difficulty in suppressing the facts, arranging a hasty second marriage and representing the boy as the child of the later union. Had the second marriage proved fruitful, this had been unnecessary; but an heir to Dhoon was—essential."

"I see. Had the second marriage proved fruitful, the child of Mirza would have been—what shall we say?—smothered?"

"Damn it! What do you mean?"

"He was the rightful heir."

"Dr. Cairn," said Lashmore, slowly, "you are probing an open wound. The fourth Baron Lashmore represents what the world calls 'The Curse of the House of Dhoon.' At Dhoon Castle there is a secret chamber, which has engaged the pens of many so-called occultists, but which no man, save every heir, has entered for generations. It's very location is a secret. Measurements do not avail to find it. You would appear to know much of my family's black secret; perhaps you know where that room lies at Dhoon?"

"Certainly I do," replied Dr. Cairn calmly; it is under the moat, some thirty yards west of the former draw bridge."

Lord Lashmore changed colour. When he spoke again his voice had lost its timber.

"Perhaps you know—what it contains?"

"I do. It contains Paul, fourth Baron Lashmore, son of Mirza, the Polish Jewess!"

Lord Lashmore reseated himself in the big armchair, staring at the speaker aghast.

"I thought no other in the world knew that!" he said hollowly. "Your studies have been extensive indeed. For three years—three whole years from the night of my twenty-first birthday—the horror hung over me, Dr. Cairn. It ultimately brought my grandfather to the madhouse, but my

father was of sterner stuff, and so, it seems, was I. After those three years of horror I threw off the memories of Paul Dhoon, the third baron—"

"It was on the night of your twenty-first birthday that you were admitted to the subterranean room?"

"You know so much, Dr. Cairn that you may as well know all." Lashmore's face was twitching. But you are about to hear what no man has ever heard from the lips of one of my family before."

He stood up again restlessly.

"Nearly thirty-five years have elapsed," he resumed, "since that December night; but my very soul trembles, now, when I recall it! There was a big house-party at Dhoon, but I had been prepared, for some weeks, by my father, for the ordeal that awaited me. Our family mystery is historical, and there were many fearful glances bestowed upon me, when, at midnight, my father took me aside from the company and led me to the old library. My God, Dr. Cairn—fearful as these reminiscences are, it is a relief to relate them—to *someone!*"

A sort of suppressed excitement was upon Lashmore, but his voice remained low and hollow.

"He asked me," he continued, "the traditional question; if I had prayed for strength. God knows I had. Then his stern face very pale, he locked the library door, and from a closet concealed beside the ancient fireplace—a closet which, hitherto, I had not known to exist—he took out a bulky key of antique workmanship. Together we set to work to remove all the volumes from one of the bookshelves.

"Even when the shelves were empty, it called for our united efforts to move the heavy piece of furniture; but we accomplished the task ultimately, making visible a considerable expanse of panelling. Nearly forty years had elapsed since that case had been removed and the carvings which it concealed were coated with all the dust which had accumulated there since the night of my father's coming-of-age.

"A device upon the top of the centre panel represented the arms of the family; the helm which formed part of the device projected like a knob. My father grasped it, turned it, and threw his weight against the seemingly solid wall. It yielded, swinging inward upon concealed hinges, and a damp, earthy smell came out into the library. Taking up a lamp, which he had in readiness, my father entered the cavity, beckoning me to follow.

"I found myself descending a flight of rough steps, and the roof above me was so low that I was compelled to stoop. A corner was come to, passed, and a further flight of steps appeared beneath. At that time the old moat was still flooded, and even had I not divined as much from the direction of the steps, I should have known, at this point, that we were beneath it. Between the stone blocks roofing us in oozed drops of moisture, and the air was at once damp and icily cold.

"A short passage, commencing at the foot of the steps, terminated before a massive, iron-studded door. My father placed the key in the lock, and holding the lamp above his head, turned and looked at me. He was deathly pale.

"'Summon all your fortitude,' he said.

"He strove to turn the key, but for a long time without success; the lock was rusty. Finally, however—he was a strong man—his efforts were successful. The door opened, and an indescribable smell came out into the passage. Never before had I met with anything like it; I have never met with it since."

Lord Lashmore wiped his brow with his handkercheif.

"The first thing," he resumed, "upon which the lamplight shone, was what appeared to be a bloodstain spreading almost entirely over one wall of the cell which I perceived

before me. I have learned since that this was a species of fungus, not altogether uncommon. but at the time, and in that situation, it shocked me inexpressibly.

"But let me hasten to that which we have come to see—let me finish my story as quickly as may be. My father halted at the entrance to this frightful cell; his hand, with which he held the lamp above his head, was not steady, and over his shoulder I looked into the place, and saw...*him*.

"Dr. Cairn, for three years, night and day, that spectacle haunted me, I seemed to have before my eyes the dreadful face—the bearded, grinning face of Paul Dhoon. He lay there upon the floor of the dungeon, with his fists clenched and his knees drawn up as if in agony. He had lain there for generations, yet, as God is my witness, there was flesh on his bones!

"Yellow and seared it was, and his joints protruded through it but his features were yet recognisable—horribly, dreadfully recognisable. His black hair was like a mane, long and matted, his eyebrows were incredibly heavy and his lashes overhung his cheekbones. The nails of his fingers ......no! I will spare you. But his teeth, his ivory, gleaming teeth—with the two wolf-fangs fully revealed by that death grin!

"An aspen stake was driven through his breast, pinning him to the earthen floor, and there he lay in the agonised attitude of one who had died by such awful means. Yet—that stake was not driven through his unhallowed body until a whole year after his death!

"How I regained the library I do not remember. I was unable to rejoin the guests, unable to face my fellow-men for days afterwards. Dr. Cairn, for three years I feared—feared the world—feared sleep—feared myself above all; for I knew I had in my veins the blood of a *vampire!*"

III.

THERE was a silence of some minutes' duration. Lord Lashmore sat staring straight before him, his fists clenched upon his knees. Then:

"It was after death that the third baron developed—certain qualities?" inquired Dr. Cairn.

"There were six cases of death within the district within twelve months," replied Lashmore. "The gruesome cry of 'vampire' ran through the community. The fourth baron—son of Paul Dhoon—turned a deaf ear to these reports, until the mother of a child—a child who had died—traced a man, or the semblance of a man, to the gate of the Dhoon family vault. By night, secretly, the son of Paul Dhoon visited the vault, and found............

"The body, which despite twelve months in the tomb, looked as it had looked in life, was carried to the dungeon—in the Middle Ages a torture-room; no cry uttered there can reach the outer world—and was submitted to the ancient process for slaying a vampire. From that hour no supernatural visitation has troubled the district; but—"

"But," said Dr. Cairn quietly, "the strain came from Mirza, the sorceress! what of her?"

Lord Lashmore's eyes shone feverishly.

"How do you know that she was a sorceress?" he asked hoarsely. "These are family secrets."

"They will remain so," he was answered. "But my studies have gone far, and I know that Mirza, wife of the third Baron Lashmore, practised the Black Art in life, and became after death a ghoul. Her husband surprised her in certain detestable magical operations and struck her head off. He had suspected her for some considerable time, and had not only kept secret the birth of her son but had secluded the child from the mother. No heir resulting from his second marriage, however, the son of Mirza became Baron Lashmore, and after death became what his mother had been.

"Lord Lashmore, the curse of the house of Dhoon will prevail until the Polish Jewess who originated it has been treated as her son was treated!"

"Dr. Cairn, it is not known where her husband had her body concealed. He died without revealing the secret. Do you mean that the taint, the devil's taint, may recur—Oh, my God! do you want to drive me mad!"

"I do not mean that after so many generations which have been free from it, the vampirism will arise again in your blood; but I mean that the spirit, the unclean, awful spirit of that vampire woman is still earth-bound. The son was freed, and with him went the heriditary taint, it seems; but the mother was *not* freed! Her body was decapitated, but her vampire soul cannot go upon its appointed course until the ancient ceremonial has been performed!"

Lord Lashmore passed his hand across his eyes.

"You daze me, Dr. Cairn. In brief, what do you mean?"

"I mean that the spirit of Mirza is to this day loose upon the world, and is forced by a deathless, unnatural longing to seek incarnation in a human body. It is such awful pariahs as this, Lord Lashmore, that constitute the danger of so-called spiritualism. Given suitable conditions, such a spirit might gain control of a human being."

"Do you suggest that the spirit of the second lady—"

"It is distinctly possible that she haunts her descendants. I seem to remember a tradition of Dhoon Castle, to the effect that births and death's are heralded by a woman's mocking laughter?"

"I myself heard it on the night I became Lord Lashmore."

"That is the spirit who was known, in life, as Mirza, Lady Lashmore!"

"But—"

"It is possible to gain control of such a being."

"By what means?"

"By unhallowed means; yet there are those who do not hesitate to employ them. The danger of such an operation is, of course, enormous."

"I perceive, Dr. Cairn, that a theory covering the facts of my recent experiences is forming in your mind."

"That is so. In order that I may obtain corroborative evidence, I should like to call at your place this evening. Suppose I come ostensibly to see Lady Lashmore?"

Lord Lashmore was watching the speaker.

"There is someone in my household whose suspicions you do not wish to arouse?" he suggested.

"There is. Shall we make it nine o'clock?"

"Why not come to dinner?"

"Thanks all the same, but I think it would serve my purpose better if I came later."

*

Dr. Cairn and his son dined alone together in Half Moon Street that night.

"I saw Antony Ferrara in Regent Street to-day," said Robert Cairn. "I was glad to see him."

Dr. Cairn raised his heavy brows.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well I was half afraid that he might have left London."

"Paid a visit to Myra Duquesne in Inverness?"

"It would not have surprised me."

"Nor would it have surprised me, Rob, but I think he is stalking other game at present."

Robert Cairn looked up quickly.

"Lady Lashmore," he began—

"Well?" prompted his father.

"One of the Paul Pry brigade who fatten on scandel sent a veiled paragraph in to us at *The Planet* yesterday, linking Ferrara's name with Lady Lashmore. Of course we did not use it; he had come to the wrong market; but—Ferrara was with Lady Lashmore when I met him to-day."

"What of that?"

"It is not necessarily significant,

of course; Lord Lashmore in all probability will outlive Ferrara, who looked even more pallid than usual.''

''You regard him as an utterly unscrupulous fortune-hunter?''

''Certainly.''

''Did Lady Lashmore appear to be in good health?''

''Perfectly.''

''Ah.''

A silence fell, of considerable duration, then:

''Antony Ferrara is a menance to society,'' said Robert Cairn. ''When I meet the reptilian glance of those black eyes of his and reflect upon what the man has attempted—what he has done—my blood boils. It is tragically funny to think that in our new wisdom we have abolished the only laws that could have touched him! He could not have existed in Ancient Chaldea, and would probably have been burnt at the stake even under Charles II, but in this wise twentieth century he dallies in Regent Street with a prominent society beauty and laughs in the face of the man he has attempted to destroy!''

''Be very wary,'' warned Dr. Cairn. ''Remember that if you died mysteriously to-morrow, Ferrara would be legally immune. We must wait and watch. Can you return here to-night, at about ten o'clock?''

''I think I can manage to do so—yes.''

''I shall expect you. Have you brought up to date your record of those events which we know of, together with my notes and explanations?''

''Yes, sir, I spent last evening upon the notes.''

''There may be something to add. This record, Rob, one day will be a weapon to destroy an unnatural enemy. I will sign two copies to-night and lodge one at my bank.''

IV.

LADY LASHMORE proved to be far more beautiful than Dr. Cairn had anticipated. She was a true brunette with a superb figure and eyes like the darkest passion flowers. Her creamy skin had a golden quality as though it had absorbed within its velvet texture something of the sunshine of the South.

She greeted Dr. Cairn without cordiality.

''I am delighted to find you looking so well, Lady Lashmore,'' said the doctor. ''Your appearance quite confirms my opinion.''

''Your opinion of what, Dr. Cairn?''

''Of the nature of your recent seizure. Sir Elwin Groves invited my opinion and I gave it.''

Lady Lashmore paled perceptibly.

''Lord Lashmore, I know,'' she said, ''was greatly concerned, but indeed it was nothing serious—''

''I quite agree. It was due to nervous excitement.''

Lady Lashmore held a fan before her face.

''There have been recent happenings,'' she said—''as no doubt you are aware—which must have shaken anyone's nerves. Of course I am familiar with your reputation, Dr. Cairn as a psychical specialist—''

''Pardon me, but from whom have you learnt of it?''

''From Mr. Ferrara,'' she answered simply. ''He has assured me that you are the greatest living authority upon such matters.''

Dr. Cairn turned his head aside.

''Ah!'' he said grimly.

''And I want to ask you a question,'' continued Lady Lashmore. ''Have you any idea, any idea at all, respecting the cause of the wounds upon my husband's throat? Do you think them due to—something supernatural?''

Her voice shook, and her slight foreign accent became more marked.

''Nothing is supernatural,'' replied Dr. Cairn; ''but I think they are due to something supernormal. I would suggest that possibly you have suffered from evil dreams recently?''

Lady Lashmore started wildly, and her eyes opened with a sort of sudden horror.

"How can you know?" she whispered. "How can you know! Oh, Dr. Cairn!"—She laid her hand upon his arm—"if you can only prevent those dreams; if you can assure me that I shall never dream them again—!"

It was a plea and a confession. This was what had lain behind her coldness, this horror which she had not dared to confide in another.

"Tell me," he said gently. "You have dreamt these dreams twice?"

She nodded, wide-eyed with wonder for his knowledge.

"On the occasions of your husband's—illnesses?"

"Yes, yes!"

"What did you dream?"

"Oh! can I, dare I tell you!—"

"You must."

There was pity in his voice.

"I dreamt that I lay in some very dark cavern; I could hear the sea booming, apparently above my head. But above all the voice of a noise was audible, calling to me—not by name; I cannot explain in what way; but calling, calling imperatively. I seemed to be clothed but scantily, in some kind of ragged garments; and upon my knees I crawled toward the voice, through a place were there were other living things that crawled also; things with many legs and clammy bodies......"

She shuddered and choked down an hysterical sob that was half a laugh.

"My hair hung dishevelled about me and in some inexplicable way—oh! am I going mad!—my head seemed to be detached from my living body! I was filled with a kind of unholy anger which I cannot describe. Also, I was consumed with thirst, and this thirst......"

"I think I understand," said Dr. Cairn quietly. What followed?"

"An interval—quite blank—after which I dreamt again. Dr. Cairn I *cannot* tell you of the dreadful, the blasphemous and foul thoughts that possessed me! I found myself resisting — resisting — something, some power that was dragging me back to that foul cavern with my thirst unslaked! I was frenzied; I dare not name, I tremble to think, of the ideas which filled my mind. Then again came a blank, and I awoke."

She sat trembling. Dr. Cairn noted that she avoided his gaze.

"You awoke," he said, "on the first occasion, to find that your husband had met with a strange and dangerous accident?"

"There was—something else."

Lady Lashmore's voice had become a tremulous whisper.

"Tell me; don't be afraid."

She looked up; her magnificent eyes were wild with horror.

"I believe you know!" she breathed. "Do you?"

Dr. Cairn nodded.

"And on the second occasion," he said, you awoke—earlier?"

Lady Lashmore nodded her head.

"The dream was identical?"

"Yes."

"Excepting these two occasions, you never dreamed it before?"

"I dreamt *part* of it on several other occasions; or only remembered part of it on waking."

"Which part?"

"The first; that awful cavern—"

"And now Lady Lashmore—you have recently been present at a spiritualistic seance."

She was past wondering at his power of inductive reasoning, and merely nodded.

"I suggest—I do not know—that the seance was held under the auspices of Mr. Antony Ferrara, ostensibly for amusement."

Another affirmative nod answered him.

"You proved to be mediumistic?"

It was admitted.

"And now Lady Lashmore—" Dr. Cairn's face was very stern—"I will trouble you no further."

He prepared to depart; when—

"Dr. Cairn!" whispered Lady Lashmore, tremulously—"some dreadful thing, something that I cannot comprehend but that I fear and loathe with all my soul, has come to me. Oh—for pity's sake, give me a word of hope! Save for you I am alone with a horror I cannot name. Tell me—"

At the door, he turned.

"Be brave," he said—and went out.

Lady Lashmore sat still as one who had looked upon Gorgon, with her beautiful eyes yet widely opened and her face pale as death; for he had not even told her to hope.

V.

ROBERT CAIRN was sitting smoking in the library, a bunch of notes before him, when Dr. Cairn returned to Half Moon Street. His face, habitually fresh coloured, was so pale that his son leapt up in alarm. But Dr. Cairn waved him away with a characteristic gesture of his hand.

"Sit down, Rob," he said, quietly; "I shall be alright in a moment. But I have just left a woman—a young woman and a beautiful woman—whom a fiend of hell has condemned to that which my mind refuses to contemplate."

Robert Cairn sat down again, watching his father.

"Make out a report of the following facts," continued the latter, beginning to pace up and down the room.

He recounted all that he had learnt of the history of the house of Dhoon and all that he had learnt of recent happenings form Lord and Lady Lashmore. His son wrote rapidly.

"And now," said the doctor, "for our conclusions. Mirza, the Polish Jewess, who became Lady Lashmore in 1615, practised sorcery in life and became, after death, a ghoul—one who sustained an unholy existence by unholy means—a vampire."

"But, sir, surely that is but a horrible superstition of the Middle Ages!"

"Rob, I could take you to a castle not ten miles from Cracow in Poland where there are—certain relics, which would for ever settle your doubts respecting the existence of vampires. Let us proceed. The son of Mirza, Paul Dhoon, inherited the dreadful proclivities of his mother, but his shadowy existence was cut short in the traditional and effective manner. Him we may neglect.

"It is Mirza, the sorceress, who must engage our attention. She was decapitated by her husband. This punishment prevented her, in the unhallowed life which, for such as she, begins after ordinary decease, from practising the horrible rites of a vampire. Her headless body could not serve her as a vehicle for nocturnal wanderings, but the evil spirit of the woman might hope to gain control of some body more suitable.

"Nurturing an implacable hatred against all of the house of Dhoon, that spirit, disembodied, would frequently be drawn to the neighbourhood of Mirza's descendants, both by hatred and affinity. Two horrible desires of the Spirit Mirza would be gratified if a Dhoon could be made her victim—the desire for blood and the desire for vengeance! The fate of Lord Lashmore would be sealed if that spirit could secure incarnation!"

Dr. Cairn paused, glancing at his son, who was writing at a furious speed. Then—

"A magician more mighty and more evil than Mirza ever was or could be," he continued; "a master of the Black Art, expelled a woman's spirit from its throne and temporarily installed in its place the blood-lustful spirit of Mirza!"

"My God, sir!" cried Robert Cairn, and threw down his pencil. "I begin to understand!"

"Lady Lashmore," said Dr. Cairn, "since she was weak enough to consent to be present at a certain seance, has, from time to time, been *possessed*;

she has been possessed by the spirit of a vampire! Obedient to the nameless cravings of that control, she has sought out Lord Lashmore, the last of the house of Dhoon. The horrible attack made, a mighty will, which throughout her temporary incarnation, has held her like a hound in leash, has dragged her from her prey, has forced her to remove, from the garments clothing her borrowed body, all traces of the deed, and has cast her out again to the pit of abomination where her headless trunk was thrown by the third Baron Lashmore!

"Lady Lashmore's brain retains certain memories. They have been received at the moment when possession has taken place and at the moment when the control has been cast out again. They thus are memories of some secret cavern near Dhoon Castle, where that headless, but deathless body lies and memories of the poignant moment when the vampire has been dragged back, her 'thirst unslaked,' by the ruling Will."

"Merciful God!" muttered Robert Cairn—"Merciful God, can such things be!"

"They can be—they are!"

"Two ways have occurred to me of dealing with the matter," said Dr. Cairn quietly. "One is to find that cavern and to kill, in the occult sense, by means of a stake, the vampire who lies there; the other which, I confess, might only result in the permanent 'possession' of Lady Lashmore—is to get at the power which controls this disembodied spirit—kill Antony Ferrara!"

Robert Cairn went to the sideboard and poured out brandy with a shaking hand.

"What's his object?" he whispered.

Dr. Cairn shrugged his shoulders.

"Lady Lashmore would be the wealthiest widow in society," he replied.

"*He* will know now," continued the younger man unsteadily, "that you are against him. Have you—"

"I have told Lord Lashmore to lock, at night, not only his outer door but also that of his dressing-room. For the rest"—he dropped into an easy-chair—"I cannot face the facts, I—"

The telephone bell rang.

Dr. Cairn came to his feet as though he had been electrified; and as he raised the receiver to his ear, his son knew, by the expression on his face from where the message came and something of its purport.

"Come with me," was all he said, when he had replaced the instrument on the table.

They went out together. It was already past midnight, but a cab was found at the corner of Half Moon Street, and within the space of five minutes they were at Lord Lashmore's house.

Excepting Chambers, Lord Lashmore's valet, no servants were to be seen.

"They ran away, sir, out of the house," explained the man, huskily, "when it happened—"

Dr. Cairn delayed for no further questions, but raced upstairs, his son close behind him. Together they burst into Lord Lashmore's bedroom. But just within the door they both stopped, aghast.

Sitting bolt upright in bed was Lord Lashmore, his face a dingy gray and his open eyes, though filming over, yet faintly alight with a stark horror......dead. An electric torch was still gripped tightly in his left hand.

Bending over someone who lay upon the carpet near the bedside they perceived Sir Elwin Groves. He looked up. Some little of his usual self-possession had fled.

"Ah, Cairn," he jerked. We've both come too late."

The prostrate figure was that of Lady Lashmore, a loose kimona worn over her night-robe. She was white and still and the physician had been engaged in bathing a huge bruise upon her temple.

"She'll be alright," said Sir Elwin; she has sustained a tremendous blow, as you see. But Lord Lashmore—"

Dr. Cairn stepped closer to the dead man.

"Heart," he said. "He died of sheer horror."

He turned to Chambers, who stood in the open doorway behind him.

"The dressing-room is open," he said. "I had advised Lord Lashmore to lock it."

"Yes, sir; his lordship meant to, sir. But we found that the lock had been broken. It was to have been replaced to-morrow."

Dr. Cairn turned to his son.

"You hear?" he said. "No doubt you have some idea which of the visitors to this unhappy house took the trouble to break that lock? It was to have been replaced to-morrow; hence the tragedy of to-night." He addressed Chambers again. "Why did the servants leave the house to-night?"

The man was shaking pitifully.

"It was the laughter, sir! the laughter! I can never forget it! I was sleeping in an adjoining room and I had a key of his lordship's door in case of need. But when I heard his lordship cry out—quick and loud, sir—like a man that's been stabbed—I jumped up to come to him. Then, as I was turning the door-knob—of my room, sir—someone, something, began to *laugh!* It was in here; it was in here, gentlemen! It wasn't—her ladyship; it wasn't like *any* woman. I can't describe it; but it woke up every soul in the house."

"When you came in?"

"I darn't come in, sir! I ran downstairs and called up Sir Elwin Groves. Before he came, all the rest of the household hurried on their clothes and went away—"

"It was I who found him," interrupted Sir Elwin—"as you see him now; with Lady Lashmore where she lies. I have 'phoned for nurses."

"Ah," said Dr. Cairn, "I shall come back, Groves, but I have a small matter to attend to."

He drew his son from the room. On the stair:

"You understand?" he asked. "The spirit of Mirza came to him again, clothed in his wife's body. Lord Lashmore felt the teeth at his throat, awoke instantly and struck out. As he did so, he turned the torch upon her, and recognized—his wife! His heart completed the tragedy, and so—to the laughter of the sorceress—passed the last of the house of Dhoon."

The cab was waiting. Dr. Cairn gave an address in Piccadilly, and the two entered. As the cab moved off, the doctor took a revolver from his pocket, with some loose cartridges, charged the five chambers, and quietly replaced the weapon in his pocket again.

One of the big doors of the block of chambers was found to be ajar, and a porter proved to be yet in attendance.

"Mr. Ferrara," began Dr. Cairn—

"You're five minutes too late, sir," said the man.

"He left by motor at ten past twelve. He's gone abroad, sir."

In the next story of this series, which is entitled "The Mask of Set," Robert Cairn goes to Egypt and there has a further adventure with Antony Ferrara.

SIR WILLIAM WHYTE: A BUILDER OF THE WEST

BY R. G. MACBETH

AUTHOR OF "THE MAKING OF THE CANADIAN WEST" ETC.

WILLIAM WHYTE was one of the men to whom a title added nothing, and for titles he never had any particular ambition. When, in recognition of his great cervices as a railroad-builder and Empire-builder, he received the honour of knighthood at the time of the coronation of our King George V., I wrote to Sir William a personal letter of congratulation, because from the early nineties in the West I had been privileged to be one of his personal friends. His reply was characteristic of the man. He said that he had never worked with a view to such recognition, but since knighthood had come to him his chief delight lay in the fact that his friends were pleased and that those whom he knew and loved best were good enough to say that he deserved it. This was a reply with the real ring of chivalry about it. Verily, those who knew him most intimately could vouch for his true knightliness and could affirm that he was greater than his title, for

> However it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

But, even with Tennyson's verse in mind, it was gratifying to those who honoured and loved him to know that the Fifeshire lad, who had come to Canada alone to fight his way in the world without influence, had won his spurs in the great task of opening out and developing a new Empire in the wide West of the Dominion.

His career is an outstanding and thrilling example of what a man can accomplish who has had a good home training, who makes the most of his opportunity in the school and the church of his boyhood, and who sets out upon his life work with eager enthusiasm, unconquerable optimism, unquenchable industry, and deep, if unostentatious, religious faith. Men with some of these characteristics have succeeded equally well as creators of great industrial and financial movements, but it was what Mr. Whyte possessed in addition to business qualities that made him too great a human to be swallowed up by commercial concerns.

Born in 1843 in Dumfermline, young Whyte began as soon as he was through school to work as clerk in the office of an estate factor. Then he was a while railroading in West Fife and so found his life vocation. In 1863 he came to Canada and got in with the Grand Trunk in Toronto. For a while he was a brakesman, and one would have liked to hear him call out the stations in that rich voice with the flavour of Scotland about it. Freight agent, depot mas-

ter, ticket agent, and superintendent here and there, Whyte kept climbing up, and in 1886 the Canadian Pacific Railway, looking for the best available man to grapple with the herculean task of managing the business pertaining to the long steel trail from Fort William to the Coast, sent him to Winnipeg. His official titles from that time on were various, but, by whatever name he was called, Whyte became thenceforward the outstanding figure on the Western landscape of our first transcontinental road.

It was well for the railroad that such was the case, because there were troublous days ahead. The Canadian Pacific Railroad in the West was a great monopolistic organization and people hate monopolies of that kind. But no decent man could hate William Whyte, and so he became, through the sheer strength of his personality, a tower of defence for the great railway. He had no hesitation in claiming in those days that the Canadian Pacific Railway needed a monopoly in order to keep out of the hands of a receiver. And when one looks back to that period one sees much reason in Whyte's position. The lone line of railway stretched across the barren rock areas north of Lake Superior, struck some settlement in Manitoba, then went on over a thousand miles of wild and almost uninhabited prairie to the mountains, thence through those great unproductive hills to a fringe of civilization on the western seaboard. The cost of construction had brought the company to the edge of bankruptcy and the rich land grant was almost valueless because there were as yet few settlers. There was little passenger or freight traffic, for the first Winnipeg boom had broken and an atmosphere of depression prevailed. Of course, the people of Manitoba clamoured for railway competition, got their legislators to charter local roads, and were quite ready to mob or politically kill any public man who believed that these local charters should be disallowed at Ottawa. But one can see that the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is now an enormously wealthy corporation, had such hard times in those days that the whole concern might have collapsed had rival roads been allowed to cut into its few productive patches of territory.

A gentleman who had been a fierce opponent of disallowance of rival charters called on me in Vancouver, in 1903, after his first trip through the mountains, and in conversation mentioned that he did not wonder that the Canadian Pacific Railway had required protection from rivals when it had to build and operate such a line in the early days. That was about the way William Whyte looked at it, and all the storms of popular indignation against the company broke hopelessly and harmlessly against his strong, imperturbable, persistent, and unflinching figure. A new name was put on the map of Manitoba when he garrisoned the Canadian Pacific Railway's southwestern branch at a point where a rival road sought a crossing, and I remember passing that place when a disabled engine was imbedded in the prairie mud and a force of 150 Canadian Pacific Railway "specials" saw that no crossing was effected. That was the historic "Fort Whyte," but, with the growth of settlement and industry in the West, the man after whom that spot was named saw that there was room and to spare for many tracks of steel over the great plains.

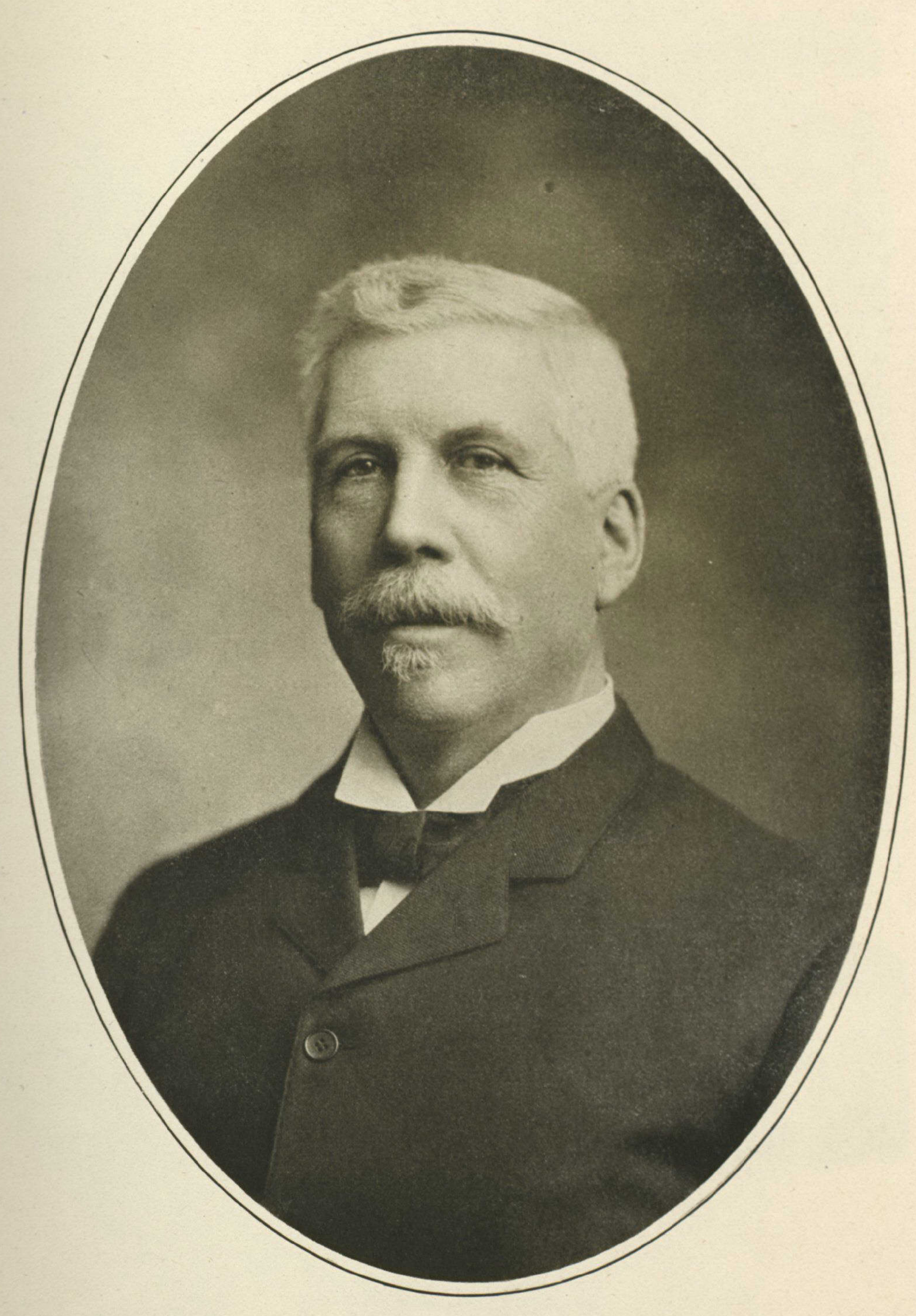
In his office Mr. Whyte was one of the most delightfully approachable and kindly of men. We have known scores of men with a tenth of his responsibility to be almost as non-get-at-able as royalty itself. But Mr. Whyte's door was always on the swing, and a wiper from the round-house could see him just as readily as a captain of industry. One day I asked him how he could manage to get the time for all this, and he said he arranged his work so as to permit it. He said he was there to serve men as far as he could and he con-

sidered that he should see any man who had business with him. This approachableness, along with many things which indicated a strong purpose to be fair to the men in the company's employ, gave him enormous personal influence with all of them, even though at times he had to refuse their requests. They had the most absolute confidence in his personal character and in his willingness to go as far as possible to meet their wishes. Several instances illustrating this come to me out of my personal knowledge. One day when I was in his office some men were in to see him in regard to improving their situation as engine-drivers in the mountains division. And after several matters had been settled a point was brought up by the men as to limiting the eligibility of employees in regard to turn-table and other work at divisional points. And after they had made their request Mr. Whyte said that he would refuse it in the interests of themselves and their families. He then pointed out that engine-driving in the mountains was hard on the eyesight, so that the eyes had to be tested frequently in order to be sure that they were fit for that work. And then he said: "Some of you men might be unfitted for that work some day, and you are asking me to make a rule which would bar you out from earning a good living by going into another department." One of the men got up and said: "Mr. Whyte, we thank you for this—we never thought of it. You are right, and you seem to be looking out for our welfare all the time." And they shook hands all around and went out well pleased with their interview.

One day Mr. Whyte was coming down to his office after there had been a labour trouble over which some men were rather bitter, when, on the Main street, he met one of the men who had been quite a while in the employ of the road. The man was passing with his head down, when Mr. Whyte stopped and speaking to him by name, said: "John, what have I ever done to you that you should cut me on the street?" And the man replied: "Mr. Whyte, I was really ashamed to look you in the face after all your kindness to me." "Well," said Mr. Whyte, "never be ashamed to meet your friends, come and see me if you are in trouble." One can easily understand what an influence that interview would have.

Once when an employee of the company who had cashed his pay-cheque in a north-end saloon had been found frozen to death in the yard, I saw Mr. Whyte in regard to protecting the men from such risks. I found that he was tremendously aroused over the matter, because he found out that certain saloons put up a notice on pay-day, "C. P. R. Cheques Cashed Here." This, he discovered on investigation, led the men into drink to their own and their families' great loss. He said he was trying to arrange in the interests of the men and their homes that the practice be made impossible and he would issue a special order warning the men against the danger. To this he added that the day was not far distant, when for the sake of the men as well as for the protection of the lives of crews and passengers and the property of the company, all railroads would make drinking, either on or off duty, a serious and even dismissable offence. This was some time ago but his prophecy has come true in the case of many railroads and other great industrial concerns.

Some years later I remember being asked to address a meeting of Canadian Pacific Railway men who were out on strike in Vancouver. It was in the City Hall there, and there were some seven or eight hundred men present. Without going into the particular points at first, I dealt with more general questions affecting labour and then asked why, in view of their rule that every remedy should be tried before a strike was begun, Mr. Whyte was not seen before the men were called out. A gentleman



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM WHYTE

from Seattle made some reply which evidently did not satisfy the men, for the next day a crowd of them met me and thanked me for raising the point. They said that they all knew Mr. Whyte and were sure that if he would not do what they asked he would give a good reason, and they did not know that he had not been consulted before he went away. And from that day the strike wilted. It was a great thing for an employer to have made such a reputation with the men.

Here is another side of his nature. I was at the Canadian Pacific Railway station in Winnipeg when Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman, passed through on his world tour. In some places people had failed to show him courtesy on account of his nationality and his record, which was not up to Christian ideals. But he was a stranger in a strange land, and with his unfailing courtliness Mr. Whyte entered the car and came out in a few moments with Li Hung Chang on his arm. The aged Chinaman was somewhat confused by the rather unruly crowd, but I distinctly remember the considerate way in which Mr. Whyte protected him from the curious mob and led him to the waiting-room, where they conversed till the train was ready to proceed.

Mr. Whyte was a tremendous believer in the West, and when other men were in despair over bad years and slow settlement, he never lost "the knack of hoping." He kept a smiling face to the multitude, and his unconquerable optimism proved contagious. To any one who had faith in the West and who tried to do something to keep it before the public in those lean days by writing or lecturing or otherwise, he was specially considerate. And he always had a warm spot in his heart for the pioneers who had blazed the way for the trampling millions who, he said, were sure to come. He lived long enough to see his invincible hopefulness amply justified.

The last time I heard him speak in public was in Knox Church, Winnipeg, when in his strong manly way he made appeal to men to take deeper interest in the great enterprise of Christian missions. For in reality his own profoundest interest was not in the things that are temporal, but in the things that are eternal.

MUSICAL CURRENTS IN CANADA

BY J. D. LOGAN

THERE were musical currents —and counter currents—during the past season (1913-14) in Canada. In a concise but comprehensive magazine review of musical development in the Dominion, an annalist or historian must note, and critically summarize, the currents and counter currents in five departments concerned with tonal art in Canada: (1) Musical performances, solo and concerted, (2) musical taste and appreciation, (3) musical creation, (4) musical criticism, and (5) musical pedagogics.

I purpose, in this article, to treat the musical season of 1913-14 from these five points of view. Readers who recall my article, "Musical Tendencies in Canada,"* will observe that I have enlarged the scope of the present essay by three departments. I have done this for two reasons. First, editorial reviews of the first article complained that I seemed to believe that there was no significant musical activity or development in the Northwest Provinces of the Dominion, or that I virtually implied such a belief to exist in my mind by having confined my review to the concerts by virtuosi and to the choral and orchestral performances given in two cities, Toronto and Montreal.

As a matter of fact I purposely, and quite logically, ignored musical activity in the Canadian West for two sufficient reasons. The truth is that whatever musical tendencies have appeared, or are appearing in the West, their impetus or inspiration came from the East and that, since Toronto and Montreal are the musical centres of Canada, musical performances and musical taste in the West would, in any case, be only adumbrations of these in those cities, namely, Toronto and Montreal, where musical performances and taste had reached their highest development. Again, another critic of music, Mr. Augustus Bridle, who had travelled in the Canadian West, and who, therefore, wrote from actual experience of what he reported, was contributing to a weekly Canadian periodical a series of articles on the musical societies and festivals of the West. His were primarily descriptive articles, whereas my article was a severely critical summary and estimate of those musical tendencies in Canada which, I thought, would persist and become standardized into national preferences both in musical taste and in performances. There was, then, no necessity on my part, as it were, to encroach on Mr. Bridle's journalistic preserves. Meanwhile, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina, and Vancouver have signalized the constructive point of my first article by establishing permanent Symphony Orchestras or Choral Societies, and thus confirming my contention that choral and orchestral music would be the chief and characteristic kinds of musical performances in Canada. I have, there-

*See "The Canadian Magazine" for June, 1913.

fore, in the present article enlarged my conspectus so as to include the musical activities of the Canadian West.

I have enlarged the scope of the present essay for a second reason, namely, to consider a criticism of musical progress in Canada, alleged, in a cable despatch from London, to have been uttered by M'me Clara Butt. The despatch read: "Australia," M'me Butt declared, "has more genuine knowledge of music than has Canada, the latter having made hardly any progress in musical matters during the last twelve years. Toronto is the only place in the Dominion which posesses a really adequate concert hall."

Now, there is some truth in the latter part of her statement; but I have good *a priori* grounds for believing that M'me Butt is not reported correctly in respect to the first part of her alleged criticism. First, she does not know the history of the musical development in Canada during the last twelve years. Within my own memory, which recalls a period of a decade or more, M'me Butt did not tour Canada until three or four years ago at the outside limit. How, then, could she know the history of musical progress in Canada during the last twelve years? Moreover, I interviewed her when she gave her farewell concert in Montreal. The interview was published in *The Montreal Herald and Daily Telegraph.* What M'me Butt actually did say to me was that in Australia musical appreciation is *more widely distributed* than it is in Canada; that it is, seemingly, centralized in two Canadian cities, Toronto and Montreal.

This, as I have phrased it above, I believe to be the authentic statement or criticism given to the London reporters by M'me Butt. Of course, the despatch aroused adverse editorial comment in the Canadian newspapers. Peevish resentment of just foreign or native criticism is a vice of the Canadian mind and heart. Canadians wince—and illogically resent—when told that in culture, and in the possession and promotion of cultural agencies, they are not as advanced as they conceive themselves to be. I have, therefore, enlarged the scope of the present essay in order to show that M'me Butt's criticism whether in the report from London or as I have phrased it, is at least partially warranted, but also that there is a distinct movement in Canada more universally to distribute musical performance and appreciation by (1) a somewhat general establishing of musical societies in the Canadian towns and cities; by (2) constructive, educational criticism in newspapers when reporting and estimating musical performances; and by (3) improved methods of musical pedagogics, history and æsthetics in Canadian Conservatories and Colleges of Music. And now I turn to my proper task.

In my first article, "Musical Tendencies in Canada" (*The Canadian Magazine*, June, 1913), I observed that grand opera in Canada was dead, that oratorio was moribund, that henceforth musical performances in Canada would be confined to concerts by solo virtuosi and by native choral and orchestral organizations, and that the choral societies of Toronto would change the scope of their programmes, the National Chorus, the Schubert Choir and the Oratorio Society presenting the lighter, more popular forms of choral art, leaving, on the other hand, to the Mendelssohn Choir the task or privilege of presenting a cycle of modern classico-romantic works, both *a cappella* and with orchestral accompaniment. When it was announced that the National Grand Opera Company would be formed to give a season during 1913-14, and that Dr. Broome's Oratorio Society would sing "The Messiah," literalists, who would take a ripple on the face of the ocean as the sign of some mighty disturbance beneath, declared my prediction premature, if not wholly false. All, however, has

turned out, as we shall see, precisely as I contended in my first article.

The most significant and important musical event in Canada during the season of 1913-14 was the unprecedented success of the cycle of concerts given by the Mendelssohn Choir. The cycle was significant and important intrinsically, since it marked an advance in the Choir's programmes and musicianship, and also extrinsically, since the success of the concerts resulted in a decision on the part of Dr. Vogt and the directors to send the Mendelessohn Choir on a European tour in 1915, and in what is, perhaps, more gratifying, namely a "call" from foreign European musical centres, "Come over and sing for us: we want to hear the choir reputed to be one of the finest, possibly the very finest, in the world."

The concerts of 1912 formed the first apogee of the Mendelssohn Choir; the concerts of 1914, the second apogee; and the European tour in 1915 will form the third. This I conceive to be the first proof of my contention that choral singing is the chief indigenous form of tonal art that will persist in Canada.

The second proof is afforded by the Choir's concerts in 1914. The enormous audiences which greeted the Choir, after a silence of two years, were indisputable evidence that the love of choral art is on the rise, certainly not on the wane, in Canada. But aside from the mere size of the audiences, what was highly significant was their heightened enthusiasm over the singing of the Choir. Dr. Vogt and his choristers so transported the auditors with their first night's concert, that the appreciation verged almost on a frenzy of delight. This fact is proof that Dr. Vogt's visit last year to Europe has had its effect in enabling him to make his choir an even finer body of concerted singers than it was in the past,—which is an astounding phenomenon. Let us mark wherein the Choir showed advances, and signalize its pre-eminent qualities.

Imagine a band of 250 singers as a single instrument with a range combining that of a double-bass, that of the 'cello and that of the violin. Now imagine this instrument sounding in any register to seem as uttering the tones of one and the same voice, whether the 250 singers who make up that instrument are heard in thunderous climaxes or in the softest, sweetest, and most delicate pianissimi chords or passages. Then imagine a master-musician who can, at will, play upon the instrument, make it sound as a single voice with equalized registers, and compel it to sing with the most refined and dulcet lyric quality or with powerful dramatic expression. Only in this way can I suggest to my readers who did not hear the recent concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir the outstanding qualities of its musicianship and the genius of its world famous conductor, Dr. Vogt.

Summarizing these qualities in musical phraseology, I should say that in the recent concerts the Mendelsshon Choir showed slight but appreciable advances in vastness, grandeur, and breadth of tone, in delicate pianissimo, in exquisite shading and nuancing, in lyric eloquence, in dramatic intensity and expressiveness, and in versalitity—the ability to sing with consummate artistry any choral composition from the grandest or most ethereal work, such as Moussorgsky's ballad "Joshua," Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem," or Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova," to light, gay, and humorous numbers. But whatever the Choir essayed, and no matter what were the requirements of the score in tone or other demand, they sang with a thoroughly musical quality—pure, beautiful, noble, exalting as the songs of angels.

The grandeur of the climaxes and final apostrophe to Jehovah in Moussorgsky's "Joshua" were sung by the Choir with a power that was compelling, and yet, despite the vastness of the tone, there was absolute unity, balance, and beauty. The same

quality was observed in the Choir's singing of "Libera Me" from Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem." For exquisite shading and delicate, piquant pianissimo the Choir surpassed itself, while at the same time losing nothing of rhythmical expression, in Nowowiejski's latest work, a melodious, lilting Slavonic folk scene. For pure spiritual loveliness that transported one from the earth to stellar interstices where only peace dwells, the Choir attained perfection in Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova," while Dr. Vogt himself disclosed new powers by conducting the orchestra with just the essential dramatic expressiveness needed to give this ethereal cantata an overpowering appeal to the religious imagination. For variety in style and interpretation, the Choir was superb in Verdi's "Stabat Mater," a work dramatic and impressive. The Choir was superior also in interpreting Sir Edward Elgar's choral ode "The Music Makers," a work which was too "dry" to give anything like the enjoyment which its title suggested. The Choir disclosed its versatility in a series of short numbers, particularly Bantock's exquisite "On Himalay," Kremser's "Prinz Eugen," Max Reger's "Mein Shatzelein," in the "Nottingham Hunt" and in several humorous compositions sung at the last concert of the cycle. I shall only remark in passing that the recent cycle, by the rare beauty, power, variety and lyric and dramatic versatility of the Mendelssohn Choir, indisputably placed that organization on the highest pinnacle of achievement in choral art.

It gives me great pleasure in the present article to be able sincerely to praise the concerts given in 1914 by Dr. Ham and the National Chorus, by Mr. H. M. Fletcher and the Schubert Choir, and by Dr. Broome and the Oratorio Society. Dr. Ham, Dr. Broome and Mr. Fletcher are superior musicians in their respective fields, but they are not expert psychologists, else they would not have resented my suggesting, as I did in my first article on musical tendencies in Canada, that they should confine their programmes to diversified but æsthetically popular choral compositions. However competent in their own special way these gentlemen way be, they at last implicitly admitted by their programmes and concerts in 1914 that one city could not maintain large choral socities which both in conductor and in personnel of choir could be equally efficient, or even satisfactory, in essaying big classico-romantic works.

The result has been that when Dr. Ham decided to have the National Chorus sing *a cappella* a programme of finely composed but genuinely popular compositions, he trained his choir to sing precisely what they could accomplish with an enviable degree of finish in ensemble, balance of sections, artistic phrasing, satisfying nuancing, and in achieving climaxes which were not forced bursts of big tone, but which had solidity and roundness, marked by precision in the attack and cut-off. The concerts of the National Chorus in 1914 had exactly these virtues, and were the most successful, both in attendance and musically viewed, in the history of the organization. In the past the National Chorus was assisted by one of the great United States' orchestras. This year the Chorus sang wholly *a cappella,* and yet the audiences were as large as in the past, and as highly appreciative.

The concert of the Schubert Choir was given with the assistance of a soloist (M'me Pasquali), the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and, in one number ("God in Nature"), 150 members of the People's Choral Union. The result was a performance which was well-varied in programme, and in which the Schubert Choir disclosed a distinct advance in five qualities, balance of sections, precision and unanimity, and fluency and flexibility. Mr. Fletcher's Choir and the People's Choral Union are not to be judged

strictly by the æsthetic and artistic standards of the world's greatest choral societies. Mr. Fletcher aims, primarily, to do educational work in teaching his choristers the art of fine concerted singing. In this he has always suceeded admirably, and never more admirably than with those who gave a really fine choral concert in Massey Hall last February.

Despite the fact that I had once contended that oratorio singing in Canada was moribund, on the way to its demise, Dr. Broome's Oratorio Society produced Handel's "Messiah" with marked success. But the fact that it was sung in Jarvis Street Baptist Church and not, as in the past, in Massey Hall where Dr. Torrington's Festival Chorus used to sing it to capacity audiences, is proof that the revival of the "Messiah" (that is, of oratorio) was only a ripple on the sea of choral music in Canada. The people now demand choral works which are not only not hackneyed, but which are also more æsthetically varied in structure, tone-colouring, and in lyric and dramatic expression than is possible with oratorio. However, Dr. Broome's chorus sang the "Messiah" with fine tone and artistic interpretation. Especially noteworthy and effective were the two choruses "He trusted in God" and "Glory to God." In these the choir exhibited brilliance and sonority. Dr. Broome complimented Montreal when he obtained the services of Mr. Martin, a genuinely artistic musician of that city, to play the organ accompaniments to the "Messiah." There ought to be more exchanges of courtesies of this kind between musicians dwelling in sister cities of the Dominion. It would be one way of bringing about a wider distribution of musical appreciation in Canada.

This observation now leads me to remark M'me Butt's criticism anent the distribution of musical appreciation and performance in the Dominion. It is only within the last few years that a sort of systematic demand for local musical organizations, either choral or orchestral, or both, has risen in nearly all the principal towns and cities of the Dominion, east and west. One thing is sure, namely, that the demand exists and has effected a considerably wider distribution of musical culture than previously obtained in Canada. Oddly Montreal shows itself behind Toronto, and even Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, and Vancouver, not in musical taste or in numbers of concerts and operatic performances, but in musical societies which have more than the merest amateur and local significance.

Toronto has had for some years a permanent Symphony Orchestra which under the direction of Mr. Frank S. Welsman concluded this spring its eighth season. This Orchestra, though not so large as the United States' orchestras which annually visit Toronto, has a considerable personnel, and gives a series of concerts, usually assisted by some great vocalist or instrumentalist. The eighth season (1913-14) was the most successful in the history of the organization. The band showed an advance in ensemble playing, in refinement of nuances, and in unanimity and balance of sections. Also, the programmes were more ambitious than in the past, and Mr. Welsman had the band essay several novelties which, both in the orchestration and instrumentation required by the score, would tax the powers of some United States' orchestras that have much more adroit musicians than the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. But aside from its own intrinsic musicianship, the Toronto Symphony performs a notable service in promoting musical culture by engaging soloists of international reputation to sing or play in concerted works. Last season (1913-14), for instance, Toronto heard in this way M'me Carreno, the most celebrated living pianiste, Miss Helen Stanley, operatic soprano, and Carl Flesch, violinist, besides Josef Hofmann, Kreisler, Elman and Zim-

balist. The first three visited the city in concert programmes for the first time and this in itself was a fresh delight. The Toronto Symphony in 1913-14 did in a special way a service to the development of musical taste, namely, by a series of popular concerts at which some Canadian vocalist or instrumentalist was the soloist and the programmes of which contained one work by a Canadian composer, as, for instance, Mr. Clarence Lucas.

The Ottawa Symphony Orchestra also had a successful season in 1913-14, under the direction of Mr. Donald Heins, who for several years has directed the orchestra with distinction of style in musicianship and with dignity of programmes.

The most important piece of news in connection with orchestral music in Canada is that following the success of the first season of the Calgary Symphony Orchestra, organized last fall and directed by Mr. Max Weil, Winnipeg, not to lose its supremacy as the musical metropolis of the Canadian Northwest, recently asked the Manitoba Legislature for a charter of incorporation for the foundation of a permanent Symphony Orchestra Society, capitalized at sixty thousand dollars. The charter is reported as granted. Thus with two excellent orchestras in the East and two in the West, and with the efficient String Quartette of Toronto and the Dubois Quartette of Montreal annually giving a series of chamber music concerts of high standard, the distribution of genuine musical culture, in taste and in performance, so far as orchestrated music is concerned, is clearly on the increase in Canada.

Three other phenomena plainly show that a universal distribution of musical culture is occurring in the Dominion. Nearly all the larger towns or cities in the East and West have some form of permanent choral organizations which annually give relatively ambitious programmes. This is true of Hamilton, Ottawa, London, Berlin and other Eastern Canadian towns, and of Winnipeg, Calgary, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Regina, Edmonton, and Vancouver in the West. Especially significant are the annual provincial Musical Festivals held at Winnipeg, Saskatoon, and Edmonton. For these Winnipeg has imported the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, but in the future will have her own orchestra. Presumably Saskatoon and Edmonton henceforth will draw on the Calgary Symphony Orchestra to assist at their festivals. At any rate the festival idea must be signalized as highly important to the increase of musical culture in the Dominion, especially in the West, where the immense distances between centres prevent the importation of the great United States' orchestras.

In addition to the increase in choral societies and the festival movement in the West, another factor in the development of musical culture in Canada must be noted. My experience leads me to observe that Montreal and the Province of Quebec are to be distinguished in tendencies from Toronto and Ontario by a racial gift which the French-speaking Canadians from Lavallée and M'me Albani onwards have seemed peculiarly to possess. The French-Canadians tend to produce soloists, and Montreal and Quebec are eminently cities of virtuoso soloists, vocal and instrumental. The brilliant careers of Lavallée and of M'me Albani are yet fresh in the memory. More recently the rise of M'me Edvina (née Martin) signalized the tendency in Canada (or Quebec Province) to careers of virtuoso soloism by those gifted with rare voices. At present the Canadian diva most in public appreciation is M'me Beatrice La Palme, who is a native of Montreal, and who has recently completed a triumphant season with the Century Opera Company, New York, scoring brilliantly in the roles of *Marguerite* in "Faust," *Nedda* in "I Pagliacci," *Lenore* in "Il Trovatore," *Lady Har-*

riet in "Martha," and *Mignon* in the opera of that name. Previously she had sucessful seasons at Covent Garden, where she made her operatic début as *Mimi* in "La Boheme," and at His Majesty's Theatre, London. M'me La Palme displays a pure, sweet soprano in legato solos and an extraordinarily brilliant colouratura in florid arias. She owes her singing style and dramatic expressiveness to the method of her husband, Professor Issaurel, formerly principal tenor at the "Opera Comique," Paris, now professor of voice in the Canadian Academy of Music, Montreal.

Professor Issaurel is responsible too for the success of Madame A. Leduc who will also essay the career of an operatic diva. M'me Leduc possesses a lyric soprano of great range and purity and critics who heard her sing the *Air de Mimi* from "La Boheme" predict a diva's career for her as brilliant as that of her countrywomen, M'mes Edvina and La Palme. Another French-Canadian who has choosen a career of solo virtuosity is M'me Djane Lavoie-Herz, pianiste, who worthily exhibits the genius of her race for brilliant lyric expression in the piano idiom. M'me Lavoie-Herz is a native of Ottawa. She has a facile technique, a fine feeling for emotional nuances, and a *penchant* for historical programmes. English-speaking Canadians, who recently have selected a virtuoso career are Miss Brenda Macrae, of Toronto, contralto, Miss Martine Zalborg Zoellner, of Toronto, pianiste, Miss Lina Adamson-Drechsler, of Toronto, violiniste, Miss Julia O'Sullivan, of Toronto, violiniste, now abroad, Miss Edith Miller, of Winnipeg, soprano, and Miss Winnifred Bambrick, of Ottawa, harpiste, Miss M. George, of Toronto, soprano, Mr. E. Seitz, of Toronto, pianist.

Other factors in the distribution of musical culture in Canada are not so much the rise of new conservatories and colleges of music as the improved methods of musical pedagogics now obtaining in these institutions in the Dominion, a sincere attempt by certain journalists to write constructive, educational criticism, and a decided tendency towards creative composition by Canadian musicians. Since Dr. Vogt assumed the directorship of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, the largest and best equipped in Canada, and reputed the second largest on the continent, this institution has developed methods of teaching musical history and æsthetics, both in the class-room and extra-murally by lectures on these subjects given free to the public by Professor Healey Willans. In Montreal Dr. Perrin is carrying on similar work and his extra-mural lectures on musical history and æsthetics have been a feature of the Montreal Conservatory of Music, notably so during 1913-14.

In Montreal, however, musical criticism in the newspapers is usually personal and doctrinaire, sometimes even venomous. The idea of the Montreal critics seems to be not to report, evaluate, and thus teach the people how to listen to music, but to amuse themselves by smart negative criticism or to inform the public that they liked or did not like a certain concert or opera, despite the fact that the audiences present unequivocally declared the opposite view by their applause and remarks. In Toronto musical criticism is pre-eminently æsthetic, constructive, and educational. Mr. Hector Charlesworth of *Saturday Night,* Mr. Fred Jacob of *The Mail and Empire,* Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe of *The Toronto World,* Mr. J. E. Middleton of *The News,* and Mr. Edwin Parkhurst of *The Globe,* have their various styles, but they always attempt to encourage sincere and worthy endeavour, and, in any case, always, subordinate negative to constructive or educational criticism. They aim to teach music-lovers how to listen intelligently to music.

As to creative musical composition, nothing specially may be remarked. Clarence Lucas and Mrs. Gena Brans-

combe are still composing, but they are expatriates. Dr. Albert Ham, Dr. Vogt, Mr. Leo Smith, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, of Toronto, and Professor Guillaume Couture, of Montreal, published new compositions last year. But nothing big or significant has come from these composers, who, it would be thought, would be inspired to write a choral composition, an instrumental overture, suite or symphonic poem in celebration of the Centenary of Peace between Canada and the United States. I have suggested this personally to them, but to no avail.

I conclude with brief references to the visiting orchestras and to the failure of grand opera in Canada. The Mendelssohn Choir was assisted at its choral concerts by the superb Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Frederick Stock. The band gave a special orchestral matinee, with Mr. Harold Bauer as soloist. The equally superb New York Philharmonic, under the conductorship of Mr. Stransky, visited Toronto twice; the soloist was M'me Ottilie Metzger, one of the three greatest contraltos of the world. It is sufficient to observe that the performances of both orchestras were musically impeccable.

As for grand opera, the National Opera Company and the Quinlan Opera Company, though producing several novelties, the latter producing the entire "Nibelungen Ring" in Montreal, went through trying experiences in Canada and both companies were forced to abandon the enterprise.

The truth is that while the National Opera Company gave a season of several weeks in Montreal and Toronto, they sang to great financial loss in the former city and it was doubtful up to the middle of the week preceding their engagement in Toronto whether or not they would sing in that city. All the world read in the newspapers the story of their sad vicissitudes after their Canadian engagements. Moreover, during the first week of the Quinlan Opera Company in Montreal, public support was so weak that Mr. Quinlan was on the verge of cancelling the engagement, and, as a matter of fact, actually cancelled his Company's engagement in Toronto. It is said that Colonel Frank Meighen will back certain guarantors for a return visit of the Quinlan Opera Company. This would not be confirmed by Colonel Meighen. Grand Opera in Canada has passed.

CURLEWS

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

SMALL olive birds along the olive sand,
Slight curlews by the shore,
You dance on clouds or sport with waves,
Forever on before.

I follow on, earth trammelled, picking steps,
Prisoned from sea and sky;
You leap and flash in sunny air,
O, far more fleet than I!

And I have longed sometimes for such glad wings,
To be like a bird, free;
Free to the cloudy sky, and free
To tempt the sunny sea!

THE NIGHT OF MYSTERY

BY VANCE PALMER

"GOOD Heavens!" said Lamond, "I seem destined to see her wherever I turn."

He was swinging home through the ill-lit streets of the suburb, his brain full of a play he had just written up for his paper, when he saw her figure fifty yards ahead of him. There was some mystery about her which attracted his imagination. In trains, in street-cars, at odd corners, everywhere, he had come across her in the last three months, and their eyes had always met with a swift flash of recognition, although they had never spoken. He was fascinated by her dark eyes, her olive face, and the subtle glow that illuminated her features as though shed by some light in her soul.

A clock somewhere in the distance struck one, and the little Midland town seemed to turn in its sleep.

"It's late for her to be out alone," Lamond thought.

And almost as it flashed through his brain he saw that she had vanished. He walked slowly, wondering into which house she had gone. The street was dark and no lights shone in any of the houses, for the suburb burnt no midnight oil and an uncanny silence hovered over everything that was broken only by the soft rat-tat of a knocker. Lamond stopped. Through the dim hedge he could dimly see the girl's face, and anxiety seemed to linger in every line of her figure, for there was no response to her knock. Lamond waited for some minutes, and the girl walked back slowly to the gate. He could see the troubled look on her face as he came forward.

"Can I help you?" he said.

She started a little.

"I can't make anyone hear me," she said, "and the bell's broken. It's so horribly late, too."

She was twisting her hands nervously, but her eyes were enough to stir any man's chivalry. Lamond saw that there was a small pad of rubber underneath the knocker, which resisted all his attempts to make a noise.

"This is an awkward fix," he said ruefully. "Are there many in the house?"

"Not downstairs. The maid's room is on the first floor, but she'd never hear any noise down here. Oh, why did I stay out so late?"

She was looking the picture of misery, and Lamond could only face her blankly.

"It *is* late," he said.

She glanced up to a tiny balcony fifteen feet above their heads.

"If only——" she began.

Lamond read the suggestion in her eyes.

"Do you think they could hear if I climbed up there and knocked at the window?"

"I'm sure of it," she said eagerly. "But it's too high."

For answer Lamond buttoned his coat and caught at a niche in the wall. He was an athlete to his finger-tips, and the longing to serve her which was throbbing through him would

have made him capable of any feat now. His brain was a little heady with the yeasty ferment of romance and adventure, that seemed to work through every moment of this miraculous night, and to be particularly inspired by those sloe-black eyes that were watching him from below. He caught at an iron rail, and swung himself over the tiny balcony.

"Confound it!" he muttered.

For his foot had stumbled, and he was precipated through the long open window. It seemed peculiar that it should be open. He was crawling out to the balcony when he heard a voice say sharply in a clean-cut foreign accent:

"Don't move, or——"

A light was switched on quickly, and Lamond's dazed eyes blinked as he saw before him a tall man in a dressing-gown. There was a revolver in his hand, and his long pallid face seemed carved out of marble.

"Ah!" he said, "I have come in time."

"Excuse me," said Lamond coolly, "you have made a mistake. I merely wanted to rouse someone in order to let in the lady downstairs."

The man looked at him quickly.

"So! You have a confederate."

"Nothing of the kind. I don't know the lady except by sight. Ask her. She will explain."

They walked together to the window and looked out; Lamond's face turned white when he saw that the girl had vanished! He turned on his heel.

"This is a trap," he said sharply. "I don't understand it."

"The police may," said the man dryly. "There have been many burglaries lately,."

Lamond knew that only too well. They had been the talk and mystery of the town. Of course, he should get himself out of this fix ultimately, but there might be an interval of trouble, for he was a newcomer and could count his friends on the fingers of one hand. The man was a foreigner, an Italian probably, though there were few signs of nationality on the bony, white-moustached face, and his accent was well-nigh perfect.

"Look here," said Lamond, "this must be a joke or else a plot of some kind. I can clear myself absolutely if you'll give me a chance."

"Sit down," said the man blandly, "You interest me."

He watched Lamond across the table with his small, dark eyes, the depths of which seemed haunted by something inexplicable. When his face was passive it looked lifeless as a skull, and his lean hands trembled as they selected a cigarette from a silver case. Lamond would have imagined that he had been transported into some queer world of fantasy had it not been for the odd reality of the china dogs on the mantelpiece and the bric-a-brac on the cottage piano. The situation appealed to his sense of romance which had always been the breath of life to him since the blood raced hotly through his veins as a boy; he wondered greatly about the disappearance of the dark-eyed girl.

"Well," he said at last, "what do you mean to do?"

The man knit his long thin fingers and his dark, haunted face gazed into obscurity.

"You seem to be an adventurous young man," he said at last.

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said Lamond.

"What if I took your word as a gentleman that your visit here was an accident, would you be inclined to do me a favour?"

"That depends," said Lamond. "I don't mind anything in reason."

"It is quite reasonable," said the man, "it would involve doing nothing to stain your honour. I give you that assurance as a gentleman also."

Some hunger for adventure in Lamond's blood was urging him on.

"Very well," he said, "but will you explain——"

"I can do nothing now," said the man, "it is merely to deliver this wallet to some friends eight miles away. My chaffeur will take you there in a car."

A hundred suspicions flocked to Lamond's brain. He instinctively drew back.

"Why should you not go yourself?" he said skeptically. "How do I know there isn't something shady in this?"

The old man sprang up with a look of dignity in his bony face.

"Signor, I have given you my word of honour. Is not that enough? As for myself, I am in ill-health and cannot go, but I have promised that it shall be delivered."

The air of mystery in the affair was luring Lamond on in spite of himself. He could not bring himself to believe that the old man's word of honour was not a reality.

"I will go," he said, "but I think I am entitled to some explanation."

"You can have that when you come back," said his companion, "and any reward in reason. The chaffeur will give you any directions you may need."

There was silence for a moment. Then, as Lamond moved, a wine-glass fell with a crash. In a moment every ounce of dignity fled from the old man's face and he fell back in his chair with trembling hands and fear of death in his eyes.

"They're on me. They're on me," he repeated with chattering teeth. "God in heaven! what was that?"

A sudden doubt leapt into Lamond's brain and increased his wonder.

"Merely a glass falling," he said roughly. "There is something in this I don't understand."

The old man made a gesture of apology.

"It is nothing. I am worried and my heart is weak. You will be back in two hours, and then I will explain. I entreat you, signor, to go quickly—at once."

The car was fretting softly at the kerb outside and Lamond stepped in among the cushions, putting the wallet beneath the seat. His brain was very active just then, and his imagination aflame; he felt with pleasure that tingle of blood in his arteries which told him he was very much alive. There was something in this he wanted to probe to the depths, though there might be some risk in doing it. He was glad now that he had slipped the old man's revolver into his pocket as he had left the room.

The chaffeur, who was muffled up to the eyes, touched a lever, and they bounded off. It was some time before Lamond spoke, though his wits were sharpening to a cutting edge. At last he said abruptly:

"How far have we got to go?"

"About eight miles."

The voice made him turn sharply, and by the reflection of the headlight he could dimly see the dark eyes that shone from under the chauffer's cap.

"Good heavens, it's you!" was all he could say. Her eyes looked into his appealingly, and her lips quivered.

"Can you ever forgive me? I have acted horribly, I know. I have told untruths and deceived you, but—I could not help it."

"Then you are his daughter?"

"Nita Ferri. Yes."

"But why did you inveigle me into the house that way?"

"Someone had to go and—I could not let father go. He has a weak heart; you've noticed surely. Any little shock would kill him now."

Lamond passed his hand over his brow.

"This all seems deadly mysterious to me. I hardly know where I am. What would have happened if I hadn't passed along an hour ago?"

"You always do come home in that last train," she said calmly; "I've noticed you before. If anything had failed I would have gone myself."

They spun down a hill and then began to take a steep gradient. Lamond noticed that the girl was trembling, for all her show of assurance. He was stirred by the sense of her nearness and the confidence she had placed in him.

"It seems funny you should have picked me," he said meditatively.

Her breast heaved a little.

"Funny? No. I have seen you so often that you almost seem like a friend, and—for this it was necessary to have someone I could trust."

Lamond turned to her earnestly, and his voice had a softness in it.

"Will you tell me all about this that you know?"

"I know very little," she said with a sigh. "But—it is some sort of blackmail. Father has had the life nearly worried out of him during the last fortnight. It is only a day or two ago that I begged him to tell me what was on his mind."

"But—the police."

"He would not hear of me telling them. I don't know why. I have entreated him to do so ever since I heard."

Lamond pondered for a while in silence as they spun between hedges that were beginning to be covered with a froth of white. The night was fragrant and full of stars; the cool air had a vital pungency about it, and somehow the atmosphere, or romance and mystery that was abroad, intoxicated his senses. He looked sideways at the girl whose face had filled the background of his mind in the last three months; there was something about her that made him feel he would dare anything for her sake.

"You know no reason why your father should be blackmailed?" he said interrogatively.

"No. But then I know very little of his life. Mother was English; she and I have lived here always. When she died a year ago he came back from Naples, and we have been very happy together—till now."

Naples! The name filled his brain with suggestions of intrigue and a world quite alien to the little Midland town where he had spent the last three months. He thought for a while in silence, till suddenly the girl clutched at his elbow.

"There's someone following us!" she said tensely.

Down a long hill behind them flashed a streak of light and the whirr of a motor-bicycle came to their ears. It was more than a half a mile in the rear though, and could not overtake them. They spun down a lane to the left where two lines of heavy oaks formed an avenue, and a little later had drawn up before a cottage in which no light shone.

"This is the place," said Nita quickly. "They will be waiting somewhere. All you need to do is to hand over the wallet and hurry back, but—for the love of Heaven, don't let them see your face."

She laid her hand on his arm and he could feel it trembling. In spite of her plucky show of confidence she was afraid.

"Don't worry," he said lightly. "There is nothing to fear."

He gave her hand a gentle pressure. There was no risk he would not have faced to see the look of trust and gratitude that was shining from her eyes.

*

The cottage lay a little back from the road and was dark and silent. There seemed no life or movement inside, and the element of mystery in the affair unsettled Lamond's nerves a little. It all seemed out of keeping with the quiet little town that lay sleeping in the valley eight miles away, but now that he remembered the last few weeks had held a number of robberies and deeds of violence that had baffled the utmost vigilance of the police.

He tapped at the door softly and waited. There was no answer for awhile, but at last a slight shuffling

and whispering betrayed the presence of someone inside. Then the bolt was slipped back stealthily and a voice said something in a foreign tongue. Before he knew it, he was inside and the door was closed behind him.

Somewhere in the darkness there was a movement of figures, and then the flare of a struck match. When the smoky lantern was lit it disclosed four figures sitting round the table. The man at the head sprang up excitedly as soon as he saw Lamond's face.

"You are not Signor Ferri."

"No," said Lamond. "He is ill. I have come instead. Here is your money."

He threw the wallet on the table, and the nearest man grabbed it and pulled out a roll of notes. The other men bent their heads and talked together in low, excited voices. They had dark, evil faces, and as they glanced up at Lamond from time to time he edged a little nearer the wall, his hand straying down to the pocket of his heavy overcoat.

"Fools rush in——" he muttered to himself. "I have been a fool, if ever there was one."

His head was remarkably clear, and he knew that if action was forced on him he would have to act quickly and decisively. His eyes flashed round the circle of olive faces, and he noticed the stamp of fear on them. Clearly they felt that their secret had been given away.

"This is treachery," said one thickly.

At the word the whole four of them jumped up excitedly. Lamond's hand whipped up from his pocket, and in a second he had covered them completely.

"Sit down," he rasped out firmly.

His nerves were steady, and he knew by the look on their faces that he held them in the hollow of his hand. They shifted uneasily as he edged towards the window, which was low and could be easily opened. Inch by inch he backed away from them, his right hand never faltering, and at last he found himself fumbling with the latch. The dark eyes of the men at the table flashed out their hate, but they could not move, and the uncanny dumbness of a dream seemed to be laid on everyone. Lamond could hear the throb of the motor down at the end of the drive, where the girl was waiting for him. In another minute he would be free. Keeping his revolver steadily cocked he pushed at the window till he felt it yield. The drop could not be more than half-a-dozen feet.

Then, suddenly, from the outside an excited voice cut across the silence. In a flash one man's hand flew out, and the lantern was hurled from the table.

The sudden darkness fell across Lamond's eyes like a veil, and he heard chairs being overturned as the figures scuffled about the room. Someone struck at him fiercely with a knife, but the window burst fully open as he leaned back on it and he sprang out into the night.

The ground was lower than he looked for, and his feet stumbled as he landed. The garden seemed full of figures, and a few muffled cries inside the house fell strangely upon his ears. Before he could right himself and take in the situation clearly, he heard someone spring up from behind a rose bush, and he was gripped firmly by the collar.

*

Lamond's brain was dazed for a little, and he could hardly comprehend what had happened. There was a scuffling at the other side of the house, and a quick inter-change of clear-cut voices. Then by the helmet of the man who held him he understood into whose hands he had fallen.

"You've made a mistake," he said coolly.

"Oh, have I?" said the policeman.

"I can easily prove my identity. My name's Lamond, and I'm on the staff of *The Globe*."

"H'm," said his companion. "Then how do you come to be in the company of these foreign burglars?"

"I can explain that," said Lamond quickly.

"I'm sorry, but if there's to be an explanation you'll have to give it at the police-station. We caught you trying to escape with the rest."

He took Lamond down to the gate where the head-light of the car was blinking in the darkness. There was another car drawn up in front of it, and a motor-bicycle rested against the fence. The girl waiting in the car was in a tremour of excitement, and in the glimmering darkness he could see the deadly whiteness of her face. She leant forward and clutched his arm as he entered the car with the officer.

"Whatever is wrong?" she cried.

There were muffled voices in the garden, and the group of captured men were coming down the path. He took his seat beside her and said reassuringly:

"It's all right. Those men were burglars and they have fallen into the hands of the police. I, too, but it will be possible to clear myself, if——"

He hesitated. How would it be possible to clear himself without involving her father?

"You must tell everything," she said earnestly.

"But—your father?"

"It does not matter. He can have no secret that is dishonourable. Everything must be told."

They spun off into the darkness, the other car following. Lamond could have cursed himself for being landed in this plight, were it not for the fact that only thus could he have been brought into such sweet intimacy with the girl beside him. As they whirled back through the starlit night he thought more of her than of the situation which faced him. The quick flash of her eyes, the soft pleading of her voice, and the grace and mystery which enfolded her, were very wonderful to him; for him she had lifted the curtain which in this sleepy town had veiled romance from his eyes.

In the close darkness he pressed her hand, and found it trembling but responsive. He could feel the little flutter of her breath as she looked round at him, and her eyes were luminous in the dusky light. There was a strange magic about her that enthralled his being. Yet could it be possible that she had not been frank with him? Could it be possible that she and her father were in league with these men who had fallen into the hands of the police. It was only for a moment that he entertained the doubt, for he would have staked his soul on the innocence that shone forth from her eyes. They shot into thoroughfares where the silent houses lay sleeping, and a little later had drawn up at the police-station, where a pale light flickered above the door-way.

"It's all right," Lamond reassured her. "I will explain to the inspector. I'm sure he won't keep me above a few minutes."

He went in with the policeman at his elbow, and a short, gray-haired man writing at the office table inside jumped up as they entered.

"Lamond!" he ejaculated. "What the deuce does this mean?"

In a few abrupt words Lamond outlined the story of his adventure. He had merely acted as proxy for Ferri; he had no knowledge of why the latter should be blackmailed; the police had come upon him just as he was escaping from the Italians.

As he made his explanation the inspector looked at him keenly.

"And this man Ferri? You have no knowledge of his past?"

"None at all."

The inspector whittled a pencil in his hand, and for a while there was silence. Then he spoke in a low tone.

"Perhaps it is as well you should know. You have heard of the Rizzios? They are a very dangerous so-

ciety. One of the members became rich a year ago and left Naples for England. It was obvious that some of them would search him out and attempt blackmail."

Lamond started back.

"Ferri a member of the Rizzios. It can't be possible. That knowledge would break his daughter's heart. She does not know."

The inspector's face had a look of stolid reticence.

"She need never know."

"But—he will be exposed. You can't help bringing him into arrest."

"It is not too late. He is dead! He had a heart attack when we came upon him and died two hours ago. These others will merely be tried for burglaries which have been committed in the last two weeks."

. . . .

And Nita never did know. That was a secret buried deep in Lamond's breast, although whenever he looked into her eyes he remembered that he owed his happiness to the mysterious adventure of that night.

THE VAGROM HEART

By ANDREW ROE MACDONALD

TELL me, my love, in what dim magic dell,
Still softly dreaming,
Thy heart is hid, that I might weave a spell
Of wondrous seeming
Would call it to mine own, with gladsome longing,
Fast faring to the home of its belonging.

Lies it in coral cave, and all-impearled,
The soft sea-whispers
Coming across the reaches of the world
To breathe their vespers;
Then will the sea-winds tell it of my loving,
Longing to welcome home the heart far-roving.

Deep in a forest glade perchance it lies,
A little river,
Chanting a-low its world-old lullabies;
But throats a-quiver
With the sweet harmony of the purple gloaming
Shall pipe the vagrom heart to its glad homing.

Tho' it be hid in moon-gray mountain-mist,
The night-shades falling,
Thine ever-roaming heart cannot resist
Th' insistent calling;
But from its distant covert come, and bearing
Its virgin love, home to my glad heart faring.

From the Painting by Ernest Lawson
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

SPRING

TOBACCO: A NEW PRODUCT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY D'ARCY ROWE

NOW that it has been proved that the growing of tobacco of high quality is feasible in the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia again has to thank irrigation for what promises to be one of the most important industries in the Province. While it is quite true that tobacco does not need a great deal of irrigation (one application of water being all that is necessary), without it the growing of high-class tobacco, or for that matter tobacco of any kind at all, would be impossible. Great interest has been shown in the past in these tobacco fields by irrigation experts, and this year will see a great many people visiting the plantations. The Western Canada Irrigation Association is holding its annual convention in Penticton in August this year, and many of the delegates will want to visit the scene of the industry that would have been a closed book if it had not been for their efforts in preaching irrigation to the farmers of the Okanagan.

Few people seem to realize that tobacco growing in British Columbia is at all possible, and many are surprised beyond measure when they are told that it is rapidly assuming the proportions of a large factor in the industrial growth of the Province. When Canadian tobacco is mentioned one invariably thinks of the crude French-Canadian twist produced in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and the great majority of people are unwilling to believe that a really good quality of tobacco can be grown any place in Canada, much less in British Columbia. But the fact remains that the tobacco that is being grown in Kelowna is second in quality only to the imported Havana and Sumatra leaves. While it may take years of blending and experimentation, the time is bound to come when the British Columbia product will be on par with the best of the foreign grown leaf. Even at the present time the cigars made from the Okanagan tobacco have a large sale, and many of the older brands are looking upon the new comer as a competitor to be reckoned with.

From the success that met an experiment made by the Okanagan growers two years ago it has been proved that the Okanagan Valley is one of the best tobacco countries on the continent. For many years it has been the ambition of the tobacco growers of the North American continent to cultivate a Sumatra leaf, equal in quality to the Island product. In 1912 half an acre of Sumatra seed was sown in the Okanagan as an experiment. That experiment met with such unqualified success that twenty acres were under cultivation in 1913, and it is expected that a great many more will be under cultivation this year.

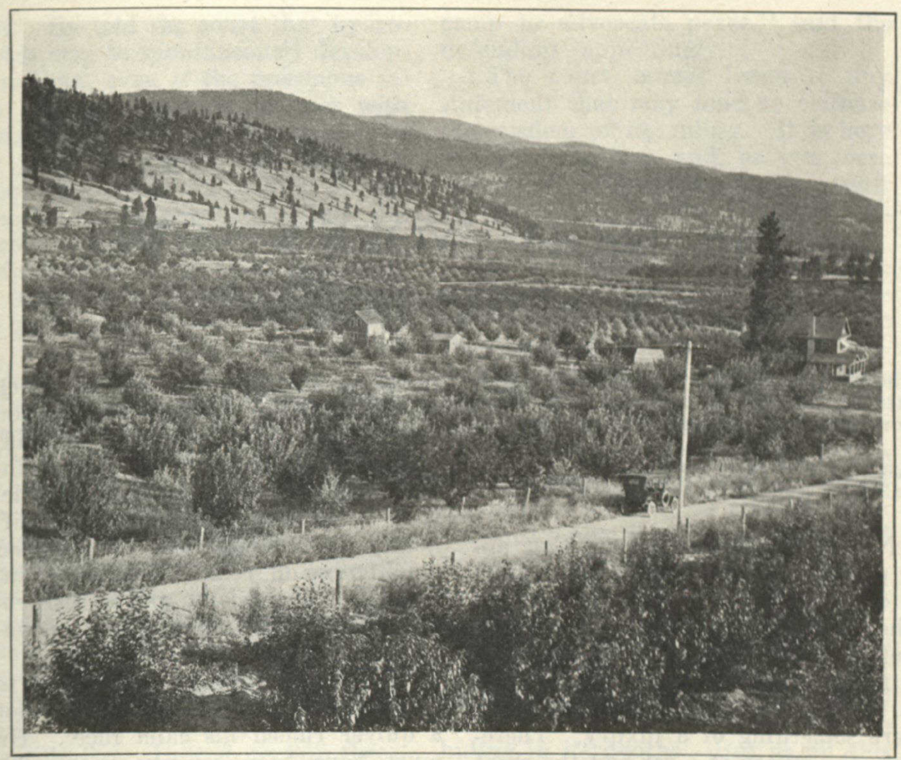
That tobacco could be grown in the Okanagan, never entered anybody's

GROWING TOBACCO NEAR PENTICTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA

head until some fifteen years ago when Mr. Lewis Holman, a well-known tobacco grower of Wisconsin, came to the Okanagan Valley and, being impressed with the quality of the soil, put a few acres under cultivation. For some time he experimented with different varieties of leaves and eventually found that his first impression of the Okanagan was correct, that tobacco of the highest quality could be grown successfully and at a good margin of profit. A local company was formed and some seventy-five acres were planted. In 1912 a new company took over the business and at the present time some 300 acres are under cultivation.

Up to the present time only tobacco suitable for the making of cigars has been grown, Cuban and Havana, Comstock Spanish, Wisconsin seed and Sumatra being the varieties under cultivation. But expriments are being made at the present time with the Bright Virginia Leaf, which is used for pipe and cigarette tobacco, with White Burley, for pipe and chewing tobacco, and with the Boer tobacco, which is used for pipe alone. If these experiments prove successful, and there is no reason why they should not, there is no doubt that in a short time a factory for the manufacture of pipe and chewing tobaccos and cigarettes will be erected and put into operation.

Though at the present time the industry is commercially active in the Okanagan Valley only, experiments in growing the "weed" are being made in other parts of the Province, and it is safe to predict that within a few years the business will be extended to many other portions of British Columbia, as there is good money in



A VIEW OF ORCHARDS ON PENTICTON BENCH, BRITISH COLUMBIA

growing tobacco, and many people that know the business are anxious to try their luck in this newest and comparatively untouched field. A good average crop of Havana runs about 1,000 pounds to the acre and is worth twenty-five cents a pound to the producer. Wisconsin and Comstock Spanish leaves yield more, about fourteen to eighteen hundred pounds an acre being the average crop. These leaves bring the producer from fifteen to eighteen cents a pound. At this rate the range of profits comes to an average of from $125 to $175 an acre.

Of course the profit of the fine-textured, silky, oval Sumatra leaf is much greater. This leaf, which makes the ideal cigar wrapper and is also the most expensive tobacco on the market, brings from $2.50 to $4.00 a pound or more, according to quality. The cost of the production of the Sumatra leaf is much higher than the others. It has to be grown under shade tents, made of specially woven cheese-cloth, that cost to erect about $500 an acre and they will not last for more than two years at the most. But although the cost of production seems to be exorbitantly high, the successful grower is amply rewarded, for the returns on the Sumatra leaf are from $800 to $1,000 net profit an acre.

THE GRAY WOLF'S SOUL

BY ROBERT MACKAY

I heard a voice, born on the stilly night,
Attuned to lays no minstrel ever sang;
Now soft and low, now like the wail of death—
Egad! it was mine own.
—Charles Baudelaire in "The Forgiven."

IN the flotsam and jetsam that appeared one trial day in the district court of Lagunitas was an old man who boasted of having a set of false teeth. In this age that seems to be a trifling thing of which to boast, but in the days of this story, false teeth were something of a luxury. Therefore, the owner of a set had the right to "wax proud" over his less fortunate brothers. It was somewhat remarkable that the false teeth of the old man had never been inside the mouth of a human being until he had deftly placed them in his. He had extricated them from the cavernous mouth of a gray wolf, and, by means of a rubber plate, had fitted them to his own. They served their purpose admirably, he had been heard to declare frequently; but when he smiled, they gave him the appearance of an ape that had died of slow starvation.

This man's name was Lib Ricketts. His appearance in court was to defend himself against a charge of felonious assault; to wit: (as the indictment said) "having maimed and deprived of earning an honest living, one Frank Wolcot, the plaintiff, by biting his right ear until it was almost severed from the body of the said plaintiff, therefore, wilfully causing the said plaintiff to suffer from an incipient hydrophobic poison which necessitated the complete amputation of the said ear of the said plaintiff, and which produced in the said plaintiff a sense of dryness and constriction of the throat, causing great difficulty in deglutition, a marked heightening of reflex excitability, infrequent convulsions, and a disturbed mental condition at sight of water."

When Lib Ricketts was called to face this fusilade of legal lingo, not a quiver ruffled his calm face. He must have been seventy years old. His hair was gray, his eyes red and sunken, his stature small, his clothing old, but not shabby, and the boots into which his trousers were tightly tucked, noticeably new. Every man in the crowded court-room admired the pluck that he was showing. Even Frank Wolcot, whose missing ear had marked him for life, and who had resolved to be vindicated by sending Ricketts to prison, was startled by the aged defendant's show of nerve. Just for one moment it occurred to him that Lib Ricketts was too good a man to waste his last days inside prison walls. This impression found its way in at one ear, but, as the other was missing, it could not find its way out, and it lurked in Wolcot's brain for many days.

Lib Ricketts was acquitted. His lawyer had introduced, with rare keenness, sociological testimony to prove that a human being had no control over his jaws when they were governed by the molars of a gray

wolf. He told the court that hydrophobia may be spontaneously developed in man, even if the poisonous saliva does not come in contact with excoriated cuticle, but if he presented any proof to support this theory, it is not on record. In making his address for the defence, he logically observed that the poisonous saliva is perfectly innocuous when applied to the unbroken skin, and had the teeth not partly masticated the plaintiff's ear, there would have been no inoculation.

The defendant was guiltless of any intent to do bodily harm, inasmuch as the teeth of the wolf acted just as the teeth of a wolf would be expected to act when they came in contact with human flesh, and the prisoner was powerless to prevent them. The dentition of animals, he said, with considerable enthusiasm, performed its regular function long after life had become extinct. In this case it could not be proved whether the wolf, from which the teeth had been extracted, was still alive. Indeed, certain theories had been advanced by eminent thinkers, which held that mind telepathy was a fact, and the wolf might have communicated with the prisoner and forced him to commit this unfortunate deed. However, he was willing to set such theories aside, but asked the court to consider the snapping of dying cats and dogs, and the jaws of the defunct megatherium in the British Museum, which open and close regularly and ferociously every four years in the presence of thousands who gather to witness the mystery. The court accepted this as fact, without asking for proof, and so the prisoner received his freedom. In granting it, the court added that the peace of the community was not safe with a man in its midst who could not command his teeth, and so Lib Ricketts had but twenty-four hours in which to leave town.

"Whar can an old man like me go, judge? I hain't done no mischief, and I'm the first of the gang in this camp to advercate peace," said the defendant appealingly.

"The court cannot listen to any statement that may tend to criticize the wisdom of its ruling. It is here to apply the law, and, as you were summoned as a defendant, you must abide by its decision," sternly remarked the judge.

The old man left the court-room somewhat dejected. Without speaking to his friends, he strolled up the road until he came to a tall oak. Under its spreading branches, he stopped for a moment to think and rest. He picked up a stick and, as he mused, he whittled it away until it was nothing more than a sliver. Picking his teeth with this, he started down the dusty pike that led to the broad prairies of the west.

*

The mine at Hasting's canon was a new discovery—the richest, the most marvellously rich that had ever been found. A vast fortune seemed to be hiding in its depths. But as all this has been said of every mine in the West, it will not add to the interest of this narrative. Like all fabulously rich mines, it was for sale, and the owner lost no time in spreading the report broadcast over the country. Day followed day into the patient beyond while he waited for some one to come and buy the mine. But none came. There were too many mines for sale in the region around the Owl Mountains; nearly all had been purchased because each was, at the time of the sale, the richest mine in the world, and nearly all had left their owners on the rocks of bankruptcy. But Lib Ricketts had spoken truthfully of his mine. The gold was there, but he was too old to mine it. He was wizen and dried-up, like a leaf ready to be blown into the river of death, and he wanted to sell.

On the evening that the moon took her hasty and modest departure behind the mountains, two men rode into Hasting's canon. How they heard

of Lib Ricketts's mine was never recorded. It has been surmised, however, that they had left Lagunitas because an angry populace took exception to the manner in which they operated a faro game. One of the men was Frank Wolcot, and the other man was the judge. Having finished hitching the horses, they sauntered up to Lib Ricketts's cabin. He was standing in the doorway. "Buyers for the property," thought he, as they approached, and then he held out his hand to greet them—and smiled. The moment he smiled, Frank Wolcot sprang back into the roadway with a cry that broke the stillness. Ricketts drew his revolver. He was not going to take any chances.

"Lib Ricketts," said Wolcot, "where in—where did you come from?" Ricketts knew the voice.

"From where you drove me, you mean-brained skunk. If there weren't two of you, I'd let you have th' benefit of this gun. Who is th' pard with yer?"

"Judge Mooney of Lagunitas," responded the satellite of the law. "And as such, I order you to put up that gun." Mooney was an army deserter, and had not forgotten the haughtiness of command that is customary in the army. He was also a scholar and a critic whose comprehensive erudition was supplemented by keen judgment, and, frequently, refinement.

"This ain't no Lagunitas," replied Ricketts, with his customary calmness, "and you ain't got no jurisdiction outside that district. Let me tell you, Mr. Judge, thet the law west of Lagunitas is a mighty different thing, and, at present, I hold it in my hand. And just let me hear you, or that missin'-eared coyote by yer side, utter one word that ain't to my likin', an' I'll blow the top off your mean heads—"

Judge Mooney whipped out his revolver, but Ricketts was too quick. He fired, and the lawyer, unhurt, dropped his weapon. As it struck the ground, Ricketts stepped forward and picked it up. The moment he did so, Wolcot shrieked—a weird, unnatural shriek like unto that of a woman who has been startled in the night.

Judge Mooney admitted his defeat and told Ricketts that he had no intention to create any further disturbance. He explained that they were travelling west, and had stopped at the Hastings mine to seek shelter for the night. This, Ricketts agreed to give, but under certain conditions. He would expect them to leave before sunrise, and he would return their revolvers empty, but they must not reload them until they had driven a distance of two miles, and not return to the canon under any circumstances.

This was agreed upon, and the three men entered the cabin. Ricketts and Judge Mooney talked with considerable jocularity, but Wolcot answered only in monosyllables whenever questioned. When the conversation drifted into a certain channel, he became perfectly quiet. Occasionally his jaws moved as if he were trying to laugh and could not. However, this was hardly discernible in the dim light of the cabin lamp. Wolcot kept his eyes on the man he had once made a prisoner, and, frequently, seemed to be possessed of a strange fascination for the old miner—or his heart's blood.

The conversation had turned to that mystic land beyond the border line of life—the realm of the unknown, which some claim to see occasionally, but only mistily, as through a lace curtain.

"It is a matter of common notoriety," said the judge, "that there are reports in such numbers as to merit intelligent investigation of apparitions, hallucinations, telepathy for the transmission of one idea between distant persons without known or material means of communication, prophetic dreams, and dreams that rightly picture scenes of which the dream-

er must have been quite ignorant."

"Hoaxes," replied Ricketts. "They ain't got no foundation. It's all rot."

"Perhaps some of them were, but, as instances multiply, it becomes exceedingly difficult for open-minded men to dismiss the many facts brought to light with your explanation. You know, Ricketts, that Solomon lost his temper when he said that all men are liars. When he became calm he was ashamed of the utterance. It had but one good purpose; it made him famous. As a rule, men tell the truth, and when a multitude of men tell the same thing, all cannot be dismissed as liars. It is the part of science dealing with material phenomena to repeat the same test time and again. You and I will not live to see it, Ricketts, but the next age will have weighed and found perfect evidence, demonstrating, beyond doubt, the fact of a spirit world and an unidentified sixth sense which will enable men and women to see and hear things indistinguishable to most of us. He who would dismiss such a study as this as a mere subterfuge for superstition is a victim of the most stupid incredulity."

"Yes, judge, yes. I guess yer right. There may be ghosts and them things."

"To be sure. Sound, light, electricity, are all the product of the vibration of our atmosphere, or a subtler medium contained in it, called ether. If the vibrations are in numbers from 32,000 to 32,678 a second, they cause sound; the more numerous the vibrations the higher, shriller the sound, until it becomes imperceptible to the human ear. When the number of vibrations has passed 200,000 a second, the results they produce are inextinguishable tones until they exceed one million; then they call their effect electricity. Who can tell what comes next? Who can say that in time a sixth sense may not be discovered by means of which the fruits of these vibrations, the existence of which are known to physicists may be completely identified?"

"I guess thet's about right, judge."

"Some dumb animals catch sounds to which we, by the structure of our ears, are deaf. Did you ever notice how a small-sized dog will suddenly raise his ears, run to the door, and sniff the air? He has heard somethink you have not. Note this the next time you entertain a dog, and see if I am not correct. Now, if I may be personal, I was interested in the case in which you were the defendant, and which was heard before me, beyond its common, legal aspect. It is not necessary to dwell on the sentence I was forced to impose—"

"You were hard on me, judge—"

"But the possible truth of the assertion that one mind could act upon another at a distance without words, signs, or other appreciable means of communication became very vivid. Psychic action will soon be a recognized force. No one doubts that a church bell ringing far away will set a wire in a piano chiming in harmony. The human mind is the most delicate, the most responsive, the most sensitive organ we have knowledge of. It has always been observed by me that you were in mental communication with that gray wolf's soul, taking it for granted that all animals have souls and are part of the earthly compound, when you divested our friend here of his right, er—pardon me, Wolcot—ear. Surely, if your strings of dried catgut stretched on a hollow frame of wood will sing in reciprocal harmony when rubbed with the tail of a horse, two minds, whether animal or human, should be able to influence each other by the subtle transmission of the thought that interests both. And who knows (here the judge arose from his chair and brought his fist down on the table with a force that almost upset the lamp), who knows, and who can prove, that the strings on a single violin are the intestines of one cat!"

Suddenly Wolcot stood up. He

moved over to the angle of the cabin and threw open the window. To the evident horror of the other men, he placed his hand to his missing ear and listened!

"I hear them. They're coming, judge, they're coming!"

"What's coming?" asked Judge Mooney.

"The gray wolves. I can hear them! I can hear them over there in the direction of Lagunitas! They're growling fierce, they—must —be—hungry!"

Judge Mooney listened, and so did Lib Ricketts. But they could hear nothing.

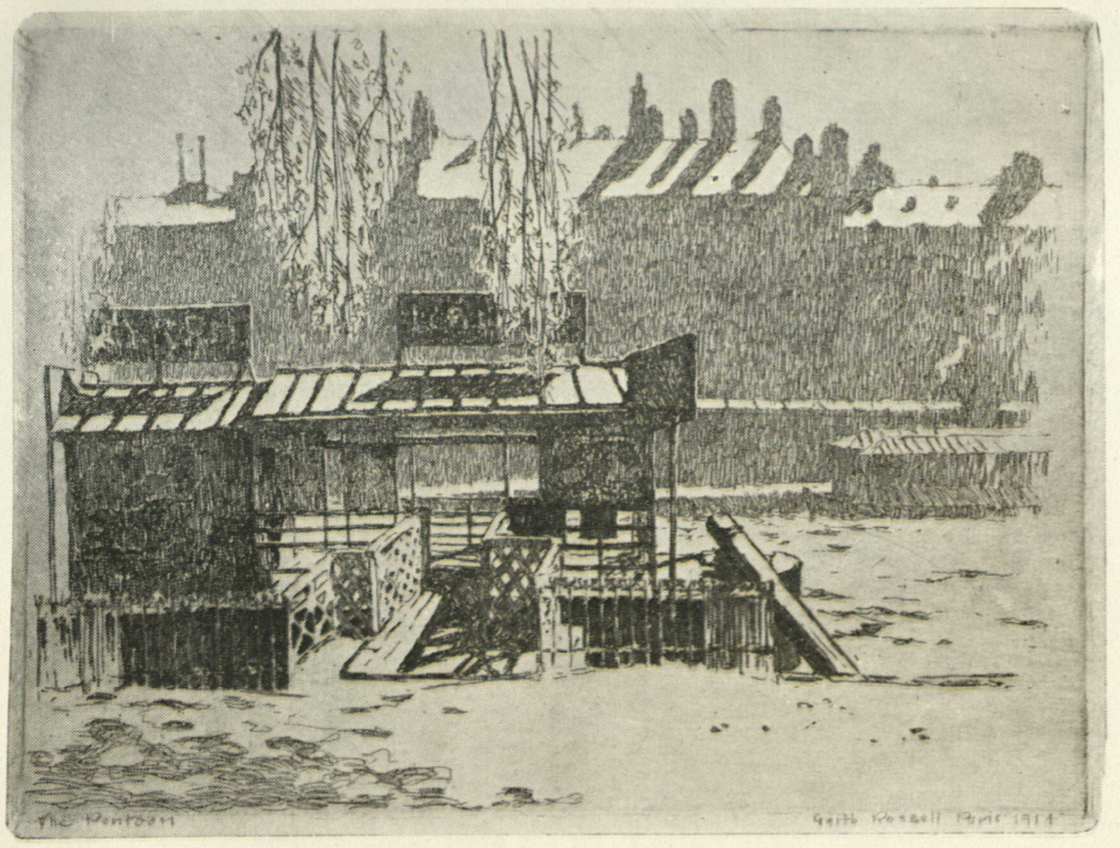
"Nobody knows it all," the judge continued. "I believe that soul can communicate with soul despite all obstacles of time and space; that there is a sort of psychic world, peopled and full of activity, about and wholly without this material world of ours, but not improbably destined to become real to us in time. By heaven! I believe we can communicate without speech, written or spoken, that we may see without eyes, hear without ears—"

A wail broke from the night outside, piercing the hearts of the men—a wail like the death-call of a tortured man. It was so close to the cabin as to bear witness to the proximity of the animal, demon, spirit, or whatever it was. It increased in volume; it died away. It rose on a braying tremolo and then diminished to a doleful whine. It was the echo of shivering fright and lingering death.

Wolcot emitted a cry and fell to the floor. Then he began to articulate like a dog, and, from the sudden noise in the darkness, it was evident that he was creeping around the cabin floor on all fours. His companions were not pleased with this sudden turn. Ricketts took a match from his pocket and lit it. In the glare, the judge saw Wolcot with bulging eyes and flecked mouth, spring at the old miner with the alacrity of a cat, and fasten his teeth in his throat. In the darkness that followed, the judge could hear the two men rolling over and over, their bodies bumping on the floor, their breath coming in jerks like that of two trained wrestlers. One of them—the judge supposed it was Wolcot—was snarling and snapping in a mad fury. Finally one began the gurgle as if in great agony. Then the judge felt the men bump against him, and he threw himself on them to try to separate them. As he did so, one of them fell lifeless, and the other, with a wild shriek, moved hurriedly away. The judge looked up and, unconsciously, in the direction of the window. Two green eyes were staring in from the darkness. They stared and stared and seemed to come closer — then, very suddenly, they disappeared. The judge drew his hand over the body of the man who lay at his feet. There were revolvers in the belt. He pulled one out, and rushed to the window and fired. A fearful cry continued for some minutes after the shot, then died away.

When morning came, Wolcot was lying unconscious in the angle of the cabin, and old Ricketts's body was stretched at full length on its back in the middle of the floor. The upturned face, with the jaws broadly smiling, presented a ghastly appearance, although they gave evidence that the old man had died happy.

Mooney aroused Wolcot with some difficulty, but when he gained consciousness he was rational and self-possessed. The two friends started out to find some clew that would lead to the mystery of the green eyes. About twenty feet from the cabin in a straight line from the window, they discovered the dead body of a gray wolf. It was a thin, emaciated specimen and it had no teeth.



From the Etching by Gyrth Russell

THE PONTOON

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

SILAS F. QUIGLEY—TO ARRIVE

BY LEWIS HOPKINS RODGERS

THE register was headed at the top of the page "March 27, 1881." There were fifteen or twenty names on the page, and I took a certain delight in writing, in a flowing business hand, "S. F. Quigley, Oxford, Ohio."

The city was New York, and the hotel the *Colonnade,* a modest hotel on the European plan—Broadway, near Eight Street. I had never been east of Ohio before and everything was of the utmost interest. Two or three gentlemen who preceded me asked the clerk for mail after registering. One man, whose name was Roberts, turned to the clerk and remarked simply, "R's, please." At this the clerk handed him a bunch of mail, which, considering the number of letters it contained, stamped him at once in my mind as being a very important individual. He looked over the entire bunch, however, and then handed them all to the clerk, who put them back into the pigeonhole marked "R." The next man said, "A's, please." This man's fortune was about the same, with the exception that he received a letter unsealed, with a one-cent stamp, which he threw unopened into the waste basket. The clerk then turned to me expectantly, and, with an effort to appear at ease, I stammered, "Q's, please." I no more expected to receive a letter than I had expected the mayor of New York to meet me at the depot. I did not know a soul in New York City, and no one in Oxford knew I intended to stop at the *Colonnade.* In fact, I had never heard of the *Colonnade* until, two days before, while riding in a smoking compartment of a Pullman sleeper between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, a young man with whom I had struck up a talking acquaintance, and who seemed to be familiar with New York, mentioned this hotel to me as a quiet central location for a stranger. I remembered telling this young man —whose name I had forgotten—that I would act on his suggestion. I had stopped in Philadelphia a day or so, while my train acquaintance went on directly to New York. As this young man was the only living being who could possibly guess my New York address, my inquiry was a mere matter of form. To continue the matter of form—for "R, please," and "A, please," were now both watching me as I had watched them—I carelessly picked up the solitary piece of mail matter that the clerk tossed me—it was in the shape of a large blue business envelope—and read the address:

"Mr. Silas F. Quigley,
"Hotel Colonnade,
"To Arrive. City."

In the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was the stamp of one of the largest magazine publishing houses in the United States. The address was typewritten and very plain. After scanning the letter as long as I could under the glances which I felt were fastened on me, I handed the letter back, saying,

"There must be some mistake." The clerk took the letter and after examining it said, "Then your first name is not Silas?"

"Yes," I replied, "my first name is Silas."

"Then what more do you want?" said he, as he tossed the letter back to me. "That's the first time in a year we have had a letter in the 'Q' box. The address, as you admit, is yours, first name and all; how can there be a mistake? We have never had any one stop here by that name before." All of which seemed so unanswerable that finally I put the letter in my pocket unopened and asked to be shown to my room. I was determined that when I opened the letter and drew forth conclusive proof that its contents were not intended for me, I should be alone.

Once in my room, with the door locked, feeling something like a sneak thief, I cut the envelope at the end and drew forth the following letter, written in a scrawling, hurried hand, with a lead pencil:

"Dear Sil—Glad you are coming to New York. Must have story from you—about three thousand words—by the 15th next. Enclosed find check for fifty dollars payable to bearer, as you are probably known only by your nom de plume in New York. Will send the other hundred upon receipt of story. Run in to see me.

"Faithfully,

"E."

With this short, business-like letter was a check for fifty dollars, payable to Silas F. Quigley, or bearer, properly made out and signed by the treasurer of the publishing house. I read the letter over a number of times, examining the check, and began to think. What a lucky dog this other Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—was, anyway! One hundred and fifty dollars for three thousand words, five cents a word for a story. Who wouldn't try, at that rate? It could be finished in three hours, writing only at the rate of sixteen and two thirds words a minute. The words comprising the English language were free for every one. No man could obtain a patent on the arrangement of phrases or construction of sentences. This man, this other Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—could probably write a dozen stories of three thousand words each in a month and he could then make—it was simply too much to contemplate, too good to think about.

I kept the letter and the check for about an hour, and then, feeling that I had done something wrong, replaced them in the blue envelope, stuck the ends together with mucilage carefully, and wrote on the outside: "Opened by Silas F. Quigley, of Oxford, Ohio, by mistake." Then I handed it to the clerk saying, "This letter is intended for some other Silas F. Quigley, who will probably arrive in a day or two—probably to-day."

The clerk looked rather disappointed as he put the letter back in the "Q" box, simply remarking, "That's mighty funny."

Upon retunring to the hotel that evening from an afternoon in Central Park, I could not help noticing the blue envelope silently awaiting for the proper Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive. As I felt I ought to say something to the clerk I asked, "Has the other Mr. Quigley arrived yet?"

"No, and I don't expect him," said he, emphasizing his remarks, I thought, a little more than was necessary. "I never expect to see two men of that name."

As I knew well that hotel clerks were up on names, this appeared to be an unanswerable argument. I felt, however, that I could safely bide my time to regain the respect of that clerk, as I surely would do when the lucky Quigley should put in an appearance.

Alone in my room again I began to plan my future movements. I had passed creditably through a Western college—had spent five years in a business house in Cincinnati, and had come to New York with a desire

to enlarge my opportunities. I had saved a little money and had an eminent faith in my own ability to get along in New York, though I was utterly devoid of any plans for the future. Entirely without friends in the East, I began for the first time to realize what a mighty big city this New York was, and how utterly lost I seemed to be in it. If I had not been a man, twenty-four years old, I think I should have been homesick. But men never get homesick; only women and children do that. The nerve centres of a man must be located in a different place from those of women and children; his tear wells must be deeper and harder to reach; his bumps of affection and dependence must be less developed, for he is expected to be dignified and manly under all circumstances.

I had one little ray of hope—that blue envelope. Oh, to be that Silas F. Quigley!—to be called "Dear Sil,"—to have sent to me a fifty dollar check with another hundred to come; and then to think of the exhilarating experience of seeing the story over my own *nom de plume*. How I longed to go down to the office and get that envelope out of the "Q" box again and examine it! but then what would the clerk say to me if I should ask for it again. I shivered as I thought of it and came to the conclusion that I was afraid of that clerk. Even after I went to bed the thought of him weighed on me. In my dreams that night "E," the hotel clerk, and Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—became mixed up in a quarrel, and the night clerk came out on top, of course. It required some little time after I awoke, to get matters clear in my mind, but a brisk walk down Broadway to the Battery cheered me and caused me to forget for a time everything connected with the blue envelope. I visited several business houses, hoping to find some employment; but as soon as the person to whom I applied learned of my errand, he suddenly lost all interest in me and became unaware of my presence.

At one large wholesale house I managed, by befogging the clerks as to the nature of my business, to penetrate to the head of the firm.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the man of millions.

"I want employment," said I boldly.

"So do forty thousand other young men in New York City," said he, taking off his eyeglasses and looking at me with an air that said:

"That answer never fails to do the work."

After a few remarks, all of which tended towards shortening the interview, I backed out, and started up Broadway towards my hotel, with a great weight on my chest. To think of an army of forty thousand men hunting for employment was overwhelming. What chance did I stand among such a number? I walked fast and kept busy glancing at sights in the windows—for tear wells in a man should be very, very deep. As I entered the hotel and walked by the office to my room, I saw that the blue envelope was still in the "Q" box. A feeling of envy and resentment began to take possession of me. Who was this Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive? Why did he not arrive and put an end to the comedy anyway? There was a position and an income thrown at a man possessing my identical name, and he, in all probability, was too much occupied writing stories elsewhere to come and secure his mail. It was simply too irritating for contemplation. Who was "E," anyway? How affectionately he wrote "Dear Sil." I could have hugged him, even if I were not the "Sil" he had "deared." Then there suggested itself to me a deed so desperate that it made the cold perspiration stand out on my forehead. Why not impersonate the Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—so long as he did not arrive; write the story, get the hundred dollars, and in short,

make my living as an author? To falsely represent myself as another man and step into his shoes seemed an enormous crime, and yet if I could write a story good enough to secure the compensation, I should have stolen nothing but his chance to do something! I determined to try, and the determination brought with it an exhilaration I had not experienced since my arrival.

I went out immediately to a corner shop and bought a dozen paper pads containing one hundred sheets each of clean white writing paper. As I passed the hotel office a terrible fear seized me that the other Silas F. Quigley had arrived. I fully realized that the instant he should put in an appearance, that instant all efforts I should have made would fall to the ground. I sat down to the table with a new, fresh pad in front of me, dipped my pen in the ink, repeating to myself the formula, "Sixteen and two thirds words per minute for three hours equals one hundred and fifty dollars." I dipped my pen in the ink for the next ten or fifteen minutes, then repeated, "Sixteen and two thirds words per minute for three hours equal one hundred and fifty dollars." I sat for some time looking blankly at the paper. How white it was, and how much there was of it! The room seemed to be getting hot. I rose and opened the window and then sat down again. It seemed as though I should never stop dipping that pen into the ink. The open window made the room too cold, and I shut it. I walked the floor for a while, and every time I passed the table the pad of white paper seemed to stare at me, so I turned it face downwards. I began my sixteen and two thirds words per minute at 7.30 in the evening and at 3 a.m. I had half of one page covered with writing which I tore into a thousand pieces, when I read it the next morning. That day was a frightful one. The feat of writing a story had always appeared to me an easy matter. All that I had read seemed to flow along at a given speed, without in the least suggesting any trouble, care, work, or perplexity on the part of their authors. At the end of that day I had only a page of chapter headings—I had determined to have six chapters of five hundred words each—which on examination next morning seemed so silly that I destroyed it. I glanced down at the pile of pads, twelve, containing one hundred sheets each—and the enormity of my self appointed task began to dawn on me. Where was the other Silas F. Quibley? I remembered then that the day before, I had made up my mind that the only thing which could prevent my success would be the appearance of that man claiming his blue envelope; now I sincerely hoped he would put in an appearance, the sooner the better. I remember that I had thought of the situation as a queer race between the two Silas F. Quigleys; one racing with his brain, the other with his legs. Legs had won before he started. I grabbed my hat and coat and went hurriedly to the street. The clerk gave me a pitying glance as I passed him, and the thought occurred to me was that he was the author of all my trouble, that he had written the letter simply to mystify me and send me to the asylum. Out in the cool air I walked for miles, finally reaching a secluded spot on the banks of the majestic Hudson away up above One Hundred and Fortieth Street. How serene and calm everything was there! What a noble river! How quiet the hills! Could it be possible that so near such a hive of human industry, such a fight for existence, there was such rest as this?

"Oh hills!" cried I, "who is the author of your serenity?"

*

I gave it up. Silas F. Quigley could arrive or not, just as he pleased. I had no further interest in him. I even spoke pleasently to the clerk, and after a few days made him a

present of twelve pads of white paper, one hundred sheets each, with the exception of one little pad which was two sheets short.

"A little surplus writing paper," I said, as I handed it to him, "for which I have no use."

"You're not one of those literary fellers, are you?" said he, as he looked at the pile with astonishment.

"No? Well I was goin' to say if you were you'd never amount to anything. They come here from all over the country expectin', to make their fortune by writin', but I've never seen one of 'em do it; they all funk." Then he put the paper under an old desk.

"What do they do—after—they—funk?" asked I, as carelessly as possible.

"Oh, some of 'em get positions as porters and janitors, some drive horse cars, and others shoot themselves up in Central Park."

"Do any of them go to clerking in hotels?" said I. In answer to this I received only a hard stare which told me plainly that the interview was at an end.

I returned to my former occupation of hunting a position. I progressed somewhat in this, inasmuch as I became accustomed to rebuffs and refusals. To be hopeful for the morrow was an accomplishment I found to be absolutely necessary if I was to become proficient in the art of hunting a position. Each morning as I started out, however, I noticed that I was less hopeful than the day before. I observed a settled look about my mouth, and then I happened to remember that I had not laughed once since I landed in New York. I thought it was my duty to laugh some, so I thought of all the funny things I ever read or heard. They seemed now like ghost stories. In trying to smile I felt as though some gigantic evil genius in the shape of a spirit photoghapher was taking a picture of my soul, while saying all the time, "Look pleasant now."

On the evening of the twelfth of April, as I passed by the office on my way to my room, the clerk tossed me out a letter addressed to "Silas F. Quigley, Hotel Colonnade, City." It was another blue envelope from the same publishing house. I knew as well as I knew that I was alive that the letter was for the other Silas F. Quigley. Yet the temptation was too strong. I was starving for a kind word from some one, and I would even have stolen it.

I carried the letter to my room, locked the door, pulled down the shades and read:

"Dear Sil—Have not heard a word since sending you fifty, two weeks ago. Story must reach me by evening of 15th. Must have it. Don't fail me.

"Yours,

"E."

I stared at this letter a long time, during which I must have devoured each word a hundred times. Some things can be so funny that they can get far beyond the laughing point and become serious again. This was one of them. I was starving for kind words and employment. Here was someone ready to give both, and begging me, or some one with my name, to take them. Still I could not go to "E"—whoever he was—and tell him. That would be the surest way of not getting them. Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—seemed to be dead or a myth. I was ready to believe that the clerk had killed him, simply to prove to me that the first blue letter belonged to me—clerks are so concieted, and never wrong. Then what would the clerk think of me having accepted the second blue letter from the publishing house, while I had returned the first? I seemed to be aging. It was surely ten years since I had landed in New York. Ten years without laughing—that in itself was enough to laugh at. A tragedy and comedy rolled into one being enacted. I was the heavy man, low comedian, villain, and spectator.

I received my cues from two other actors, but they could never come on the stage, for as soon as they did that, as soon as I should meet either one, then the play would stop. They would never even know there had been a play going on.

The letter before me was a kind invitation to try again to be wicked. I had tried hard once and utterly failed. To think of all that white paper was maddening. I thought of a new formula: "Sixteen and two thirds words per minute for three hours—$1,500,000." This seemed more like the proper equation, but just as difficult to reduce. I imagined myself a worm on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, with a heavy iron weight gradually coming down over me. Those who were guiding the weight many fathoms above, could have no knowledge of me or my position, yet, no matter how much I might twist or squirm, their aim seemed to be unerring. If I escaped the weight I escaped only into the ocean where a million other weights and dangers would surround me. The great, ominous-looking weight was the story of three thousand words, and the ocean, New York.

Such was the state of my mind on the evening of the twelfth of April. Yet the morning of the fifteenth the deed was done. Three thousand words —just three thousand—no more, no less, had been written, sealed up in an envelope, and addressed to the publishing house which seemed to want them so much. What passed through between the twelfth and fifteenth no one will ever know.

I determined, gave up, wrote a few pages, destroyed them; wrote again, read it out aloud, learned it by heart, sang it, and then destroyed all evidences of my efforts. Again I started, and again went through the same programme. Finally I wound up on the banks of the Hudson, where it was absolutely quiet. It was surprising how restful this view became to me. I took the memory of that scenery back with me to my room, and wrote steadily for half an hour. Whenever I begin to think of my immediate surrounding I became restless, and nothing would set my pen at work again except a visit to the Hudson. When I had finished I had about thirty-six hundred words, which I cut down to three thousand. After I started, the fear that Silas F. Quigley would put in an appearance before the fifteenth did its full share in keeping up the nervous tension I was under.

The question of *nom de plume* and handwriting bothered me for a long time. I was naturally a good penman, but knowing that literary men never are, I carefully copied the story in a small, cramped schoolboy hand, using a finger movement that gave me an actual cramp in my right hand. When at last it was completed I signed it only with the *nom de plume* "Cid." Then I folded the precious leaves carefully, placed them in an envelope, and in the same handwriting wrote the following note:

"Messrs. ———
New York.

"Gentlemen—According to instructions received by me from your house, signed 'E,' I enclose herewith a story of three thousand words. I prefer from this time on to use the nom de plume 'Cid.' Any further instructions from you will receive prompt consideration.

"Very truly Yours,
"SILAS F. QUIGLEY."

When I dropped the packet in the letter box on the corner I turned hot and then cold. It was only by going to my nook on the Hudson that I could feel at all like myself.

I waited three days—the longest three days I ever spent—and then came another blue envelope, which I felt belonged really to me. The letter read:

"Dear Sil—Yours at hand. What's the matter? Are you sick? The story is all right, but the writing looks as though you had fever and ague. You'll have to prac-

tise and get back into that flowing business-like hand you used to write so nicely. Why in the world are you writing under another nom de plume?

"Give me another story, about five thousand words—this week if you can; if not, next week sure. Your hundred has been placed to your credit on our books; run in and get it, and let me see you at the same time.

"Faithfully,

"E."

"P.S. Give me your reason for using another nom. It ought to be a good one —the reason, I mean. Stella sends regards. I read your story to her last night.

"E."

After reading this letter, my feelings became what the novelist would probably term "mingled." I had taken such intense pains to reduce my handwriting from a flowing business hand to—this point was ludicrous and I burst out laughing.

The next point was not so funny. I had one hundred dollars to my credit on the books of this large publishing house which had never heard of me, and although I had earned it, it was not rightfully mine, nor could I get it in any manner. If I confronted "E" he would not know me and the story would probably cease to be interesting to him. If I did not disclose myself, what were to be my future plans? At any moment the rightful Silas F. Quigley might appear, and I would then drop back into oblivion as quietly as a pebble would sink if dropped into the Atlantic ocean. The great overwhelming fact, however, was that another story was wanted; this time five thousand words.

Was I to continue my career of crime and deception, especially as it was not bringing me in anything? Was it within the range of possibilities for me to write another story at all? In writing the first I had exhausted all the imagination, all the ideas, all the plots, situations, and schemes I could think of. My mind was a blank—on stories. But I could scarcely find time to eat or sleep so busy was I with—I was about to say *my* affairs; still I was no less busy because the affairs were really those of Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive. I was busy straightening out a tangle of threads with a hundred ends and none of them the right one. I was trying to solve a puzzle to which there was no solution.

And then Stella! who was she? Were there to be a woman and a love story mixed up in the tangle? Already I loved Stella as much as a man could love a woman without ever having seen her. I longed to throttle this other Silas F. Quigley, who seemed to have all the good things a young man appreciates flung at him. Still, if only the other man stayed away long enough and I could surreptitiously hold my end up as a story-writer, which I did not believe possible, it was barely probable that some time in the future I could burst in upon "E" and receive recognition. He would surely listen to me and the recounting of my trials would be interesting to him. And then I might possibly, after that, secure a position with the publishing house, not as a story-writer—never that—but in some other capacity within my range.

For the first time, therefore, I began to formulate a definite plan. I would be a conspirator—a villain, probably—and the other Silas F. Quigley would be the long-lost hero, liable to appear on the scene at any moment and entirely upset my plans. I would try, as I never had tried to do anything before, to write all the stories required. I would send messages to Stella, write notes to "E" (with a rapidly improving penmanship) and so draw these unconscious victims into my net, that when disclosure came, as it surely would, they could not easily disentangle themselves. I would try to be so very wicked and withal so captivating that when I should be incarcerated the men would pity and the women bring me flowers. "E" and Stella were doomed. I was the leader now, not they. Some one else should try to solve riddles—I was through.

So I began to write with something of a lighter heart within me, thinking that at the worst I should be in no worse fix than without this farce which I seemed to be playing. If Silas F. Quigley should appear, his original letter and the fifty dollars would still be waiting for him in the "Q" box, and probably more would be to his credit at the publishing house. At all events, things seemed to brighten for me, although I could not explain why. It seemed to me that if one could only imagine some one else was taking an interest in one, it would go far towards making that one happy.

How I wrote the story of five thousand words I do not know. For an imagination, I simply had to imagine I had one. On the whole, though, when it was finished it seemed better than the first. To be sure, on reading it over, some of the parts which I had intended should be funny appealed to me as quite serious, and *vice versa.* Still I consoled myself by the theory that a doctor is never a good doctor for himself, and hoped that "E" had better judgment than I.

With the story I sent the following note:

"Dear E.—Yours at hand. My handwriting was somewhat cramped last time, but if you had known how badly my hand pained me you would have excused it. It does not hurt so badly now and I think you will notice some improvement. I will, I hope, soon get back into 'that business style' when the pain leaves me.

"Enclosed find story which I dashed off hurriedly. I have so much writing to do that I think perhaps I did not give it the time I should; if you care to, you can destroy it, and I will send you another.

"I met Charley the other day and he is not well. Asked about you particularly. I could hardly give him any satisfaction, being so busy.

"Regarding nom de plume 'Cid,' I have reasons of my own for adopting it.

"Love to Stella.

"Yours truly,
"SILAS F. QUIGLEY."

I folded this up with something of a wicked smile, thinking:

"If that doesn't mix him up, I don't know what will."

No sooner was this posted than I concluded I had overdone the matter, and that the letter was not only foolish, but would result in exposing me. I did not imagine it was possible to arrive at so many different conclusions regarding the same thing as I did regarding the effect of my letter. What was the use of attempting to arrive at any conclusion, anyway? I was in the hands of Fate, and I could not help wishing that Fate were Stella. I placed her far above all young ladies I had ever met. Sure that I should never meet her, I placed her on a little throne and prepared to worship her—some beautiful star away up in the firmament, that I might only look upon. When I remembered that I had dared to send her my love I became frightened; and yet, surely, anyone might throw a kiss at a star.

During the next few days I spent most of my time in my nook on the Hudson, where the water appeared to flow so peacefully and where the calm hills seemed to speak.

On the fifth day I received the following letter:

"Dear Sil—Yours received. Glad to hear from you and to learn your hand is getting better. It must be, for your writing is much improved. I read your new story to Stella last evening, and she was as much interested in it as I. There are a number of passages in it which might be improved, and there are some which show a depth of nature—the author's most precious gift—too rich in possibilities, to allow to remain unused. You should write more. I write simply as a friend and not to criticize. Charley met me after he had seen you and told me about your conversation.

"I have placed another hundred and fifty dollars to your credit, and am wondering why you don't run in to see me. I am a very busy man, but I will always find time to see you.

"Faithfully,
"E."

"P.S. Give me another story; say twenty-five hundred words."

This letter dazed me somewhat. My

first conclusion was that "E" was a hard man to mix; my next, that he was so badly mixed he didn't know it himself; my next, that "E" and the other Silas F. Quigley had a common friend named "Charley," and that I had stumbled on the name! I had summoned a spirit and he had stepped forth flesh and blood. But then Stella was interested in my stories, so what did I care if everything else was upside down and inside out? Henceforth, I would write for her and her alone. I would write a love story and use the name "Bella" for my heroine. Bella at first should be an ideal person and everything that was lovely. She should be worshipped by the hero at a great distance, but gradually the two should gravitate towards each other until they should meet. When they met, then Bella the ideal should become Bella the real. The hero should marry Bella. This attempt to make myself known reminded me of attempts to notify the inhabitants of Mars that we were on earth, but I concluded to try it.

So I went to work on my first love story, which I wrote at one sitting, and sent it in with this letter:

"Dear E.—Yours received. I am more than grateful to you for any suggestions or criticisms you may have to offer. You are much older than I, and I am thankful to have such a gifted critic. Enclosed find a little story inspired to some extent by the interest which Stella, the dear girl, has manifested in my stories, as reported by you.

"Mr. Schnellenheimer is not doing anything now and would like to get work. Have you anything for him to do? As you know, he is a printer by trade and he could probably be useful to you. Poor fellow, his family needs it, too.

"Yours truly,
"SILAS F. QUIGLEY."

I was getting desperate. I was in love with an ideal woman who was reading my letters and stories, but to whom I never could expect to be introduced. I was desperate in that I should be so completely balked by "E" when I attempted to mystify him and gradually win him away from his other love—the other Silas F. Quigley. I had determined on pushing matters. Therefore, I had constructed such a letter as should bring, logically, a reply something like this:

"Silas F. Quigley, Esq.

"Dear Sir—Who are you and what do you mean by sending such messages to my niece? I have never heard of Schnellenheimer and don't care to. A personal explanation is due from you! Your love story is returned herewith!

"Yours,
"EDWARD EVERETT EGGLESTONE."

Upon receipt of this letter I could understand matters, and my course of action would be plain. I would give a long, hearty, hollow laugh, then tear the returned love story and Edward Everett Egglestone's letter into a thousand pieces, pack my bag, go down and bid the clerk good-bye, take one last look at the original blue envelope, smile as amusedly as I could, as I should think of the beautiful tangle I had prepared for Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—take up my abode somewhere else in New York, and begin life, the old humdrum, commonplace life, over again. Yes, I had settled the matter at last. I had written a love story which "E" and Stella, if they had any brains at all, could not mistake. They would see that the writer was a lovelorn fool unworthy any further attention.

I studied some time to secure a name for my new character which would not fit any being on earth. Mr. Schnellenheimer should not be disposed of as easily as "Charley" had been. There might be a million "Charleys," but there could be only one Schnellenheimer.

After mailing the love story and letter I gathered together all my effects and prepared to depart. Packing is melancholy work at best, and I would leave none of it to be done after receiving the letter, though it might be days hence. My only relief was in thinking of the next meeting

between "E" and Silas F. Quigley —To Arrive. How innocent he would be, and yet how good an actor in the eyes of "E." How I enjoyed transferring the perplexing situation to another member of the Quigley family! The drama or farce was never ending. The new actor would be as powerless to ascertain what his predecessor had done as his predecessor had been to know what the new actor would do.

The fatal blue envelope was finally delivered to me by the clerk, who made matters more interesting by asking me if I was ever going to take that other blue letter out of the "Q" box.

Alone in my room, with my top coat on my arm, hat on the table, and bag at my side, I opened and read the following letter:

"Dear Sil—Yours at hand. The love story is fine, and Stella was more than interested. She remarked that this was the first time she had ever read one of your love stories, although you seemed to have written like an old, experienced hand. By the way, your hand must be well, judging from your writing. You surely did not suppose that I had forgotten Schnellenheimer? Who would ever forget a man with a name like that? I am sorry he is still without work. Send him down, and I will see what I can do for him. I want you to go out to my house to dinner to-morrow night. Don't fail. Come to the office and go out with me.

"Faithfully,

"E."

I read this over three times, rubbed my hand over my eyes to be sure I was awake, took my hat and coat, and started out hurriedly. My steps were toward the Battery, and my destination was the office of the publishing house. I never stopped to think; the time for thinking had passed.

"Is there a gentleman here who signs 'E' to his letters?" I asked of a clerk in the editorial rooms.

"Yes, sir," he replied; "you want to see Mr. Ellicott, the managing editor, I suppose."

"Please hand him this card," said I.

"Silas F. Quigley," read a pleasant-looking man, of about forty-five, in an inner office, looking at the card. "Show him right in," said he, with something of a twinkle in his eye.

I was ushered into a nice, inviting-looking apartment, with thick rugs on the floor, and easy-chairs around the room. As the boy passed out, the door swung to noiselessly, I stood face to face with the man whom I had never expected to see.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Quigley," said Mr. Ellicott, in a pleasant voice, rising from his chair and taking me by the hand.

"Glad to see *me?*" said I, shaking from head to foot.

"Certainly," said he; "have a chair."

"How did you know my name was Quigley?" I asked, without having moved.

"You sent in your card," said he.

"Oh, yes! Certainly—of course," replied I, rather foolishly. "Mr. Ellicott, I will not deceive you any longer, and before I sit down in your office I want to inform you that I am *not* the Silas F. Quigley you konw."

"I do not know any one else of that name," said he quietly.

"Mr. Ellicott, please believe me when I tell you that I have been acting wrongly in deceiving you; but I seemed drawn into it, and you did not seem to know that it was *I*, Silas F. Quigley, an entire stranger to you, and *not* the author, Silas F. Quigley, with whom you have been corresponding. *I* wrote those silly stories. *I* sent those messages to Stella. *I, Silas F. Quigley, of Oxford, Ohio,* impersonated Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive —the author to whom you first wrote and sent fifty dollars in a letter which is still waiting for him at the *Colonnade. I—*"

"Tut, tut, young man," said he with a kindly smile, "don't be so fast. You must remember that a criminal is not compelled to give evidence

which will tend to incriminate him.''

Upon which Mr. Ellicott turned to his desk and began doing some writing, while I sank helplessly into a large chair and sat there looking at him, more perplexed than ever and no nearer knowing the truth. After a few moments, he turned in his office chair, leaned back, and said slowly:

''Mr Quigley, if you will listen to me for a little while I think I can set you straight, for you seem to be considerably mixed. And no wonder!'' I remember afterwards that he added this with a chuckle, though I was too engrossed in the main issue then to notice chuckles.

I am afraid that my eyes were bulging and my mouth was open, waiting for what he had to say.

''Yes,'' he began again. ''I think I can straighten you out. At twenty-seven years of age I married one of the best girls in the world. She was what might be called a practical girl. She was always devising some new and ingenious plan of helping people along without their knowing it. She let others sew and gossip at the sewing societies while she put into operation some plan—roundabout in its operation, but direct in its beneficial results—which would do as much for the poor of the community as a dozen sewing societies would do in the name of Charity.

She is an inventor, pure and simple; and if her efforts should be directed towards financing or military campaigns, she would surpass any man I ever knew. I had no idea of this when I married her, but found her out gradually.

''One of her efforts is called 'The Ellicott Notification Society.' It has one president and several thousand vice-presidents. She is president and every member is a vice-president. There is a vice-president in every city, town, and village of any size, in the United States. The duties of the president and vice-presidents are similar and easy to perform. In perfecting this organization Mrs. Ellicott secured through some source the name of some worthy lady in each city or town, and sent her a printed circular outlining the object of the organization, asking her to respond stating whether or not she would become a member. In almost every instance she received favourable responses, and a list of vice-presidents was then printed and sent to each one, together with the printed obligation which each one had agreed to undertake. Everything was done in the most methodical manner, all names being placed in alphabetical order in a large index. The name of the society as I have told you, is 'The Ellicott Notification Society.' Its object is for each member to do everything in her power for young men who may come to the town or city in which she lives, from some other city or town. Each member is also obligated to notify another member of the name address—if possible—and character of the young man who is about to depart to another place.

''Some time ago Mrs. Ellicott received one of the printed blanks like this one;'' and turning to his desk, he took from a pigeon-hole a slip which read as follows:

THE ELLICOTT NOTIFICATION SOCIETY.

................19

NAME (give name in full).............
ADDRESS (last permanent address).....
CHARACTER (as you know it to be)....
HABITS (good or bad)................
EASILY LED (yes or no)..............
RELIGION (if any)...................
WHEN START (exact date)............
DESTINATION (ultimate)..............
ADDRESS (specific)...................
REMARKS ....
Vice-Pres....................

This blank he handed me for inspection, and I stared at it without gathering for a moment what it all meant. When I had looked it over he continued:

''This special blank which I remarked Mrs. Ellicott received some time ago, was dated at Oxford, Ohio, and had on it the name of 'Silas F.

Quigley.' What further particulars there are about you I cannot say, but you seemed to be—''

''Hold on a minute,'' said I, all eagerness; ''this lady whoever she might have been, this vice-president living at Oxford, could not in any way have known my stopping-place in New York City, for I did not know it myself until—''

''Until my son directed you to it, for it was a peculiar coincidence that you met my son on the train between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and wrote your name for him on a card. That's how we knew your first writing was bogus.

''To go back a little,'' he continued, ''when Mrs. Ellicott was notified that a worthy young man was coming to New York for the first time to get work, she set to work to devise some means to help him. When George—that's my son—came home from the West and showed us your card, my wife seemed perfectly delighted. She formed a plan at once to have waiting for you at your hotel a letter, which, of course, you would not understand and which you would assume at once was intended for someone else of the same name. The letter was to suggest remunerative work of some kind, and was to contain a certain sum of money. While she had explained the plan to me, I thought highly of it until she came to the money part, and then I entered a formal objection. She always wins, however, in an argument. She said you would never touch it as long as you believed it was not yours, as she had you rated pretty well up in her rating book, which she makes up from the notification slips received. Then she sketched out my work for me—for by special permission of all the V. P.'s I have been elected treasurer of the society. I was to copy in my own business style the letters which she should dictate, offer you good round sums for stories, furnish the first fifty dollars, and perform other minor duties.

''So a letter dictated by Mrs. Ellicott was sent to the *Colonnade* addressed to 'Silas F. Quigley—To Arrive—'

''I remember it,'' said I, gasping faintly.

''Its effect was just as Mrs. Ellicott had imagined, and her prophecies regarding your actions have been verified almost to the letter.

You see there are thousands and thousands of ways in this city by which a young man can get started down hill, especially when he gets discouraged at not finding work and has no friends to confide in. Mrs. Ellicott's idea has always been that if a young man can be kept busy thinking about something which to him is everything, and eventually finds work, his chances are better for passing safely through the period of depression which comes to every young man whe comes alone to New York to find work. I should judge that you have not had time to slide down hill?''

He needed only to glance at me to get a satisfactory answer.

''I have been busy,'' said I simply, scarcely knowing where I was.

''While you have been hard at work we have been amused at some of your correspondence,'' he continued, with a merry twinkle in his eye, ''and yet your stories are good enough to publish, and I guess we can find a place for you on the editorial staff of the magazine.''

''Who is Charley?'' I said, determined to clear everything up.

''What Charley?'' said he.

''The Charley you mentioned in your letter,'' I replied.

''The same Charley you mentioned in yours,'' said he, with something of a grin on his face.

''And Schnellenheimer,'' I asked earnestly, ''did you ever know a man by that name?''

''Never,'' said he, rather sternly. So much so, indeed, that both question and answer seemed to rebound on me.

''And Stella?''

''Stella is my wife; you will meet her at dinner to-morrow night.''

THE GAEL AND THE SEA

BY S. P. MACDONALD

OF the many readers whose eyes will light on the title of this article the great majority will probably ask what particular relationship there is between the ideas of Gael and sea to justify the choice of such a subject. The answer is soon given. The attitude of the Gael towards the sea is peculiar, and it illustrates, probably better than anything else, the outstanding traits of his character.

For a better understanding of the subject it is necessary to refer, briefly, to the genealogy of the Gael. The race is Keltic of course, but mingled with the predominating Keltic blood there is a strain of Scandinavian, legacy of the sea-rovers who held sway long ago in the Hebrides and Western Highlands. The modern Gael, with the blood of these two great races mingling in his veins, exhibits the characteristics of both.

Now the Scandinavian was always and before everything else a sailor. The sea was to him the "path to glory," for over it he made his way to strange countries where victories were to be won and wealth gained. It might almost be called his native element. He loved it in the majesty of calm, and loved it still more in the majesty of wrath, when he matched his skill and daring against its awful power. But in the main he loved it not so much for itself as for the fact that it gave him an opportunity to exercise his unrivalled skill as a sailor, and offered a most convenient road to the neighbouring countries, whose spoils he gathered in.

The Kelt was a sailor, too, but rather because circumstances forced him to it, for he was originally a herdsman. When, after making his way across Europe, his progress or flight, whichever it may have been, was stopped by the Atlantic, and he found himself in daily communication with the grandest object in nature, it was natural that his impressionable mind and warm fancy, always inclined towards the awful and the mystical, should connect it with the idea of the supernatural. He came to regard the sea as if it were a thinking, reasoning being. He peopled it with mysterious beings—the ghosts of men whom it had taken for its own, enchanted maidens condemned to inhabit its cold depths forever and spirits, good and bad, who were created for it. He loved it, and he feared it. He loved it for the magnificent strength and the grand simplicity that belonged to it, and he praised it for the generosity with which it often chose to repay his labour. He feared it as being almost infinitely mightier than himself, which often took away more than it gave, and he declaimed with all the passionate vehemence of which his nature was capable against its treacherous cruelty.

The modern Gael, in his attitude toward the sea, is something of both Kelt and Scandinavian. He loves the sea as the Norsemen loved it, loves it even in its wildest moods, and some

of the finest songs in the language bear witness to his fierce exultant joy in the struggle of the brave boat and skilled mariner against wind and wave. Instance the following extracts from well-known sea songs:

Theid i tro Chaol Muile ruadhor,
As a sin d'an Eilean Maine,
Air n-ais 'na deannaibh nunn do
Mhuideart,

Seach nan eilean arda uamhach,
Seach nan beaunaibh dwbha gruamach,
Seach nan sgeireau iosal fuaraidh,
Air a fairadh tro àrd-stuaidhean,
Gu h-eilean riabhach ram fear buadhor,
Gu h-innis ghranaich ram ban uallach.

O's iomadh rudha dubh a dh 'fhuar i,
Agus hairneach glas a bhuain i,
Agus faochag chrom a bhruain i,
'Si 'na deannaibh tro chaoil naignidh.

Of which the following is an almost literal translation:

Goes she through the Mull Sound fawn-
like,
Then across to the Green Island,
Back in gallop, o'er to Moidart,
Past the hilly isle of caves,
Past the mountains dark and frowning,
Past the reefs so low and cold,

And athwart through mountain billows
To the brindled isle of brave men,
To the suny isle of fair ones.

Oh, many a dark point has she rounded,
Many a gray limpet pounded,
Many a curving whelk powdered,
As she gallops through the silent straits.

And again:

Chluinnteadh fuaim na daraich,
'Si 'na deannaibh 's a' chuan Eireann,
B'fhada chluinnteadh fuaim a bocail,
'S a' mhuir ghucagaich ag eiridh,
Sruth is gaoth is luthan aigein
A sior bhragail air an eudail
Thug mi'n stiuir an laimh an Leodaich,
Gur e cheol-san bairlinn bheumach.

(Far travels the noise of the boat,
Gallopping through the Sea of Erin,
Far travels the noise of her leaps,
As she bounds through the swelling ocean;
Wind and tide and the fury of the deep,
Hurl themselves against the darling;
But the rare MacLeod is at the helm,
The bellowing wave to him is music.)

Gaelic verse suffers more in translation than that of most other languages, but the translations given will serve to convey some idea of the fiery energy which characterizes the originals, and for expression of which the language, by reason of its adaptability to rapid and terse but complete and accurate description, is so admirably suited.

It is not this note, however, which predominates in the Gaelic sea songs. The wail of the women of the isles for husbands, brothers, sons, fathers, or sweethearts, whom the sea has taken to itself, is heard oftener than the exulting song in which the men give expression to their "stormy joy" in the grim struggle with their relentless and terrible enemy. Here are a few examples:

Fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
Fhaoileig a'chuain na ceil t'ealaidh,
C'ait an d'fhag thu na fir gheala?
Dh'fhag mi iod 'san doimhne-mhara,
Beul ri beul is iad gun anail,
Cul ri cul a' si leadh fa la.

A maiden is supposed to be asking the sea-gull for tidings of her lover and his crew. The translation runs:

Little sea-gull, ocean sea-gull,
Snow-white sea-gull, what thy tidings?
Where, oh, where are the fair young lads?
I left them all in the ocean depths,
Face to face and each one lifeless,
Back to back and red blood flowing.

And then the maiden prays:

O fhaoileig bhig is fhaoileig mhara,
Siul na h-Oighe bhi 'gam chaithris,
Ma's e cluasag dha a' ghaineamh,
Ma's e suaineadh dha an fheamain,
Ma's e na roin a luchd-faire,
Ma's e 'n t-iasg a choinnlean geala,
'S a cheol fidhle gair na ma ra.

(O little sea-gull, ocean sea-gull,
The Virgin pity me to-night,
If his shroud should be the tangle,
If his couch a sandy hollow,
If the seals him make attendants,
If the fish his waxen candles,
If his harp the croon of waves.)

Another maiden laments her three brothers, who have put to sea in a boat of rare beauty, strength, and speed. When she left the shore, the

waves danced with joy, and the seals and teal-ducks followed in her wake as she crossed "to Uist and Lewis, and across to Rodel in Harris, but alas, the sea covered the beautiful boat:

Mhiannaich an Cuan Sgi an inbhrach,
Cha'n fhaodadh i tir a thathaich.

Cha ruig i Mibhist, cha ruig i Leodhas,
Cha ruig i Rodal na h-Earradh.

O mo thriuir bhraithrean tha mi 'g iargain
'S mi 'gan iarraidh anns an fheamainn.

(The sea of Skee coveted the boat,
She might not visit the shore.

She reaches not Uist, she reaches not Lewis,
She reaches not Rodel in Harris.

Oh, my three brothers, for them I yearn,
And I seeking them in the sand.)

In spite of its cruelty, however, which bears more heavily on them than on the men, who can feel the joy of combat and the exulting thrill of victory, the women love the sea, too. Is it not *Ciule Mhoire* (the Virgin Mary's treasury) and if it can be terribly cruel, can it not also be splendidly generous, and send the boats home laden with fish? And if it sometimes sounds the knell of loved ones, does it not more frequently sound a tender accompaniment to the lullabies with which they sing their babies to sleep and which have always in them a note of yearning sadness that is partly of the blood, but mostly of the sea? And it is only natural that when far removed from the sight and sound of the sea they should forget that it is cruel and treacherous and jealous, and remember only the majestic music of its motion, its playfulness and kindness. This sentiment finds expression in many a Hebridean song, of which one example will suffice, the song of the "ladylord," who married a mainland chief, but who found that romantic glens and heather-crowned mountains could not take the place of the beloved western sea in her affections. The song is very well known:

'S trom an ioundrain th' air mo shiubhal
Cha tog fidheall e no caunt;
Gair na mara 'na mo chluasaibh,
Dh'fhag sid luaineach mi sa' ghleann,
Fuaim an taibh 'gam shior-eigheach:
Tiugainn, m' eudail, gu d' thir-dhaimh.

(Deep the longing that has seized me,
Song nor fiddle lifts it off,
In my ear the ocean sounding,
Sets me roving from the glen;
And sea voices ever call me:
"Come, O love, to thy home-land.")

These are only stray examples, but they will serve to illustrate the mixed sentiments with which the Gael regards the sea. Songs of the love and of the fear of the sea they are, but permeating them all is that idea of the sea as a being personal, awful, and mysterious, a mighty friend, and an implacable enemy. This is the original Keltic trait, an it is different from the Scandinavian attitude towards the sea as is the Keltic Druidism from the cult of Woden and Thor.

With the legacy that is his by right of descent, it is no wonder that the sea should occupy a larger place in the affections of the Gael even when his beautiful lochs and glens and rugged mountains; and that even in the remotest corners of the world its roar should still sound in his ears, calling, calling the wanderer to return.

Not so many years ago a young Highlander who had emigrated to Canada used to sit by a waterfall, far in the interior, and, closing his eyes, fancy he heard in the roar of the water the various voices of his own western sea. Perhaps he sang, as he sat there, the hunting song of the nameless Highland exile:

From the lane, sheiling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is warm, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

The blood is often warm and the heart is still Highland! The homesick singer did not know it, but he

spoke not only for the Highland exiles of his own time, but for thousands of their descendants in this country, who keep the old language and the old traditions, and maintain the old customs, and are as truly Highland as if the western sea had sung their lullaby, beating upon one of the "misty islands" which the exile beheld in his dreams. In many a farmer's and fisherman's cottage along the rugged Cape Breton coast, or in the beautiful valleys with the soft musical Gaelic names which the old people gave them out of love for their own land, the sea songs are still sung and the sea stories are still told. The fire-ship, dreaded forerunner of disaster, still sweeps along the coast with unnatural speed; the mermaid still finds a home in a few unfrequented coves, though hardly once in a lifetime does she show herself to mortals; there are still parents who will not allow their boys to go swimming of a Friday, lest some unfortunate being who knows a *rann bathaidh** should see them; and there are still stories to be heard of stout hearts that witch-created storms have sent to the bottom. "The blood! the blood! Its aye the same." The "ladylord" in the sixteenth century, the young Highland exile beside the Canadian waterfall in the nineteenth, and we in the twentieth, and thousands of miles from the land of our fathers, we are all of the western sea and the Keltic blood, and over that long bridge which spans the centuries our souls meet. Well for the Gael in this new land if he keep his heart responsive to the call of the blood. It calls to nothing that is mean or base, for he comes of a race of heroes, and meanness and baseness do not belong to it. But it calls him to the imitation of their splendid virtues, in their indomitable courage, their greatness of soul and tenderness of breast, their unswerving devotion to principle, their noble simplicity. And so, hearing these voices and attuning his soul to them, he will help to build up a structure worthy of the foundation which his ancestors laid, in privations and suffering indeed, and hopeless yearning for the land which should know them no more. They built well, with true Gaelic vision, in hope for what the future might hold for those who were to come after them, to reap the harvest of which they might not see more than the budding promise.

*Drowning song.

A MILLIONAIRE ON TOAST

BY J. J. BELL

THE telephone on the desk rang sharply, violently. As a rule it gave a discreet tinkle—a sort of preliminary apology for troubling so important a personage as Mr. Jasper Holt.

The millionaire frowned, dropped the pencil with which he had been figuring on a writing-pad, and snatched the receiver to his ear.

"What's the matter, Harrison?..

"Hullo, is that you, Harrison? Who's there?"

"Is that you, Mr. Holt?" asked a quiet voice.

"Yes—but who are you?"

"Frank Shannon."

"Who?" cried Mr. Holt, not so much because he did not hear distinctly as because he could not believe his ears.

"Frank Shannon........How are you, Mr. Holt? Nasty war scare we're having just now. Hope it may blow over—"

Mr. Holt controlled himself with an effort. "What are you doing in my office at this time of night?" he demanded.

"'Phoning you."

"Confound you, sir! Who let you in?"

"Mr. Harrison. He was working late—or waiting for war news to send you, I presume."

"Never mind that! I tell you, I don't believe that Harrison let you in!"

"He didn't mean to, I allow. But I got my foot in the door, and found that I could push a little harder than he. So here I am. I only wanted to say—"

The millionaire was near to foaming.

"And do you mean to tell me that Harrison permitted you to use my private wire?"

"Well, no. I had to give him a whiff of chloroform—but I'll have him as fit as a fiddle in no time. Don't worry, but accept my hearty congratulations on the loyalty of your lieutenant. And now I had better give you my message, Mr. Holt. I'm coming—"

"I'll have you arrested for burglary or—or—"

"All right. That will be easily managed. I'm coming to see you to-morrow. Expect me at your island in the course of the afternoon, say about—"

"Confound your impudence! I've nothing to say to you."

"I'll do the talking, Mr. Holt."

The millionaire growled, then laughed sardonically. "You've planned your trip a day too late, my man! You ought to have come yesterday. The steamer makes her trip to the island a fortnight hence."

"Thanks! see you to-morrow. Must attend to Harrison now. Good-bye."

"Hold on!" cried Holt. "I tell you you'll be sorry if you—" He replaced the receiver with a grunt of disgust, and pressed one of the three electric buttons on the right of his desk.

He then threw himself back in his chair to await, frowning impatiently.

Within a couple of minutes a girl entered the room. She was of medium height, confident, yet graceful in her movements. Blue eyes looked out of a fair face lightly browned by sun, wind and sea. You would have admitted her attraction at first sight, though possibly you would have failed to define it in detail. She was Jasper Holt's only child, and he had been a widower since the day of her birth. She had inherited a good deal of her father's force of character, and she possessed one thing that he had not—a sense of humour. Perhaps that was why she did not quarrel with her father.

"You were just in time, Dad," she said pleasantly. "I was going to bed when you rang. How's the war? I heard the 'phone go quite excitingly."

"Sit down," he said curtly. "I have something to say to you."

She may have had some inkling of what was coming, but she smiled as she took the most comfortable chair. "Don't, please, make it a long story, because I'm awfully sleepy. The steamer left at such an unearthly hour this mornnig. Poor Lord Bracefield!—he doesn't enjoy getting up at five!" She yawned prettily.

"It is of Bracefield I wish to speak to you Christabel," he said sternly.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "Again?"

"Lord Bracefield informed me last night," said Holt, "that you had once more postponed your answer—"

"My dear Dad," she interrupted mildly, "I have never yet postponed my answer to Lord Bracefield. It has always been a quite definate 'No thank you.' Lord Bracefield is a nice old gentleman—middle-aged, if you insist—but I could not marry him."

"You are going to marry him!"

Miss Holt's eyes twinkled, but her lips shut firmly.

"It has come to this," said her father, "that if you do not give me your promise now—to-night—to marry Bracefield within three months from now, I shall take steps to disinherit you."

There was a short pause ere she replied gravely: "That would be horrid—but not so horrid as marrying Lord Bracefield. Now please don't be angry, dear. I'm engaged to Frank Shannon—"

"You are nothing of the kind—a beggarly electrical engineer! I've told you already that—"

"Frank is making twelve hundred a year."

"What's that?"

"It is more than Lord Bracefield makes—or can borrow," she retorted with a flash of spirit.

"There is no comparison," said Mr. Holt stiffly. "Bracefield can give you the position I desire my daughter to have." He gave her a sudden, sharp look. "How long is it since you have seen or heard from that impertinent fellow?"

"Oh, I shouldn't call Lord Bracefield imp—"

"Tut! Don't pretend to misunderstand me, Christabel! How long is it since you have heard from Shannon?"

"A year all but a day." She flushed a little. "I expect to hear from him to-morrow, but how I don't know."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, our promise to you will then have expired." The girl rose and went to her father. She laid a hand on his shoulder. "Don't you think Frank and I have been very good, Dad? It hasn't been a happy year, but we thought there might be some reward for us at the end of it. We don't want to marry without your blessing—"

"Enough!" he said shortly. "What I have said I have said. I am not to be thwarted, Christabel. You shall marry Bracefield or take the consequences—an allowance of two hundred a year. Then you'll see how far Mr. Shannon's devotion will serve you."

Her hand dropped from him. "You

are very hard and cruel," she said in a low voice, and moved to the door. "But there is no good in discussing the matter. Good-night."

"Stay! I might as well tell you that Shannon is coming—or thinks he is coming—here to-morrow—"

"Oh!"

"If he reaches the island I shall grant him an interview, if only to tell him what I think of him. It is possible that I may have him arrested later for forcing his way into my city office and chloroforming my chief clerk—"

"Father!"

"He had the impudence to use my private wire—"

"Oh, was that all? How clever of him!"

"Silence! I shall inform him, however, of my intentions in the event of you refusing to obey my wish."

Christabel bowed her head and laid her fingers on the door handle.

"One moment! Your promise, if I remember correctly, does not expire until seven o'clock to-morrow night."

"Seven-thirty," she said quietly.

"Very well. From seven-thirty you are at liberty to make your own choice. Good-night."

He picked up his pencil and bent over his papers.

She opened the door, hesitated, and said: "I do not want to disobey you, my dear Dad, but I had better tell you that I intend to marry Frank —within three months." She went out closing the door softly.

"We shall see!" the millionaire mutteretd grimly, and rang the telephone bell. He was anxious to know about Harrison, but more anxious still to know the latest war news.

*

When Jasper Holt built a house on the island some ten years ago he had intended it for an occasional residence, but of late he had made it his home for the greater part of the year. For all his huge fortune, however, he had no thoughts of retiring from business. He was as keen as ever on making money. But it pleased him now to sit aloof and make his influence felt on markets hundreds of miles away. The cost of his long-distance telephone line—thirty miles of which was under the sea—had been nothing to the profits he had earned. He had no partners at the other end, but he had men who found it worth while to obey his commands to the letter, men who knew exactly what items of the day's news to repeat to him. And Holt at this time was finding that he was actually making more money than he had done in the days when it had seemed necessary for him to be always "on the spot."

Nevertheless, he was at present extremely anxious. Rumours and threatenings of war in the East were making stock markets exceedingly sensitive and wayward. He and his lieutenants were continually on the watch. Things had to be learned, reported, considered, and done quickly. For the first time Holt had allowed himself to suffer qualms regarding his long-distance telephone. If anything were to go wrong there!

He had almost decided to take the steamer to the mainland that morning. He would have done so had not his steam yacht, which had been undergoing her autum overhaul, been due to return to her anchorage at the island twenty-four hours later. The only tenants of the island besides himself were a couple of sheep farmers, and their leaky old fishing boats could not survive much of the voyage save in the finest weather; moreover, Jasper Holt was afraid of the sea even from the deck of his own handsome yacht.

With the telephone at his bedside, he slept little that night. Another man had taken Harrison's place in the office, and much of the news that the public would read hours later was spoken into the ear of the millionaire. It was conflicting, irritat-

ing, insufficient news—news to weary the brain and upset the nerves of the ordinary speculator. But this man listened to it carefully, patiently, unemotionally, taking shorthand notes of such items as he deemed too important to entrust to memory. And for the time being he forgot all about his daughter, Lord Bracebridge, and the impertinent Frank Shannon.

He rose at eight o'clock and breakfasted in his study. The telephone was working again—hard. Among other things it informed him that there had been some little delay in getting his yacht out of dock, but that she would leave for the island as soon as possible.

Later his daughter came in to inquire whether he would lunch with her or where he was.

"Here," he said briefly, then kindly enough, "What are you doing with yourself to-day, Chistabel? I thought you might have taken a cruise in the *Pharos,* but she hasn't turned up."

"Thank you, Dad, it's a nice day for a cruise, but"—she smiled whimsically—"but I've decided to stay in my room until seven-thirty." She kissed his gray head and fled.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "I had forgotten about *that!* I suppose he'll come in a motor-boat. Pity it isn't a storm."

From time to time he permitted himself to look across the water dividing the island from the mainland. From an upper window his daughter did the same, only oftener, and used a powerful pair of marine glasses.

*

It was after five o'clock when Frank Shannon reached the island, having made the passage by himself in a motor-boat ridiculously small for the open sea. But, as he declared afterwards, he would have chartered a liner had the weather rendered that necessary. He was too well pleased with his life to trifle with it.

His actual landing was not visible to the watchers in the great house. Had they been able to see through the ridge of rock guarding the shingly cove, they would probably have been amazed to witness his treatment of the clever little engine that had brought him to his destination. He did other things, too, that would have caused Jasper Holt wonderment if not positive indignation. And apparently he was in no hurry to come to the house.

"Funking it, after all," thought the millionaire with a grim chuckle as the clock struck seven. He was about to ring up the office to inquire respecting the yacht, which had not yet arrived, when a servant opened the door and announced "Mr. Shannon."

The dark and debonair young man was seemingly quite unaffected by the cold stare and curt nod vouchsafed him.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Holt," he said pleasantly, offering his hand, "you see I have arrived."

Mr. Holt ignored the hand. "You may sit down," he said, indicating a chair. "And now that you have arrived, what do you want? I can give you five minutes."

"Thank you," was the cheerful reply. "Five minutes will be enough for me. I want your kind permission to marry your daughter. A year ago—"

"I refused my permission."

"Yes, but you put us on probation."

"Did I? I rather think the probation was your suggestion."

"Well, we desired to prove to you that we were in earnest, Mr. Holt. And now—"

"Your being in earnest does not affect my plans for my daughter. But if it will satisfy you, I refuse my permission once more. Pray consider the refusal final this time."

The young man looked straight at his senior "I am sorry you make it final, Mr. Holt," he said gravely. "I should so much prefer to have

your permission—before marrying your daughter."

Mr. Holt restrained himself. "Are you aware, sir," he asked with a forced calm, "that I have the right to have you arrested for a very serious offence?"

"I am aware that you have the right, but I feel sure that you would never seek to exercise it against a prospective son-in-law even though he does not happen to meet with your approval."

"Enough," snapped the millionaire. "Let me tell you, however, that if my daughter marries you without my permission I disinherit her. She shall have two hundred pounds a year—not a penny more!"

"Then why not grant her your permission to marry me?"

"Young man," said Mr. Holt in an awful voice, "your impudence is certainly colossal, but—"

"It is nothing to my love for your daughter," said Shannon quietly. "But permit me to say that to disinherit Christabel would be cruel as well as unjust—"

"I am sure *you* think so," was the sarcastic reply.

"You know very well that your money is nothing to me," said Shannon calmly. "Had you been a poor man, or one of moderate means, Chistabel and I would have been married a year ago. But I should be sorry to be the cause of Christabel's losing any of the good things of this world, and therefore I would once more ask your permission to marry Christabel—"

"You make me tired," said Holt angrily. "Have the goodness to consider this interview at an end. Your five minutes are already expired."

The young man rose. He looked at his watch. "Mr. Holt he said gently, "I have waited for a year all but fifteen minutes. Do you think I am going to give in without a fight for it?"

The millionaire actually smiled. "So you would pit yourself against me, young man? Well go ahead and do your worst."

There was a slight pause. Then Shannon said slowly, distinctly, "I have already done my worst—you forced me, please remember—and now, Mr. Holt, I think I may say without exaggeration, and very respectfully, that I have you—*on toast.*"

Holt sat up with a jerk. "You have *me on toast!*" he exclaimed. "Confound your cheek! See here! Get back the way you came. I am going to phone the police. If you do not reach the mainland in three hours—well, say four—from now they shall come over and arrest you. I'm in earnest. You may wait and hear my instructions." He picked up the receiver.

"Pardon me," said Shannon, "but the wire is not working."

"Not working? Nonsense!"

"Try it if you like, Mr. Holt. But half an hour or so ago I took the liberty of cutting the cable."

"You *what?*" Jasper Holt flushed and went white with wrath. "You dared to cut my cable!"

Shannon bowed. "And 'phone the office that you were taken seriously ill, and must not be disturbed."

"Hah!" said Holt, after trying the telephone without result. "I see your game. You would isolate me—cut me off from the city at an anxious time. Well, you shall pay dearly for an action that shall profit you nothing!" He wiped his brow and laughed. "You have forgotten my yacht, which is due to arrive immediately."

"No, Mr. Holt," Shannon gravely returned. "I took the liberty of 'phoning and wiring the repairers yesterday that you wished her to remain with them for another fortnight. I also caused a message to reach you this morning to the effect that—"

An oath escaped Holt's lips. He appeared about to spring on his visitor. He controlled himself with difficulty. "You fool," he said thickly, "there are boats on the island that will serve the purpose."

"I'm afraid they won't, Mr. Holt," said Shannon dryly. "An hour ago I purchased the two boats belonging to the sheep farmers, and rendered them even more unseaworthy than they were. I fear I took liberties also with the two boats belonging to you. I shall be glad to pay for the damage at your convenience—"

"You'll pay sweetly, and go to jail as well, you madman!"

"You see now, Mr. Holt." the other continued equably, "that bar accidents, you are isolated for a fortnight. If war is declared you won't know anything about it. If the political atmosphere clears, you will be none the wiser. A panic or boom will—"

"Shut up!" snarled Holt, who had pressed one of the electric buttons on his right. He was not yet beaten. "If you think to force my hand—"

"You rang, sir? A discreet-looking servant stood in the doorway.

"Hallowes," said the millionaire, "doesn't James, the second gardener, understand motor-boats?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then will you take James and another man to the landing-place, where you will find a motor-boat. You will take possession of the boat, and in no circumstances yield it up to any person. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Then let it be done at once."

The door closed and Holt turned with a grin to his visitor.

"Who's on toast now, Mr. Shannon?"

The young man shook his head. "I'm afraid James, the second gardener, will be puzzled to make the motor go," he said, almost sympathetically. "You see, I took liberties with it also."

He turned to the window. "I wonder," he murmured, "what is the latest news from the East?" He kept gazing out of the window.

To tell the truth, he was rather afraid to look round. A beaten man is always a sorry plight, and this man had never been beaten before.

Jasper Holt's emotions would be difficult to describe. The blaze of wrath was quenched by a flood of anxious, fearful thoughts. Isolated for a fortnight! Bad enough at any time, but with war a possibility.... The man was not beaten—he was simply crushed. Shannon could never have dreamed he was going to strike so hard.

There was a long silence until the clock chimed the half-hour.

"Mr. Holt," he said softly, diffidently.

The millionaire lifted a worn, white face. Yet there was dignity in it.

"Well, you seem to have won," he said coldly. "The chances are that I shall be ruined. If so, my daughter shall be poorly provided for. I ought to have thought of that long ago. But I happen to have some little affection for Christabel, and rather than see her in danger of poverty, I will give you permission to marry her. But I beg to be excused from meeting you again."

He turned away and took up a pencil. His fingers shook. "Yes," he muttered, as though he were alone, "if war were declared now it would go hard with me."

It was too much for Shannon. "Mr. Holt," he cried, "take back your permission! We must do without it somehow. And I can repair your cable within an hour—temporarily, at any rate. I have sufficient knowledge for the job, and I brought the necessary appliances with me."

Holt rose. He was trembling. "You can repair the cable!" he gasped.

"I am going to do so now," said Shannon reassuringly.

"And you give me back my permission?"

"I have done so." The young man spoke ruefully.

The millionaire's finger wandered to one of the electric buttons. "I am not sure that you have the right to give it back, nor I have the right to take it. I must think about it. But excuse me for a moment. Kindly

remain here,'' he said and left the room.

When the door was reopened a minute later it was to admit Christabell.

*

It was considerably more than an hour ere the cable was repaired. Still the delay was not entirely Shannon's fault. Mr. Holt's patience was really admirable. He countermanded the eight o'clock dinner, and ordered supper for ten o'clock—for three persons.

But his face was pale and his hands shook, when in response to the request of Shannon, who lacked decidedly the air of victor, he lifted the receiver to communicate once more with his office.

''That you, Harrison?'' he asked with his old sharpness of tone.

''Yes, sir. Anything the matter? I've been ringing and ringing—''

''Never mind that. Give me the latest in as few words as possible.''

Presently Jasper Holt put back the receiver. He looked from his daughter to Shannon, from Shannon to his daughter.

''The war is off.'' His smile was rather pathetic.

''Forgive me, sir,'' whispered Shannon.

''He says the war is off,'' said Christabel gently, and joined their hands.

IN MEMORY OF ERNEST DOWSON

By ALFRED GORDON

CONTEMN me not with scornful strength
  Because my songs are light as air,
Because the perfume of a flower
  Invades my soul with gray despair.

Ah, mock me not with rude, rough words,
  Because my songs are like a shell,
And in them like a murmuring wave
  Sad sounds of sighs and sorrows dwell.

For love's fair angel came to me
  With no great deathless, glorious word;
His feet no burnished sandals shod,
  Nor pulse of flame his pinions stirred.

He came on me all unaware,
  His wings half woke me with a kiss,
So tenderly, and then he fled—
  How can I sing of more than this?

CURRENT EVENTS

WHETHER or not the Canadian Senate is a useful body it at least can make itself felt. This fact has been quite evident again this session, particularly in the instances of the killing of the bill intended to give relief to the depositors in the defunct Farmers' Bank, and the bill to place under the control of the Postmaster-General and the Treasury Board the postal rates on newspapers and periodicals, as well as the salaries of employees in the Post Office Department. The latter bill was not thrown out, but was amended to an extent that induced Senator Lougheed, the Government leader in the Senate, to say that the whole bill, as a result, would be abandoned. One would suppose that the merits of these bills were regarded by the Senators, and that they were not taken up as party issues. At least the division was not on so-called straight party lines. The Toronto *Star* criticizes the action of the Senate for throwing out a bill that would recoup depositors in a chartered bank for their losses sustained by the failure of the bank at a time when the public has much reason for believing that the supervision of banks by the Government was trustworthy, while during the same session they pass a bill to provide many millions of dollars to prevent a railway company from realizing much the same fate as the bank. Because of this, which it regards as inconsistent, *The Star* sees no use for the Senate. But if anyone wishes to know why we have a Senate and why it is likely to survive let him read Mr. George Clarke Holland's article entitled "The House Impregnable," which appeared in *The Canadian Magazine* for May of this year.

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Apart from differences as to temperance legislation and woman suffrage, the election campaign in Ontario is being fought on straight party lines. The leader of the Liberal Opposition would abolish the bar, while the leader of the Government would make treating unlawful. Deputations of women who have interviewed members of the Government in Queen's Park have received but scant encouragement; the leader of the Opposition, on the other hand, has pronounced his sympathy. Apart from these differences, which to an onlooker have no grave aspects, the discussion involves questions of administration. And while there are charges of maladministration, happily so far there has not been any grave scandal. It is to be hoped therefore that we have at least an indication that in Ontario the stage has been reached when our political leaders have to advance schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the people rather than abusive charges and attempts at sensational revelations.

*

At the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, held recently at Chicago, one of the members spoke in part as follows on the subject of present-day dress:

"No matter if the neck be exposed nearly to the waist line and the limbs nearly half way to the knees, if only the style be

followed, health and suggestiveness are lost sight of in the craze to be in fashion.

"As the fashions are to-day a woman would have to design nearly everything for herself if she would not wear immoral clothes. The reason is plain enough. Fashions, especially French fashions, are not designed for good women. They will not spend enough money to suit the merchants. That is the reason that every new fashion is designed originally for the demi-monde of Paris. It is an unpleasant thought that it is the latter who set the standard which our fashionable women follow with naive avidity."

Many women, as well as many men, overlook the fact that our ideas of dress are governed largely by occasion. Thus there are occasions when exposure is accepted as permissable. At balls and evening receptions it has long been regarded as quite the acceptable thing for women to expose their arms and bosoms while at bathing resorts the lower limbs from the knees to the ground are at least open to criticism. If it is correct to expose by night, it is correct to expose by day. And if it is permissable at bathing resorts it ought to be permissable in the streets of our towns and cities. In these things time and place should make no difference. But they do make difference, and that is where all the trouble comes in.

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Quite recently the Canadian Institute had conferred on it the right to use the word "Royal," so that it is now the Royal Canadian Institute. Many persons have only a vague idea of what the Institute is and does. In the building up of the nationality of Canada there is evidence of the active intellectual life of the people in the condition to which learning and the arts and sciences have attained in the country generally. Everywhere in Canada this evidence is to be found in the universities, schools, colleges, libraries, societies and other combinations for the advancement of learning. But in older countries learned societies through many generations have given the opportunity and the place for the announcement of results of study, of investigation, of travel and of discovery while these results are new, as well as the opportunity for the discussion of the topics involved and the preservation of the records. The opportunities thus afforded for such announcements have been appreciated to the extent that a learned man in one country will use the learned society of another as a means of communicating his ideas or his discoveries where they may be applicable or where he may wish them to be recorded.

These learned societies publish the papers thus placed before them by having them read at their meetings or printed in the records of their transactions, or by both. In this way begins a regular channel of intellectual communication, completed by the interchange among these learned societies of the records of their transactions.

The demand for these exchanges has grown to large dimensions. Many people have a general but indefinite consciousness that these things are being done in Canada. So they are, in various fields, by different societies. But the ideas involved have been most efficiently carried out by the Canadian Institute at and from Toronto, since the year 1849. The records of exchange now number 10,000 volumes, and the recorded transactions of the Institute itself form a library of thirty-four volumes.

These volumes are sought after today by students from every quarter of the globe, on account of their recognized value as works of reference by scientific investigators everywhere.

The 300 or more persons who are members of the Institute are members because they know what has been done and what is being done, and because many of them take a personal part in the actual production of papers on scientific subjects and in the giving of the weekly free lectures and reading of papers at the meetings.

These meetings are of inestimable value as a means of conveying in a direct way to those who are minded to attain it a knowledge of what is current in the world of art and science. The industry of some of the scientific members of the Institute has enabled the publication of the valuable book already reviewed in this magazine entitled "The Natural History of the Toronto Region."

It is remarkable that the several articles embraced in the book, covering a wide range of work in divergent fields of research, are all by members of the Institute—men foremost in the learning of the subjects they treat of. It is a tribute of appreciation of the objects of the Institute by those whose appreciation is of the highest value. In its work in the past and in the present and the promise of its continuance for the future the Canadian Institute should be widely known and recognized in Canada as a most important factor in the intellectual life of the country and in its communication with the scientific world everywhere. Its objects are:

1. To promote scientific research in Canada.

2. To form in Canada a library of the publications of all the scientific societies of the world.

3. To engage and have the attention of the people to questions of public interest and utility on which scientific opinions may have an important bearing.

4. To bring into co-operation all the scientific workers of Canada.

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With one important amendment, which was introduced in the Senate, the bill repealing the Panama Canal Tolls Act has been passed by the United States Congress. The bill as at first introduced was an absolute repeal of the Act, which exempted from tolls all United States vessels engaged in the coastwise trade. Since the passage of this Act public opinion against it has been greatly aroused, particularly by such eminent advocates as the President and the Honourable Elihu Root, but nevertheless the bill to repeal it had a stormy career in both houses. It looks now as if the amendment is an out-and-out compromise, because while United States vessels engaged in the coastwise trade are not exempted from the payment of tolls, the right has been reserved to so exempt them should it be found advisable. The difference is that the United States Congress practically asserts the right to exempt, but magnanimously avows the intention not to enforce the right. The end is the same, if they do not enforce it, but the other countries interested would feel better if the tolls should be levied on all vessels alike, not because of any generosity on the part of the United States, but because of the terms of the several treaties under which the canal was built. It is about the same as if Congress were to say: "We do not intend to exempt our own vessels from payment of tolls, but we have the right to do so, and, moreover, we might do so if we should find it advisable."

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In *La Revue des Deux Mondes* (Paris), M. Jacques Bardoux, who is regarded as a well-informed journalist, writes an intimate and exceedingly interesting contrast of King George V. with his father, the late King Edward. He says in part:

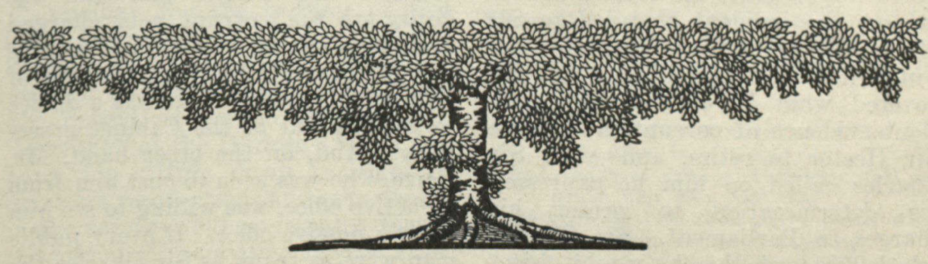
"Horse-racing, as all the world knows, was a passion with Edward VII. To this feverish sport, aristocratic and elegant, George V. much prefers his solitary wanderings through wood and field with his gun on his shoulder and his faithful dog at his heels. The father rarely missed a great occasion on the turf. He was proud of his stables and sought prizes and pennants eagerly. The son was with difficulty brought by his advisers to maintain even the existence of the royal stud. George V. prefers infinitely to jockeys and trainers the society of Rugby football champions and even the prowess of the boxer. Regularly every year he attends a football match between teams chosen from

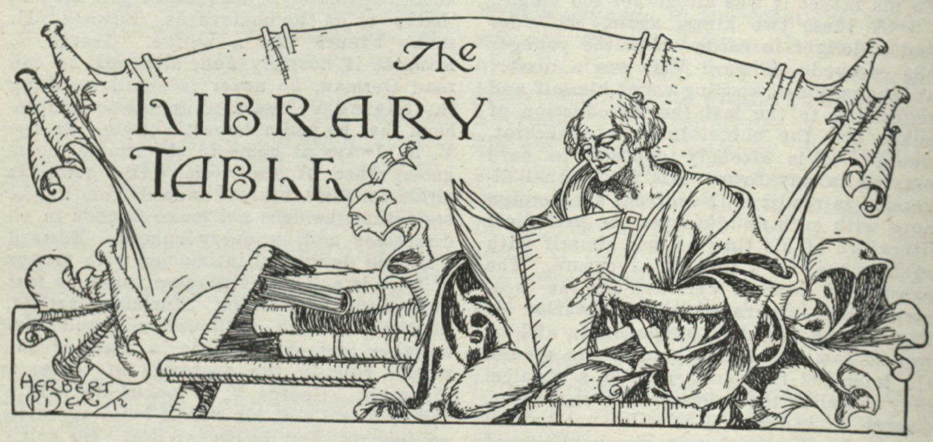
the army and navy. Quite recently he went eagerly to a baseball game in London between two American "nines," remaining to the end of a long and not very interesting game. Later still he actually presided over a contest in the prize ring between an Englishman and a Frenchman, for boxing is with him a cherished sport. To his father it was altogether too vulgar.

"Of these two kings, again, the elder had a delight in cards which the younger has escaped. Edward VII. was a master at bridge whist, keeping count himself and regretting to the last the introduction of poker and the uncertainties of baccarat. George V. is strongly opposed to card playing in any form. His intellectual diversion is reading. Never did a sovereign pore with such delight over the periodical literature of his time or lose himself with such ecstasy in a tale of adventure. The passion of Edward VII. was for the theatre. He encouraged the adaptation of Paris plays for the London stage and he was a familiar figure behind the scenes. He tolerated the seriousness of a problem play as well as the lightness of French farce. George V. is too true a sailor not to find joy in the theatre, but in his simplicity of mind he affects the most roaring melodrama and the active horseplay of old-fashioned farce. The least sophistication makes him yawn. The whole court was amused by his choice for a performance at Windsor a few years ago, when William II. was there, of Bulwer Lytton's "Money"—a bourgeois and sensible production in which vice is flayed and virtue rewarded in the fashion of 1840. Nothing is easier than to get above the King's head in a play or a book. Even the music he enjoys must have its perfect simplicity. He shrinks in positive alarm from Wagnerian opera. His favourite composers are Mendelssohn and Gounod. He even fishes for salmon and for trout, forms of diversion absolutely intolerable to his father, who, moreover, was quite at home amid the complexities of Bayreuth and the themes so dear to Brunehilde and to Kundry.

"Even in their travels, these two shine by contrast, George V. visiting the continent of Europe seldom and then only on formal tours in state. He has circumnavigated the globe and spent many days in remote climes, whereas his father clung to Europe all his life, making himself at home in Nice or at Cannes, in the German 'baths' or on the boulevards. Edward VII. spoke French like a native. George V. mangles it horribly and, although he can read German, he never is heard speaking it. Edward VII. seemed unable to comprehend that he had a domestic circle. George V. is always at home in the simple, bourgeois sense of the term. His domestic circle is quite narrow indeed, for, unlike his father, he does not make friends in all directions and in every sphere. Edward VII. had delightful intimacies with groups of friends and acquaintances whom he met at dinners and in clubs. Musicians, artists, playwrights and millionaires found him sociable and sympathetic, a man of the world, free in the exchange of ideas, a diner out. George V. is locked up within the four walls of his wife's building, with no 'chums' and no social life. He cultivates the seriously inclined now and then by asking them to dinner, with the Queen's permission, and some of his old friends in the naval service get a glimpse of his fireside. Otherwise, apart from the social duties imposed by his sovereign station, George V. is a recluse, living respectably at home with the mother of his children, going out with her to church or to the theatre, visible to the public only at a football match or an opening of parliament.

"George V., indeed, distrusts the tendency of the time as irreligious. He never seeks the advice of the type of man so attractive to his father. He dwells in an atmosphere created for him by the piety and correctness of Queen Mary. They are alike in a Puritanical proclivity which has revolutionized the life of the court in our time."





RECOLLECTIONS OF SIXTY YEARS IN CANADA

BY SIR CHARLES TUPPER. Toronto: Cassell & Company.

NOT as a piece of literature, nor as an important historical document, can it be hoped that this volume will ever take a high place. But nevertheless it contains many interesting passages, and is, indeed, one of the noteworthy publications of the year. The recollections of a man who has been Premier of the Dominion, and who is as frank as Sir Charles, could not be without value or significance. And Sir Charles is frank even to the verge of being imprudent. He recalls, for instance, the incident that led to Sir Hector Langevin's retirement from public life. Mr. Israel Tarte had discovered what he claimed was sufficient evidence of corruption to force Sir Hector to retire, and when Sir Charles called on him he expressed his determination to prefer his charges in Parliament. Sir Charles asked Tarte whether he would object to Langevin's appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and there seems to have been no objection. But when Sir Charles made the suggestion to the Premier (Sir John A. Macdonald), Sir John replied by asking how could he make the appointment when the charges were denied. Sir Charles then had a conference with Sir Hector, who protested his innocence. The charges were at length preferred, and Sir Hector was forced out of the Cabinet.

This incident gives rise to certain wonder, not wonder because the arrangement was suggested, but wonder because Sir Charles admits that he was a party to it and that he tried to bring it about. It does not seem to occur to him that a man who was guilty of the corrupt acts charged against Langevin was not a desirable person for the important position of Lieutenant-Governor. It was a device to get him out of the Cabinet gracefully. And, on the other hand, Mr. Tarte, who was keen to oust him from an active office, was willing to see him enter a passive office. If every public man were as frank as Sir Charles the devious paths of the politicians could

be traced by the man in private life.

We sometimes think that men who are at the head of great corporations such as banks and railways have some influence in Parliament, and in these recollections we are informed that Sir George Stephen (now Lord Mountstephen) went to Sir Charles, who had announced his intention to return to London as High Commissioner, and told him (Sir Charles) that it was his duty to remain in Canada, that if anything were to happen to the Premier Sir Charles ought to be chosen as the successor. Sir George communicated this view in a letter addressed to the Honourable John Henry Pope, Minister of Railways, who gave the letter to Sir John A. Macdonald. Sir John sent for Sir Charles, and told him that if he would consent to remain "I will publicly recognize you as my successor." But Sir Charles urged Sir John to abide by the understanding he had had as to the succession of Sir Hector Langevin, to which Sir John complied, provided Sir Charles would "give me Charlie." This little incident marks the advance of Sir Hibbert Tupper to the front benches.

There is much in the book that is too personal to the author to be of great public interest. However, it is on the whole to be commended. It is well printed and bound.

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THE COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS

BY ISAAC COWIE. Toronto: William Briggs.

THE author had no cause to offer an apology for the writing of this book, for many a writer of reputed literary attainments has produced a work of much less credit. Great credit, indeed, is due to this one-time "servant" of the Hudson's Bay Company for setting down in dignified print his recollections and experiences in the service of the company during the period of years from 1868 to 1874. His account is invaluable as a historical document, especially because it gives something of the "other side" of the story. A great deal has been written about the Hudson's Bay Company, but this narrative gives one a vivid impression of the actual machinery, of those instruments that carried out the will of the company from the time of "recruiting" in the far-away Orkneys to the time when the pelts received in trade were shipped to the markets of the world. Indeed, so carefully and apparently so exactly has Mr. Cowie related his experiences that one feels as if one has had an intimate, even private, observation of the inner workings of the greatest organization of traders in the New World. There are more than 500 pages, with forty-three illustrations.

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POEMS

BY JAMES B. DOLLARD. Toronto: The Catholic Register-Extension.

ALTHOUGH it is more than a year since this volume of poems by Father Dollard appeared, we feel that our readers are not yet as well acquainted with them as they should be, for the author is a real poet and his book contains real poetry. The volume is divided into three parts: I., Irish ballads and poems; II., sonnets; III., religious and occasional poems. It is worthy of an extensive review, but we must be content to end with these first two stanzas from "The Haunted Hazel":

Adown a quiet glen where the gowanberries glisten
And the linnet, shyest bird of all, his wild note warbles free;
Where the scented woodbine blossoms o'er the brooklet, bend to listen,
There stands upon a mossy bank a white hazel tree.

But when the day is ended, and the solemn moon is shining,
And shadows grim and ghostly fall on grove and glen and lea.
Then godless elves their fairy paths with glow-worm lamps are lining,
And potent spells of magic bind the white hazel tree!

TWO IN THE WILDERNESS

By Stanley Washburn. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS adventure in the Canadian West, along the present line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway through the Yellowhead Pass, is in conception much the same as "Two on the Trail," by Hulbert Footner. It is, however, not so melodramatic, and the obstacles against which the man and woman in this book have to contend are forces of nature rather than, as in the other, forces of man. The adventure begins with a young man named Smith, who, with a dog and horse as his only companions, is making his way through the wilderness, coming suddenly upon the camp of a young woman who has engaged two men to take her out to civilization. That very day both men are accidentally drowned, so that Smith, by the demands of chivalry, finds himself the sole escort of the girl. They have many amusing experiences and narrow escapes, but throughout the journey they maintain toward each other a rigid formality. Of course, such an episode in the lives of two young persons should have but one ending, and indeed such ending it has, for on the evening of the last camp we see them standing in each other's arms, with the dog nearby, wagging his tail as if in approval.

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PLAYING WITH FIRE

By Amelia E. Barr. Toronto: William Briggs.

ALL who read this book after having read "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churrhill, although they will see a purpose common to the two books, will recognize in "Playing With Fire" a note of optimism that is not so strong in the other. Mrs. Barr selects Glasgow as the scene of of this her latest novel, and there has her hero, a Calvinist preacher, attract a great congregation by virtue of his religious convictions and strong personality. But the preacher at length is misled by books on free thought and modern philosophy, and consequently for a time he leads a life of estrangement from his church and even his family. His efforts, however, to regain his lost faith are successful, and the ending justifies the happiness it brings.

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF INTERNATIONAL POLITY

By Norman Angell. Toronto: William Briggs.

THE author of "The Great Illusion" makes in this book another important contribution to the exposition of modern politics. The so-called international law is something that the average person is not equipped to understand, but here Mr. Angell devotes much of his space to showing the interaction of material and moral forces in politics, the relation of nationality and political idealism to those theories with which the author's name is identified. No person who has not read this book should discuss international affairs.

❊

DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN

By Leona Dalrymple. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE reading of a prize novel often leaves one with a feeling of uneasy wonder as to the sufferings inflicted upon the judges by the rejected manuscripts. But in the case of "Diane of the Green Van," by Leona Dalrymple, one fancies that it may not have been so bad after all. Diane herself is a lady of fascinating caprice, while "Philip," who plays hero to her heroine, is a really delightful person whose humour leavens the whole. Without Philip one might complain of an excess of the "melo" portion of the drama. Intrigue and mystery follow close upon the wheels

of the Green Van; the air, even the air of the summer forest, is thick with the whisper of plot and counterplot. Nobody seems to know exactly what it is all about, Diane least of all, but a stray bullet and a stealthy knife-thrust suffice to keep the reader's suspicions stirring. Diane is certainly not what she appears to be. Neither is the musical hobo who dogs her camp; neither is Keela, the Indian girl who is her friend—indeed, one almost expects to see the Green Van turn into something else after the manner of Cinderella's pumpkin. But with patience much mystery may be made plain. We know, because we have read the book. Believe us, the only one who gets really hurt is one who doubtless deserves it—and a menial and a foreigner at that. The Green Van protects Diane; Philip protects the Green Van, and circumstance protects Philip. The author is not going to allow needless catastrophe. One is slightly disappointed in the end to learn that after all—but why disappoint the reader in anticipation?

❊

THE FAITH OF JAPAN

By Tasuku Harada. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is the work of a Christian Japanese scholar who presents to Western readers his interpretation of the elemental beliefs which are the common property of all the Japanese no matter what their religious or irreligious affiliations. The work was first delivered as a series of lectures to students of Hartford Theological Seminary. Dr. Hadada, who is President of Doshisha University, of Kyoto, Japan, says that by "The Faith of Japan" he has in mind "that union of elements from each and all that have taken root in Japanese soil and moulder the thought and life of her people." He observes that "her only indigenous religion is Shinto. But as soon as she came in touch with the mainland of Asia, religions, philosophies, arts, and literatures from the Continent began to flow into the Island Empire. The principal philosophical and ethical ideas may be grouped under the name of Confucianism, while by far the larger part of the religious customs and beliefs come under the name of Buddhism."

❊

MARY MAGDELENE AND OTHER POEMS

By Laura E. McCully. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS volume seems to reveal a strange, weird, searching personality, a restless spirit seeking something that cannot well be defined. We do not know that it contains much poetry, but it is splendidly issued by discriminative publishers and is at least an interesting volume. One example of the verse must suffice here:

IMMACULATI

Whom do the waters call
To the deep,
Out where the shadows fall,
Down where the silent sleep?
Not we of the forge and the loom and the wheel, not we,
Are the children she calleth home at dusk, our mighty mother, the Sea.

Forth they come from the lands
Of strife,
Beating with unstained hands
The doors of the house of life.
Oh, strayaway child of dreams, not us, but thee,
She calleth home to her bosom at dusk, our mighty mother, the Sea.

❊

THE SUBSTANCE OF HIS HOUSE

By Ruth Holt Boucicault. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE average reader will be greatly attracted by this powerful study of what a fundamentally good woman can do to restore an un-

worthy man to a sane purpose in life. Lady Mary Stanhope and a brilliant young English politician fall in love with each other, and after some obstacles have been removed they are able to marry and leave England. Together they begin a new life in California. Then comes the aftermath, bringing its revelation of unsuspected qualities and hidden weakness, its readjustment of values, and the final great crisis that tries both their souls. The way in which they eventually work out their salvation is a fine tribute to the power of a great love and its ability to override all obstacles of Fate.

❊

GENERAL JOHN REGAN

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that many readers will fancy they are traversing familiar ground when they read this book by the author of "Spanish Gold" and "The Search Party," it is, nevertheless, quite as amusing as any of the exceedingly entertaining novels by this clever Irish writer. The story is, as one might expect, pure farce comedy, but it comes with peculiar zest just now, touching, as it does, upon the Ulster problem. The idea centres around the erection of a bronze statue to a mythical Irish general in the town of his supposed birth, and in connection therewith there develops a succession of most ludicrous situations.

❊

—"Ireland and Canada," an address delivered by Mr. Henri Bourassa before the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Hamilton, and "French and English," a few reflections on frictions and misunderstandings, with preface and letters from Mr. C. H. Cahan and Mr. J. C. Walsh, have been issued in booklet form. (Montreal: Imprimerie du Devoir).

—"The Industrial Ascendancy of Nova Scotia" is the title of a beautifully illustrated brochure issued by the Nova Scotia branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. (Halifax: The Secretary, The Publicity Committee, Canadian Manufacturers' Association).

❊

—*The Studio* for May contains a refreshing novelty in the form of an article entitled "Mr. Geoffrey Blackwell's Collection of Modern Pictures," by J. B. Manson. There are as well articles on Jessie Bayes, painter and craftswoman; the prints of Percival Gaskell, the jewellery of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaskin, Norman Wilkinson's decorations of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with a note on the Japanese process of painting called "Ishizuri," all of which are abundantly illustrated. (London: The Studio.)

❊

—"Overland Red" is a real tale of the "wild and woolly." There is plenty of gunplay, furious riding, "clean-ups" and the like to arouse the most jaded reader, and there is also a touching Western love story, in which "Overland," a characteristic gold hunter, plays an expeditious part. The author's name is not given. There are a number of full-page illustrations in colours. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)

It must be Bovril

You can be sure of being nourished if you take Bovril. Partly by virtue of its own food value, partly through its unique powers of assisting assimilation of other foods, Bovril has been proved to produce an increase in flesh, bone and muscle equal to 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken. But *it-must-be-Bovril.*

Even were it double the price, Bovril would still be an economical and indispensable article in every home.

Of all Stores, etc., at

1-oz., **25c.**; 2-oz., **40c.**; 4-oz., **70c.**; 8-oz., **$1.30**; 16-oz., **$2.25.**
Bovril Cordial, large, **$1.25**; 5-oz. **40c.**
16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos), **$1.20.**

THE best part of a delightful flavor is that which no words can describe. It is that subtle something which characterizes the work of experts that gives to Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates more than usual deliciousness.

130-132 Yonge Street, Toronto
Sales Agents Everywhere

The Rodgers' TRADE MARK

Known the world over as the mark which identifies the best of cutlery

Look for it on every blade.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD - - - ENGLAND

SAFE-When coal gas accumulates, automatic damper operates of its own accord in

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

releasing all fumes to flue. See the McClary dealer or write for booklet. 31

The Joy of Eating

Something Extra Good

finds rich fulfillment in every package of Post Toasties.

It is noticeable that the crispy, mild sweetness of these tender bits of toasted corn usually start smiles at the table.

And the housewife smiles too, for a bowlfull poured direct from the package—with cream and sugar to taste—relieves some of the work and worry of breakfast or lunch—not soon forgotten.

Post Toasties

are sold everywhere in tightly sealed packages—fresh and ready always for instant serving.

The delicate toasted corn flavour blends nicely with fruit and berries, and a variety of attractive dishes are always at hand when there is a package of Toasties on the pantry shelf.

—sold by Grocers.

The big, clean Post Toasties factories at Battle Creek, Mich., where Postum and Grape-Nuts are also made, are open to visitors every working day in the year—

There's much to be seen, and visitors are always welcome!

First impressions are hard to change. You are judged by your Stationery

A Good Impression is always created by the use of——

EMPRESS NOTE

with Envelopes to match

Exclusive and delightful Note Paper for society correspondence

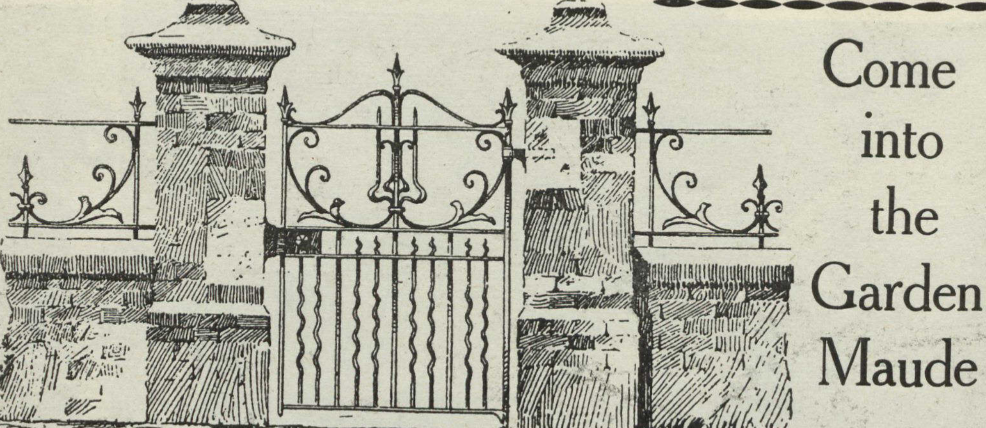
Made only by

BARBER-ELLIS, Limited

TORONTO BRANTFORD WINNIPEG VANCOUVER CALGARY

Write to Brantford and let us send you a generous sample, sufficient for six long letters.

Reaches the Hard-to-Clean Places



Come into the Garden Maude

AND if Maude uses her eyes she will notice that dilapidated old fence. Perhaps Maude and the rest of your friends have noticed it already. At any rate you will feel better and they will see that garden of yours to much better advantage after you have it framed with a nifty ornamental iron fence (Dennis make.)

We'll sell you the fence. We'll sell you an iron fence to suit your place—and to suit your pocket book. (Prices from 50c per running foot up.) And we'll put it up for you in short order—after you have bought it. And then too an iron fence will last. Long after we are crumbled into cosmic dust the third and fourth generations, inheriting more than our sins, will risk their necks climbing on your Dennis fence.

We will be pleased to correspond with you, to send you a catalogue, to quote you prices, to sell you a fence—our card.

The Dennis Wire & Iron Works Co., Ltd. - - London, Can.

Makers of Ornamental Iron of all kinds.

VICKERMAN'S

SERGES WEAR WELL NEVER FADE

Not only Serges but Cheviots, Vicunas, and Llamas in Black, Blue or Grey, suitable for any Style of suit are included in the ranges shown by the maker.

Absolutely the best Cloths sold in Canada

This name in gold along the edge every three yards.

NISBET & AULD, Limited - - TORONTO

Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada.

They Call It the "Good-Night Dish"

Every night, countless happy children have Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk at bedtime. And even more grown-ups, when the evening is over, gather around this dish.

Try it and find out why. Here are whole grains puffed to eight times normal size. Thin, crisp, toasted bubbles — fragile morsels with an almond taste. Imagine how inviting are these dainty wafers floating in bowls of milk.

Prof. Anderson's Supper

They call this Prof. Anderson's supper, for you owe this Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice to him. By his process alone are whole grains made so easily and completely digestible.

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each kernel. Every food granule has been blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice do not tax the stomach

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Ways to Enjoy Them

Do more than serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice for breakfast. Try them in different ways. For each is distinct in its flavor.

Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with your berries, use them in candy making. Scatter the grains like nut meats over a dish of ice cream. Eat them dry like peanuts, or douse them with melted butter.

These are all-day foods. When the children are hungry — whatever the hour — the best food you can give them is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(596)

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

(NAME AND DESIGN REGISTERED)

The Delicious, Solid Chocolate Confection

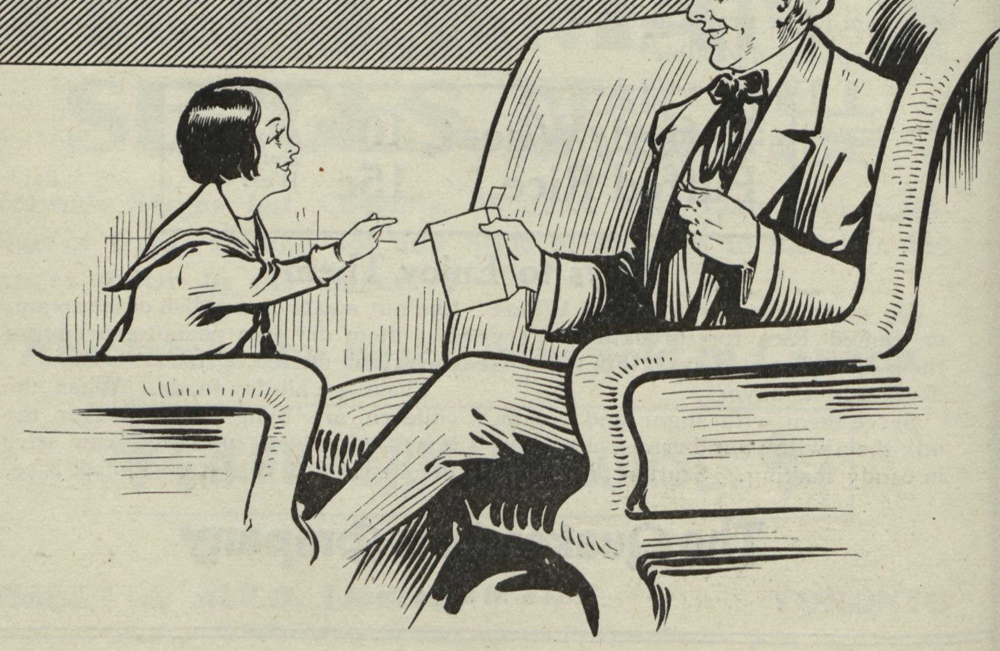
Cheer your tedious journey with these delightful bites.

Rich, full-flavored, velvet-smooth, and pure and wholesome, they agree with young and old alike.

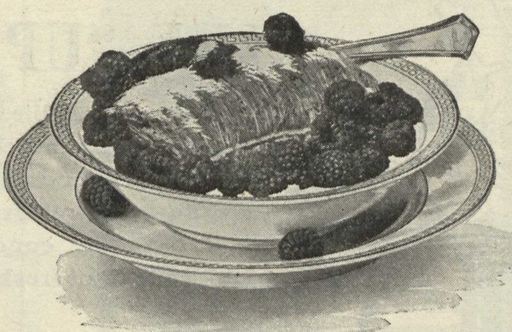
SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE COWAN COMPANY, LIMITED
265 Toronto, Canada

TAKE THEM WITH YOU



"The Kitchenless Home"

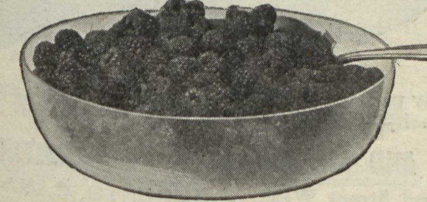


has not arrived — neither has the ice-less refrigerator nor the fireless furnace — but the cookless kitchen, with comfort and contentment, is a possibility in every home where the housewife knows the culinary uses and food value of

Shredded Wheat

With these crisp "little loaves" of ready-cooked cereal in the home you are ready for the unexpected guest, for the uncertainties of domestic service, for every emergency of household management. No worry or drudgery—we do the cooking for you in our two-million-dollar, sunlit bakery.

Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve it is so easy to prepare in a few moments a delicious, nourishing meal with Shredded Wheat Biscuit and fresh raspberries or other fruits. Heat one or more biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; then cover with berries and serve with sugar and cream.



"It's All in the Shreds"

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Limited,
Niagara Falls, Ont.
TORONTO OFFICE: 49 WELLINGTON STREET E.

UPTON'S

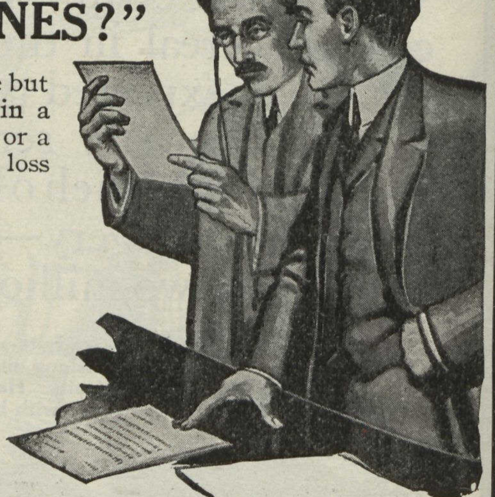
THE "UPTON" FLAVOR

in Jams and Jellies is the most delicious that can be obtained, because these Goods are made from only the purest of Fruits under the most hygienic conditions — The natural flavor of fresh fruits.

Try an order of UPTON'S on your next Grocery List.

THE T. UPTON COMPANY, LIMITED
HAMILTON - ONTARIO

"WHAT WAS THAT PRICE YOU QUOTED JONES?"



Clear carbon copies save not only your time but your money. A single illegible figure in a quotation may mean a loss of a hundred or a thousand dollars if it's too low — or the loss of an order if it's too high.

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assure copies that are clear and distinct throughout—and remain so forever.

Peerless Ribbons write clean crisp letters that reflect credit to the firm that sends them out.

Peerless products are attractively packed and sealed, are unaffected by any climate and are unconditionally guaranteed.

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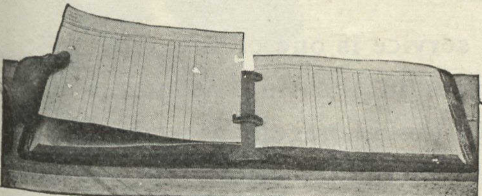
Name ....
Address ....
PEERLESS "SAMPLER" COUPON
Clip this coupon and send 50c. for the "Convenient Package", of 13 sheets of Peerless Carbon Paper to test in your own office.

The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder



How the Kalamazoo has "made good"

The Kalamazoo Loose-leaf Binder has "made good" wherever it has been used. In the United States, in England and in Canada there are thousands in daily use. The United States Government has adopted it in practically every department of the service in Washington. The following taken from the "Times Weekly," of January 2nd, 1914, shows what His Majesty's Government thinks of it in England:

His Majesty's Government

by placing the greatest order for loose-leaf Books on record again confirms the supremacy of the Kalamazoo. This order was obtained after the Kalamazoo had been submitted in competition with every other make to the most exacting test that a critical office could devise. Five years ago the Stationery Office first investigated the claims of the Kalamazoo. They examined its mechanism. They tested its working efficiency. They compared its holding capacity with that of other loose-leaf Books. They admired its neat book-like appearance. Then came the test for durability. The Kalamazoo was subjected to the wear and tear of a busy Government office for a period of five years. So admirably did it acquit itself of this ordeal that the Government decided to *officially adopt* the Kalamazoo as the Standard Loose-leaf Book for a great War Office Department. They thereupon ordered 400 —a record order for loose-leaf books. The order has just been increased by a further 800 books, making a total of 1,200 now in use. This is the considered judgment of the leading Government in the World. It is the greatest testimony that has ever been paid to any make of loose-leaf book.

From "Times Weekly," London, Eng., Jan. 2, 1914

The "Kalamazoo" Loose-leaf binder is recognized as the best expression of the loose-leaf idea that has yet been offered, and no order should be placed for a loose-leaf system until its merits have been investigated.

Binders made in any size and to suit any purpose.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR BOOKLET 4, AND EXAMINE FOR YOURSELF

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited

Loose Leaf and Account-Book Makers

King & Spadina - TORONTO

The General says:-

Be sure you're *Certain-teed*—then go ahead.
Roof every building on your farm—house, barn, silo, granary, machine shed—everything with

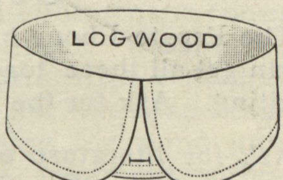
Certain-teed

ROOFING

This 15-year-guarantee label is on every roll or crate—and the three biggest roofing mills in the world back up the guarantee.
No roofing "*test*" proves anything.
This label is your insurance.

Your dealer can furnish *Certain-teed* Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by the General Roofing Mfg. Co., *world's largest roofing manufacturers*, East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa.

RED MAN



A medium height collar for conservative dressers

20C OR 3 FOR 50C

This collar has the perfect fitting and wearing qualities that distinguish the Red Man brand from all others. One of the most popular collars of the famous Red Man line.

For sale by Canada's best men's stores.

EARL & WILSON, New York

Makers of Troy's best product.

Telephone Service

Telephone service is one of the most important factors in securing economy and efficiency in the management and operation of any institution where intercommunication is desired between different departments.

What Service Has Been

If you had telephone service in your factory or department building it has either been intercommunicating or has been operated by switchboard with a girl operator, the one being limited in the number of stations served, and the other being a source of very considerable annual expense.

THE PRESTO-PHONE

This is an automatic system that gives you quick, accurate communication between all departments or heads of departments without the service of any girl operator, and with none of the disadvantages of the intercommunicating.

Get Information

The Presto-Phone has many advantages peculiar to itself, and you can get all these together with full illustrations of the system by writing. Ask for the No. 5 Bulletin.

Ask for literature on the Phone-Eze Telephone Bracket, and also our Sanitary Glass Transmitter Mouth Piece.

We make everything in the telephone line.
Write us if you have any wants.

Canadian Independent Telephone Company, Ltd.
DUNCAN STREET - - TORONTO

There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as

Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

Fearman's Star Brand

Made by

F. W. Fearman Co., Limited, Hamilton.

KEEP YOUR SKIN CLEAR

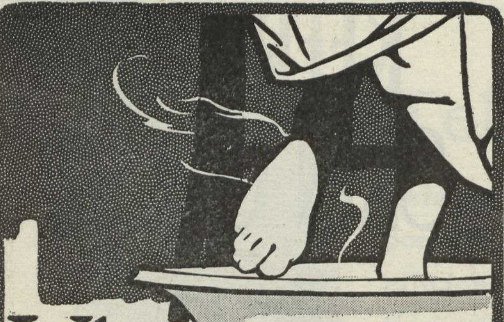
With

CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. Treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment on the end of the finger. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book; Newberry, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, Eng.: R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co.. Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A.

☞ Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.



Why do you coddle Corns?

Why soak them and pare them? It brings only brief relief.

Blue=jay will stop the pain instantly. It will end the corn completely, and in 48 hours. It is doing that to a million corns a month.

The chemist who invented **Blue=jay** solved the whole corn problem.

Apply it, and the corn is forgotten. It will never pain again. Gently the **Blue=jay** then loosens the corn, and in two days the corn comes out.

No pain, no soreness, no annoyance. And that corn will never need treatment again.

Old-time methods will not do this. Let no one claim they will. But **Blue=jay** does it, and has done it for sixty million corns.

Prove this to-night.

Blue=jay

For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York

Makers of Physicians' Supplies

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 Hyslop Bicycle with coaster brake and all latest improvements.

We ship on approval to any address in Canada, without any deposit, and allow **10 DAYS' TRIAL.** It will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle, pair of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price* until you receive our latest 1914 illustrated catalogue and have learned our special prices and attractive proposition.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write us a postal, and catalogue and full information will be sent to you **Free Postpaid** by return mail. **Do not wait.** Write it **now.**

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Washburne's Pat. Adjustable Paper Fasteners, used exclusively by those who desire the best in **Office, Bank, School and Home.** Made of Brass and nickel-Steel, 3 sizes; put up in **Bright Metal boxes** of 50 & 100. *Your Stationer,* 10, 15, 20 & 25¢. Send 10¢ for box of 50 assorted. Booklet free.

YEARLY SALE 100 MILLION.

TRADE O.K. MARK **THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N.Y.**

EMMA LOUISE ART SHOP

Write for New Catalogue FREE

The most complete Catalogue of Art Needlework and Novelties published.

EMMA LOUISE ART SHOP, Dept. 91, Belmar, N.J.

The Irish Way

An Irish M. P. is telling a story of a man who complained to three friends—an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman, that his servant was constantly breaking china. "What do you think I ought to do with her?" he asked plaintively.

The practical Englishman said: "Dismiss her!" But as she was otherwise an excellent servant her master was unwilling to do that.

"Then take it out of her wages," suggested the thrifty Scot.

"That wouldn't do much good," was the reply, "for her wages are less than the amount of damage she does."

"Then raise her wages!" said the Irishman, promptly. — *Pearson's Weekly.*

Fight Flies With Tanglefoot!

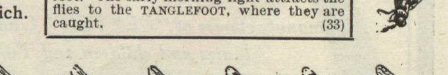
For 30 years Tanglefoot has been America's surest, safest, most sanitary fly-destroyer. It is non-poisonons, easy to use, and costs but a trifle. Each sheet is capable of killing 1,000 flies. And Tanglefoot not only kills the fly, but seals it over with a varnish that *destroys the germs* as well. In buying, ask for the genuine "TANGLEFOOT"—it costs you no more and lasts twice as long as the no-name kinds sold merely as fly-paper, or sticky fly-paper.

Made only by The O. & W. Thum Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Gasoline will quickly remove Tanglefoot from clothes or furniture.

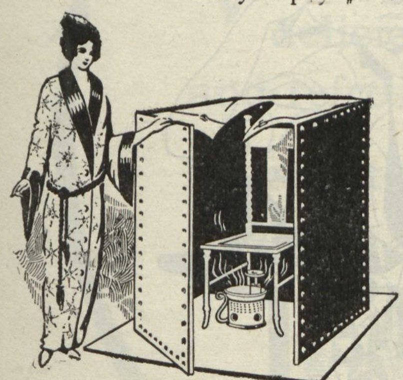
How to Use

Open TANGLEFOOT slowly. In cool weather warm slightly. For best results place TANGLEFOOT on chair near window at night. Lower all shades, leaving one at the TANGLEFOOT window raised about a foot. The early morning light attracts the flies to the TANGLEFOOT, where they are caught. (33)



2 Cents Gives You Luxurious Turkish Bath At Home

Every bit as refreshing and a great deal more convenient and satisfying than the kind you pay $2 or $3 for in Turkish Bath Establishments.



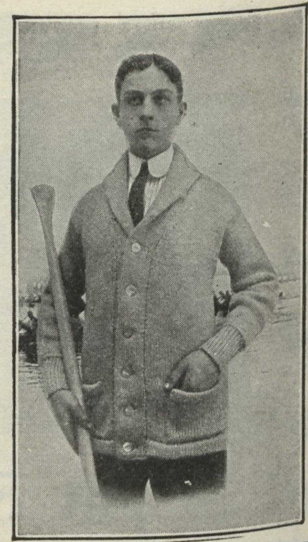
Don't have any "off days." Don't allow any internal body-waste to get ahead of you. Keep yourself under control—in "fighting condition." This wonderful cabinet bath right in your own home will give you an invigorating sweat every few days and take all the dirt, poison and accumulation of waste right out of your pores and make you and keep you internally and externally clean and vigorous month after month, year after year. Get rid of your La Grippe, Fever, Hard Colds and Rheumatism in this way. Its the ideal way that builds you up all over.

You Can Add Years To Your Life

just by this little, systematic, careful attention to the needs of your body. You can make yourself superb in health, strength and the good looks that go with them.

ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO., Ltd. 221 Robinson Bldg. Walkerville, Ontario.

You'll Need One On Your Vacation



To keep you comfortable in the cool morning air or in the chill of the evening. And know at the same time that your personal appearance does not suffer.

"CEETEE"

Shaker Knit
SWEATER COATS

made of soft Australian Merino wool combine a warmth and dressiness which cannot be equalled.

Sleeves and pockets are knit to the body of the coat and will not pull away as is the case with cheap sweater coats. A high collar is added for extra comfort which may be worn either up or down.

A "Ceetee" Sweater Coat can be put in a corner of your suit case and will be your most welcome travelling companion. Get one today from your dealer or write us direct.

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt Limited, 8 North Water St. **Galt, Ontario**

Also manufacturers of "CEETEE" Underclothing, Turnbull's Ribbed Underwear for ladies and children and Turnbull's "M" Bands for infants.

The best surprise is always Ganong's

Vigorously good---and keenly delicious. Thirst-quenching and refreshing.

The national beverage---and *yours.*

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

SMOKE
FOREST AND STREAM
FOREST AND STREAM
TOBACCO
"IT'S GREAT."
TOBACCO

TO KEEP JAMS RIGHT SEAL THEM TIGHT

A thin coating of pure, refined

Parowax

poured over the tops of the jars will keep out mould and fermentation indefinitely. It's the easiest way and the safest way.

Put up in handy one-pound cartons. Four cakes to a carton. Your grocer keeps Parowax.

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Toronto	Montreal	Winnipeg	Vancouver
Ottawa	Quebec	Calgary	Edmonton
Halifax	St. John	Regina	Saskatoon

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"Why are you beating that poor man?"
"Aw, he says war is brutal, an' I say it ain't."—*Masses*

ALL IN THE FIRE

The following story is told by a teacher who was giving language lessons to a class of small boys. She would write a short sentence on the blackboard and then ask the pupils to define the words, says, the *National Monthly*. One day she wrote the word disarrange, and called for a definition of it. The faces of the boys wore a puzzled look and each glanced at the other, wondering what the meaning might be. Presently a little Italian boy raised his hand.

"Well, Nicolo," said the teacher.

"I donta zackly known, buta it has a something to do with a stove."

"Oh, no, you are mistaken," said the teacher. "What makes you think it has something to do with a stove?"

"Because efrey mornin' when my papa he getta up to maka de fire, he say, 'Dam-a-dis-a-range.'"

*

On having John Knox's house pointed out to him by an Edinburgh cabman, an American visitor is alleged to have exclaimed: "John Knox! Who was he?" To which cabbie's reply was: "Good heavens, man! Did you never read your Bible?"

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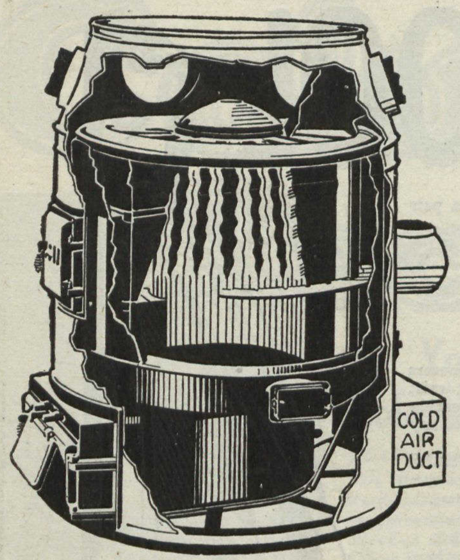

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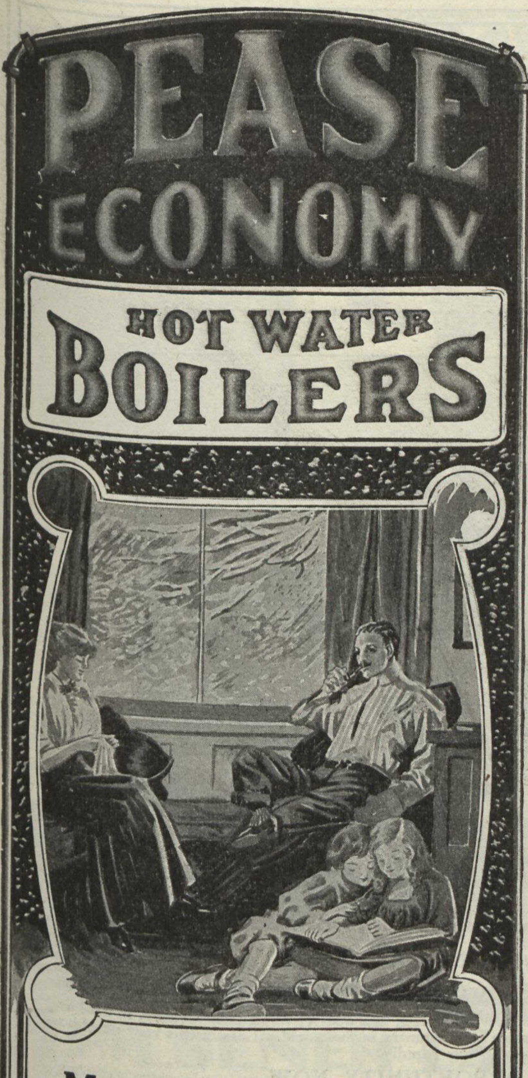

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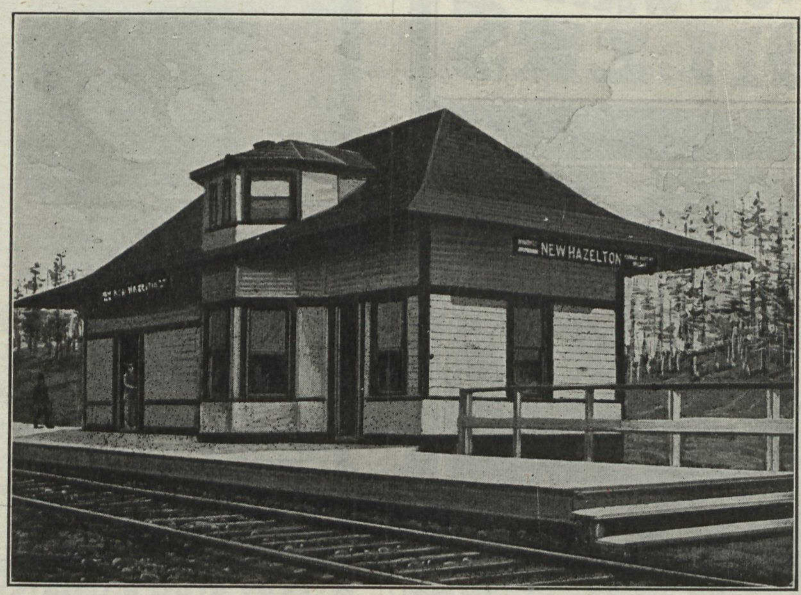

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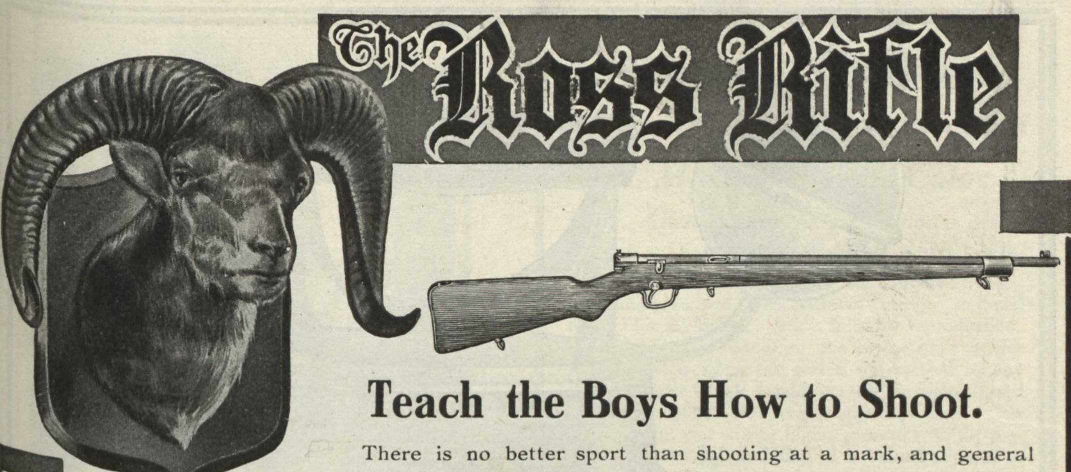

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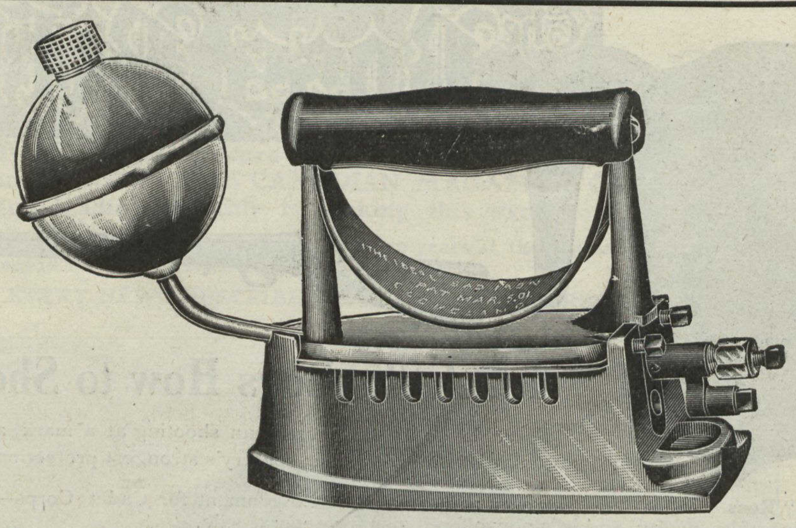

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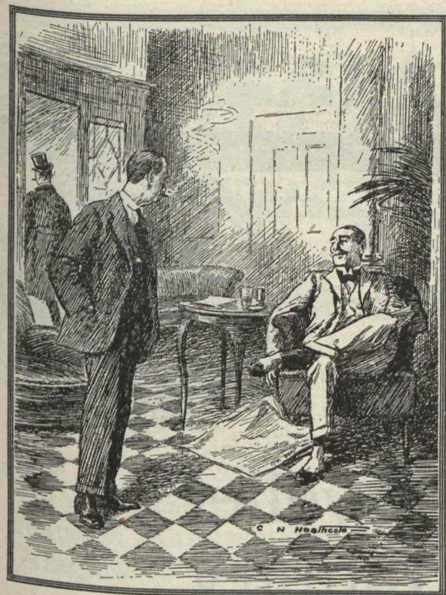

"I never knew old Simpson acknowledge that he had made a mistake"
"Ah! I did once"
"Really. How did it happen?"
"He put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth"
—*The Sketch*

WHAT HE WANTED

A Quebec shoe-dealer recently received the following order from a French-speaking customer:

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⁂

She: "No, Jack, I fear we could never be happy; you know, I always want my own way in everything."

He: "But, darling, you could go on wanting it after we are married."
—*Boston Transcript*.

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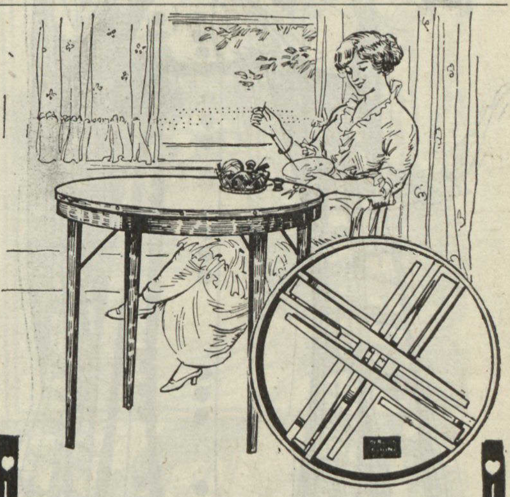

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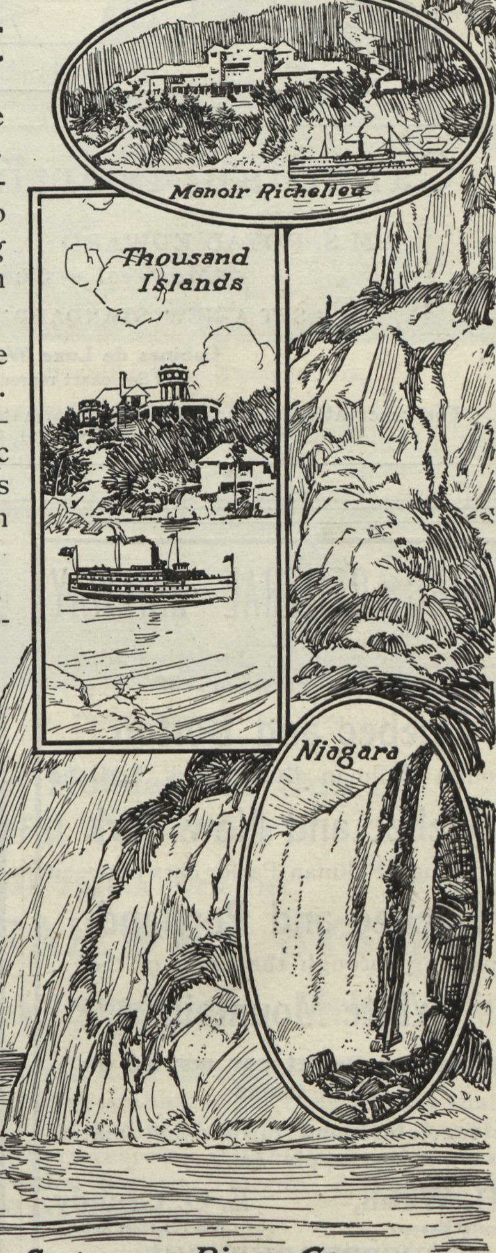
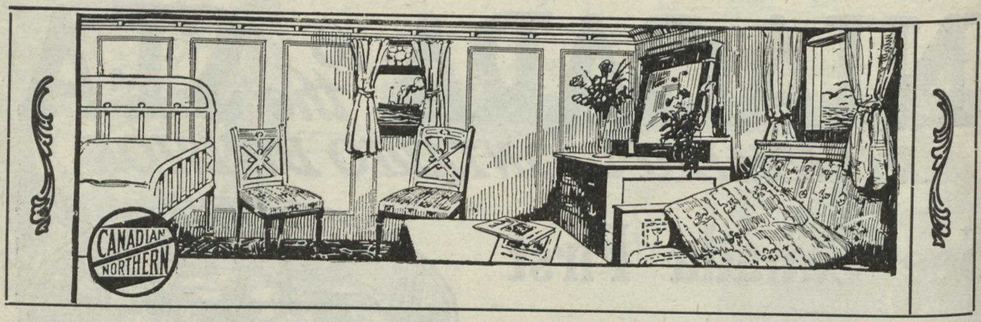


Capes Trinity and Eternity, Saguenay River Canyon



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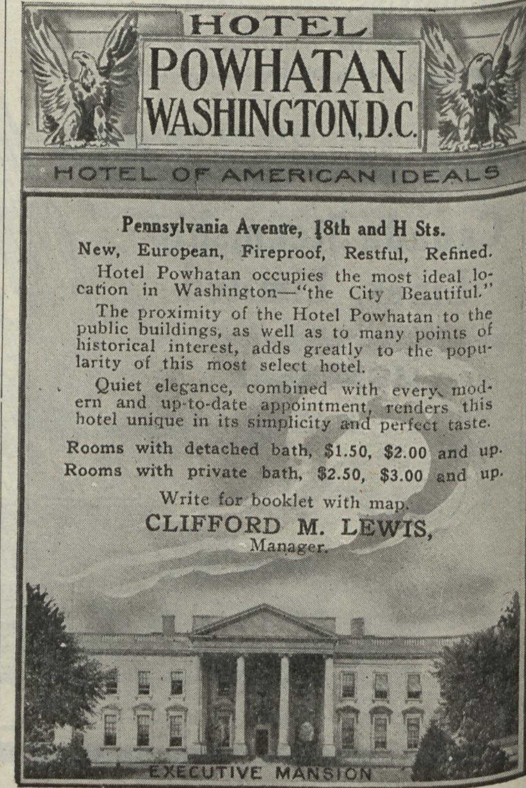

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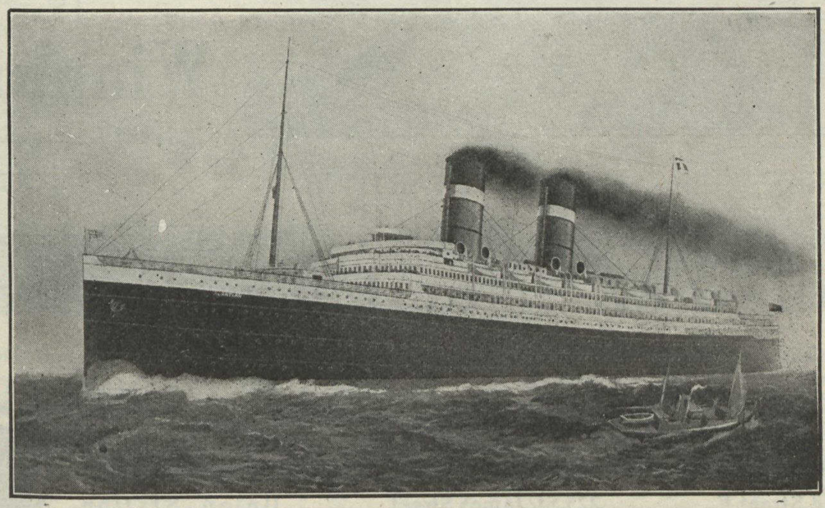

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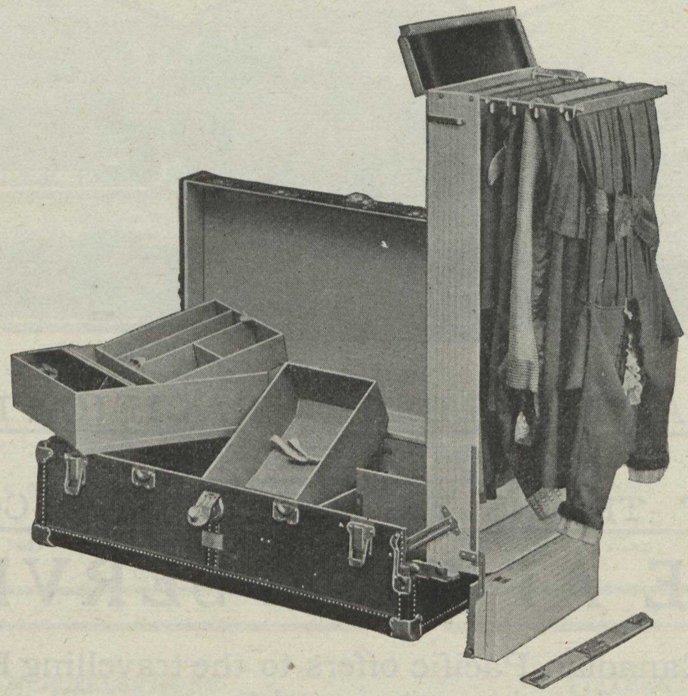

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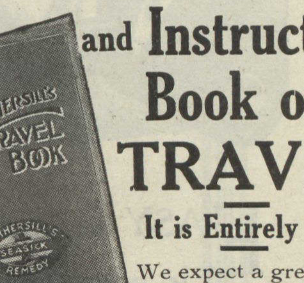

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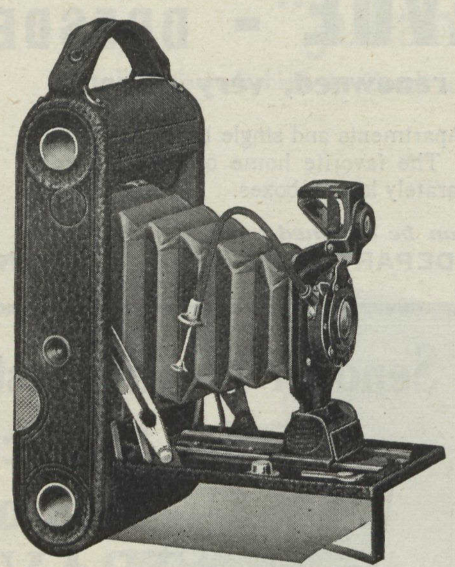

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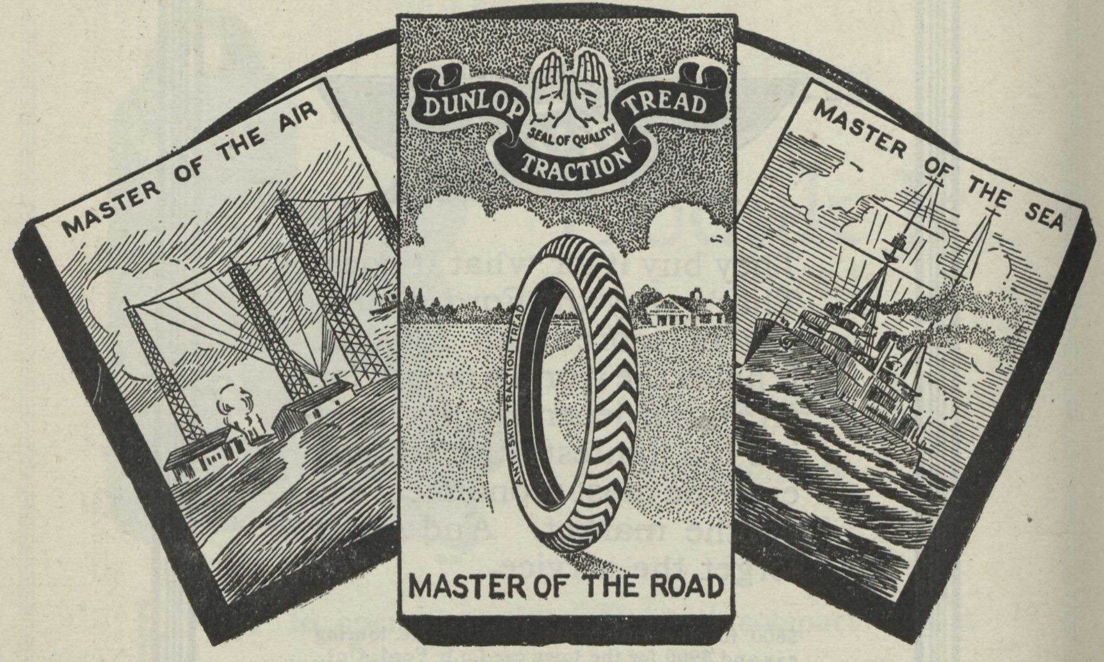

THE motor car could have gotten along without **DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD**—but not so well.

If DUNLOP TRACTION TREADS had not come into being, motorists would still be looking for protection from skidding; a tire that would never rim-cut; and that would adapt itself to every car, every load, because it had sixty-six cubic inches greater air capacity.

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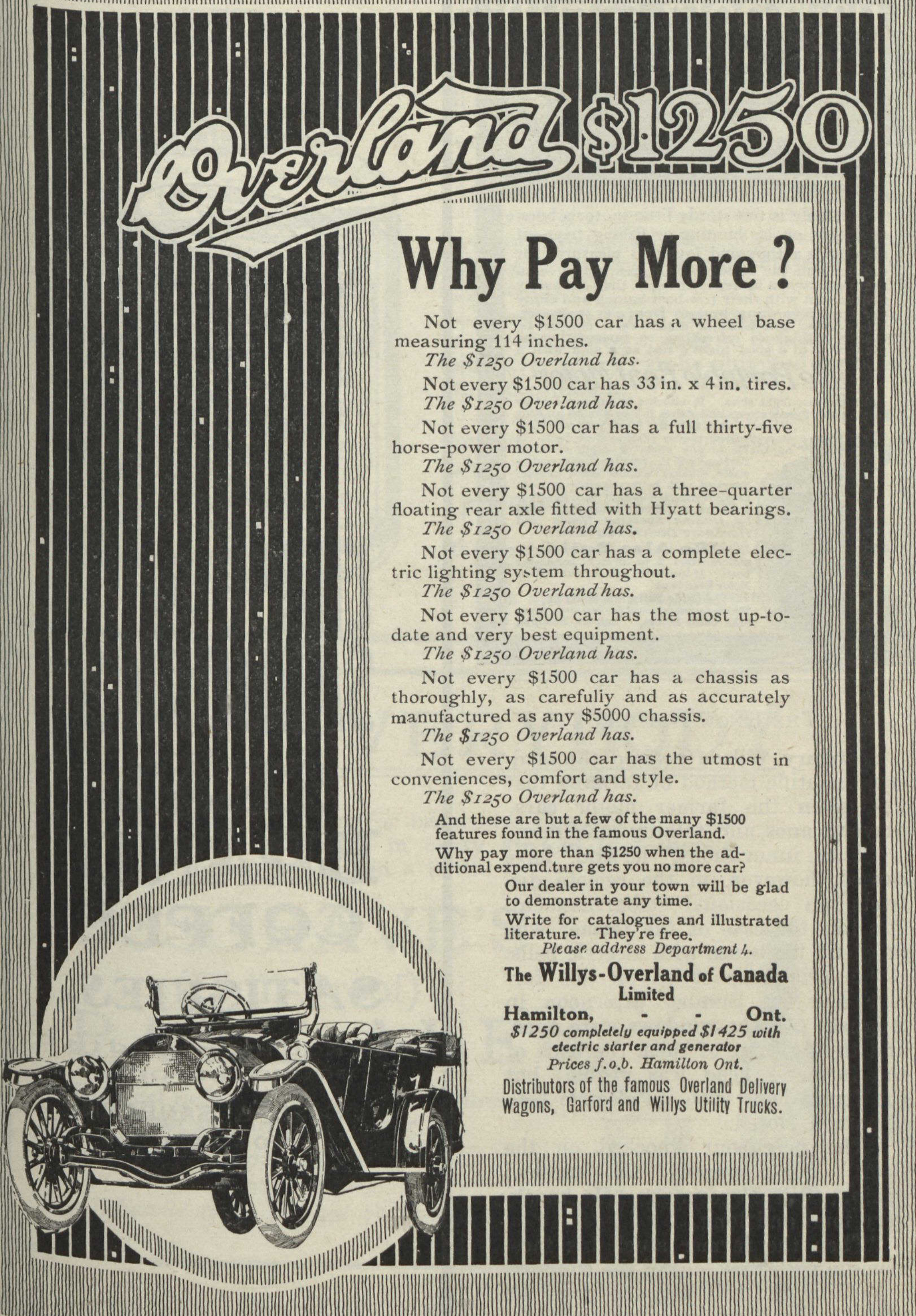
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Not every $1500 car has a wheel base measuring 114 inches.
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Secretary Wilson praised the modern, scientific method of farming that has given the farmer motor cars, player-pianos and talking machines.

"These innovations," he said, "have caused, however, in the remote districts, an occasional embarrassment. It's like the case of the farmer who fitted up his house with electric bells.

"A neighbour called on this farmer one hot Sunday afternoon in August. All the windows were open, and through one of them the back of the farmer's head was visible; but the front door, with its electric bell, remained closed.

"The neighbour knocked on the door. No response. He knocked again. Still no response. He knock-very loud and long.

"Then the farmer stuck his face, crimson with fury, out of the window:

"'Ring the bell, consarn you!' he yelled. Don't ye know nothin'?'"

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Packed in one and two pound tins only.

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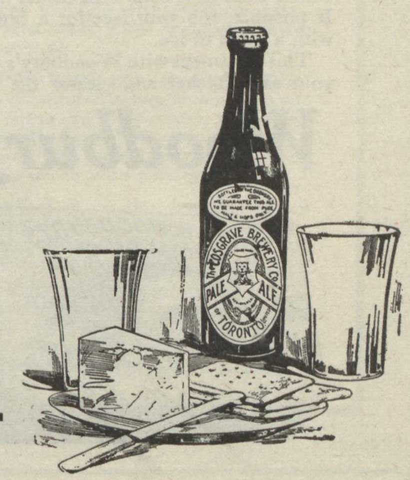

You can make your skin what you would love to have it

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. Every day, in washing, you rub off dead skin. As this *old* skin dies, *new* forms.

This is your opportunity—you can make this *new* skin what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm-water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment with Woodbury's will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake*. Tear off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and try this treatment.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury Preparations.

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Libby's
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–for Sandwiches
LIBBY'S OX TONGUE: Cool and chop half pound Libby's Ox Tongue, six Libby's Queen Olives, three small sour gherkins. Mix thoroughly with three tablespoonsful Libby's Salad Dressing. Use thin slices of buttered white bread.
LIBBY'S DEVILED HAM: Spread on thin slices of unbuttered bread and sprinkle with chopped watercress or parsley. Press bread slices together; remove crust and cut in diamonds.
LIBBY'S SLICED DRIED BEEF: Place the Libby's Dried Beef on thin squares of buttered brown bread. Chop and mix together three inner stalks of celery, two sweet gherkins, one teaspoonful Libby's Tomato Catchup, a small dash of mustard, and spread on the beef. Add top bread slices and garnish with parsley.
LIBBY'S VEAL LOAF: Lay on thin buttered brown bread a crisp lettuce leaf and sprinkle with Libby's Mayonnaise Dressing. Add slices of Libby's Veal Loaf. Cover with another lettuce leaf and the top bread.
Each of these four suggestions yields delicious results. The Libby quality is distinctive and unmistakable.
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Cool Comfort

Pour into a tall glass some cold, well-made

POSTUM

Add lemon and sugar, some craked ice and stir briskly; or, use a lemonade shaker.

It Cools the Blood

On a Hot Day

and is wholesome and nourishing.

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Makes it hygienically clean—preserves the varnish and adds to the life of the furniture.

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