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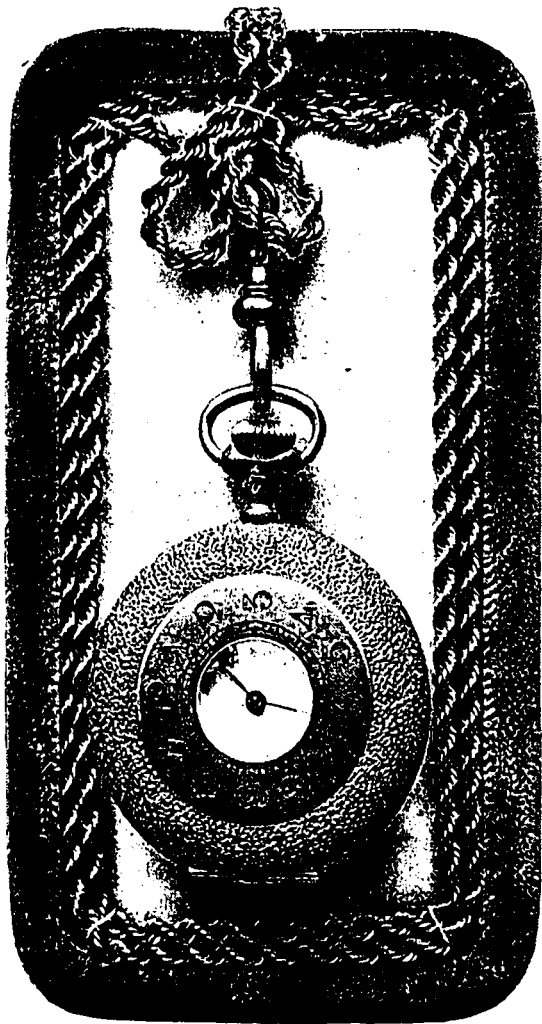
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# WESTWARD HO!

Brilliant Canadian story tellers contribute their best creations to this number. & Stories so clever, fascinating, entertaining and amusing that you'll lay down the magazine with a sigh of regret when the end is reached. & & & & &



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in Watches

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### Vancouver, B. C.

# Westward Ho! Magazine

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## WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

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PERCY F. GODENRATH, President and Managing Director.  
WILLIAM BLAKEMORE, Editor-in-Chief.  
CHARLES McMILLAN, Secretary and Treasurer.



## FOR NEXT MONTH==PUBLISHERS EPITOME

WESTWARD HO! has already established a leading reputation for supplying first class fiction to Canadian readers, and we make bold to prophesy the October number will greatly enhance that reputation, and give many hours of delight to its ever-widening circle of subscribers.

### THE DALTON CASE.

A new and very original detective story by Arthur Davies, an author who requires no introduction to the majority of our readers, his UNVEILING OF MRS. LLOYD and JOE AND AILEEN being still fresh in their memories. In THE DALTON CASE the interest is seized and sustained from the opening to the final word without the aid of blood curdling sensationalism. The facile pen of the author plunges at once into the intricacies of the case—draws the characters with a masterly hand, and depicts events which grip the reader with the intensity of their reality; leading up to an elucidation the very rarity of which is the most probable unravelling of an episode which baffled criminal investigators many years ago. Interwoven in the story is THE YARN OF SANDY MORTON told only as Arthur Davies can tell a sea story—a delightful monologue, which in itself is an extremely clever short story.

### BENEATH THE OLD POKE BONNET.

Certainly Agnes Lockhart Hughes has often delighted the readers of Magazines, and in this story she has sustained the reputation she has already attained for evolving exquisite tales of pure, sweet and fascinating love, in which no element of the unrefined is ever allowed to enter.

### BLACK HAWK HANK.

Mrs. Ruth Everett, the author of several novels, including the latest Eastern sensation, THAT MAN FROM WALL STREET, gives us in BLACK HAWK HANK a charming story of a mountaineer—woodman's love, high and pure, and though rugged, able to suffer self extinction for the sake of her on whom it had concentrated itself.

### THE DOLLAR WITH THE CROSS.

This skillfully woven story by J. de Q. Donehoo, throws an air of tragedy around the evolution of an anti-dollar poverty-stricken idealist into a morbid avaricious millionaire when happy fortune suddenly dropped him into the heritage of a rich relation, and then of his reaction into a benevolent philanthropist.

### THE STATUE OF GRANITE.

Devotees of music, poetry and the spirituelle will find in this romantic tale by E. S. Lopatecki, weirdness and charm that are comparatively rare in short stories. It is most commendable for its suggestiveness in regard to the limbo between the here and the hereafter.

### THE TRUTH OF PRETENCE.

M. Percival Judge has with the daring of an iconoclast destroyed the adage that "all pretence is a lie" and has proved that the ideals which many a man strives to live are innocent pretences which produce their own happiness, and often culminate in their actual attainment and realization; but whether by the operation of a human or divine law the author leaves us to speculate.

### THE WAY OUT.

J. H. Grant is a young author, and we are resolved not to suppress budding genius. In this short story of rapid movements and a happy culmination, we have a specimen of that premonitory ability which the youth of Western Canada seem to imbibe from the vastness, the greatness and the grandeur of the scenes in which they grow to maturity. Long may it be displayed and developed to elevate and refine themselves and others.

### A \$50,000.00 LAUGH.

Billee Glynn is always good for evoking interest and producing not only good humour but a hearty laugh; and in this tale, full of grotesque creations, in the name of reality, he sports with our fancy, till he turns a sombre scene of contention into one of uproarious laughter, with the consummate skill of the burlesque inventor.

THE MEASURE OF HIS LOVE.

Seldom does the measure of patient, long-suffering love fill so full of the reciprocative draught as Isabel B. Macdonald has poured into this MEASURE OF HIS LOVE. The lady writer generally depicts the constancy of her own sex, but here amongst true Canadian surroundings the author gently and pathetically depicts two severed by circumstances, and draining for years the cup of mutual sorrow, until obstacles being removed they join in a mutual measure which brings joy and gladness into the heart of both.

SPORT, PASTIME AND TRAVEL.

WESTWARD HO! readers have an excellent summary of what we purpose to provide for their interest, instruction and amusement under this heading in the title of the subjects and the names of the authors.

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON, by Bonnycastle Dale,

THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA, by S. H. Mitchell,

are both brimful of western life, and reveal native proclivities and national scenery which, with the aid of the illustrations, will be most acceptable, not only to Canadian but all our readers. Then

MOTORING IN SOUTH AFRICA, by Capt. G. Godson Godson,

and

THE GATEWAY OF INDIA, by Chas. H. Gibbons,

give two diversified aspects of other parts of the British Empire.

DIVERSIFIED ARTICLES

Treats are in store for October readers in the following four timely articles:

SIMON FRASER

By E. O. S. Scholefield, Librarian of British Columbia, is a subject of extreme interest and attractiveness, and we are sure the presentation of the life of the great Pioneer and the marvellous effects of his rich discovery upon the destiny of Canada could not have been undertaken by more competent hands.

PRINCE RUPERT

By Rosalind W. Young, cannot fail to possess an attraction for the readers of today and be of historic interest to the future. It is gratifying and exhilarating to stand with the author and not only survey the past and estimate the present, but prognosticate the future magnificent development of Canada's new Pacific Seaboard into a vast centre of the World's Commerce.

THE MORALE OF CLOTHES

By Madam D'Alberta, is a most interesting, discursive article, full of point and pathos, and in many respects—we except of course the atrabiliar—reminds us strongly of Carlyle's SARTOR RESARTUS, wherein he propounded the theory that man is the only clothes wearing animal.

MURAL DECORATIONS.

By Claud W. Gray, A.R.C.A. The author has with his exquisite illustrations given us a fresh perception of an erstwhile obsolete but now renascent art. We are sure readers will appreciate the efforts of Mr. Gray to revive and promote the art which lies closest to everyone's heart—that of decorating the home; and we hope he will find future opportunities of further elaborating the theme to which he introduces in the October issue.

Besides the foregoing there will be of course the regular departments.

*Percy F. Godenrath.*

Managing Director.

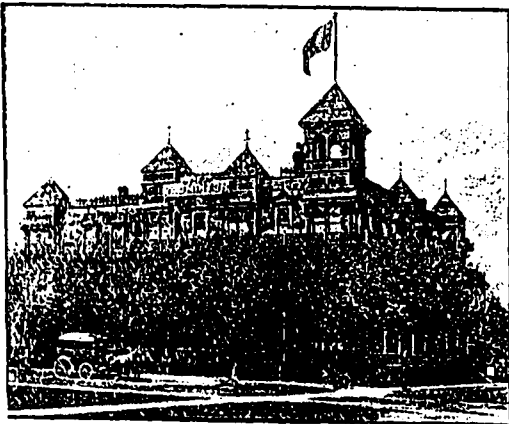


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### "The Stranger Within Our Gates"

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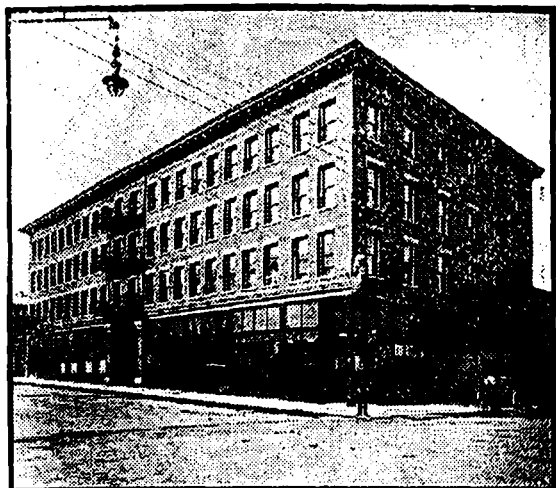
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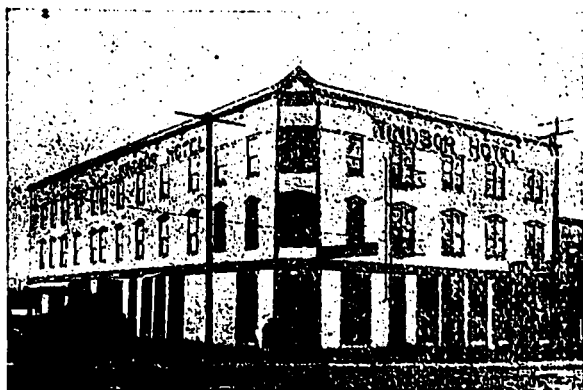
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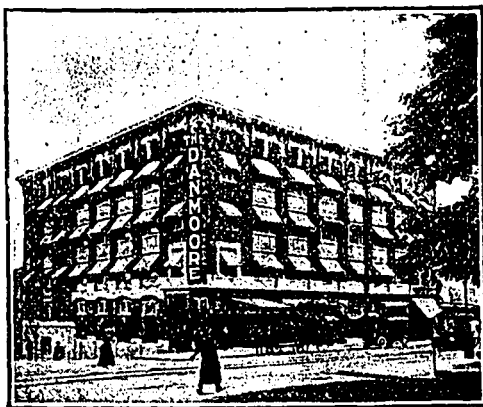
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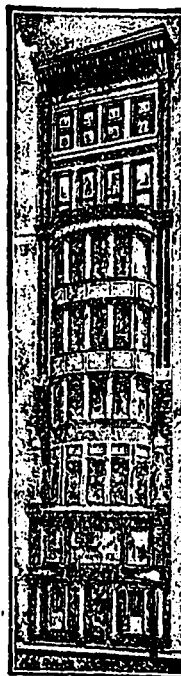
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comfortable lodging,  
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and a plunge in the  
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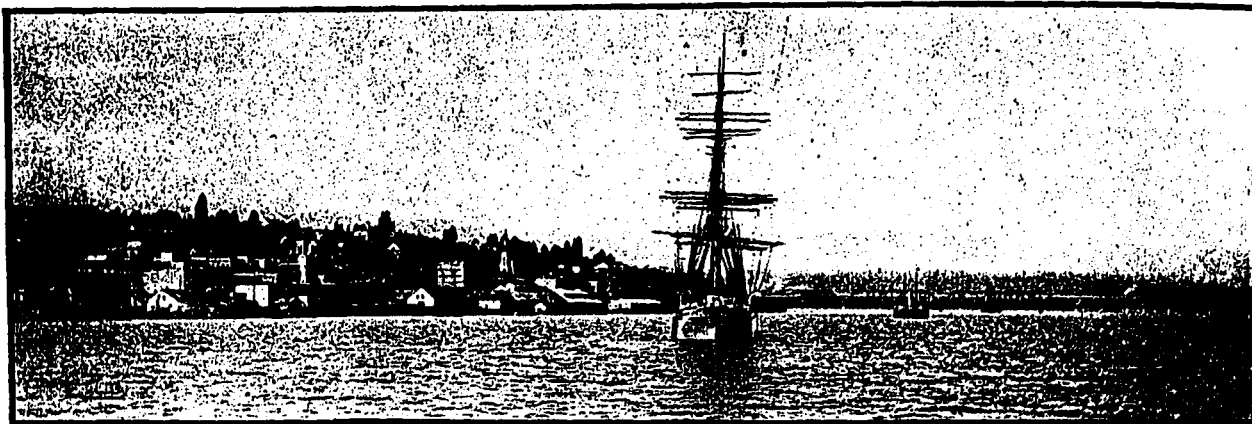
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# NEW WESTMINSTER



**NEW WESTMINSTER** is the centre of the agriculture, fishing, and lumbering industries of the Fraser Valley, British Columbia.

**NEW WESTMINSTER** is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

**NEW WESTMINSTER** is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

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## **The B. C. MILLS, TIMBER AND TRADING CO.**

(Royal City Planing Mills Branch)

Manufacturers of Doors, Windows, Fish and Fruit Boxes and all Descriptions of Interior Finishings.

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FARM AND FRUIT LANDS A SPECIALTY.

# THE ROYAL CITY

**NEW WESTMINSTER** is the Government seat for the Dominion Public Works, jail and asylum as well as the Fisheries, Land and Timber agencies, while the city is also the headquarters of the Provincial Government Agent.

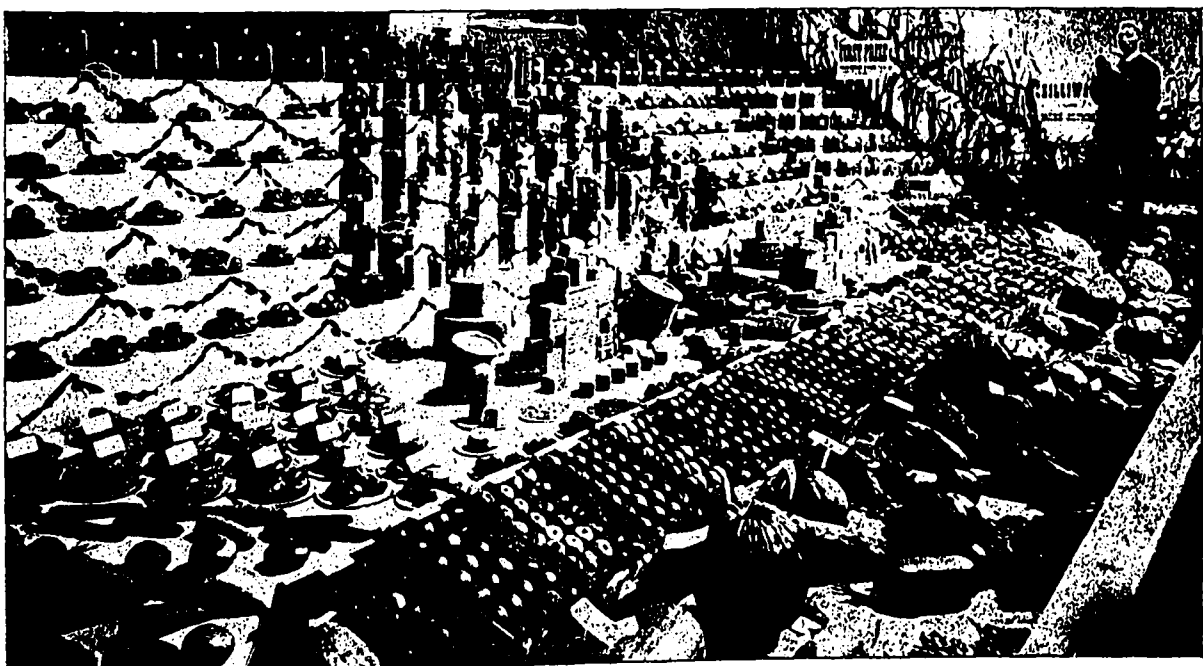
**NEW WESTMINSTER** is pre-eminently the home of industries—for Iron Works, Feed Mills, Fruit and Fish Canneries, Cigar Factories, Glass Works, Lumber Mills, Tanneries, Ship Yards and Can Factories.

**NEW WESTMINSTER** boasts of 14 Churches, 2 Colleges, 4 Banks, 3 Hospitals, as well as High and Graded Schools and a Public Library. There are two papers published daily in the city.

The assessed value of realty is estimated at \$5,500,000 and personal property conservatively, at \$1,000,000

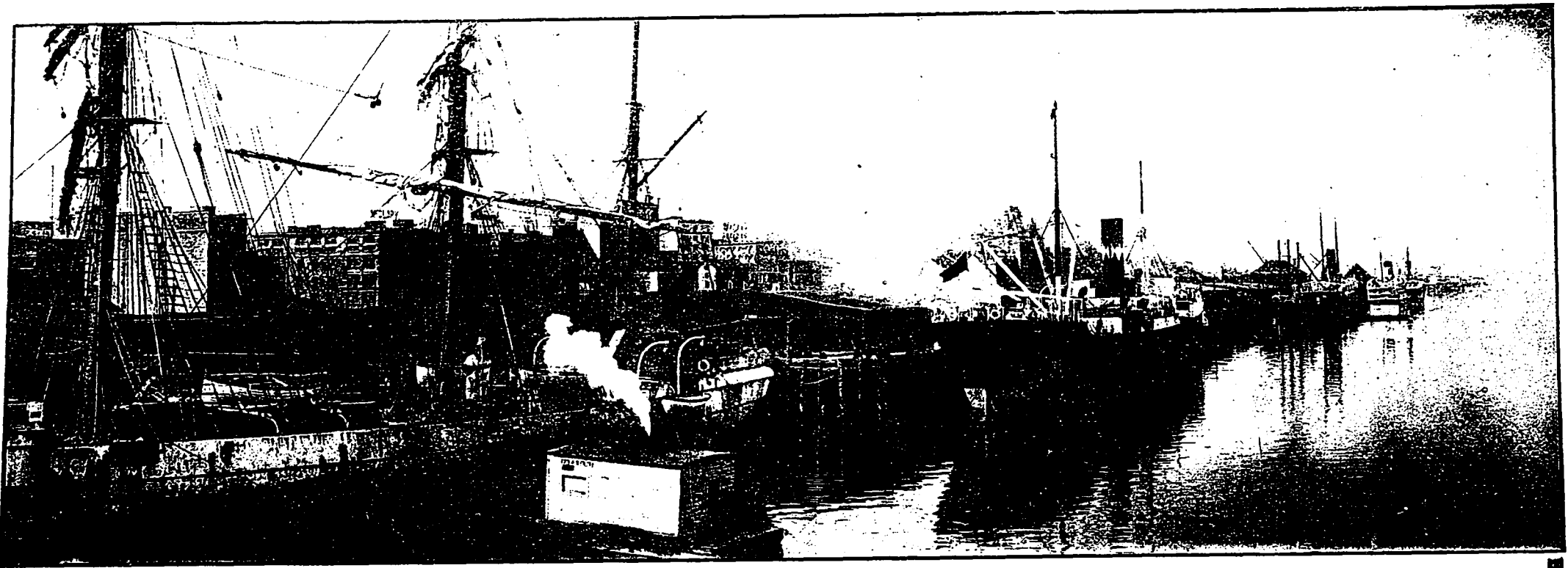
**NEW WESTMINSTER**, on account of the steady growth and development of the resources of the surrounding territory offers desirable openings in many manufacturing, wholesale, retail and professional lines, among which might be mentioned Wholesale Grocery, Woollen Mills, Furniture Factories, Potato, Starch and Beet-Sugar Works, a Hemp Factory, Fruit Canneries, as well as a plant for condensing milk. The city also offers advantageous inducements for the location of new industries. Electric power and light are cheap and the supply is practically unlimited. For further information write to any New Westminster advertiser on these two pages who will cheerfully supply same.

<p>B. Wilberg <b>B. C. CIGAR FACTORY</b> MANUFACTURERS OF <b>High-Grade Havana Cigars</b> BRANDS—"B. C.", "Old Sports", "Brilliant", "Autos" and "Puck".</p>	<p>William Wolz P. B. Brown H. H. Lennic <b>The Settlers' Association of B. C.</b> Real Estate, Financial &amp; Customs Brokers Auctioneers Opposite Windsor Hotel.</p>
--	---



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VANCOUVER is the financial, commercial and chief residential centre of the Pacific Canadian Coast.

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TIMBER, coal, iron, mineral, building stone and commercial clays are at its door. The waters contiguous to it are filled with fish. Salmon, halibut, cod and herring, smelts, anchovies and sardines, crabs, shrimps and clams are found in varying quantities.

IMMEDIATELY adjacent to it is an extensive agricultural area producing hay, hops, coarse grain, roots, vegetables and fruit in greater abundance than any other section of Canada.

ITS HARBOUR is ice free at all seasons, sheltered from all storms and is among the best in the world.

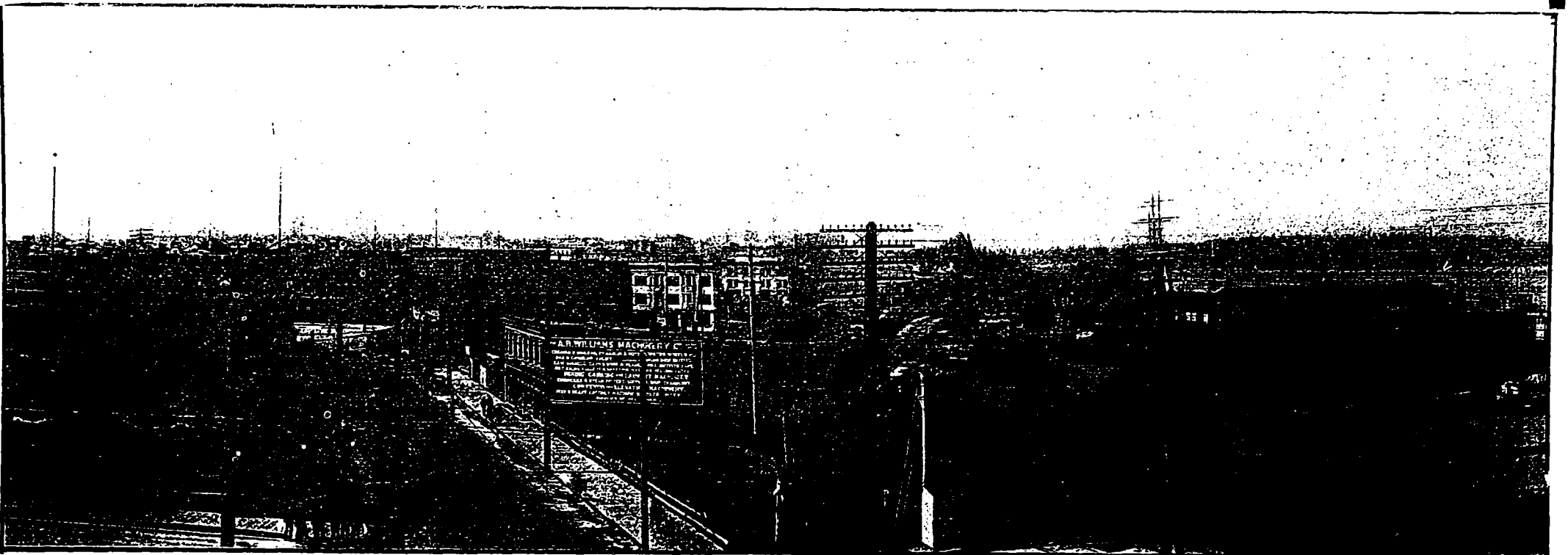
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E. R. CHANDLER,  
Timber Land Investments,  
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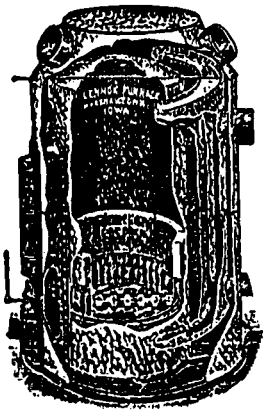
IN THE WHOLESALE SECTION

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## REMEMBER

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EASE OF MANAGEMENT,

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613 HASTINGS ST. W., VANCOUVER.

Sole Agent in B. C. for  
ATKINSON'S ROYAL IRISH POPLIN TIES.



Vol. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

No. 2

**The Military Spirit.**

Among the most notable utterances of the great men who conferred lustre upon the Quebec Celebration by their presence, must be classed that of General Lord Roberts, who sounded the tocsin for Canadian military service and reminded his hearers that the growing importance of the Dominion emphasized the necessity for cultivating the military spirit. These were not the blatant words of a jingoist, but the sober counsel of one of the wisest statesmen and bravest soldiers in the Empire. Lord Roberts has spent a lifetime in the service of his country and he has attained to a position in the confidence and regard of his fellow countrymen, which is hardly shared by any other soldier. He has proved himself to be as wise in counsel as he is brave and resourceful in battle, and it may well be that his utterance at Quebec was a message for the new Dominion just struggling into nationhood. The Western world has not taken kindly to military training. Neither in the United States nor in Canada has it been possible to arouse public sentiment in its favour. The dazzling wealth of a new world, the call of the wild, the lure of gold have all snared the people from the obligations and sacrifices of military training. The rapid acquisition of wealth, and with it assumption of authority, have begotten

a disinclination for submitting to discipline and control: insubordination has been a recurring feature of camp and barrack life. The Jack who felt that he was as good as his master has carried his rebellious instinct far beyond the limits of civil life, until this continent has known little of the stern discipline which has moulded European Armies. Even the civil war in the United States was from a military standpoint little better than Guerilla warfare, and in any event an armed rebellion. Whatever glory was achieved by the combatants was due in no measure to military excellence but to the splendid personal qualities which characterize the Anglo-Saxon race. Lord Roberts pointed out that such warfare must be regarded as a thing of the past, and that the country which would enter into the full possession of nationhood, must assume the responsibilities of nations, the chief and foremost of which is preparedness to protect one's borders and repel invasion. He went so far as to say that every able-bodied man should undergo military training, and might well have said that this is the only alternative to conscription. Apart from the necessity which will undoubtedly arise for defensive warfare in Canada, Lord Roberts wisely indicated that the nation which does not include military training in its curricu-

lum is denied the most important discipline of civil life. Its benefits accrue at every turn, not only in deportment, and physical improvement, but in determining the mental attitude on important questions. All military discipline inculcates the spirit of obedience, of consideration, and of compromise. It is a foe to selfishness and develops as nothing else can that spirit of altruism which is of the age. Hitherto the greatest foe to military training has been trades unionism, which entertains the mistaken idea that because the military, and even the regular soldier, were liable to be called upon to quell disorder in connection with strife they were necessarily enemies of labour. More enlightened counsels already prevail, and are leading to the general adoption of Lord Roberts' view that the duty of a true patriot is first to his country and after that, may be, to his class. There is little doubt that Lord Roberts' message will sink deep into the hearts of all loyal Canadians and will strengthen the hands of those who are labouring for efficient military service, as the first step towards defence of the Empire.

#### The Fernie Fire.

The civilized world has been stirred by the recital of the great catastrophe which overtook Fernie a short time since, a catastrophe so overwhelming that while the loss of life is happily nominal, the loss of property runs into more millions than can yet be estimated, and the anguish and suffering are such as cannot be expressed in words. In a few hours seven thousand people were rendered homeless and almost penniless. Every life was in danger and only by the exercise of the most splendid courage was a holocaust prevented. This all happened a few weeks ago and at the moment of writing every person has been adequately supplied with food and clothing, temporary shelter has been afforded, and more than one hundred houses are under construction. Help has flowed in from every part of the world, and apart from the loss of life it is hardly possible to regret the other consequences of the fire in view of the magnificent object lesson afforded

both by the people of Fernie themselves and by the thousands who have rushed to their aid. There may be much to deplore in Canadian public life, but how far the canker worm is from the heart is well illustrated by the promptness and fulness of the response of the whole country to the dire need of a little western town buried between the ranges of the Rockies. No finer exemplification of courage and optimism has ever been recorded nor any wider display of practical sympathy. That country is all-right which can produce citizens of the calibre of those who fought an overwhelming forest fire at Fernie. The name of their city destroyed and that of their city already rising from smoking embers will be engraved in eternal brass.

#### Reviving Trade.

The highest financial authorities in Canada unhesitatingly declare that trade is reviving. When such men as Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Mr. Byron E. Walker and Mr. Robert Meighen agree to any financial proposition their conclusions may safely be accepted. Mr. Walker, who is in a sense the greatest financial expert of the three, and possibly the highest banking authority in Canada, states that by the first of the year money will be easy, and that from that time on nothing is necessary to ensure prosperity but economy and caution. The evidences of improving trade are not far to find: they consist in constantly increasing transportation returns, numerous enquiries for investments, and the optimistic spirit engendered by the certainty of a good crop. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy pointed out recently that the period of depression in railway circles had passed, and that each month hereafter would show an improving margin between gross and net returns. Mr. C. M. Hays, the General Manager of the Grand Trunk, speaking at the annual meeting of the shareholders when the dividend on ordinary stock had to be passed, stated that for some months past the returns of his Company had improved rapidly, and the latter part of the current year would show up much better than the former. Increased activity is observable in all our industrial

centres, and especially in the Iron and Steel trades. The requisition for railway supplies of every kind is greater than at any previous period and will almost at once tax the locomotive and car shops to the utmost. All this means that the labour market will improve from day to day, and that our idle population will be quickly absorbed. Such an estimate of the situation takes no account of the tremendous public works under contemplation upon which not a blow has yet been struck. The new Quebec Bridge, which will cost little less than ten millions, will be put in hand at once. Construction work on the Grand Trunk Pacific east of the Great Lakes has barely started. It is, however, to the extreme West that all eyes are turned and during the next ten years the section of country lying between the Calgary and Edmonton railroad and the Rockies, and still further North to the Peace River country, and South to the International Boundary line, together with the Northern portions of British Columbia now being traversed for the first time by transportation routes will be the theatre upon which the destiny of Western Canada will be decided. The growing importance of Canada west of the Lakes is the predominant factor in Dominion affairs even now: within ten years it will have settled the fate of Canada. What the result of Western predominance will be, can only be conjectured, but it may safely be predicted that the filling up of the West will mean the immediate establishment of industrial and manufacturing centres, the development of natural resources, and the supplying of the Western market entirely from Western products. This will alter the whole problem of politics and economics, and the transportation problem will be worked out not from Montreal but from a point at least two thousand miles West. The dream of the future is an industrial West, for no country ever yet attained greatness which confined itself to husbandry, or which exported its raw material that it might be manipulated by others. The genius of civilization is the conversion at ones own door of nature's gift of raw material

into the finished accessories of that civilization. Practically there has been no attempt at this in the West: the reason is not far to seek. All capital for investment has had to be sought in the East, and as in the United States so in Canada Eastern financial institutions have been able to direct and control Western development. This condition passed in the United States from ten to fifteen years ago, and as a consequence there has been a gradual and persistent moving westward of the centre of population and influence. The same thing will happen in Canada. The development of the West is continually enriching it to the point when independence of Eastern financiers will place it on the high road to prosperity. There is however, this great difference, between Western Canada and the Western States, the latter is practically devoid of the two prime essentials of industrial life—good coal and good iron. As a consequence it must still import its iron and steel products from the neighbourhood of Pittsburg, but Western Canada contains unlimited deposits of coal and iron ore equal in every respect to those which have made Pittsburg world-famous, and when the psychological moment arrives this will be found to be the determining factor in the future of the West.

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The Western Canada Irrigation Convention held in Vernon last month was chiefly notable for a very valuable expert address delivered by Mr. J. S. Dennis, the well known Land Commissioner of the C.P.R., and the Manager of the C.P.R. Irrigation System. Mr. Dennis pointed out that the North-West Irrigation Act, which has proved so beneficial to the Prairie Provinces had been in operation for fifteen years. He instituted a comparison with the Water Clauses Consolidation Act of B. C., much to the disadvantage of the latter, which he considered cumbersome, and calculated to provoke litigation. Mr. Dennis pointed out that one of the greatest obstacles in the way of irrigation in British Columbia was the fact that nearly every

stream was over recorded, and that it would be hopeless to attempt to secure water for general purposes unless all existing leases not being used were cancelled. Mr. Dennis next pointed out the great difference between the water supply of British Columbia and that of the North-West, in that the former was uncertain and irregular; and he urged the extreme importance of the preservation of timber on the water sheds to assist in the regularity of the flow. By encouraging the conservation of flood water full use could be made of what water was available. Under such conditions Mr. Dennis believes that the Southern portion of British Columbia would become one of the greatest fruit districts in the world. In reply to a question Mr. Dennis said that he did not think the time had yet come when it was necessary for the Government to undertake an irrigation system. Coming from such an authority all these remarks possess great value. In view of the extensive irrigation works with which Mr. Dennis has been connected, and the unprecedented success which has attended his efforts too much heed cannot be taken of the advice he gives, and as the time has arrived when in order to render it productive, the dry belt of British Columbia must be systematically irrigated, it would be well in considering any project that full advantage should be taken of the experience of those who have dealt with similar problems elsewhere. This is as essential in connection with the drafting of necessary legislation as with the designing and execution of the engineering work.

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**The Imperial Note.** General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew was recently the guest of the Victoria Canadian Club, and delivered a most forceful and suggestive address. Speaking as a soldier it might have been expected that one who had spent his whole life under arms in the service of

the Empire should have dealt chiefly with Military topics. Whilst the General gave many interesting reminiscences of the South African war, dwelling especially upon the efficiency of the Canadian troops, the most important part of his address was devoted to a bold denunciation of the attitude of the British Government towards Colonial interests and an open declaration in favour of an Imperial Council to deal with Imperial affairs. This is not a new project, but rarely has a man of General Pole-Carew's status so passionately proclaimed his adherence to the policy. He was very emphatic in approving the attitude of the Australian Premier, Mr. Deakin, at the last Colonial Conference, and very indignant in his denunciation of the treatment to those proposals. He advocated Imperial Preference, and Reciprocity between the Colonies, but he thought that the one subject overshadowing all others was the necessity for an Imperial Council which would take cognizance of all the important affairs of Greater Britain and which would afford an opportunity for representation from every part of the Empire to voice the sentiments of the people and to have a direct vote in the settlement of Imperial questions. Like a true statesman he premised that sharing authority meant sharing responsibility, and indeed all the burdens of the Empire, and he expressed the opinion that such a proposal would meet with no opposition, and indicated that any indifference which existed today on the subject of Imperial defence and a full sharing of the burdens of the Empire was due to the fact that the Constitution did not provide for representation of the outlying portions of the Empire in her Councils. Coming immediately after Lord Roberts' call to arms, this speech must be regarded as significant. It is weighty, pregnant with suggestive ideas, and calculated to arouse general interest in a subject which is daily assuming greater importance.



## How Amateurs Handle Wild Animals.

Bonnycastle Dale.

Photos by the Author.

**A** SHORT distance outside the beautiful residential City of Victoria, where the ever-prevailing fir trees of this Island of Vancouver sigh in the southwestern winds, is to be found the home of J. G. French, literally surrounded with the homes and beds of foreign fauna and flora. As we approached it along the winding dust-white road we were saluted with the barking of his many watch dogs. He keeps an army of these Collies, Great Danes, Blanket Dogs—the white-haired dog used by the Indians of this coast when the first white men landed—and many a one that was just pure dog.

He came to meet us from his work amid the caged animals. We were not too anxious to go down his shaded woodland paths alone for the place was fairly alive with animals wild and tame.

We now met his little daughter Hazel, a brown-eyed maiden not yet six years old. Beside her stood the lithe active Ivan, the hope and heir of the Frenches—a bright-eyed lad over seven years of age. Along the path to the forest we walked past the cows and horses, the dogs and poultry; past where his two helpers, contented, hard-working Sikhs lately from the hills of India, felled the standing timber. For remember this rapidly growing city of Victoria has pushed her way pell mell into the fragrant fir woods that surround her. The nearer we drew the higher rose the babel of yelps and snarls, growls and screeches from the menagerie in the woods.

The instant we entered under the trees into the inclosure of cages the two big grey timber wolves that faced us snarled savagely.

Up to the cage walked the lad fingering a big Colt's revolver. It was loaded with blank cartridges. Notwithstanding my instant protest the father undid the fastening of the cage and the boy stepped in—revolver in hand and eyes on the wolves. "Bang" sang the Colt and through the smoke we saw the wolves leap to the other end of the small cage. Facing them the lad followed. "Bang!" and back they sprang. "Bang," and again they retreated to their corner. I pictured the lad in the only ray of light that penetrated into the cage. Open

swung around the cage in an uneasy lope.

"Hazel thinks she must have her picture with her cat." The animal collector, for it is but a fad of this hard-working Englishman to gather from all quarters of the globe rare beasts and birds and plants, opened the iron-barred door and the little girl entered as willingly as the same aged maiden in a city would enter a candy store. She had only a little willow switch in her hand.

"Bring the cat into the light," the father commanded. A touch of the switch



He Keeps an Army of Dogs.

swung the door and the boy slid out beside his watchful father.

"He's going to be a lion tamer, that boy," said French. I seized him in my arms and while rejoicing that harm had not come to him I pressed my hand over his heart. "It beats fast," I remarked.

"That's because you took notice of him. He's used to the animals." The next cage held an Ocelot. Its eyes glared green at us, every spot on its richly marked coat rippled in anger as it

and the grinning, snarling beast slid and crouched beside the girl. I worked my camera rapidly. "Come on out," said French. "Don't let the cat slip out." And safe and unflurried, for all the world as if she had been petting a house cat, the child swung out into her father's arms.

In the third cage a wild cat whined and grinned at us. "The cage is too small for either child to go in. These beasts spring right out and they would

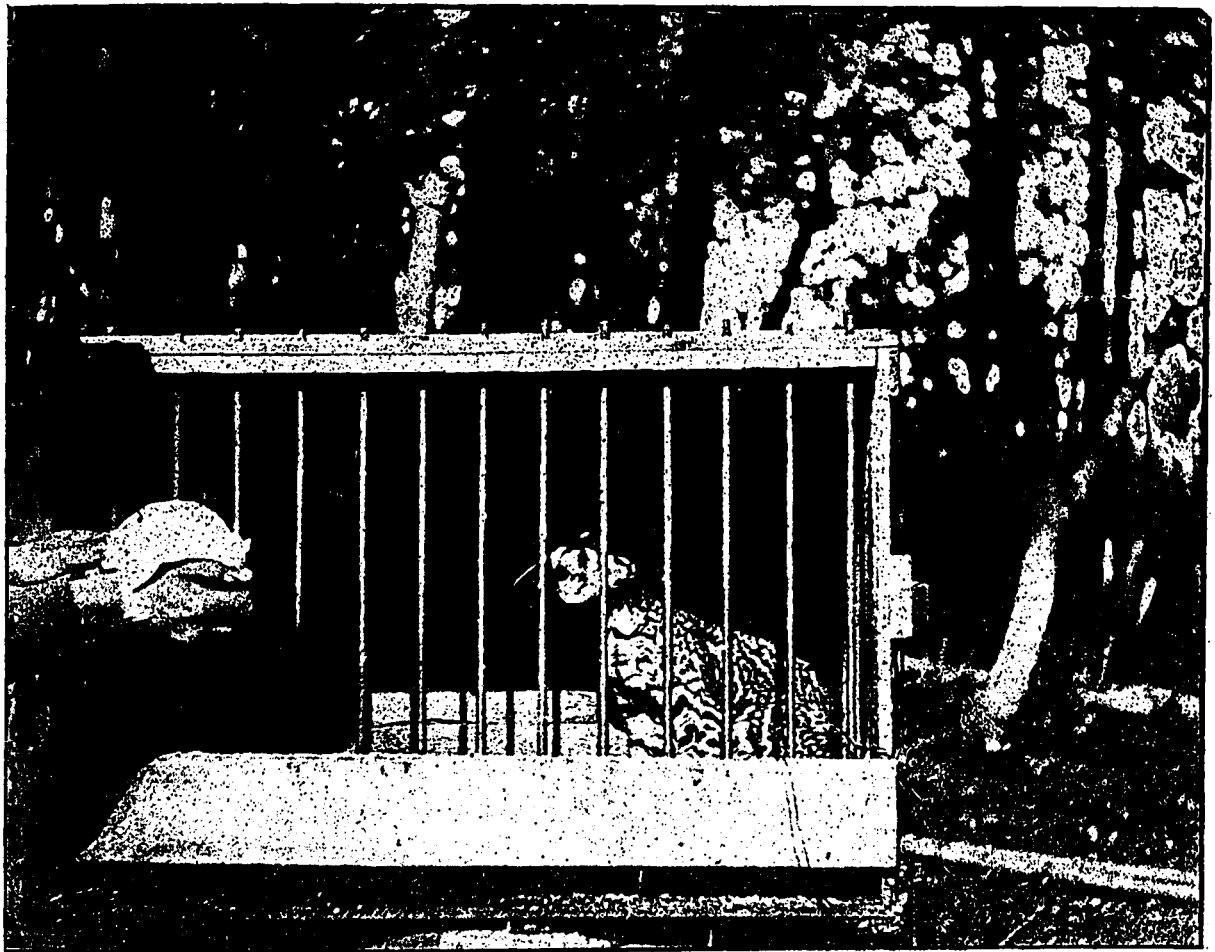


have no room to beat it off. Look"—here he handed me a snapshot of this little girl with a huge bull snake wrapped about her neck and shoulders. "She was only three when we took that picture. She's learning early so as to be able to handle wolves and big animals when she grows up. The children share the remarkable fad of the father perfectly. "Do the animals ever bite you?" asked Fritz, my assistant.

"I beat them down," answered the trainer and collector as we passed on. Then he showed us the cage that con-

boles of the trees, dodging dogs that strained at their chains at the root of every one, carefully watching a big female Great Dane that sniffed at every footstep we took, edging our way past more cages that held small animals we entered the tent.

"Keep on this side of the tent pole. Bounder has long arms." Bounder was a magnificent Indian Leopard on our right. Close beside us on the left a Hyena sent out so deadly a scream, a cry that held that awful choking rattle in its wake, that Fritz jumped and I equalled

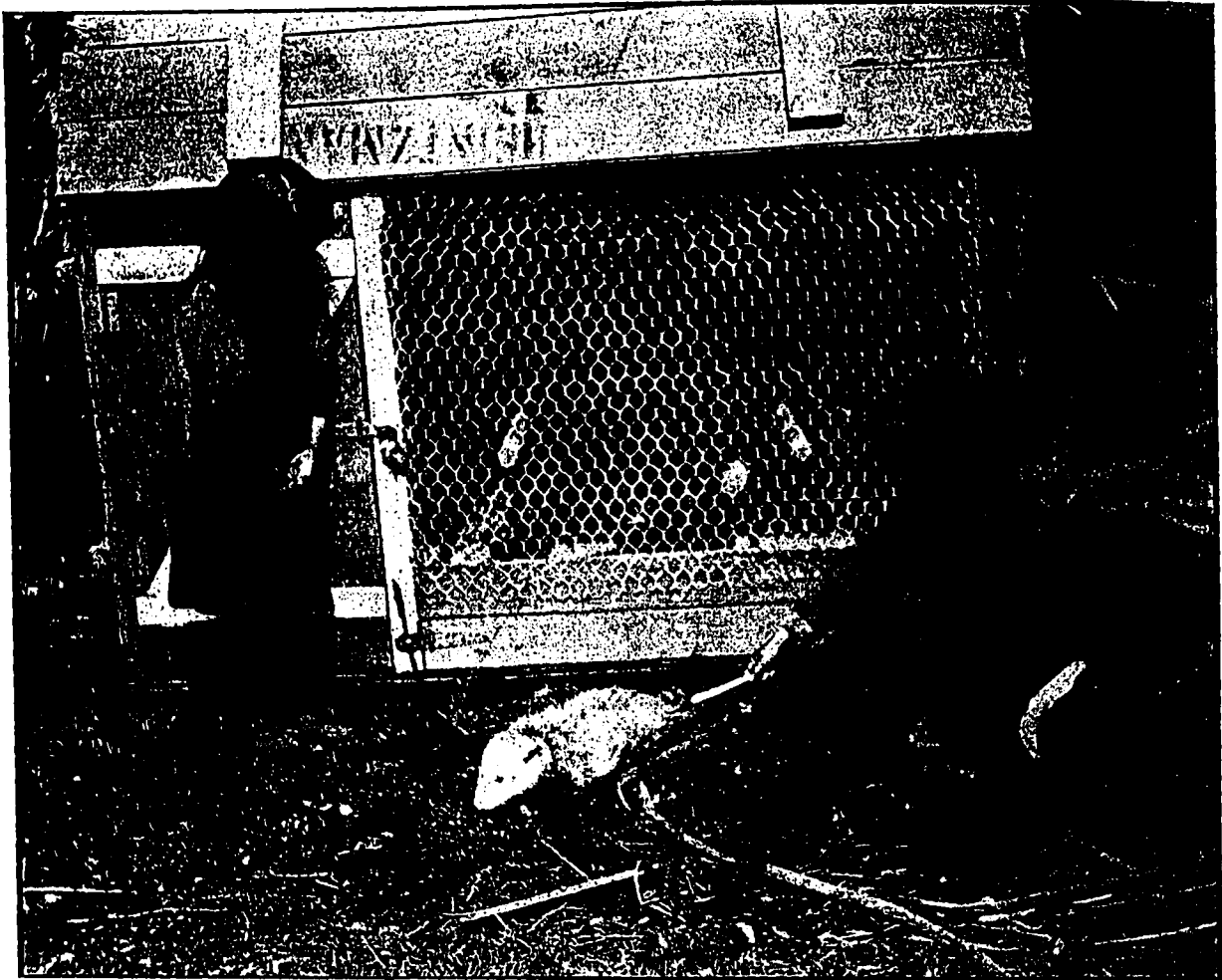


"Bounder"—the African Leopard.

tained the vultures, the mice, the guinea pigs and one wired cage that held two vultures and two very rare Caracaras, a trim stepping bird half way between a vulture and a hawk, but they are ground feeding birds. I picture the lad and lassie again as they seemed to like it. Ivan held an Opossum that I might see it and again the camera clicked. The owner opened its mouth and showed us the strong, long teeth. "He wont bite unless you get near his head. Come into the tent." Threading our way through the

his record bound, bounds that we carefully calculated to land us yet outside the reach of that too willing Bounder. "Down," cried French and the beast cowed before the voice and the iron rod and sent out a series of cries that only a Dumas might tabulate.

"See this Mexican Jaguar; she's only a young one," and he stroked her head with the rod to habituate her to the pressure until, some day, he would change the rod for the hand. She was a vigorous child as was proved by the series of



Note the Size of these wee Animal Trainers.

most ear piercing yells and showed up a set of ivories that looked like some patent man trap. "Here is a fishing cat

leopard. Here is a Coati-moudi, one of the Racoon family peculiar to Mexico, and here is Bounder," he said as he



French and the Opossum.



The Piccary.

from Africa," he said, as he stirred up a long lithe beast, looking like a very slim

paused before the wily leopard's cage. "Naji, the lion tamer was down here

with a friend the other day. I warned them, but the friend stepped too near and out shot the yellow arm and seized her dress and drew her up to the cage. I choked the beast and Hazel whipped it and we got the woman free, but the dress was ruined. He's a bad chap this Bounder." All the time Mr. French was stroking and petting the big spotted beast. "He caught me by mistake the other day; you have to watch him." He dragged the savage, snarling beast around and showed me its injured tail; he pryed open its mouth and let me gaze with affected delight upon its great toothed jaws.

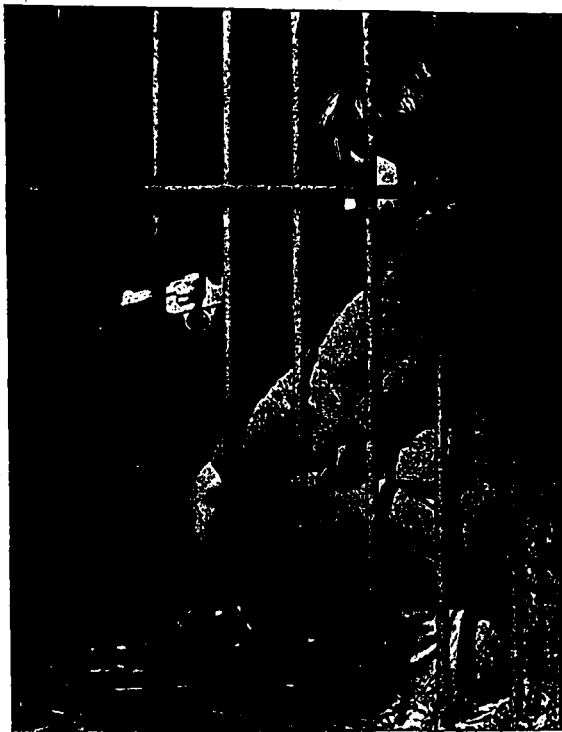
"Here is a Civet Cat. Not a bad little beast," he said, as he pushed it about in its cage. I used to have these animals far down the trail, but as we had to box them in, or to pack them in on either side of a horse, or else to carry them one at a time between us on tote pole, I moved here so that I can handle them more easily. He showed us gorgeous Macaws, rare game Currasows, (birds with coaly black coats and crests with a golden yellow button on their white bills), a big handsome Mexican game-bird. "Bounder likes guinea pigs," he said as he held one up to the grinning leopard in the cage that was now out in the sunshine. The leopard snarled a

horrid acquiescence. He showed us strange prehensile tailed beasts, sharp-toothed Peccaries, cage after cage of beasts and birds and lesser animals. "Do you ever get a rest," I asked him. "Oh, yes," he responded. "It takes six hours to feed and water, after that some days we hitch up and Mrs. French and the little ones and I drive away off down the Island after butterflies. Up we get at dawn the next morning. I have a couple of hours hunting and back we scamper as fast as the horses can run, for the beasts are hungry again by then." Strange rest, I thought.

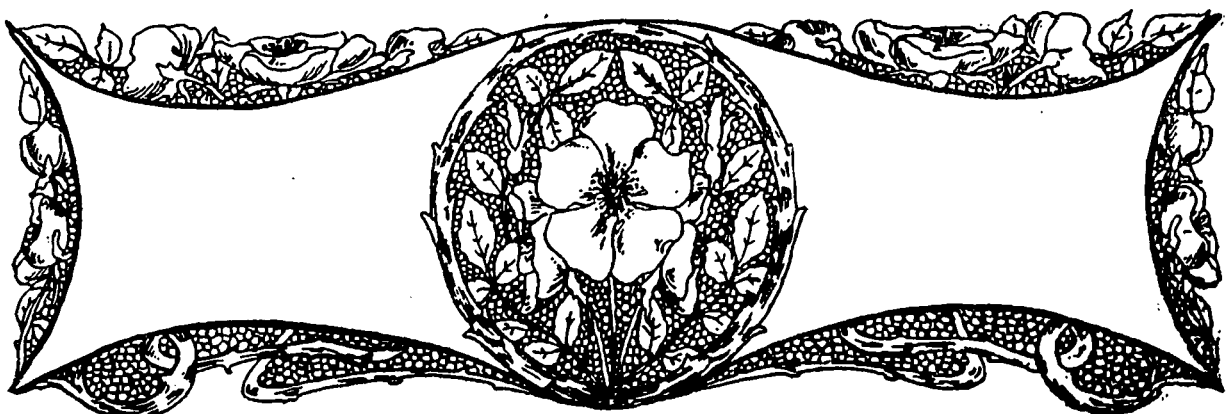
"Does it take much to feed them?" asked the boy Fritz.

"Yes, sixty mouths take much food, but I get a horse a week from the city." Now we bade good-bye to the happy-faced lad that had been smiling at me whenever I met the glance of his big brown eyes. Good-bye to the little

maiden, the future animal trainer. As I shook hands with Mr. French. "Take care of the little ones," I said to him. "I never let them go near the cages alone, and I only let them go in with animals that I have broken thoroughly," and from the love glance he cast back to the two youthful trainers that stood waving farewell I felt perfectly assured of their future safety.



Ivan in the Cage.



# Clock-Craft.

Charles Dorian.

**S**AY, cook, I wish yo' had sumfin' to cure dis heah toofache. A haid wif a bad toof in it an' de doctor allus twelve miles from home, am de mos' abstraculous white man's burden, but when a pore niggah gits it, why—dere's only de cook ebber has any symp'fy."

Bruce, the bookkeeper, was passing through the kitchen while Rastus Hooke thus appealed for aid.

"Now look here, Rastus," he said. "If you'd use that head a little more the teeth wouldn't get a chance to ache."

"Yo' am just like dem odder niggahs, mistah Bruce—doan seem to symp'fize wif no man' troubles."

Rastus rolled his eyes appealingly toward Polton, the cook. Polton rubbed the flour off his hands and looked the sufferer over.

"Want it pulled?" he asked, jocularly.

"Oh, lawdy, no, mistah Polton; I doan' want dat toof pulled. I want sumfin' t' drive dis pain away."

Polton's eyes twinkled.

"What do you expect I can do for it, Rastus?"

Rastus looked round to make sure that Bruce was gone.

"Mebbe you can cunjur it, mistah Polton."

Polton laughed.

"Why, man," he said, getting gradually serious. "You credit me with more of the gipsy than I knew I possessed. But I believe I can cure that toothache."

"That's jus' what I said when I see yo' do dem cunjur tricks at de social, todder night."

Polton walked over to a shelf; took down a tin alarm clock and held it before Rastus. Pointing at the minute hand, he said:

"See that big hand?"

"I suttently does, assented Rastus.

"Well, in twenty minutes, when that hand gets round to here," indicating the numeral four, "your tooth will be better. You will feel no more pain." This he said very slowly. "Take this clock to your tent; watch the hand closely and come back in twenty minutes and tell me that the pain is all gone."

Rastus walked out holding the clock in front of him and staring at the hand as if nothing else in the world existed.

"Say, boss," he said at the end of the twenty minutes. "Yo am a wizahd! Dat blessed toof doan' ache no mo'. What yo' do to dat clock?"

"Oh, that is a very simple thing, Rastus. That is what is called a mind cure."

"I doan' undstan' 'bout dat 'mind' business, but dese heah niggahs in dis camp think dat's a won'erful clock. How much one ob dem clocks cost?"

"You could not buy a clock like that, Rastus."

Polton meant to be equivocal. That particular clock could have been bought in any department store that advertised for 99 cents. Polton, however, was secretly proud of his cure and naturally put a new value upon the clock.

With this wonderful instrument he soon became the wizard of Camp III. Marvelous cures were put down to his power and the news of them spread rapidly.

Polton's manner was of easy calmness. A high mark of dignity stamped him conqueror. But the levity common to every type in the "underworld" had made him appreciate his enforced vocation with grim humor. Curing a toothache by clockwork was surely an innovation to excite the merriment of a more staid nature than Polton's.

There was the inevitable obstacle in Polton's healing jurisdiction, however. The foreman of the various gangs work-

ing on the Valley Road had determined to "fix" him. But he chose a flimsy weapon when he resorted to vile vituperation and ugly oaths. He put into his venomous objurgations every suggestion which hatred could conjure.

Edgar Bruce merely said, "Common rot!" when a story of Polton's latest cure was retold for his benefit. Other dissenters there were also but none so virulent as Bowers. Bruce could laugh it off, but Bowers—well Bowers knew of a better cook than Polton for Camp III.

And Bruce saw a day when even Polton's "magic" could not cause him to laugh. Bruce was stricken. Everybody had a name for the malady, but Bruce in writing to town for the usual cure drew rein at the term in common use and laboriously inserted one from pharmacopeial parlance—which sounded worse. He waited until worn of patience for this stuff to come but the nights of wakefulness played havoc with his nerves and Edgar Bruce was willing to resort to any means of freeing himself of the constant itching sensation. At last he gave in. Polton could cure any ailment ever brought before him—why not the one which no camp is seldom free from? He lounged round the cook-house all of one afternoon until Polton could stand his shifting no longer.

"What is it, Bruce?" he inquired, taking Bruce by so sudden an attack that he was non-plussed.

"I may as well confess," replied Bruce, shyly, "that I was beginning to believe there is something in that 'clockcraft' of yours. The niggers have held you up as a god and have been worshipping Time since you got them staring at that tin timepiece you have. Do you think you could cure the—the——"

Polton relieved him, "I can cure anything, Edgar," he said. "Every cure I make only adds to the mysterious power I——"

Polton's deep grey eyes were fixed on Bruce.

God, I believe you can, Polton—not by the clock,—Heavens! what eyes you have—what are you doing with me?"

"I am curing you," said Polton, maintaining the slow, measured manner of

speaking he usually employed in getting a patient's attention. "You will sleep soundly tonight and waken in the morning without any recollection of the itching you claim to have had."

A fakir might have used the same language. But even a fakir can be a benefactor and whether disease is driven out by vegetable concoctions or mental medicine it matters not—the result is the same.

Next morning Edgar Bruce went jauntily to his office and was in a hilariously good mood when Bowers came in.

"Good morning, Bowers; you look like a battlefield this morning. What's the war?"

"You feel funny this morning, it seems," jeered Bowers.

"Not so funny as you look," laughed Bruce. "What are you wriggling about?"

"You know cursed well what about. How is it you ain't wigglin'?"

Bruce became suddenly aware of his freedom from the habit of the past three weeks which had brought more mirth than sympathy from the white element of the camp.

"Oh, I see," he laughed. "It's got *you*, has it?"

"No, it ain't *got* me; it's been witched into me by that pagan cook you have been worshipping lately. Darn his skin! When I heerd he wuz treatin' you fer monkey-complaint, I hopes good an' hard that he ketches it hisself. But he aint got the ketchin' natur and I guess I hev."

Bruce was checking over some articles tooted into camp the previous night while Bowers gave this lucid account of his inoculation.

"What luck!" he irrelevantly exclaimed.

"Luck! Air yu crazy? I aint no believer in yer luck."

"You will admit, however, that this stuff came along in time to be useful." He held up a package bearing the doctor's totem. "Take it—it may do what 'luck' could never do."

Bowers grabbed it feverishly, read the directions and was off at a pace he seldom made, to try the medicine.

It was a dead failure! For the next

three days he went through a tragic pantomime: he raged, tore his skin, and bellowed imprecations at "voodoo Polton," rolling his eyes in contemptible misery.

It was while in the heat of his wrath that the climax came!

Rastus, hearing the awful volley of curses ran into the kitchen, shouting:

"Oh, mistah Polton, mistah Polton,—I done fear de hoodoo am got po ol Bowers. Jus' len me dat clock ob youah's, will you, till I go an' set him right? Po ol Bowers! Po ol Bowers."

Thus wailing, Rastus seized the clock before Polton could recover from his amazement, and, ran into the tent and held it before the astonished eyes of Bowers.

"Take it away! Take it away!" shrieked Bowers, the sight of this devilish trinket arousing him anew.

"Jes' keep yo' eye on dat big han' and when it gets round to heah you done hab no mo' debil. You been cured, suah, suah, suah!"

Bowers made a smash at the clock

with his clenched fist, but Rastus dodged it and stood at a safe distance holding it in line with the eyes of the prone man. A streak of light peeping through a slit in the canvas fell upon the clock accentuating the sheen, and the bulging eyes of Bowers were fascinated by the glare. Yellow foam oozed from his jaws, choking speech, and his attention was further forced by the repeated incantation of the darkey, "you been cured, suah, suah, suah." He lay limp upon his cot and stared—stared till calmness stole over his vexed body and he dropped off to sleep.

Rastus returned the clock, telling Polton what he had done. "I says," he repeated, "yo' look at dis heah han' till it comes round to heah—"

The pause amused Polton.

"Well, what is it, Rastus?"

"Say, mistah Polton wha's the matter wid dat clock? Dat dere hand aint moved one bit—no 'taint!"

"It needs winding up, Rastus, that's all," smiled Polton.

## The Remittance Man.

W. Everard Edmonds.

**N**EXT! said the Knight of the Shears, as he gazed meaningly in my direction. A tall, striking-looking man stepped out of the plush-bound chair, and adjusted his tie before the mirror on the opposite wall. This done he turned to the barber, "Well, Jones, I'll say good-bye," he said with an unmistakably English accent. "We start for home this afternoon and I can't say when I shall see you again—not before Christmas at any rate; let me give you a little present for the sake of old times," and he handed him two crisp bank notes with a double figure on each. "Thank you, sir, my lord, I mean," said Jones. "I trust you and her lady-

ship may have a pleasant trip and that the voyage won't affect the little one. Good-bye, my lord," and the hands of the two men met in a hearty grip.

The door closed and for a few minutes nothing was heard but the click, click, of the scissors; the operator maintained an absolute silence. I found this somewhat strange in Jones, for his fame as a raconteur more than atoned for his many short-comings as a "tonsorial artist." I had patronized his little shop ever since coming to Medicine Hat, and had always been amply rewarded, so that his silence now filled me with vague alarm. I resolved to draw him out even if I had to

overstep the bounds of good taste in doing so.

"Have you ever seen the play 'What happened to Jones?'" I ventured. "No? Well may I ask the name of the gentleman you called 'my lord,' just now?"

"Certainly, sir," said Jones, "Lord Firlow of Firlow Place, Devonshire; his brother died the other day and he has just come into the title." "He looks as if he would do it credit," I rejoined. "I've never seen a finer looking man."

"He *is* good looking," said Jones now thoroughly roused, "and between ourselves, sir, he owes a lot to those good looks of his."

"Indeed!" I said.

"You may well say 'indeed,'" said the barber growing warmer, "but its gospel truth I'm telling you. Three years ago Warrington—that was his name before he came into the title—was going right plumb to hell. He was what they call a remittance man—you know what that usually means, sir. He had got into some scrape at home, nothing very serious I guess, and his people shipped him out here to try 'ranching.'

"He was a jolly chap, and when he bought a ranch up in the Hills, his fame soon spread. He had only about twenty head of cattle all told, and every quarter day when his cheque arrived from home, he'd come in and properly paint the town red. The Hat wasn't very big then, sir, but it was a dashed sight livelier than it is now, and Warrington did his best to make it more so. When he had spent his money he'd go back with a few kindred spirits and plenty of spirits frumentic, and stay on his ranch for another three months."

"Had he no housekeeper?" I asked.

"No, sir; did his own cooking and a rattling good cook he was too. He kept a hired man to do the rough work, but looked after the house himself. It's just three years since I went to work for him; I had been out on the fall round-up and had got pretty badly crippled up with rheumatism, so I agreed to work for him until the spring.

"I stayed longer, but you'll soon see how that was. A mighty funny thing happened that same spring; it fairly makes me double up yet just to think

about it. Warrington had gone to the Hat and I didn't expect him back for three or four days. Judge of my surprise then when that same night I see him gallopin' in, just hittin' the high places for home. I ran out and opened the gate.

"Anything wrong?" says I.

"Anything wrong!" he says, cursin' like a trooper.

"Read that," and he handed me a telegram. It was from his father.

"Just arrived in Montreal. With you in a week."

We went into supper and talked things over. The Firlow Boss was in a blue funk, and no wonder. You see he had been writing home about his big herds of cattle and had raised the old man's curiosity. We talked and talked, but didn't seem to get no further ahead. Suddenly Warrington gave a whoop and jumped clear out of his chair.

"I've got it, Jones! I've got it!" he shouted. "We'll pull the wool over the old man's eyes yet. Let us round up all the cattle in the country, and the governor'll think they're all mine."

"Well, the old gentleman came, and Warrington brought him out from the Hat. I had a good supper waiting, and everything went off famously. Next day they went shooting and the day after, Coyote huntin'; in fact there was something doin' every day and Lord Firlow declared he hadn't felt so well for twenty years. At last he said he would have to be gettin' back, but he would like to see the Boss's cattle.

"We had been expectin' this, and for two or three days, me and two cow-punchers from the T. Bar ranch had been roundin' up steers over on Willow Creek. Next morning Warrington took his Gveornor out, and say! he was pleased. "By Jove!" he said, "you have got a bunch." Then Warrington branded a calf to show him how it was done, and the old man was tickled to death. The calf belonged to a German, and I slipped down and paid him for it the same night on the Q. T. The trick had worked like a charm.

"The next day, the Earl left for England. He must have enjoyed his stay, for six weeks later Warrington got a

cheque for one hundred pounds, which he "blew in" inside of a month. He was just gettin' over his spree when one stormy morning a rider came along with a cable that had reached Medicine Hat the night before. I was standing at the door when I heard a groan, and just turned round in time to see Warrington fall back in his chair.

"Dead!" he said. "Dead! the Governor is dead!" At last he got up and walked to his desk. He took out his note paper and wrote steady for an hour. Then he called me and told me to saddle Pete, his favorite horse, as he must go to town and send his letters off without delay.

"I tried to persuade him not to go. I said I could ride in and post them for him; that anyway he was far too weak to attempt the trip. His eyes blazed. "Enough of that!" he said. "Saddle Pete at once!" I saw it was of no use to contradict him and in a few minutes he was off for the Hat.

"That night I couldn't sleep; I felt kind of guilty about lettin' him go, and yet what could I have done? When he once made up his mind to go, the Devil himself couldn't stop him. I got up early and was soon hittin' the trail for town. I covered the thirty-five miles in about three hours and rode right up to a saloon on the corner. I had made a good guess; Warrington was there just pouring whiskey into him and callin' for more.

"As I entered the door he caught sight of me and clutched me by the shoulder, and dragged me over to the bar.

"Ha, Jonsey, my boy!" he cried. "You're just in time. What'll you have? Name your medicine. This is Medicine Hat and you can have what you like," and he laughed as only a drunken man can laugh.

"I shook my head and said something about going home.

"Home!" he sneered. I have no home. The Governor's dead, and my respected brother—the d—d close fisted prig—rules in his stead. The Governor's dead, Jones, the good old Governor who came all the way out here to eat our grub. Can't you understand? He's dead!"

Then his mood changed.

"Home?" he said growing suspicious. "Aha! I see now what you mean—that rotten hole up in the Hills! And you came here to take me back to it, did you? Answer me! he shouted. Did you? Is that what you came for? and he lifted his hand as if to strike me.

Then, sir, and I don't mind sayin' it, I lied. There was one thing at the ranch that Warrington was fairly dotty on, and that was an old tom-cat he called Jummix. He was just an ornerv looking old Maltee but Warrington thought the world of him. So I said sort of concerned like, "I came in for some medicine. Jummix seemed to be actin' sort of queer this mornin'."

He reeled against the bar. Jummix!" he cried; "Jummix ill! Why man, didn't you tell me before? Get my horse quick while I go for a doctor."

This was more than I had bargained for and I tried to tell him that a doctor wasn't needed. But it was no use, sir, not a bit, and in a few minutes we two and the doctor was hittin' the trail for the Hills. I needn't tell you of that trip, sir, but you can bet I never want another like it. We got to the ranch about sundown, and Warrington staggered into the house. The doctor and me put the horses up, and on going to the shack found the boss lyin' on the sofa fondlin' old Jummix like a baby. As he lay stretched out there with his eyes half closed, and his face white as a sheet, I begun to think it a dashed lucky thing that the doctor had come after all.

Suddenly he started up. "Jones," he said, "Put that cat out of the room." Kind of surprised I went over and picked Jummix up and started for the door.

"Come back," thundered the Boss. "Not my dear old Jummix;" I mean that black ghost there. Can't you see it man? Under the chair."

A look from the doctor, put me on to the racket, and I pretended to chase the strange cat out of the room. Warrington lay back on the sofa for a minute or two and then caught sight of an old vase on the table. It was shaped like a fish



with it's mouth open, and it's tail curled up behind.

"Why does that fish keep nodding at me," he asked. "Look at it nodding and nodding away as if it knew me. And, Jones," he shrieked, "do you hear the rats coming down the chimney—thousands of them—millions!"

Well, sir, we got him into bed. It was a bad case of D. T.'s complicated with a touch of pleurisy which soon turned to pneumonia. He raved all that night, but got a little quieter next day; in fact, he was worn right out, and looked more dead than alive.

"I'll have to get back to town," said the doctor the next morning. "I should have gone before. I don't suppose there is a nurse to be found out in this forsaken wilderness, is there?"

"No," I said, and then suddenly remembered that Barlow over on Elkwater Lake was expectin' his sister from the East. She was a nurse in New York and was comin' up to spend the summer. I told the doctor, and after breakfast rode over to Barlow's ranch.

She had come the day before. I made my errand known to Barlow and his wife, and turning to the girl asked her if she would come. I tell you, sir, she was a beauty—tall and fair, and straight as an arrow; just like one of them Gibson girls you see in copies of 'Life.' And though she had come up for a rest she though she had come up for a rest she didn't hesitate for an instant, but just said quietly, 'I'll be ready in ten minutes.'"

The doctor left for the Hat that afternoon and the nurse and I had Warrington to ourselves. Inside of three days he began to mend and in two weeks he was able to sit up. He was very quiet—didn't talk at all, but the way he watched that girl move about was a caution, and I tell you, sir, she was boss of the ranch. Warrington, as I said before, had a pretty strong will, but it didn't fizz with her, and she ruled him with a rod of iron.

I'll confess, sir, I was sorry to see her go. She was always so bright and cheerful, that when she went, the Boss and I got a fit of the blues that lasted more than a week. At last he said to me one

morning, "Jones, saddle Pete, I'm going for a ride," and when I saw him strike over towards Elkwater Lake I felt better than I had for weeks. He used to go over pretty often after that, and I wasn't much surprised one night, to see him look up and say, "Jones, I've a bit of news for you. I'm engaged to Miss Barlow, and we are to be married a year from now." I tell you, sir, I was glad, for I knew if anyone could make a man of him that girl could. And she did. Warrington turned over a new leaf. He bought a good bunch of cattle and worked like a nigger.

Of course he had his times of depression, when the old craving nearly drove him mad; but he won out, sir, he won out all right. The nearest call he had was just about Christmas. The Boss got a terrible fit of the blues—the weather was miserable and Miss Barlow had gone on a visit to the Hat. One morning he got up, shaking in every limb and his eyes burnin' like coals. I could see the craving was on him, and when he told me to saddle his horse, I don't mind tellin' you, sir, but I prayed as I had'n't done since I was a kid. And my prayer was answered. As he jumped into the saddle, who should come gallopin' up but Miss Barlow. "Thank God!" I heard him mutter, and the next minute he had her in his arms.

That was the crisis, sir. The Boss hadn't much trouble after that, but went about his work as happy as a sand-boy. The cattle wintered well, and early in the fall Miss Barlow became Mrs. Warrington. Medicine Hat was beginnin' to grow, and bein' pretty handy at hair-cuttin' I stuck up a striped pole and have been holdin' it down here ever since.

I went up to the Hills last month for a little shootin' and stayed a couple of days with the Warringtons. They have a little girl now—she favors her mother for looks and needless to say my old Boss thinks she couldn't have a better model. I agree with him there, sir, for ever a man was saved on the very brink of Hell that man was Warrington.

"That's all, sir. The wind's getting colder, isn't it? Thank you, sir! Good afternoon."

I sauntered down to the railway sta-

tion; a friend had wired me that he was passing through and would like to have a few minutes' chat. As the express pulled in he met me at the door of the Pullman and drew me inside. As we talked rapidly two people came in and took a seat just behind. The bell rang, and I rose to go when a faint sound like a kiss caught my ear. I turned round expecting to see the usual bridal couple.

I was mistaken. A strikingly handsome man, with a laughing baby in his arms held the little thing up for a second caress, and then turning to the beautiful woman at his side with a look of love and affection, said in a voice tender and low, "My darling, do you realize it? We are going Home!" It was Lord and Lady Firlow.

## Kiss Her.

Thomas Augustin Daly.

Say, young man, if you've a wife,  
     Kiss her.  
 Every morning of your life,  
     Kiss her.  
 Every evening when the sun  
 Marks your day of labor done,  
 Go! get homeward on the run—  
     Kiss her.

Even if you're feeling bad,  
     Kiss her.  
 When she's out of sorts or sad,  
     Kiss her.  
 Act as if you meant it, too,  
 Let the whole true heart of you  
 Speak its ardor when you do  
     Kiss her.

If you think it's "soft," you're wrong,  
     Kiss her.  
 Love like that will make you strong—  
     Kiss her.  
 If you'd strike with telling force  
 At this Evil of Divorce  
 Just adopt this simple course:  
     Kiss her.

# The Mission of the Roses.

Henry Morey.

“EDITH, dear, the expressman is coming for your trunk at 5 o'clock. I'm sure it won't be ready for him unless you begin at once to pack it.”

“Indeed it won't,” thought Edith in answer to her mother's beseeching voice, which came from the conservatory end of the garden.

The warning, however, seemed to have very little effect upon her and she went on musing. “Under the circumstances, how fortunate it is that I have a dear old aunt to go to, thousands of miles away. Away out West where nobody will know me except auntie. Another day here would be intolerable, and—yes, mother, I'm coming.”

It was June time, but in spite of the roses and sunshine all about her Edith Mowbray was not happy. She plucked a superb LaFrance that hung temptingly near her and buried her nostrils deep within its fragrant petals. “Tom's favorite rose,” she murmured, and there was a pathetic tone of remorse and sadness in her voice. “Dear old Tom! How cruel I was to him!”

Just a year ago that day she had given Tom Brace his conge for the chance of becoming Mrs. Phillip Hepstone, the wife of a millionaire. Hepstone had proposed, but only because he imagined Edith was almost as rich as himself. And now Mrs. Mowbray was trying to convince her daughter that she ought to enter suit for breach of promise.

While Edith was sitting in the rose garden, musing, Tom Brace was lying ill in a hospital, away out West. He was pale, weak and emaciated, but convalescent.

The nurse had just told him that he would recover and Tom wasn't quite sure whether he was glad or sorry. “Life, for

me,” he said, languidly, “seems to be all blanks and no prizes.”

The days dragged themselves slowly on, and Tom, in spite of all his efforts, found himself brooding over the events of a year ago.

“Too bad that Edith threw me over,” he reflected, sadly. “Cruel of her, too, for I loved her dearly; and, worse luck, I love her still. I wonder when they're going to be married? Gad! Hepstone's a lucky fellow. But no gentleman would have come between Edith and me as he did. It will take me a long time to forgive him, and——”

But Tom's musings were cut out short by the nurse. She came to his bedside with a cup of delicious broth and the newspapers.

“The doctor told me you might read a little to-day,” she said, “so I've brought you these.”

Tom thanked her, partook slowly of the broth and then picked up the local paper. The society column met his gaze first of all. He had no intention of reading it, however, as he was a stranger in the place. But as he glanced down the column a name stood out from amongst the others which made him start. This is what he read:

Miss Edith Mowbray, of New York, arrived in town yesterday evening. She intends making a prolonged stay in the city, and will be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. George Ventnor.”

“Mrs. George Ventnor,” muttered Tom, uneasily. “Why, if I'm not mistaken that's the very lady who pays weekly visits to this hospital! By Jove! I must get away from here as soon as possible. I never knew before that Edith had an aunt in this part of the world.”

Then Tom noticed that a New York paper was lying invitingly near him. He

picked it up and involuntarily sought the society column. There was nothing in it relating to Edith but he found something else quite as interesting. It was a very short item, but it meant much:

The yachting season is at hand again. Mr. Phillip Hepstone's palatial "Meteor" sails to-morrow for a prolonged cruise in European waters. Mr. Hepstone and party expect to be away at least six months.

"That explains everything," reflected Tom. "I shouldn't wonder if he's thrown her over!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Wednesday is my hospital day, Edith dear. Wouldn't you like to go with me?"

"Indeed I should, auntie. Perhaps something like that may cheer me up a bit and make me forget my own misery."

"I'm sure it will," said Aunt Loo. "We always send flowers, you know, and you can help me with them. They should be at the distributing bureau not later than mid-day."

So Edith worked all morning, picking roses and arranging them deftly into dainty bouquets. One of these pleased her especially. LaFrance roses and double white stocks had always been a favorite combination of Edith's, and she spared no pains in making this one as beautiful as possible.

"It was Tom's favorite rose, too," she thought; "but I think he liked it best because I did. Poor Tom! I wonder if he has forgiven me? I hope so, though I don't deserve it of him."

Presently she found herself singing. Singing! Why, that was something she had not done for several months. It was an old love-song, too. The fact astonished her so much that she stopped suddenly and glanced at her aunt.

Mrs. Ventnor had been watching her niece with a satisfied smile on her lips. "Edith's improving," she thought.

"Why, auntie," exclaimed Edith, going quickly to her, "these flowers seem to tell me that I'm going to be happy again."

"Of course you are, dear," and Mrs. Ventnor stroked and patted, and did her best to console the fair young head that was laid convulsively on her bosom.

A few hours later she was passing through the convalescent ward of the

hospital. Edith Mowbray was with her. It was Mrs. Ventnor's custom to leave, undisturbed, patients who were asleep or appeared to be so. Tom Brace was aware of this, so he turned his face towards the wall and closed his eyes.

Some minutes previously the nurse had placed near his bedside a beautiful bouquet of roses and white phlox. He had regarded them complacently enough at first, but suddenly he remembered that LaFrance roses and white phlox were Edith's favorite flowers, and though he admired them greatly, the sight of them made him feel very unhappy.

"O, auntie," said Edith, quietly, "there's the very bouquet that I took so much pains with. Doesn't it look sweet?"

Tom Brace heard the voice, and, weak as he was, it thrilled him. "I must be dreaming," he thought, for he had not seen Edith. Then he opened his eyes, and gazed into a mirror which hung on the wall by his bedside. He had not been dreaming, for Edith was there. His Edith! Going about the ward with her aunt and apparently very much interested. A little paler than she was a year ago, a trifle more slender, perhaps, but beautiful as ever. And *she* had made up that bouquet.

Tom's first impulse was to dash the bouquet to the ground; his second to raise it tenderly to his lips. But he did neither.

Mrs. Ventnor and her niece passed out of the convalescent ward and into the next one. Then the nurse came in to attend to a patient and Tom beckoned to her.

"Take them away, please," he said, sadly, pointing to the flowers. "They're very beautiful, but I can't bear them."

And the nurse, wondering, took them away.

Shortly after this the visitors returned to the convalescent ward. They had not intended doing so, but Mrs. Ventnor had forgotten her parasol. Instinctively Edith turned for a last look at her special bouquet. It was gone! Then her gaze rested on the patient at whose bedside it had been. Edith started. "That peculiar shade of hair!" she thought; "where have I seen it before? And the shape of the head! If only he were facing this

way. But I can easily make some excuse for going to the other side of the bed."

Edith was about to do this when she caught sight of the mirror on the wall. The patient was not asleep. He was wide awake and looking straight at her. He was pale and emaciated but there was no mistaking those eyes. They were gazing directly into her own. Not in anger, either, but with love and tender yearning.

Edith's detour in order to be opposite those eyes instead of behind them was without the slightest hesitation.

"O, Tom!" was all she said. But the exquisite pathos in her voice as she uttered those two words made Tom understand. Penitent, Edith kneeled quickly and buried her face in the bed-clothes. A thin, weak hand was laid gently on her head; a voice, full of the music of forgiveness, whispered her name.

Then the nurse appeared in the doorway. She stood there, wondering again, until Tom once more beckoned to her.

"Nurse," he said, his voice having suddenly lost all its sadness, "you may bring the roses back again, *now*." I

## Marriage a la Mode.

L. McLeod Gould.

**Y**ES, said the Marquis, tentatively crossing his left leg with his right, "I sent to your office Mr.-er-Martin because I felt that it was about time that I had a biographer; I had come to the conclusion that an interviewer was the cheapest form of biographer, and I naturally asked the "Sensational Gazette" to furnish me with the same, knowing the high reputation of the paper, and being well aware that the masses to whom I wish to appeal, regard it as the one and only exponent of the Truth, combined with a thoughtful sensibility of the wishes and an unprejudiced consideration both for the moral welfare and the intellectual entertainment of the public."

That this was an unusually long speech for the Marquis was evidenced by the prolonged sigh which ushered it to its close and by the thoughtful air with which he now deliberately unhooked his legs only to entangle them in the reverse position. But he had not quite finished, and as is often the case the post-dictum was of more practical value than the

whole of his collective remarks preceding.

"Please be so kind," he said, "as to help yourself to a whisky and soda, and as you are up would you mind passing the implements of conversation over in this direction. I always find that talking makes me thirsty, and that brain-work causes a void which is best filled by stimulant."

I rose and after ministering to my own wants, considerably placed both the decanter and the syphon within easy reach of his august arm; then before re-seating myself I leant against the mantelpiece whilst lighting a cigar, and thus addressed him.

"I think, my lord, that it would be as well in order to avoid useless questioning if you were to acquaint me with some of the details of your early life. In fact I think that the purposes of this interview would be best served if you were to give me a brief resume of your history. The Public, my lord--and here I would remind you that whilst revising your career it would be as well for you to keep it in your mind that the Public is always to

be spelt with a very large "P," for whose delectation we are spending this delightful morning in arduous labour—always like to know about the first beginnings of things. They like their popular heroes to start life penniless, tracing their victorious career from such trifles as the picking up of a pin; if such a beginning be not obtainable a welcome change is afforded by the darling of their fancy being born to luxury and wealth, and relinquishing the same either through a fair damsel's smile or through the conscientious promptings of a species of intricate Socialism. The latter is rather in vogue at present. Any scandal of a highly sensational nature will be received with avidity. I hope I make myself clear; what is required is a story which will appeal equally to the family who spend half their Sundays in church moralizing on their neighbours' shortcomings, and to the gin-besotted offsprings of degeneration who find their greatest intellectual pleasure in poring over the details of the latest divorce suit. Extremes meet, my lord, and we find that the same story appeals to these widely divergent classes."

"I quite understand," said the Marquis, this time hunching both his legs unto the chair with him, Pasha fashion; "you wish my story to appeal to the ultra religious and to the ultra degraded, both of whose sensibilities are to be moved by the same lever. Very good. I was born of rich and dishonest parents, but it was always strongly impressed upon me that my birth was an accident, and that though I was the means of bringing my father and mother together in the bonds of matrimony, I was never a persona grata with either of them, the union being singularly unhappy. My father was a burglar, I might say a distinguish-burglar, and my mother was a lady's maid who had proved herself useful to him on many occasions; in fact I may say that the only time that she forfeited his esteem was in the accident of my own birth. I must give my parents credit, however, for having made the best of a bad job as far as I am concerned. I was well educated, being sent under an alias both to an English public school and University. It was after I

had been sent down from the latter that I had my epoch-making interview with my father, whom up to that time I had regarded as a typical example of the nouveau riche, knowing nothing of his unfortunate trade. Calling me into his study he informed me that he was a burglar and that as he felt that he was getting too old to continue his avocation with success and without danger he was contemplating an early retirement after arranging a separation from my mother. I well remember his last words: 'It's up to you now, Randolph; we've given you a good education, a good name, (I was called Randolph Augustus Edward Cecil), and you look a gentleman. I have here for you £5,000 which is all that remains from the sum I put aside for your use when you were first born. You'll have to get out now and look after yourself.'"

To say that the Marquis' words up to the present had filled me with astonishment, to state that I had only managed to keep my balance by holding tightly on to the mantel-piece, even to aver that I had replenished my glass during the above revelation is to convey but the faintest conception of the feeling which I was undergoing. Could this be the Marquis de Cavalcanti talking? Was this really the utterance of the exquisite, whose manners, charms, wealth and nobility had taken New York by storm? Or were these only the vapourings of a titled butterfly who sought new amusement in the tantalizing a Press spider. Such were the thoughts that had flashed through my brain while I was standing in his elegant apartment, replete with all that wealth and taste could suggest. It was as if in a dream that I heard his voice continuing, voicing as it were my own cogitations.

"To say that I was astonished is to put but a mild construction on my feelings," he continued. "I had always considered that my father had worked his way to his position from the place of the proverbial office-boy, and I had therefore never felt any surprise at the numerous unconscious vulgarisms of which he was so often guilty. To use one of your American expressions, I had always excused his outbreaks by remembering that

he had been dragged up with the teaspoons and the toothpicks on the table. But since the days of the American invasion this had been so common that I had never seriously pondered over the past which overhung my father. However, I was not in the mood to allow him to see my perturbation. I would show him that education had not been wasted on me, and so with the utmost sang-froid I answered him.

"'Father,' I said, "'I am not surprised at what you have just told me, and I will proceed to make good by choosing my profession according to the custom of those good old forbears of the Society out of whom I mean to make my living.'

"So saying I walked over to the bookshelf whereon he kept what he called the Old Family Bible. It had always been somewhat of a puzzle to me, as I had seen him buy it, dirty it, fill it with enough ancestors to show our direct descent from the animals in the Ark, but had never once read it. With a theatrical air I threw it open and laid my finger on a verse. I read, 'I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' "There, father," I said, "I will be one of these."

A hush fell over the apartment of the Marquis at the sound of these words. I fell into the nearest chair, a mental wreck and mechanically helped myself to another drink. Outside could be heard the hum of the traffic, the buzzing of the bees and the song of the birds; but within was silence between the interviewer and the self-confessed fraud.

"So I left my father," continued the Marquis, "and used the £5,000 together with my good education as a working capital. I took a passage to New York and the title of Marquis de Cavalcanti. I took that title for three reasons. First of all because everyone has heard of it; secondly because nobody was likely to be able to place it, Dumas being out of fashion in these days, when only the latest novel is read, and thirdly because everyone knowing of it by heresay and nobody being able to place it, it was extremely unlikely that anyone would care about the responsibility of questioning it. A few hundred dollars judiciously scat-

tered about the newspaper offices, together with my irreproachable manners and clothes, amongst which latter I made use of some extraordinary garments that I had once worn at a fancy dress ball, gave me the entree into New York Society. For the rest, you know that I am engaged to Constantina, the only daughter of Paul, the Pork Butcher, and that the wedding takes place in exactly three-quarters of an hour."

The marquis straightened his legs, yawned, lit another cigarette and looked reproachfully at the empty decanter.

"But, my lord," stammered I. "There is only one question I wish to ask you, why you told me all this?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Martin, I have arranged that you will be unable to make any use of your knowledge till after the ceremony is over. By the way, you must pardon me, but you will be virtually a prisoner for an hour, and I had a desire to let Americans know what great offenders they are. They condone in titles what they punish in the lower strata of society. My father as a burglar of mere family jewels might have spent his days in Sing Sing had he practised over here, but I, his son, am actually enticed to burglarise their flesh and blood together with the family jewels, plate and whatever else goes with the family, just because I happen to choose as my cognomen the title of one of Dumas' most consummate scoundrels. When the 'Sensational Gazette' comes out to-morrow I suppose there will be what you vulgarly call a row, but, *cela ne fait rien*; I have my settlements, mostly in cash already received, and the lady will get what she desires, namely, notoriety. And I don't think that Solomon in all his——. Gee whiz! You must excuse me, Mr. Martin, but I have only left myself ten minutes to dress in. You will be at liberty in exactly one hour. Good-bye, and thanks very much. There's another decanter on the sideboard."

It was nearly twilight before I awoke, and as I stumbled out of the house I heard the newsboys shouting their specials. "All about the wedding in high life." I heard, and from the depths of my heart came the answering refrain: "Well, who the devil can blame him?"

# The Pale Queen.

E. Archer.

Illustrated by D. Wiltshire.

ONCE upon a time in the heart of an oak forest there lived a swineherd. He was a very odd fellow. People said that

he was not in his right mind. I wonder what they meant by that! He would sit playing on a little pipe made of reeds, and singing songs to himself that seemed to have no beginning and no end. His voice had a strange sound in it. It was like the heart of the forest and your own heart, too. He was dressed in rags almost, but he was very strong and independent. He could swim and climb and run with the best, and he did not know what fear meant.

Once a year he went to Court to give an account of his pigs to the steward, and the Court servants had a merry time with him.

"Now you shall hear real music," they said, and they took him behind the door to hear the Court band.

The Court band at that time played

nothing but coronation marches and dances turn by turn.

"Oh, is that music?" said the swineherd, in a bewildered sort of way.

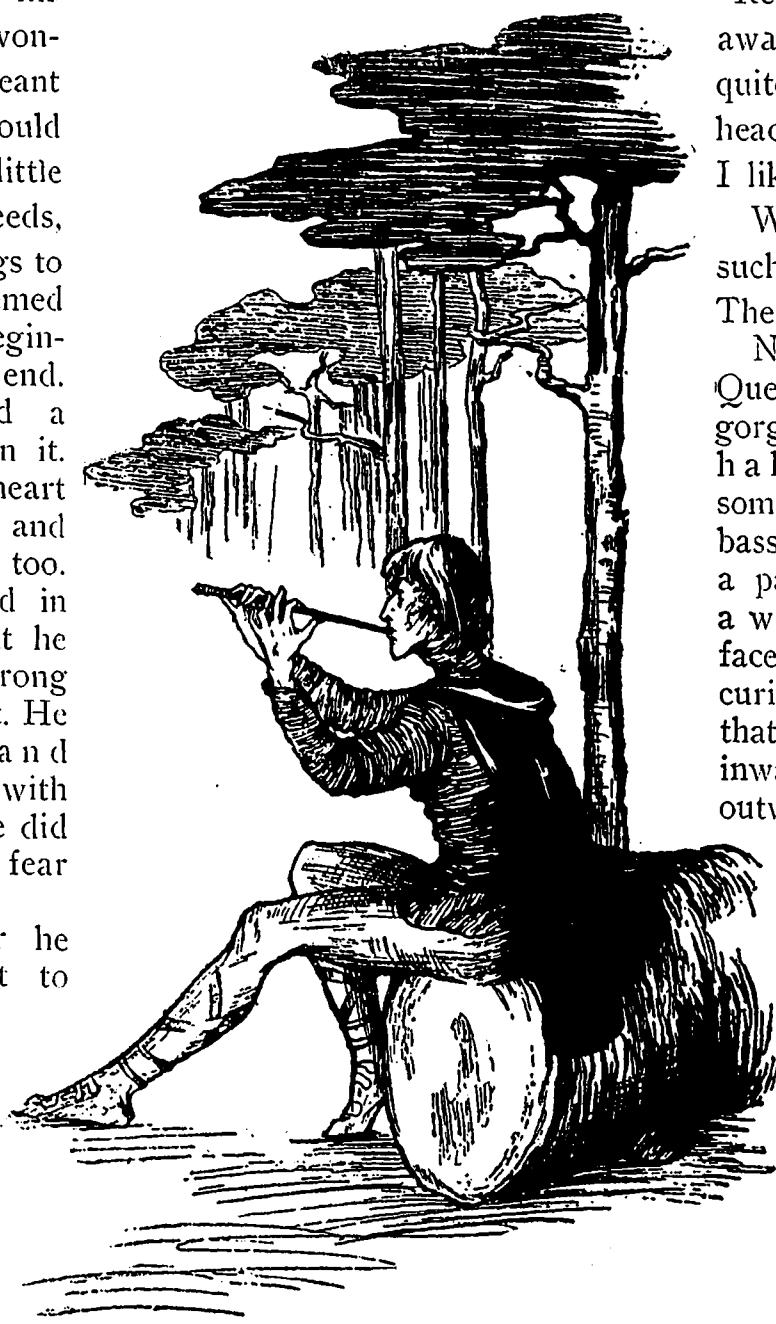
"Really? Let me go away. It gives me quite a pain in my head. I don't think I like real music."

Was there ever such a simpleton? The Court band!

Now one day the Queen sat in her gorgeous banquet hall entertaining some foreign Ambassadors. She was a pale Queen, with a weary look on her face, and she had curious dim eyes that seemed to look inwards instead of outwards. She wore her costly robes of state, and the royal crown on her head.

It was a beautiful crown, but it was very heavy, and so was the royal sceptre. It often dropped out of her long white fingers.

The Queen was tired of the banquet and the foreign Ambassadors. She was often tired.



"He would sit playing on a pipe made of reeds."



It was a hot day. All the doors were open, and it so happened that the swineherd sat in the kitchen hard by, making music for the servants.

"Music!" said the Queen, and something like a taint light flickered across her face.

The Court band immediately set up a merry jig. But that was not what she meant.

"Oh, no; not that," she said. "It came from without."

Then one of the ladies in waiting volunteered the information that it was not music, only the swineherd amusing himself in the kitchen.

"Bring him here at once. At once," said the Queen, in the voice of one who will be obeyed.

"You are to go into the presence of the Queen at once, blockhead," they said to the swineherd, and he answered, "Oh, am I? Very well." And he walked into the hall just as he was, because the Queen had said "At once," with the free step of a man who has the use of all his limbs.

Of course the Court were all laughing in their sleeves at the figure he cut, but he saw nothing of that. Only he saw the pale face of the Queen and heard her voice. There were only himself and the Queen in the whole world.

"Will you not sing to me, swineherd? Your voice is like the forest in spring-time," she said.

But when he opened his mouth not a sound came out of it, and turning on his heels, he ran with all his might out of the Court, never stopping till he reached his old hut in the forest.

How they all laughed at the idiot!

"Your Majesty has not lost much," simpered the lady-in-waiting. But the Queen sighed wearily.

"It was music," she said.

As for the swineherd it was just the same for him in the forest. Always the face and the voice.

In the sunshine, in the cool green twilight, in running water, and the song of birds. Everywhere. Everywhere. Always the face and the voice.

"Surely I shall see her again," he thought.

He did indeed see her again, the very

next time he went to the Palace, but she was paler and stiller than ever.

She was lying in state in the banqueting hall, so that all the people might take a last look at their Queen. They filed in, one by one, and amongst the humbler sort came the swineherd.

The hall was lighted with candles, for the shutters were closed, and the air was heavy with the scent of rare waxen white flowers. The Queen did not look very different, only now the strange eyes were closed. The heavy crown was still on her head, and the heavy sceptre was still in the long, pale fingers. It broke the swineherd's heart to look at her.

"It was here I stood before," he thought, "and I could not even sing to her; such a little thing, and now——"

He seemed quite lost, and stood so long at her feet that an official poked him roughly with a gold stick.

"Get on, get on," said the official; for there were crowds more to come.

But when the swineherd got so far as the Queen's face, he flung up his arms suddenly with a loud cry. Of course everyone said, "Hush, Hush!" but he took no notice of that.

"How is this?" he said. "Why have you brought her here to be stifled?"

Oh, he was mad! There could be no doubt of it!

"How can she be stifled when, alas! she is dead?" they said.

"She is no more dead than you are," said the swineherd.

What a hubbub arose, to be sure.

Not dead! Had not the Court physician and the Lord High Chamberlain said that she was dead? What more could he want? Was she not lying in state? It was scandalous! It was positively indecent!

"She is not dead," said the swineherd, "only let me carry her into the air and the sunshine. Only let me carry her out of this stifling room."

"How dare you dream of such a thing?" said the Court officials, and everyone tried to push him out of the hall; but he fought desperately.

"Only let me try," he cried. "Take my life afterwards. Only let me try."

Of course they were too many for him. They soon pushed him out of the

hall, and the crowd outside joined in the hunt.

"He is an idiot," they said. So they pelted him with stones, and drove him out of the Palace gates with kicks and blows.

He fought like a wild beast.

There was blood on his forehead, and he often fell and got up again. His lips were drawn and cracked, but he

room was very still, and the air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and just before daybreak they both fell fast asleep. Now nothing stirred but the wax candles, which burnt very low and began to throw strange flickering shadows over everything. You could almost fancy that one of the shutters was slowly opening.

Surely it was opening! Yes. There crept in a figure, very very cautiously.



He felt her weight no more than the weight of a White Lily.

never ceased to cry in a loud, hoarse voice, "She is not dead! I tell you, she is not dead!"

So they drove him out of the town.

All this time the Queen lay still and white. The night came on. The tired people and the Court went to bed, all except two waiting women who sat up to keep watch beside the Queen. The

It was the swineherd. He had come back.

How he got there is more than I can tell you! Perhaps the many grotesque ornaments on the walls helped him, for he was grotesque, too, and could climb like a wild cat. Anyhow, there he was. He had a look on his face as though he would win all or die; no-

bility was on his face now. He crept in very softly, and looked at the ladies-in-waiting. Yes; they were fast asleep indeed.

Then he bent over the Queen and listened, listened.

How still and white she was! Yet for all that, he knew that she was alive. At last he laid his ear on the Queen's heart. Then he smiled a little.

"It is not too late," he said.

He was trembling, but I do not think it was with fear. He lifted the heavy crown off her head, and took the heavy sceptre out of her pale fingers. And he unfastened the clasps of the jewelled robes of state. There they lay, a mere empty casket.

But he took the Queen in his arms, in her simple white dress, and her long dark hair fell over him like a mantle. He carried her through the night and the silence, into the heart of the oak forest. There was no night for him and no silence. Only music; music. The very stars seemed to sing. It was wonderful! He felt her weight no more than the weight of a white lily, and the high walls were as banks of roses to him.

There were only the Queen and himself in the whole world. And in the morning the Queen woke.

You may imagine the consternation at Court when the day dawned and the Queen was nowhere to be found. The ladies-in-waiting were quite sure they had not closed their eyes all night. No one could have entered. Everybody sought in all possible directions. They even went into the forest to question the swineherd. Near the hut they met a woman gathering flowers and singing. She was very beautiful and her face was full of joy. It was the Queen, but they did not know her. It was a dead Queen they sought.

The swineherd stood looking on in amazement. He was about as stupid as usual, they thought.

After a time they gave up the search as hopeless.

But the Queen and the swineherd went away to another land. It was as though they had found their own country.

And people do not very often find their own country.

## An Old Fashioned Colonel.

Ethel G. Cody Stoddard.

THE first time he came to our rooms I nicknamed him the Colonel; he looked like one. Then, too, I felt sure that he was one of the real old-fashioned gentlemen, and I took him into my heart at once. My sister Nora and I have two dainty tea-rooms up one flight of stairs off a busy street, and many people find their way to our quiet nook for a cup of tea and its accompaniment. It is one of my delights to study these people—keeps me cheerful and from thinking about myself. So it was quite natural that the Colonel should attract me from

the first. He appeared to be about fifty (though I am not much good at guessing ages), with iron grey hair and moustache, while his merry brown eyes wrinkled at the corners. I enjoyed seeing him come in, he was such a dear.

The second time he came he brought a lady with him; evidently a designing woman, and it actually made me cross to watch her. She was very gay and simpering, and evidently bent on capturing the Colonel if possible. If she had had any sense at all, she would have seen that her tactics were wasted on the man before her. Once I caught her in

the act of laying her fingers on his hand, and I wanted to shake her. Nora says I must surely be Irish—I am always ready for a fight at the slightest provocation. Well if I am Irish—I am proud of it! The Colonel, however, seemed to like the lady's kittenish ways, at any rate he appeared to be highly amused, which made me want to shake him also. When I aired my views to Nora, she demurely asked me if I wanted him myself, else why should I object to the widow. At this I flounced away and busied myself in a far part of the rooms. When they were gone, I went to carry the tea-things away and noticed something lying beside the Colonel's chair, which when picked up, seemed at first glance to be only a bit of newspaper. However, my bump of curiosity being ever on the alert, I examined it closely and found it was a wedding notice dated some twenty years back. The girl's name was Laura Craig, but I am sorry to say I did not pay particular attention to the man's name; I wish now that I had, but the other stayed in my memory. I took the paper to the desk and laid it safely away. Several days later the Colonel came in again. This time with two bright happy young girls, whom I judged to be his daughters until I overheard one of them call him Uncle. They joked and teased the old gentleman to their heart's content, finally carrying him off to procure tickets for the following day's matinee. As he paid his bill, I handed him the marriage notice. His face immediately grew grave; then giving me a searching glance he thanked me bruskiy and hurried after his charges.

A few days later the two girls came in alone, and while I was arranging their table, one of them said: "What time is it, Edith?"

Edith dived into her hand-bag, and brought out a gentleman's watch. "Half past four," she answered. "This is Uncle Julius' watch; he asked me to get it from the jewellers to-day. And now if you won't betray me, I'll show you a secret."

I felt sure the watch in her hand was one I had seen the Colonel consult; so I drawled as much as possible over my task. I confess I was deeply interested.

Calmly taking a knife to the back of the watch (an achievement which I knew would have greatly worried the Colonel), Miss Edith pried it open. Glancing over her shoulder I saw the photograph of a sweet young woman, with smiling eyes which looked straight into one's own.

"Isn't she a dear?" asked Miss Edith. "She is the only sweetheart Uncle Julius ever had. She married ages ago, and Uncle has never looked seriously at another woman since." Then as she turned her eyes questioningly upon me, I fled; though aching to hear more.

The Colonel came in alone a day or two later, and while sipping his tea read several letters. As I approached his table after he had gone, I noticed one letter minus an envelope lying on the floor. I picked it up and noticed that it seemed much worn, then almost unconsciously began to read the words which stared me in the face, and in reading a few words, I did not, I am ashamed to say, stop. The letter appealed so strongly to me that when I had finished reading it I copied it at once (which was disgraceful I'll acknowledge), and still have it among my most treasured possessions; and as I do not know the Colonel's name, I will repeat it here. It was not dated, but was written in an old-fashioned hand, which led me to believe it had not been recently penned, and ran as follows:

My Beloved—For you are my beloved, even though you will not come to me, and though you nurture bitter feeling in your dear heart against me. If you would only let me see you in order that I might explain; but as you will not do that, I must write to you, for I cannot go away without in some way reinstating myself in your dear eyes. Beloved I love you and always shall; living or dead my heart is yours, and oh, Julius, my heart is truly broken. This man whom I am to marry, has lent my father money to a large extent, and it cannot be paid—in money, as father is a ruined man. He will not let the world know and has forced me into the breach. My dear mother, as you know, is very weak; a shock would I fear, take her away from us forever, and we dare not tell her the terrible state of affairs. The doctors ad-

wise us to take her to the south of France. This man will secure my father in his money difficulties and take us all to France. He wants to leave this country and is pleased with the idea. I cannot deny my mother anything, therefore, beloved, though it tear my heart out, I am going to do all that I can to keep my best loved parent with me; and there is no other way to accomplish that, but to marry this man.

Julius, I beg of you, think kindly of me. Keep one little spot in your heart warm for my benefit. I know you will marry and be happy, but do not, I beg of you, ever quite forget this woman who loves you. If I were strong, I would urge you to forget me, but I am not brave enough to ask you to do that. I would that you might hold me close to your heart once more, but that is impossible. God bless you my love. In imagination I kiss your dear lips. Good-bye, I cannot say more—but I still love you while I live, and through eternity, if I may. Laura.

A small orderly came enquiring for the lost letter the following morning, and I gave it to him.

At last one day the Colonel came again, and ordering his usual pot of tea, sat as if waiting for someone. Presently a messenger with a bundle of letters, hurried in and laid them before him. Wiping his glasses, the Colonel proceeded to open his mail. My attention was attracted in another direction for a few moments. All at once I heard a queer noise, and looking around was amazed to see the Colonel standing up and almost purple with emotion, while in his hand trembled an open letter. Scattered everywhere were envelopes and papers. His glasses had fallen off and his cup was upset, though fortunately for us, there was not any tea in it. I hurried to him and began picking up the papers.

"Is there anything wrong; can I help you in any way?" I asked. At this his glance fell on me kneeling beside him. "Bless my soul, woman!" he burst out. "Go away, go away; can't I read a few letters without being disturbed?" Probably my face showed my amazement, for he paused and snatching the packet

of papers from my hand, picked up his hat and hurried away, muttering something about being "left alone." The last I saw of him that day he still had the open letter waiving in his hand.

I was so astonished that I stood staring after him till I heard someone laugh. Then I turned to the disordered table and found the Colonel's cane leaning against the wall. That man seemed to have a faculty for leaving things with us. I carried it to the desk where Nora laughed at my rueful face.

"Whatever happened, honey? Your dear Colonel looked terribly upset when he passed me," she said.

"I'm sure I don't know. I think his brain is crooked. Here is his cane; as usual he left a souvenir of his visit," I answered pettishly, for I was hurt over the way the Colonel had spoken to me.

Later, a messenger came for the cane, but mentioned no name and Nora forgot to ask—much to my disgust. Thus another opportunity to find out my Colonel's name, slipped past; though I certainly had chances enough when I was picking up those envelopes, but I did not think about it at the time, I was too much worried about the Colonel.

After that we came to the conclusion that we had lost the Colonel's custom, as day after day passed by without a glimpse of his pleasant face. I missed him and mourned so much over his absence, that Nora teased me, and said I must have had designs on the old dear.

One dull day late in the fall, when the rooms were empty, and I was drearily looking out of the window, I heard some people come in. When I turned to see them I stood transfixed, then fairly rubbed my eyes. Could I be dreaming or was it really the Colonel and a lady I saw before me? Not waiting to see if I would wake up, I hurried toward them, and met the Colonel's merry eyes smiling at me in greeting. I stole a glance at his companion, and my eyes must have attained the size of saucers, for as I glanced at the Colonel he chuckled.

"My dear young lady," he said to me as soon as they were seated, "I am afraid I was very rude to you during my last visit here, but-er-". Turning to the lady. "Laura, this is the young woman who re-

turned to me your lost letter, also that paper clipping. And the day I received your never-to-be-forgotten letter, she tried to help me. But bless me! I nearly knocked her over and rushed away; my only thought being to get to you as soon as possible."

The lady smiled at me and I was overjoyed to be able to recognize the features of the sweet faced picture in the Colonel's watch.

"It was nothing—I'm glad." I stammered when the Colonel interrupted me.

"Of course you're glad, so am I. But remember that when a man is out of heaven for twenty years and is practically without hope; that when the gates are suddenly opened, he cannot be held responsible for anything he may do. Isn't that correct? A double pot of tea and the usual frills if you please."

I bustled away and soon returned with our daintiest new china service. As I

arranged it before them the Colonel did not cease his conversation.

"Yes, my love," he was saying, "right here at this very table, and I shall consider it mine in future. Here I lost your letter which brought me so much misery, and found the other one which brought you to me again." Then looking up at me, "My wife and I expect to come here often, and hope we may always have this table," he announced with a proud ring in his voice. I murmured an assurance which seemed to highly please the Colonel. They come in quite often, and I love them both, and delight in watching them. There seems to be a golden honeymoon and never ending. Nora says I spoil them—but who could help it? Then too, I am trying if possible, to atone for copying that letter, though I am happy in possessing it. And through it I somehow seem to feel that the Colonel and his wife belong to me.

## A Vibrating Coil.

Keith Wright.

**I** CAN never speak of snakes without a shudder; but 'tis little wonder. One experience with squirming reptiles is generally enough for any man.

Some three years ago I joined a hunting party bound for the interior of British Columbia, that part generally known as the "Dry Belt" or, sometimes, "Bunch-grass" country. Prairie chicken, grouse and ducks proved plentiful and the "bags" most gratifying to our pride as marksmen. We were having the time of our lives but, as usual, there had to be something to mar the otherwise perfection of things.

The "something" in this case was unpleasant, being nothing less than rattle snakes. These were reported not uncommon, and the many tales of their

viciousness told with pleasant candor by the ranchers, did not tend to quiet our nerves, especially when climbing likely hillsides. However, after a week without sight or sound of one I commenced to feel easier, but did not forget to look in corners or shake my blankets before retiring. We were camped on a knoll facing a lake of most beautifully clear water, a spot which some old-timers warned us was dangerously full of rattlers. Search revealed no trace of any, so—after eating a hearty supper and listening for some time to our guide's many stories of snakes—rattlers in particular—we turned in early, having a big day planned for the morrow.

I suppose I had been lying down about an hour when a slight rustle attracted my attention. A waning moon shed a

feeble light through the tent enabling me, by straining my eyes, to detect a shadowy form a few feet to my right. My heart leaped to my mouth—was it a Rattler? My doubt was short lived. Another rustle and, horrors! the thing had moved towards me. Shivers ran up and down my spine while a cold sweat broke out over my whole body, but move or cry out I could not. My eyes were glued to that form in the shadow. Would it advance or retreat? Lord! the agony of that moment was awful. Again the rustle and a snake, larger than I had ever imagined any Rattler could be, was beside me with its head raised to strike.

My God! It was terrible. Even now, safely at home I tremble to think of it. With a wild shriek I leaped up and threw

myself upon the thing endeavoring to grasp the slimy brute below the head and thus strangle it; but my grip was too weak and—horror of horrors—slowly but surely the wriggling mass forced itself through my hands bending its repulsive head and jaws towards my wrists. I strained every nerve and put forth every ounce of strength I possessed, but death in that hideous form oozed nearer and nearer.

Just as I had given up all hope, my arm was given a terrible jerk while, at the same time, I felt a mighty solid dig in the ribs and heard a voice saying, "Let go my arm you crazy devil and lie down and go to sleep—camp's no place for nightmares."

## The Old Fashioned Garden.

Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

A sweet old fashioned garden by the dusty road it grew,  
With tiger-lilies nodding in the sun;  
And poppies dressed in scarlet, bending o'er forget-me-nots,  
Whose pilgrimage had only just begun.

The phlox was running riot, with the gay nasturtiums bloom,  
And asters whispered to a marigold;  
While the hollyhock a-tremble, wooed the morning glory, coy,  
Where chrysanthemums once shivered in the cold.

A stately old sunflower that had leaned against the wall  
And laid her head upon the window-sill,  
Stooped o'er the flowering almond, and listened to the hymn,  
That was singing 'midst the pines on yonder hill.

Beside the porch a fuschia crept, to breathe the infant's breath,  
And cockscombs set the blue-bells all a-ringing—  
'Till the oleander frowning, shook some petals on the ferns,  
And the velvet-hooded dahlia stopped her singing.

Then the autumn plants grew silent, to sweet William's glad delight,  
And geraniums clasped the castor-beans in fear;  
While daylight, softly dying, from her chalice spilled the dew,  
'Till it glittered on the rosebud, like a tear.

But the magic moonbeams shining, silvered all the sleeping flowers  
And the garden old, grew wondrous strange and white;  
While 'neath the fence, a pansy crept—and silent kissed my feet—  
Then—I plucked it—shut the gate—and said—"good night."

# What's in a Name?

Billee Glynn.

ONCE I was called "Frank Shelley Smith," but now it's Frank Shelley-Smythe. That sounds rather paradoxical, doesn't it? Well, this tale is paradoxical, too, so far as Lilian is concerned, for she is a paradox of the most pronounced—yet charming—type. Anyway it was all the fault of her and Jones that my change of name came about. For myself, in consideration of the fact that it's the man makes the name not vice versa and with no small conceit in regard to my own personality and qualifications, I had always been content with my rather hackneyed patronymic, "Smith"; and it was not till the night I asked Lilian to take it that I suddenly became aware of its shortcomings in the ears of a woman at least. The curse of it then fell upon me like a thunderbolt from sunny skies—if I may use that overdone simile. It was at Lilian's home in the suburbs, and happened thus. In a glow of poetry and passion from having sat that afternoon to a matinee performance of "Romeo and Juliet," I found courage to put the question to Lilian which I had been conning in mind so long. Would she be Mrs. Smith? These were not the exact words, of course, but the "Mrs. Smith" was to it, and what unlucky chance of wording ever caused me to get it there I cannot imagine. Perhaps it was over-confidence; because Lilian was every whit as poetic at that moment as myself, and as I gazed into her blushing face after introducing the important query I had every hope of a favorable reply. But alas! Lilian's poeticness had a taste of tragedy in it. She paused long enough to make me believe a few worlds with a sun or two thrown in depended on her answer, and then burst out with the following:

"Oh, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a  
    rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Smith would were he not Smith  
    called  
Retain that dear perfection which he  
    owes  
Without that title—Frank, dearest, doff  
    thy name,  
And for thy name which is no part of  
    thee  
Take all thyself."

Well, thinking that this was only Lilian's whimsical way of acceding to my proposition, I did "take all herself," and that before she had time to resist; but what was my surprise when I at length set her free and asked her to name the day to find she had been in earnest.

"I'm so sorry, Frank," she said, pouting tragically, "but I really never could consent to be called Smith."

"You do not love me, then?"

"Oh, yes, it's the name itself I mean—just think of changing Lilian Doris Vernon for Smith—plain Smith."

Of course, I laughed at this, remarking that she would still have the "Lilian Doris"; but she persisted earnestly:

"It's nothing to laugh at—I am just sure I would faint the first time anyone called me 'Mrs. Smith.'"

"But the second, and third, and the thousandth," I suggested.

"Just that many more faints! I would never get used to it in the world. Of all the names on earth I always disliked that most. If it were not that you're it, Frank, I would say I hated it—it's so common, so suggestive of prosaic things—of green-grocers in standard novels. You may have noticed that I always



avoided calling you Mr. Smith even at the first."

Her "Frank" having so charmed me in other ways, this intelligence was rather unpalatable; and I hastened to interpose lest she might out with other disillusionments to haunt my romance.

"This is all foolishness," I argued, growing serious. "It's the man not the name that counts—there's nothing green-grocery about me I hope?"

"Do you suppose I would have kept your company so long if you had been like your name?"

"Then you do not love me."

"That is mean, Frank, after me letting you—kiss me."

There was such reproach in her tones that I, of course, had to wipe out my meanness by a further draft on her "letting," which, however, had something of a struggle in it.

"Come, now," I commanded the next instant, "I've done fooling, Lilian. Prove yourself to be in earnest and let me know how soon it can be."

She pouted prettily. "There is really no use talking about it, Frank," she returned, "while you bear that name."

My life would be nothing but a burden as Mrs. Smith. Oh, be some other name!

"You're still at the play," I interrupted, suspecting that she had been only bantering me all along; "I will wait until to-morrow when you will have recovered completely from Shakesperian effects."

"To-morrow," however, her answer was the same, and for fifty or more "to-morrows" afterward; and I had passed from pleading to vexation, and from vexation to despair. There seemed nothing for it but to be born again, or murder all the other "Smiths" on earth to make the name at once uncommon and notorious.

It was at this stage of the case that I mentioned the matter to Jones on the reportorial staff of "The Call," who was a very close friend of mine and shared my bachelor's quarters in the city.

Having been in the habit of going out to see Lilian's elder sister he had viewed the whimsical side of my obdurate Juliet from a personal standpoint, and aware of the tenacity of prejudice that in a charm-

ing way—usually—went to make up her nature, was not disposed to pass the matter off as a joke—though it appealed in no small way to his sense of humor.

"Don't see how I can help you in this, Frank," he said at length.

"Hang it all," I emphasized, "you're used to 'scooping' things—can't you suggest something?"

"Really, Frank, I never asked a girl myself," he responded.

I was much disappointed in Jones.

A week later it was civic holiday and I was leaving for Lilian's, when I noticed a letter on the table which had evidently been left for me. It was posted in the city, and I opened it to read with no inconsiderable surprise the following:

"You are a master of jiu-jitsu. Would you be a master of love?"

Her—the Densmore Road—Riddle's Wood—broken auto—this aft."

This strange epistle kept me thinking all the way to Lilian's. Who had sent it—Jones? It did not think so. It was not his scrawl; besides I had seen him that morning, and he would have told me instead of writing. Was it the ruse then of some clever robber who had got hold of my secret and was making use of it for his own ends. Hunting my pockets I found I had two fifty dollar bills and some loose change. I put the bills inside the leg of my stocking. "Now," I said, "I'll take the risk—anything for Lilian!"

I do not think she ever looked more lovely or was more amiably charming than on that day. She was dressed in an navy-blue silk stuff, with some touches of white on it here and there, and the way her softly-tinted face with its crown of burnished golden hair showed above this setting was nothing less than "raving"—to speak poetically. In the passion of her beauty I had hard work in restraining myself from beginning the "Smith" controversy with her right at the outset in the hope of convincing her by a strong, ringing appeal to tenderer susceptibilities; but I disliked the thought of even ruffling the surface of her graciousness. Besides the mystery of the note had got hold of me; and it was in remembrance of it that I glanced secretly at my watch from time to time.

Proposing to spin in the "auto" at length I found Lilian quite in accord with the project.

Seated in the car with her it occurred to me as not being a bad idea—as a sort of last fling of my own bait—to again offer her the oft-rejected name of "Smith."

"Oh, Frank, don't," she responded. "I thought that subject was tabooed."

"Not till you consent to the adoption of your new name," I returned.

"Of your old one, you mean," she rejoined with a smile of mockery. "Well, then the argument is likely to last forever unless you should begin to consider the matter of becoming 'Vernon.'"

"Prove your royalty to evade the law," I replied, "and I'll adopt your name in a minute."

"So quickly! You're the one most interested; why not prove it yourself?"

"As queen of my heart," I responded quixotically, looking in her bright face, "I need no proof that you are royal except my eyes. You are the very first aristocrat of beauty. But the world is slow to believe in 'blue-blood' and genealogical trees."

"When there's nothing to do but cut it out till you're born again, Frank."

"Will a birth in spirit do?" I asked; "my morals, you know, can stand some mending."

"No, nor your berth at sea."

"I'm aware of that," I rejoined, "for I have been terribly at sea without landing anything but mal-de-mer of the heart ever since the afternoon of "Romeo and Juliet."

Lilian laughed and we dropped the conversation.

At Riddle's Wood I surreptitiously cut off the motor power and the machine came to a dead stop. Lilian had been gazing at the scenery on the other side of the road, but turned quickly around.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"The machine absolutely refuses to go," I replied, jerking pretentiously at the steering apparatus, and inwardly thanking my stars for Lilian's ignorance in regard to "autos."

"What are we to do?" she queried half anxiously.

"Oh! I guess it's nothing very serious

that's wrong," I said; "I will get out and examine the machine."

The next moment I had alighted and was looking the "auto" over carefully. Lilian sat in the car perplexed and waiting—the most beautiful picture that ever tormented man—and I kept fumbling away and waiting too. I did not know exactly for what, and I did not care much if it were a regiment of Russian Cossacks provided it might help me to break the whimsical prejudice of the lovely woman whom I had such an eager desire to adorn with my poor patronimic. The "It" however took so long in making an appearance that I had about given up hope, and was thinking of mounting the car again, when a sudden rustling of bushes and a sound of footsteps attracted my attention from behind. The next instant with Lilian's low exclamation of horror in my ears I had turned about to face a half dozen of the most radically-looking brigands imagination ever conjured. The foremost, presenting a revolver, demanded in guttural tones the woman and machine or my life. At this Lilian gave a smothered cry; but I reassured her with a quiet smile and a gesture of my hand—though in consideration of the fact that they looked so much like business I was inwardly trembling myself. Then I turned to the man.

"The machine," I said, "is at present out of running order; the woman is my promised bride; you have surely more sense of honor than to break up an engagement?"

"An engagement!" he returned sneeringly. "When was the important affair to come off? I never believe in those things unless I hear the exact date."

I stood for an instant nonplussed, then turned with an appealing look to Lilian, while the group of bandits stood regarding us grimly behind their masks.

She hesitated, flushed then said softly, "We were to be married on the fifteenth of next month."

The leader of the gang lifted his hat with a most graceful bow.

"We are in time, my lady," he said, "to find you a better husband and a parson close at hand to do the trick."

Lilian colored in dismay. But un-

heeding the bandit turned to me with the command:

"Put up your hands there, *Jack*."

"If I refuse?" I said.

For answer a shot was fired in close range to my head. I could have ducked for I was actually scared, but I had a temper and as before intimated I was a master of jiu-jitsu. Before the leader had recovered himself to again command his gun, I was at him, and with a quick turn of the wrist had disarmed him; throwing him the next instant heavily to the ground. I had not time to pick up the revolver before the others—who appeared unarmed—were on me; but I met them with my foot on the weapon. The scuffle was short and apparently fierce. I had a glimpse of eyes behind masks; a sense of bodies hurling themselves against me with obvious fury to fall back the next instant at a touch; of hands gripping me to relax their hold—while I made hurried, ostentatious use of all the science at my command; then I managed to pick up the revolver from the ground, and at the sight of it the whole gang took to their heels and ran. I fired a couple of shots after them, found out suddenly what was wrong with the "auto," and a minute later had left Riddle's wood with its highwaymen behind, and with Lilian seated at my side—the light of hero-worship in her eyes—was cutting the rods off the return journey at a racing clip.

"Are you hurt, Frank?" she had asked almost tenderly as I jumped into the car. And I had replied "No, I jiu-jitsued them"; turning the machine put it to its best gait to avoid further questioning. I was afraid I might not appear "natural" after such a terrible conflict.

Of course I entreated Lilian not to mention the matter at the house. We had no sooner got there, however, and were installed with other members of the family on the verandah, when who should come wheeling up the driveway at telegram-bearing speed but Jones. He dismounted like a man having a duty to perform, and without ceremony walked up and wrung Lilian's hand.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Miss Vernon," he said earnestly, "on your escape from the most terrible band of bri-

gands and woman-abductors in the United States—the Mississippi Whitecaps!" They were supposed to have landed in this state from the West several weeks ago, but nothing happened to prove the rumor till this case of yours." Then at the growing look of wonder on her face. "I heard the whole affair from a farm-boy who watched it hid behind the fence, being too frightened to reveal himself."

At this point he suddenly turned to me, giving me an enthusiastic clap on the shoulder.

"Smith," he exclaimed, "you're a wonder—a prodigy! To do a half dozen ruffians of the type of the 'Mississippi Whitecaps' in as many seconds almost, and that unarmed, is a feat for a Hercules—a modern Sampson. Your nerve my dear fellow, is nothing less than tremendous. I would have run a mile from one of them. The thing is really worth a scare heading."

"Jones," I entreated, "you will say nothing about this in the paper?"

"Say nothing!" he reiterated, as if he did not quite grasp my meaning; and then without committing himself either way, and with a hint that he had a professional engagement to keep, he again took to his wheel and disappeared with as little ceremony as he had come.

Of course Lilian's family had to get a realistic account of the hold-up in minutiae after that, and I was obliged to accept all sorts of compliments with as good or bad grace as I could muster. The flow of eulogy on my behalf was such—combined with the tragic earnestness displayed by Jones—that when I at length struck out for home my head was in such a jumble that I scarcely knew whether I had been up against the real thing or not. The note of the morning did not afford any very clear deductions, and I was utterly unable to cope with the possible results the affair might have for me and Lilian. I even forgot Jones' remark about the scare-heading, and the probability of his putting the affair in print; and I did not see him that night to remind me of it.

The next morning, however, the first thing I ran against was a newsboy yelling "Mississippi Whitecaps" at the top

of his voice, with my own name subjoined, and I hastened to buy a paper.

You could have blown me over with a breath. There was the whole thing on the front page, exaggerated tenfold, and adorned with the regulation scare-heading—which contained in its lower gradations even the date of my engagement to Lilian, or the one rather she had mentioned to the leader of the bandits.

Of course after the first shock of notoriety this showed me the light in Jones' plan—for I knew it had been Jones now. And when I appeared before Lilian with the paper that evening, it was with a feeling that since the matter had gone so far I might as well do my part to bring it to the proper conclusion—the one Jones had meant, and I myself, heartily desired.

"There," I said, throwing down the paper before her with affected repugnance, "he's gone and done it in spite of us. I'll cut that fellow forever for that." Then I sank into a chair and looked miserable.

Lilian, of course, was at once in a terrible way about the notoriety of the thing. But this first discomfiture was nothing compared to her infliction when she read in the lower headlines of the account—in 'cap' letters aggravatively

black—the announcement of our engagement, and she exclaimed vehemently on the audacity of yellow journalists.

"I wonder who told him that?" she asked petulantly when she had recovered her breath.

"The farmer's boy, probably," I returned.

"Well, he'll have to correct it in the next issue."

But I rose to meet the situation and took her hand.

"Is it not correct now?" I pleaded, looking in her eyes.

Her face flushed and she turned again to the paper. But I was not to be put off this time.

"Is it not correct?" I persisted, pinching the shell-like ear that showed like a jewel in the mass of blonde hair.

Then she raised her eyes for an instant with a strange glimmer of humor in them and pointed to the paper.

"I rather like your name spelt like that," she said softly. "Why didn't you tell me before there was a hyphen in it?"

My friendship with Jones from that moment became eternal. He had spelt my name, "Frank Shelley-Smythe," a hyphen connecting the middle and surname. And it has remained so till this day.

## The Prairie.

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

Have you ever stood, I wonder,  
 In the vastness of the prairie?  
 Where all space seems torn asunder,  
 And you feel like some lost Peri,  
 Lifted up by Fate and hurled,  
 To the confines of the world!

Oh! the silence and the stillness,  
 How it creeps into your being;  
 Oh! the solitary chillness  
 Of the things beyond your seeing;  
 Oh! the thoughts that o'er you rush,  
 In the nearness of the hush!

How it grips you in its tenseness,  
Like the clutch of unseen fingers;  
Till Invincible Immenseness,  
Is the only thought that lingers,—  
Out there on the prairie sod,  
Just yourself, the sky, and God.

How it makes you feel your smallness,  
How it brings you to your knees;  
Out amid that mighty Allness  
Of superb tranquillities:  
Face to face with primal laws,  
And the one Eternal Cause!

O'er your senses steals the calling  
Of the voices of the air;  
Through the silence softly falling  
From the realms of Other-where:  
Like capricious winds that veer,  
Sounds you feel, but never hear.

While an overwhelming longing,  
Fills your being to the brim;  
And your pulsing blood is thronging  
Full and free through every limb:  
Till you seem a very part  
Of that boundless prairie heart.

Then you dimly grasp the splendor  
Of the vastness of the Whole;—  
Of the Thought that could engender  
All these spaces, and control  
Their unharnessed dignity  
With such calm benignity.

And there throbs a subtle union  
Through the strain of life's resistance;  
And all unexpressed communion  
With this Deity of distance;  
Till you feel in kindred mood  
With the heart of solitude.

Winning courage, stronger, braver,—  
From the source of the All-giving;  
Delving deep, though faith may waver,  
To the naked truth of living:  
Claiming strength for ways untrod,  
From the silent things of God.

# The Case of the S. S. Arran.

Patrick Vaux.

**I**NTO Hamilton Harbour, Bermuda, the cool Atlantic was willing to lap and gurgle against the shipping moored alongside the wharf and quays, where all was intense activity.

That afternoon not a military base of Great Britain's or belonging to the Two Powers declaring hostilities against her but rang with systematic hurry-scurry.

Towards the east end of the harbour lay the Arran, cargo steamer of the British Line, owned by Woodman, Rucker, Klein and Co. On board her the din and dust of discharging cargo had suddenly stopped. Already her carpenter was battenning down her hatches, and the boatswain hurrying the grimy discontented hands now unslacking and hauling aboard her mooring wires and hawsers.

Her master, James Holinshed, standing in the shade of the bridge-deck awning, was anxiously eyeing them. He hailed his chief mate, who was passing forward, red-faced and perspiring with his exertions, vocal and muscular.

"What's wrong with the hands, Gilmore? They're working as if it was a month of Sundays?"

"They are slack, very slack, sir!" replied the mate, wiping his face. "The owners' wire to discharge cargo at Kingston, instead o' here, has put them out o' all their calculations. It was to be a night's drift ashore for them to-night! They thought, too, ye intended shipping fresh stores."

"Fresh stores!" snapped the master. "Nonsense! The owners do make it a point to man their vessels with crews seven-sixths foreigners, but they don't save much on the provisions. In this ship there's no to'g'lan tea or dogchowder. Either some one is getting at the men, or this sudden outbreak of war is turning their heads."

"A little of both, sir! More than once these last few days, I've had to check

the second mate for gassing with deckhands, and yesterday, the 'chief' ran him out o' the stokehold, double-quick. There will be danger, sir, with him."

Gloomily the skipper looked at the men on the after deck. Their excited undertones fell on his ear.

"Redhelt? Yes, as you say, Gilmore, he does not seem straight. I'll speak to him on occasion. We back out as soon as the pilot comes aboard. . . ."

It was just on sunset when the Arran slowed down outside Hogfish Cut, and discharged her piot. To the twanging of her engine-room telegraph, 'Full speed ahead,' the British merchantman surged forward for Jamaica and hostilities.

"Starboard watch will go below, now, Mr. Redhelt," said the skipper. "Dericks and gear are stowed fast, if the wind does come down."

"Not much look of it in day sky, sir," the second mate answered, as he stepped to the bridge rail to hail the watch.

The expression of contradiction on Redbelt's obtuse face irritated the skipper.

Its usual tactiturnity was gone, he thought. A covert elation seemed to have superseded it.

On Holinshed's ear came the jabbering of the watch going below. Not a single word of English rang from the seven seamen.

"Sing out to these men to make less noise, Mr. Redhelt," he exclaimed testily. "This isn't a Sonk Powly boarding-house!"

"Schweigt da, kerls," the second mate roared, thrusting himself out over the rail.

Instantly all the men on deck wheeled amidships. Momentary silence ensued. It was followed by nods, winks and whisperings among the men on deck.

"Mr. Redhelt, German methods don't

suit a British crew," quoth Holinshed in sharp voice. "You are on a British vessel, and don't you forget it. Keep an English tongue in your mouth."

"Dey mind did forget me. So wenig Englisch is spoken in dese Engliches schiff."

The skipper winced under the ill-disguised contempt.

"That is neither my concern nor yours, my man!" he rejoined curtly. "Do your duty honestly, and speak it in English, or I'll want to know why."

The relieved wheel, a Dutchman (West Frisian), grinned to his mates as he went forward. The watch on deck resumed their interrupted tasks. But their demeanor, side long looks at Redhelt as he came down the bridge ladder and made for the saloon companion, much puzzled the skipper.

"I'll need to settle his hash for him," said he to the chief mate. "About lighting up? Yes, the usual lights. I'll sooner chance being taken by one of the enemy's three cruisers hanging around than douse the lights and then be blown to bits by one of ours, taking us for the enemy."

Loud chaotic chattering echoed amidships, from the fore-castle.

Holinshed stirred fidgety about.

"Not a word, not a word of English, Gilmore! Just hear to them. What the deuce is wrong with them?"

Out of his tall fore-castle poured seamen and stokers, their voices incomprehensible and exciting. The men on deck joined them. Louder grew the hubbub, as the threatening, encouraging, remonstrating men advanced to the bridge.

"In for a row, they are, sir," cried Gilmore, leaping beside his officer.

One seaman carried a mugful of tea breast-high. An unwashed trimmer had a tin dish half-filled with scouse. Another held a chunk of bread, stuck on the point of his clasp-knife, at arms' length above his head. Gesticulating, challenging the boastful crowd rushed amidships.

"Not a man of them worth his salt!" the skipper blurted out, his voice thick with anger. "I'll go down, and talk to them, by God, I will! Gilmore, you stay

on the bridge. The other officers are coming."

The third mate, a quiet Swede, had heard the racket, and hurried on the bridge-deck. Norris, the chief engineer, coming out of his cabin, forced a way for his big body, and took up position beside the third, just behind the master, who had halted half way down the ladder. Redhelt, wiping his mouth and numbling to the men, shoved an easy passage through the excited throng. Standing by the foot of the ladder he watched master and men with eager cat-like glances.

"What is all this about?" Holinshed asked. "You, there, Ebers!" pointing his forefinger at a bellowing Dantzicer. "Shut your mouth."

His resolute voice, his unconcernedness, the masterfulness of his address, broke the exuberance of the crowd.

It became silent, save for two stokers jabbering and flinging their hands about, and the few Scandinavians on its outskirts talked in low hasty whispers.

"What d'ye want?" cried the master sharply. "What are you playing at Mumbo-Jumbo for, eh?"

The trimmer, a Belgian, thrust forward his dishful of cold victuals. The expression on his grimy, surly face was of vindictiveness, not disgust or anger.

"Ve shay tiss now ish dam bad, by Gott it ish; It makes te shtomacke-acke, captain."

"Ya, ya! An' dese brot ist nicht gut!" shouted a dog-faced Hessian, officiously, shoving his chunk of soft tack into the dish, to offer it to the master.

"Not good? Not good? Holinshed repeated in a harsh voice.

He smelt the scouse. Giving his attention to the soft tack, slowly he ate it.

"These stores bad, you say? Eh, what? he rapped out. "I suppose none of ye have ever sailed in a "Vaterland" vessel, with her stinking bacon and putrid pickles! These stores of mine—bad? D'ye get better in your crimmig houses down the Referbahn, at Altona, eh? It's just anything for a row, with you. Bad stores? Is this a man ship? D'ye get cow-jipper and double belt pie on board my boat! You, ye lazy swine!"

He came down a step or two, and the crowd fell back, its turbulency checked.

This man with the steel-gray eyes, and dominant bearing, appeared admantine. His eyes found the back of every man's head, so they felt. Already they all were beginning to wonder if they had been fooled, if they really had any chance against him.

The "swelled heads" found themselves left in a group by themselves, standing at the foot of the ladder, and unable to get away from the second mate's menacing eyes.

"Bad stores?" repeated that sarcastic voice overhead. "What ye all need is plenty work and black draught. Lay for'ard now. D'ye hear. No more of this."

The master stepped off the ladder.

Hot voices filled the air. A few of the malcontents began to edge away. Others refused to budge further.

Norris and Erichsen came down behind the skipper. On the bridge, Gilmore lost his air of nonchalance, and put his right foot on the bridge ladder. His fists were screwed tight in his coat pockets.

"He's the good old sort, by God, he is! Will they keep their hands down, will they keep their hands down?" he asked himself.

The master stalked down on the hands.

They scattered. The watch scuttled in all directions. The boatswain's voice trumpeted furiously.

It was now Holinshed turned to his second mate.

"Redhelt, if I find you coming and going among the hands, by God, I clap you into irons. Mind that."

\* \* \* \* \*

Tingtang went five bells on the bridge; tingtang answered the fore-castle head.

The lookout examined masthead and sidelights. He called out, "All ees vell, sar. Lights burnin' bright." Then fur-tively resumed pulling at his pipe.

"Faugh, very warm! Not much sleeping for me to-night, at any rate," said the skipper to the third, on coming out of the chart-house. "The fo'castle is not yet quiet. Hello, what d'ye see there?"

The third, who had been staring away

to port, removed the night glass from his eye.

"Fo'castle is not quiet, sir. Twenty minutes or so ago, two steamers in line astern, cruisers, I'd say, passed on a parallel course."

"The Endymion and Seahorse, I expect. They were to leave Bermuda dockyard for Castries this evening," replied Holinshed. "But, just listen to that jabbering for-ard."

He frowned at his funnel's smoke, gray for a few feet in the haze of the masthead lantern as it trailed down wind.

"Wonder what they're talking about," he muttered to himself. "I don't like it. A spark fires loose powder, and it looks like we've too much lying around. War and worry getting on my nerves, I think."

The night was very dark, and, overhead, indistinct clouds hung low like the deep fringes of a gigantic canopy. The sea lay calm, with a slight groundswell from the south-west, and exuding a strong salty aroma. Damp and sultry blew the westerly breeze, too faint to move the vapours cloaking the heavens with their myriads of stars.

With ever recurrent dip and roll the steamer was swivling onwards at eight knots. In the waters, edged with a thin rip and foam where they eddied and sucked along the broadside into the wake, tremulous fires, blue, green and purple, flickered and coiled intricately into the further darkness.

The chief mate drew his stumpy round body up on the bridge. Peering about to see where the officer of the watch was, he beckoned the master aside.

"Fo'castle very restless, sir."

"So I hear, so I hear," the skipper exclaimed petulantly.

"The deck and stokehold hands are together, sir. Redhelt was amongst them. So 'Chips' says. The Deutscher's snoring like a pig now."

Holinshed bit his lips.

Said he in a short, jerky voice, "They mean nothing, mean nothing. My barkers—left-hand top drawer. Get 'em—your own, too. Tell the engineers to



be on the alert. Only seven of us Britishers against the thirty-four of em."

Eight bells (midnight) went. The fresh watch came on. The second mate went on the bridge. And over the pitch-black waste pressed the Arran confidently, as if all was well.

The master out of the corner of his eye scrutinized Redbelt.

His face was flushed, or so it seemed in the illumination of the binnacle light. No drowsiness hung on its ribbed eyelids. Quick and comprehensive was the second mate looking about him. He wore the air of authority, and it became him. Determination stiffened his mouth.

As if unconscious of the master near him, he addressed the wheel loudly, commandingly, in his native tongue.

"Damn you," raged Holinshed, gripping him by the shoulder, "what did I say before about all this? Have ye no sense of an officer's proper behaviour? Speak English, will ye—none of that cursed lingo!"

Redbelt wrenched himself free.

"Sohweinhund!" he roared, his eyes fired with long suppressed enmity. "Nun ist dieses schiff ein Deutsches schiff. Nun ist der krieg. Vor-kastell, da! Arner, Cutterman, Wessel. Mir an die hand geh'n."

Like a madman he threw himself on the master.

Holinshed's fist caught him under the chin, and he went reeling aside. The wheel came rushing, head down, and threw himself against the skipper's knees.

As he tumbled on his back, hoarse agonized cries broke from the fore-castle and well deck. A fighting cursing, crowd surged amidships.

Yelling men streamed up from the stokehold. A report echoed through the engine-room skylight, to be followed by a scream terrible in its intensity. Then the engines slackened down. Guttural cries of triumph arose in the air.

Holinshed and the wheel rolled in death-grips.

The panting Silesian with legs entwined was hammering furiously at his face. But the Englishman's fingers circled his throat, strangling life out of him.

A horrible stinging pain flashed through the back of his head, stars lept into his eyes. As he turned to face the fresh attack the next swinging blow from the mate's foot smote him senseless.

"Verddammt Englisches aas!" Redbelt burst out with, dealing another vindictive blow.

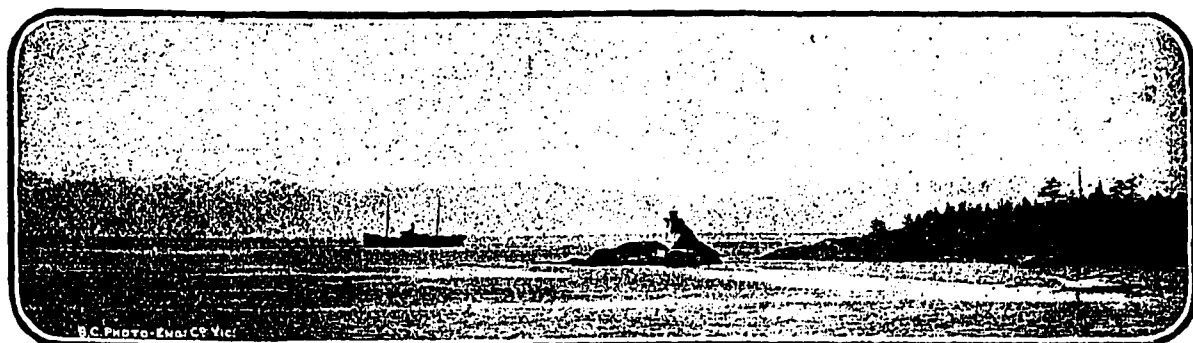
Erichsen and the second engineer lay battered and bloody, alongside the galley, tied back to back, some of the hands standing over them revolver in hand. In a pool of blood near the alley-way was huddled the chief mate, apparently dead. The few Scandinavians lay groaning, bleeding to death from clasp-knife wounds, on the well deck and beside the fore-castle hatch.

The coup-de-main was accomplished. The first prize of the war was taken.

Already Gustave Redbelt, unter-lieutenant zur see, was being hoched in delirious triumph by the crew. Most of them belonged to the Seewehr, that great naval reserve of the German Empire's.

\* \* \* \* \*

And on board British merchantmen are over 23,821 men of German's Naval Reserve.





# COUNTRY *and* SUBURBAN HOMES

*by*

*E. Stanley Mitton* m.i.c.a.

**T**HE strength of a nation depends upon the integrity of the home. The integrity of the home depends upon the degree of pleasure and comfort which it produces. These in turn depend more largely upon the class of people who occupy the homes than upon the home itself. Crabbed, selfish people will spoil any home—tyrannical parents drive their sons to the pool-room, their daughters to the street and from such start the descent which culminates in the wrecking of homes, is easy.

It is in the end, quite probable that the original cause of all this lies more at the door of homes proper than would appear at first glance. Pleasant, healthful surroundings produce healthy, pleasant people. The home has a very material place in this production. If there were more pleasant homes, there would be fewer crude people on the street. There would consequently be less unpleasantness to bring home from business. The fact is, that unhealthful surroundings of any kind, act and re-act—the street upon the home—the home upon the street. But economists are not wrong in considering the home, the citadel of the nation. A man can hardly choose the character of his business surroundings, but he can, if he has modest means, live in a healthful spot in the midst of a clean, healthy home life, and to this end, all the legislation of coun-

tries is directed, in order that their citizens may grow up strong, clean and honest.

Not enough attention is paid now-a-days to the aspect of a house inside and out. To say that it should be inviting is to voice a truism—yet a false notion of economy on the part of owners, and the oppressive rapacity of builders, results in the maximum of utility with the minimum of expense; and only sufficient of those desirable qualities to satisfy conventional demands.

It should be the ambition of every man to have the cosiest cottage on the street—the best tended garden and the most sanitary surroundings. This is the purpose of clean citizenship—the things which are most conducive to neighbourly respect and a healthy social influence.

Yet what do we find. It appears that the speculative builder considers the question of cost only; until the public comes to demand “aspect” as a desirable, even necessary admixture in a utilitarian scheme. It is obvious, that so long as the builder's one idea is to provide himself with a home that is beautiful and elegant, nothing need be expected from that quarter.

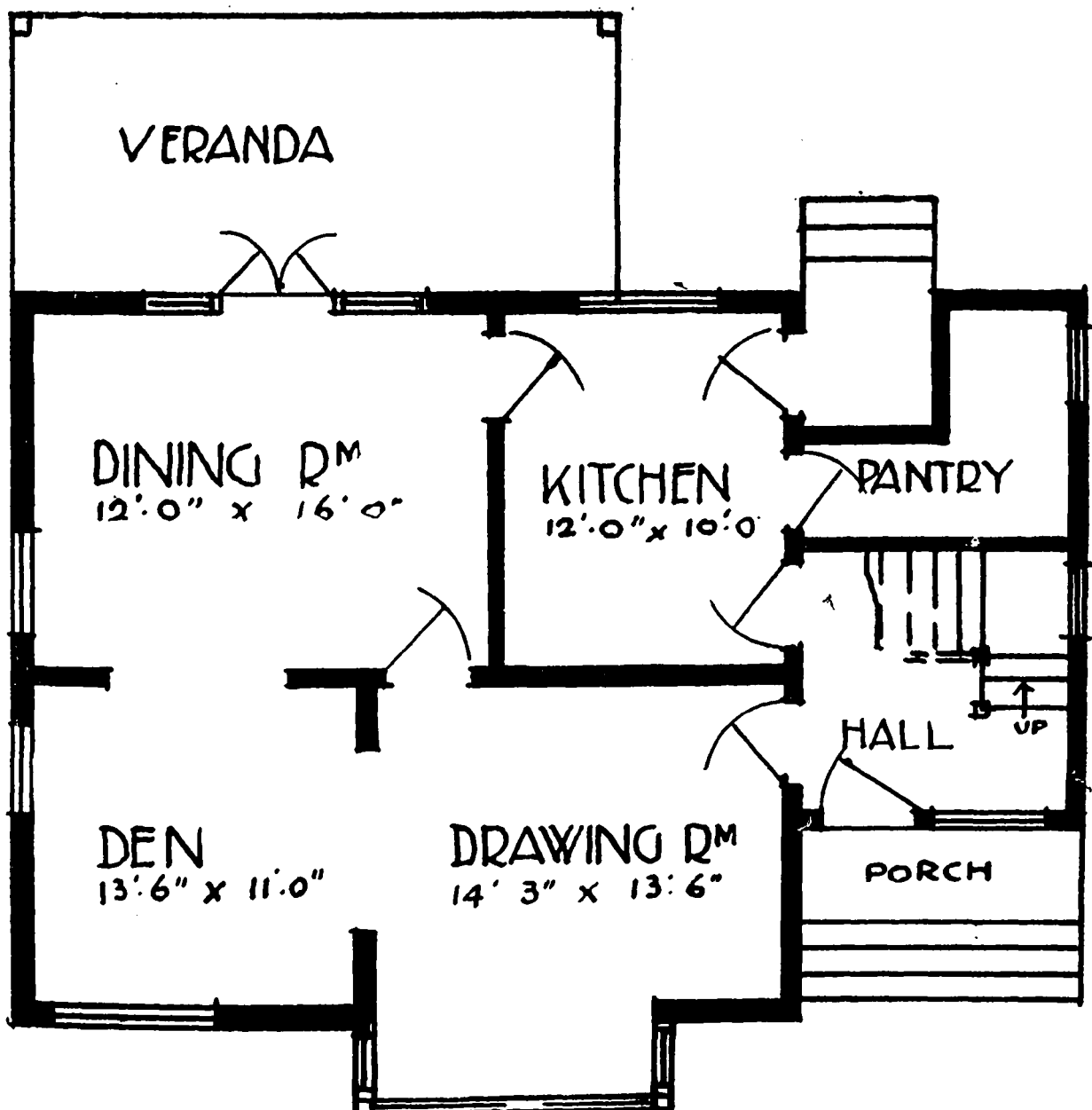
Very often, the engineer and surveyor have too much the “whip hand” of the architect, so that they settle the question of aspect—a thing which bothers them not in the least. The architect has therefore no choice in the matter.

Those about to build homes, would do well to seek the advice of some competent architect before purchasing a site. He has the whole scheme in his mind and can detect disadvantages that might otherwise only appear with the progress of time.

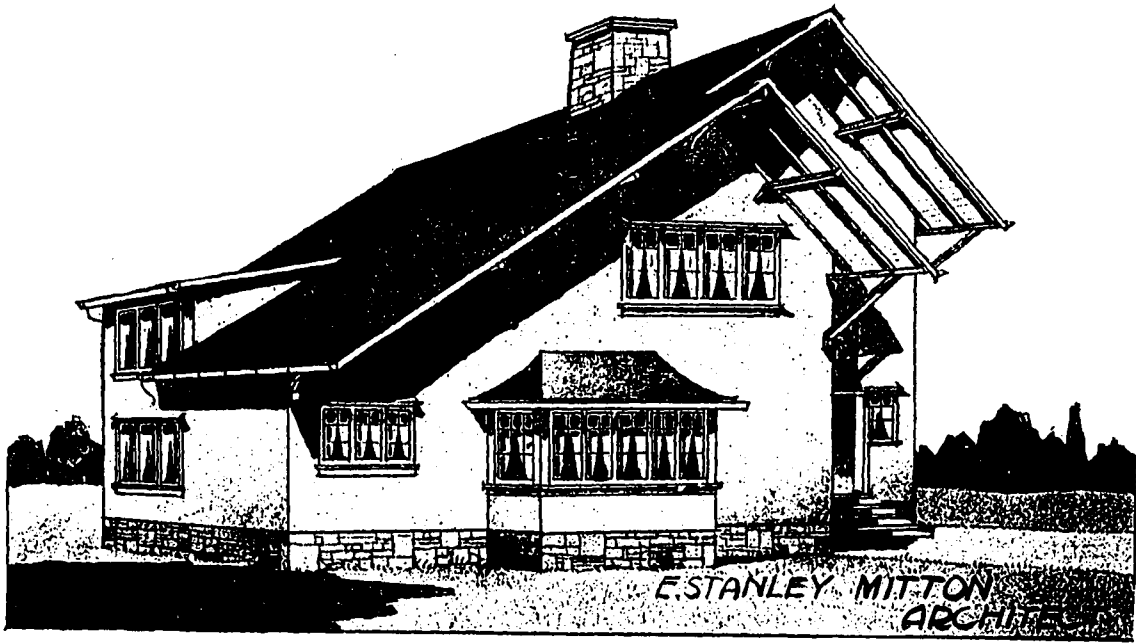
When it comes to locality, beauty and sanitation are undoubtedly the features of first importance. The home builder may generally be depended upon to select a locality that fills the requirements of his eye and purse according to his own notion. But, when it comes to detecting the unsanitary aspects, he may have little ability and still less when it devolves upon him to select a place that will harmonize with the locality and yield the maximum of beauty and utility, for a reasonable amount of money.

This is where the architect shines, if he is capable of shining at all, which he ought to be if he knows his business and is on to his job as the colloquialists have it. Every room should have its position according to the requirements of the scheme, if the home is to possess anything of style and elegance. Local conditions play a great part in the matter of ventilation and sanitary arrangement. Every window, back or front, should have its view.

Many of the finest houses in Hyde Park Garden, London, are built with their backs to the street and facing a private garden—an arrangement which might or might not commend itself to conditions, but which would be capable of application with little expense and much profit, by the simple device of mak-



Ground Floor Plan.

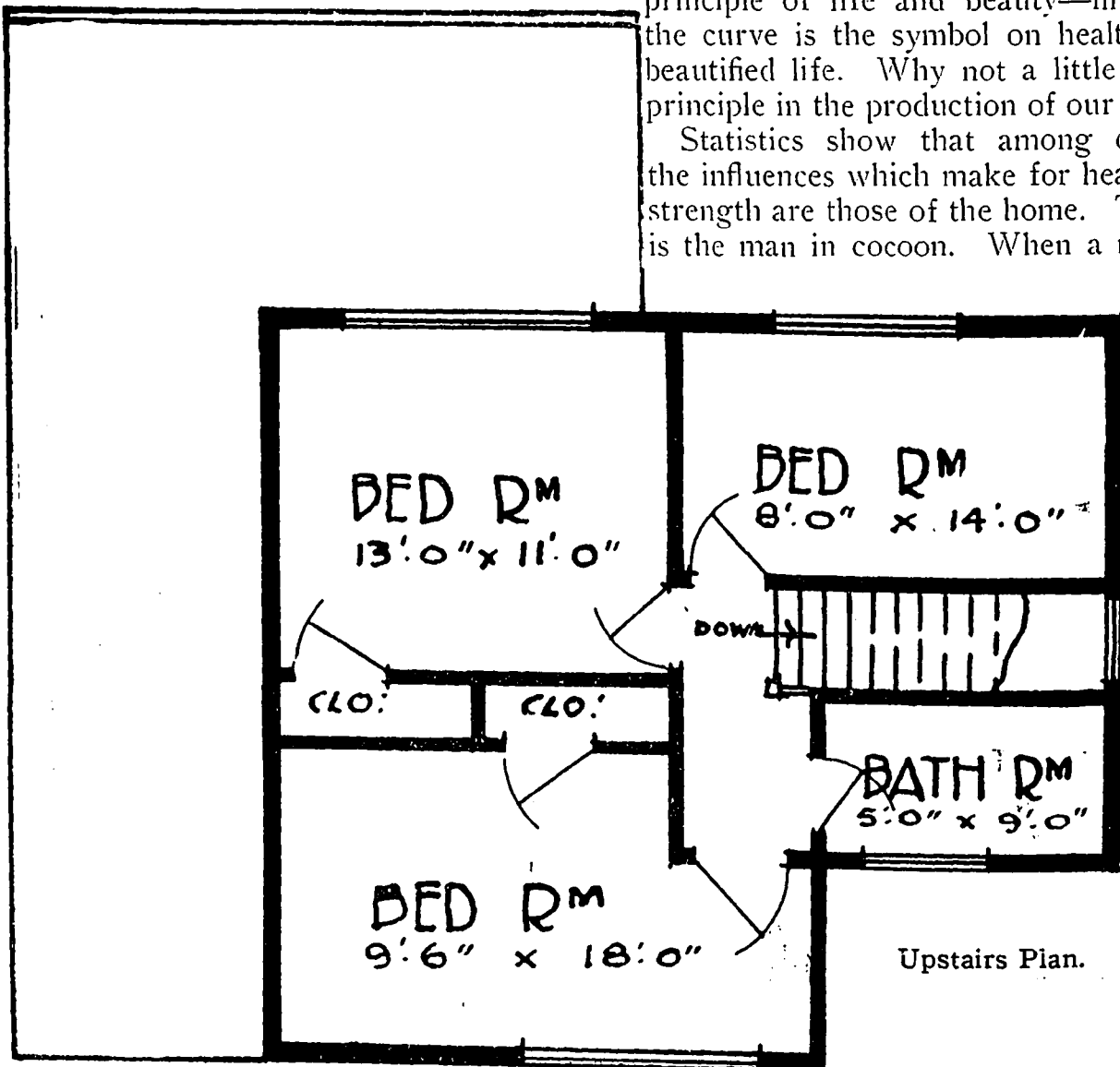


ing the backs of their houses something less than food for eyesores and heart-aches.

Everyone has noticed how cities are beautified and enhanced as dwelling spots by the occasional application of a curve

to the utilitarian principle of the square—take for instance “The Crescent” at Toronto. The same principle might almost invariably be used to advantage on some of our packing box homes. The curve is human, in art it is the leading principle of life and beauty—in people the curve is the symbol on healthy and beautified life. Why not a little of this principle in the production of our homes?

Statistics show that among children the influences which make for health and strength are those of the home. The boy is the man in cocoon. When a man se-



Upstairs Plan.

lects a house, no single consideration is of more value than its effect upon his children. This is sanitation. As the children grow up they should have a place to live in that they can be proud to call "Home."

This is the essence of the thing. All the utility that the science of architecture can give you. All the beauty that the architect's art can add to natural aspects. All the economy that the market affords and the purse demands. Above all beauty, comfort and healthfulness. They are not such elusive things, if one knows how to select them. They are obtainable even in the most unsanitary cities and unpromising localities. In this connection, the services of the architect are indispensable to the average man.

The accompanying drawings illustrate an excellent principle for the construction of a moderate sized home, built from first class materials that should cost about \$2,200. The drawing-room is 14 ft. 3 in. by 13 ft. 6 in. with 3 ft. by 10 ft. bay window. The den, 13 ft. 6 in. by 10 ft., with a 7 ft. archway into dining and drawing-room. A dining-room, 12 ft. by 16 ft. would afford ample space for a fair sized family. The kitchen is 12 ft. by 10 ft.; the pantry 9 ft. by 3 ft., and 4 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in. with white sink, cupboards, etc. There would be ample space for bath-room accommodation and three large bedrooms with closets. A verandah 9 ft. by 21 ft. would give the last touch of homelike utility.

## Prince Rupert in the Making.

O. D. Fleming.

"The ordered intermingling of the real and the dream;

The nest above the river, the mill above the stream."

**W**ERE you ever on the "trail" at the St. Louis exhibition? The din, the clatter, the incongruous medley of color and ways would fit one to merge into the present scheme of the northern seaport town without jar or discord.

Boom! Boom! The shots that come from blasting operations on the stone bluffs in the very heart of this typical north burg fit in with the fantastic, zig-zig, many patterned, ornate signs that slope and extend from front and sides of tents and temporal wooden structures along this water front trail, where a two-plank sidewalk demands a "slam" every time you pass a rough garbed miner, rail-roader or a rare specimen in broadcloth and white linen. Designated by imposing names stand bunk houses and res-

taurants combined as "hotel"; where you supply your own blankets before you can retire on the soft side of two rough inch boards laid lengthwise between four sticks that serve to elevate you from a rough board floor, and glad enough to think you have a place whereon to lay your aching limbs.

Typical of the north, it is another Nome or Dawson in modified form. The men sojourning there now are largely composed of old Klondike prospectors, and ask no better than a square meal and a blanket on pine needles.

Alberni of the south in situation is somewhat similar to Prince Rupert, only the northern hamlet is more decided in its wild grandeur. In beauty of situation it is like an unknown character—mis-trusted yet indecipherable.

The rock bluffs tower from the water edge in grim primitiveness, like a monarch of nature but partially subdued; and in this aggregation of stern looking, stump-clad hills the timid fail to see the

model city, and the imaginative cannot picture a transformation where art and labor will play the fairy godmother in the making of palatial homes and commercial splendor.

They come, they see but grim reality conquers; and in provincial parlance they hike—they hit the first boat and the outward trail brings a sigh of relief. The pioneer has not yet finished his work, and the removal of the crudities that jar on the more effete. The brawn and muscle of toil will have to precede the homeseeker. That is why the Grand Trunk Pacific were anxious to exclude any but the workingman. They have the makings but it is in grim crudity, and in the making they have a stern task now hampered by the venturesome ones who have camped beside their blasting in tent and wooden shell, and thus handicapped the workmen who are now unable to prosecute their work in its full possibilities because of the danger to human life.

The hundreds here are adventurers, but just at present their dream of immediate gain is being dispelled in the reality of realization—nothing doing.

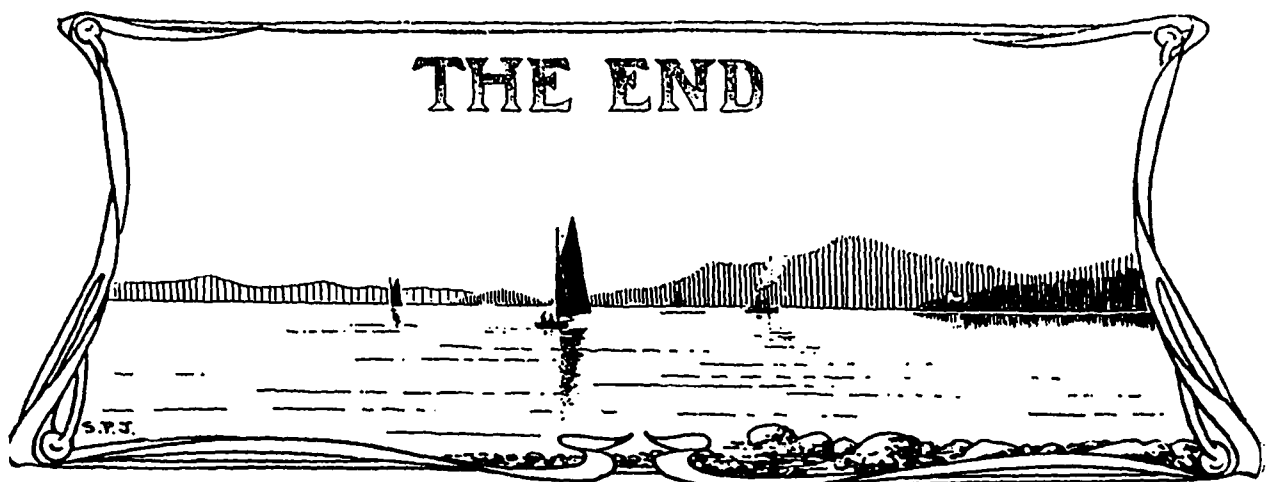
"When does the next boat leave?" is a question now monotonous.

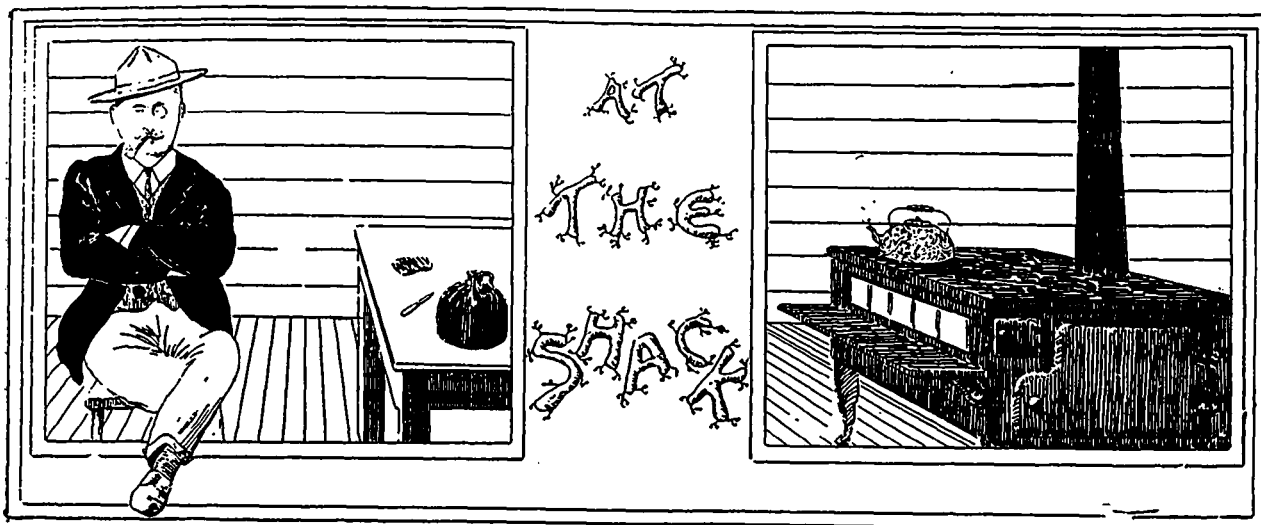
"What do you think of it?" with a

laugh, pointing to the stump studded, water soaked heights on which the future city of Prince Rupert will arise as a dream at variance with seeming reality. "Vancouver for mine! Prince Rupert, forsooth!"

History repeats itself. Money can transform the desert into an oasis, but this is no desert. It rains here without exertion. It rains steadily and does it artistically. But you become innured to it. There is music in that pitter patter if you eliminate all but the mental haven of dreamland and in the mist and rain discern the coming glory of a sunlit day reflecting from spire and dome and asphalt pavements, a future model city.

You hundreds and thousands who have visited this beautiful port and shied for cover, come again! Your visit preceded a fitting state of mind. Get out your unused Longfellow and study his weird poems. Give rein to your imagination. The granite in crude form gives little promise of the finished palace. The uncut diamond is not a thing of beauty; but Prince Rupert of the future, when passed through the labor machine, will arise from its present inhospitable aspect a fitting gem in the sublunary crown of this giant corporation, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.





Percy Flage.

**R**EADER, were I allowed to tempt you to the venturing of dimes on a vision of possible dollars dangling at the barbed end of an incomplete Limerick—as thus:

A newspaper man at Prince Rupert  
 Whose style, although terse, is thought  
 too pert,  
 For the feminate East  
 Is entitled at least

\* \* \* \* \*

how many of you would rush frantically for your pencil stubs and chase through the rabbit warren of memory in search of a rhyme to fit boopert? doopert? foopert? And if promised a house and lot at Matsqui to the lucky subscriber who created the happiest conclusion to—

A bridegroom, on tour from Vancouver  
 Lost his wife in a crowd at the Louvre,  
 Till he sprang on a bench  
 And cried out (in poor French)

\* \* \* \* \*

what wouldn't our circulation grow to in no time? And just wouldn't my monthly literarium be at once increased by an appreciative Editor to a sum not to be gulped by thee, oh Damocletian tailor's bill, with thy cursed da capo of account rendered—account rendered—reverberating in hollow mockery through my empty pockets!

Enough. The privacy of poverty shall be respected. But if, in place of a not too probable prize for a foolish effort, I offer you a sure amelioration, however slight, of your troubles—for you have troubles; and an ease to your sorrows—for you know sorrow; will you take the pains to read the demonstration?

If so, let me frame it after the fashion of Euclid—

To prove—That every man possesses, or knows, more joy than he believes—

Definitions—Joy is a consciousness of the world's goodness, and Charity is a sense of fairness to the world.

Let it be admitted that

Every man conscious of sorrow or trouble, acknowledges an imperfect world.

And Every man in an imperfect world admits his own imperfection.

And being imperfect, he is incapable of perfect charity;

And imperfect charity is oftentimes uncharity;

And imperfect charity believes some evil without proof; uncharity believes the worst, always;

But The worst cannot always be true.

Unproved evil is sometimes not evil.

Then uncharity (every man at some-time) is conscious of more evil (less joy in the world) than is charity, (every man in perfect fairness).

Therefore Every man believes in more evil than he knows, and every man knows, or possesses more joy than he believes.

Q. E. D.

If you grasp that fairly, you may deduce a reasonable corollary therefrom, as:

If Every man's joy is greater than he believes, and he admits proof of it, then he believes it.

But he, being yet imperfect, still knows more joy than he believes, and being logical, may attain increased belief, and so on without diminution of increase.

Do you feel happier? Or do you confuse happiness with pleasure?

If so, I propose to cater to that propensity of your nature by offering—free—a trip through Asia and the Ewigkeit (single tickets to exclusionists) to the parties who longest abstain from determining the following:

A housewife who dwelt at Westminster  
Hired a cook whom she thought was a  
spinster,

Till she stole so much food,  
For her husband and brood

\* \* \* \* \*

A tourist who went to Victoria,  
Tried to smuggle six quarters of castoria  
But they opened his grip  
When he came off the ship

\* \* \* \* \*

Such simple invasions of the more or less arable fields of literature are attended by no great risk of mental overstrain or moral decadence.

It is true that the 15-puzzle and Pigs in Clover (not the pornogravicious novel of that name), have counted their mad-house victims, if not by the score, by failure to score; but these were in a sense mathematical problems rather than artistic, and mathematics from the days when Archimedes discovered the corkscrew, and long before that, have been a snare and a red flag to the average man.

Do you not remember the Rule of Three with its uncanny trick of getting itself placed in the wrong compartments like losing noughts or crosses at tic tac toe? And cube root extraction—a thing that has been done and may be done

again by child marvels and prestidigitateurs, but not by us.

And Repeating Decimals—We apprehend that they exist and are tamed and handled by dompteurs of the blackboard—but how they happened, and what they represent or can be compared to, other than a picture of a man drawing his own portrait in the pose of one limning himself in the act of so doing, I don't know and don't expect to.

We will step aside softly from the morass of arithmetic and get back to the pleasanter and less uncompromising meadows.

They are splashed, as I write, with white lilies scattered among the grass like the litter of papers on my green baize table, but the lilies spell peace, and the papers, trouble.

Why are the lilies white? Their twin sisters of the high mountains are golden yellow and so are the same flowers on the Atlantic coast. Yellow and white are the flowers of spring, with blue bells to follow, and red and purple and orange in full summer.

By what process of pain and ruthless selection has the fair snowdrop won to the patience of simple purity? What quelled the flowing Trilium in its desire for color that now marks it only in decay? And what subdued the Bloodroot in the hot flush of youth?

Surely there were centuries and centuries when the bursting, sunseeking bulbs tried desperately to struggle up beside the snow in gayer hues than that of winter—only to suffer again and again the experience of sudden change into bird food, as some watchful and voracious wing monster pounced on the tempting blossom blushing pink against the blanched champaign.

And perhaps there were strange hook-beaked birds, anachronisms of fate, that starved to extinction when the colored leaves flowered no more amidst the dazzling blazing snowbanks, and the bleared eyes of the nameless, unknown, weak-winged cockatoo closed in despairing ignorance of what it all meant.

It's a big world after all, and to consider the lilies fairly would occupy more than two or three points of view.



Some consideration of the *Erythronium Albidum* (Adder Tongue Lily) and a Tailor's Bill.

Consider the lily white and learn from  
 burgeon'd botany  
 How idle is the glory that the garment  
 lover seeks!  
 What boots a shoestring less or more to  
 him who hasn't got any?  
 No tailor dear the dunder duns—nor  
 pants the hart for breeks!

Enthroned o'er dappled verdancy there  
 shines the *Erythronium*—  
 Its simple stalk no stocking knows, nor  
 clothing bifurcate.  
 In pallid petal'd loveliness that needs no  
 panned enconium  
 It shames the Queen of Sheba and ad-  
 monishes the great.

The heathen in his spectacles, with but a  
 what d'ye call 'em on  
 (A sporran or a philabeg?) Bows down  
 to modern trews;  
 But unashamed of nakedness the Lily  
 faces Solomon,  
 And vain is spread the raiment of the  
 richest of the Jews.

Oh Cohen, Kopf and Kuppenheim, who  
 tempt me with art circulars,  
 Portraying young Adonises in spring  
 suits made to scale,  
 Think ye that I should contract rheum,  
 or something more tuberculous

If I should go in nudity, a biped Lily  
 pale?

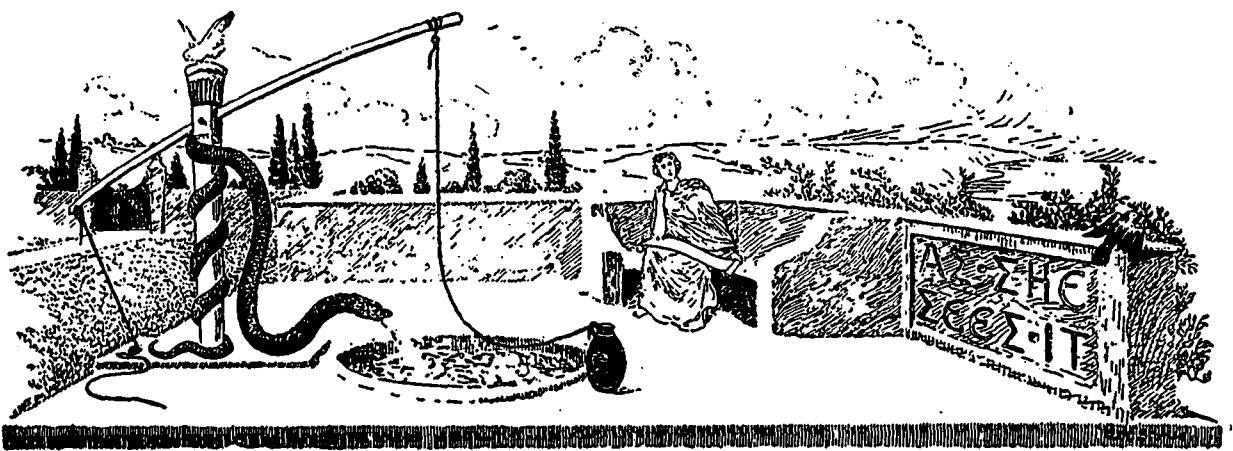
Think ye, if I unhosen went a walking in  
 the greenery,  
 The Public or the Park Police would  
 mix with me in strife?  
 And pen me sockless in the stocks, a blot  
 upon the scenery,  
 A martyr to Dame Fashion's mart, foiled  
 o' the simple life?

Ah, Lily, sure thy counsel reads to shed  
 the tweed integument?  
 Unfold to me the tale you told to that  
 wise Hebrew King.  
 I gather most undoubtedly that 'twas the  
 human leg you meant  
 To drape in lucent atmosphere—and  
 banish tailoring.

Sweet though it be to buy on trust, it  
 biteth like an adder's tongue  
 To pay at last for ancient bags, knee  
 sprung, and clouts a few,  
 And sore it is to wiser grow and sadder,  
 yea, and madder, stung  
 By semi-ready hand me downs that  
 shrink when falls the dew.

Fain, Lily, would we follow thee and  
 walk in freedom, Trilby like,  
 Unfettered of formality, unmeshed of  
 fashion's snare.  
 Alas, the well-garbed Grundy folk would  
 take it worse than ill, belike,  
 If we should dare to take the air without  
 a pair to wear.





## La Verite.

**A**N "Old Maid!" The expression is falling into disuse, and even though it still constitutes a title for single women past the bloom of girlhood, the term has lost its sting, and no longer conveys the ill-concealed sneer of former days. The day is past when the only useful career for women was that of wife and mother; when every man they met was regarded hopefully as a possible husband, and when to be left an "old maid" was almost a disgrace. There are just as many unmarried women as there ever were, and perhaps more, but the emancipation of women has brought about such a change in their conditions, that the single are no longer forced to linger in unhonored idleness, but have access to professions and occupations that enable them to be honorably self-supporting. These sweeping changes have naturally altered women's views regarding matrimony. When a woman marries, she gives up her former life entirely; it may be her parental home to which she can never return on the same footing, or it may be a profession that she has found both interesting and remunerative; whatever it has been, it usually has to be abandoned when she marries. The step is of less importance to a man. When a man gets married, he becomes the possessor of a wife and home, not instead of, but besides his career; his marriage is merely an inter-

esting incident, a delightful episode in his life; but it is entirely outside his business or professional career, which would have been carried on just as well without the marriage. We may hear the following conversation: "How is B. getting along?" And the answer: "Very well, and he has got a wife now." He "gets" a wife when times are good and he can afford it.

Women, also, are now called upon to consider whether they are going to find a contemplated matrimonial alliance a change for the better, when the present times offer so many alternatives.

To the domestic woman, there is no craving for exciting business or professional career; her dream of perfect felicity calls up a vision of husband, children and home; rather than publicity or fame. It is the clever, ambitious woman who hesitates before making a marriage that constitutes love, a cottage, and not much else. It is natural and right that she should hesitate; for no two women are alike, and not every woman can make a success of a marriage where plenty of imagination is necessary, to cover the bare walls with rose-colored drapery, and romance enough to flavor the unsavoury plainness of the family board.

It is a popular cry that women are not as domesticated as they used to be. But there will always be plenty of home-loving women in the world; and as there are

not enough men to go round, surely the self-reliant and self-supporting spinster may well leave the field to her needy sisters.

To some clever and brilliant women, marriage is the one thing necessary to gratify their ambition; but there must be either money, or position—preferably a title. The number of rich young American women who have married titled Europeans has attracted wide-world attention; and the lime-light of publicity to which these American girls are accustomed has prevented them from being squeamish in acknowledging their reasons for making these marriages. The American craze for antiquities is well known, and an old title, and an old castle is an irresistible attraction. Then, the always womanly love of romance casts a gloom over the polished nobleman whom the American girl meets in Europe. She finds him so different from the prosaic business man to which she has been accustomed at home. Dreams of courts and royalty dazzle her, for they are not to be had in America; and what is even more alluring is the suggestion of mystery and romance which has been the only thing missing in her pampered girlhood. It is only to be expected that the simple American girl—for she is simple really—should fall under the spell of the wily lord, or count, as the case may be. His extravagant politeness, his excellently concocted compliments, and his exquisite address, lead her to believe that he is the essence of old world chivalry. The stories of his former perfidiousness fall on heedless ears, for the coronet that it is in his power to bestow sheds a halo round his head; let past reminiscences be buried, whether they be his of court intrigues, or hers of plain business men in New York or Boston.

It has been admitted by more than one of these ladies, that their disillusion are often heart-breaking; for to do them justice, it was not entirely for title or position that they married, even though the jewel that dazzled them proved unworthy of its gorgeous setting.

Rich women, of course, can please themselves to a great extent; but it is

to the masses, the working girls, that marriage and provision for the future are live issues. The typist or the school teacher can earn a comfortable salary, and in many cases the work is comparatively light. She has after-business hours to spend as she pleases, and during which she is free. Under these circumstances she will hesitate before giving up her freedom and her independent income, unless she can materially better herself, or she is very much in love. She realizes that getting married does not mean leaving off work, because there are no after-business hours for the wife and mother of the mass of everyday people; and for her, the care of the home and family, with its cooking, washing and sewing, means a fourteen hour day of hard work. If eight hours is long enough for a man to work, surely a woman cannot be blamed if she shirks the possibility of a fourteen hour day. Women are conscientious, generally speaking, and if they undertake the contract, they generally stand by their choice and take the consequences without complaining.

The question has often been asked, "Do working girls have more chances to marry than the girl who stays at home?" It has been answered in the affirmative, because in the business world, a girl is brought into daily contact with a far greater number of men than if she stayed at home all day. This is true, but the attitude that these men assume toward her is often the reverse of gallant, and scarcely conducive to romance. Why men forget their manners when they are brought into contact with a girl who is earning her living is inexplicable, and they rarely extend her the courtesy they consider due to a girl in the shelter of her home. The theory that "familiarity breeds contempt" may be a partial explanation, but after the close quarters of co-education in the public schools, it can hardly apply.

The working girl sees life, and she sees men in a natural light, where they give a different impression than when assuming the artificial graces and attractions of the drawing-room.

If "familiarity breeds contempt" it may be applied to the view of both sexes. The

woman out in the world, familiar with the lives and characters of men, will have none of the delusions of the girl who only meets men when they are on their best behaviour. If she has been unfortunate and has met pretty bad ones, the impression will never be effaced; and if she maintains her moral standard, contempt for the sex that would drag her down is the natural consequence.

Women have been termed the defective sex, because size of body, strength of muscle, and more delicate organization, all present decided differences. But it has been proved that in point of weight of brain and capacity of skull, women suffer from no disadvantage. Professor Bischoff most assiduously grounded his claim of woman's inferiority on the fact that woman, on the average, had 100 grams less brain than man. But, after Bischoff's death, it was found that his own brain weighed considerably below the average at which he himself had placed the female brain. Furthermore, some of the heaviest brains have been those of lunatics.

The conclusion is, therefore, justified that the weight of brain does not reliably indicate mental powers, and all scientists of latter years have expressed themselves with great caution on the difference between the sexes.

The strength of brain-power, like that of muscular, can be developed by exercise. If women are not allowed to use their brains, and are taught that it is womanly to be silly and senseless, of course their brains rust and their capacity is decimated. But now that women have gained the right to equal education with men, results are sufficient to show that, intellectually, woman is on a par with man. The broadest-minded and truest conclusion accepted by sensible people, is that woman is endowed with some qualities that man is deficient in, and vice versa. McBendrick, of Glasgow, said: "After having taught female students for twenty years, I would sum up my observations with the statement that many women accomplish as much as men in general, and that many men do not accomplish as much as the average female."

Again referring to the relative bodily

differences in the sexes—civilized woman's body is the smaller, giving occasion for her being called the weaker sex; but this is not the case among wild and half-wild people, for there, woman is not only equal to man in physical strength and size of body, but she is partly superior. This is simply because she is not only allowed, but is generally forced to use her muscles, and develop her body in some menial capacity. With civilization, women became more ornamental, especially in the upper classes, and were regarded as pretty toys, to be worked for, fought for, or discarded at pleasure. Under these conditions, their stature decreased in size and strength, likewise their intellect deteriorated. The present day allows and encourages both bodily and mental exercise, and the result is, a gradual re-establishment of equality in size and strength. Equality in size is already established; and nobody is blind to the fact that a large number of women observed on the streets of a city are taller and bigger than their male companions.

Civilization, therefore, has not been an unmixed benefit to women, for it has shown that the evolution of modern times is but a return to natural conditions, prevalent before the social changes of civilization, set in.

Among the peoples of antiquity—the Babylonians, Assyrians, Egyptians and Greeks, woman took a more prominent position in family and public life than she has ever since taken.

It was with the dissolution of the mother-right, that the influence and position of woman sank rapidly. According to the mother-right, inheritance was based on maternity; and the father-right only superseded it after a strong resistance by the women. According to a legend, where the ballot was to decide the question, a tie was threatened, but Athene threw the casting vote in favor of Cresces and the Father-right. There are other legends of the struggle for supremacy between men and women, which show that women were once a very powerful factor, and not subject to the exacting social laws that came later. Tradition, and the judgment of all ancient writers, are to the effect that the condition of wo-

men and their freedom under the rule of the mother-right was conducive to the development of her highest qualities; and as soon as the change in favor of the father-right took place, women rapidly lost their place in the community; they were excluded from councils and all leading influence, and became absolutely and entirely subject to the control of men.

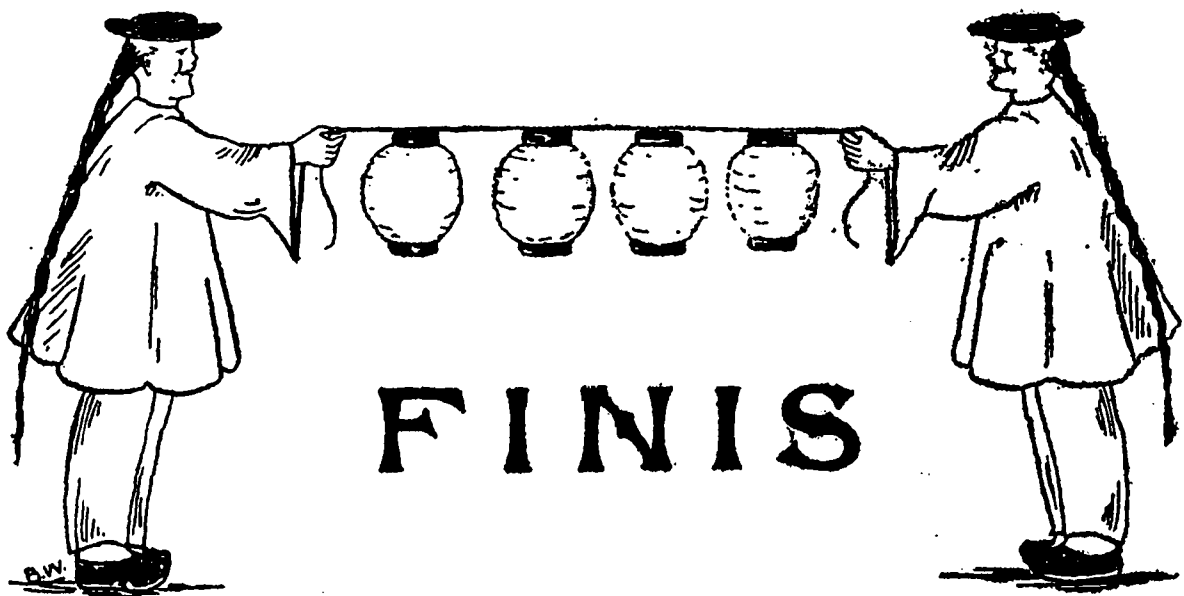
In some communities, it is likely that the new rule was not applied, for it is a curious fact that to this day in certain savage tribes, women enjoy a remarkably privileged condition, quite contrary to prevalent impression. Livingstone narrates in his "Missionary Travels and Researches in Southern Africa," that he found a vigorous negro tribe living on the banks of the Zambesi, where the women hold a highly honored position. They sit in council; the young men who marry must move from their own to their wives' village, and they also pledge themselves

to provide for their mothers-in-law. Men who offend their wives are punished, and if disagreements break out, the men dare not retaliate.

Similar conditions have been found to exist in the German colony of Cameroon in West Africa, where inheritance is through Mother-right.

It will take many generations to wipe out the natural feeling of dependence on man, which is, after this long period of subordination, hereditary in women; but it is an indisputable fact that the young women of this generation are more independent than their mothers. Whether this is an advantage or otherwise is a question that opens up a wide field for discussion.

Women are enjoying their freedom, but in times of emergency or danger, it is likely that most of us would forget our intellectual equality and seek protection from the yet stronger arm of man.



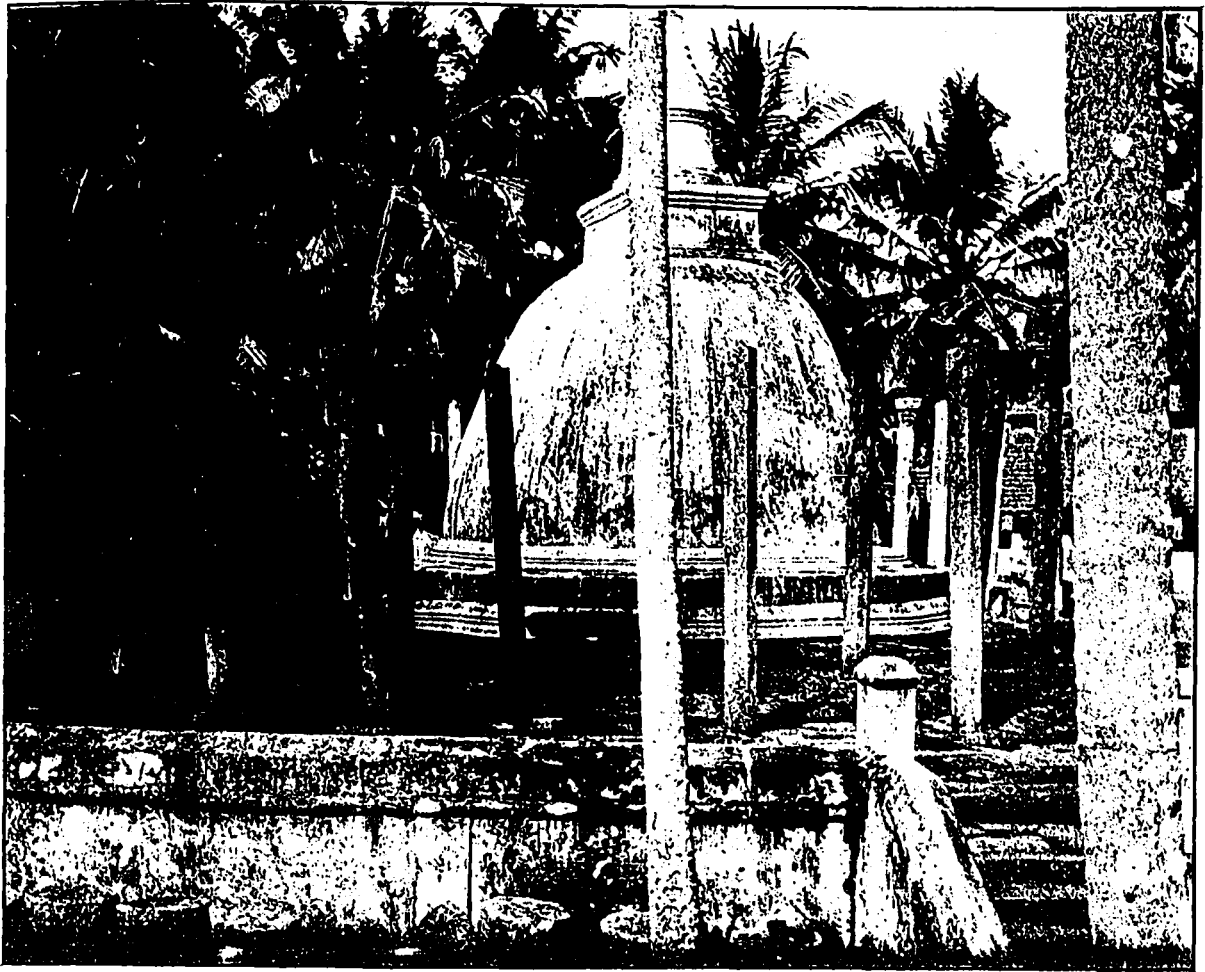
## Eulogy on the Dog.

George C. Vest.

One of the most famous speeches ever made by the late Senator Vest, of Missouri, was made in the course of the trial of a man who had wantonly shot a dog belonging to a neighbour. Vest represented the plaintiff, who demanded \$200 damages. When Vest finished speaking, the jury, after two minutes' deliberation, awarded the plaintiff \$500. The full text of the speech is given below. [Editor.]



Gentlemen of the Jury:—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honour when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog. Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.



## The Ruined Cities of Ceylon.

Frank Burnett.

**A**BOUT three hundred years before Christ there reigned over nearly the whole of Northern Hindustan a powerful and enlightened monarch, King Dhamasoka. Having become sceptical of the truth of the tenets of the prevailing creed a form of polytheistic Brahminism, he embraced the dogmas that had been propounded by Buddha some two centuries prior to that date but which though accepted by the deepest thinkers of the age had made little progress amongst the masses notwithstanding the fact that belief in the ancient faith had become very generally weakened on account of the multiplication of the membership in the current pantheon having begotten a corresponding scepticism as to the authenticity of all or any of them. Conse-

quently the time was ripe for a change in the religious world and therefore this conversion of the highest personage in the land having made Buddhism fashionable and in that way respectable gave the new creed the standing and impetus required to enable it to supplant its old and powerful rival as the national religion. The king being highly prosperous and at peace with the neighbouring monarchies turned his attention to propagating the new faith and after the manner of all converts evidently became imbued with the idea that a divine mission had been imposed upon him to see that the teachings of the Master be proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the then known civilized eastern world which thereupon became the scene of the greatest missionary work

on record with the result that one-third of the whole human race are today believers in and followers of Buddha.

For some reason not yet fully understood he honoured Ceylon by setting it apart exclusively as the vineyard upon which the labours of his eldest, favourite and most gifted son, Mahinda, were to be expended and the sequel proved the soundness of his judgment in that respect, for so well did the Prince administer the trust reposed upon him that he now occupies a like position in the Buddhistic that St. Paul does in the Christian world. He was the very beau ideal of a missionary—sincere, eloquent and dogmatic—a believer in the Church Militant therefore absolutely fearless. Having no respect for the contrary opinions of those in high places and in authority when his message was concerned he could not be prevailed upon to cease proclaiming his views in and out of season which he did continually to all creeds and classes of men—in fact was possessed of all the characteristics requisite to the composition of a successful introducer of a new phase of religious thought. When, therefore, upon receiving his father's command to proceed immediately to Lanka he willingly, in fact gladly, relinquished his rights to the throne, and so anxious was he to arrive upon the scene of his contemplated propaganda that instead of availing himself of the ordinary slow mode of travel existing in those days he at once invoked divine aid which being vouchsafed enabled him as far as aerial navigation is concerned to put into the shade the accomplishments in that respect of all the aeronauts that have lived and died during the ages that have passed away since he made his wonderful journey by flying through the air from the King's palace in Madagha in Northern India to Ceylon where he alighted upon the rock Mihintale about ten miles from the Capital City of Anuradhapura. It happened fortunately in the interests of his mission that King Tissa—beloved of the gods—was hunting in the vicinity with a large retinue at that particular time so that Mahinda's aerial flight and landing was witnessed by the whole of the court party and naturally this mar-

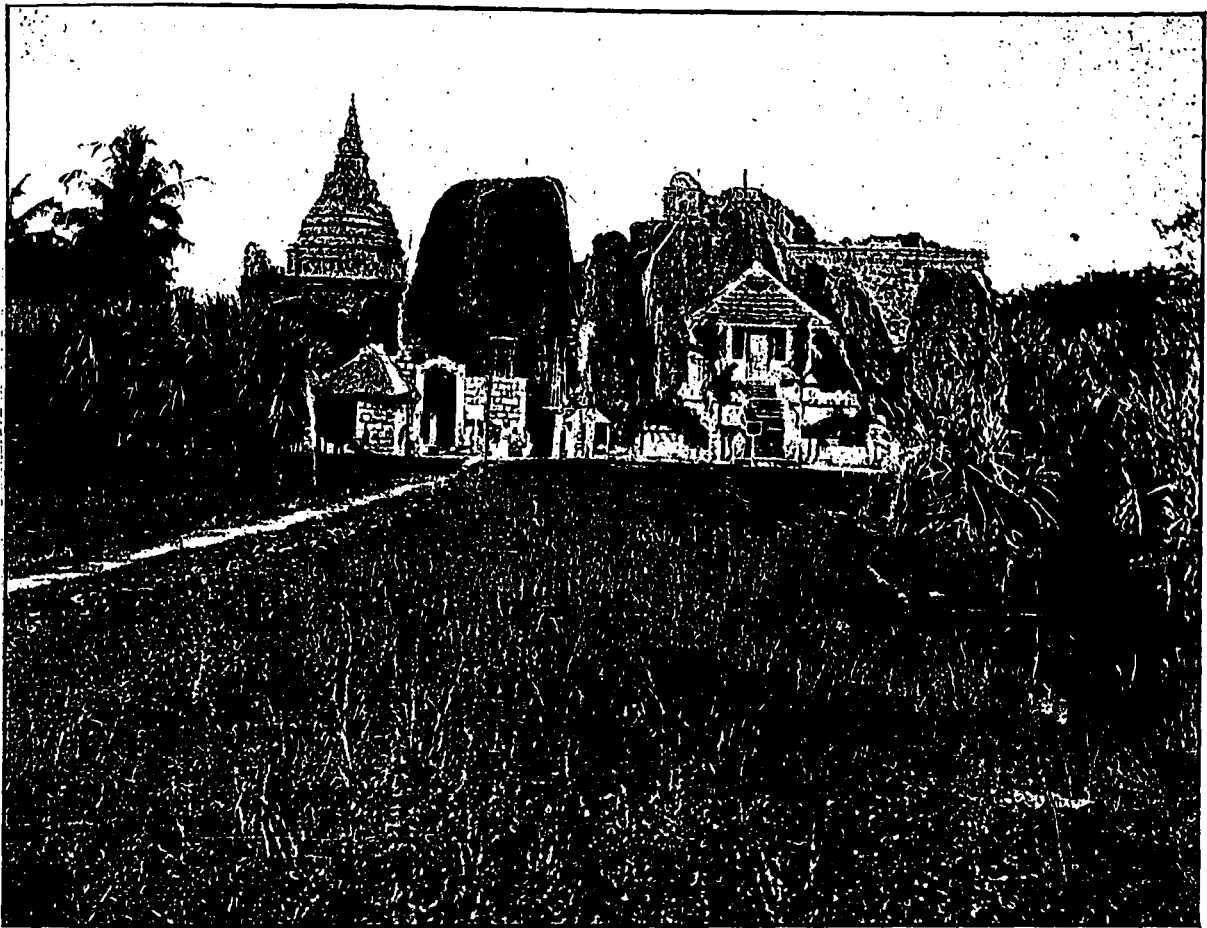
velous incident made such a deep impression upon the monarch's mind that when urged later by the apostle to adopt the new religion, after listening attentively to the reasons advanced with the fervor and eloquence which subsequently made him so famous throughout Ceylon, King Tissa immortalized himself by becoming the first convert to Buddhism in the ancient monarchy of Lanka. His example was quickly followed by the court and nobles to the number of forty thousand in one day so saith the Singhalese chronicler, while on another occasion a hundred thousand of the common people as a result of a single discourse by the princely missionary embraced the new religion, consequently in a short time practically the whole of



Rock Upon Which Mahinda Landed.

Ceylon had discarded Brahminism for the tenets of Buddha. Mahinda made the rock Mihintale the mission's headquarters during his lifetime and upon his death was buried there. It therefore became a noted shrine, in fact the mecca of all devout Buddhists, with the result that a comparatively large and prosperous sacred city arose and flourished in the vicinity, only decaying when the sovereignty of Lanka departed from Anuradhapura never to return about the fourteenth century of our era. Nothing now remains but stone pillars and foundations of buildings which, however, give one a fair idea of the extent of the ground occupied when at its zenith. Amongst these has grown up recently





Ancient Rock Temple near Mahintale.

a small native village while a few monks have their habitations on the top of the rock adjoining Mahinda's tomb, thereby affording a forcible object lesson as to the impermanence and transitoriness of the glory of most things earthly.

How a prophet in Mahinda's day and long afterwards would have been laughed to scorn if, looking into the future, had seen and foretold the city's utter ruin and desolation, and that the time would arrive when "it would cease to be a city and would be as a ruinous heap of stones," while the slopes of the famous shrine would be covered with forest, affording shelter to the bear and panther, constituting somewhat of a menace to the safety of the occasional pious pilgrim and the adventurous tourist of the twentieth century.

Leaving the Rest-house in the grounds of which may be seen a number of stone images representing different incarnations of the terrible bloodthirsty Brahminical goddess Kali the path to the ascent of the hill about a mile distant leads through what must have been a very

populous part of the city judging from the remains of buildings scattered about in great profusion.

The first terrace is reached by a magnificent broad flight of steps, each one being composed of a solid piece of stone. Above this landing is a Dagaba, while all around are ancient rock cells and caves formerly tenanted by monks and hermits. A short stairway to the left brings one to a large building near which may be seen unique deeds of land dating back to the reign of Mahinda the Fifth, who occupied the throne from 974 to 990 A.D. They are wonderfully engraved on two upright slabs of stone, well preserved, quite legible, and record the grants of property made by that King to the Mihintale Monastery. In this vicinity near the ruins of an alms-house is a large trough-shaped vessel some sixty feet in length and two feet deep constructed out of three stone slabs morticed into each other. This was used as a receptacle for the gifts of rice received from the faithful to be distributed amongst the poor and needy. Its size

and capacity speak volumes as regards the liberality of the pious and charitable disposed in the days when Mihintale

ported to this elevation, will tell his questioner with all sincerity that "giants lived in those days" and consequently there



Portion of Stone Stairway to Mahinda's Tomb.

was like unto a busy hive of bees. The Singhalese guide, if asked to explain by what means such huge slabs were trans-

ported to this elevation, will tell his questioner with all sincerity that "giants lived in those days" and consequently there was little difficulty experienced. No wonder he thinks so when one takes into consideration the quantity of material

that was required to erect the massive stone and brick constructed Dagabas, Viharas and temples which studded the summit and slopes of this steep, rocky hill, all of which had to be conveyed from the plain below.

The main terrace is reached by two further flights of the grand stairway upon which is the Ambastala dagaba surrounded by a number of stone pillars as shewn in the photograph. These once supported a temple and on many of

Overlooking this plateau is a precipitous crag, upon the highest point of which is the actual spot where the apostle landed upon the termination of his long aerial flight from Northern India, while below under a natural arch in the rock may be seen his couch hewn out of the solid stone—assuredly not a bed of roses. Upon the summit stood formerly a temple but nothing now remains to show that it ever existed but a few grooves and socket holes. The



Temple Minstrels.

their capitals is carved the sacred goose or swan, being the emblem of Brahma, shewing conclusively that Buddhism was never able to wholly supplant its ancient rival. Here is shewn the exact place from which Mahinda did most of his preaching and proselytising while under the Dagaba are interred his principal remains, a portion having been donated to Anuradhapura.

climb to the top of this crag will by a reference to the illustration be seen to be somewhat difficult and arduous, but one is well repaid by the view afforded. As far as the horizon on all sides is a sea of verdure interspersed with artificial lakes glistening like diamonds under the influence of the rays of the tropic sun, while away in the distance may be seen the huge dagabas of Anuradhapura ris-

ing in solitary grandeur from the surrounding plain.

To the right of Mahinda's tomb by another very steep flight of steps is reached the Mahaseya, the largest of all the dagabas on the hill, and until recently in such bad repair that it was in danger of collapsing when the government came to the rescue and did some very necessary restoration work. A fine wide procession path encircles it, giving egress to a large number of hermitage cells erected round the base—all now deserted and silent as a tomb.

At the foot of the rock on the opposite side from the Ambastala dagaba is a terrace upon which are numerous buildings and from here the highest point of the hill, Et Vehara, is reached by narrow flights of steps. From this terrace a path leads to the Naga Pokuna or rock pool built in the sixth century A.D. by Agabodi the First, so called on account of a large cobra being carved thereon with its five heads shewing in relief on the wall. Another path to the south leading down the hill to the main road also discloses numerous objects of interest. Chief of these are the remains of a monastery and near which is a fine bath partly cut out of the rock and the remainder constructed with stone slabs into which the water flows from a carved lion's head, while on the outside are tablets depicting different scenes, the most noteworthy being a representation of boys wrestling.

From the native village the road running south leads to some very interesting ruins, surrounded by a stone wall, the principal structure being a Dagaba erected in the first century before Christ.

These buildings were originally at the termination of the ancient sacred way running from Anuradhapura to Mihintale and were probably used by the multitudes of pilgrims who travelled this road on their journey to the celebrated shrine.

Further on is an extensive pokuna or artificial lake from which reservoir no doubt the main supply of water was obtained and around which upon its sloping banks are numerous ruins probably of dwellings, while the small rocky hill near by is honeycombed with hermitage cave cells.

The above are merely the most striking objects of interest at Mihintale and vicinity, but they will convey to the mind of the reader a fair general idea of the extent and importance of this venerable shrine and sacred city when, at the height of its glory, it was the resort of throngs of pilgrims from all parts of the Buddhistic world. Today only a few monks have their abode near Mahinda's tomb while an occasional band of temple minstrels in their wanderings enliven its precincts by their weird melodies, but the monasteries, viharas and temples are in ruins, the dagabas in decay, the rock cells deserted and the multitudes of pilgrims that made it celebrated throughout the island kingdom have departed never to return, so that the sacred rock is now practically abandoned to man's Simian relative and other wild denizens of the forest, whole troops of the former being virtually in undisputed possession and constituting almost its sole population.

How indeed have the mighty fallen!





## The West as a Field of Immigration.

R. E. Gosnell.

**T**HE WEST is an indefinite term. It refers to a territory almost without metes and bounds. So far as Canada is concerned, it is bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the south by the United States, on the north by the Arctic Ocean, and on the east by a line somewhere which it is difficult to define. Properly speaking, if we take the north-west angle of Georgian Bay and draw a straight line through Callender on Lake Nipissing to the Mattawa Rapids on the Ottawa River, and then follow the boundary line between Ontario and Quebec to James Bay, we would divide the east from the west, the latter comprising about five-sixths of the whole of Canada; but for practical purposes, if we go from Heron Bay at the point where the C.P.R. strikes Lake Superior, and go north to the Albany River, following it to its debouchement in James Bay, we have, on the Pacific side, what is properly regarded as "The West." This includes, of course, a large portion of New Ontario, which is as much "west" in many of its characteristics as any other part of Canada.

By the way, the term "The West" as used largely in the press and by public men in Eastern Canada, is very much of a misnomer. It is used in referring to the country between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, or, in other

words, the Prairies. For instance, I saw in the "Saturday Night" of Toronto recently, a heading "In the Last West" used, the particulars of which related almost exclusively to the Prairie country. Obviously, if there is any west in Canada it is British Columbia, but, curiously enough, the press in denoting the distinction, use the terms "The Northwest" and "British Columbia," something which is very misleading, not to say geographically incorrect. In Great Britain, the people talk about Canada and British Columbia, as though the latter were not contained in the former. It may be complimentary to British Columbia on account of its bulking so large in the affairs of the Dominion, but, as I have already said, it is misleading and incorrect. The Prairie Provinces, to start with, are not northwest. They lie exactly west of Ontario and east of British Columbia and should properly be styled "The Middle West." The portion of the coast lying north of the Columbia River, to and including Alaska, was once familiarly styled "The Northwest Coast." This is a designation very seldom used at the present time. If I were to define Canada according to terms of geographical division, I should call the Prairie Provinces the "Middle West," British Columbia the "Far West," Ontario and Quebec the "Middle East," and the Maritime Provinces the "Far

East." This would avoid confusion and misunderstanding and would be more or less appropriate.

Coming, however, to the main question involved in the title of this article, we find in the West three zones of settlement with conditions which are radically different and which demand consideration as radically different. What is known as New Ontario, with the advent of the Grand Trunk Pacific and considerable prospective mining development, is apt, within the next five or ten years, to have, at least, in certain parts of it, a large population. There are, it is said, some fifteen million acres, a very respectable domain in itself, of what is known as "clay lands," suitable for settlement and very fertile. There are isolated tracts, as in British Columbia, which also are suitable for cultivation. It is very cold in winter, however, and the range of products is much more limited than in British Columbia and will differ somewhat from that of the Northwest. Small fruits, and, possibly, apples may be grown to advantage, but, in the main, crops will be limited to hay, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes and a few of the hardier vegetables, and to stock-raising and dairying. The same class of people who are now being attracted to the Prairies in such large numbers will not be attracted to New Ontario. Needless to say, a hardier and less ambitious class of agriculturalists will go there, but none the less important. There will be also a considerable mining and lumbering population, a moiety of which will remain in the country as permanent residents. The Prairie country throughout is adapted to grain-growing and stock-raising almost exclusively, and is attracting and has attracted a class of settlers devoting themselves to farming with a view to money-making, and with the idea in the backs of their heads of ultimately returning to their old homes or moving west to a more congenial climate. Outside of farming and the business tributary, coal-mining and the production of oil are the only other industries likely to develop to any great magnitude. Therefore, the conditions are uniform and suggest homogeneity of population.

When we come to British Columbia, we are confronted with entirely different conditions which create new problems. I have described British Columbia, elsewhere, as "a huge oblong lying obliquely northwest along Canada's western frontier, in the general direction of the great line of upheaval extending from Cape Horn to the Arctic Ocean within the sweep of the Andes, the Rockies and their contributory and auxiliary ranges. Its external aspect is extremely rugged, and it has not been inappropriately described as a 'sea of mountains.' Through ages of erosion its valleys, following the trend of waterways and ancient river beds, have become fertile through the deposits of ages. Its atmosphere, humidly impregnated by evaporation from the Pacific Ocean, has clothed its western slopes with forests growing denser as they reach the coast line. Geographically, its eruptive formation has been favourable to the deposition of much mineral wealth, exuded, we must assume, by various metallurgical processes from the bowels of the earth. Its coast line is extensive and deeply indented, and the waters which surround it and penetrate it and lie embosomed in its lakes, are inhabited with many varieties of commercial fish. It lies athwart the new line of Imperial travel, the route of which, contrary to theories of geographical affinities, is east and west, cross-cutting zones of diverse production, and not north and south on lines of least resistance. It was evolved apparently for big things great enterprises, a potential future, and a destiny closely allied with the fortunes of the Empire."

Such varied physical phases as are found in British Columbia, indicate activities and possibilities quite different from those already dwelt upon in other portions of the west. No policy of immigration and no plan of industrial expansion which would be suitable to the conditions and capabilities of the latter, would in any degree suit the requirements of the former. So far as Canada is concerned, British Columbia is in a class by itself. The same may be true of the Prairie country, and, to a certain extent, of the portion of New Ontario contiguous to it. Each is in its own

class, but each wholly different. We must, therefore, be careful in diagnosing and in prescribing for them.

New Ontario is a field for men of endurance, men who are used to hard work and extremes of heat and cold such as we find in Lower Canada, men used to the exigencies of pioneer life, and to the axe and the canoe, resourceful and industrious. The miner will brave all dangers and will go where gold awaits him, living in tents, under blankets, and feeding on bacon and beans, and slap-jacks, with potatoes of strong tea to wash them plentifully down. Long journeys and heavy burdens will not daunt him. The lumberman, too, is used to a strenuous life of hardships. It is not so easy, however, to find men nowadays who are willing to settle down in the woods and hew their way through the wilderness of trees to cultivate farms and comparative opulence, as the pioneers of Ontario did. Such men must be looked for from the north countries, and then only here and there among the vast number who seek our shores. The problem here demands a policy of encouragement on the part of the Ontario Government, and every facility possible to lighten their way and to make easier the task of development. So long, however, as there is land to give away, particularly if it be fairly good land with some prospect of mineral wealth in it or near it and a fair amount of timber to dispose of, so long will there be settlers of the kind I have indicated.

In the Middle West, in the Prairies, we have a country that can absorb an immense number and variety of settlers. The farming conditions are extremely favourable. In the majority of instances it requires but the man to build his house, purchase his horses and his agricultural implements, and go to work. The ground was prepared for him thousands of years ago, and it has simply been enriching itself for his use. The majority of settlers do not even build fences. The disadvantages relate to cold winters, treeless waste, bad, mucky roads in spring and occasional frost and hail in summertime. These are disadvantages, which, in view of the many advantages, are cheerfully being endured by the rapid-

ly increasing population. It is a country where machinery can be employed to the best possible advantage, and where the drawbacks and hardships peculiar to pioneer settlement are reduced to a minimum. It is a country, too, where farming may be easily learned and, therefore, is a suitable home for the hundreds of thousands, aye, millions of persons in Great Britain and in the northern countries of Europe who wish to find a new home and new environment affording them an opportunity of growing up with a country of great promise—a country where intelligence, industry and ambition will find their sure reward.

A large and important element of Middle West population has been drawn from Eastern Canada from among the sons and daughters of men and women who were pioneers or direct descendants of the pioneers of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, a stock of United Empire Loyalists, Scotch, Irish and English, noted for their physical qualities of endurance as well as mental brawn, a stock that has made the people of Canada what they are today—vigorous, self-respecting and enterprising, and yet conservative enough to avoid the extremes which have characterized their American cousins. That country, too, has drawn of late very largely from the middle and western States of the Union. Hundreds of thousands of American citizens have flocked into Alberta and Saskatchewan, and promise to become a factor of great importance in their development. Many of these were either migrants from Canada in the first place or sons or daughters of Canadians, and in most respects are allied to them—the same in language, race, social characteristics, and molded, by a common experience, to become pioneers of the West. As a rule, they are practical farmers who have sold out their homes to newcomers at good prices, and are going into the Middle West of Canada with not only considerable capital, but with a knowledge of similar conditions and a ripe experience. These people, spreading throughout that vast territory, will be of immense advantage in affording object lessons to people of other countries new



to Canadian ways, and in stimulating them by an example—a most useful leaven. There is but one danger in connection with immigration of that character, and that is the introduction, along with American methods, of American ideas of politics, and a corresponding lack of sympathy with the interests which tie the Dominion to alliance with Great Britain. An influx sufficiently large to dominate the sentiment of the West would undoubtedly tend to alienate that portion of Canada from former ties, but it may be assumed that a considerable percentage of newcomers in the United States have had sufficient experience of the evils of what we may call “extremes of politics” and the inefficient administration of laws, to not wish to perpetuate these evils in Canada, besides, as already stated, very many of them are either Canadian born or of Canadian descent and retain many of the traditions which have kept Canadians constant in their Imperial allegiance.

While considering the conditions which obtain in the Middle West, it might be well to discuss the question of the sources from which immigration should come and the methods of attracting it. This is now a live question at Ottawa. With an immense area of arable land all ready for the plow, the immigration policy of the Dominion Government for some years past, has been to advertise extensively with free land to the settler as an inducement, the people of the country do the rest. It is a comparatively simple proposition and, at the most, a matter of advertising, in which the Department of Immigration, it must be admitted, has been singularly successful. The C.P.R., the other great factor in building up the Prairie country, with two objects in view, the creation of traffic and the sale of the company's lands, has also pursued a vigorous policy of advertising with extraordinary results. So far, it has meant simply getting population from outside sources, without much reference to other considerations, some of them rather important. This policy has been, to some extent, justified by the difficulty experienced in diverting the immense stream of immigration that annually flowed to the United States. To go back a few

years, while the Dominion Government was persistent in its efforts to get population, and spent large sums annually for that purpose both in Great Britain, on the Continent and in the United States, results were far from satisfactory. The reason of this is obvious. The United States had not yet been filled up and, like a flock of sheep, people kept following in one direction. However, the tide eventually turned, and Canada has come to its own for two reasons: first, the great prosperity of the country, and, secondly, the fact that the vacant lands of the United States were filling up, and people began seriously looking for new fields to conquer. Canada, with its vast areas of unoccupied lands, was the last resort on the American continent for the settler. The Dominion Government took advantage of these circumstances, and inaugurated a very strenuous immigration policy aiding and abetting them by various advertising expedients. It is a question, however, if this policy was not carried to too great an extreme, and if sufficiently wise discrimination was exercised in regard to immigration, with the result that many of the alien races of Europe were attracted, and we have the not altogether gratifying fact to record, that there are today over one hundred foreign languages spoken in the Middle West. Such people as the Galicians and Dhoukabors who, although they may eventually become assimilated and make excellent citizens, their presence in large numbers in a country, especially in communities, create difficult problems. Another feature of immigration policy that has been severely criticised, with justice, is assisted passages. There was a time when this was justified, in the well intended effort to divert population to Canada against the counter-attractions of the United States. But now that the stream of immigration is headed in the direction of the Dominion and the country is well advertised, all such aids are wholly unnecessary. The difficulty in future from now on, will be not in inducing, but reducing it to its proper limits and restricting it in quantity. Two things may be put down as essentials in settling up a country. One is that quality and not quantity of settlers should be



the determining factor. Another is that the land should be preserved for the settler. In this latter connection, it has been the policy of the Dominion Government to provide free land for the settlers. Without any doubt, such a policy has had good effect in the past, but it is doubtful now if it should be continued. Recent experience has shown that a very considerable proportion of those filing on homesteads who perform settlement duties, do so in a perfunctory manner, not with a view of becoming settlers, but for the purpose of acquiring land that they may mortgage or sell as soon as they secure a title. The fact that people are coming in freely from all parts of the world and especially from Eastern Canada and the United States and purchasing land from the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Hudson's Bay Co. and the various private owners, at largely increased prices, is sufficient evidence that it is no longer necessary to hold out free land as an inducement; in fact, it is simply permitting an undue advantage to the man who happens to arrive on the ground first, to which he is not entitled, and has the effect of unduly extending settlement beyond the means of communication. After all, the price of land is not so important as the favourable conditions in a new country and the many requirements in the way of roads, irrigation, tree-planting, railways, etc., etc., which facilitate the means of production and the convenience of the settler suggest that the government should sell their remaining lands at from one to five dollars per acre according to classification and fund the returns for the purpose of betterment in the ways indicated. The time has now arrived when such a policy ought to have the most serious consideration of the government at Ottawa.

Coming now to British Columbia, conditions are so much different, that what might be applicable to the Middle West would be wholly inapplicable in British Columbia; particularly is it true that wholesale and indiscriminate advertising by the government, without reference to the fate of the immigrant, would be disastrous alike to the immigrant and to the Province. Population is wanted and

is highly desirable, but in an entirely different way and of a different character as compared to the Middle West. As I have already stated, an immigration policy in the past has simply meant getting population. So far as British Columbia is concerned, the problem under modern conditions, involves several other questions usually regarded as quite distinct. We have in this country to consider four or five closely related subjects. These are land, immigration, transportation, mode of settlement, and lastly but not least, the question of publicity. It would take too long to discuss all these various subjects in a single article, but, briefly stated, the available government lands are either so limited or, for the present, so isolated, that an indiscriminate policy of bringing immigrants to this country would result in real hardships. So much of the available land is already taken up and is by its being specially adapted for division into small holdings for small mixed farming that we require, outside of agricultural labourers, a class of people who, for reasons of health or change of climate, or more congenial surroundings or change of avocation, preferably with some capital at their disposal, to undertake intensive cultivation, particularly in the line of fruit-growing. There are few parts of the Province to which these remarks will not apply and, therefore, the policy of the government of late has been formed and in the future undoubtedly will continue, with that particular object in view. For this reason, particular attention has been paid to the encouragement of fruit-growing in all its branches, dairying, etc., and the literature that has been distributed has been largely explanatory of commercial and industrial conditions rather than that of the usual flowery and seductive character. Large commercial exhibits of fruit have been sent to the Middle West, which is the nearest and most natural market, and to Great Britain, where the outlook, so far as certain varieties of fruit are concerned, is extremely favourable. Great success has marked these efforts, and the extension of existing orchards and the dividing up of land into small holdings for orchard and other

purposes, have gone on in rapidly increasing ratio.

Speaking generally, considering the varied conditions and resources of the Province, it is impossible to lay down any general policy that will apply uniformly throughout. In the matter of mining, fishing, ship-building and forestry, the development of industries, and extension of commerce, these must fol-

low lines of private enterprise as has been justified by the experience of generations in British communities. The most we can do is to make known the extent and value of our resources, to aid and encourage these as far as possible by wise legislation and to leave the rest to the intelligent, ambitious and far-seeing public.

## Thy Face.

Douglas Durkin.

Perhaps in that bright world from which we came  
 Our souls were one. But God loves love,  
 And so He took that soul  
 And fashioned from the whole  
 Two souls, and flung them from above  
 Into this world, each with a different name.

And since that day His hand hath matched each move,  
 And in the yearning each soul knew  
 For th' other, God was there,  
 And He had every care  
 That our ways should converge, and through  
 The deep blue sky he loved us from above.

And as we wandered on from place to place  
 Each soul to each was drawn, and when  
 At last thy hand touched mine,  
 God smiled in His divine  
 Delight. Ah love, what wonder then  
 That when I saw thee first I knew thy face.



John Kyle, A.R.C.A.

**I**N my first article I endeavoured to shew the importance of tone, and suggested the making of sketches in different shades of one color; either in pencil, water colors, or oils. The correct depth of colors has more to do with the effect of a picture than the color itself, therefore it is impossible to give too much consideration to this point.

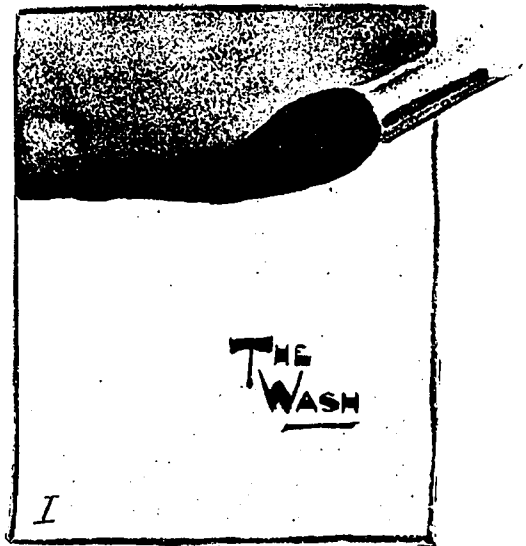
Correct drawing, true tone, and good technique are essential to the making of a successful picture. It will be necessary to touch on these points again later on as each heading is worthy of an article to itself. At present let me take for granted that a certain amount of this drawing and tone work has been attempted, and that instructions in the management of the paints are required.

The box may be a simple one containing three paints; the primary colors: Red, crimson lake; blue, Prussian blue; Yellow, yellow ochre.

To put on a wash of color so that it will dry with no streaks or unevenness, should be the first exercise. Damp the paper with water and hold it in a slightly tilted position. Have a pool of paint ready mixed and with a moderately large brush full of color, start to cover the paper, working right across the sheet, beginning at the top as in Illustration I.

Keep the brush full of color; a ridge

of paint should always be at the bottom of the wash to prevent its drying. Thus if the tint be stopped at any part of the sheet there will be a good blot of color lying there into which any other color may be run. When the wash reaches the bottom of the sheet, dry the brush



by placing it on a rag or a piece of blotting paper, and then soak up the remaining paint with the brush.

When one is able to wash on one color well, mix three pools, one of red, one blue, one yellow. Begin at the top of the sheet with blue and bring it down about one inch. Take another brush and dip it into the red, running one color into

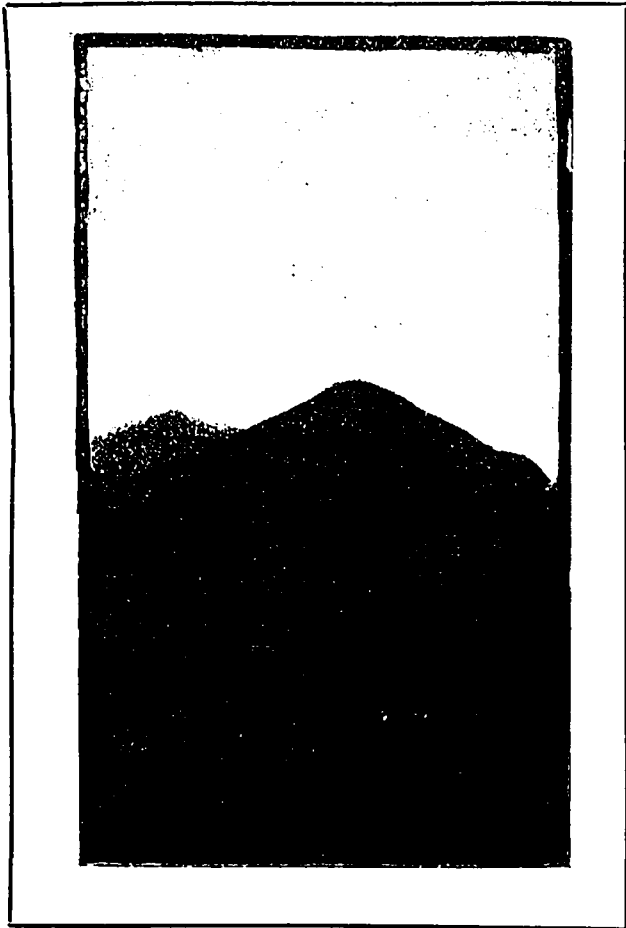
the other and making a purple which will gradually tone into a red. Dip another brush into the pool of yellow and let the yellow run into the red. This will make an orange gradually toning into the yellow.

Begin with the blue again, letting it run into the yellow, forming green to blue, and so on until the sheet is covered.

The colors should have a rainbow effect—blue, purple, red, orange, yellow, green. Thus six distinct colors may be made by using three paints, while grey is obtained by mixing the three together.

There should be no dry streaks in the finished work, all the colors should merge into one another. The method of doing this is just the same as that employed in painting a picture.

When this exercise has been performed



satisfactorily, try an imaginary landscape. Have a sheet of paper about 9 in. by 9 in. and damp it. Wash blue down from the top about two and one-half inches. Mix red with the blue and put in some distant hills in purple. Mix yellow with the blue, run the green into the purple hills bringing the green right to the foot of the paper and adding more yellow to the

color as it reaches the bottom. See Illustration No. 2.

This is good practice in manipulating the colors; freedom in doing this will allow one to give undivided attention to the true depths of color when sketching from nature.

A further trial might be made with the addition of a tree or a house in the foreground as in Illustration No. 3.



All these exercises may be done at home. When the limitations of the colors are thoroughly understood, one may then venture forth with some confidence to try conclusions with nature.

A sketching easel, a stool, a can for water, a paint box with three colors and three good water-color brushes; the best camel hair or Siberian hair. A block of Whatman's water-color paper should complete the equipment for a beginner. Have good paper, colors, and brushes: the easel, water can, and stool may be of the cheapest.

Select some nook where there will be privacy, and where the thoughts will not be interrupted by intruders. Use the finder as directed in my first article, and decide on something simple, something

well within the scope of a beginner as in Illustration No. 4.

As I have already remarked, it is a great mistake to start with extensive views: when accustomed to the working of the materials more difficult scenes may be chosen.

Sketch in the subject lightly with pencil and after the manner described in the previous article, make the most of the shadows, and all the time the drawing is going on be watching the tones, noting the lightest part, and the darkest part of the picture; in other words get-



ting to know the subject, so that when the drawing is complete, one will be quite clear of what has to be done next.

Damp the paper, and then begin to wash on the color in the same manner as proposed for the exercises.

As you will be limited to the tints made from your three colors, you must not expect to reproduce the scene literally. Much will be learnt in making the most of the three paints, in mastering the technique, and in getting familiar with the work.

When this is accomplished a few more paints may be added to the box. Gam-

boge or Indian yellow, Cobalt blue, and Payne's grey for instance. Simple materials, and simple subjects for beginners is an important factor in making progress.

The early morning and evening are the best times for painting as the colors are more in masses, the different planes or distances are more distinct, and aerial perspective more evident. The soft grey tints are clearly seen, which is a great matter for the beginner who always has a certain difficulty in seeing the greys in nature. A green tree being generally painted green, no matter how far distant it may be.

Never sit in direct sunlight, unless under an umbrella. These directions, although very superficial, should help those who wish to make studies from nature, and if application, and perseverance go hand in hand there will be no doubt of the result.

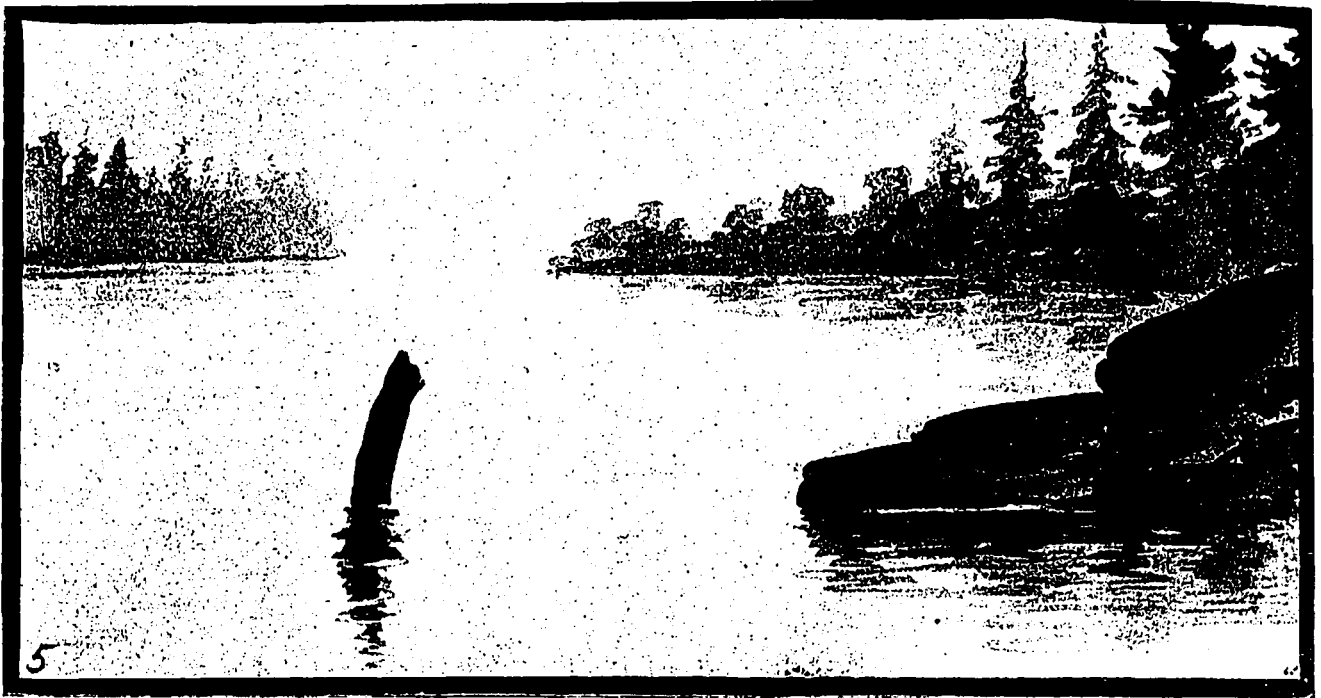
Many masters prefer to begin the pupils with oil colors, as alterations may be made more readily; even a whole picture may be repainted; while water colors will not allow such free treatment. Many also claim that a course in oils gives more force to the pupils' work, when they do take up water colors.

Should any readers desire to begin their studies in oils, purchase good colors and brushes. Messrs. Winsor & Newton's or Messrs Reeves' colors and brushes are to be depended on. It is best to buy an empty box and fill in the colors as required. To start with White, Cobalt blue, Prussian blue, Yellow ochre, Vermilion and Ivory black are all that are necessary. A palette, palette knife, charcoal to draw with, bottle linseed oil, bottle Copal varnish, bottle turpentine. The oil, varnish, and turps, are specially prepared for artists.

For working on, use canvas, or any prepared material such as canvas board, academy board, or oil sketching paper. Academy board, rough surface, is good and cheap.

After having fixed on a nice simple bit of scenery, draw in the main features with the charcoal and shade in the masses, so as to get the effect in black and white.

To fix this mix up some color, say



black toned with a little yellow ochre, and thinned down with turpentine. Go over all the lines of the sketch, washing in the shadows with thin color as seen in Illustration No. 5.

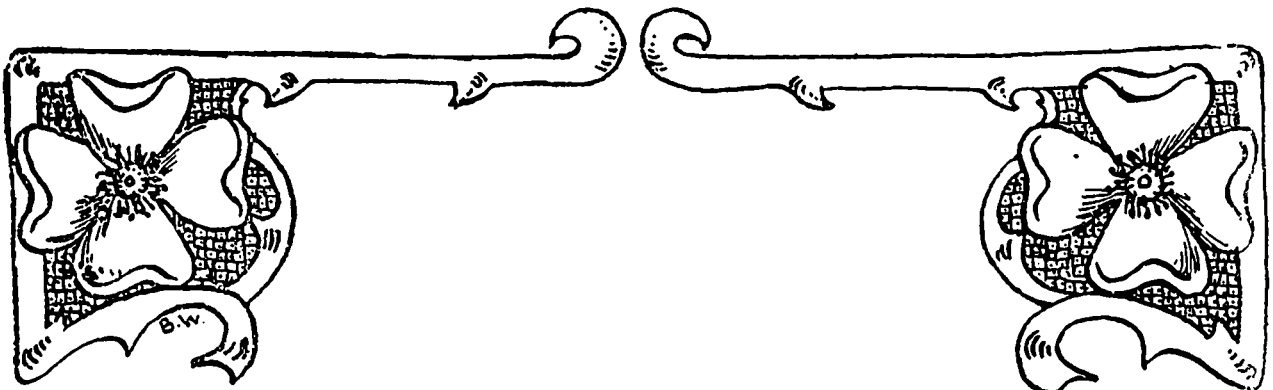
The result should be a vigorous sketch of the proposed picture with the shadows strong and effective. The whole process should not occupy more than twenty minutes or half an hour, and the color should dry almost immediately and be ready for the painting proper.

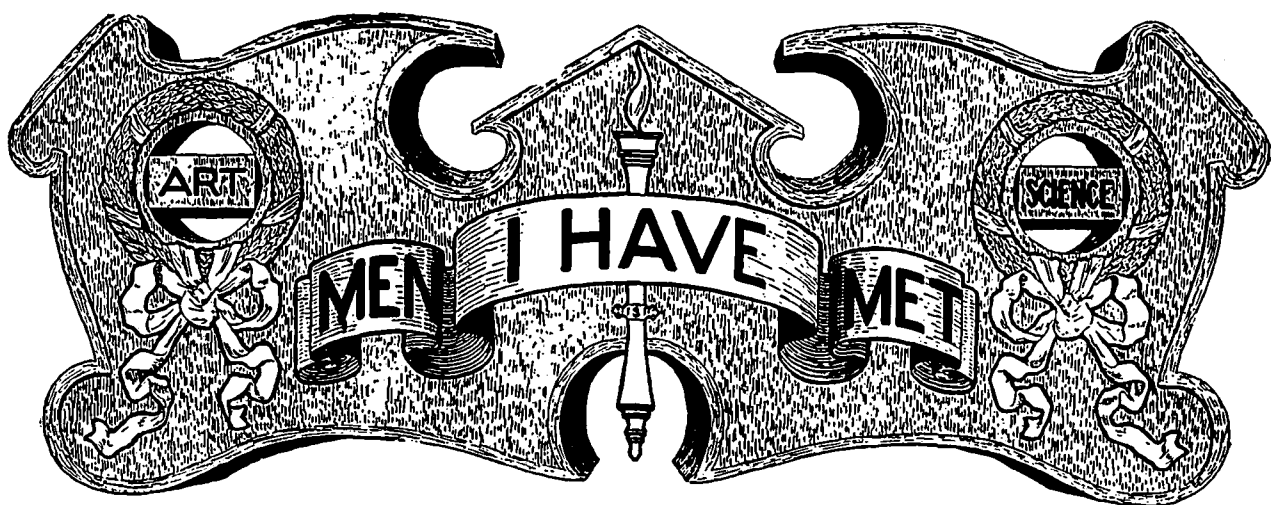
Mix the colors for the sky with the knife on the palette and put the tints on to their proper places. Do not brush

the tints too much together, nor mix them too well on the palette, as this leads to deadness, lifelessness; and one of the beauties of color is its clear, clean, transparent appearance. The tints in the sky especially are always clean and pearly.

Mix the colors for the distance, gradually working up to the foreground, and as soon as possible put in the darkest part of the picture, so that all other darks may be compared to it.

Be plentiful in your use of colors, economy in that line does not pay; and let all your work be done as directly as possible.





## Sir T. G. Shaughnessy.

William Blakemore

**I**N many respects the Canadian Pacific Railway is the greatest transportation enterprise in the world. Taken in conjunction with its steamship lines on the Atlantic and the Pacific, its position is unrivalled. From a Canadian standpoint it stands far ahead of all industries, enterprises, and corporations within the borders of the Dominion. It was started as a commercial undertaking, it is rapidly becoming an Imperial factor, the strategic importance of which far outvies its commercial value.

The Canadian Pacific Railway enjoys a unique position amongst great enterprises in having had associated with it great and notable men. The men who built it have long since ceased to derive their chief importance from their connection with it: they stand today foremost in the councils of the Empire, and rank with the Princes of the financial world. Lord Strathcona, Sir James Stephen, Sir William Van Horne and the late Sir Robert Reid, are better known to the present generation as statesmen, philanthropists, and financiers than as the builders of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and the recent death of Sir Robert Reid, who although the most retiring was not the least influential of the four, serves to

emphasize the gap which would be caused by their removal.

To these illustrious names must now be added a fifth, that of Sir T. G. Shaughnessy. He is a worthy successor of those who preceded him in the control of the C. P. R., but he is more: he is the man whose imagination and preception have lifted the system from the plane of marvellously successful railway enterprises to the standard of an Imperial asset, with possibilities that are hardly yet dreamt of. Everyone is talking today of the "All-red Route." Such a scheme is only made possible by the pitch of excellence to which the C. P. R. has been developed under the direction of Sir T. G. Shaughnessy. It is not to detract from the magnificent services of his predecessors, who bore the brunt of an enterprise which threatened to bankrupt the Dominion, to say that Sir Thomas was the first to realize the necessity of establishing efficient steamship lines on the Atlantic and the Pacific. The enormous earnings of the railway during the last ten years might have been devoted to the payment of larger dividends, and so have enhanced the market value of the stock, but stock valuations have never troubled the Directorate of the C. P. R. and in-

stead the money was applied to the purchase and operation of steamship lines which would complete the Imperial route and which today are amongst the best equipped and the fastest afloat. The Atlantic line of the C. P. R. has established the important fact that from Ireland to Canada is both the shortest and most practicable route for speedy travel, and by diverting attention to the Dominion has paved the way for the transference of mail transportation, and with it the cream of passenger traffic, to the north-erly route.

There is little doubt, although it can only be a matter of conjecture, that it was his masterly services in connection with the solution of these momentous problems that secured for Sir Thomas the honorable distinction of knighthood.

Just what the future of the C. P. R. and its allied interests may be it is impossible to forecast, but this much may safely be said, that if Sir Thomas Shoughnessy is spared for many years to direct its affairs, he will before completing his work have constituted it the girdle of the world for Imperial traffic, and will have bound together by a literal band of steel the people of Greater Britain. Ere long it will be impossible to regard any but the Canadian as the natural Antipodean route, and yet less than ten years ago the mere suggestion was scouted as impracticable.

Sir T. G. Shaughnessy is an Irishman of humble parentage, who has literally worked his way up from the position of a messenger boy to that of President of the greatest of railway corporations. He has been a railroader all his life, and not one of his competitors is better versed in the details of the business. It is nearly ten years since I first met him, and was for several years closely associated with him in business matters. Of all the men with whom I have done business he is the most prompt and direct, possessing as he does the rare faculty of being able to make up his mind instantly. With Sir Thomas it is "Yes" or "No," and that settles it. Moreover his word is as good as his own or any other man's bond. He has no time to waste, nor does he wish to waste any of yours. Go to him with a clear cut, definite, proposition, satisfy

him as to the facts, and if it involves the expenditure of a million dollars he will tell you as soon as you have done speaking or as soon as he has done questioning you whether he will take it or not. He has been called brusque, but his brusqueness is not the expression of ill-temper or impatience: it is simply the outcome of prompt decision and the anxiety to save time and get on to the next business.

It is a delight to take instructions from Sir Thomas Shaughnessy; he jerks them out in a few snappy sentences, which are so definite that it is impossible to mistake, and he expects implicit compliance. He is the best of masters, because he never forgets a good servant. The man who shows a disposition to consult the interests of the C. P. R. and to make personal sacrifices to serve them is assured of recognition; such devotion cannot possibly escape the eagle eye of the President, and although the promotion may appear to be long in coming, when it does come it will be found in many instances that Sir Thomas has been waiting only for the most suitable appointment to open up, and might long ago have conferred an inferior one, but was unwilling to do it.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is an eminently just man, strictly upright in all his dealings, and contemptuous of any deviation, however slight, from the straight line. He is a kindly man, indeed in this respect he resembles many others whose apparent brusqueness is but a cloke for geniality. The number of those who could tell of his considerate benefactions could not be counted by the hundred, perhaps not by the thousand.

This brief sketch would not be complete without a reference to a side of the President of the C. P. R. which is only known to his intimates. His employees know him as a keen, observant, disciplinarian whose notice nothing escapes, and who seems in some mysterious way to keep tab of nearly every one of the fifty thousand workmen whose names appear on the pay-rolls. But there are others who know that Sir Thomas is a man of culture, fond of literature and art, who devotes whatever spare time he may have to study, and who is rapidly coming to the front as one of the most



gifted and thoughtful of public speakers.

Everything that Sir Thomas says is weighty. Just as he wastes no time, he wastes no words, and the editor who is fortunate enough to secure his manuscript finds little use for the blue pencil.

Sir Thomas does not often speak, but whenever he does he is worth listening to. During the present year he has delivered two addresses, one in London, and one in Toronto, which are easily the most illuminating and impressive of any which I have read on the subject of Canadian development and the position of

Canada in the Empire. In both of these addresses Sir Thomas left commercialism far behind and rose to the true level of patriotism and statesmanship.

If any Canadian can catch the ear of England it is Sir T. G. Shaughnessy, and with the men who have made Canada famous so rapidly approaching the decline of life, it is no far prediction that the eyes of the Dominion will turn more and more for confidence and guidance to the one whose force and originality have stamped him as their only possible successor.

## Irrigation in British Columbia.

A. E. Ashcroft, C. E.

**I**RRIGATION is older than history, as the ruins of aqueducts and tunnels in Persia, in Colorado and in Central Asia bear witness. Egypt, the birthplace of civilization, could not have been without it; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, one of the Seven Wonders of the world, were but an example of Irrigation Engineering. The Arabs and the Moors in Spain were adepts in the art, and the farmer of Northern Italy today floods his fields in the same way as his ancestors for hundreds of years have done.

The relative order of importance to mankind of the various beneficial uses to which the waters of the earth can be put may be placed as follows:

1st. DOMESTIC, that is for drinking for man and beast.

2nd. MUNICIPAL, the ordered distribution of water among men living in communities for drinking, cleanliness and health and for protection from fire.

3rd. AGRICULTURAL, that is irrigation.

4th. INDUSTRIAL, includes all developments of water-power and the use of water in manufactures.

5th. MINING, Placer and hydraulic.

This order or priority holds good in

Western Canada and the arid states of the Union and is embodied in the Statutes of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming. Some of these applications of water may conflict—for instance—a large city may divert the water of a stream and deprive some lands on its banks from irrigation, or a waterwheel or some other power of sufficient water to operate.

Again, an extensive system of storage reservoirs may so change the natural flow that the former spring freshets no longer occur and streams which have been used each year at high water for driving logs are no longer available for the purpose.

The Sacramento River is a notable instance of the changes wrought in the regimen of a river by mining and irrigation.

Irrigation stands high in the above order of priority, only the domestic needs of individuals and cities having precedence. It may be noted here that industrial and transportation (power) uses, even though municipally owned, come later. To justify this important position it is necessary that the laws shall be so framed and administered as to ensure the most economical distribution of the water



The Coldstream Ranch near Vernon, B.C.

on lands where it will do most good that is, raise the most valuable crops.

In British Columbia, irrigation by the individual farmer is only possible to a very limited extent. The water has generally to be brought great distances, through very rough country and the engineering and other difficulties are such that only capital can afford to undertake the works. It has been the writer's experience that works of this nature are always more costly than originally estimated and the benefit to the district in which they are situate is far more than was deemed possible when the project was first mooted. This has particularly been the case in Vernon. The Grey Canal, now being constructed by the White Valley Irrigation & Power Company, is costing far more than the original estimate, as they are meeting with more rock than was expected and in nearly every part of construction the cost is higher. To the district around Vernon the benefit already accruing from the construction of these works is more than twenty times the whole cost, this is shown in the rise in land values, where such land will be irrigated from the Grey Canal.

Irrigation is a difficult matter to interest outside capital in, and the Government should encourage as much as possible projects of this nature, as for every dollar spent in this class of work the district receives a benefit ten to twenty fold.

What appears to be needed in British Columbia are:—

(1) Complete hydrographic surveys of all watersheds and meteorological data and statistics.

(2) A recognition of the ownership of stored water, and a system by which the stored water may be conveyed to places of use along natural channels.

(3) Stability and certainty of title: to effect this to extinguish all old records, new ones to be issued based on the use to which the water is put, as well as in priority of extinguished records.

(4) The preservation of forests in all watersheds, the location and survey of all lakes and marshes suitable for storage reservoirs.

(5) The possibility under certain conditions of effecting exchange of water to the mutual benefit of users.

(6) The providing of a tribunal to

settle all disputes over water promptly and on the spot.

In the writer's opinion, the ideally perfect system of administration is—absolute despotism. Benevolent despotism of

and that the spirit of the age is against absolutism. On examination it will be seen that this is not so—the commander of an army or a battleship is a despot; the committee of a Labour Union which



Pipe Line on Grey Canal near Vernon, B.C.

course and by a despot thoroughly capable, thoroughly informed, and thoroughly impartial. It will be at once objected that such a person is impossible to find

organizes a strike is despotic, and no harmonious action of the whole is possible without the discipline of the parts. Men have always been found when

needed and can be found again—such a man must be adequately salaried and placed in as independent a position as a Judge of the Supreme Court. He will

be able to do more good under a faulty Act than the most perfect legislation could do if imperfectly administered.



Part of Wooden Pipe System Installed at Okanagan Centre.



## Vernon, the Hub of the Okanagan.

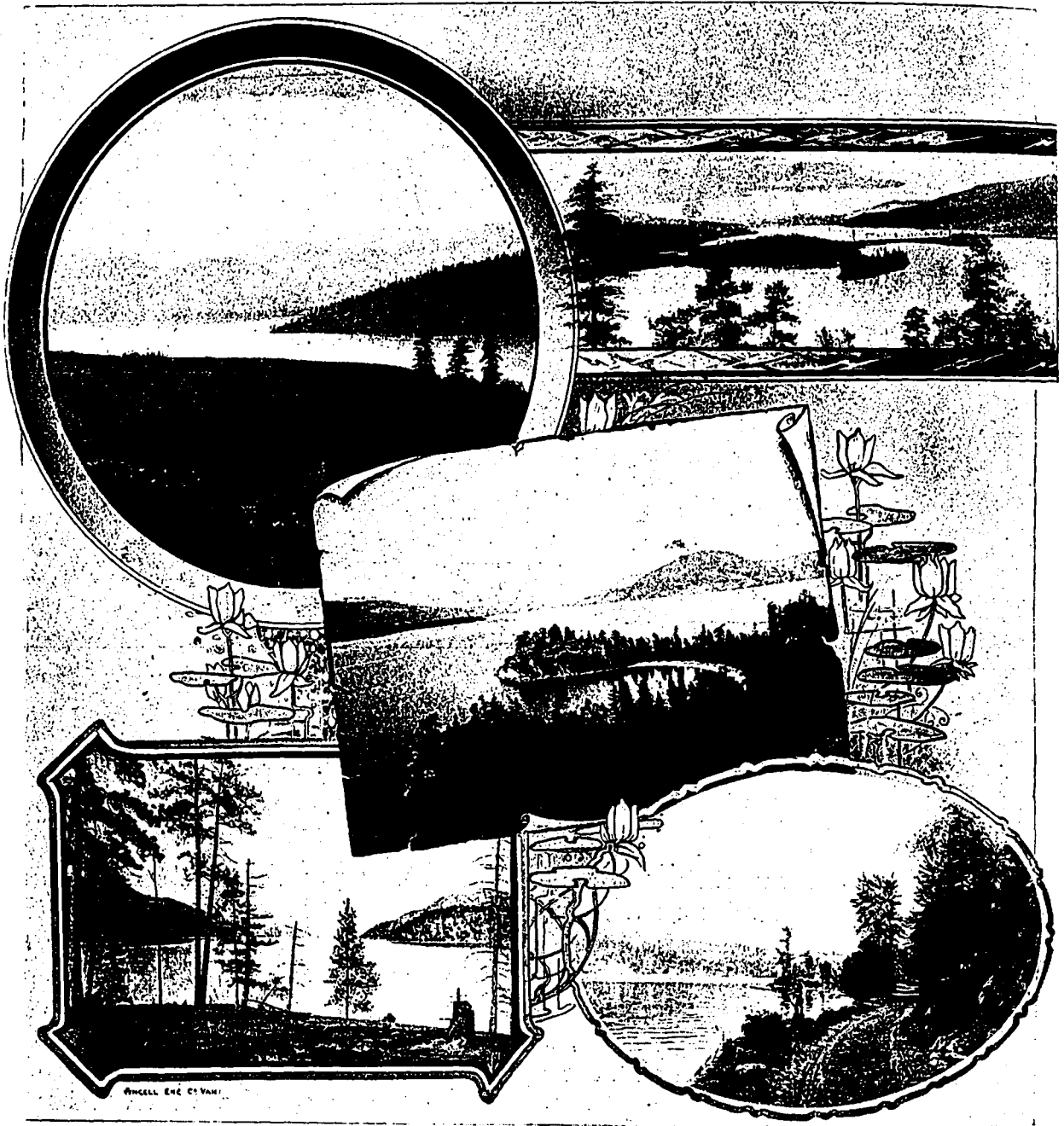
**V**ERNON, known throughout the length and breadth of the Province of British Columbia as the Hub of the Okanagan, is approached from the north through one of the finest valleys in a territory celebrated for its scenic beauties throughout the Empire.

Few towns are more ideally located than Vernon and none in the Province has more to offer the newcomer, be he sportsman, tourist or settler. The site selected for the city and the many roads which lead to the various beauty spots of the valley recommend it with peculiar force to the tourist. A drive of only a few minutes lands him amid the blossoming orchards of the Coldstream or he is bowling along Lake Drive which skirts for mile after mile the shores of Long Lake. If his explorations are directed towards the north a splendid road leads him past farm after farm until the environs of Armstrong is reached and if he be so minded he can keep going until he is once again at the main artery of the C. P. R. railway either at Sicomous or Salmon Arm, almost fifty miles away.

Returning to Vernon the drive through White Valley in still another direction is both beautiful and instructive, the route is partly through the great Coldstream estate with its acres of fruit bearing orchards. After passing the Coldstream the nature of the tillage is more diversified and fields of vegetables, hay and grain engross the attention of the farmer.

Dairy farming is a rapidly increasing industry in the upper stretches of White Valley, mainly in the vicinity of Lumby and surrounding valleys; and besides the finest fruit in the world this section of the Okanagan aspires to furnish outside markets with the choicest products of the dairy.

Naturally from its commanding position as the radial point Vernon is the shipping centre for all this fertile territory; and if the object of the newcomer has been to select a place to settle with himself and his family this fact will appeal to him with great force. Besides qualities of climate and beauty of surroundings Vernon has more substantial gifts to offer. Its educational institutions are of the best and are large enough to serve a community twice the present



Glimpses of Lake Scenery.

size of the city, and in addition to the graded schools the higher education of the pupils is capably looked to in a very commodious high school. Five religious denominations have churches here—the Presbyterian, Anglican, Methodist, Roman Catholic, Baptist; also the Salvation Army.

Communication with every point of the valley is available over the wires of the government telephone line. The postal service is good but its growth has been such within the past few years that the Federal Government has decided to furnish more liberal quarters and a new post-office costing over \$30,000 will be erected during the coming summer.

The city boasts of two of the soundest financial institutions in the Dominion and all monetary requirements are met by branches of the Bank of Montreal and the Royal Bank of Canada, presided over by officers shrewd and solidly conservative in their business methods.

The city is served with the purest of water and a good electric light system; and the demands of those requiring homes are met by one of the most completely equipped planing mills and sash and door factories in the Province.

Three very important improvements are now engrossing the attention of the city council, namely: The erection of a splendid, modern hospital in the place of

the present one which the city has out-grown; the laying out of a park; and the installation of an up-to-date sewerage system. For the first of these, plans have

priated and laying out the ground is already under way.

A sum of money has also been set aside for sewerage purposes and working plans



A Pretty Drive Near Vernon.

already been accepted and the building when completed will represent an expenditure of some \$50,000. As regards the park a sum of money has been appro-

and specifications will shortly be in the hands of the council.

Many of the small holdings in the vicinity of Vernon have given their own-

ers some astonishing returns, for instance on a small farm about two miles out eight acres are planted as orchard of which four are bearing. Between the trees the owner grows small fruits and vegetables of all kinds, and he says that up to the present he has made more from the auxiliary crop than from the orchard. His results last year were: For

acre and one-fifth devoted, one acre to raspberries and the balance to apples. The returns for the berries were \$375 and from the apple crop \$99 or almost \$400 an acre.

Up White Valley one of the biggest irrigation schemes in Western Canada is being worked out by the Coldstream Estate Company which controls thousands



Fish and Game in the Okanagan.

apples, \$870; prunes and plums, \$347. Off three-quarters of an acre of strawberries \$428; one-half acre of raspberries yielded \$450; currants, black and red, over \$200, and the returns from his vegetable crop were \$915, a total of \$3,210 or over \$400 an acre.

Another case was the yield from an

of acres of the finest fruit lands in the world. This immense proposition, which, when completed, will be over forty miles in length and represent an expenditure close upon half a million of dollars, will ensure crops from one year to the other no matter how dry the summer may be.

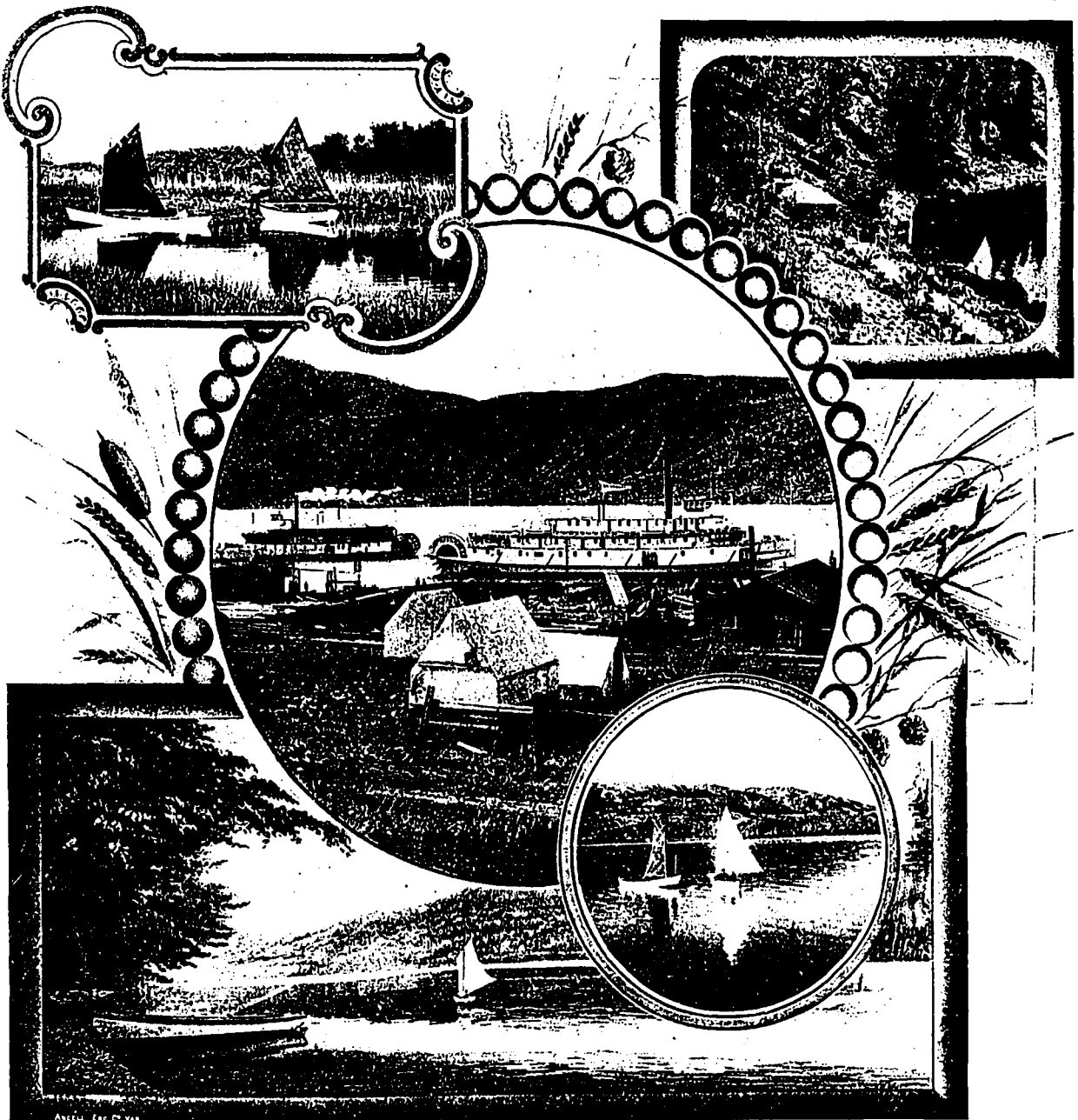
Within the city limits Vernon is one



vast orchard and in this respect it excels any other city in the Dominion west of Winnipeg. Almost every home has its orchard and plot devoted to the cultivation of small fruits and small indeed is the lot which does not boast of its grove of evergreens, birches or poplars flourishing as nature planted them, embellish-

ful growth of all manners and kinds of shrub and flower.

Vernon has a great future ahead of it; and steady growth is assured because it has the country back of it to feed that growth. It has every requirement for a great and prosperous city; an unequalled climate, an ideal site, a progressive



Boating Scenes on Okanagan Lake.

ing the city, and lending a grateful shade during the summer heat.

The advantage which Vernon possesses in sites has encouraged the erection of many very handsome residences and the number of these is multiplying very rapidly, attention is also being given to the grounds surrounding them and the near future will see some exquisite examples of floriculture as the climate is particularly fitted for the success-

people, a wonderfully productive surrounding country and an ever increasing market for the produce. Already a project is on foot to build a line of electric railway which will penetrate the small lateral valleys not as yet within reach of the cheap transportation afforded by the Shuswap & Okanagan branch line of steamers; and when that project does take definite shape the territory which Vernon will serve will be almost doubled in size.



J. Forsyth Smith.

THE second annual convention of the Western Canada Irrigation Association, which was held in Vernon during the week beginning August 10th, has fully realized the expectation that it would prove to be more important and far-reaching in its effects than any gathering of the kind that has ever been held in the Province. It is true that the unfortunate coincidence of the date with that of the Saskatchewan elections, the early harvest in the Northwest Provinces, etc., resulted in limiting its number of delegates to a comparatively small proportion of what had been expected, but this matter of the attendance was the only one which, in any degree, marred the success of the event, and the energetic members of the Executive Board, whose careful planning of details is largely responsible for the outcome, have every reason to feel satisfied with the result of their efforts.

The programme of papers and addresses embraced contributions from some of the foremost authorities in Canada and the United States on the vital subjects of water legislation, irrigation,

and forestry; the matter presented included a wealth of valuable information on the history of the irrigation movement, the conditions that have to be dealt with in the reclamation of arid areas to the purposes of the agriculturalist and horticulturalist, and the remarkable results that have attended the efforts of the successful irrigator; the views set forth and the suggestions made by experts with regard to the amendment of existing laws were remarkably definite, clear and logical; the discussion by the rank and file of the delegates was marked by earnestness, and the evident desire to contribute as much as possible towards the solution of the problems before them; and, in short, there was not an hour of the business portion of the Convention, which was not replete with suggestions to the legislator, the industrial economist, or the practical irrigator.

Of special interest to the people of British Columbia was the pronouncement of Hon. F. J. Fulton, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, made at the opening of the Convention, as to the intentions of the Government with

regard to amending the Water Clauses Consolidation Act. Mr. Fulton pointed out that an amendment last session had established the right to store water, and stated that he had enlisted the services of Mr. J. S. Dennis, assistant to Second Vice-President Whyte of the C.P.R., manager of the irrigation department of that company, and, probably, the greatest irrigation expert in Canada, to aid him in drafting a comprehensive amendment to the existing Act, which would do away with many of the difficulties at present met with by users of water. After this draft had been made, it was the intention to have it printed and distributed throughout the Province, so that all who were interested in the matter, might have an opportunity of criticising it, before it was brought before the legislature. Mr. Fulton's remarks made it quite evident that he fully appreciates the importance of sweeping reforms in the present methods of administering the water resources of the Province.

Perhaps the most generally interesting feature of the programme was the address on "The Law Relating to the Use of Water for Irrigation," by Mr. J. S. Dennis, a gentleman who is very widely known as an authority on irrigation. Mr. Dennis has made quite a specialty of the question of water legislation. His experience with irrigation has been wide, and his logical and eminently practical mind has had ample opportunity to reach definite conclusions on the many problems which confront those who use or administer the water assets of the country. From first to last, his address was a clear and forcible enunciation of views, which were evidently the result of the fullest acquaintance with every phase of the subject; and the vigour and decision of his utterances, as well as the almost self-evident logic of his propositions held the attention and brought conviction to the minds of his hearers.

In brief, Mr. Dennis took the Northwest Irrigation Act as the basis of suggested legislation for British Columbia, and, proceeded to set forth the arguments which proved it to be the best law at present existant, dealing with the subject. One important principle should

be recognized as lying at the bottom of all water legislation. There is no such thing as property in water. All that the individual has is the license to use it, and when water ceases to be used beneficially, the license must cease to exist. There was scarcely a stream in the Province which was not greatly over recorded. The Government had issued licenses to use water, which, in perhaps the greatest number of cases, did not exist at all. As a result, no record-holder could feel that he had a clear and indisputable right to the use of the water called for by his record, but must always be in danger of being required to defend his right in the courts. A drastic remedy was required. The first step towards amendment should be a thorough house-cleaning. The Government should appoint a commission to ascertain accurately just how much water is available from every stream, against which records are held, and also to investigate the validity of existing records: one most important test of validity being the using of the water. Non-users, who would not undertake to use the water within a reasonable time fixed by the commission, should have their records "snuffed out" of existence. Indefeasible right should then be given, in order of priority of valid records, to just as much water as proves actually available.

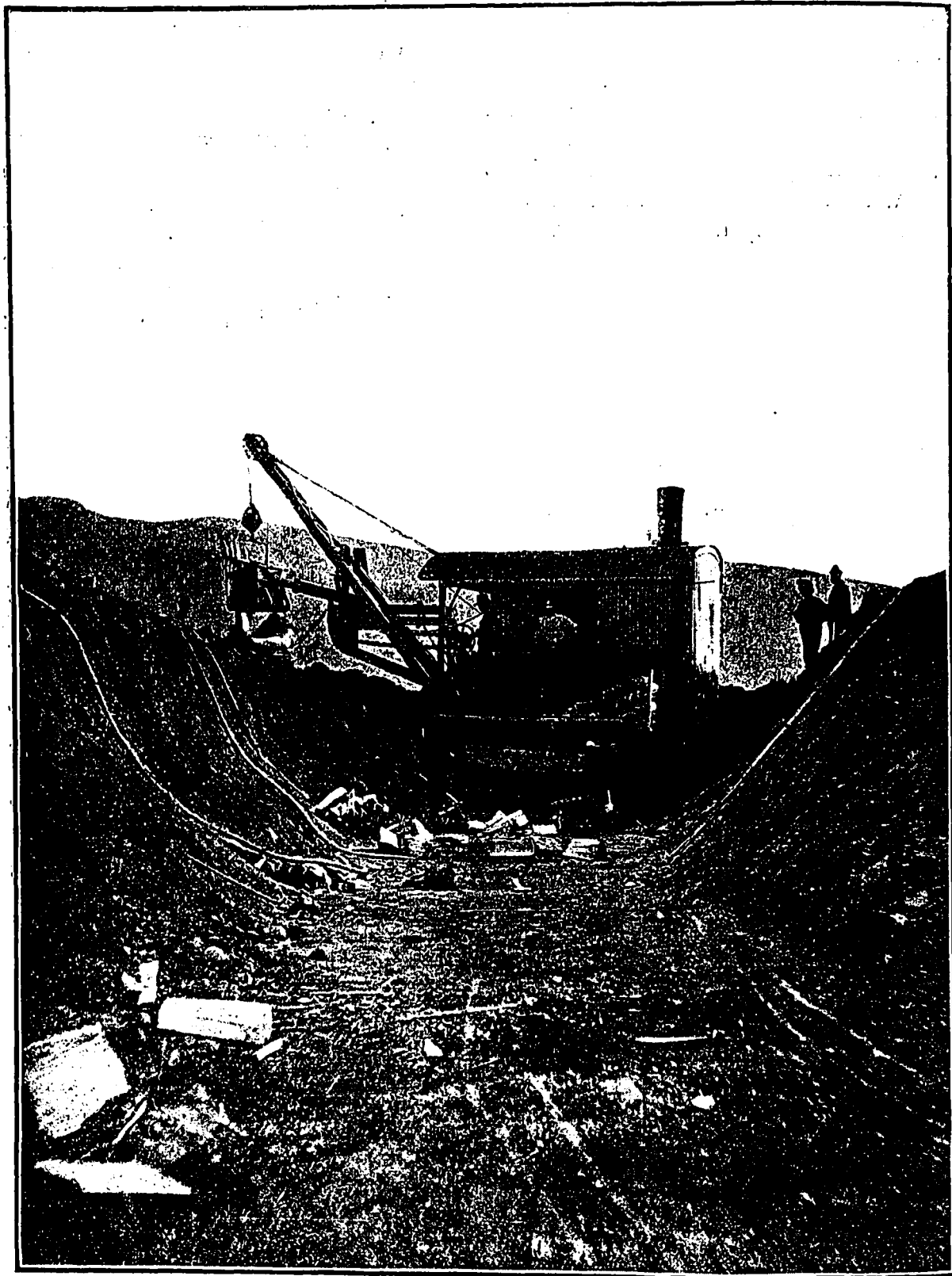
Among other notable addresses were those by R. H. Campbell, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry; Prof. L. G. Carpenter, Director and Professor of Irrigation, Colorado Agricultural College, and Price Ellison, M.P.P., member for Okanagan.

Mr. Campbell's remarks were of a most instructive nature. Dealing with the measures that are now being taken by the Dominion Government for the preservation and re-forestation of timber lands, Mr. Campbell enlarged upon the beneficial effects of forests both upon the precipitation and also upon the conservation of moisture and urged action by provincial governments in the direction of controlling and preventing disastrous bush fires, which so seriously affect the supply of water for irrigation. The speaker also gave some most interesting

details as to the steps being taken by the Government to aid settlers in replanting denuded areas, stating that the Government nursery in Saskatchewan had

lations, and were making very satisfactory growth.

Prof. L. G. Carpenter is the irrigation expert, who has been engaged by the



Steam Shovel at Work in Irrigation Ditch.

furnished about 2,000,000 young trees during the past two years, the greater proportion of which had been set out in accordance with the Government regu-

Provincial Government to investigate conditions affecting irrigation in British Columbia, and to prepare a report which might be made the basis of future water

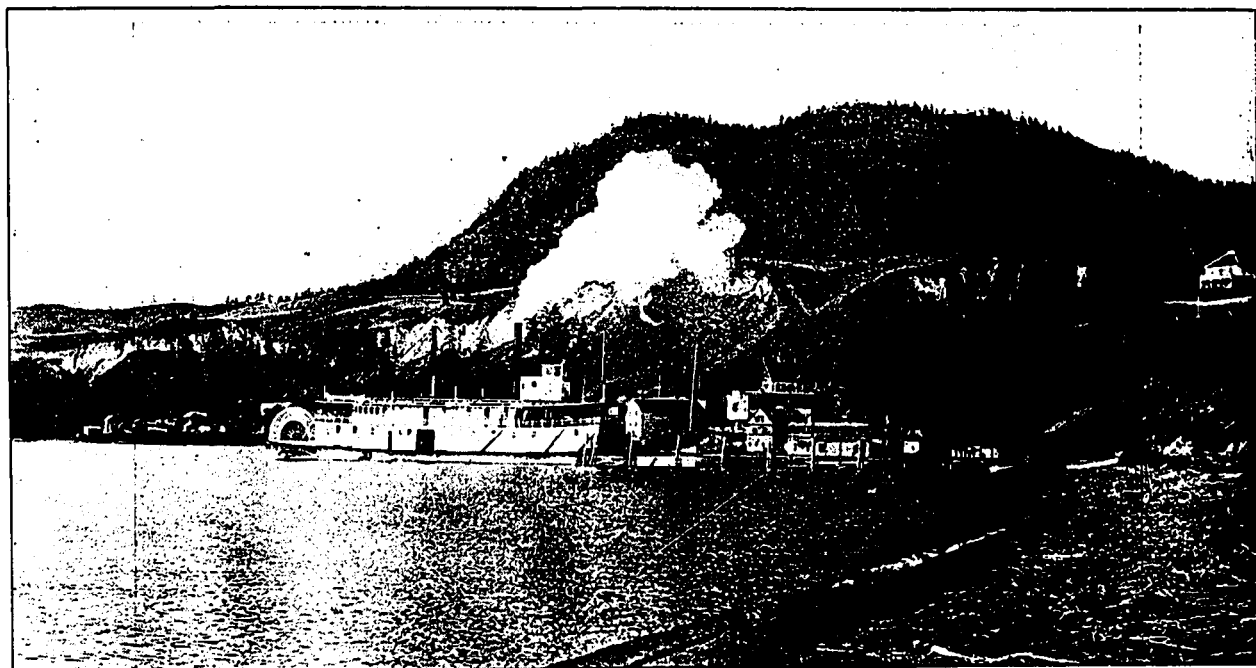
legislation. His wide experience in the United States, where he has been a recognized authority upon the subject for a number of years, gave special interest to his address. It consisted, in the main, in a well-sustained comparison between conditions in British Columbia and in Wyoming, Nebraska and Colorado, and it was particularly interesting, as clearly indicating, in the light of the experience of these states, the course which must be followed by this Province.

Mr. Price Ellison, member for Okanagan, has, for years, made a hobby of the subject of irrigation, having given it careful study from every point of

esting feature of the programme was the animated discussions that followed the introduction of the several resolutions, which, to the credit of the Resolution Committee, must be conceded to be as accurate and concise a crystallization of the sentiments of the delegates as was ever presented to a similar gathering. The limitations of space forbid us to detail these exceedingly interesting debates, which followed, but we must find room for the resolutions themselves:

No. 1.

"Whereas the preservation of the forests at the water shed of all the streams in the Province, the waters whereof are



Summerland, B.C.

view, and having been indefatigable in urging it upon the attention of successive provincial governments. His address, which bristled with facts and figures, was an earnest and thoroughly logical plea for government irrigation. He pointed out that the initial cost of constructing government systems, although considerable, was as nothing compared with the increased values from the use of water, and emphasized the absolute certainty that all expenditures in this connection would be speedily recouped to the mutual advantage of farmer and government.

Apart from the addresses, which formed, as it were, the *pieces de resistance* of the convention, the most inter-

available for irrigation or industrial purposes, is of vital importance for the prevention of floods in spring and drought in summer, and

"Whereas, at the first meeting of this convention held at Calgary on the 17th and 18th of July last year, a resolution somewhat similar to this was passed praying the Dominion and Provincial Governments to 'take steps to protect the existing forests and water sheds,' and

"Whereas the matter has not yet received that attention that in the opinion of this committee, its importance demands,

"Therefore, be it resolved that the Dominion and Provincial Governments be again urged to take action and im-

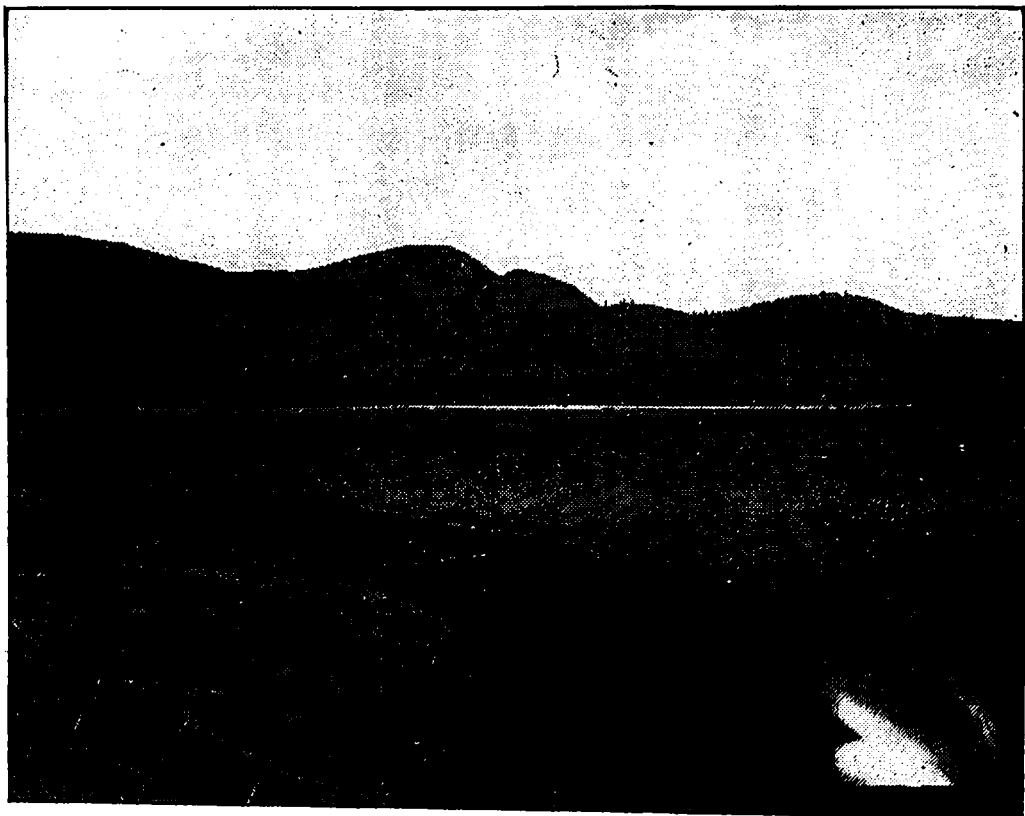
mediate steps to protect existing forests in the water sheds of all streams available, or that in the future are likely to become available, for domestic, agricultural or industrial purposes, and to re-plant denuded areas at the heads of streams, so that the sources of the supply of water for all such purposes may be maintained for ever."

No. 2.

"Resolved that better means be adopted for the prevention of forest fires on the water sheds, and it is suggested that the penalty in the Bush Fire Act should be increased, and that one-half of any such penalty should go to any person

Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works that the Government of this Province are now giving consideration to the matter of amending the existing law to remove these difficulties, therefore

"Be it resolved that in the opinion of this convention the most urgent need of the Province today is the enactment of a simple and comprehensive law under which the sources of water supply for irrigation may be used to their fullest extent in extending irrigation development and to that end the Government should in the proposed legislation enact provisions which will clear all streams of existing records that are not being



View of a Portion of The Central Okanagan Land and Orchard Company's Property.

furnishing evidence resulting in a conviction."

No. 3.

"Whereas at the first Irrigation Convention held at Calgary in July, 1907, attention was directed to the urgent necessity for the enactment of the necessary amendments to the existing law in British Columbia relating to the use of water for irrigation to overcome the present difficulties in extending irrigation development, and

"Whereas this convention notes with pleasure the statement of the Hon. the

used, provide for the careful and systematic gauging of all sources of supply, for the storage of flood water on a basis which will protect those constructing expensive works necessary to conserve this water and provide the needed staff of competent Government officials to administer the law after it is enacted."

No. 4.

"Resolved that the Provincial Government be asked to pass legislation enabling municipalities to own and operate irrigation systems."

## Keeps Hot Drinks Boiling Hot

## Keeps Cold Drinks Ice Cold

Summer or Winter—it's all the same—what goes into a Thermos Bottle HOT comes out HOT 24 hours later—what goes in COLD comes out COLD 72 hours later.

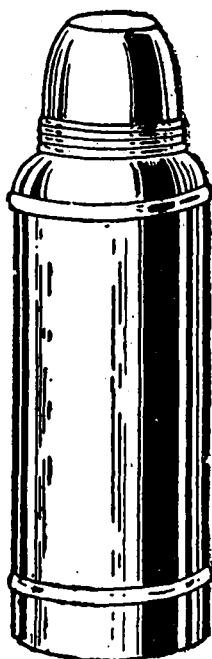
# The Thermos Bottle

is wonderful—useful—but absolutely simple. It's double—one glass bottle inside a larger one—and between them there's a vacuum through which neither heat nor cold can pass. That's why you can fill the Thermos Bottle with either hot or cold liquid and know that it will stay hot or cold.

**Motoring**—Take Thermos Bottles filled with any liquids you want at any temperature you like, and no matter where you go or what happens you have refreshments at hand. There's a Thermos Bottle Basket for six bottles made for automobiles. Also a leather auto case for two bottles.

**Outings**—When picnicing, yachting, hunting, canoeing—on any kind of trip—you can have hot drinks or cold drinks always ready if you put them into Thermos Bottles before you start.

**Traveling**—No more vain longing for a refreshing drink on tedious railroad journeys. Simply put into your grip one or two Thermos Bottles filled with hot or cold liquids of any kind.



**Luncheon**—At the office, the shop, anywhere, the Thermos Bottle will provide you with hot coffee or cold milk for luncheon, making the noonday meal more enjoyable, refreshing and invigorating.

**Sick Room**—The Thermos Bottle will keep medicines and nourishment at the right temperature. By doing away with the germ-collecting open pitcher the Thermos Bottle prevents infection. Saves steps for nurses—a boon for invalids who are left alone.

**For Baby**—The Thermos Bottle keeps baby's milk warm and sweet day or night, making it easy for mothers and nurses. Filled, cleaned and emptied same as any ordinary bottle.

Thermos Bottles are sold at the leading department stores, hardware stores, drug stores, jewelry stores, leather goods stores, automobile supply stores—everywhere. Pint and quart sizes. Prices from \$3.50 up. Send for booklet.

Always ready—never requires any preparation.

**CANADIAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., LTD., Montreal.**

## No. 5.

"Resolved that the Dominion and Provincial Governments be asked to undertake surveys in British Columbia (as has already been done in the Northwest) to ascertain the extent and condition of the water sheds, the amount of water available, and the extent of irrigable lands."

## No. 6.

"Resolved that this convention strongly recommends the Provincial Government to provide adequate protection to the owners of stored water in conveying the same to their ditch heads."

The business sessions of the Convention were brought to a close by the selection of Lethbridge as the next place of meeting, and the election of the following officers: Hon. President, Hon. G. H. V. Bulyea, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta; President, J. S. Dennis, Calgary; First Vice-President, Hon. F. J. Fulton; Second Vice-President, P. L. Naismith, Lethbridge; Secretary-Treasurer, W. H. Fairfield, Lethbridge.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the convention, from the standpoint of

the visiting delegates, began after the regular business had been thus satisfactorily disposed of, when a unique feature was introduced in the shape of a four days' programme of driving and touring the district, in accordance with the arrangements made by the Executive Board.

Wednesday was spent in a visit to the head-gates of the Grey Irrigation Canal; the route being planned to exhibit the beautiful scenery of Long Lake, with its picturesque shores covered with the tents of campers; the hop-yards and orchards of the Coldstream Ranch, Lord Aberdeen's famous property; the estate of the Lermouth Fruit Company, of which Earl Grey is the principal owner; and some of the most interesting sections of the ditches and piping of the Grey Canal. On their return to Vernon in the evening, a complimentary banquet tendered by the citizens completed the list of the hospitalities extended to the visitors by the Hub of the Okanagan, and proved to be a most successful function from every point of view.

An early start was made the next

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who wish the BEST; a soap that is



## A COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER



and yet sold at the price of ordinary soap;

DELICATELY AND EXQUISITELY PERFUMED

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# The Royal Soap Company, Ltd

VANCOUVER, B. C.



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## WHERE TRUE COMFORT BEGINS

Some men and women spend hours in deciding what they shall select for a new suit or hat, and almost ignore the question of underclothing—which is the basis of true comfort in dress; now is the time to think of your Fall and Winter underclothing.

CEETEE UNDERWEAR is full-fashioned, and woven to fit the form, has no rough seams, is absolutely unshrinkable, and retains its softness and elasticity no matter how often washed.

### PERFECT FITTING RIBBED UNDERWEAR

Besides CEETEE UNDERWEAR we also make a perfect fitting ribbed underwear, at a medium price. Made specially in many styles for Women, Children and Infants.

Ask your dealer to show you Turnbull's lines.

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GALT, ONT.



1091

morning, by SS. Aberdeen, down the lake to Kelowna, where, under the direction of the managers of the Kelowna Land and Orchard Company, the delegates were driven over the splendid bench lands of that company and given an opportunity to inspect the flourishing orchards which cover these five areas of fruit land, afterwards partaking of a very enjoyable open air luncheon. Returning to the city, the final items of a regatta programme furnished pleasing entertainment for the rest of the afternoon and evening, and must have gone far to confirm, in the minds of the visitors, the impressions already formed, of the charms connected with residence in the Orchard City.

Thursday was, perhaps the busiest day of the excursion programme, comprising a succession of cordial greetings, hospitable receptions and delightful drives, which could not but have convinced the delegates of the hearty good-will of the people of the Okanagan. Peachland was the first point visited, and here, a magnificent display of apples, peaches,

plums, tomatoes, and other choice Okanagan fruit had been assembled in the packing house on the wharf, as a most convincing object lesson to demonstrate the productiveness of the district. The wonder of the visitors at the superb collection of luscious orchard products displayed before their eyes must have been appreciably increased, when the drive, which followed, had disclosed the somewhat unpromising source of so much.

Lunch was served at Naramata, J. M. Robinson's newest project, and the future Battle Creek or Coney Island of British Columbia, and, with the enthusiastic promoter, himself, as guide, the party viewed the imbrary Opera House, Sanitarium site, etc., etc., and had no difficulty whatever in entertaining pleasing anticipations of the future importance of the nascent water resort.

Summerland was reached at about one o'clock, and here the delegates fell into the hands of a bevy of ladies, who not only presented each one with a box of

# Summer Dessert



At no time in the year does one enjoy a daily variation of dainty after-dinner morsels as in these "warm-weather months."

## MAPLEINE PARFAIT

A toothsome, creamy custard with just enough of that delicate Maple flavor to make it smack of more, is but one of the many recipes given in our new booklet, "Mapleine Dainties and How to Make Them," free with every bottle of "Mapleine."

If your grocer can't supply you send us 35c in coin, stamps or money order for a 2-oz. bottle.

**CRESCENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

**DEPT. Z—SEATTLE, WASH.**



choice fruit, but insisted on decorating even the staidest and soberest with a button-hole bouquet. These charming preliminaries concluded, amidst strains of inspiring music from the Summerland Band, the visitors were hospitably invited to drive over the district, visiting Prairie Valley and inspecting the beautiful estate of Mr. R. H. Aguer, finally returning to the boat, fully convinced that there are great possibilities for the horticulturist in the Okanagan.

Every point on the lake seemed to vie with its fellows in showering attentions upon the delegates, so that the last place reached always seemed to have reacted the climax of cordiality and hospitality, until displaced, in its turn, by its successor. Penticton was no whit behind other Okanagan centres in its reception to the visitors, and the drive which it tendered them, past the well cultivated fruit lots that make the upper bench a veritable joy to the eyes, must have been a revelation even to residents of the northern Okanagan, already prepared to believe well of their country. After

the drive, a delightful *al fresco* repast, served by the ladies, completely proved a fitting finale to a most enjoyable day.

The last item on the programme was the visit to Okanagan Centre, which took place on the return north, Saturday morning. This proved to be one of the most interesting calls made, not only affording an opportunity to inspect one of the most important irrigation systems in the valley, but by showing a fruit district in its earlier and rougher stage before any planting has been done, furnishing a valuable object-lesson on the transforming power of water.

Thoroughly tired out by the constant succession of pleasures, the continuous "jag of joy," as one of them phrased it, that had been offered them, but enthusiastic admirers of the Okanagan, its fruit and its people, the delegates reached Vernon about three o'clock Saturday afternoon, passing out the same day to bear to their homes in different parts of the Northwest, pleasing recollections of the Land of Fruit and Sunshine.

# Remarkable Progress of a New Industry.

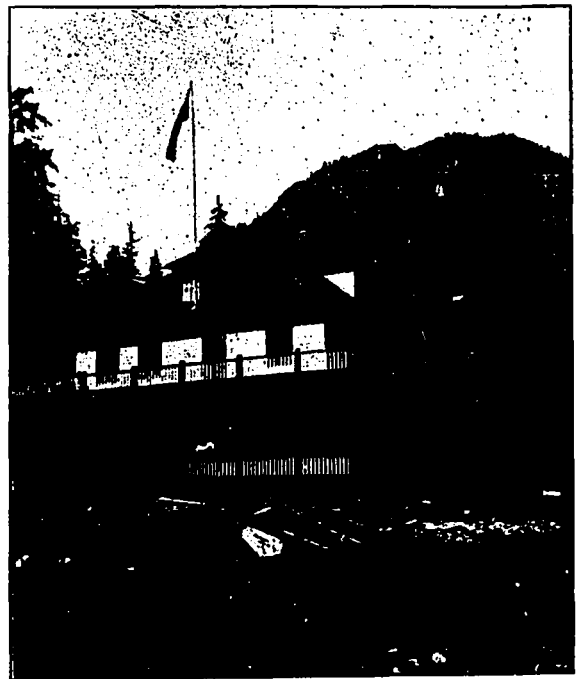
J. Morgan Parks.

**N**O better evidence of Western progress and hustle has been exemplified in latter years than that afforded by the British Canadian Wood Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., who are now erecting their big wood pulp and paper plant at Port Mellon, 25 miles north of Vancouver, B.C. This company was organized less than six months ago by Mr. Greely Kolts, assisted by representative men of the "Terminal City," for the purpose of developing the wood pulp and paper industry in British Columbia. The launching of such an industry involving large capital, at such a time, in the condition of national finance, was

diately after the incorporation of the company, purchased 80 acres of land and secured an option on an adjoining eighty acres at the entrance of Rainy River on Howe Sound, twenty-five miles from



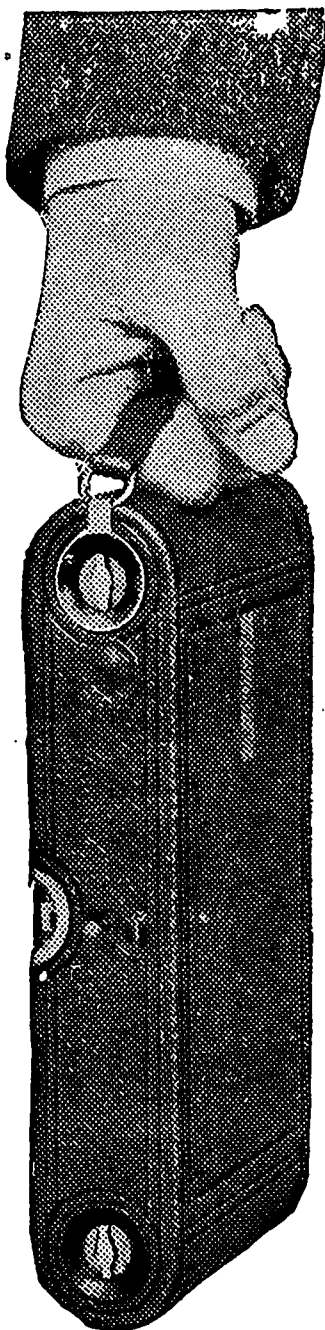
Company's Office.



Hotel at Port Mellon.

thought to be not only devoid of good judgment, but inevitably destined to complete failure. But the marvellous success of the company now illustrates what can be accomplished by perseverance and well directed energy. The directors imme-

Vancouver, where they established the townsite of Port Mellon and proceeded to the erection of the plant. A large force of men was at once assigned to the task of clearing the property and preparing it for the big plant. Engineers were placed at work on the plans and specifications, and correspondence entered into for the engagement of a general manager capable of directing the affairs of such a corporation. After some delay Mr. P. M. Hamlin, formerly general manager of the Pennsylvania Paper Mills, and regarded as one of the leading paper mill managers of the United States, was engaged and took charge of the work. Upon the clearing of the property, arrangements were at once made for the accommodation of about 100 men, a steam dredge was put to work so as to



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**Vancouver, B. C.**

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provide a better harbor, and a contract entered into for the heavy concrete work, which is almost completed. The General Manager was despatched East to arrange for the machinery necessary for the big plant, and what six months ago was a virgin forest, is now a seething busy centre, full of life and activity, with the noisy throb of Progress echoing far and away through the answering woods. An hotel splendidly appointed, has been built for the accommodation of guests, and, as one surveys this splendid achievement, the result of less than six months' work, it impels a feeling of admiration for the hustle that made such a transformation possible.

The amount of work which the company has accomplished in such an incredible time, reflects great credit on the management, but the greater task of securing sufficient money to finance a proposition of such magnitude in the present condition of the money market, is a compliment to the directors and fiscal agent, Mr. Greely Kolts, and establishes a record not often equalled in industrial promotion. It is in fact such splendid honorable achievements that inspire confidence and refutes the old pessimistic slogan, "That the West is dependent upon the East for the money upon which to build up and maintain Western industries," for every dollar subscribed has come directly from British Columbia. "Not a dollar promotion stock," was the fundamental principle upon which the company was organized. Each director subscribed for at least 1,000 shares of stock, and there were no rebates, no favorites, and no inducements either directly or indirectly. The company originally offered the first 100,000 7 per cent preferred stock in blocks of 100 at \$1.00 per share. Each 100 shares entitled to a bonus of 25 shares of preferred stock. Then followed the second 100,000 issue of 7 per cent. preferred stock at the same price but with a bonus of only 15 shares on each 100 shares. Then the third issue of 100,000 preferred was opened for subscription at par value, \$1.00 per share, no bonus stock. The company are now closing the sale of the third 100,000 issue and the subscriptions are being received through the British Columbia

Trust Corporation of Vancouver, B. C. This is the last stock to be offered at the present time for subscription and is without question one of the best industrial stocks ever offered for subscription in Western Canada. The payments on the stock are the same as on the first and second 100,000 issue, viz., 10 per cent on application, 15 per cent in 30 days, balance in eight calls not exceeding 10 per cent per call and at intervals of not less than 30 days each.

The company is still operating its demonstrating plant at 313 Cordova street, Vancouver, to which the public is cor-

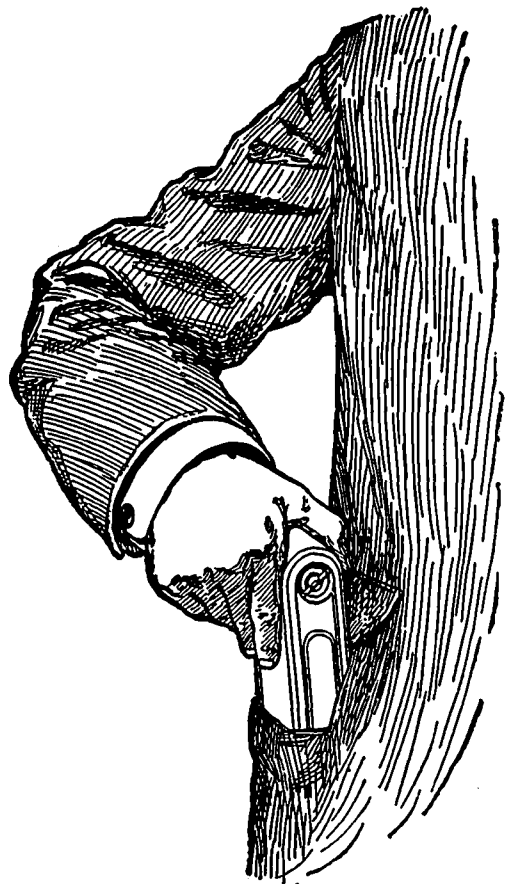


**The Construction Camp.**

dially invited to visit and witness the manufacture of wood pulp and paper from refuse of the local saw and shingle mills. The character of paper possible to manufacture from the refuse which is daily consumed at the mills, has been a matter of great surprise even to old and experienced paper men. The big mill now in course of construction at Port Mellon is to be confined to high grade fibre wrapping paper, although additional units are to be put in for newspaper and box board.

Those prominently identified in the big enterprise are: Sylvester G. Faulkner, British Columbia Trust Corporation, W. H. R. Collister, Manager Albion Iron Works, J. Duff Stuart, Vice-President;

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We wish you to see a new electrically sensitized hearing device called the Electrophone, that instantly causes even the deafest people to hear clearly.



"Electrophone" in use.

The very best result we can promise you as a reward for using the Electrophone is the complete, lasting restoration of your hearing. Next to that in importance is the certainty that the moment you apply this marvellous little instrument you will be able to hear clearly and distinctly, either in public or private. This scientific electrical sound conducting instrument fits snugly over the ear, as shown in cut. Its purpose is to magnify sound waves and throw them directly on the ear drum in a manner according to nature. The result is your deaf ear is exercised just as well as ears are, and after a while most people find their hearing has become as good as ever. Meanwhile, however, with the Electrophone attached you can hear even the faintest sound without strain, effort or embarrassment, and your pleasure is vastly increased by the assurance that no harm is being done, as is the case with artificial eardrums, trumpets, etc., that poison and ruin the ears of all who use them. Come and test the Electrophone Free. We agree to make you hear. You will receive courteous attention and not be urged to purchase. We would advise, however, that when you have tried an Electrophone exactly suited to your degree of deafness, you pay a deposit on it and try it at home. Those who cannot call should write for our free illustrated booklet and list of satisfied users of the Electrophone.

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That's it. There's a big call for the trained man—the man who can handle the big things—the man who is an expert.

You can easily receive the training that will put you in the class of well-paid men. You can't begin to understand how quickly the little coupon below will bring you success. Already it has helped thousands of men to better paying positions and more congenial work. It will cost you only a two cent stamp to learn how it is all done. Just mark the coupon as directed and mail it to-day. The International Correspondence Schools have a way to help you.

During September 202 students voluntarily reported better positions and higher salaries secured through I. C. S. training.

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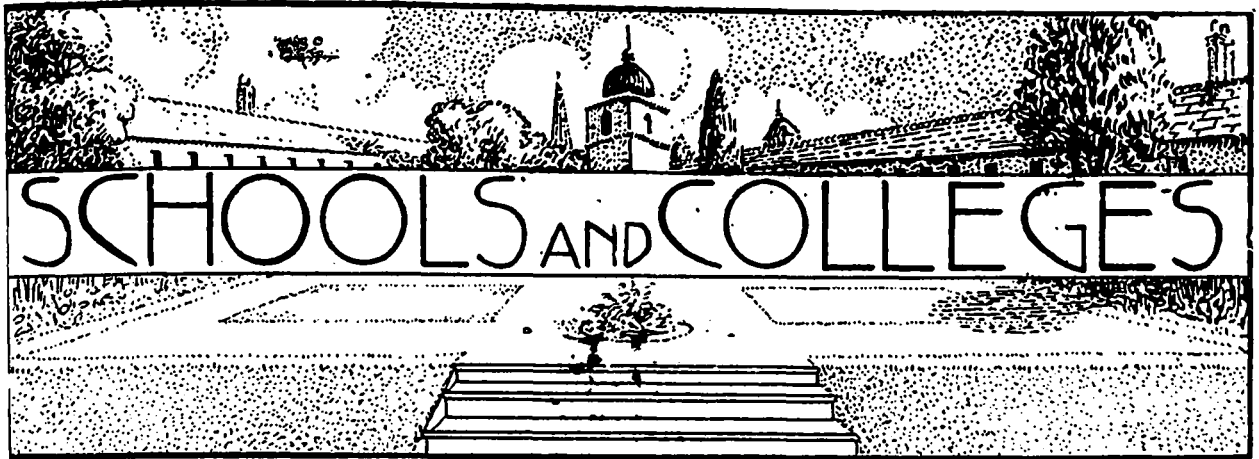
Mechanical Draftsman  
Telephone Engineer  
Elec. Lighting Supt.  
Mechan. Engineer  
Surveyor  
Stationary Engineer  
Civil Engineer  
Building Contractor  
Architect's Draftsman  
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## The Telegram.

A Tragedy of the Imperial Limited Mail, by A. N. St. John  
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### I.

Headlight and gleaming track!  
And the cool of the odorous night,  
And the roar and reel of the thundering steel,  
And an engine speeding light,  
Speeding from Sicamous back.

### II.

"Ah God! I may reach her yet!"—  
'Switch off,' said the Agent, 'and go!'  
" 'Little Margaret burnt' " (this much they had learnt)  
" 'She can live but an hour or two':  
"My own little Margaret!"

### III.

'God bless him! Side-track the mail?  
'Risking his pension and mine?  
'Not a heart but could bleed for a father's need,  
'Station agent, passengers, crew.  
'But I take it the chiefs of the Line  
'Are merciful men and true,  
'Maybe, they will hear our tale.'

### IV.

Starlight and gathering gloom  
And Nelson at last in sight!  
And the father's face on that frantic race  
Still straining into the night,  
Blanched as a marble tomb.

### V.

The calm of a moonlit mere,  
And the hush of the mountain snows!  
He has done his best: and the yearning breast  
Of the father is still, and knows—

### VI.

Knows—ere the words are sped,  
(For someone has climbed the plate)  
That the frenzied flight through the summer night,  
Though it cased the strain of his anguished brain,  
Has been labour lost.—"To late!"  
The pitiful linesman said.



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If so, see

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THE PRACTICAL GUNSMITH

for guns and tackle, or to get your outfit repaired.

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Package contains 13 beautiful assorted post-cards for only 13c—most cards retail at 5 and 10c each. FREE 13 extra cards to every 13th purchaser.

CRESCENT POST CARD CO.,

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Tea, Coffee and  
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It is often said: "There is nothing Perfect on Earth." Just call and let us show you

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The money-making marvel of the age.

\$100	invested has made.....	\$	36,620
\$6,000	" " " " " " " " " " " "		855,000
\$650	" " " " " " " " " " " "		1,000,000

I firmly believe that our property will repeat these figures. A clean company and a promising property.

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The Company which the people  
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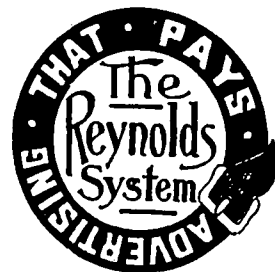
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Is your advertising as bright and  
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Don't you think that a man whose  
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take your ideas and build on them—put  
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There isn't a doubt about it.

I believe I am giving the best service  
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I believe the man who employs me  
will have better and more effective ad-  
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I want to write ads for the best  
merchant in every line of business. If  
I cannot write for the best merchant I  
will write for the second best and try  
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Medicine Chest.**

**GILMOUR'S FOOT POWDER**—For aching, tired, perspiring feet. Price .....25c

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**GILMOUR'S CORN REMOVER**—Removes without delay corns, warts and bunions. Has never been known to fail. If you suffer from these annoyances, this remedy will be a blessing to you. Price...25c

By mail or direct from the store—Prompt service at all times.

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**ORIENTAL CREAM**

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Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless—we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'GOUBAUD'S CREAM' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

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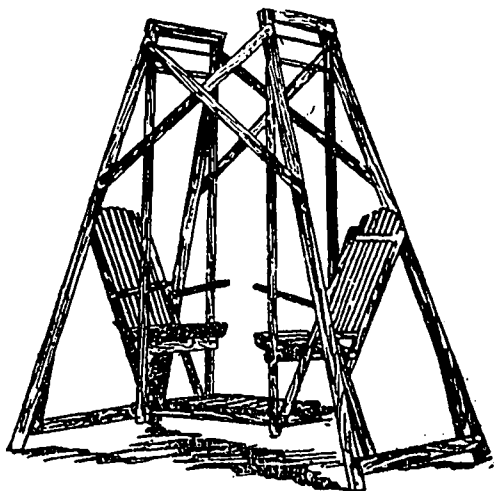
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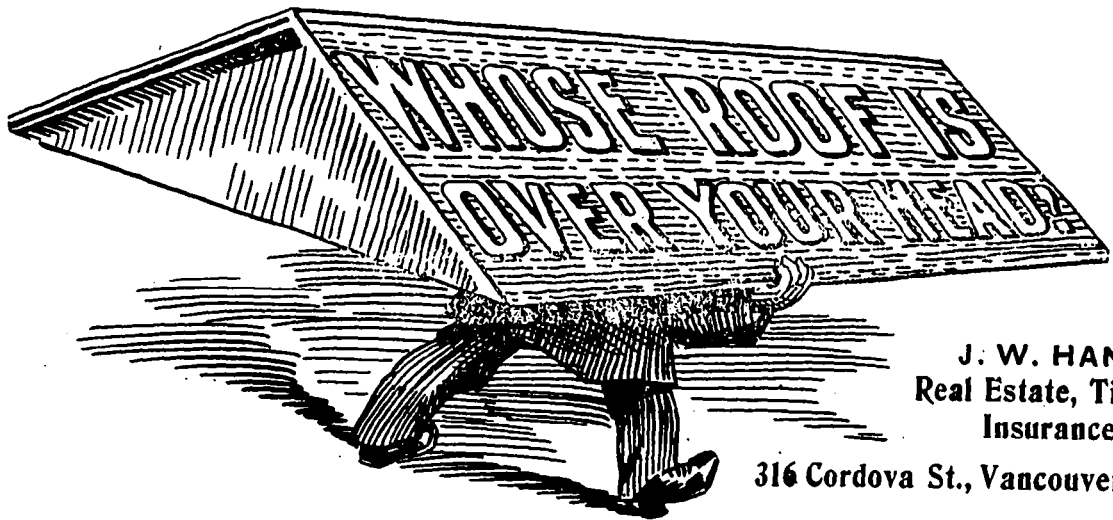
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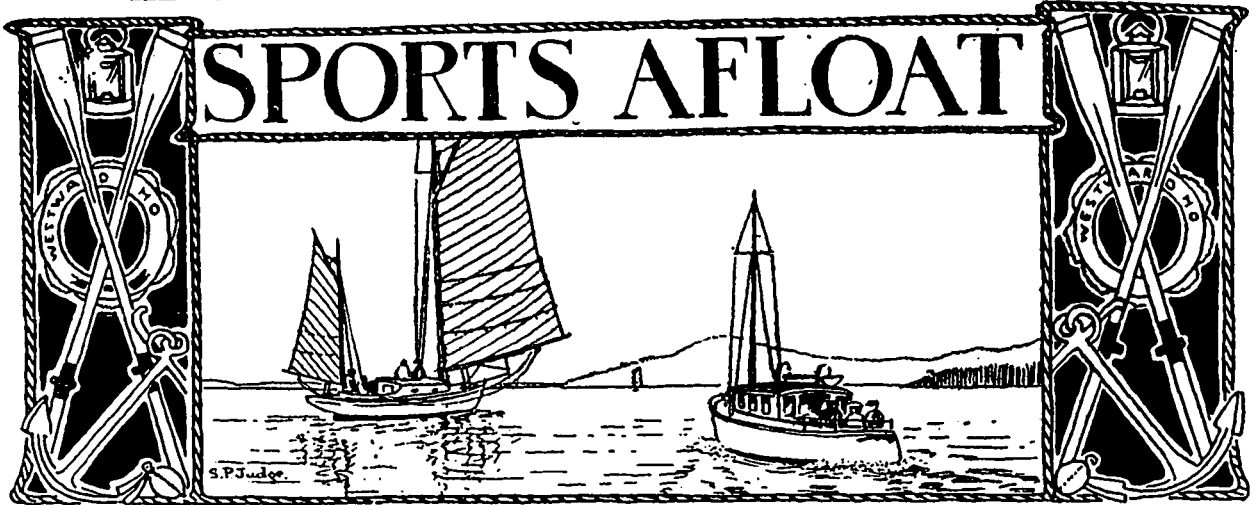
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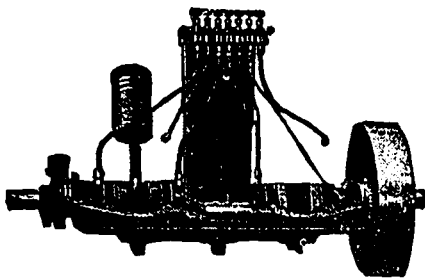


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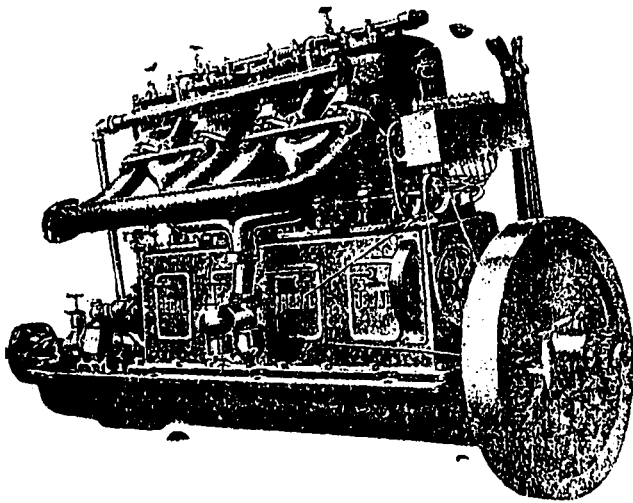
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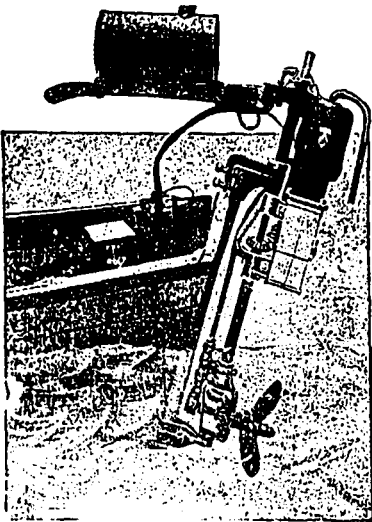
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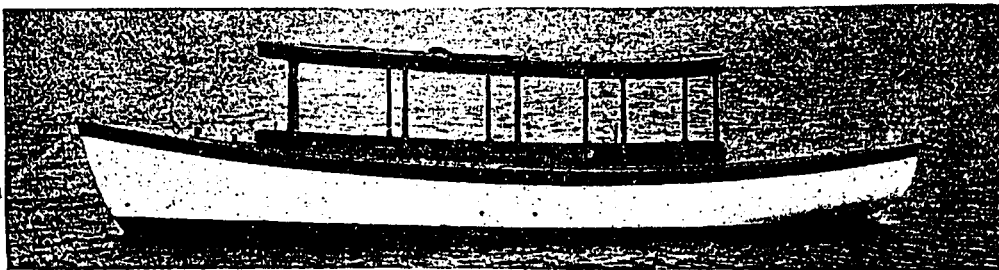
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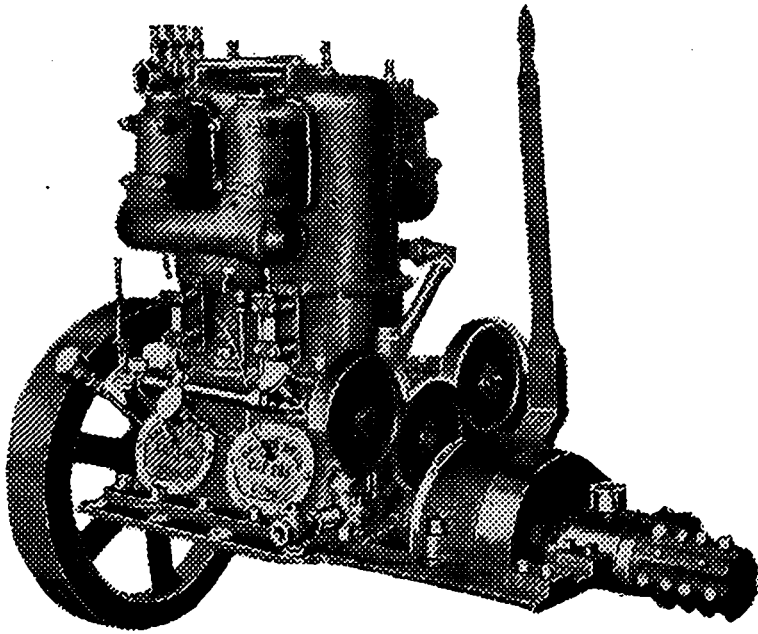
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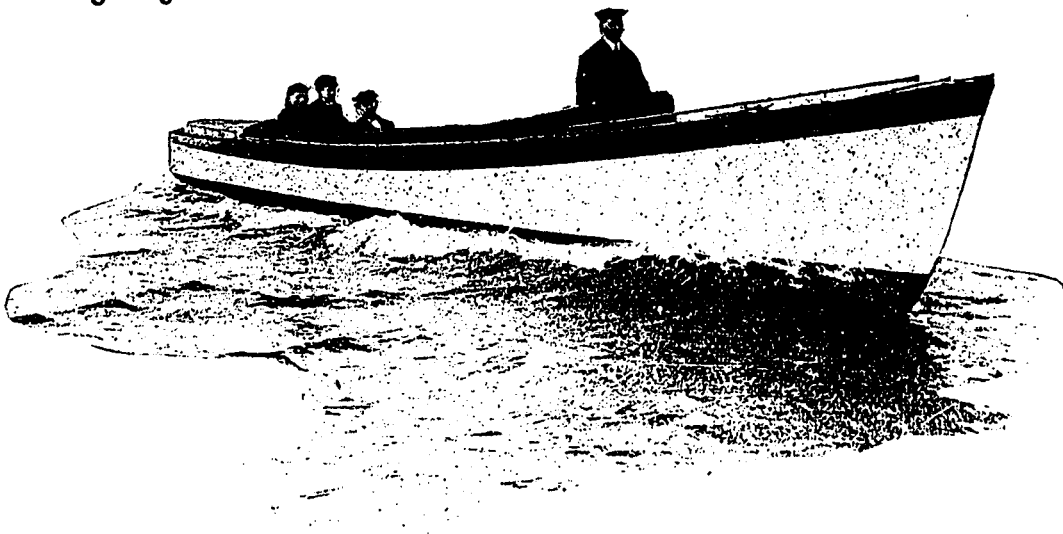
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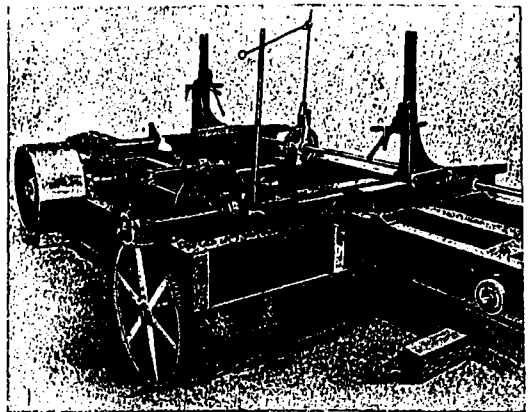
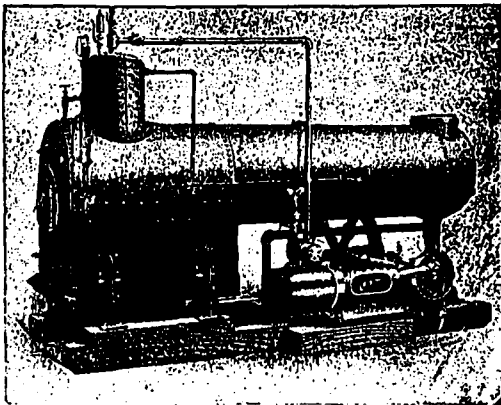
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Farming lands in one of the richest valleys of British Columbia, along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, the new transcontinental railroad of Western Canada, and 250 miles from the Pacific ocean. This railroad will be completed during 1911, when through trains will be running from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Within twelve months construction crews of the road will be working in this valley.

This land is well watered, has plenty of rainfall and no irrigation is necessary. It is specially adapted for mixed farming. The soil is a deep and rich silt. Alkali is unknown. It produces, wheat, oats, barley and all cereals; forage grasses, such as timothy and red top; heavy crops of potatoes and garden products of all kinds.

Wild fruit, such as strawberries, raspberries, cherries and many other berries grow wild in great abundance.

This valley is ideal for stock raising and dairying, as the climate is so moderate that cattle do not have to be stabled during the winter.

"I have made a thorough investigation of this land, and it is one of the most ideal for mixed farming to be had. It is safe to say that when this road is completed, which will be in 1911, this land will sell for \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. The climate is ideal in which to live, there being no disagreeable features."

This land is selling for \$5.25 per acre, on the following terms:

\$1.50 per acre as first payment,  
\$2.00 per acre in three months,  
The balance \$1.75 in six months.

The smallest tract to be sold to one person is 160 acres.

There is only a limited amount of this land and it is being taken up rapidly.

The title to this land is gilt edged; it comes direct from the government.

Do not write for further information unless you are interested.

In making application for a tract of this land, send your full name, occupation and permanent address, with the first payment, to

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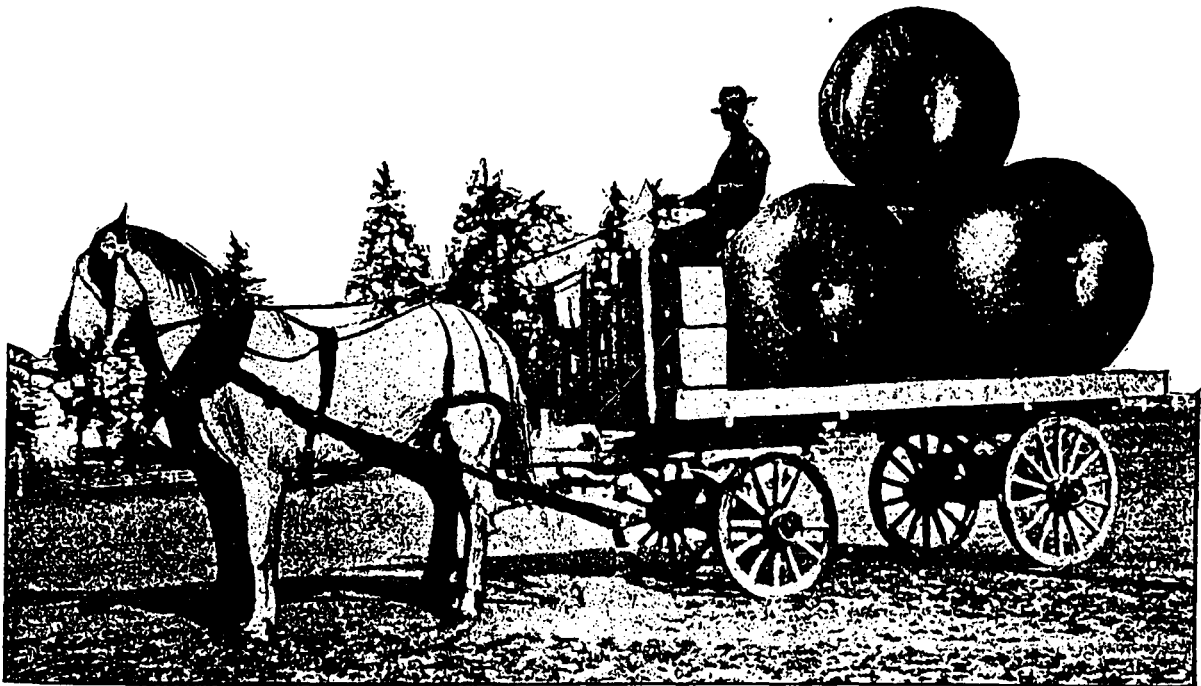
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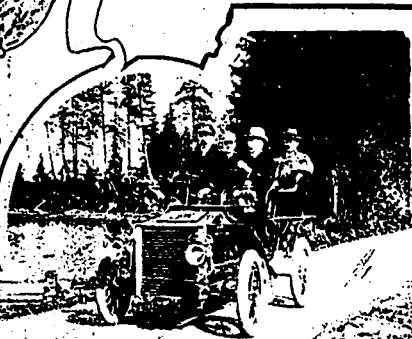
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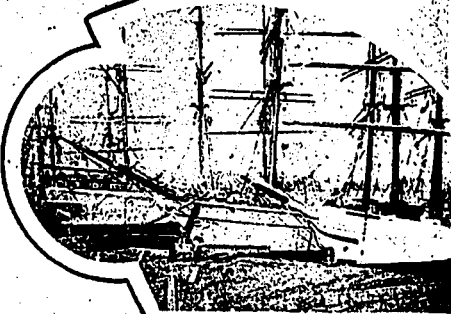
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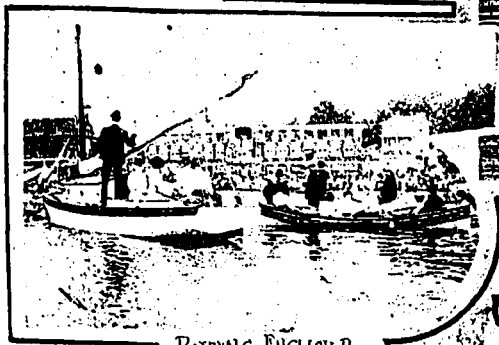
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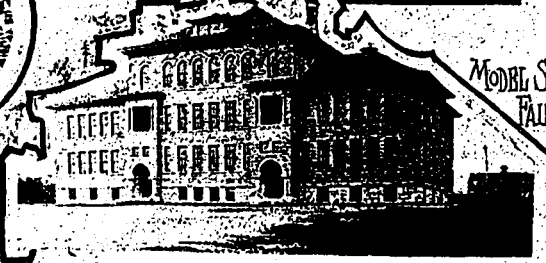
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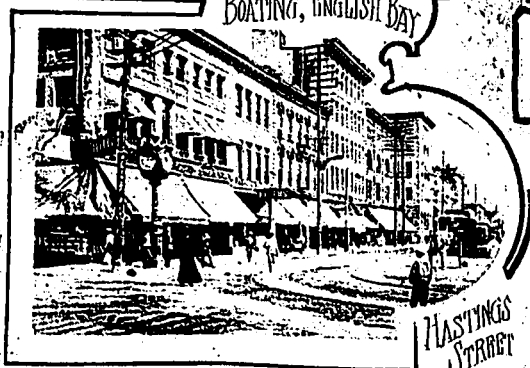
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