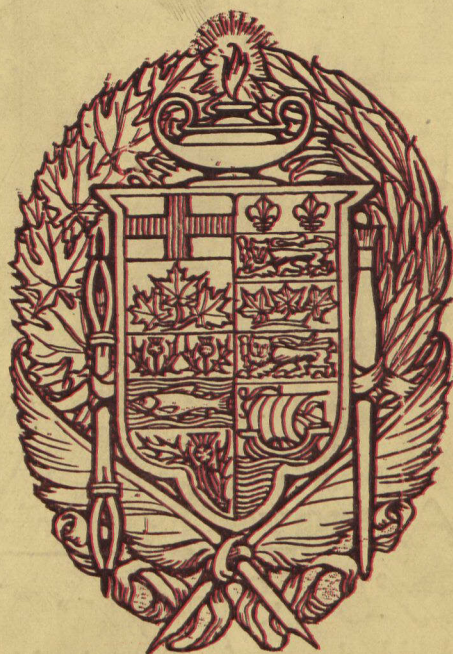


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January, 1914

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# The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XLII

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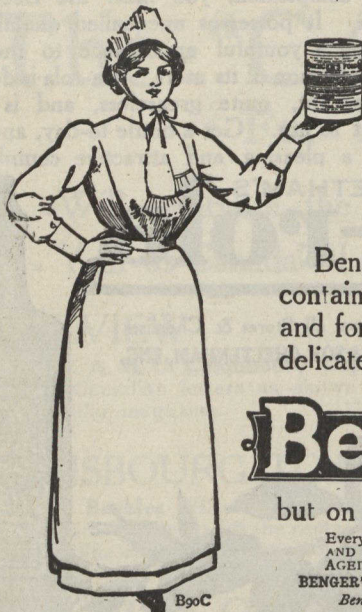
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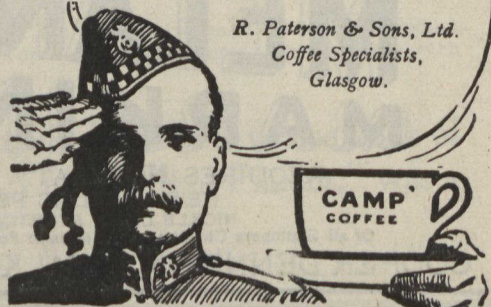


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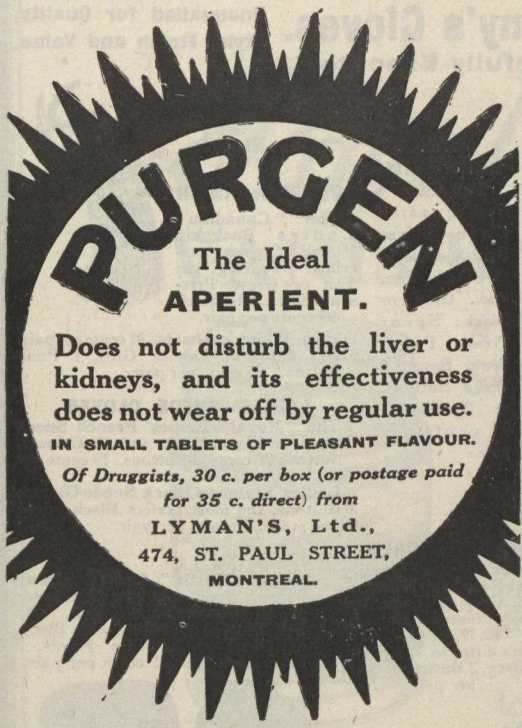
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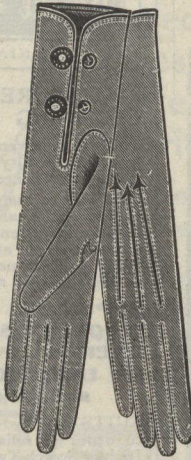
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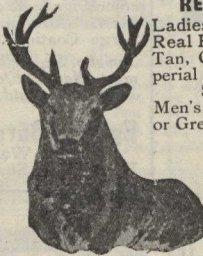
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---

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE STORIES IN THIS NUMBER BY YOUNG AND COMPARATIVELY NEW WRITERS—"PLOTING WITH ALICIA," BY MARGARET BELL; "THE 'CANAYEN' OF CULTURE," BY BEN DEACON, AND "THE WAGRAM OF MAJOR WARFORD," BY F. C. LEEDER. FEW PERSONS KNOW THE INNER CIRCLES OF TORONTO DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY BETTER THAN MRS. FORSYTH GRANT, AND THEREFORE HER SERIES OF SKETCHES, "BYGONE DAYS IN TORONTO," WILL BE READ WITH GREAT INTEREST. THERE ARE, AGAIN, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN AND PAULINE JOHNSON, TWO GREAT CANADIAN POETS WHO HAVE PASSED AWAY.

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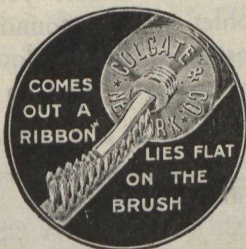
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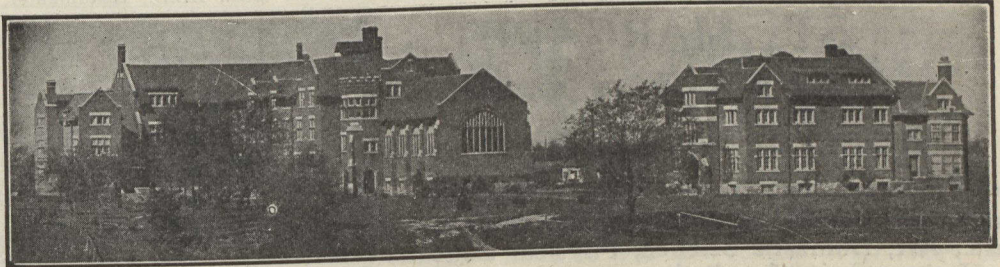
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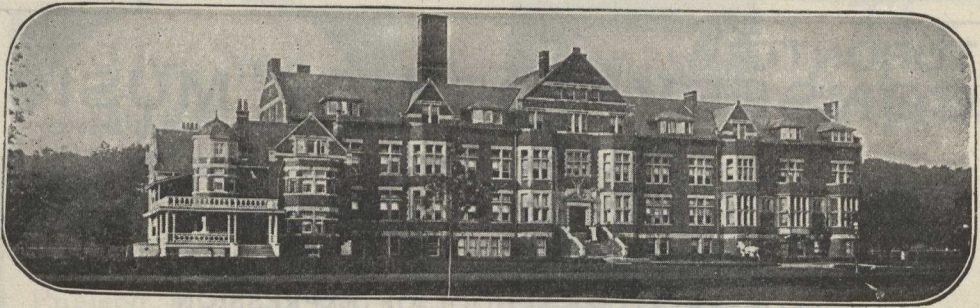
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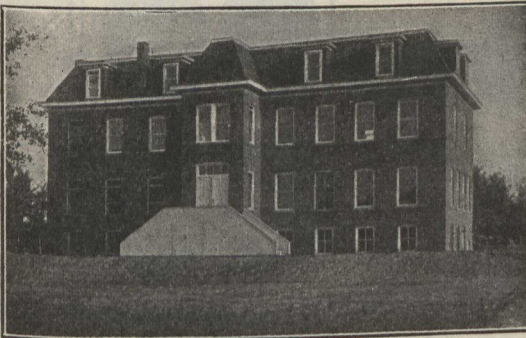


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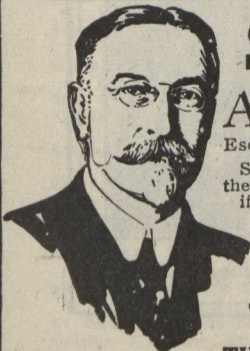
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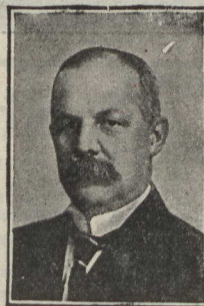
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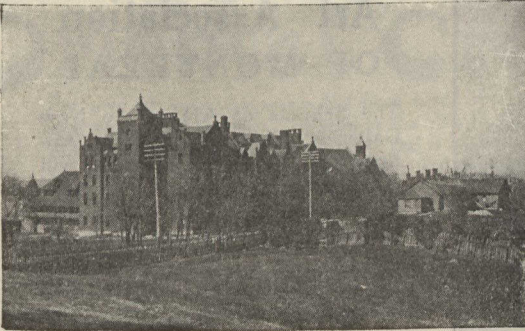
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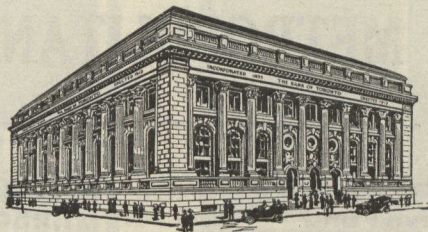
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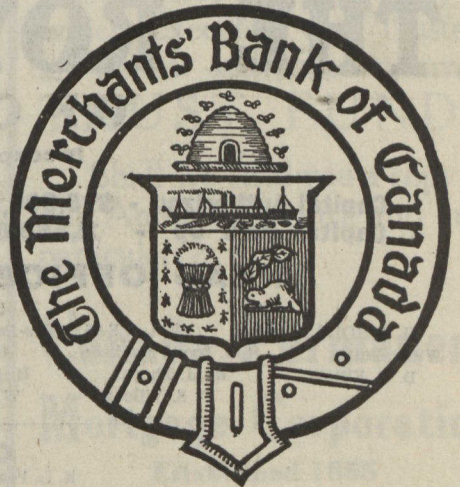
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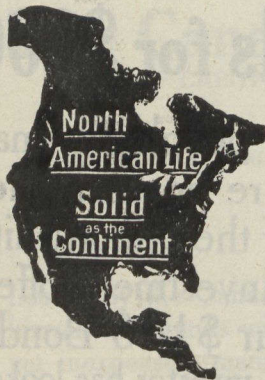
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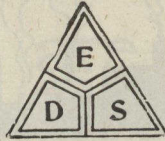
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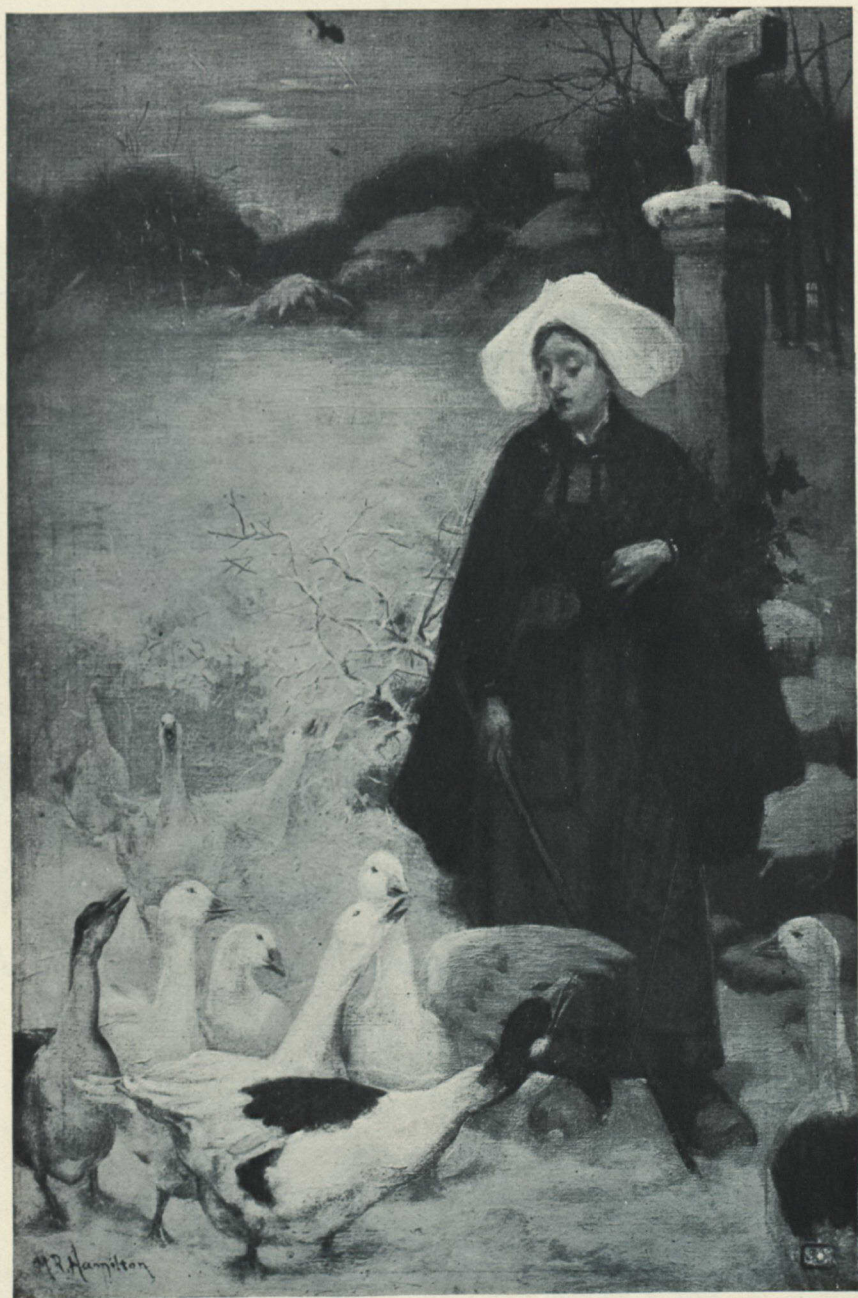
**HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON**

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RESERVE AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS ...	3,750,000
	<hr/>
	\$6,750,000
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TOTAL ASSETS OVER	\$48,000,000



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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



THE GOOSE-GIRL

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THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLII

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1914

No. 3

THE BARTLETT DRAWINGS

A review of "Canadian Scenery," a picturesque presentation of Canada as it appeared to an English draughtsman about 1840

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

**A**MONG the early works on Canada issued in England, few are more sumptuous than the volume published by the Victoria Art Publishers (Virtue of London) entitled "Canadian Scenery." The date of this publication is given by Phileas Gagnon in his "Bibliographie Canadienne" as 1842. It was published in two large quarto volumes. The literary portion of these tomes is the work of N. P. Willis, a compiler of art books, who has done his backwork in a good honest way in accordance with his light, and of this I will speak in a moment. But by far the most interesting portion of the work are the numerous engravings taken from drawings by W. H. Bartlett. They are as far as I know the most complete picture of the Canada of that time in existence, and no collection of Canadiana would be complete without them. It was the time of the Papineau and Mackenzie risings and the Lord Durham report—days of hot strivings and long-forgotten ani-

mosities, days of the infancy of responsible Government and Canadian civilization. On this account these engravings, apart from other merits, have an historical value that is almost untold. Leafing them, we can see the Canada of the first years of the reign of Queen Victoria. Railways had not yet woven, spider-like, their cobweb of tracks over the land from Halifax to Vancouver. The West was almost unknown. Toronto and Montreal were tiny towns. Ottawa hardly existed, to say nothing of Winnipeg and Calgary. The costumes of the figures in these engravings, with their peg-topped trousers, their old-fashioned hats and crinolines, have all the quaint piquancy of our grandfather's days. It is all so remote. "Was it," we ask ourselves, rubbing our eyes, "possible?"

The literary matter, too, is just as quaint and ridiculously old-fashioned as the engravings. It commences with a chapter on what the author terms "the aboriginal inhabitant," by



THE MARKET-PLACE, TORONTO, FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

which he means the Indian. A considerable amount of really informative matter for those days is laboriously compiled into a regular treatise on the habits, history, and ways of the red skin. Every now and then one comes across a picturesque remark. For example, on the question of the exact colour of the skin of the American we read that the author is "not prepared to express a decided opinion . . . but it obviously requires a closer investigation than it has yet received."

Curious anecdotes abound in the text, affording the best part of the reading. The Ursuline nuns, having educated a Huron girl (we are told), presented her on her marriage with a complete outfit of clothes in the Parisian style. "They were much surprised, some days after, to see the husband, who had ungenerously seized on the whole of the bride's attire and arrayed himself in it, parading back and forward in front of the convent and betraying every symptom of the most extravagant exultation."

Again there is the tale of the Indian chief, in the French regime, who attended the Governor's feast, and seeing the general use of mustard, took and put a whole spoonful in his mouth, "out of curiosity." "On feeling its violent efforts he made incredible efforts to conceal it, . . . but severe sneezings and tears starting to his eyes, raised a general laugh. Nothing could ever induce him after that to allow the "boiling yellow," as he termed it, to enter his lips.

There is also the gruesome story of an Indian Montagnier, by name Mocantagan, or Crooked Knife, who in a drunken fit confessed to having killed and eaten several halfbreeds. Starvation drove him to kill and eat the first man. But once having tasted human flesh a mad craving for it made him slay the others secretly.

Another of these Indian anecdotes would make an excellent short story. An Indian laboured under a delusion that he would fail in everything he undertook until he killed some one, and in his madness nearly killed his brother."



QUEBEC, FROM POINT LEVIS. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

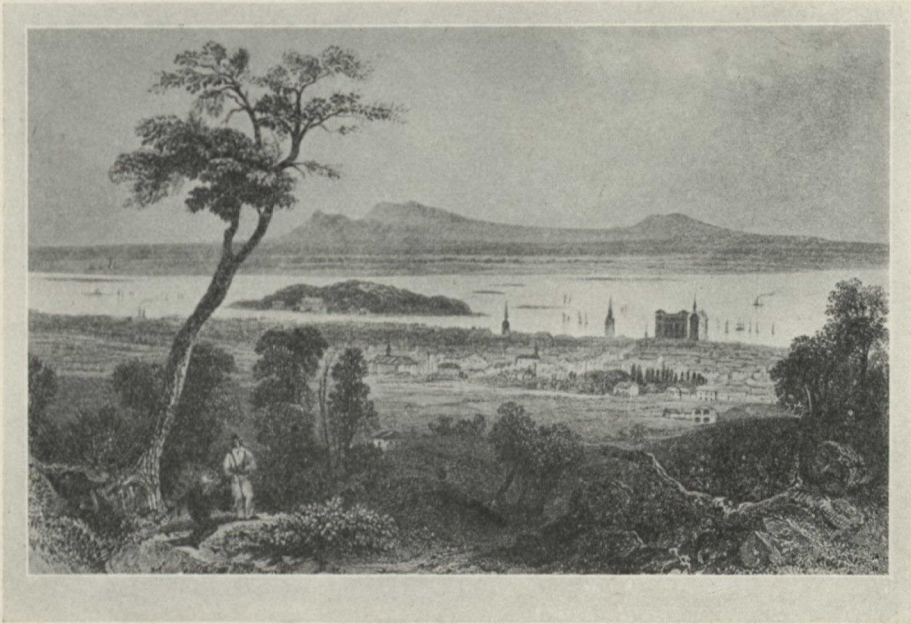
The next two chapters contain a history of Canada, its discovery and settlement up to the date of publication. On the whole they form an excellent account, and as far as I know seem remarkably accurate for a work at that date. The tone, of course, is the English point of view, and the outlook is consequently coloured by the purple windows of a proud, self-glorification which is at times a little ridiculous. In certain phases of the later colonial days the writer is too strongly partisan. Otherwise I should say he has put together a singularly creditable piece of work.

The book, however, takes on quite a different value when the writer turns to describe the condition of the inhabitants of Canada of his own day. Remember, it is the condition of Canada between 1830 and 1840. Remember, too, the author is writing for home consumption in the old country. Then you will be in a position to see in the proper light these singularly interesting sketches he gives us and at the same time place them at their proper value.

After describing in some detail the feudal nature of the habitant tenures, he paints the following personal picture of them:

“They are tall, thin, and, from exposure to the climate, almost as dark as the Indians. They have thin lips and often aquiline noses, with small dark and lively eyes. Many of the girls are pretty oval-faced brunettes, with fine eyes, good teeth and glossy locks. The dress is nearly after the fashion of the French peasantry. The men wear the capot, a large gray coat or surtout, covering nearly the whole body, and tied with a girdle of brilliant colours. On the legs they have moccasins, and on the head a straw hat in summer and a red bonnet in winter. The hair is still tied in a long queue behind. The women wear short jackets or bed-gowns (mantlets), with petticoats distinct, and sometimes of a different colour, and caps instead of bonnets. . . . They have long waists and sometimes the hair tied behind in a large club. . . . Hair powder is sometimes worn, and beet-root employed as rouge.”

“Willis, however, notes their conservative habits: “The habitants are not a stirring, enterprising, or improving race. They tread in the steps of their forefathers, following the



MONTREAL, FROM THE MOUNTAIN. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

same routine, and with difficulty adopting the most obvious improvements of modern husbandry."

In speaking of their marriages, he mentions a peculiar custom called "charivari," of annoying ill-matched couples, particularly when the ages of the parties differ greatly. The young people of the district "assemble at night in large bodies, sounding various discordant instruments — horns, drums, bells, kettles, accompanied by loud shouts, and a contribution to the church, or some charitable purpose, is indispensable to obtain a respite from this jocular persecution."

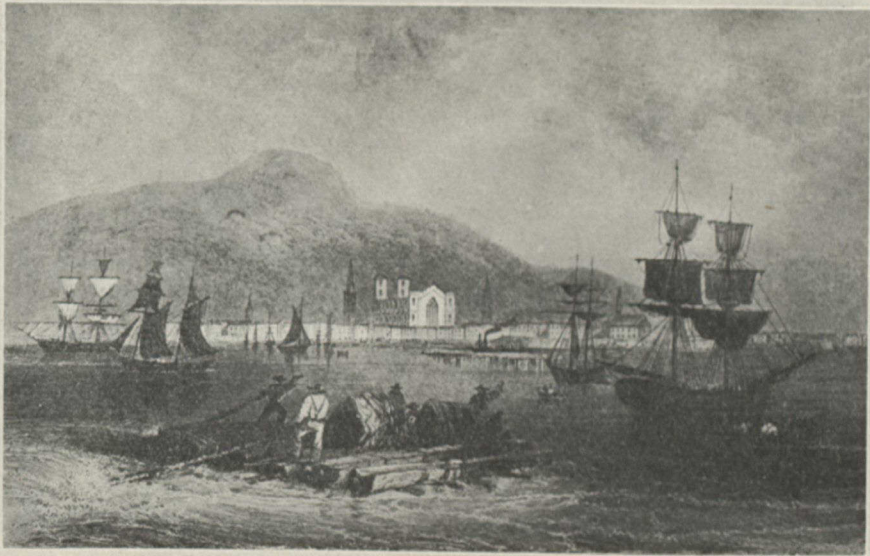
The remarks on the French-Canadian Sunday still remain true to this day:

"Sunday is to them their day of gaiety; there is then an assemblage of friends and relations; the parish church collects together all whom they know, and with whom they have relations of business or pleasures; the young and old, men and women, clad in their best garments, riding their best horses, driving in their gayest caleches, meet there for purposes of business, love, and pleasure. The young habi-

tant, decked out in his most splendid finery, makes his court to the maiden whom he has singled out as the object of his affections; the maiden exhibiting in her adornment every colour of the rainbow, there hopes to meet her chevalier; the bold rider descants upon and gives evidence of the merits of his unrivalled pacer; and in winter the powers of the various horses are tried in sleigh or cariole racing; in short, Sunday is the grant fête."

But of the English society in Upper Canada the writer has quite a different picture to paint. Whether there is any truth in what he says, I am in no position to judge. I simply put on record his picture of the early Ontario and Western life as an ultra view of colonial life of that time. The statements he makes are sweeping, and the charges are grave. It must be borne in mind he was writing in 1840. He commences by saying it breathes rather the spirit of Kentucky than of New England. He goes on:

"Disbanded soldiers and sailors were not well calculated to improve the breed; and even the voluntary emigrants were



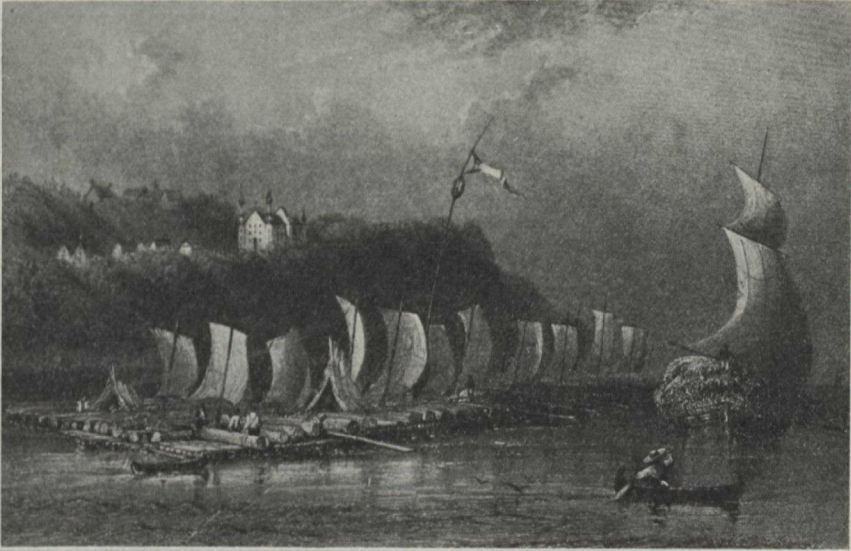
MONTREAL, FROM ST. LAWRENCE. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

not always composed of the respectable classes, whom, under the pressure of the times, have lately embraced this resource. The removal of the ordinary restraints of society and the absence of religious ordinances and ministration, concurred in giving to them a reckless and unprincipled character. Intoxication, encouraged by the cheapness of spirits, is indulged to a lamentable degree, and is often productive of general ill-conduct and ruin. Little regard is paid to the Sabbath and other sacred institutions; and the ear of the stranger is wounded, not only by abusive language, but by swearing to an odious and disgusting degree. Pugilistic contests are carried on with a violence rivalling those of Kentucky, and have not always been unaccompanied by the savage practice of gouging. Mr. Talbot, though he admits that he met with many respectable females, charges a large proportion of the sex with a disregard and even insensibility to their first duties. Although a spry lass, as she is termed, is certain of repeated offers, and is sure of being early united in the bonds of matrimony, she may frequently before that event have given birth to one or two children. Our author was in company with a lady, who volunteered to the company the information that 'her Betty' had been two years old at her marriage. The corrected feelings on this subject, of females from the old country, are condemn-

ed as ridiculous. Nay, where so little delicacy prevails, and the children are so valuable a possession, the bringing two or three into the world in this irregular manner, instead of being a bar to marriage, proves, it is said, an additional attraction, by making the young lady a species of heiress. After marriage she makes an active and industrious wife, but expects from her husband much deference, and even that he should wink at occasional frailties. These faults are described by Mr. Gourlay as rapidly disappearing, though Mr. Talbot, and even Mr. Shirreff, found them still too prevalent; but the increased means of instruction and the example of respectable emigrants, will, it may be hoped, gradually effect a thorough reform."

The Gourlay referred to is, of course, the eccentric Robert Gourlay, who waged war against the Family Compact and was imprisoned for his pains. Edward Allan Talbot published in London in 1824, an account of his "Five Years' Residence in the Canadas." Patrick Shirreff published at Edinburgh, in 1835, an account of "Four Years Through North America."

Fortunately, he has better things to



RAFT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

say: "No people in the world live better than the inhabitants of Upper Canada." He gives us a lavish picture of the bees and junketings in this land of plenty, though he maliciously adds that "Mr. Talbot, during a residence of five years, never saw above two individuals with books in their hands; and in one case it was a medical treatise consulted for health."

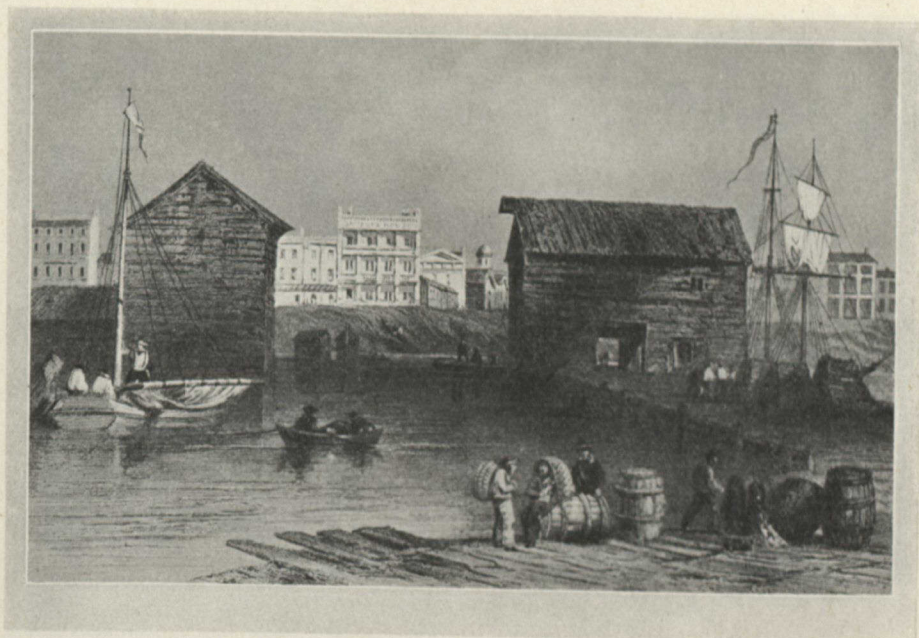
The citation of these authorities, instead of personal statements, is an easy method of shifting the odium from Nathaniel Parker Willis himself to the books he read. Indeed, as to how widely Willis travelled in Canada, I have no information. He is described as a poet in Cousin's Dictionary of English Literature, but it is rather an ambitious title to apply to one who was essentially an opportunist in literature. He studied the public taste and complied with it. In fact, he gave the public what it wanted.

He was born at Portland in 1806, and educated at Yale, according to the ever-useful Cousin, and edited sev-

eral magazines in the States; but he also wrote short poems, short stories, and books, for which there was a great demand in his day, such as "Pencilings by the Way," "People I Have Met," and "The Slingsby Papers," etc. For a time he was attached to the American Embassy at Paris, and wandered widely in search of copy. In fact, he was one of the first of the modern type of journalists. Cousin sums him up in his usual admirable way: "He was a favourite in society, and enjoyed a wide popularity in uncritical circles, but is now distinctly a spent force." Death overtook him in 1867.

His summary on the West and its barbarous inhabitants is really perhaps best considered as a journalistic write-up, with the colours laid on thick for European consumption. Probably, like others, Mr. Willis knew his market well.

Yet, perhaps, one should not grumble, for his citations are extremely interesting. In retailing the opinions of various travellers, who, like Talbot, published accounts of their jour-



TORONTO HARBOUR. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

neys, Willis shows the careful method of a man who has read up all he could on his subject. He does not speak from personal knowledge. He will not commit himself. It would be ungracious to deny that his book makes excellent reading.

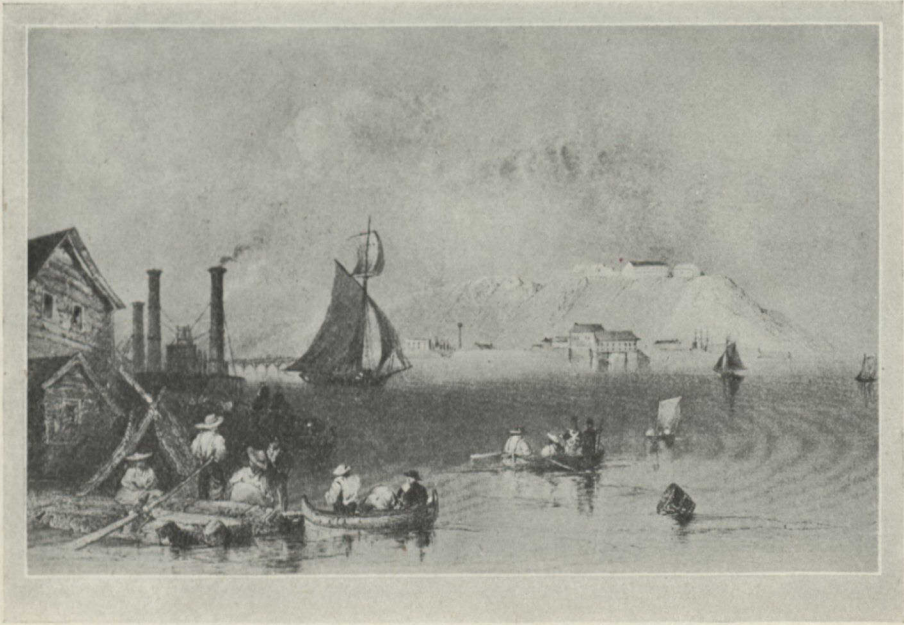
For example, he seems to have garnered a large amount of statistical information and otherwise, on the condition of the Redskin. We read of the general use in summer of ice in Canada—the very thing the newly-arrived Englishman nowadays writes home about. We hear how Lord and Lady Dalhousie held a *grande levee* in a Montreal inn. We are told that a considerable number of Indians used to walk Montreal streets with moccasins for sale. Of Montreal itself, he writes (remember the year in which he was writing):

“The city built on the southern border of this fine island is not crowded, like Quebec, into a limited space, which can alone be covered with streets and habitations. It has a wide level surface to extend over, so that even the older streets are of tolerable breadth, and several of

them occupy its entire length. The principal one, Rue Notre Dame, considerably extends half a mile in extent, and contains many of the chief public buildings. There is an upper and lower town, though the difference of elevation is very slight; but the former is much more the handsome of the two. The seven suburbs are not, as in the older Capital, detached and extraneous, but on the same level and immediately adjacent. Their streets, continued in the direction of those in the body of the place, are regular and display many handsome houses. The vicinity is adorned with beautiful villas.”

Again, of the society of Quebec, for instance, Willis tells us:

“The society of Quebec is more gay and polished than is usual in colonial cities, where the pursuit of wealth forms too often the sole object of the inhabitants. Here, besides merchants, there are a number of British civil and military officers, and a body of French noblesse, living on their domains. These different classes do not, it is said, always amalgamate. The French, though often superior in manners and habits, are in some degree disdained by the English people, which they do not well brook. Among the English themselves, the chief test of rank is an introduction at the castle, without which



THE CITADEL OF KINGSTON. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

strangers will find themselves placed below those whom they would have been classed above in the Mother Country. The hotels are good, and after the fashion of the United States, the inmates commonly dine at a table d'hôte, which often affords to the visitor the opportunity of meeting with interesting characters."

Willis, of course, has suggestions on emigration from the old country. They are very precise and full of warnings of what not to do.

Talking of what he quaintly calls "Sporting in Canada," he has some wild bear yarns to spin, mostly taken from Talbot's letters. And, of course, he has to quote at length on the beauties of the Niagara Falls. No writer on America escapes it, any more, as Mr. Charles Roberts once remarked, than the writer on Italy forgets Venice. Willis also quotes from the same writer the following description of Toronto:

"York (Toronto) is the seat of government for Upper Canada, and is situated on the north side of Lake Ontario. Its harbour, which is a very extensive one, is formed by a long, narrow peninsula, commonly called Gibraltar Point. Its defenceless situation, which cannot be much im-

proved, renders it of little importance in time of war. . . . The garrison is about a mile west of the town, and consists of a barrack for the troops, a residence for the commanding officer, a battery, and two block-houses, which are intended for the protection of the harbour. In the year 1793 there was only one wigwam on the present site of the town. . . . The streets of the capital are regularly laid out, intersecting each other at right angles. Only one of them, however, is yet completely built; and in wet weather, the unfinished streets are, if possible, muddier and dirtier than those of Kingston. The situation of the town is very unhealthy, for it stands on a piece of low marshy land, which is better calculated for a frog-pond, or beaver meadow, than for the residence of human beings. The inhabitants are, on this account, much subject, particularly in spring and autumn, to agues and intermittent fevers; and, probably, five-sevenths of the people are annually afflicted with these complaints. He who first fixed upon this spot as the site of the Capital of Upper Canada, whatever predilection he may have had for the roaring frogs, or for the effluvia arising from stagnant waters and putrid vegetables, can certainly have had no very great regard for preserving the lives of His Majesty's subjects. The town possesses one great advantage, however, which is that of a good, though defenceless, harbour."



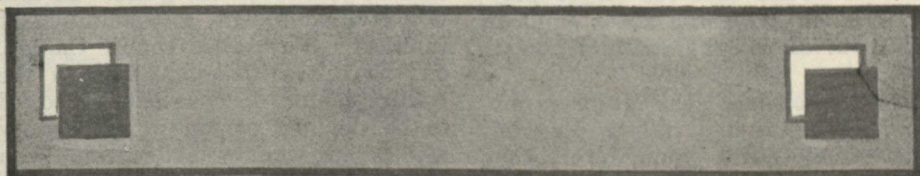


THE FISH-MARKET, TORONTO, FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840

From these quotations my readers will see what a splendid anthology of English grumblings and "grousing" Mr. N. P. Willis has collected in his "Picturesque Canada." But it is all so long ago by now that we can afford to laugh at it, and, if Mr. Willis and Bartlett himself could come back in the flesh and stand at the bottom of Yonge Street, they would have cause to rub their astounded eyes.

The work as a whole is valuable mostly because of the drawings,

which, nevertheless, cannot be regarded as examples of art. They serve for their own time about the same purpose as photographs serve in our time. They have every appearance of having been drawn from actual observation, and therefore they are of much topographical and general interest and value. The work includes a large number of these drawings, but the ones reproduced herewith will give a good idea of their character.



# THE WAGRAM OF MAJOR WARFORD

BY F. C. LEEDER

“NO, siree, the rising generation will never learn to play checkers,” the Major said with finality, addressing in general the company, grouped in attitudes of dejection round the big stove in Ezra Gook’s store at Caldon West.

These remarks, received with that profound attention and respect always accorded the *obiter dicta* of a master, Major Warford adjusted his spectacles, tilted back his squirrel-fur cap, stroked his white whiskers, straightened his form to its accustomed six feet, and strode to the window overlooking Main Street.

“I wonder if that checker man is coming or not? A nice how-de-do,” he continued, with mingled fierceness and benevolence, “expecting me to go to Beaminster House, and play him there. I’d like him to understand, I am checker champion of Palgrave county, and, as such, it’s up to me to name place and time, and I always name Ex. Gook’s store.”

It was generally believed in local checker circles that the Major played a better game in a store, amid an *olla podrida* of fragrant and homely smells.

“They tell me,” the Major resumed, “he makes it a rule to play but one game; quite young, too, they say.”

The “he” Major Warford referred to, was a young man, one of a party detained in Caldon by a snow-bound

train, and, according to the company assembled in the store, he was “some” checker-player. On the previous evening this “he” had met four of the leading checker enthusiasts of the town in friendly games, and, to use an expression current in local checker circles, had “skunked” them. To make matters worse, one of the stranger’s companions had remarked with a knowing smile that Smith could make short work of any two of the Caldon men with a bandage over his eyes. Then it was that the Major’s name was mentioned with subdued, sinful pride, and, after much haggling, and calling up on ’phones, and ringing of ’phone bells, the strange Mr. Smith had agreed to go the next day to Gook’s store and play the Major a game, providing his train did not leave in the interim. This acceptance of their challenge pleased the challengers mightily, for the Major was the most beloved man in the whole fair county of Palgrave. Steeped in all the lore and literature of checkers, he loved the game. To him it was a sacrament, a communion of intellect. For miles round Caldon, on the hill settlements, and on the rolling plains, he was acknowledged to be the one person in the county who knew what was “ruleable” in checkers and what was not. Strangers from neighbouring counties, and even from Toronto, writhing under defeat, administered in masterly fash-

ion by the Major, consoled themselves by misquoting Spenser, to the effect that skill in checkers argued a mis-spent youth, whereat Major Warford smiled wittingly and gently corrected the misquotation.

The Major had attained his majority, not on the snowy-tented, emerald fields of Niagara, but in a far more creditable way, by popular favour. He had, in days long gone, been in the crack militia regiment, the 200th Foot, (Coon-catchers); but, owing, it is popularly believed in the county, to gross dereliction of duty on the part of officials in the Militia Department at Ottawa, he had never risen beyond the rank of sergeant, and his friends and neighbours, with one voice, gave him his honorary commission with the rank of major, and major he had stayed ever since.

"And you have not been able to find out who this checker-playing stranger is, Nosey, eh?" Ez. Gook questioned.

"No; I ain't, Ez.; but you bet I will, if there is any find-out to it," responded Nosey Willet, whose nickname did not hinge on his personal appearance, but rather on his belief in the irrevocable and inalienable right of every good citizen to possess a full and profound knowledge of his neighbour's business.

"There they come," someone ventured timidly, as a muffled stamping of shoes was heard on the stoop.

The Major shivered slightly, a close student of history, and an ardent admirer of the great Napoleon, he was wont to say that every man met his Waterloo or his Wagram, and often, in moments of reverie he wondered if a checker-player would ever appear in Caldon who would defeat him; for in his heart of hearts, and in spite of the enthusiastic belief of his admirers, he knew he was not a strictly scientific checker-player. If this man Smith should be the Wellington of the local checker world—he trembled at the thought. As befitting a champion, however, he bore himself as a

master, when the great Mr. Smith surrounded by a sycophantic group of fellow-travellers was conveyed over to the big stove and introduced to the old master.

"They tell me you play a good game of dra—I—er—mean checkers, Major, eh?" Smith queried, in a deep musical voice.

The Major disclaimed any ability as a checker-player, but admitted he played the game. He adjusted his spectacles, and surveyed the young man thoughtfully. Where had he seen that face before? The commanding forehead, the wide-set, luminous black eyes, and the downward, compelling sweep of the nose. The face reminded him strangely, whether in features or expression, he could not decide, of an engraving of Burns that hung in the study of the old manse where he was born, in a hill-flanked hamlet, in the heart of old Ontario. His heart warmed to the lad. They shook hands. A board was solemnly produced, the checkers arranged, and the game commenced.

The stranger's opening appeared to the Major commonplace. With trembling hands the old man made each move—he feared his Waterloo. As the game progressed, however, his confidence returned, and with two men more than his opponent, he knew that by judiciously "manning off" he would win; the stranger was not so formidable, after all, he told himself. When Smith, shortly afterwards, fell into a trap, the Caldon champion was inclined to be patronizing. The spectators guffawed. Outside the snow fell heavily. In a room at the rear of the store, Hetty Gook, the storekeeper's daughter, home from boarding-school, at the county town, played old Scotch melodies, sweet and penetrating as the odour of crab blossoms. The Major's hand fluttered hawk-like over the board, about to give his opponent a man, and lead him into another trap, when looking up he saw the young man's brilliant, magnetic eyes, searching

his face with a curious, sad, yearning expression.

He looked more like Burns than ever, the Major thought. His heart smote him. He was a man of the world, he reflected; he could read faces, the lad was meeting his Waterloo, knew it, and was sorry for himself. Oh, the bitterness of defeat! Softly from the back room floated out the strains of "Afton Water." The stranger made a half-turn toward the room, as if in mute protest; again his eyes searched the Major's face.

Major Warford paused, he withdrew his hand from the man; he was three men to the good. Should he do it? Another covert glance at the sad face—yes, he would. He purposely bungled a move, and gave his opponent a man.

There arose a murmur of disapproval, almost drowning the haunting melody of the piano—the black eyes of the stranger flashed a puzzled question.

The Major frowned; was the action of a master to be criticized by an ignorant crowd? Soon the frown-wrinkles faded from his face, and he forgot his unmanly weakness. Stretching out a steady hand he gave his opponent a man, took three, and the

game was won.

The stranger congratulated him, a curious smile adorning his deeply-chiselled face.

"A verra gude mon," he said affably and ambiguously, speaking in the Scottish dialect for the first time since his arrival at the store, and after putting on his fur overcoat, he shook hands warmly with the Major, and stepped out into the twilight, followed by his dejected friends and Nosey Willet.

Then arose a mighty roar of cheering from the boys. They seized the Major's chair, and up to the rafters he went. They were preparing for a second elevation, when in rushed Nosey Willet.

"Major, Major," he shouted, "that young man you played checkers with is Willie Woderson, the professional checker champion of Scotland, on his way from the North to Toronto to play a serious of exhibition games."

From the ceiling the old man gazed down through blurred glasses at Pete.

"Series, Pete, my boy—s-e-r-i-e-s," he corrected.

His happiness was complete. Outside a train crashed southward through the gathering storm.



# AT THE PARTING OF THE RIVERS

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

AUTHOR OF "JANEY CANUCK IN THE WEST," "OPEN TRAILS," ETC.

The Third of Six Sketches.

MIRROR LANDING, where we leave the boat to make the portage to Soto Landing, is on the Little Slave River, at its confluence with the Athabasca. Its name has been well chosen, for the Little Slave River is a clear stream and shows a kindly portrait to all who look therein. A telegraph office, an official residence, a stable, and storage sheds are the only buildings. What is to be done with the portaging party whom we have met here and who go back to Athabasca Landing on our boat? That is a question beyond mere woman. Both parties must spend the night here; there is only one bunk to every twenty persons, and those who hold possession utterly refuse to sleep outside with the mosquitoes and bulldog flies. Once I read a story in the Talmud which I considered wholly fabulous. It was about a mosquito saving the life of David when Saul hunted him upon the mountains. I no longer doubt this story, my credulity having vanquished this day with my courage. A mosquito is big enough to do anything.

A member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, truly a most formidable-looking man, insisted on searching our luggage for contraband liquor. I was sorely displeased and could have dealt him a clout with all my might for the forward manner

in which he turned out my things to the public view. He might have known if I carried a flask, it would be in my coat pocket. His only find was an unbroached bottle of elderberry wine, which a rancher's wife was bringing home for her dinner-party next Christmas. Be it said to the youth's credit that upon the circumstance being explained to him he returned the wine to her. He had no authority for so doing, but assuredly he had the countenance of a great example, Yahveh of the Jews having aforetime "winked at" certain breaches of the law which he considered to be the better kept in their non-observance.

The liquor taken by the police is either given to the hospital at Grouard or poured on the ground as a libation to Bacchus and his woodland troop. It is very foolish to ask the officer in command if his men ever drink it themselves, for he will say, "Pooh! Pooh!" and use other argumentative exclamations that will fright you out of your wits. You would almost think the subject was loaded, and it takes a soft look and a wondrously soft answer to turn away his wrath.

Early in the evening, I was invited to "browse" at the official residence, and I had a good time; that is to say, I found it distinctly entertaining. "I would say that you are very wel-

come," remarked my hostess as she held out both her hands, "were it not that it seems an understating of the fact. I have read your *Sowing Seeds in Danny*, and feel that I know you extremely well."

It was fortunate I did not tell her, she had confused me with Mrs. McClung, for she gave me eggs to eat that were most cunningly scrambled with cheese; also many hot rolls sopped in butter, and yellow honey in its comb.

This is a ramblesome bungalow and very comfortable. Musical instruments, couches, big cushions, book-shelves, and pictures take on a peculiar attractiveness when they are the only ones in a hundred miles or more.

After supper, we read "Phil-o-rum Juneau," by William Henry Drummond, and discussed its relation to the French-Canadian legend, *La Chasse-Gallerie*. Of all our Canadian legends, I like it the best, and it may happen that you will, too. It tells how on each New Year's Night the spirits of the woodsmen and rivermen are carried in phantom canoes from these lonely Northlands back to the old homesteads in the South, where, unseen and undisturbed, they mingle with their friends. The father embraces his children; the lover his maiden; the husband his wife, and, once more, the son lays his head on his mother's lap. All of the voyageurs join the feast, the song, and the dance, so that no man is lonely in those hours, neither is he weary or sad. It is a better thing, I make believe, than even the communion of saints. But just before the dawn comes, the wraith men find themselves back on the Athabasca, the Mackenzie, and the Slave, and no one speaks of where he has been, or of what he experienced, for all this he must keep hidden in his heart.

When, over a century ago, the legend first sprang to life, there were none save men to travel like this, but now, of times, a woman may travel

too. I know this for a certainty in that each New Year's Night I go myself. In my dug-out canoe—delved from wistful thoughts and things like that—I take my hurried way across prodigious seas of ice where never living foot has fallen; adown ill-noted trails, through silver trees; by hidden caverns that are the lairs of the running winds; over dark forests of pine and across uncounted leagues of white prairies which light up the darkness, till I come to the warmer southland where youths and maidens make wreaths of greenery, and where mellow-voiced bells ring out the dying year.

And when those who are my own people feel their hearts to be of a sudden rifled of love; that some one has brushed their cheek, or that a head is resting on their shoulder, then do they know the exile has come back, for I have told them it will be thus.

And you, O my readers of the Seven Seas, now that we are friends and know each other closely, will you of New Year's Night be keenly watchful, too.

It was here that our conversation wheeled off from the consideration of this legend to the northern postman. In the final summary he must be classed among those peerless fellows who, because of their courage and incredible endurance, have won for Canada this myriad-acred, but hitherto, waste heritage. No man who here puts his hand to the mail-bags must ever look back; he must have the quality of keeping on against the odds. He is the modern young Lord Lochinvar who stays not for brake and stops not for stone. Often his route is stretched out to hundreds of miles, and there is no corner grocery where he may thaw out his extremities while mumbling driftless things about the weather and the Government.

Presently, the railways will have taken over his perilous profession and he will exist only as a memory of

pioneer days. For this reason I took great heed while my host talked concerning him and of the qualities which go into making a successful "postie" under the aurora. He must be agile, light of weight, obstemious, trustworthy, tireless, thewed and sinewed like a lynx, and, above all, he must have wire-strung nerves. In a word, his profession requires a strong will in a sound body.

"Does it ever happen that the mail is not delivered?" I asked.

My host hesitated and made three rings of smoke while he considered the answer, as though he would be sure-footed as to his facts.

"Sometimes it is not delivered, madam," said he; "there may be an untoward happening, in which event, its delivery depends upon the recovery of the carrier's body."

When he made another three rings of smoke he proceeded with the story:

"Yes! the mail-carrier in this country is a special person and must not be judged as general. He deserves a much better reward than he gets. To my thinking, it is a vast pity poetic justice so frequently fails. It may be that some day you will write a story about us northmen, and if you do, be sure you set down how Destiny so often blue-pencils our lives in the wrong places. We will read your book down here, all of us, just to see if you have been true to us, instead of laying up for yourself royalties on earth."

"And where do you bury a postman who dies with his mail-bags?" I further pursued.

"Holy Patriarch!" he ejaculated, "you don't think he is carried back to Athabasca Landing? His body is cached in a tree and the police are notified. When they give their permission, and when the ground is thawed out in the spring, we bury him just where he died. It may, however, interest you to know that the letters, 'O.H.M.S.' are cut on his tombstone."

"O.H.M.S.," I repeated. "Don't you mean 'I.H.S.'—*Iesus Hominum Salvator*, the same as we write over our altars and on our baptismal fonts?"

"No!" he replied. "I mean 'O. H.M.S.'; the same as they stamp on Government letters which are franked '*On His Majesty's Service*.' You see, the work of delivering the mails down this way, while extremely arduous, must never for a moment be considered as menial. The carrier is a servant to none save His Imperial Majesty, George the Fifth, of England."

They are all gamblers, these Northmen; they play for love, for money, or for the mere pleasure of the play, and Boys of our Heart, like the mail-couriers and the striplings of the Mounted Police, gamble with the elements for life itself.

"Ah, well!" remarked my host, as he put away his pipe for the night, "these fellows know the rules and dangers of the game when they 'sit in,' and while twenty-six of the cards are black, it is just as well to bear in mind that there are an equal number of reds."

On my return to the ship at midnight, I found that someone had seized and was occupying my stateroom on the nine-tenths of the law idea. She seemed to be a woman turbulent in spirit, and, accordingly, I left her in possession; also, I left her door open to the mosquitoes who are evil whelps and more tutoured in crime than you could believe.

The purser, a very agreeable and well-behaved man, gave up his office to me, but I did not rest well, in that a whirligig of jubilant mosquitoes was occupying it conjunctively. Being full-blooded and sometimes inclined to be rather mean, I endeavoured to accept this retributory plague as a chastening which might prove beneficial to both body and soul.

In the morning, all the reckonings of the trip were settled at a desk beside my bunk, the men moving around

with the prehensile tread of the villain who goes round a corner in the moving-picture films. I pretended they had not awakened me, and breathed with much regularity, but all the while I was stealthily peeping. They would not have understood if I had made objections to their entering for here, at the edge of things, all men are gentlemen or are supposed to be. Conventionality would be actual boorishness, and a woman must try and earn for herself the title of "a good scout," it being the highest encomium the North can pass upon her.

Before leaving the ship for the portage, we backed into the Athabasca and after travelling two or three miles, unloaded a vast deal of freight at a little tent town on the bank. Here and there, through this country, you come upon these white encampments which mean that the iron furrows of the railway are steadily pushing the frontier farther and

farther north. This was the first load of freight to be brought down the Athabasca for the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. It was only rough hardware truck, but, withal, amiable to my eyes, standing, as it did, for the end of a long rubber between fur and wheat. You would like the looks of the young engineers who took charge of the stuff. They were no muffled, sickable fellows, but brown with wind and sun, hardy-moulded and masterful.

One of them has written something about life on the right-of-way, which he intends sending me to "touch up a bit" for a paper. It augurs well for a country when its workers love it and want to write about it.

And even so, My Canada, should I forget thee, may my pen fingers become sapless and like to polar twigs that are blasted by fire. And may it happen in like manner to any of thy breed who are drawn away from love of thee.

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The fourth sketch of this series, which concerns Minna and the chair legs, and a Cree baby, will appear in the February Number.

## RECLAIMED LANDS

BY PAULINE JOHNSON

**T**HE long, flat lands out reach, field after field,  
 Low-lying at the hem  
 Of snarling seas that beat against the shield  
 Of dykes that shelter them.

No more the landward-lifting waves will drown  
 These shores with storm and tide;  
 The guardian earth they cannot battle down;  
 The sea is shut outside.

I hear the voices of the days long gone  
 Clamour and call to me,  
 O love, the shelter of your arms alone  
 Shuts out the wolfish sea!





LOUISA

From the Painting by William H. Clapp. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# PLOTTING WITH ALICIA

BY MARGARET BELL

ALICIA sat in the window seat eating peanuts. She was a free lance writer, who paid the rent of her attic room on the promises of Sunday editors. Sometimes landladies require more than a promise. At such times Alicia would make the round of department shops, seeking interviews with advertising managers. The results of these interviews usually appeased the landlady—for a time.

Alicia's attic was rather luxurious as attics go. It boasted a couple of Mosoul rugs, a Cromwellian table, and a view of Bradbury Gardens. Alicia would have preferred a supperless night to indifference to a bargain in real rugs and antiques. Hence the soft rugs and the black oak table.

Oftentimes she would turn down the gas, cuddle up in the window seat and watch the people come and go. And she would dream of the time when she would drive through Bradbury Gardens in her own motor-car.

This night she was not dreaming of motor-cars. And the people who thronged through the park gates did not seem to interest her, so much. It was the twenty-fourth of December, about eight-thirty. As yet Alicia did not know of what her Christmas dinner would consist. But that was not bothering her very much. Although when one is twenty-four and of the effeminate genus, it seems rather natural that one should give some thought of such things.

Alicia was plotting a story. She had been respected for her looks and

ideals and brains. As to looks and ideals, there might have been some certainty. As to brains—she must prove them. The eating of the peanuts was merely subsidiary. That is, it served as an occupation for Alicia's hands. When one's brain sings with thought it often requires an accompaniment of physical activity.

Thus it was with Alicia.

Across from the park gates the Salvation Army were building a booth for Christmas morning charity. Alicia could see ragged little urchins hanging around expectantly. And a great desire seized her to go out and buy things for them. A toy mouse, a cheap stick-pin, anything. For she knew that the little stockings, even if they were hung up beneath some smoky chimney corner, would remain empty during the long, black night.

But then she thought of her own purse and the emptiness of it. That was why she had sat down there to fathom some plot. So she cracked another peanut and kept her eyes glued to the flickering lights of the park. But somehow or other ideas did not seem to come to her that night. Her mind would go hopping from one subject to another, like a hungry sparrow, to a few scattered crumbs. Very often it would concentrate on herself, and her minuteness in the great city.

Alicia thought that the flickering lights and bustle of the park were a hindrance, rather than an inspiration. She gathered the peanut shells into a little pile, wrapped them in a

bit of paper and raised the window. It seemed so alive and Christmas-like outside! Bells were jingling, children shouting, and on one corner a chestnut vendor was calling his wares. How could a girl of twenty-four be expected to think of plots in the midst of such jubilation? She threw the little parcel of peanut shells down and closed the window. Then she turned up the gas and walked slowly up and down the room.

Ned Thornton felt something on his head. He stopped suddenly and looked up and down the street. Then he decided to pick up the article which had hurtled through the air. Its remnants were scattered all over the sidewalk.

Ned put two or three of the peanut shells in the paper, bundled them together and pushed the bulky thing into his overcoat pocket.

Then he crossed the street and stood staring over toward the big, brick building on the opposite corner. Away up near the room were three windows. A big elm tree was scraping its branches against the panes, as if exhorting the mistress of the gable room to come out and join in the Christmas fun.

Somebody walked toward the three windows under the roof, paused, and looked out toward the Bradbury Gardens. She had a *retroussé* nose, light brown hair, and eyes of some shade or other. Ned could not make out exactly what colour they were. It didn't matter much, as far as he was concerned. He said the expression of one's eyes was all that he cared about, anyway.

Ned Thornton was an artist.

The policeman came up to him and quietly suggested that he move on. Ned walked up to the chestnut vendor on the corner and bought a dime's worth of his wares. He handed the pedlar a two-dollar bill, although there were several dimes in his right vest pocket. During the time the street merchant took in counting out the change, Ned saw

the girl in the house opposite sit down on the window seat and press her face against the pane. Her chin rested in her hands and her whole attitude did not bespeak happiness or contentment.

Ned decided that she lived alone in the room with the gabled windows. He was a decent young fellow was Ned Thornton, and he was blessed with the greatest blessing of the gods—a sense of humour.

"By Jove, she needs someone to buck her up. Looks rather alone in the world. And I'll do it. I'll take the risk of getting thrown out like the shells. Christmas Eve is my excuse."

He gave the chestnuts to a small urchin, and walked over to the big house on the corner. This was rather a new adventure for him. It took two or three trips past the house, and a couple of jerks to an inoffending hat, to summon courage enough to walk up the steps.

How is it that one can face a crisis much better if one jerks one's hat more firmly down toward one's ears?

He rang the bell. By Jove, what a stupid heart to go thumping around like that! He almost ran down the steps again.

Someone opened the door. Someone tall and gaunt, with an expression which exuded inquisitiveness.

Ned jerked off his hat.

"I came to see the young lady—er—at the top of the house. The room with the three gable windows."

"Oh, Miss Hunt. Callers usually ask for the young lady they wish to see by speaking her name. I suppose you can find your way up?"

A bit of silver about the size of a quarter found its way into the thin hand. A bit of silver about this size is always known to produce affability in the most callous.

"Just come with me and I'll show you the way. I'm sure Miss Hunt will be glad to see an old friend. She don't seem to chum with anyone. There now—there you are. You just

go up those stairs and knock on that door. And thank you, very much."

Ned walked slowly up the second flight of stairs. He wished his heart would stop its stupid thumping. He knocked at the door leading to the room with the gabled windows. It had a knocker in the form of a sphinx.

"Come in," a voice sounded from the other side of the brown partition. It seemed to come all the way across the room.

Ned did not notice the two bargain Mosouls and the Cromwell table. That is, he did not notice them in particular. He had the sensation of being in a place which harmonized in all its parts.

The girl got up from the window seat and came toward him.

"I hope nothing's the matter," she said.

"No, not at all. And you must pardon my intrusion and all that sort of thing, you know. But I have a small parcel which I think you dropped. In fact, I know you did."

All this time he was fumbling in his overcoat pocket. Finally, he drew out the crumpled paper and handed it to her.

Alicia's face became the colour of the holly berries the hawkers were selling on the streets.

"Don't you think you were a bit presumptuous to come up here on no pretext whatever?"

She threw the shells into her scrap basket. Ned stood under the gaslight, twirling his cap in his hands.

"Well, you know, it was a pretext. Something hit me on the head and how was I to know it was not something valuable that had fallen out of your window?"

"There are other windows below mine. Might it not have come from them?"

"Oh, I never thought of that. You see, when I saw you standing before the window there, you seemed so jolly lonesome—and all that. I just thought they—the parcel—must be yours."

"Well, that is a confession. I'm sure I'm obliged to you for your opinion of me. That was one way of attracting someone's attention."

"Oh, I say. You don't think that, do you? I'm not quite such a rotter as all that. Probably we have a mutual friend somewhere. I'm Ned Thornton. I draw and dab and illustrate some."

"Do you ever sell any of it?"

"Oh, now and then, when rent time comes around."

"You're lucky. I always have to seek the advertising offices about rent time."

"Oh, are you an artist, too?"

"No, I just scribble. I might be an artist at that, if I had the chance. But there never was any particular science to pot-boiling."

"That depends on the pot. In ancient days, the Persians boiled precious herbs in very beautiful pots."

"The present day has no use for archaisms, alas!"

"But it's up to such as we to teach the present day."

Alicia seemed to realize the awkwardness of her position. They both stood under the light, while there were five unoccupied chairs all around them.

"I suppose we might as well sit down," she said.

They did.

"Now, tell me how you found out my name."

"Just happened on it. The tall creature downstairs who opens and shuts the door is responsible for my knowledge."

"Surely you didn't ask her! Good heavens! That was clever!"

"Not I. I simply said I wanted to see the young lady at the top of the house. She said, 'Miss Hunt? Callers usually ask for the young lady they wish to see by speaking her name.' That's what she said, word for word."

"The old griffin! She's so inquisitive! But really, you know, it is rather refreshing to break the con-

ventionalities. Stupid conventionalities, that is. I don't see why any Madame Grundy should set up a standard for people who are capable of thinking for themselves, do you?"

"My presence is proof of it."

Alicia seemed to have forgotten her plot-seeking. When one is in the company of congeniality, one's ambitions oftentimes will go soaring out through the window of one's indifference. So it was with Alicia. It was so long since she had talked with anyone whose ideas were other than commonplace that her very soul seemed to cry out its satisfaction. Some people would have called her improper. She was only human, and endowed with an unusual amount of intelligence. When one is endowed with intelligence, such trifles as conventionality count for naught.

Ned suggested that they go out and watch the crowds. The calls of the street hawkers came in through the three gable windows, the shrieking of the street urchins. It was a welcome suggestion. Alicia longed for a jaunt down through the brilliant thoroughfares. The vision of busy Christmas shoppers, all laden with bundles, had been blotting out the plot of her story all evening.

The landlady smiled as she peered through the crack of her door. It was the first time that Miss Hunt had gone out with a young man. And it did not seem natural for girls not to have gentlemen friends.

But Ned and Alicia were elbowing through the crowds, with not a thought for the gaunt landlady.

"Where are you going to eat your Christmas dinner?" Ned asked, when they had separated from the street mobs.

Alicia blushed. She had not thought of that. It was her custom to enjoy each moment as it came, without clouding its happiness by any thoughts of an indefinite to-morrow.

"To tell you the truth, I hadn't thought about it," she answered.

"Neither had I. So we'll put our

two heads together and give the matter our profound consideration. I know a little Italian place, down on Emerald Street. They have fine cooking, and don't charge extra for serviettes. How'd you like to try it?"

"It sounds great. And probably a movie afterwards?"

"Righto! Or a legitimate show. I sold a picture the other day. It's good for that much, at least."

"And how about the rent?"

"When one is enjoying oneself, one forgets such unpleasantnesses."

They walked past the glittering shops where tardy shoppers struggled with their bundles. There was a sort of booth set up between a couple of shops where everyone seemed to be playing a game of chance.

"A dollar a throw! Everyone come and try your luck. There's nothing in the fishing pond worth less. Most of the prizes are worth five times the amount!"

"Here you are!" Ned said, pressing a bill into the fellow's hand. "Now, Miss Scribbler, try your luck!"

Alicia took the rod and line and brought up a weighty parcel.

"It may be a gold brick," she laughed.

"That's better than a brass knock."

And on they walked. When one is happy, one will find a laugh in the slippery pavement or the stiff December wind.

They came to a large building, which knew Alicia. Many times, she had walked up the steps to a certain office marked "Sunday Editor."

"This is the altar on which all of my brain children have been sacrificed," Alicia said, pointing to the door.

"What a pagan mother, to cast her children into such a pit!"

"Ah, there's the pity of it. Some of us have paganism thrust upon us."

"Yes, and probably, through no fault of our own."

"Paganism surely would not come from voluntary choice. At least, literary paganism."

"I'm rather glad you added the afterthought."

"Yes, I'm somewhat of the opinion that some expressions of paganism are more interesting than those of Christianity."

"I agree, perfectly."

They had come to a little café, where Ned often lunched. They went inside and ate a Welsh rarebit.

It was a jolly little place, with half-lighted corners. The Christmas revelry came to them as they sat there. Alicia could not remember when she had felt so happy.

"Tell me, what were you doing when I came in?" Ned asked.

"Trying to think of a plot."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I hope I didn't interrupt."

Alicia laughed.

"On the contrary, you have been the means of my forming a most excellent one—all but the end."

Ned leaned over the table.

"Do you think I could help you to make a correct ending, if I had the chance?"

Alicia smiled. Her eyes seemed to wander beyond the table and glittering lights.

"Well, I'm always willing to give intelligent people the chance to display their intelligence."

"That's comforting. But I still have to ask if I am fortunate enough to be classified in that column."

"Then, if you really belong there, you'll find out."

Alicia got up from the table and walked toward the door. Ned followed.

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The landlady noticed an unusual flush in Alicia's cheeks when she came in. And through the crack in the door she heard her say:

"At one o'clock, then, to-morrow. Good-night. Merry Christmas."

And she hummed a bit of song as she ran up the stairs to her attic.



# SPECULATION AND ITS EFFECT IN CANADA

BY W. W. SWANSON

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THE question of speculation, especially in its relation to the high cost of living, has never received adequate attention in Canada. The mania for gambling in real estate, which has obsessed the minds of Canadians for the past decade, has had a very intimate bearing upon advancing prices; and yet the problem has been in general overlooked. And now that the boom in real estate has subsided, those who wish a short-cut to wealth without earning it are turning their attention to the oil fields of the West, the black fox ranches of the East, and the stock market. It is almost incredible the number of Canadians who are engaged in sheer gambling, although the more euphemistic term "speculation" is generally used to describe their operations. Aside from all that, Canada has too extensively discounted the future; and in these reasons, not in the Balkan war, the Mexican imbroglio, or the huge increase in the output of gold, are to be found the main causes of the increase in prices and high interest rates. Illegitimate speculation has seriously injured the economic condition of the country. Gambling often masquerades under the name of speculation; but there is a fundamental difference between them. Business enterprise is one thing; paying court to the god of luck is quite an-

other. But serious as are the results of gambling—moral and material—to the individual, the economic effects on the community at large are of equal concern. Speculation has a direct and immediate effect upon the market. The manufacturer, the wholesaler, the retailer, and ultimately the consumer must pay the cost of a speculative boom, and suffer at its collapse. Prosperity which is not based on the actual production of goods is merely the excitement produced by intoxication. Much of Canada's recent progress has been of a thoroughly sound nature; but a part has been fictitious and represents no real advance. Gambling which results in forcing up the price of real estate adds nothing to a nation's wealth, it merely lays a burden upon the consumer for years to come. High values mean high rents; and high rents mean high cost of production, which in turn means high prices. High prices and high rents may really represent a high degree of misery and want. The true measure of a nation's prosperity is found in the relative purchasing power of the people.

Now, abnormal credit extension and illegitimate speculation are largely responsible for the high cost of living in Canada. Not only so, but they have been the chief causes of the



sudden and remarkable collapse in the value of securities; and for the long-continued stringency in the money market. These are matters of vital importance to the individual, as well as to the several governments, municipal, provincial, and federal. It is imperative, therefore, for all who would understand fundamental economic conditions to get a clear conception of what is involved in speculation.

The term speculation, of course, is used in various senses. Often it has reference to persons who "dabble" in the market as "outsiders." But generally it refers to men who expect to make their living or their fortune by dealing in securities or commodities—persons who are "professional speculators." These may again be distinguished from "legitimate" dealers—the wheat merchant, the cotton dealer—who act as permanent middlemen between those who have something to sell and those who wish to buy. Between these persons there are insensible gradations. All these speculators influence, to a greater or less degree, the course of market prices. It would be absurd, of course, to condemn all speculation. Legitimate speculation is absolutely necessary for the proper functioning of business, for it brings into equilibrium demand and supply. It tends to make daily prices conform with seasonal market prices; and to make the latter such that the whole supply will be absorbed by the market. Men who have devoted themselves, in a professional way, to the study of fundamental market conditions, become shrewd judges of the seasonal supply. They can estimate the effect of a given supply upon price, and hence they are able to make a profit in their business. They buy, when others are willing to sell, at a price lower than the facts of the market warrant; and, conversely, they sell when others bid a higher price than the facts warrant. Buying and selling between expert dealers tends to

avoid sharp variations in seasonal prices. Inevitably, there will be fluctuations in price, with unexpected speculative losses and gains. But the general effect of legitimate speculation is to promote the smooth course of exchange and consumption, and to lessen sharp fluctuations in price.

Now, it is just here that speculation becomes of vital interest to the manufacturer and the consumer. The lessening of fluctuations in price is of manifest advantage to the ultimate consumer, and also to the manufacturer who, in the parlance of economists, is the "consumer" of raw materials. For the ultimate consumer, say, of wheat, an early and exact adjustment of price brings a more careful utilization of the available supply. A short crop must be carefully husbanded throughout the season; and the sooner the higher necessary market price is reached, the more likely will this be accomplished. And conversely, a large crop is better sold at a steady, though a low price. But outsiders who "dabble" in the market, and who are ignorant of basic conditions, tend to unsettle prices. This is good neither for the manufacturer nor for the consumer. A variable price for raw materials prevents the manufacturer from properly adjusting his output to the demands of consumers.

In former days, before the establishment of world markets, wide variations in the price of food were common. Under modern conditions, with great areas of supply brought into competition by railways and steamships, abrupt changes in the supply of most foodstuffs and raw materials are rare. The development of cold storage in recent times, too, has secured an even distribution of supply under conditions that are essentially speculative. Fruit, fish, and eggs, when the supply is heavy, are bought by dealers, put in cold storage, and held for sale at a later period. By this device prices are made more equable, and the risks are less. More-

over, on the average, the community secures its supplies at a smaller cost.

The process of lessening fluctuations and distributing risks is promoted by the practice of dealing in futures. It is with this operation that speculation is most intimately associated. Professional dealers make a close study of the probabilities of the future, and undertake to make delivery of goods on the terms which those probabilities suggest. Apart from the fact that prices are steadied by this practice, it is of very great benefit to manufacturers who enter into contracts for the future delivery of their products. The price of cotton goods, woollens, rubber goods, flour, and so forth is closely related to the cost of the raw material used in their manufacture. To avoid the risk, therefore, which inevitably arises from contracts to furnish goods at a fixed price in the future, manufacturers buy the raw materials at a fixed price for future delivery. The risk arising through changes in the price of the raw material is thus avoided, as it is assumed by the speculator and the wholesaler. Even in the case where the manufacturer is producing steadily for the market risk can be avoided. A miller, for example, who buys a certain quantity of wheat to be ground into flour can sell, for future delivery, the same quantity of wheat. Thereafter, as wheat goes up or down in price, he loses as much by the one transaction as he had gained by the other. He can then concentrate his attention on the manufacturing end of the business, the risk arising from price fluctuations of the raw material having been eliminated.

Against the advantages which professional speculative dealings bring are serious evils. These evils are enhanced by the very facilities which enable speculation to perform important services to the community. To make this clear, attention should be called to the fact that speculation is made possible, on a large scale, by "standardizing" the commodity

dealt in—that is, by grading and classifying commodities according to quality. This process puts an end to all disputes regarding the quality of the things contracted for. Thus, grain is examined as it reaches the market, by publicly-appointed inspectors, and is graded as being No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. Thereafter, when a purchaser has his wheat delivered to him, neither he nor the vendor need inquire further whether it is of the stipulated quality. Delivery of elevator receipts, certifying the grade, satisfies all contracts. On the exchanges of America and Europe, cotton, wool, iron, etc., are treated in a similar way. Of course, securities — preferred and common stocks, and all grades of bonds—offer exceptional opportunities for speculation, because of the ease with which they can be standardized.

Now, when once a commodity or a security has been standardized, the door is flung wide open to speculation. Anybody and everybody can become a speculator. Under ordinary circumstances, the man who buys an article must know something about it. He must be able to judge whether it is good or bad in quality, and what it ought to be worth. But on an exchange where commodities or securities are graded, no such questions arise. Only price, present or future, need be considered. Any one can buy if he thinks the present price low, or sell if he thinks it high. Such buying and selling is done, on an enormous scale, by large numbers of persons who do not possess, or wish to possess, the articles they buy or sell. Their only concern is to make a profit by taking advantage of fluctuations in price. They virtually bet on the future price of commodities or securities, and gamble about it as men gamble on cards, roulette wheels, or horse races. In form, their dealings are like any other operation on the exchange. Brokers receive orders from these "outsiders" to buy and sell; and they must, by the rules of

the exchange, make delivery at the stipulated time. The brokers, in turn, hold their customers to this same responsibility. But, though in form like other dealings, on the better-known exchanges—such as the cotton and grain exchanges of New York, for example—the immense majority of the transactions have in view no *bona fide* business. The machinery which has been devised for the easy and rapid transaction of business is utilized for gambling on a large scale. This is especially true of the security market. The whole business resolves itself into an enormous economic waste through the employment of an army of unproductive labourers. If the only persons engaged in this work were merchants and dealers who systematically gave their time and attention to it, the number needed would automatically adjust itself to the work required. But where there is “illegitimate” speculation on a great scale, an army of brokers and dealers is required. All this labour is unproductive.

The obvious remedy, of course, is to prohibit buying and selling for future delivery. But this would put an end to the benefits which the community gets from contracts for futures. The loss would outweigh the gain. Germany, however, has prohibited future contracts in grain. The most effective remedy would be a better moral standard for all industry, and an aroused public opinion against all forms of gambling. But the desire to make “easy” money and the close association of speculation with business dealing rightly deemed legitimate, render it difficult to bring public opinion to bear.

The gains in stock exchange speculation, however, are very great, and outweigh the evils. The gains arise in this instance, not from the lessening of price fluctuations, but from the promotion of investment. But, although the gains are real, the evils are no less real, and are intensified

by the unusual ease of entering on the transactions. There are many Canadians who habitually gamble in stocks. The dealings for the continent are concentrated at the New York Stock Exchange, which is at once the greatest institution in the world for facilitating investment, and the greatest of gambling hells. And the waste involved is not confined to the useless expenditure of mental and physical labour. The waste is increased by the demoralization of many men in the community who take an interest in speculation. Like all gambling, it distracts from the continuous, productive work on which the common welfare rests.

As has been said, speculation in some of its aspects is wholly legitimate, and is essential to the proper functioning of the business of the country. The plain fact is that every buyer and seller is a speculator in money, though he may not realize it. Not only so, but every debtor and creditor is a speculator not only in money, but in “futures” as well. Every debtor has sold money short in exactly the same way as a speculator who deals in wheat has sold that commodity short when he has contracted to deliver a certain number of bushels at a given price at a future time. He gains or loses as the price at the time of delivery has fallen or risen.

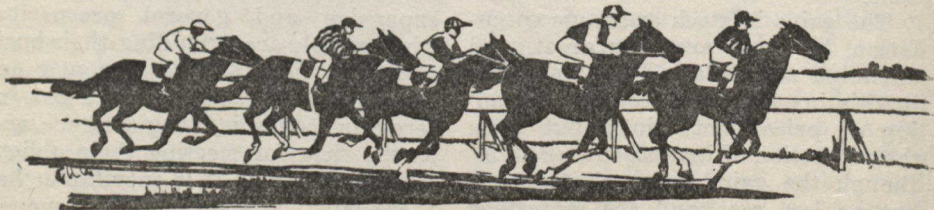
It is one of the accepted principles in speculative markets that there is no better guaranty for the maintenance of prices than the existence of a large short interest. The reason is evident; for these persons are potential purchasers who must buy within a given time, whether they wish to do so or not. In times of business expansion and general prosperity, when people are extending their business operations and seeking new opportunities of gain, a large short interest in money is being created; and as the time for meeting their obligations approaches it is inevitable that there must be a scramble for money

with which to satisfy these credit contracts. And that is exactly what has happened, and is happening in Canada at the present moment. Business men and financiers have largely discounted the future. They have "taken chances" in almost every direction. While an enormous productive effort has been put forth, and the farm, the factory, and the mine, have been worked as never before, yet a great deal of the country's capital has been invested in purely speculative enterprises with the hope that the upward trend in prices would continue long enough to net substantial profits. Thousands of persons throughout the country, however, have made a special payment on their purchases and have borrowed to cover the difference, or are making payments from time to time as these become due. It is this class that suffers most when there is a stringency in the money market. Dealing in a small way, although the total of their business amounts to an enormous sum, they are unable, when the market breaks, to hold their own, and must sacrifice their holdings to meet outstanding obligations. The pressure exerted by these small dealers on the entire business structure of the country is very great; and it needs the most consummate skill of the bankers and financiers of the nation to avoid a total collapse of credit and prices.

The reasons for the enormous decline in the prices of securities and real estate in Canada are not far to seek. A man who finds himself obliged to make a payment at a certain definite time must either borrow or

sell what property he has. It has been very difficult to borrow, during the past year, on speculative holdings; and hence these have been thrown on the market. The present would seem to be an opportune time to buy, for many securities are selling far below their real value. And not only so, but the municipalities and the Provincial and Federal Governments should seize the occasion to erect permanent public works. It is a totally erroneous idea that induces a policy of parsimony during a period of industrial declension. Great public works should be pushed forward so that labour may find employment, the market be steadied, and credit sustained. Retrenchment merely accentuates the difficulties of the situation.

Canadians hardly realize how close the country has been to the verge of a financial panic during the year that has gone. Undoubtedly the skill and conservatism of our bankers and a splendid harvest have saved the situation. The country has been taught a lesson which, if heeded, will have been well worth the cost. True prosperity is based on the production of goods, and not upon the pyramiding of credit and prices. The monetary stringency is gradually passing away, and the mania of illegitimate speculation has largely spent its force. A spirit of optimism once more is abroad in the land. The possibilities and resources of Canada are not indeed measureless, but they are truly vast. For the future, however, development must be based more largely on facts, and less on vain fancies.



# HOW FINLEY MCGILLIS HELD THE PIER

BY ROBERT BARR

THIS is a story of war's alarms, and the agony that comes through man's inhumanity to man. It is generally supposed that it is upon the common soldier that the brunt of battle falls, but very often highly-placed officers are called upon to suffer for their country, and it is the pathetic tale of one of these war-dogs that I now set myself to relate, hoping that his heroism may thus retain a place in the annals of the land. If Madame History, after listening to my tale of woe, reserves a modest niche in the temple of fame for Captain Angus McKerricher, I shall be more than satisfied.

Of course, being the privileged historian of McKerricher, I should by rights keep silence regarding my own military exploits, but few of us are entirely unselfish, and so, having the opportunity, I may casually mention, seeing that no one else is likely to do so, that I fell gloriously in the defence of the Empire, yet no medal has been awarded me. As it is not yet too late to remedy this neglect of one of our bravest men, I may be forgiven for dwelling on this personal incident. The "Fenian Scare," as it was called, caused much expenditure of money and pine lumber. There arose all over our part of Canada, and doubtless in other portions as well, huge drill-sheds whose style of architecture more nearly resembled the Country Fair building of later days, than it did

the White City of the Chicago Exhibition. As I remember, the cost was defrayed somewhat in this way: any town or municipality patriotic enough to yearn for one of these military erections, got up part of the money and the general Government furnished the remainder. The township council pressed the button, and Parliament did the rest.

The drill-sheds were great oblong buildings made of pine, covered by a wide-spreading shingled roof. The floor was the original soil of Canada, which the building was constructed to defend. Under the ample roof, a regiment might have gone through its evolutions. Few of these drill-sheds now remain standing, although none, so far as I can learn, were destroyed by the valiant Fenians, the most terrible warriors with their mouths who ever struck panic into a peaceful people. The expanding roof (of the drill-sheds, not of the Fenians' mouths) offered too tempting a mark for the amateur cyclone roaming over the land, and thus there came a stormy day when the component parts of the building were distributed with impartiality among the taxpayers of that and the adjoining county, furnishing superb kindling wood for all the farmers to the leeward of the original site. So scatters military glory.

I helped to build several of these historic structures, and one fine day

fell from the apex of the one in Iona, Elgin County, my fall being happily broken and soothed by a pile of brick on which I came down, with the debris of a scaffold on top of me. When, to-day, people who know me confidently predict that I shall end on the scaffold, they little realise how near their prophecy came to being forestalled. Would it be believed that, up to date, Iona has put up no stone on the spot, with the inscription; "Here fell Barr in the defence of his country?" I mention this incident, not in hope of recognition or even with an eye towards a pension, but because it was through that fall that I am now the humble historian of McKerricher, for after coming out of the doctor's hands I came to the conclusion that carpentering was too exciting a business for a nervous person like myself, so I took to the literary life, and here I am.

It must not be supposed that we in Western Canada were not a military people even before the drill-sheds spread over the land either through my building or with the aid of the cyclones. We were always a blood-thirsty gang, and our military system has since been plagiarised by Germany and France. Service in the ranks was compulsory, and one whole day in the year was devoted to drill, the consumption of stimulants, and the making of effete Europe tremble. This memorable annual festival was the 24th of May, the birthday of the Queen. Unless a day in the middle of harvest had been chosen, no more inopportune time could have been selected than the 24th of May, so far as the farmers were concerned. The leaves were just out on the trees, the roads were becoming passable again through the drying of the mud, and spring work was at its height. It was therefore extremely inconvenient for farmers to turn their plowshares into muzzle-loaders and go from three to thirteen miles to the village and revel in gore, yet the law made attendance compulsory.

For years the rigour of military discipline had been mitigated by a well-known device. Some neighbour, at the reading of the roll, would shout "Here" when an absentee's name was called, and so the reports that went into the Government always showed the most marvellously constant attendance on duty that has ever gone on record. No wonder the Queen sat securely on her throne and was unafraid.

Thus the Empire ran serenely on until Angus McKerricher was made captain of the militia. I don't know why he was appointed, but I think it was because he was the only man in the district who owned a sword, which had descended to him from his Highland ancestry, doubtless escaping confiscation by the English soldiery, and was thus preserved to become the chief support to the British throne—certainly a change from its use in younger days. I was a small boy when Angus first took command, but I well remember the dismay his action spread over the district. Angus knew personally every man in the county, which, to parody Gilbert, was

A fact they hadn't counted upon  
When they first put their uniform on.

The Captain's uniform consisted of his ordinary clothes rendered warlike by a scarlet sash looped over the left shoulder and tied in a sanguinary knot under the right arm, or "oxter," as Angus termed that portion of his body. But what added perturbation to the feelings of the crowd assembled on the parade ground was the long claymore held perpendicularly up the rigid right arm, the hilt almost down at the knee, the point extending above the head, as Angus stood erect with heels together and chin held high. Even the dullest of us could perceive that the slovenliness of our former captains, in happy-go-lucky style of deportment, was a thing of the past. We were now face to face with the real terrors of war, in the person of Captain Angus McKerricher.

The stout yeomanry were all drawn up in line, and beside the statue-like figure of the captain stood the town clerk, or whatever the official was who kept the roll of able-bodied citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who were liable to military service. The day began with the calling of the names.

"Peter McAlpine."

"Here."

"John Finleyson."

"Here."

"Dugald McMillan."

"Here."

"Sandy McCallum."

"Here."

"Baldy McVannel."

"Present."

At this juncture the suddenly up-lifted sword of the captain stopped the reading of the roll.

"Baldy McVannell, step forward from the ranks!" was the sharp command of the armed officer. There was a moment's apprehensive silence, but no one stepped from the ranks, which was not to be wondered at, for Baldy was at that moment peacefully plowing his fields seven good miles away, and "Present" had been answered by his friend and relative, McCallum, who had varied the word from his own answer, "Here," the better to escape notice, a plan which had always been successful before. Deep was the scowl on the Captain's face.

"Put him down fur a fine," he said to the clerk.

"He's over the aadge," cried McCallum, who felt that he had to stand by his absent friend.

"He's neither over nor under the aadge, Sandy," cried the Captain with decision; "he's between thirty and forty, and he should be here this day, as he very well knows. Put him down fur a fine—a dollar."

An ignored law suddenly enforced carries consternation into any community. The infliction of these fines made a greater financial panic in our district than the failure of the Upper

Canada Bank. More than two-thirds of the effective warriors of the township proved to be absent, and the commercial stringency caused by this unexpected clapping on of fines penetrated to the farthest bounds of the municipality. A dollar was indeed a dollar in those days, and not to be lightly parted with. However, such was the law, and there was no help for it; but the inflicting of the penalty did nothing towards increasing the popularity of the Captain, although it did increase the attendance on parade for many a year after.

Vengeance came swiftly. It had been anticipated that it would take the form of a fight between McKerricher and one of the indignant friends of an absentee, as soon as parade was over and the friend had taken on board sufficient whiskey to make him quarrelsome, which was not as large a quantity as some of our temperance friends might imagine. There was Celtic blood in the locality and it flowed freely from punched noses on less momentous occasions than the day of the grand muster. After the dismissal of the troops, the Captain kept his good sword in his hand, and it was still too early in the afternoon for any to have courage enough to attack him with bare fists. That was expected later, for it takes time to reach the proper pitch even with potent Canadian malt. However, revenge presented itself to the Captain in strictly legal guise. A villager, learned in the law, engineered the matter, and the constable arrested McKerricher on the charge of carrying a knife with a blade longer than the statutes allowed. About that time there had become prevalent a villainous-looking dirk with a long sharply-pointed blade, which shut up like an ordinary jack-knife, but which had at the back of the handle a catch which held the blade rigid, once opened. This weapon had in more than one row, which would in ordinary circumstance have been innocent enough, proved disastrous, and a law

had been passed to suppress it. No man was allowed to carry, concealed or in sight, any knife with a blade more than six inches long, and there must be no device that held the blade rigid. It was alleged that McKerricher's sword violated this ordinance, and that he had paraded the town with this illegal instrument in plain sight, to the terror and dismay of Her Majesty's faithful subjects, be the same more or less, in the case made and provided, &c., &c., in fact, I do not remember the exact legal phraseology of the indictment, but anyhow it was in words to that effect. In vain the Captain pleaded that the sword was a necessary implement of his new trade as militia officer, and that the peace and comfort of the realm had not been visibly interfered with through his carrying of it, but it was easily proved that he had retained his sword while not on duty, and that said instrument was a knife within the meaning of the Act, its blade being more than six inches in length, firmly affixed to the handle aforesaid. The magistrate fined him five dollars, and administered a solemn warning from the bench.

"Cot pless her," exclaimed an indignant Northerner when the verdict was made known, "if she waants ta lah, let her have *awl* ta lah!"

In other words, if the law against absentees was to be enforced, let us also set the law regarding jack-knives in motion.

But it was the Fenian scare that brought out the superb Napoleonic qualities of Captain McKerricher, as great crises always develop the latent genius of notable men. "To arms!" was the cry, and everything that would shoot, except the blacksmith's anvil with which he used to celebrate the Queen's birthday, was brought into requisition. Shot guns, muskets and rifles were brought down from their wooden pegs along the hewn walls of the log houses. We youngsters were set at moulding bullets, and

it was great fun. Every house possessed bullet moulds, iron arrangements like a pair of pinchers with metal cups at the business end, where a small hole at the junction of the closed cups enabled you to pour in the melted lead. There was also a couple of sharp blades forming part of the handles, which, working on the principle of nut-crackers, enabled you to clip off the lead protuberance and leave a perfectly moulded bullet which would kill a man as effectively as if it had been cast by the Government. Mounted men had rushed galloping up the main roads from the lake and along the concession lines, shouting as they passed, "The Fenians are coming!" pausing for no comment, but hurrying forward with the news. It needed no other warning to cause every man who could shoulder a gun to make his way as quickly as possible, with whatever weapon he had, to the village which he knew would be the rendezvous. It seems funny to look back on this commotion, for there was no more chance of the Fenians coming to our part of the country than there was of the Russians, nevertheless we did not stop to think about that until later; and if invaders had come, I am willing to risk an even dollar that they would have wished themselves safe once more in Buffalo saloons, in spite of the justly celebrated reputation of our own brands of liquor, for they would have come into a peaceful community that would rather fight than eat. Few of us knew anything about the merits of the Irish question at that day; our attention being absorbed in politics that pertained to the talismanic names of "John A." or "George Brown." Still if invasion came, we were all willing to fight first and inquire into the case afterwards, which was only natural.

The northern shore of Lake Erie, at least that part with which I am acquainted, is a coast perfect as a defence. High perpendicular clay walls, quite unscalable, form a barrier



which no enemy of sense would care to encounter. It must not be supposed that I am accusing the Fenians of having been men of sense, for I have no such intention, but even they would hesitate to attempt the clay walls of Western Ontario. However, the eagle eye of the commander at once viewed the weak point in our defence with an unerring instinct worthy of Von Moltke. This was the pier. A creek flowed into the lake, and a road to the shore ran along the banks of this creek. At the terminus of the road had been built a pier jutting out into the lake some hundreds of feet in length. Here, in peaceful times, schooners from Cleveland, Erie, or Buffalo, had loaded themselves with oaken staves or prime wheat. Captain McKerricher saw that once the pier was captured, the Empire fell. He therefore massed his force on either bank of the ravine, so that a withering cross fire would discommode the enemy as he came up the valley; not at all a bad formation either. Thus the embattled farmers stood prepared to fire a shot which, if not heard round the world, would at least echo to the village two miles away. As evening drew on, preparations were made for camping out all night on these heights and guards were set on the pier, Finley McGillis at the post of danger, the end nearest to the Fenians, while McCallum and McVannel held down the shore end, all three prepared to wade in blood should any miscreant attempt to kidnap the pier, except the limited liability company which rightfully owned it. Sentries were placed round the camp inland, and outposts farther off. Never was there more firm discipline exacted from any body of soldiers. The rigour of the British army was as nothing compared with the martinet character of the regulations of this camp. Captain McKerricher in person visited every sentinel and informed him that this was no 24th of May parade, but real war, and that any sentinel caught asleep would be

forthwith shot instead of being fined a dollar, and that if a man lit his pipe he would spend the rest of his life in Kingston Penitentiary.

But the invincibility of a camp is unknown until it is tested. The Captain resolved to put the firmness of his sentinels to the proof. He took no one into his confidence, and here again his likeness to Napoleon is evidenced; he never let any of his subordinate officers know what the next move on the board was to be. There was a small skiff in the creek, and, the evening darkening early because of a coming storm, the Captain pushed out the boat unobserved and rowed some distance to the west, then turned south and out into the lake, finally coming north again toward the end of the pier. The night was black, relieved by an occasional glimmer of lightning on the surface of the lake, and the wind was rising. McKerricher's quest was getting to be an unpleasant one, for he was essentially a landsman, and the increasing motion of the boat was disagreeable, but what will a man not do and dare for his country's sake? It is probable that he descried the form of Finley McGillis against the dark sky before the sentinel caught any indication of the boat on the murky water. Finley said afterwards that he was just wondering whether he dare risk a smoke in his isolated position and trust to putting his pipe out if he heard a step coming up the pier, when he was startled by a voice from the lake—

"Surrender! Drop your gun and save your life. Surrender in the name of the Fenian Brotherhood!"

McGillis made no reply, and the Captain began to think he had caught his chief sentry asleep, but as the wabbling boat became dimly visible to the man on the end of the pier, Finley said slowly, "I can see ye now. If ye move hand or fut I'll blow ye out of the watter."

"That's all right," said the Captain hastily; "I'm glad to note that

you are on the alert. I'm Captain McKerricher."

"A likely story," replied McGillis contemptuously. "The Keptin's no a mahn to risk himself in a bit shallop like that, an' a storm comin' up. Yer ma preesoner, an' ye'll be a deed mahn in another meenit if ye pit hand to oar."

"You fool," cried the angered voyager, "how could I know about McKerricher if I were a Fenian?"

"Oh, it's easy enough to hear aboot McKerricher, and it's verra weel ken't in the Auld Country an' in the States that he's oor Keptin. Yer a wolf in sheep's clothing, that's what ye are, and jist listen ta me. There's a ball nearly an inch thick in this musket, an' that'll be through you before ye can say 'click' if you don't do whut I tell ye. Then in this shotgun at ma feet there's a load of slugs, that'll rive yer boat to bits if ye attempt ta mak' aff. Is there a rope in that boat?"

"Yes."

"Then throw it ta me if it's lang enough."

This was done, and Finley tied the end of it to one of the upright piles. Hand you up they oars. That's right. Now yer ta the windward o' the pier, an' nice an' comfortable fur the night."

"You are surely not going to keep me here all night, and the rain coming?"

"The rain's no warse fur you than fur me. A buddy munna be ower parteeclar in time of war. If it should be that yer the Keptin, I'll make my apologies in the mornin'; if yer the Fenian ye said ye were, then Aang'as 'll hang ye fur yer impidence in takin' his name."

"Fire one gun in the air, and call the officers. You have two, so there's no risk. Disobey your Captain at your peril, and I'll have you court-martialled in the morning."

"I'll fire aff naething avaw. I'm not gaun to waste a shot an' poother sa dear. If I fire, it will be at you,

and besides if I *did* fire, the whole camp would be shootin' at once from the heights in this direction, an' while I'm compelled ta risk being shot by the Fenians, it's no in the bargain that I should stand fire from ma own friens, an' a bullit fra the north kills as readily as yen fra the sooth."

The wind rose, the boat rocked and the rain came on.

"Give me the oars, at least," implored the captive, "that rope will break and then I'll be adrift and helpless."

"The win't doon the lake, so if it breaks, ye'll jist come ashore aboot Long Point."

But the rope did not break, and very soon the Captain was past the point where conversation is a pleasure, for however brave he might be on land, he had never been intended for the navy.

"Yer no used ta a boat," commented the sentinel, who had been a fisherman in the Highlands. "It's unca hard at the time, they tell me, but ye'll be a' the better fur it in the mornin'."

When day broke Finley McGillis expressed the utmost consternation and surprise to find that his prisoner was really his captain. "Man! Wha wud ha' beleved that!" he cried in amazement.

The subordinate officers who helped their haggard captain out of the boat, advised him strongly to say nothing about the incident. This, so far as I know, was the only naval encounter that occurred at the time of the Fenian Raid, and it goes to show, as I said in the beginning, that those who devote themselves to the cause of their country, suffer unrecorded hardships for which, alas, medals are not given. Even this section of history is futile, for, as what I have set down is strictly true, I could not give real names, because I have had no opportunity of consulting with either captain or sentinel, and do not know but one or other might object to the revelation of their identity.



ROYSTERERS RETURNING TO THE CAMP

From the Painting by Lawren Harris

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# TANNIS OF THE FLATS

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.

WHEN Jerome Carey was sent to take charge of the telegraph station at the Flats he cursed his fate in the picturesque language permissible in the far Northwest.

Not that Carey was a profane man, even as men go in the West. He was an English gentleman, and he kept both his life and his vocabulary pretty clean. But the Flats!

The Flats was a forlorn little trading-station fifteen miles up the river from Prince Albert, with a scanty population of half-breeds and three white men. Outside of the ragged cluster of log shacks which comprised the settlement there was always a shifting fringe of teepees where the Indians who drifted down from the Reservation camped with their dogs, and squaws, and papooses. There are standpoints from which Indians are interesting, but they cannot be said to offer congenial social attractions. For three weeks after Carey went to the Flats he was lonelier than he had ever imagined it possible to be, even in the Great Lone Land. If it had not been for teaching Paul Dumont the code, Carey believed that he would have been driven to suicide in self-defence.

The telegraphic importance of the Flats consisted in the fact that it was the starting point of three telegraph lines to remote posts up North. Not many messages came therefrom, but the few that did come generally amounted to something worth while. Days and even weeks would pass

without a single one being clicked to the Flats. Carey was debarred from talking over the wires to the Prince Albert man, for the reason that they were officially on bad terms. He blamed the latter for his transfer to the Flats.

Carey slept in a loft over the office and got his meals at Joe Esquint's, across the "street." Joe Esquint's wife was a good cook, as cooks go among the breeds, and Carey soon became a great pet of hers. Carey had a habit of becoming a pet with women. He had the "way" that has to be born in a man and can never be acquired. Besides, he was as handsome as clean-cut features, deep-set, dark-blue eyes, fair curls, and six feet of muscle could make him. Mrs. Joe Esquint thought that his moustache was the most wonderfully beautiful thing in its line that she had ever seen.

Fortunately, Mrs. Joe was so old and fat and ugly that even the malicious and inveterate gossip of skulking breeds and Indians squatting over teepee fires could not hint at anything questionable in the relations between her and Carey. But it was a different matter with Tannis Dumont.

Tannis came home from the academy at Prince Albert early in July, when Carey had been at the Flats a month and had exhausted all the few novelties of his position. Paul Dumont had already become so expert at the code that his mistakes no longer afforded Carey any fun, and the

latter was getting desperate. He had serious intentions of throwing up the business altogether and betaking himself to an Alberta ranch where at least one would have the excitement of roping horses. When he saw Tannis Dumont he thought he would hang on a while longer anyway.

Tannis was the daughter of old Auguste Dumont, who kept the one small store at the Flats, lived in the one frame house that the place boasted, and was reputed to be worth an amount of money which, in half-breed eyes, was a colossal fortune. Old Auguste was black and ugly, and notoriously bad-tempered. But Tannis was a beauty.

Tannis's great-grandmother had been a Cree squaw who married a French trapper. The son of this union became in due time the father of Auguste Dumont. Auguste married a woman whose mother was a French half-breed, and whose father was a pure-bred Highland Scotsman. The result of this atrocious mixture was its justification—Tannis of the Flats—who looked as if all the blood of all the Howards might be running in her veins.

But, after all, the dominant current in those same veins was from the race of plain and prairie. The practiced eye detected it in the slender stateliness of carriage, in the graceful, yet voluptuous curves of the lithe body, in the smallness and delicacy of hand and foot, in the purple sheen on straight-falling masses of blue-black hair, and, more than all else, in the long, dark eye, full and soft, yet alight with a slumbering fire. France, too, was responsible for somewhat in Tannis. It gave her a light step for the stealthy half-breed shuffle, it arched her red upper lip into a more tremulous bow, it lent a note of laughter to her voice and a sprightlier wit to her tongue. As for her red-headed Scotch grandfather, he had bequeathed her a somewhat whiter skin and ruddier bloom than is usually found in the breeds.

Old Auguste was mightily proud of Tannis. He sent her to school for four years in Prince Albert, bound that his girl should have the best. A High School course and considerable mingling in the social life of the town—for old Auguste was a man to be conciliated by astute politicians; he controlled some two or three hundred half-breed votes—sent Tannis home to the Flats with a very thin, but very deceptive, veneer of culture and civilization over-lying the primitive passions and ideas of her nature. Carey saw only the beauty and the veneer. He made the mistake of thinking that Tannis was what she seemed to be—a fairly well-educated, up-to-date, young woman with whom a friendly flirtation was just what it was with white womankind—the pleasant amusement of an hour or season. It was a mistake—a very big mistake. Tannis understood something of piano playing, something less of grammar and Latin, and something less still of social prevarications. But she understood absolutely nothing of flirtation. You can never get an Indian to see the sense of platitudes.

Carey found the Flats quite tolerable after the homecoming of Tannis. He soon fell into the habit of dropping into the Dumont house to spend the evening, talking with Tannis in the parlour—which apartment was amazingly well done for a place like the Flats (Tannis had not studied Prince Albert parlours four years for nothing), or playing violin and piano duets with her. When music and conversation palled they went for long gallops over the prairies together. Tannis rode to perfection, and managed her bad-tempered brute of a pony with a skill and grace that made Carey applaud her. She was glorious on horseback.

Sometimes he grew tired of the prairies, and then he and Tannis paddled themselves over the river in Nitchie Joe's dug-out, and landed on the old trail that struck straight in-

to the wooded belt of the Saskatchewan valley, leading north to trading-posts on the frontier of civilization. There they rambled under huge pines hoary with the age of centuries, and Carey talked to Tannis about England, and quoted poetry to her. Tannis liked poetry; she had studied it at school and understood it fairly well. But once she told Carey that she thought it a long, roundabout way of saying what you could say just as well in half a dozen plain words. Carey laughed. He liked to evoke those little speeches of hers. They sounded very clever, dropping from such arched, ripely-tinted lips.

If you had told Carey that he was playing with fire he would have laughed at you. In the first place, he was not in the slightest degree in love with Tannis—he merely admired and liked her. In the second place, it never occurred to him that Tannis might be in love with him. Why, he had never attempted any love-making with her! And, above all, he was obsessed with that aforesaid fatal idea that Tannis was like the women he had associated with all his life, in reality as well as in appearance. He did not know enough of the racial characteristics to understand.

But if Carey thought that his relationship with Tannis was that of friendship merely he was the only one at the Flats who did think so. All the half-breeds, and quarter-breeds, and any-fractional breeds there believed that he meant to marry Tannis. There would have been nothing surprising to them in that. They did not know that Carey's second cousin was a baronet, and they would not have understood that it need make any difference if they had. They thought that rich old Auguste's heirless, who had been to school for four years in Prince Albert, was a catch for anybody.

Old Auguste himself shrugged his shoulders over it and was well-pleased enough. An Englishman was a prize by way of a husband for a half-

breed girl, even if he were only a telegraph operator. Young Paul Dumont worshipped Carey and the half-Scotch mother, who might have understood, was dead. In all the Flats there were but two people who disapproved of the match they thought an assured thing. One of these was the little priest, Father Gabriel. He liked Tannis, and he liked Carey, but he shook his head dubiously when he heard the gossip of the shacks and tepees. Religions might mingle, but the different bloods—ah, it was not the right thing! Tannis was a good girl and a beautiful one, but she was no fit mate for the fair, thoroughbred Englishman. Father Gabriel wished fervently that Jerome Carey might soon be transferred elsewhere. He even went to Prince Albert and did a little wire-pulling on his own account, but nothing came of it. He was on the wrong side of politics.

The other malcontent was Lazarre Merimee, a lazy, besotted French half-breed, who was, after his fashion, in love with Tannis. He could never have got her and he knew it—old Auguste and young Paul would have incontinently riddled him with bullets had he ventured near the house as a suitor—but he hated Carey none the less and watched for a chance to do him an ill-turn. There is no worse enemy in all the world than a half-breed. Your true Indian is bad enough, but his diluted descendant is ten times worse.

As for Tannis, she loved Carey with all her heart, and that was all there was about it.

If Elinor Blair had never come to Prince Albert there is no knowing what might have happened after all. Carey, so powerful in propinquity, might even have ended up by learning to love Tannis and marrying her, to his own worldly undoing. But Elinor Blair did come to Prince Albert, and her coming ended all things for Tannis of the Flats.

Carey met her one evening in September, when she had ridden into

town to attend a dance, leaving Paul Dumont in charge of the telegraph office. Elinor was a Prince Edward Island girl who had come up to visit a married brother. She was more than commonly pretty, and Carey fell in love with her at the first moment of their meeting.

During the next three weeks he went to town nine times and called at Dumont's only once. There were no more rides and walks with Tannis. This was not intentional neglect on his part. He had simply forgotten all about her. The breeds surmised a lover's quarrel, but Tannis understood. There was another woman back there in town.

It would be quite impossible to put on paper any adequate idea of her emotions at this stage. One night she followed Carey when he went to Prince Albert, riding out of earshot behind him on her plains pony, but keeping him in sight. She trailed him to the Blair house on the bluffs above the town and saw him tie his horse at the gate and enter. Tannis, too, tied her pony to a poplar lower down and then crept stealthily through the willows at the side of the house until she was close to the windows. Through one of them she could see Carey and Elinor Blair. The half-breed girl crouched down in the shadow and glared at her rival. She saw the pretty, fair-tinted face, the fluffy coronal of golden hair, the blue, laughing eyes of the woman whom Jerome Carey loved, and she realized very plainly that there was nothing left to hope for. She, Tannis of the Flats, could never compete with that other. It was well to know so much, at least.

After a time she crept softly away, loosed her pony, and lashed him mercilessly with her whip through the streets of the town and out the long, dusty, river trail. A man turned and looked after her as she tore past a brightly-lighted store on Water Street.

"That was Tannis of the Flats,"

he said to a companion. "She was in town last winter, going to school—a beauty and a bit of a devil, like all those breed girls. What in thunder is she riding like that for?"

One day a fortnight later Carey went over the river alone for a ramble up the northern trail and an undisturbed dream of Elinor. When he came back Tannis was standing at the canoe landing, under a pine tree, in a rain of finely-sifted sunlight. She was waiting for him and she said, without any preface:

"Mr. Carey, why do you never come to see me now?"

Carey flushed like any girl. Her tone and look made him feel very uncomfortable. He remembered self-reproachfully that he must have seemed very neglectful, and he stammered something about having been busy.

"Not very busy," said Tannis, with her terrible directness. "It is not that. It is because you are going to Prince Albert to see a white woman!"

Even in his embarrassment Carey noted that this was the first time he had ever heard Tannis use the expression, "a white woman," or any other that would indicate her sense of a difference between herself and the dominant race. He understood, at the same moment, that this girl was not to be trifled with—that she would have the truth out of him first or last. But he felt indescribably foolish.

"I suppose so," he answered lamely.

"And what about me?" asked Tannis.

When you come to think of it, this was an embarrassing question, especially for Carey, who had believed that Tannis understood the game and played it for its own sake as he did.

"I don't understand you, Tannis," he said hurriedly.

"You have made me love you," said Tannis.

The words sound flat enough on



paper. They sounded anything but fiat to Carey, hurled at him as they were by a woman trembling with all the passions of her savage ancestry. Tannis had justified her criticism of poetry. She had said her half-dozen words, instinct with all the despair and pain and wild appeal that all the poetry in the world had ever expressed.

They made Carey feel like a scoundrel. All at once he realized how impossible it would be to explain matters to Tannis and that he would make a still bigger fool of himself if he tried.

"I am very sorry," he stammered, like a whipped schoolboy.

"It is no matter," interrupted Tannis violently. "What difference does it make about me—a half-breed girl? We breed girls are only born to amuse the white men. That is so, is it not? Then, when they are tired of us, they push us aside and go back to their own kind. Oh, it is very well. But I will not forget—my father and brother will not forget. They will make you sorry to some purpose."

She turned and stalked away to her canoe. He waited under the pines until she had crossed the river. Then he, too, went miserably home. What a mess he had contrived to make of things! Poor Tannis! How handsome she had looked in her fury—and how much like a squaw! The racial marks came out plainly under the stress of her emotion.

Her threat did not disturb him. If young Paul and old Auguste made things unpleasant for him he thought himself more than a match for them. It was the thought of the suffering he had brought upon Tannis that worried him. He had not, to be sure, been a villain; but he had been a fool, and that is almost as bad under some circumstances.

The Dumonts, however, did not trouble him. After all, Tannis's four years in Prince Albert had not been altogether wasted. She knew that

white girls did not mix their male relatives up in a vendetta when a man ceased calling on them—and she had nothing else to complain of that could be put in words. After some reflection she concluded to hold her tongue. She even laughed when old Auguste asked her what was up between her and her fellow, and said she had grown tired of him. Old Auguste shrugged his shoulders resignedly. It was just as well maybe. Those English sons-in-law sometimes gave themselves too many airs.

So Carey rode often to town, and Tannis bided her time and plotted futile schemes of revenge, and Lazarre Merimee scowled and got drunk and life went on at the Flats as usual until the last week in October, when a big wind and rainstorm swept over the northland.

It was a bad night. The wires were down between the Flats and Prince Albert, and all communication with the outside world was cut off. Over at Joe Esquint's the breeds were having a carouse in honour of Joe's birthday. Paul Dumont had gone over, and Carey was alone in the office, smoking lazily and dreaming of Elinor.

Suddenly above the splash of rain and whistle of wind he heard outcries in the street. Running to the door he was met by Mrs. Joe Esquint, who grasped him breathlessly.

"Meestair Carey—come quick! Lazarre, he kill Paul—they fight!"

Carey, with a smothered oath, rushed across the street. He had been afraid of something of the sort and had advised Paul not to go, for those half-breed carouses almost always ended up in a free fight. He burst into the kitchen at Joe Esquint's, to find a circle of mute spectators ranged around the room, and Paul and Lazarre in a clinch in the centre. Carey was relieved to find it was only an affair of fists. He promptly hurled himself at the combatants and dragged Paul away, while Mrs. Joe

Esquint—Joe himself being dead drunk in a corner—flung her fat arms about Lazarre and held him back.

"Stop this," said Carey sternly.

"Let me get at him," foamed Paul. "He insulted my sister. He said that you—let me get at him!"

He could not writhe free from Carey's iron grip. Lazarre, with a snarl like a wolf, sent Mrs. Joe spinning, and rushed at Paul. Carey struck out as best he could and Lazarre went reeling back against the table. It went over with a crash and the light went out!

Mrs. Joe's shrieks might have brought the roof down. In the hurly that ensued two pistol shots rang out sharply. There was a cry, a groan, a fall—then a rush for the door. When Mrs. Joe Esquint's sister-in-law, Marie, dashed in with another lamp Mrs. Joe was still shrieking, Paul Dumont was leaning sickly against the wall with a dangling arm, and Carey lay face downward on the floor with blood trickling from under him.

Marie Esquint was a woman of nerve. She told Mrs. Joe to shut up and she turned Carey over. He was conscious, but seemed dazed and could not help himself. Marie put a coat under his head, told Paul to lie down on the bench, ordered Mrs. Joe to get a bed ready, and went for the doctor. It happened that there was a doctor at the Flats that night—a Prince Albert man, who had been up at the Reservation, fixing up some sick Indians, and had been storm-staid at old Auguste's on his way back.

Marie soon returned with the doctor, old Auguste, and Tannis. Carey was carried in and laid on Mrs. Esquint's bed. The doctor made a brief examination, while Mrs. Joe sat on the floor and howled at the top of her lungs. Then he shook his head.

"Shot in the back," he said briefly.

"How long?" asked Carey, understanding.

"Perhaps till morning," answered the doctor. Mrs. Joe gave a louder howl than ever at this, and Tannis came and stood by the bed. The doctor, knowing that he could do just nothing at all for Carey, hurried into the kitchen to attend to Paul, who had a badly shattered arm, and Marie went with him.

Carey looked stupidly at Tannis.

"Send for her," he said.

Tannis smiled cruelly.

"There is no way. The wires are down and there is no man at the Flats who will go to town to-night," she answered.

"My God, I must see her before I die," burst out Carey pleadingly. "Where is Father Gabriel? He will go."

"The priest went to town last night and has not come back," said Tannis.

Carey groaned and shut his eyes. If Father Gabriel was away, there was indeed no one to go. Old Auguste and the doctor could not leave Paul, and he knew well that no breed of them all at the Flats would turn out on such a night, even if they were not, one and all, mortally scared of being mixed up in the law and justice that would be sure to follow on the affair. He must die without seeing Elinor.

Tannis looked inscrutably down on the pale face on Mrs. Joe Esquint's dirty pillows. Her immobile features gave no sign of the conflict raging within her. After a short space she turned and went out, shutting the door softly on the wounded man and Mrs. Joe, whose howls had now simmered down to whines. In the next room Paul was crying out with pain as the doctor worked with his arm, but Tannis did not go to him. Instead, she slipped out and hurried down the stormy street to old Auguste's stable. Five minutes later she was galloping down the black, wind-lashed river trail, on her way to town, to bring Elinor Blair to her lover's deathbed.

I hold that no woman ever did anything more unselfish than this deed of Tannis's. For the sake of love she put under her feet the jealousy and hatred that had clamoured at her heart. She held, not only revenge, but the dearer joy of watching by Carey to the last, in the hollow of her hand, and she cast both away that the man she loved might draw his dying breath somewhat easier. In a white woman the deed would have been merely commendable. In Tannis of the Flats, with her ancestry and tradition, it was lofty self-sacrifice.

It was eight o'clock when Tannis left the Flats; it was ten when she drew bridle before the house on the bluff. Elinor Blair was chatting with her brother and his wife in the parlour when the maid came to the door.

"Pleas'm, there's a breed girl out on the verandah and she's asking for Miss Blair."

Elinor went out wonderingly, followed by Tom Blair. Tannis, whip in hand, stood by the open door, with the stormy night behind her, and the warm, ruby light of the hall lamp showering over her white face, and the long rope of drenched hair that fell from her bare head. She looked wild enough.

"Jerome Carey was shot in a quarrel at Joe Esquint's to-night," she said. "He is dying—he wants you—I have come for you."

Elinor gave a little cry and steadied herself on her brother's shoulder.

"Good God!" said Tom Blair. He had never approved of Carey's attentions to Elinor, but such news was enough to shock anybody. "This is horrible. But it is nonsense to talk of my sister going to the Flats on a night like this. It is impossible."

"I came through it," said Tannis contemptuously. "Cannot she do as much for him as I can?"

"Yes," said Elinor firmly. "No. Tom, don't object—I must go. Get my horse—and your own."

Ten minutes later three riders gal-

loped down the bluff road and took the river trail. Fortunately the wind was in their backs and the worst of the storm was over. Still, it was a wild, black ride enough. Tom Blair rode, cursing softly under his breath. He did not like the whole thing—Carey done to death in some low half-breed shack, this handsome, sullen girl coming as his messenger, this nightmare ride through wind and rain. It all savoured too much of melodrama, even for the northland, where people still did things in a primitive way.

It was past twelve when they reached the Flats. Tannis told Blair where to take the horses and then led Elinor to the room where Carey was dying. The doctor was sitting by the bedside and Mrs. Joe was curled up in a corner, sniffing to herself. Tannis took her by the shoulder and turned her, none too gently, out of the room. The doctor, understanding, left at once. As Tannis shut the door she saw Elinor Blair sink on her knees by the bed and Carey's trembling hand go out to her head.

Tannis sat down on the floor outside of the door and wrapped herself up in a shawl Marie Esquint had dropped. In that attitude she looked exactly like a squaw, and all comers and goers, even old Auguste, who was hunting for her, thought she was one and left her undisturbed. She watched there until dawn came whitely up over the prairies and Jerome Carey died. She knew when it happened by Elinor Blair's cry.

Tannis sprang up and rushed in. She was too late for even a parting look.

The girl took Carey's hand in her's and turned to the weeping Elinor with a cold dignity.

"Now go," she said. "You had him in life to the very last. He is mine now."

"There must be some arrangements made," faltered Elinor.

"My father and brother will make all the arrangements, as you call

them," said Tannis steadily. "He had no near relatives in the world—none at all in Canada—he told me so. . . .

"You may send out a Protestant minister from town if you like, but he will be buried here at the Flats and

his grave will be mine—all mine. Go!"

And Elinor, reluctant, sorrowful, yet swayed by a will and an emotion stronger than her own, went slowly out, leaving Tannis of the Flats alone with her dead.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

By ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

YONDER through the darkness surging  
 Gather to the drums of Fate,  
 All the dreams of life converging,  
 Joy and sorrow, love and hate.  
 Thou canst hear the voices calling  
 Faintly from Eternity,  
 Rising in the void and falling  
*Deo confitemini.*

Rolling doors are opening slowly  
 In the ghostly house of Time,  
 With a murmur mild and holy,  
 To the cloudly portal climb:  
 Trains of fates and memories bearing  
 On a vast and shadowy bier,  
 To the dim gray silence faring,  
 One more dead and crownless year.

And they lay the old year grimly  
 In a great and lidless tomb,  
 Under vaulted depths that dimly  
 Only mists and stars illumine:  
 There no word is ever spoken,  
 And no sound the silence stirs:  
 There the ages sleep unbroken  
 Over endless sepulchres.

But afar beneath the arches  
 Of the midnight, outward bound,  
 Moves the host of Fate, and marches  
 With a faint and spectral sound;  
 All the realms of Time invading—  
 Only holiest eyes shall see—  
 Farther yet and farther, fading:  
*Deo confitemini.*

# FROM CRAZY HORSE MOUNTAIN

BY PASCHAL H. COGGINS

**D**AVE McCARTER stood on a big granite boulder and watched the three men make their way down the side of Crazy Horse mountain. It was the middle of October, and Britt & Bullard's logging camp had shut down for the season. Two days ago the live stock had been led down the same gully path by which the last of the saw gang were descending to the Kitson Grade and ultimate civilization; McCarter, the foreman, was staying behind to make a general inspection of the outfit, store the tools, and leave everything tight against the winter's storms.

Just where the trail twisted out of sight behind a spur of rocks to be lost for the rest of the way among the dense chapparal, the men turned and looked up. Shaw and Pickens, being without imagination, merely waved their hats and shouted good-bye; but Golfried, clasping his fingers about his red, sinewy neck, kicked one foot in the air and distorted his ugly features with a grimace so diabolical as to bring an oath to the lips of the man on the rock. Yet the next instant McCarter lifted his axe at arm's length above his head in an answering salute, and the morning sun, striking its broad, bright surface, formed it for the moment into a gleaming torch.

The men passed on down the mountain and McCarter, slowly lowering his axe, gazed musingly off to the east. But for the profile of Frenchman's Hill, he would have caught distant sight of the town of Ventrola

where, on that day, at the hour of noon, one William Gates was to be publicly hanged for the crime of murder. The three men had started early that they might miss nothing of the spectacle.

"One hanging's as good as another to that Dutch lamb butcher," McCarter soliloquized, with Golfried's writhing features still in his mind's eye, "but if I'd been on that jury, I'd 've kicked like Pixley's mule against the testimony of that Greaser from over to Volcano. He swore too blasted strong. But great skunks! What's the sense of a man up a mountain shaking his fist at a judge, jury, and sheriff five miles down th' valley."

Turning about he tossed the axe—and with it, it seemed, all concern for the fate of William Gates—sixty feet away to the door of the tool-house. Then he set to work, and for the next two hours was busy enough. Everything gnawable—mattresses, blankets, overalls, gloves, and even rawhide boots—had to be wire-strung from the rafters out of reach of chipmunks and mice. The cutting tools and long double-ended saws must be coated with hog fat and stowed in their racks for six months of uselessness. Twenty-four hours before there had been a savage storm of wind and rain. Down in the valley it had unroofed barns, uprooted trees, and bowled over fences and telegraph poles, but at the camp on Crazy Horse it had done no more than rip the boards from the weather end of the tool-

house. McCarter had to make good the damage.

It was while he was doing this, his ears filled with the blow and echo of his hammer, that some one spoke to him, almost at his elbow. He turned to find a horseman within a dozen paces. The appearance of man and beast went far toward telling the story of their journey. The heaving flanks of the tall bay mare showed that she had been cruelly over-ridden, and the man was gripping the pommel of his saddle to steady his seat. He had been lost back along "the ridge," and the lumberman knew from experience what that meant.

"Am I on the road to—to Ventrola?"

"On the road to Ventrola? Yes, same as you're on the road to 'Friseo or the North Pole. You're on top of Crazy Horse Mountain. Ventrola's five mile for the crow, and six or six and a half for a man on a live horse by the Grade."

"But I must get there soon—this morning. Where will I strike the Grade?"

Still bracing himself against the horn of his saddle, he gathered his reins. McCarter's face hardened.

"I reckon you're one more of the pack that's running, ears down, to be in at the death of that poor devil, Gates. You might as well stop sweating and save your breath. You can't get that mare down to the Grade inside of an hour. When you do, Ventrola'll be every inch of five miles away. The hanging's to be at twelve to the minute, and now it's—"

He passed the hammer from his right to his left hand and drew out his watch.

"Now it's nine minutes to eleven."

"Eleven!"

The man echoed the word in a shriek. He swayed in the saddle and, springing to the stirrup McCarter tried to help him dismount. But the other resisted his efforts and feebly dug his spurs into the mare's flanks.

"My God! I thought it was somewhere about—about nine. My watch's run down. I forgot I had a watch. I rode from Sacramento—rode all night. My name's Tom Yost. Back there in the hills, in the dark this morning, I had to ask the way, and a black-hearted scoundrel put me on the wrong road. Since then, I tell you, stranger, I've ridden through hell. But I *must* get there. I *must*! They'll hang him, I tell you, and I— I've got his pardon. Let go the bridle. *Let go!*"

Again his voice rose to a scream, but even while he fought to force his spent beast to action, all pretence of strength gave way and his eyes filled with tears. The young lumberman drew him from the saddle, and he sank helplessly to the ground in the shade of a big pine. McCarter brought him water, and loosened the saddle on the mare.

"Let me see your paper!"

Yost drew the long envelope from the inner pocket of his coat and, after a moment of hesitation, handed it over. It was addressed to the sheriff of the county. Tearing it open, McCarter read its words of brief command—words which threw the sovereignty of a great commonwealth, as an impenetrable shield, between the convicted man and those who would take his life. At the bottom was the autograph of the Governor and the seal of the State stamped on gold. At the sight of the signature, something in the young fellow's blood seemed to leap into flame.

"And the wires are down, and nobody in Ventrola knows of this?" he demanded.

"That's is. The wires are down and nobody knows. My God!" The Governor's messenger covered his eyes with his hands. Dave McCarter gazed down at him an instant in silence and then turned away. Erect, straight-lipped, and suddenly gone pale with the realization of his responsibility, he stood looking off at the pine-clad hills, facing the prob-

lem of the fleeting seconds and the inexorable miles. In a sense, the task was not new to him. For years he had been used, when something was to be done, to provide—or, if necessary, to invent—the means for its doing. Yost watched his face with a gradual hope dawning in his own. Presently McCarter thrust the envelope into the bosom of his gray flannel shirt, wheeled abruptly upon the prostrate man and, stooping, grasped him almost savagely by the arm.

“Get up!”

It was the voice of the gang boss, as void of sympathy as the blow of an axe, but vibrant with action.

“Water the mare at that trough. Three or four swallows. Then choke her off and cinch up the saddle. Make it tight.”

The final words came back as he lifted the latch of the tool-house door. For an instant the messenger stood dazed and staring, but the knowledge that something was to be done vitalized him into action. McCarter returned with a coil of rope.

“There’s a chance left,” he explained, while he straightened the rope. “It’s crazier than a blind bob cat, but it’s being here at all comes so damn close to a miracle that it puts it up to us good and hard. I reckon,” he added slowly, “the Governor has a right to count on me, anyway—in any sort of a ruction. Lend a hand here. Help me empty the water from this trough.”

“Tuesdays and Fridays,” he continued, “one of Wells Fargo’s mail carriers rides down the Kitson Grade from Markleeville and Silver Mountain. This is Friday. The Grade runs close along the farther bank of the creek in the bed of the canon, right along by the side of our dam. I’m going t’ fire the old trough down at him with the paper on board. If he’s within a hundred yards of the place when she makes the trip, he’ll take notice.”

At McCarter’s comand, Yost fastened one end of the rope around the

horn and cantle of his saddle, while the foreman was double looping and hitching the other about the big log—for the trough was the rough-hewn trunk of a Douglas spruce, dug out to serve its purpose. With a sounding slap on her haunches and many shouts of encouragement, McCarter drove the mare across the clearing to the mouth of the long chute down which the company’s logs were sent to the dam in Taggart’s Creek, nearly seven hundred feet below. When they had dragged the trough well out over the “hump,” from which a ten-pound push would set it on its flight, McCarter unhitched the mare and again slackened the surcingle. Then, once more, he looked at his watch.

“He’s due to pass at anywhere from five to fifteen minutes, and he’ll ride fast. He’ll show when he first swings around that quarter-cut in the bottom of that hill over across the canon. We must wait. A log hits the water from here in less than fifteen seconds by the watch. But—he’s the last human creature that’ll make Ventrola before noon. Keep your eye on that notch in the edge of the hill.”

And Yost, spent with weariness, hunger, and the terrible dread of failure, fixed his gaze—and with it, it seemed, his life—on the point where the Kitson Grade first struck down into the Taggart Creek Canon. For the moment McCarter’s attention was held by the details of the man’s appearance; the evidences of that blind ride out along the ridge. Slight of stature and with delicate skin, it was easily clear that he was new to his present service. Probably he was an attaché of the Governor’s office chosen for this special mission by reason of the personal confidence of his chief. His hands were scratched and bleeding, his clothing was rent and torn in a score of places, and there was an ugly blue welt across his left cheek where the limb of a tree had lashed him in the darkness. His tongue, every now and then, was

moistening his parched and cracking lips, and his forehead was gleaming with perspiration. For an instant Dave McCarter woke to the fact that the man was suffering.

"There's stuff to eat and drink over in the barracks—the last of the three shacks. The door's unlocked."

Yost did not look up and may not have heard. McCarter leaned forward to test the poise of the trough. It was as it should be. A child could have set it in motion. Then his vision ran idly down the long runway of polished pine. For a hundred and fifty feet its pitch was rather a fall than a slope. Below that it swept forward in one long graceful curve and reached the bank of the dam almost on the level. But the impetus of that first appalling plunge! He had seen great pine boles rush down that fearful path, hissing and spitting fire as they fled. Sometimes he had seen them dash, headlong and furious, across the surface of the dam to "kill" themselves against a long outreaching granite rock which was forever luring them to combat. "Dead Man's Rock" the loggers called it.

His thoughts leaped back to the Governor's pardon and to the man who signed it. Few things, in his present mood, could so have stirred his imagination as the sight of that signature. The man who wrote it had won his office by a splendid fight in the open against the great corporation which for years had dominated the political fortunes of the commonwealth. Early in the contest the situation had touched some unexpected spring of sentiment in Dave McCarter's nature and roused him to action. With the zeal of a born fighter he threw himself, brain and body, into the contest. Regardless of campaign committees or their programmes, he canvassed pretty much every mining camp and logging outfit in his county, and the rough vigour of his thought and speech told in the returns. Tucked away some-

where in his trunk was a two-page letter of thanks bearing the same bold autograph as that which now forbade the execution of William Gates.

But out of that memorable campaign, now nearly six months gone by, the young mountaineer had brought one bitter regret; a regret which, puerile as it was in its origin, had proved itself strangely persistent. Largely through his own efforts, during the closing week of that strenuous contest a grand rally in the interests of his candidate was planned and held at the town of Ventrola. McCarter was a member of the Reception Committee and so would have come into close personal contact with the man who had appealed so powerfully to his own nature. It was an experience entirely aside from any that had yet come his way. It would have been a red-letter day in his life.

But at the last moment he was robbed of his triumph. He was stricken down with a fever, and while his honoured leader was addressing the throng which filled the courthouse plaza to overflowing, McCarter was requiring the united efforts of doctor and nurse to keep him safe in bed. The coming event had so possessed his thoughts that in delirium, he lived it through over and over again. During his convalescence there were periods when it was not easy to make him realize that the big meeting had been held without him. Later still, when the whip of a falling pine tree had put him again into the hands of the doctor, he relapsed into the same fevered mutterings, and raved about the rally. Indeed, Pickens swore that the boss still talked of it in his sleep.

Suddenly now his reverie was shattered by an inarticulate cry from Yost. The rider had come. McCarter, turning sharply, caught but a vanishing sight of man and horse as they disappeared behind the long wall of rocks and trees which lined



the farther bank of Taggart's Creek. Presently—in eight or ten minutes, at most—they would pass in full view down there beyond the dam. For a moment, Dave McCarter's fingers fumbled with the buttons of his shirt and then his hand fell to his side and he spoke with a strange mixture of assurance and incoherence.

"When you get back to th' valley," he said, "tell him—the Governor—that it was Dave McCarter that you gave your paper to up on Crazy Horse. He'll stare for a minute, but at last he'll dig me out of his mem'ry. I was due to shake hands with him and warm things up for the start at the big Ventrola meeting, but I went off my head and couldn't make it. Tell him that. This time I won't go back on him. It'll square me with him for the other fluke. Every man in the gang says it can't be done, and old Britt says a doctor told him it would pull all the breath out of your body and smash your lungs in, same as you'd squeeze an egg. Maybe it will, but I'm going t' do it. The other thing's all up in the air. The chump might take it for a joke and swing on down the Grade without pulling up. He'll be hurrying to see the hanging. I'm going to make good to-day, or go out of business."

Toward the last he spoke hastily, as if fearing interruption, and Yost's scattered faculties were slow in grasping his meaning. Suddenly, it was clear enough. Stepping into the trough, McCarter began to tip it forward for the fearful race. There was no time for speech, but, with a cry of horror, Yost made a haphazard lunge and grasped the shoulder of his loose flannel shirt. The next instant, a backward swing of the foreman's powerful right arm had laid him dazed and groaning upon the ground.

Yet his very terror must have kept Yost from fainting, for it was but a matter of moments before he was again upon his feet peering down at

the dark broken mirror of the dam. For a time he could make nothing out, but presently he caught sight of two floating logs which further inspection resolved into the fragments of the old trough. She had accepted the challenge of Dead Man's Rock and been riven from end to end. A moment later and a portion of the big rock separated from the mass and took on the form of a man. Dave McCarter had survived his fearful plunge down the mountain side, and an involuntary cry of victory arose to the lips of the watcher. Lifted from the depths of despair, all the memories of hardships endured were swept away as by the passing of a mountain breeze. He caught the sound of his own laughter.

Yet, even with the laughter on his lips, the look of elation was fading from his eyes and there came the premonition of a new disaster. What demon of delay now possessed McCarter? Seating himself by the bank of the dam the man upon whose fearless zeal hung the fate of William Gates seemed to be surveying his surroundings with a strange surprise. Again and again Yost saw him lift his hand to his head, but not once did his attention fall upon the fragments of the trough nor his gaze climb that fearful pathway by which, as it were, he had just descended from the clouds. By that strange intuition which sometimes surpasses the process of thought, Yost knew that he, himself, had vanished utterly from McCarter's consciousness.

Seconds came and went and the man remained seated leisurely by the dam. Finally he stirred, but to Yost's horror, it was but to stretch himself at full length upon the ground and cover his eyes with his hands. And at any moment the rider—the last human being who could reach Ventrola before the hour of noon—might dash by, unseen, unheard, and unchallenged. A panic of consternation fell upon Tom Yost. Summoning the last power of his

lungs he shouted pitifully, his voice seeming to die within the reach of his own hands. He snatched a handful of gravel and hurled it frantically toward the distant figure, stamping his feet and choking with sobs as it rattled along the chute as futile as a baby's toy. But there are limits to all human efforts, and Yost had drawn too long and too deep on his overwrought physical powers. The hand which had been gripping a rock-rooted sapling for support slowly relaxed its grasp, and all things began to waver in his vision and turn black.

Strange things happened that day along the Kitson Grade and in the little town of Ventrola. As the messenger who rode down from Markleeville and Silver Mountain was passing the logging dam in Taggart's Creek, a man, hatless, wild-eyed and dripping water from every limb, springing as it seemed from the very bowels of the earth, rushed frantically out upon him. He was shouting as he came, his right arm lifted high, apparently in a frenzy of glee; but the rider caught nothing of his meaning. With a single bound his horse shied into the midst of the roadside thicket where, snorting and trembling in terror, he stood watching his strange assailant. The rider, taken wholly unawares, was thrown heavily from the saddle and lay limp and motionless in the middle of the highway. When later his wits came back he remembered vaguely that the maniac had stood over him, still shouting and waving his hand. But now neither man nor horse was anywhere to be seen.

Down in Ventrola, the clock in the sheriff's office had marked the last quarter to twelve. Into the midst of the throng which had gathered in the courthouse plaza came Dave McCarter, but not the Dave McCarter of the early morning. This man was a creature of blazing eyes, and incoherent words, bareheaded and dirty. The town, that day, was full of rough-looking men, and one a tri-

ple more grotesque than his fellows caused no great commotion. For the most part the crowd was orderly—for the hanging was to be according to law—but there had been some drinking, and every now and again some voice rose more strident and persistent than the rest.

McCarter stared in silence, but suddenly he clapped his hand upon the shoulder of the man in front.

"Say, partner, I can't stand this. Let's put some ginger into the proceedings. This is a devilish cold reception for a winning candidate. I tell you he's going to sweep the State from Del Norte to Santa Barbara. I've been out in the mining camps and I know what I'm saying. The people are awake—all except this crowd of mutes. What's th' matter with 'em?"

His own voice rose with his swelling indignation. The man he was talking to stepped beyond the reach of his arm, stared a moment, and turned away. Some one else told him to "shut up," and he retorted by advising the speaker to crawl away before it came time to kick him. Then he demanded to know why somebody didn't call the meeting to order. Dave McCarter was living through his part of chairman of the Reception Committee of the rally.

Very slowly it seemed to dawn upon him that everybody was waiting, and nobody listening. The big platform of rough unplanned lumber had as yet no occupants, but presently a murmur of subdued excitement came through the crowd, and he craned his neck for a better view. A little procession of men was moving slowly from the rear of the courthouse to the speaker's stand. The psychological moment had arrived, and yet no man in that whole big crowd seemed to know what to do, or to have the nerve to speak above his breath. McCarter stood it as long as he could, but when the procession had arrived at the foot of the steps leading up to the stand and no man had so much

as lifted his hat, his patience gave out. Springing upon an unturned barrel and waving a billet of wood in lieu of a hat, he called aloud for "three cheers for our next Governor!"

To his wrathful amazement, not one voice followed his own, but all around him were mutterings of anger and derision. Some one tilted the barrel upon which he was standing and compelled him to leap hastily to the ground. If he could have identified the culprit there would have been blows and a fight. As it was, his anger hardened into a sullen determination to bend the stupid crowd to his own will. Once or twice before during the campaign he had struck just such a lot of frozen jays—only there had never been so many of them—and every time, before the meeting was over, he'd had them throwing their hats in the air and yelling like a bunch of Piutes.

"I'll have you yet, damn you," he muttered. "You've been reading a pack of lies, and you think he's going to lose. You're afraid you'll be left on the short side. You coyotes, you! I tell you he'll carry the State as sure as God made little fishes."

His voice had risen again and half a dozen of those about him turned to look, and listened to his tirade. When he stopped they forgot him, and turned back to the group upon the platform. But somewhere in the thick of the gathering three men had caught sight of the man on the barrel and been filled with sudden astonishment. When they had exchanged speech with each other they shouldered their way to his side. Drunk or sober, the boss must be looked after. One of them pulled at his elbow.

"Mack, how in blue blazes did you git off th' mountain? Do you sprout wings whenever you git full?"

It was the face and voice of Dan Pickens. McCarter recognized him, but the recognition brought only confusion. Pickens had always scoffed

at politics as being but a stupid variation of the "shell and thimble game," and had ridiculed McCarter's hero as a "kid-glove saint." What had waked him up? But things had been happening over yonder on the platform, and now a fellow was just finishing reading some sort of a proclamation. Involuntarily Dave began to clap his hands, but stopped suddenly. He intended to carry the crowd off its feet yet, but he must get a chance at them from the front where they'd have to hear him.

"See here, Dan, what do yo' think of 'em? All stuffed with tan bark? Great skunks! Who's th' guy in black?"

"The guy in black," escorted by two others, one at either elbow, was slowly advancing to the front of the platform.

Above the head of the man in black a stout oak beam was supported at either end by two massive posts. Wound closely about the beam—presently to serve as an instrument of death—was a rope. McCarter did not see the rope, but as he gazed, the lines of perplexity across his forehead and about his eyes were sinking deep, and there was a gleam of perspiration upon his dirt-stained temples. Then his gaze came back from the platform and was caught and held by the faces around him.

Presently McCarter found himself looking into the eyes of the German, Golfried, who was keeping near at hand in case of trouble. He had noticed the bewilderment in the face of the boss. They would take him definitely in hand five minutes later. But in the meantime it was a sin that he should be allowed to miss the show which, by some miracle of speed, he had brought himself five long miles to see. The couple were several yards apart and speech was impracticable, but speech was not necessary. With McCarter's gaze still upon him, old Fritz stealthily clasped his stiffened fingers about his thick red throat, and again distorted his features with

that ugly grimace of strangulation.

For a moment, with parted lips and staring eyes, McCarter stood as motionless as a figure of stone. Then a long indrawing of the breath seemed to rack his body with a quiver of pain. Something in the recesses of his beclouded brain was stirring to action. That gesture, those writhing lips and that terrible out-pushing of the eyes from their sockets—together their picture had lighted the fuse of memory. Would it burn on, or but flare for the instant and go out forever?

The preacher, withdrawn from the scaffold, was kneeling upon the bare ground there to continue in silence his supplications for the soul of the dying man. The black cap and the rope were in place, and there fell upon that assemblage of rugged, white-faced men that awful moment of silence which seems like the halting of time upon the visible brink of death. The sheriff raised his hand to grasp an iron lever beside one of the massive posts, and some eyes were closed and some faces turned away.

Then, as if born of the touch of the fingers upon the cold metal, a cry rang out from the midst of that breathless throng—a cry which no man who heard it ever forgot. It was the voice of one frenzied by the sudden spectre of death—of death which must lie on his own soul as murder, unless—unless his brain, in its agony of terror, could grasp a wavering, fleeting shadow of memory. There was a moment of chaos, out of which one man, freeing himself by force from his fellows, staggered forward toward the scaffold. His gray shirt was ripped open from collar

to belt and, at arm's length above his bare head, he was waying a handful of crushed and dirty paper. Without a word, he thrust it into the sheriff's outstretched hand.

Standing uncertain by the scaffold steps, Dave McCarter heard the sheriff read the pardon aloud, and saw the prisoner withdrawn in haste from above the fatal trap. And yet, beyond the knowledge that somehow he had done the thing which, had it been left undone, meant death, his mind still groped in thickening dusk. His knees began to tremble, and all the faces before him—they were not ghastly faces now—were flowing together in one wavering, heaving mass. But for somebody's arm about his wrist he would have dropped where he stood. For a single instant his eyes closed and then, with a mighty rally of brain and muscle, he jerked himself free, climbed half-way up the scaffold steps and turned upon the crowd.

"Now, then, men, wake up, and let yourselves go. I tell you he's coming through by daylight, and nothing can stop him. The people have caught on. Now, then, everybody! Three cheers for the bravest Governor that ever—ever—"

He was done. His eyelids fell and his body sank a shapeless mass upon the scaffold stairs. But those about him saw him smile, for the roar of a thousand answering voices was filling his ears and he went out to ten long days of fevered oblivion waving the bright flag of victory. He'd made them do it—the chumps—he'd made them cheer, and now the red blood was flowing in their veins again, and everything was right.





THE COUNTESS OF WALDEGRAVE

From the Painting by John Hoppner. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# THE "CANAYEN" OF CULTURE

BY BEN DEACON

JUSTINIEN LYCURGUE CHODAT held an immense turnip aloft in his right hand, assuming an impassive posture amid his boxes of vegetables, his left hand resting upon the tail-piece of his wagon and one foot atop a basket of onions. He gazed rapturously at the turnip for a moment while the portly lady, who was standing just beyond the outer intrenchment of vegetables, muttered something. Then he spoke:

"Ah, but madam, for soch a turneeep, eet is not moch," he protested in a soft, musical voice. "Dees turneeep, eet is one of mos' exceptional merit, madam. Eet have been grow wit' mos' arteesteeek care. Me, Justinien Lycurgue Chodat—wit' the soul of an arteest—I have myself plant eet, I have water eet, I have watch eet wit' moch patience, wit' moch care, an', madam, the result! Eet is a t'ing of moch beauty; eet is a ver' arteesteeek t'ing—eet is represen' the art of Le Bon Dieu, an' also of Justinien Lycurgue Chodat.

The old lady shuffled along, still muttering unintelligibly.

The turnip was placed carefully in the back of the wagon. "Decidedly art no longer appreciated," Justinien Lycurgue Chodat remarked to himself in French that carried back to the Paris boulevards. "Canaille! They are without souls! Whether the medium be a turnip or the Holy Virgin executed in oils, it is the same—they have no appreciation; they think only of their few dirty sous."

Readers of fiction nowadays demand the "Human Interest Touch," and for this reason I have placed the turnip first. I would have preferred to begin by explaining Justinien Lycurgue Chodat, but an explanation is a very dry thing to start with. The turnip appears to me to be the Human Interest feature, and therefore it has to have precedence.

The explanation, however, is necessary. Therefore let us put it in right here and get it over with. It was like this:

The scene of the little tragedy of the turnip, which I have attempted to present in the opening paragraphs, is laid in the Bonsecours market at Montreal. I had been held up by a barricade of apple barrels which had been unloaded right across the sidewalk. Therefore I heard the enthusiastic description of the turnip, and watched the sad sequel. A "habitant" with æsthetic features and a fine, courtly bearing, who looks upon the growing of a turnip as a work of art, is worth cultivating. Therefore I decided to make an effort to find out something more about Justinien Lycurgue Chodat.

We talked of the turnip; we talked of other vegetables, and of the fine art of growing them. From that we shifted to art in general, and to many other things. In half an hour we were on quite intimate terms.

A few days later I arrived at the market just as he was placing his empty boxes in his wagon.

"Ah, eet is the m'sieur who enjoys to talk of the art!" he exclaimed. "Eet is for me a pleasure again to meet you, m'sieur. Voyez! I have to-day sol' everyt'ings. I am soon to depart, but firs' I would take me some small refreshment. P'raps, maybe, m'sieur would honour me."

We passed through the water-front saloon to the back room where were little marble-topped tables.

"Ah, m'sieur, eet is the hour of absinthe!"

"Bien! Eef m'sieur inseests, mon brave Charles, for me eet will be an absinthe frappé, eef you would oblige, Charles."

He was not calling me "mon brave Charles." No. He was addressing the waiter by the way of answering a little interrogation which I had put to him.

Charles obliged.

"Ah, the hour of absinthe—in Par-ee," Justinien Lycurgue Chodat, repeated rapturously. "Me, I can see eet now! The small table, they are set out upon the walk-side; the crowd is pass along—everyone is hap-pee; everyone is fill wit' joy. The air eet is of springtam; the sun is shine down mos' bright. Ah! eet is a scene of moch joy!"

He sipped his absinthe and was silent. His thoughts were evidently very, very far away.

"Par-ee!" he murmured at length. "M'sieur has p'raps sometime weet-ness that opera of Louise? No? Yes? Me I have cry moch when I have see t'at. For me, I can onderstan'. T'at pauvre p'tite fille! T'at hero-eene she have love her fa'der—yes, ver' moch. But, ah! She have love also Par'ee! An' she mus' go; Me I am maybe habitant—jus' farmer, but sometime I have feel I can remain no more in theese contree. Eet is my home; eet is also the home of my good wife. Eet is ver' beautiful also, but eet is not moch like Par-ee. No!"

Presumably he once again recollected that it was the absinthe hour,

for a moment later he was gazing gloomily into his empty glass.

Charles obliged.

"Ah, m'sieur is mos' kind—as we say in our own tongue—*Vous êtes très aimable.*"

"M'sieur is maybe a leetle interes' in me? Is eet not so? Ah, yes? For m'sieur has stan' among my tur-neeep an' we have talk of the art of Monet, we have deescuss the futuristes. Es eet not? Eet mus' appear to you mos' strange. For me, I am not'ings but contreamans; I sell the tur-neeep. Ah, oui! Eet is so; I am habitant, me; but also I am arteest. I am what is call here one 'Canayen'; but me I am 'Canayen' of Culture.

"M'sieur mus' know, I have not for all my life been Canadien; for part of my life I have been Parisien—ah, eet Par-ee! Eet is for t'at, m'sieur has p'raps maybe remark, I spik not the Angleesh as do my confrères of the marché Bonsecours. I have the French accent, eet is true; but eet is the accent of Par-ee. P'raps maybe m'sieur has notice t'at?

"Certainement, eet is strang t'ing! I am of Par-ee me, an' also I am of le Province de Quebec; I spik the French of Par-ee, an' also I am what you call 'Canuck.' I am jus' simple cultivateur of tur-neeep, of onion, of car-rot; an' also I am arteest! Mos' certainement to you eet mus' be ver' strange! I would explain eef p'raps maybe m'sieur would have the time to attend.

"Eet is true my good father he was bon Canadien, for he have twelve childrens, besides also me. We have leeve on leetle farm at St. Adolphe de Petite Plaine. M'sieur, p'raps, is acquaint wit' St. Adolphe de Petite Plaine. No? Eet is no matter!

"When I am jus' leetle small garcon—what you call jus' leetle keed—I have work on t'at farm. I have learn for to grow the tur-neeep, the onion, the car-rot. But I have not moch enjoy t'at contree works; I



have desire always the beeg cit-tee. Ah, how I have desire to leave behin' me t'at farm an' t'ose tur-neepl! I have know moch of the cit-tee, me; for my father he has take the news journal from Mon'real avry day, an' always I have read about the cit-tee. Also I am only leetle garcon, but I have already the soul of an arteest.

"One day, m'sieur, my father he is come ver' early for to wake me op, but he is not fin' me. No, I am not t'ere, me; for I have gone. I am resolve to go to Mon'real an' in the night I have dee-part. I have been aware t'at my father he would objec', so I have stole myself away while all the oders—my father, my mother, my brother, my seester—they are all in sleep. Ah, eet is ver' sad p'raps for my poor father, but, m'sieur, I am jus' leetle garcon. I t'ink not of the others. I have long for the cit-tee; I go.

"M'sieur I would make of long histoire not moch. I have walk all t'at way to Mon'treal, an' here I have obtain me some work. I have work on many place in t'is cit-tee; I have do many t'ings. Also I have stu-dee. I have read many book.

"One place I have obtain to work for be what you call shee-per. Eet is me t'at have the charge to place upon the box the name of t'ose to whom the box is to deelever. I have for t'at small brush an' eenk of some mos' splendeed colour. Ah, t'at sheeper employment! Eet is for me what you call the turn-post wit'in my life. Eet have arouse wit'in me t'at arteestek soul.

"I have sometimes no box to sheep, an' at t'ose time I have often employ myself in effect some peectures upon the wall of t'at sheep-ing room. I ver' soon deescover, m'sieur, I have the talent. I am in truth of a nature mos' artisteek.

"My boss he is maybe t'ink some-things differen'. He's come one day when I am painting from memory alone a magnifique copy of a small

work of Paul Hellu t'at I have obtain from the *Revue* of Par-ee. Eet is the head of a mos' attractive Parisienne, an' the copy upon the wall eet is mos' bee-utifully execute. But my employer he is not please wit' t'at. In fac', m'sieur, he is moch unplease! He have say to me mos' unpleasan' t'ings. Also he have deescharge me from t'at sheeper job.

"But I am not decourager, m'sieur. Ah, no! I have resolve to be great arteest. I have deescover t'at I have the talent I will develope eet!

"I ver' queek have obtain for me another employment, an' at once right off I am commence to stu-dee. I have enroll myself wit'in the school at night of the Council of Art. I have there teachers of some magnifique know-leedge, an' I make moch progress. Eet is true t'at at the Council of the Art I am compel to draw at firs' only leetle block of wood when I am moch more prefer to paint from the life. Decidedly eet is ver' tiresome, but eet is mos' necessary for t'ose who would apprehend the art.

"Someones have say at one time—I myself am know not who eet is—t'at the art eet is long. Ah, m'sieur, eet is true; also the art eet is mos' ungrateful. I myself know t'at, m'sieur, for I, who am of the arteestek soul, I mus' be compel to sell the tur-neepl on Bonsecours.

"Eet is while I am yet at the school of night t'at I have become mos' anxious to go myself to Par-ee. T'ere is some young man from Par-ee also at t'at Council of the Art, an' many time t'ey have tol' me of t'at Par-ee—of the grand arteest in t'at cit-tee, of the cafés, of the studio, of the women. Ah, the women of Par-ee! I am entrance, m'sieur. I t'ink of Par-ee all the day; I also dream of Par-ee all the night.

"Also I am learning to spik the French of Par-ee. The French of the Canadien eet is disgus' me; I am ennui of Mon'real. Eet is true I am

myself Canadien, but I am forgotten of t'at—. The Canadiens, for me t'ey are bêtes. I have arteesteeek soul me, an' for me Par-ee is the only place. Bien! I am resolve to go to t'at Par-ee.

"Eet is not ver' facile t'ing for to do, m'sieur. Moch mon-ee eet is necessaire for to cross over on t'at ocean. To go to Par-ee eet is not like that one should go for leetle treep at T'ronto. But I have save up all the mon-ee t'at I am able, an' eet is two year from the time I am make t'at resolve t'at I have wit'in my purse plaintee mon-ee for take me to Par-ee.

"Ah, m'sieur, Paree eet is grand! I am entrance! Eet is true t'at I am ver' moch seek upon t'at boat, bot when I am arrive I am well satisfy me. An' I t'ink, m'sieur, t'at Canada eet is bête, oh ver' moch. I am ver' rejoice t'at I am deepart from eet.

"Ensuite, m'sieur, I have take for myself small studio in the Quartier Latin, an' I have begin to paint the real peecture. Ah, m'sieur, in t'ose days I have paint wit' soul! I have execute some grand work! Eet is great meesfortune to me, m'sieur, t'at I have after been compel to make some fire of t'ose peecture. Ah, t'at was ver' hard! Bot me, what can I do? One cannot freeze!

"Ah, I was mos' hap-pee, me, at t'at time. Eet have rejoice mos' full my arteest soul, but also eet have starve my stom-ake. I have paint moch, but I have eat but ver' leetle. I have mon-ee, ah yes! Bot not moch, an' I am compel to have some care how eet is expend. Eet is for t'at I am not ver' often eat the beeg dinner. I decide I will eat wit' moch splendour at the cafés of mos' excellence when I have sol' some peecture. But alas, m'sieur, the peoples of the pub-leek, they are not appreciate. I have try wit' moch energy to secure some costomaire. I have meet often wit' the touristes an' I have exhibeet to them my works,

bot, even though I ask bot leetle price, they will not buy. Me I don't know why. Maybe p'raps Le Bon Dieu have decide for me my life eet is not to be alone of artisteek; maybe I have what you call the luck of hardness. I don' know! Bot even t'ose reech Americaines they have not buy from me my peecture.

"M'sieur would p'raps t'ink my peectures they were not well execute? Ah, non! Eet is not t'at. The work of Justinien Lyeurgue Chodat could nevairre be of inferior merit. Eet is jus'—well me I don' know, but Ciel! I could get no mon-ee.

"P'raps m'sieur could believe I am become moch decourager. Ah, yes! I am begin to feel sometime ver' bad. Also I am sometime ver' hungry.

"An' then I am meet wit' Mad'line! Ah, m'sieur, she is at t'at time jus' leetle fair-ee. She have the face of moch bee-uty, the figure charmante, the soul divine! An' right off at once I am fall moch into love. Ah, how I am love her, t'at Mad'line.

"M'sieur in Par-ee there are many t'ings of charm. Bot for me eet is the women of Par-ee t'at have charm me the mos'. They are not the same like the women of this contree. They are of moch more grace, they have moch more intellee'. They are chic; they have somet'ings t'at is not of this contree. At the leas' t'at is what I have t'ink when I am in Par-ee. An' Mad'line she is more charmante than all the others I have meet.

"She is modiste; she is make the dress. True eet is mos' humble to be occupy in, but Mad'line she is in intellee' moch superior to t'ose dress. Eet is maybe strange a leetle that me, an arteest of moch credit have fall in love wit' jus' modiste. Bot me I don't care—I love her; t'at is enough!

"An' for two mont' we are mos' hap-pee, Mad'line an' me. I have

meet wit' her avry evenings at the shop where she is employ an' together we go to the cafés, to the theatres, to the exhibition of the art. Eet is gran' time, bot my mon-nee eet is go ver' fas'. I have not say moch about my mon-nee to Mad'line at the firs'. She have t'ink maybe I sell many peecture. She have admire them moch; she t'ink others have admire them also.

"I have try ver' hard to hide away from my Mad'line t'at I am not of a truth Parisien. She is herself of Par-ee, I have make no doubt, she is so chic, so charmante. An' I t'ink maybe p'raps if she know t'at I am Canadien me she will be disgus'; she will not longer love me. An' eet is for t'at I have been mos' careful. I have make from my imagination some parents for myself in Monmartre; an' I have say t'at I have leeve for all my life in Par-ee. Also I have paint splendeed peecture of ol' man of mos' noble face, an' I have tell to her t'at eet is portrait of my good father in Monmartre.

"An' Mad'line she have believe all t'at I am tell to her. I feel sometimes ashame me, to tell to her all t'ose lie when I have also love her so moch. At firs' I have to lie jus' a leetle, bot af'er she have start to ask from me some question I am oblige to lie mos' all the time. Eet maybe is ver' fooleesh, you would say! Ah, oui! Bot me, I am yong at t'at time, an' I would be Parisien. Also I am afraid to lose Mad'line. After we are mar'ee, I t'ink, I would maybe tell her—what you call con'fess—bot before, ah non! If she know I am Canadien, I would maybe lose her. I am afraid to take the chance.

"One night I have arrive at my studio, an' I am astonish to fin' I have bot only seexteen francs of all my mon-ee lef'. Quelle nuit! I have stay up all t'at night for try to t'ink. Eet is no use, I am not able at all to do so. I decide maybe eet is better for keel myself. Eet is common t'ing for yong mans to do in Par-ee,

more parteeular in the Quartier Latin, where are many of artisteek soul. Yes, I feel t'at maybe if I am goin' for lose my Mad'line the suicide eet is all t'at I have lef'. Bot after I have t'ink some more I have decide for some leetle time to postpone this final pleasure of art. Maybe somethings eet will de-velope.

"I have t'ink I will not tell Mad'line jus' at firs', bot t'at night she have see right off at once t'at somethings eet is not quite corree'. She have ask from me for why eet is I am so sad, si bête.

"Ah, Mad'line, ma chérie, I have say. 'Eet is t'at I have only some few francs lef' of all my mon-ee. Now we can no longer go toget'er to the café—wit' no mon-ee how can we be mar-ee?'

"Bot of what use is eet to worry my frien'? Mad'line have reply to me. 'True, you have no mon-ee now; bot we can love wit'out mon-ee. You are great arteest; you will before long sell many peecture. Then we will have mon-ee an' we will go again to the cafés, to the theatres. As for jus' now, qu' importe? —we will not go, t'at is all!'

"I am astonish, m'sieur. I have t'ink t'at Mad'line, who is Parisienne, will be ver' angry when she can no longer go at the cafés, at the theatres. I have t'ink she will then be all fineesh wit' me. Also I am delight!

"'P'tite Ange!' I have exclaim, an' I have take her wit'in my arms.

"An' t'at night Mad'line have say to me, oh, so many time: 'You are gran' arteest, Justinien; you will sell many peectures.'

"M'sieur, eet is mos' strange t'ing T'ose womans can make us to believe mos' anyt'ings. I have been mos' certain eet is not possible for me to sell my peecture, for I have try ver' hard; bot t'at night I have return back to my studio wit' feelings so hap-pee I was oblige to seeng. An' because I seeng so loud the concierge he is t'ink I must have mon-ee, and

he have ask me for some rent. An' t'at is make me laugh, I am so happy. Yes, I feel sure t'at night I will sell some peecture, an' I soon will mar-ee wit' Mad'line.

"Ah, Mad'line at t'at time was mos' charmante! For two weeks we have been wit' each other avry day. We have walk; we have seet upon t'ose bench by the side the reever; we have con-verse on many t'ings. An' we have never enter in the café, bot Mad'line she was ver' content.

"Bot at night, when I have return all alone wit'in my studio, I am ver' discourager. I cannot sell my peecture, an' my few francs they are almos' all gone. Eet is ver' cold also, an' at las' I am compel to make fire of my peecture. Ah, bot eet is hard! M'sieur, I have cry comme petit bébé—jus' like leetle enfant.

"Also I have feel ver' bad when I t'ink of t'ose lie I have tol' to my Mad'line. She have t'ink I am Parisien, an' for t'at she have mos' likely t'ink t'at at the en' I am mos' certain to be grand success. At las' I can no longer stan' eet; I am resolve to confess.

"I have somethings I mus' tell to you, my Mad'line, I have say when I have meet her t'at night, bot she have stop me. Her face eet is mos' full of deelight. I am see t'at there is somet'ings t'at have please her ver' moch.

"After, you can tell eet to me, my Justinien, she have dee-claire. 'Bot firs' I would tell somet'ings to you. We will seet upon the bench, my frien'. I have some news for tell to you.'

"When we have seet down she have commence, 'Justinien, my good frien', you are grand arteest, eet is true. Bot you are not appreciate; you can wit' difficulty sell the peecture. Is eet not true? Ah, yes! Bot do not be discourager. I have now moch mon-ee; I have plaintee for the both. For me, I have been lef' beeg for-tune. I have now some lan'; I

am proprietaire. My good uncle he is dead, an' he have lef' me hees lan' in the contree.

"'Bot you are Parisenne?' I have exclaim.

"I am of Par-ee jus' now for sure,' she have answer to me, 'bot eet is not always so. My contree eet is far away. Ah, my frien', you would moch admire t'at contree. In the sommer eet is warm an' bright, jus' the same like la Belle France. Near by the place of my poor uncle there is leetle fores' where is many leetle bird t'at fill op the air wit' song, an' there is also small riviere which is run from out t'at fores' an' is pass jus' by the house of my uncle. Ah, eet is bee-utiful; eet is where you would enjoy to leeve, my Justinien. Eet is the paradeese for one of the artisteek soul!'

"M'sieur, in Angleesh eet is not possible for me to tell to you how Mad'line have deescribe to me t'at contree. Ah, she is of mos' poetic soul! She have make me desire to go right off at once to t'at place of which she is tell me. I no longer care about Par-ee—not at t'at time. I want only to depart for t'at contree of my Mad'line.

"You have deescribe to me the place for which my artisteek soul have desire,' I have exclaim. 'Where then is this mos' magnifique contree?'

"The home of my good uncle who is dead, the place where I have been born, this es-tate of which I am now proprietaire is situate at St. Adolphe de l'Ouest in the Province de Quebec of le Canada,' she have reply.

The hour of absinthe must have been waning fast. Justinien Lycurgue gazed long and earnestly into his empty glass.

"Ah, Par-ee!" he murmured at length. "A small indulgence in the absinthe is all t'at I now have lef' to remind me of t'ose day."

Charles, the waiter, obliged us once more.

"A t'ousan' t'anks," said my

friend Justinien Lycurgue Chodat, raising his glass. "To the good healt' of m'sieur."

"M'sieur has p'raps been a leetle interes' in my small histoire? The feenish? Ah, bot m'sieur, t'is the feenish—the tur-nee, the onion, the Marché Bonsecours!

"Eet is jus' one of t'ose strange t'ing t'at le Bon Dieu has effec'. St Adolphe de l'Ouest eet is only bot a few arpents from St. Adolphe de Petite Plaine. My Mad'line she have been born right close op beside the place where also I have been born. I go to Par-ee because I would be Parisien; I fall into love wit'

Mad'line because I t'ink she is Par-ieiienne! Eet is not so. Mad'line she is 'Canuck' just like me I am myself; bot she is the same Mad'line.

"M'sieur, for avry mans le Bon Dieu have make some woman's for his femme. An' eet is of no use for to go to Par-ee if he has made for you one Canadienne.

"Also, m'sieur, eet is of no use to try to be somet'ings of which you are not. Me I have make ver' hard endeavour for to be Parisien, bot myself I am vrai Canayen—eet is true, for I have now already sept enfants, seex fine boy, m'sieur, an' one leetle girl, jus' like her good mother."



# OBTAINERS OF MERCY

BY RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

SOMEWHERE north of Montreal, Stubby Neal lost the trail. The man, whom he had once called friend, and the woman, whom for those two blissful, painful, uncertain years he had called wife, had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. Moreover, at the time he lost all trace of the fugitive pair, his own slender funds, like the trail he had followed doggedly, had melted into nothingness.

Therefore, he reluctantly turned from the chase, made his way back across the border as best he could, and finally staggered, half starved and badly frost-bitten, into McIntire's logging camp on the Upper Otter River, where big Jim McIntire, who knew the sordid story, as did everyone else within the hundred-mile radius of Corson, gave him a job with his swampers.

Stubby pulled from his hip pocket the heavy forty-four he had carried during all those heart-breaking days of the pursuit, and laid it, still loaded, beneath the pillow of his bunk.

"Some day!" he muttered to himself, his homely face working strangely. "Some day."

There was grim determination in the words and a great, relentless, terrible patience. Then, crippled as he was by fatigue and the frostbites, he took up an axe and stolidly joined the gang of swampers.

It is said that the big, clean, mysterious woods work strange miracles in the heart of man; that they smo-

ther the fires of his insignificant passions, and by the sheer immensity of their gloomy stretches they make him afraid, ashamed and sane. But in Stubby Neal's case their spell was impotent. Grimly, silently, looked at askance and shunned by the other men of the camp, he worked away while the winter days grew colder and the mantle of snow that cloaked the forest grew deeper.

Each night after supper, when the camp was given over to uncouth revels, he sat apart on the deacon seat, smoking stolidly, the while his mind was a prey to disturbing visions—the face of a man and the face of a woman; the grim chase, which had proved unavailing; the bitter journey back from north of Montreal; the loaded revolver in his bunk; and always that insistent voice that sounded in his tired brain with its unvaried chant, "Some day! Some day!"

It was a cruel winter in the woods that year. Storm succeeded storm until the snow piled high against the eaves of the camp; and when it was not snowing the mercury of the thermometer went down and down until it seemed trying its best to crawl out of the bottom of the bulb. The mail came but infrequently, and often for weeks at a time they missed it altogether. It became necessary to pick carefully the times for going to Corson and hauling out the needed supplies to the camp.

It was the latter part of January, something over a month after Stub-

by's arrival at McIntire's, that the belated mail was brought out from Corson one gray, gusty evening, by a man who had been struggling all day through the great drifts.

Raucous bursts of joy greeted his arrival, as the papers and the letters were distributed. Among the latter was one for Stubby Neal. He took it to a far corner, where a smoky lamp burned feebly, and with trembling fingers opened it. It was only a few lines, written in a sprawling hand and unsigned; yet it was sufficient to set his heart pounding madly, and to tighten his throat with a sudden sense of suffocation.

"You will find them in Corson"—it read—"third house from the store on the left-hand side of the street as you go north."

Three times he read the brief missive, his breath coming fast, his face twisted as if with physical pain. Then he sank down on the deacon seat, his hands clasped tight together, his eyes staring straight ahead, oblivious to the noise and the rough horseplay going on all about him.

Hours later, when the camp was sunk in sleep, he still sat there in the same position. The smoky lamp, burning above his head, was the only spot of light in the cold darkness; the deep, even breathing of sleeping men and the sighing of the wind about the eaves were the only sounds to break the oppressive stillness.

The loud ticking clock at one end of the rough room pointed to a few minutes before midnight. The roaring fire of slabs in the great stove had died to gray ashes. The icy wind crept in through the crevices of the wall and set the man on the deacon seat shivering.

At last he arose, stuffing the letter into his pocket. Noiselessly he tiptoed to his bunk, drew out the revolver, broke it open to assure himself that each of the five chambers was loaded, and then thrust it into his hip pocket. He pulled on a mac-

kinaw coat of gay colours, and selecting a heavy cap, he bound the lapels about his ears with a woollen scarf.

Outside the bunk, where slept the man who had brought in the mail, was a pair of snowshoes. With no compunction whatever, Stubby took them beneath his arm, and slid silently through the door into the bitter night without.

To the left, looming dimly in the frosty starlight, was the cook's shack. Thither he made his way and pushed open the door. In a moment he had made up a small pack of cold meat, bacon, coffee, and hard bread. He took a generous handful of matches from the tin pail on the shelf and thrust into his belt a hatchet, which lay by the pile of split wood in one corner.

The wind moaned dolefully through the tops of the great pines. A million icy stars burned in a sky of blue-black velvet. Far away a lynx screamed plaintively once, and then the forest was silent.

He knelt in the snow to slip on the snowshoes and to bind the thongs about his ankles; then, with a last look at the silent camp, he turned his face to the east and went off at a swinging, easy stride down the trail toward Corson.

All that night and all the next day he swung along in tireless fashion, pausing only for a hurried meal or to brew for himself a pail of strong black coffee. The miles slipped away as if by magic. Great drifts and fallen branches along the trail made it the hardest kind of going; but the swish of his snowshoes padded on steadily; nor could the cold nor the snow nor the hardships of the ill-broken trail quench the wild joy that burned within his breast, the joy of revenge.

Behind him at the camp, big Jim McIntire swore over the loss of his best swamper, ruminated deeply for a time, and then grew suddenly worried.

When the gray twilight shut down that night, Stubby made camp in the snow, slept a few hours, and then hit the trail again, plodding on through the darkness with but one thought in his mind—to get to Corson as fast as his seemingly tireless strength could carry him. Day broke over the forest, cold, gray, lowering. Dry flakes of snow began to sift down, but Stubby merely grunted and pushed on the faster. By noon the wind had risen, and the sharp flakes, driven before it, stung his face cruelly; but he shut his teeth and drove his aching muscles to their task.

The snow had ceased and the bleak day was going out in a yet bleaker twilight, when he came to the end of the woods. Below him, across a stretch of rolling white, lay the twinkling lights of Corson. He stumbled on awkwardly, with throbbing temples and stiffened ankles. His cheeks were sunken with the strain of the past two days; his eyes burned like live coals in their sockets.

"Some day! Some day!" sang the imperious voice within him. And to the monotonous chorus was now added: "Third house from the store on the left-hand side of the street as you go north."

Corson is an unimposing place. It is a one-street, straggling, lumber-region town, with a general store, a saloon and a few unpretentious houses.

Stubby Neal came stumbling into the far end of the street just as the winter darkness shrouded it in a pall, mercifully hiding the town's ugly barrenness. Lounging by the stove of the saloon, Ed Greminger, the local deputy sheriff, saw the lurching figure making its way through the snow. Only too well Greminger knew who at that moment were occupying the third house from the store. He put two and two together, and his face darkened. He slipped into the street and hailed the newcomer.

"Halloo, Stubby!"

Stubby also put two and two together. Instantly he was on his guard.

"Halloo, Ed!" he replied cheerfully.

"Say," there was anxiety in the deputy's voice, "say, what you doin' here, Stubby?"

"Me? I been swampin' up to McIntire's camp. Run out of tobaccer. we did, day before yesterday, an' I come down to git some. Come on with me to the store while I git it, an' then we'll have a drink together, sociablelike. Ain't this weather hell?"

Greminger looked at him sharply. Stubby's perfect innocence began to allay his disquieting suspicions.

"What do you say to puttin' up with me to-night, Stubby?" he asked cordially.

"Me?" Stubby laughed like a man who had not a care in the world. "I guess not—not with that bunch waitin' up there for their tobaccer. I'd git my head broke if I didn't git back there as soon as possible. There won't be so much as a crumb left amongst 'em by to-morrer. I got to start right back to-night—see?"

The deputy looked relieved. Plainly Stubby was as yet ignorant regarding the third house from the store. Together they made their way to the store, where Stubby purchased five pounds of tobacco and strapped it in the pack on his back.

"Come on," he said to Greminger, "let's go an' git our drink. Then I'll hit the trail back."

They entered the little saloon next door and pledged each other in raw, fiery spirits.

"Seems to me," the deputy observed, "you'd oughter have a little fun after comin' all this way."

"Can't," Stubby said laconically. "Might git to snowin' again. I got to git back there quick as the Lord'll let me. Here's how, Ed! No, no more. I've had enough. I'm goin' now. With this wind behind me I can make good time till midnight. Oughter git as fur as Injun Crick.



He stepped outside and adjusted his snowshoes. The deputy watched him swing down the street in the direction of the woods.

"Gee! I was some oneasy when I see him comin'," he confessed to a man at his elbow. "Thought prob'ly he knew they was back here."

Stubby held the trail toward the woods until the town was well behind him. Then he turned to the left, skirted the edge of the forest and entered Corson again at the other side. He took off his snowshoes, and discarding his pack, tossed it into a nearby drift. Silently, cautiously, keeping always in the deeper shadows, he once more made his way along the street toward the third house from the store.

He reached it unseen. Lights glimmered in the windows; a curl of smoke poured from the small chimney. Stubby's teeth closed with a click. His eyes were suddenly cold and hard, like some beast of prey as it closes with its quarry. The blood, which had been pounding in his temples, suddenly grew quiet. His nerves were as tense as steel springs. His head all at once became as clear as the icy air he breathed.

Deliberately he pulled the gun from his hip pocket, and advanced up the path toward the front door.

He had just set foot upon the steps, when within the house there arose a sudden commotion. A chair was upset; there was a throaty curse. A voice, choked with fear, began pleading inarticulately. There was a sharp report—a single, high-pitched, piercing scream.

With a madly beating heart, Stubby put his shoulder to the door and burst it open.

The house was ominously quiet. In the front room a light burned dimly on the little table. In the red-hot stove a wood fire roared and crackled. With some vague, undefined fear gripping his heart, Stubby stumbled across the threshold. It was then he saw, as in a dream, a woman

crouched by the table. And there by the red-hot stove, a vivid crimson stream making its uneven course from the temple, lay the man Stubby had pictured many, many times as lying in just that sickening, huddled fashion.

The woman did not look up; she did not seem aware of Stubby's presence there. She looked stupidly at the glistening, smoking thing in her hand. It seemed to fascinate her.

"He beat me!" she began repeating childishly. "He beat me! He beat me!" And yet again, "He beat me! He beat me!"

Stubby's breath came in a great choking gasp. He looked at the quivering woman, crouched there by the table. And as he looked, he saw not the twisted, contorted features, the staring eyes, the blue, half-opened lips. Instead he seemed to see a laughing, innocent face—a face that looked into his own with love and trust and gentle prophecy, even as it had looked at him in the days now dead forever.

Outside he caught the murmur of excited voices and the sound of running footsteps. Plainly that shot had roused the loungers in the saloon nearby. He sprang forward and snatched the revolver from the woman's nerveless fingers.

The footsteps sounded nearer—they were coming up the path. Through the open front door he could hear the runners' laboured breathing. He turned on his heel, and still clutching the revolver, he walked calmly into the tiny hall.

There on the steps stood Ed Greminger, his eyes wide and his face twitching queerly. He glanced at the gun in Stubby's hand and tried to speak; but when finally he succeeded, his voice was sharp and broken with emotion.

"God!" was all he could say. And again, breathlessly, "God, Stubby!"

Stubby looked the other straight in the eye. He even smiled.

"Well, I've got him, Ed," he said.

# CHARTIN

BY MARGARET M. RAWLINS

“CHARTIN. I want Chartin,” insisted the little voice imperiously.

Chris turned restlessly on his pillows. Raising himself on his elbow, he leaned in the direction of a rigid lady who sat on the edge of a chair by the fire.

“Don’t you know Chartin?” he demanded, a world of puzzled wonder in his tone. “Why, everybody knows it. Fetch Katy. She knows it.”

At the unexpected mention of that name, Aunt Helen—for she was aunt to Chris—this severe piece of womanhood almost jumped in her seat, and very nearly blushed, which was a thing she never did, except for the failings of others.

But the well-starched, “reliable” nurse interposed.

“That’s not the way to speak to your aunt, Master Chris. Now keep your arms in the bed, and lie quiet like a good boy.”

Chris curled himself into a semi-circle and allowed the woman to straighten his rumpled bedclothes.

“But I want it,” he persisted, with a little tremble of the lower lip. “And I want Katy, too,” he added after a moment’s pause. “Yes, Katy, too.”

He repeated the words with growing satisfaction in his voice, as if they solved a problem that had long baffled his childish understanding. But Aunt Helen rose hastily. She did not even wait to give him the

peck that passed muster for a kiss, but with a sidelong glance at the hot, flushed little face upon the pillow, she escaped from the room.

Having been made feel uncomfortable herself, she determined to seek compensation for it by causing someone else the same sensation. For this she sought her brother, Chris’s father, whose household she had managed this six months now—that is to say, ever since the unaccountable split between the latter and his irresponsible young wife.

As Helen entered, Gordon Corbett was lounging with his feet half across the hearth, and his golf clubs beside him, smoking a last cigarette before setting out for an afternoon on the links. He was a fair, wholesome type of English manhood, and Helen in her less acid moments was not unlike him.

“Well?” he remarked tentatively.

“I don’t know what you will elect to do, I am sure,” she announced, and a subtle exultation in her manner added, “I am going to put you in a difficulty, and I’ve made up my mind beforehand to disapprove of any line you take.”

She proceeded with deliberation, eyeing her victim between half-shut lids the while.

“Dr. Morris has expressly forbidden Christopher’s being allowed to fret or excite himself over anything; in his present feverish state it is most dangerous.”

"Well, what's the kiddy fretting about, then?"

"Apparently it is some ridiculous thing his mother taught him. He calls it chartin. He will insist that Katy knows it. Really, he ought to be corrected, speaking of his elders in such familiar terms."

An embarrassed look came into Corbett's face at mention of his wife's name. He saw whither Helen's remarks were tending, and began to bluster.

"Can't you women find out what it is he wants since he's so set on it? Or take his attention off on to something else. Good heavens! buy him a shopful of toys, but don't come pestering me on my only free afternoon in the whole blessed week."

He jerked out an elbow irritably and brought the bag of golf-sticks rattling to the floor. Helen watched him grab them up again before annihilating his somewhat trite suggestion.

"Christopher has had two whole cupboardsful of toys on the floor by his bed," she said. "He wants none of them."

"Well, can't you sing to him, or play with him, or something?"

"I have no time; besides, children get on my nerves."

There was such finality in her tones that he forbore any further hints as to her actions, and turned with greater annoyance upon a third party.

"What's the nurse for, then? Can't she amuse him? Doesn't she know what his mother used to play at with him?"

Helen stiffened visibly.

"You forget," she said with freezing dignity, "that when I took over the management of this household I dismissed all the servants engaged by its former mistress. Ford knows nothing of Katherine's way with Christopher."

There was a significant silence.

"Then you want me to send for his mother?"

"Indeed, I never suggested such a

thing. I merely tell you what the doctor said in case you wish to take any initiative about it. It rests entirely with you."

So saying she left the room, satisfied that she was clear of responsibility, for Helen Corbett, though a narrow, censorious woman, was not without a conscience of a sort. Though she did not care for or understand children, she did not wish any harm to come to her nephew, but she was far from wishing the re-call of her much-disapproved-of sister-in-law.

Left to himself, Gordon Corbett reflected awhile. He strolled meditatively towards the window, his hands in his pockets, and looked out at the crisp, wintry sunshine brightening the London square. Suddenly his brow cleared.

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed. "Nell always was a false alarmist. A kiddy of four with measles is sure to be peevish; besides—"

But what was included in that "besides" he preferred not to think of, and hurried off to the golf-links all the more quickly that his conscience was not quite at rest.

When he returned late in the afternoon the door flew open before he could feel for a latchkey. It was Helen who admitted him thus eagerly.

"Gordon, what did you do?" she asked with unusual absence of preamble.

"I'd no idea it was so urgent," he stammered lamely. "I left it to think about. Is he worse?"

"There was a change about tea-time, so I fetched Dr. Morris. He thinks you better send for Katy."

She did not say that the worthy physician had spoken his opinion in no measured terms, had in fact ordered her to send at once for the child's mother, but her brother saw that she was thoroughly frightened, and her alarm communicated itself to him. "Ring up her aunt's. Have you?"

"I've done it. They're expected home to-morrow middle day."

He made sure that a wire would be handed his wife immediately on her arrival and despatched the message. It would be Sunday afternoon before he would be able to reach the house in Kensington. Then he returned to his study and sat down to think.

Both young, and neither very forbearing, she and he had been taken with each other, and had entered gaily into matrimony some five years ago. It hadn't been quite a success, he reflected, but it hadn't been all a failure, neither had he been altogether so ill-used as he had at first thought. Six months of Helen had opened his eyes to several good points in Katy's character, and if the latter's demands had occasionally been irrational, her light-hearted company had been a joy.

Perhaps if he hadn't been so very sure that he was right in everything, well, no doubt things would have gone better. But he grew accustomed to Katy's outbursts of rebellion, and always, though he didn't know it, relied on the child to hold her firm. Till one day that anchor proved insufficient. Katy calmly told him that her aunt was going a tour in Italy, and she intended accompanying her "for her health." He remembered how mischievously her eyes had sparkled as she added demurely, "for my health." He wondered whether if he had got angry, and pleaded, and stormed, and expostulated, he would have kept her, but hurt pride forbade. He would not bend to ask her reasons for going, nor offer to justify himself in her sight. He simply let her go.

So she had left him without proceedings or scandals for an indefinite period, and he had no notion when, if ever, it would please her to come back. He would not acknowledge to himself the possibility of "never," nor would he admit even that he missed her, but under all his stubborn-

ness he could not help hoping to find her each evening as he came home.

And now she was coming; she would answer his summons. If only it would restore her to him he could be almost willing to lose Chris, and he never realized how much he treasured Chris till he lost Katy.

So he thought on and on, surrendering himself to reflections, for he was of those proud, strong-willed natures who refuse to let their minds dwell upon the unsatisfactory periods of their life, but the image of Katy once admitted was not to be worsted. Bonny, chestnut-haired Katy! If he had refused to think of her, she had her revenge now. He recalled her happy, he recalled her tearful, quaintly serious, tantalizingly gay, in a passion of anger, sweetly penitent, or a vision of motherhood, hugging the child. She took possession of his heart and set its chords vibrating as many a day she had set the nursery echoing when she romped and played with Chris.

He thought of her so much from this moment till the time she arrived on the bleak Sunday afternoon following that he felt almost self-conscious as he went to meet her in the hall. He felt as though she must see "I've been thinking of you" written large all over his face.

She was rather earlier than they expected, and as the door opened he had a momentary fear that he might find her altered. Wives who separate from their husbands don't improve in the process as a rule, but he saw at once she was not coarsened. Just the same dainty vision as ever, but with a wistful, added softness in the expression of the sweet blue eyes and rosy mouth. In spite of the shadow of death hovering over them, his heart bounded with gladness and relief.

She paused a moment on the door-mat as if uncertain of her reception. She looked from her husband to Helen standing expectantly by the staircase, with one foot on the first

step, evidently waiting to ascend.

"You got my wire?" asked Corbett anxiously.

That seemed to reassure her. She nodded, stretched out a hand to him with an impulsive gesture; her eyes smiled. Then, without a word spoken, she followed Helen up the stairs.

Corbett waited to give a few instructions to the servants, then he, too, followed in their wake. On the landing he picked up a handkerchief and put it in his pocket.

"Katy always dropped things," he reflected with a smile.

Softly he mounted the second flight to the nurseries. In the first one he found his wife's outdoor wraps thrown loosely on the table—sumptuous furs, big black beaver, the exquisitely cut coat and tiny gloves. He lingered by them just for the joy of touching them. How he had missed her! He felt it now as we realize how great a pain has been in the reaction of relief. His fingers encountered the fluffy surface of the beaver. How her hair had glowed and nestled under its sweeping brim!

But the sound of Chris's voice drew him no further, and he crept to the night nursery door. Katy's back was to him as she knelt beside the bed, but Chris was in his mother's arms and she was smothering him with kisses. It seemed the child would fall asleep so, but the baby voice, weary but triumphant, broke the silence. "Katy, say 'Chartin.'"

Corbett glanced from his wife to his sister eagerly. Katy hesitated a moment.

"Oh, yes, I remember. Put your hands together, darling."

Chris pressed his little hot palms together amidst Katy's frills and laces, and as he tip-toed over to the fireplace Corbett noticed that she clasped her own hands together behind the child's back. Then her voice rose clear and tender, "Our Father, which art in Heaven."

"Chartin Heaven," the childish tones chimed in.

When the prayer was ended Chris raised one sleepy eye over his mother's shoulder and looked at Helen standing by the fire.

"That's Chartin," he murmured drowsily, and put his head down again and fell asleep.

Though she had only just come off a long and tedious journey, Katy would not relinquish her place by Chris. Such tea as she had was set on a tray beside her, and she reached for it with one hand.

Her thoughts not unnaturally ran back over the past six months, but a deep contentment, plus a little bewilderment, took possession of her as she realized she was once more at home. How could she ever have left it was what she asked herself? What a wicked wife and mother she had been! Gordon had been cold, and hard, and self-righteous with her, but she permitted herself no such excuses now. Instead, she went to the other extreme, and did not allow for her aunt's malign influence in the matter—her aunt, who had disapproved of her marriage from the first. If her petulant anger against her husband had not found a ready and willing listener, subtly widening the breach and suggesting retaliating moves, it was more than probable that Katy would have kissed and forgiven that last time, as she had done a dozen times before.

But now she remembered none of these details. She only knew that she had been miserable during the whole six months' supposed pleasuring. The love of husband and child, outraged by her desertion, had risen up and rent her heart with longing. She had arrayed pride and a whirl of excitement to fight against it, but what she had most dreaded was her husband's cold, calm face. For a long time one thought had had power to steel her backward-looking heart. "He let me go without a word like a servant giving notice," she would murmur, "he doesn't care."

So she watched out her happy vigil,

the nurse moving noiselessly in and out at times. After a long absence the woman stole in and touched her on the shoulder.

"The master says you're to go down for some supper, mum. I'll stay up here."

Katy glanced at Chris sleeping peacefully on his pillows. She was more than half reluctant to go down. A formal meal with her husband and sister-in-law, each one of the three of them watching the other two, she had no mind for, and she must not betray herself before the time.

She was relieved to find Helen absent when she reached the dining-room, and the supper table looked inviting after her scanty tea. Corbett made some confused apologies for Helen's having retired to bed early; he dismissed the maid who came to wait on them, and the two sat down alone.

With an access of colour Katy became aware that she had taken the end of the table as in former days, but as a whole it was a very silent meal. Luckily she found herself really hungry, which dispensed with the need of immediate conversation beyond "May I pass you so and so," "Let me give you another slice of this," etc.

She kept her attention severely to the eatables, though she felt that her husband made only a pretence of eating and was watching her all the time.

At last she could avoid his gaze no longer. She pushed her plate away.

"Oh, there," she said, with a shy half-laugh, "I always was a huge eater. You see, I haven't improved a scrap."

"No, you have not changed, Katy," he said slowly.

Something made his voice queer and deep. He had left his place at the table; she, too, was standing.

"And you?" she said breathlessly.

"I have not changed either."

"Ah!" She drew a long, sobbing breath.

He had taken up his position on the hearth-rug, and little more than his side face was to her now. He saw that she had mistaken his meaning, but just for a second he would not deceive her. He turned round and looked at her, so lovely in her silent distress.

"I always loved you," he said at last, each word coming very slowly. He held out his arms to her. "I haven't altered. You won't leave us again, Chris and me?"

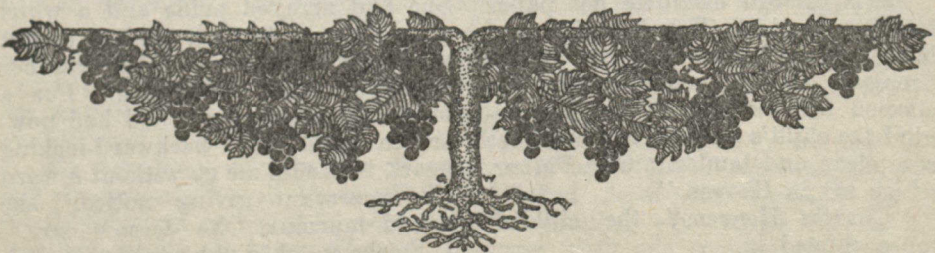
He would have kissed her, but her eyes stayed him. This was no child-wife, but a woman with a heart, awake.

"Gordon, are you sure you want me?"

"It hurts when you ask that, Katy. But yes, my darling, yes."

She clung to him now, lifting up her face for his kisses.

"It needn't do," she whispered very softly. "Put your head down and I'll tell you a secret. I never got any wire about anything, but when we got back to England I just came straight home."





BOY CLEANING PANS

From the Painting by John Russell, Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



# BYGONE DAYS IN TORONTO

BY MRS. W. FORYSTH GRANT

SKETCH I—COLLEGE STREET AND ITS TRANSFORMATION

IN looking at and passing through the great busy thoroughfare of College Street, one can scarcely realize the changes which have taken place in one's own recollection. My father (John Beverley Robinson) lived, after his marriage to Miss Hagerman, in what was then known as St. George's Square, in one of several tall gray houses with French windows on the ground floor, basement kitchens, and small gardens; green shutters, of course. Why it was called "Square" I never knew. The houses were in Beverley Street on the corner of Grange Road, and in consequence looked out on the then lovely gardens, lawns, and trees of The Grange, wherein resided Mr. and Mrs. William Boulton, son of the Honourable D'Arcy Boulton, who married my grandfather's sister, Miss Robinson; William Boulton being a first cousin of my father's. After the birth of my elder brother (the present Sir John Beverley Robinson, of New York) my father decided to get a little home in "the country," and settled on a most lovely site for a cottage in "College Avenue." The ravine, which is still partly to be seen near the University, ran down through the site, behind Caer Howell, to Adelaide Street, near the Upper Canada College. It was crossed by a white wooden bridge, between what is now McCaul Street and the gate of my father's place. Beneath this bridge flowed a stream,

crystal clear, rising in blue land on Wells's Hill, and when it reached our fence ran into a large pond made with deep, shelving banks, forming a tiny island, which was a great playground for us children. Brickwork was arranged as a waterfall, over which the creek, as we called it, ran in foaming glee, and through the deep ravine, with three lovely little rustic bridges, covered with wild grapevine. My father had a regular bed made in the creek, of cobblestones and bright-coloured pebbles.

The house was a perfect bungalow, with a deep verandah, draped with wild grapevine, the perfume of which was delicious, and honey-suckle; it was on the wide plateau on the north side of the ravine, with a broad gravel sweep in front, and a splendid spruce tree, tapering, in the middle, surrounded by a grass ring.

At the south was a lawn sloping to the ravine, with superb elm, birch, and pine trees. On the east side of the house was an orchard of apple, plum, and pear trees; on the side of the hill in front of the verandah was a huge bed of bright flowers and hops, underneath which, hollowed out of the hill, was a "root-house," and also in which were kept some hogsheads of wine. At the far end of the curving lawn was a big summerhouse, and, looking up, it seemed like a very large place. The elm trees on either side of the stream, over the

dear little fountain in the centre of the "hollow," on a rockery, made perfect Gothic arches, and the hill on the southwest side had also big pines and beeches. The fence, mostly hidden by a shrubbery of evergreens, was the boundary-line of the Toronto Cricket Club's field. We all had favourite holes in the fence through which to view the absorbingly interesting games. We knew cricket well, as my father was a famous cricketer, and all children in those days were taught the game.

On the other side of the south fence on the hill was a charming wood of thickly-planted forest trees, and we had a small locked gate, by which we got out when going down to see our great-uncle, Mr. William Robinson, who lived in the white brick house occupied for many years now by Mr. Justice Maclellan. Between his house and the little gate were two houses, one the residence of Mr. George Jarvis, who afterwards moved to Ottawa; the other a school kept by a Mr. Abrehall, a name doubtless familiar to many of the older men of this day. I can remember nothing of the school or schoolmaster beyond the fact that my two brothers went there; and nothing of Mr. Jarvis's except a "rocking boat" of dark green wood and leather, in which we children were allowed to play on the verandah. These houses were on what is Murray Street now. On the north side of our home, which was known far and near as "Sleepy Hollow," was a long yard reaching east as far as the large houses close to the Conservatory of Music, of L-shape, in which were coal and wood sheds, stables for cows and horses, coach house and harness-room, with chicken houses, and small shed for a Shetland pony, and large room in which lived the coachman and his wife. There was, of course, a laundry, too.

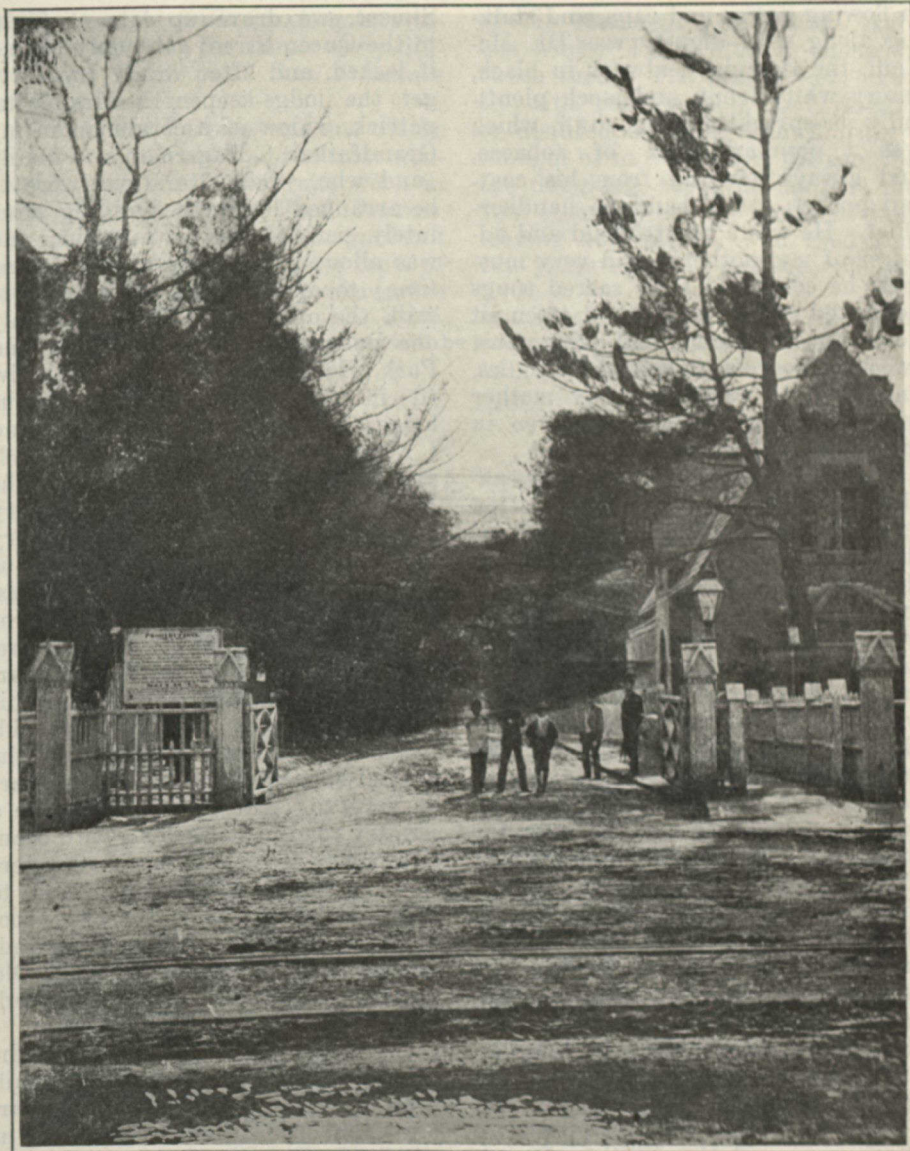
The house itself was a large bungalow, with a long hall, opening half way into a larger space, where stood the great hall stove for the logs, with

a huge copper barrel on top for hot water (I have it now). The drawing-room had French windows opening on the verandah (four of them), and was cold in winter, even with the two fireplaces, but charming at other seasons. The rooms must have been all of good size from the bulky furniture used then, and which would be of no service whatever in these days of small rooms and passages.

The cellars were merely stamped earth with loose board floors, and large wooden beams, which were found perfectly sound after so many years' service, when the old house was pulled down to make way for the present Technical School. A large field with trees was on the east side, too, reaching to Queen Street Avenue, and I can remember Sir Edmund Osler having a pretty cottage where, I imagine, the Conservatory of Music stands now. Mrs. Osler had a pony carriage which we children admired greatly. "Sleepy Hollow" was a typical gentleman's home of that day, but too far away from the city!

In the Queen's Park was a lunatic asylum on the east side, about where the road runs in from Grovesnor Street, a gray stone building with barred windows, and often we used to stand and gaze with awe to catch a glimpse of the inmates. Now and then one would escape and wander into the cool, green grounds of "Sleepy Hollow." I can remember being much frightened at one old man, who walked into the drawing-room from the verandah, holding an enormous branch of a tree, full of leaves, and, waving it about, began to disclaim, while I watched him, fascinated, from the piano stool. I finally edged to the door and found someone, who put the old fellow out. Only one building besides the University itself was to be seen, the old Medical College, whence issued gruesome tales of the dissecting-room.

A broad board walk led diagonally across the park from the University, and this was bright with the students



*From an old photograph*

#### ENTRANCE TO YONGE STREET (OR COLLEGE) AVENUE, TORONTO

At the time of which Mrs Grant writes, the thoroughfare now known as College Street was, as shown in the photograph, a parklike driveway—"in the country." Now it is an important business artery in the heart of the city. The photograph shows College Avenue, looking from Yonge Street. The property was held by the University of Toronto, and it was used for light traffic in the day time. The gates, similar to the ones described by Mrs. Grant, were closed at night. The lodge was also similar to those generally mentioned in the article. Yonge Street, as may be seen, was not paved, and cars ran on the single track every half hour.

in flowing gowns and caps, and stalking along with dignity was Dr. McCaul, the President, always in black, snowy white front, and stock plentifully be-sprinkled with snuff, which was a popular form of tobacco, and always hanging from his coat-tail pocket, a silk bandana handkerchief. He was a great friend and admirer of my mother's, and very musical; he composed some sacred songs dedicated to her, and would often sit down to the piano and sing most sweetly Moore's immortal melodies, and liked to accompany my mother when she sang at concerts given in aid of city charities.

The roads all about were unspeakable, and we used to watch often great wagons being dug out of the mud, which was hub-deep in the road outside our gates. These same gates were of heavy boards, with a board across to fasten the middle ones; with one—deep set—at the side for pedestrians. They were brought by my father from the old Government House, after Sir Edmund Head had left it. The cricket field was of large size, with a stand, and some trees at the far side for shade, and just above our pond, where McCaul Street now begins, was a queer old cottage with a garden on the side of the hill, all covered with creepers. Here lived Noakes, the caretaker of the grounds—a rather surly old customer. In later days there were three lodges to the avenues, one at the Queen Street entrance, another at Yonge Street, and a third in College Street, opposite to the entrance of Mr. William Beardmore's house, formerly built and occupied by the late Colonel Cumberland.

These lodges were picturesque little cottages, and all had gates, which were locked at night, and to which my father was allowed keys. These were huge iron ones, and if by chance they were forgotten there was nothing for it but to tramp wearily home. After a long day's excursion on Lake

Simcoe, we drove up late at night to the Queen Street gate, only to find it locked, and after vainly trying to get the lodge-keeper, a Mrs. Fitzpatrick, widow of a coachman in my Grandfather Hagerman's family (and who, when alterations were to be arranged for in the building, absolutely refused to be put out, and was allowed to remain on for a long time) to open for us, we all had to walk the other way. There was only one policeman in the Avenue and Park, Hornibrook by name, who lived in the western College Avenue lodge; his girth was enormous, and I remember gazing at his black belt and wondering how long it was. The Park was a resort for loafers of every description, and Hornibrook was very good to us children, never chiding us if we walked and ran on the grass, strictly against orders, and we, of course, presumed on his good nature.

Hornibrook was a well-known character, and summer and winter his burly form, clad in the long, old-fashioned uniform coat, with the peaked cap, was a feature of that part of Toronto. The avenue was quite a country road in those days, with beautiful shade trees, and many strangers used to stroll about, and stand to look and look again at the deep, cool green of "Sleepy Hollow," reminding them, as I heard a group of Old Country people say, with wistful sadness, "Of our dear Kilarney."

Our only near neighbours were the Cumberlands, where we had many children's parties, and the late Mr. Barlow Cumberland used to fascinate us with marvellous conjuring tricks, taking things out of hats, pulling streams of fire out of his mouth, doing wonderful things with handkerchiefs. Mr. Perkins lived in the large house, now the site of the Public Library, which had beautiful rooms, the drawing-room, all one side, sixty feet long, and the dining-room large enough to seat fifty. The hall was very long, with the staircase going up under an archway. They were such kind, hos-

pitiable people, with guests galore invited to stay for the simple early dinner, and "high tea," then a feature of Toronto life.

Miss Clara Perkins was one of the belles here, and she had the most wonderful long hair, which was worn in coils of lovely plaits. Fred Perkins, the eldest son, was a magnificent skater, and, remembering his feats of skill, as I watched the performance

of the Montreal professional skater last winter, I saw little to choose between them. The family were stricken with consumption, and isolation or disinfection being known little or thought of in those days, the son, then the daughter, then the mother, then two other sons were stricken down, leaving the father, who died some few years ago, and one son, who still lives.

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These delightful reminiscences will be continued in the February Number.

## A FUNERAL AT NIGHT

BY ARTHUR L. PHELPS

LAST night I stood on Forest Hill,  
 Half-way above the sleeping town,  
 And watched go by in bent restraint  
 Old folk and young, and pale and brown.

And some scarce raised their head at all,  
 And some were weeping as they went,  
 And others walked apart somewhat,  
 Wondering at Death's strange sacrament.

The priest clasped hands about the Cross,  
 Holding it high for God's sweet grace;  
 Moon glintings fell on Cross and hands  
 And glorified the praying face.

I heard the wind stir in the wood;  
 I saw the stars; and music hushed  
 Came from the brook—low music, fit  
 To play when sundered hearts are crushed.

It seemed so strange that all of it  
 Could be a part of Life; and yet  
 The whole of Death's hard mystery:  
 My head was bowed, my eyes were wet.

They passed me, people, priest, and dead,  
 And climbed beneath the stars, the hill,  
 A solemn, reverent, silent band,  
 With their strange duty to fulfil.

# THE WIZARD OF DOMINION POLITICS

BY GRATTON O'LEARY

A SKETCH OF THE HONOURABLE ROBERT ROGERS, MINISTER OF  
PUBLIC WORKS FOR CANADA

DOWN at Ottawa these days the question oftenest asked is, Have you seen Rogers? It used to be, Have you seen Sir Wilfrid? No matter what you as an individual, or as a deputation, may wish the Government to do, it is advisable always to see the strong man of the Cabinet. It was Sir Wilfrid in his day. To-day it is "Bob" Rogers—the wizard of Dominion politics. Then who is this man Rogers, this wizard whose magic hand is felt in every big undertaking of the Government anywhere from Halifax to Dawson? He is a well-groomed, medium-sized man, just entering his fiftieth year. His hair is steel gray, likewise his moustache. He has keen, penetrating eyes that look at you sharply from beneath heavy black eyebrows. Mildness and affability of manner are two of his chief characteristics, and he has the faculty of making you think that in yourself in particular he has a sincere personal interest. And in nine cases out of ten that sincere personal interest is just what he does have. For no matter what his enemies may say of him, Bob Rogers is unswervingly loyal to his friends. But back of all his mildness and courteous manner there is a power and dogged determination that must prevail. For he is the same Bob Rogers who at the age of twenty-two went out against

the Honourable Thomas Greenway for the Mountain seat in the Manitoba Legislature, and was defeated. He is the same Bob Rogers who, six years later, tried his hand as a candidate for the same Legislature, and was defeated. He is the same Bob Rogers who, in 1896, came out under the banner of Sir Charles Tupper on the ill-fated Remedial Bill, and was defeated. Three times and out, most men would say. But not so with Bob Rogers. And here we prove the mettle of the man. Again, in 1899, he stood for election to the Manitoba Legislature—the fourth time as a candidate for Parliament. And he stood well. He triumphed. His election marks the beginning of a career of tremendous political power, not only in the limited field of Manitoba, where he remained for thirteen years, but in the great Federal sphere, where, ever since his call to the Borden Cabinet, following the upheaval of 1911, his strength has been acknowledged alike by friend and foe.

The Honourable Robert Rogers came into the Borden Cabinet naturally as Minister of the Interior. But although he was a Westerner, with the Western tradition as likely to hold him to that portfolio, he soon succeeded the Honourable Mr. Monk in the still more important position of Minister of Public Works.

It is a far cry from the head of the Government's great public undertakings to the four walls of a general store at Clearwater, Manitoba, where as a young man Mr. Rogers began his mercantile career. And it is a far greater cry back to the bare-foot boy who used to kick the dust in the little village of Lakefield, in the county of Argenteuil, Quebec. It was in Argenteuil that Robert Rogers was born, a son of the late George Rogers, who was Sir John Abbot's right-hand man in his political campaigns in the constituency that now sends the Honourable George H. Perley to Parliament.

The older villagers of Lakeview do not seem to remember anything particularly striking about young Rogers. Yet Sir John Abbot seems to have thought a lot of him. He thought so much of him that he advised him to go west when he was but seventeen years old. The young man took the advice, and, in 1881, "hit the trail" for the nine million acres of land known as Manitoba. He hit the trail indeed, for it was four years before Donald A. Smith (Now Lord Strathcona) drove the last spike in the Canadian Pacific Railway. The West at that time gloried in all its picturesque semi-barbarity, chafing at the persistent yoke of approaching civilization, careless of the fact that the buffalo was being slaughtered by the Indians and unscrupulous whites at the rate of 160,000 a year.

When Mr. Rogers was called to the Federal arena by Mr. Borden and put in control of the important Department of the Interior, there were many within and without the party who expressed grave doubts as to his fitness for the position. A few months later those within the party were swearing by him, while those without were swearing at him, both sure signs that he had "made good." When the Honourable F. D. Monk resigned the portfolio of Public Works, Mr. Rogers was chosen as his successor, and thus after one year in Federal

politics, he found himself holding what is perhaps the most responsible position in the Government.

Mr. Rogers is not only referred to as the "wizard of Canadian politics," he is just as often designated the "mystery of the Government." Time and again is the question asked, "Where does 'Bob' Rogers get his power?" Various answers have been given, but none has ever fully explained the secret of his marvellous success. As a type in the House of Commons he stands alone. He is as different in temperament from Premier Borden as it is possible for two human beings to be, and he is utterly unlike any other member of the Cabinet or front-bencher on the Opposition side.

In Canadian Parliamentary history all the great leaders were well up in oratory. Macdonald, Tupper, Mackenzie, Blake, Brown, Thompson, Cartier, were all formidable in debate, while in the present Parliament Laurier, Borden, Foster, and Meighen—perhaps the four most successful men on the floor of the House—are orators of a high order. With these men in debate Mr. Rogers would not attempt to compete. For he makes no claim to oratory, and apparently he has no profound knowledge of British constitutional history. In this respect he is not unlike the late Charles Stewart Parnell, who, although spending the greater part of his remarkable career in the cause of Irish self-government, knew absolutely nothing of the early history of Ireland, and, according to the testimony of T. P. O'Connor, he never knew or wanted to know of the treasures of English literature. Mr. Rogers is not a lawyer, and he makes no profession of knowing the subtleties of law. But last session, when the intricate closure bill was introduced, it was at once credited to the Minister of Public Works, and bitterly was it termed the "Rogers gag." What is it, then, it may well be asked, that gives the man his power? Wherein does

his peculiar ability lie? The keenest observers are unable to produce the correct answer. Whatever the secret of his success, and whatever depths of character he may possess that men are unable to fathom, he has at least three traits that are outstanding and unmistakable to those who know him—a knowledge of men, fearlessness, and loyalty. It is this knowledge of men and human nature that makes him the greatest political organizer in the country and the popular idol of his party in the House of Commons. He is conceded to be the most astute political observer in Parliament, with the exception of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and this unerring political instinct in itself makes him a power in the councils of his party. Outwardly calm in the heart of battle as the proverbial mill-pond, he is fearlessness personified. With the whole wrath of the Opposition directed at his head, he remains in his seat absolutely unperturbed, accepting hard knocks as part of the game of politics. His most bitter enemies concede him the virtue of being a good fighter.

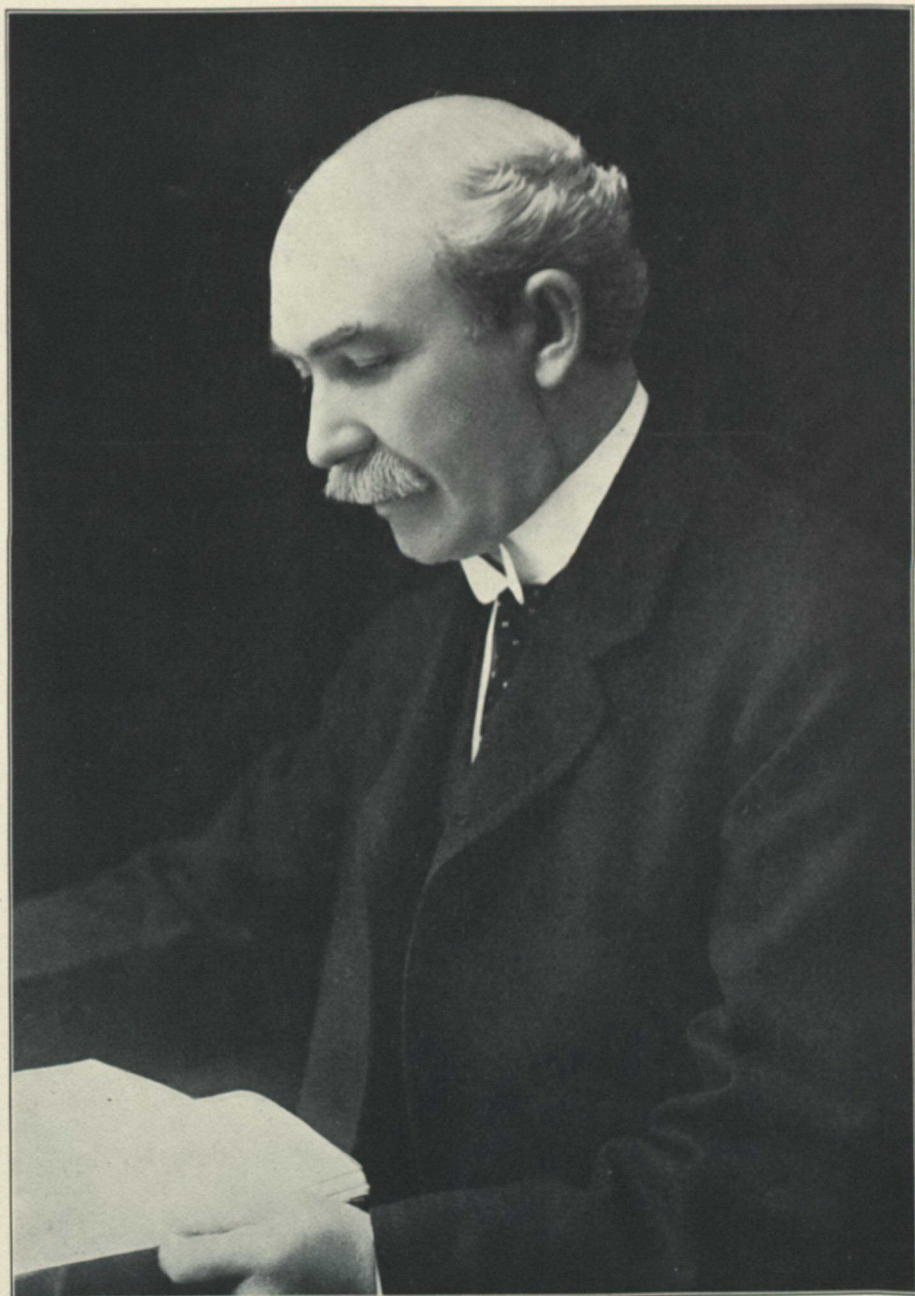
Loyalty is, perhaps, his predominant characteristic. He is loyal to Manitoba, he is loyal to the West, he is loyal to Canada and the Empire,

he is loyal to the Conservative party in ill report or good, and, best of all, he is unwaveringly loyal to his friends. In his prosperity, his influence and his power, he has never forgotten the friends of his humble youth. Minister of the Crown, adviser to His Majesty, and strong man of the Borden Cabinet, he remains "one of the boys"—the same "Bob" Rogers of the old days when he had to work hard in the struggle for a livelihood.

To read some press reports, one would almost get the impression that the Minister of Public Works is a dark-visaged, low-brow who haunts the corridors of the Parliament Buildings, with a knife concealed in his boot, ready to assassinate unsuspecting Liberals. In reality Mr. Rogers is a very mild-mannered man; and, unlike most real fighters, is minus the square lower jaw of Robert W. Chambers heroes. He is personally very popular with many of the Liberals. If he has any great faults, they are faults common to the times in which he lives. Over his claim to statesmanship men may disagree. But there is no room to argue that he is an able administrator and not deserving of his title—"The Wizard of Dominion Politics."







THE WIZARD OF DOMINION POLITICS

The Honourable Robert Rogers, Minister of Public Works in the Borden Cabinet

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# CANADA'S NEW PARCEL-POST

BY GEORGE W. AUSTEN

EVERY class of the community has a direct interest in a cheap parcel-post, just as everyone has an interest in cheap postage for letters. Business men may stand to derive larger benefits from cheap parcel transportation—cheaper by far in short distances than express carriage—than the workingman or the farmer, but the mass of city householders and the rural population have a stake in the parcel-post quite independent of their relation to the merchants. The parcel-post should, if its purpose carries true, be the most direct cut possible at the high cost of living. By helping to eliminate the middlemen, and their rake-off, and by promoting direct dealing between the producer and consumer of foodstuffs, the parcel-post should be an effective regulator of prices.

The United States parcel-post, which has been the model for the Canadian system, was started on New Year's Day, 1913. Its success was instantaneous. In January the number of parcels mailed was 38,000,000. In April it was 60,000,000. In September it was near 80,000,000. The people awoke to the extraordinary value of the new utility, and the service went from one success to another. The profit of the system for the first year is approximately \$30,000,000, showing that the rates and service may be made much more favourable without impairing the financial status of the enterprise.

There is certainly no reason for thinking that the Canadian system

will be less successful, proportionately, than the United States system. The rates will be similar. Express rates in the two countries are about equal. The buying habits and trading opportunities of the two peoples are almost identical. Even apart from the enormous saving in transportation costs effected by a cheap parcel-post, and the extension of service it affords, the splendid gain to the people is shown by the fact that the postal system reaches the humblest hamlet and trading-post in the country. There are nearly 14,000 post-offices in Canada to which the parcel-post service will extend, while the number of express-served communities is about 4,000. The rural route mail delivery will carry a cheap parcel system to the gate-post of scores of thousands of farm-houses. The city department store will have new access to the country trade, and the farmers a cheap and direct system of selling small lots of produce to city consumers without going to market or paying prohibitive tolls to express companies.

Is not this an alluring picture? It may be asked, Why has such a public utility been so long in coming? In Britain, in Germany, in France, in Belgium, even in China, there is cheap carriage for parcels. Why are Canada and the United States so behindhand? Answering for the United States, when he was Postmaster-General, John Wanamaker told an English visitor that there were four reasons—the American Express Com-

pany, the Adams Express Company, the Wells-Fargo Express Company, and the National Express Company. This reply has become historic. In Canada we have three purely Canadian express companies, the Dominion, the Canadian, and the Canadian Northern, all owned by the three leading railways, and it is not certain that Canadian delay is in nowise connected with them. But perhaps the most probable explanation is that until a few years ago the Canadian postal service ended each year in a deficit, and it was feared a parcel-post would enlarge it, rather than prove an extraordinary source of revenue.

Perhaps it was a desire to increase the postal income that led the Postal Department to charge, for so many years, sixteen cents a pound, or a cent an ounce, for fourth-class matter, consisting of general merchandise. At first thought, this appears to be almost a prohibitory rate for any but the smallest parcels. A pound was the average weight. But for the year ended March 31st, 1912, there were, according to postal estimates, 8,385,000 parcels carried through the Canadian mails. As far as it went, the parcel traffic was an immense money-maker for the Government. The present United States rates are said to be far higher than the cost of the service. The piling up of a \$30,000,000 surplus seems ample proof of this. If we apply the present United States rates to the Canadian traffic, for purposes of comparison with the cent-an-ounce rate, we shall get a good idea of what a saving over the old rates will be made by the new parcel-post. The following table shows the difference:

New Parcel-post.			
From Toronto to—	1-lb.	3 lbs.	5 lbs.
Hamilton .....	.05	.07	.09
Montreal .....	.07	.17	.27
Winnipeg .....	.10	.28	.46
Vancouver .....	.12	.36	.60
Old Rates.			
Hamilton .....	.16	.48	.80
Montreal .....	.16	.48	.80

Winnipeg .....	.16	.48	.80
Vancouver .....	.16	.48	.80

The injustice of the old schedule is shown by the fact that whereas under it, a pound parcel going ten miles bears a charge of sixteen cents, a pound parcel can be sent to Great Britain, New Zealand, or Newfoundland for twelve cents. It is no wonder that the old rates have been considered prohibitory, and the sending of more than eight million parcels in a year, in spite of it, proof positive of the dire need of reform.

The weight limit for fourth-class matter in Canada has been five pounds. The weight limit under the new parcel-post will, at first, be eleven pounds. The United States started with the eleven-pound limit over the whole system, but after six months, the Postmaster-General decided that the Department could undertake a twenty-pound limit within the first two delivery zones—that is to say, within 150 miles from the point of posting. Inasmuch as three-fourths of the traffic is within the 150-mile limit, this was regarded as a big concession. In time the parcel-post will carry 100-pound parcels. When the weight limits in force in European countries are considered, it is found that both the United States and Canada have been making quite modest starts. Belgium carries 132 pounds. Germany carries 110 pounds. China has a twenty-two-pound limit. But it is well to get the organization working thoroughly before taking on the delivery and handling of great parcels. At present, the difference of charge on the parcels exceeding twenty pounds would probably be in favour of the express companies. Even on a ten-pound parcel, the express rate for a long distance is only slightly higher than the new postal rates. The savings in transportation cost come chiefly on the small parcels going short distances. Here again, using the United States rates, the following table illustrates about what the difference in cost of carriage will be:

	Express Rates.		
	1 lb.	5 lbs.	10 lbs.
From Toronto to—			
Hamilton .....	.25	.25	.30
Montreal .....	.25	.40	.45
Winnipeg .....	.30	.75	1.00
Vancouver .....	.30	.80	1.35
	Parcel-post.		
Hamilton .....	.05	.09	.14
Montreal .....	.07	.27	.52
Winnipeg .....	.10	.46	.91
Vancouver .....	.12	.60	1.20

Taking into account the tremendous saving of the new rates over both the old parcel rates and the express rates, is it not logical to conclude that the Canadian people will rouse themselves to thorough appreciation of the new system? In the United States retail merchants are getting rid of a large part of their delivery outfits. They deliver by parcel-post, and, using the collect-on-delivery service now attached to it, they collect by the same system. A C.O.D. system will not, however, be attached to the Canadian service until it is well under way.

There are some rather marked differences between the Canadian parcel-post and the American. Here the Provincial boundaries are so well proportioned that a zone can be made of each Province, the Maritime Provinces, which are much smaller than the Westerly Provinces, being considered as one. The Canadian zones will therefore be the Maritime Provinces as one, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia. The United States Department found it necessary to block off nearly 5,000 units, each comprising 1,200 square miles, and then group these into zones of 50, 150, 300, 600, 900, 1,200, 1,800, and over 1,800 miles, with special rates for each zone. This has resulted in a rather complicated system, but as it was found necessary to base the rates upon a mileage standard, it had to be done. Over countries of vast area like the United States and Canada, the short-haul parcel cannot be unduly burdened by loss on the carriage of the long-haul parcel. Each must

bear a somewhat proportionate part of the cost of transportation. The rates for the Canadian Provincial zones will, of course, be graduated as between one Province and another in such a way that broadly the average mileage can be taken into account. This will result, of course, in a far higher charge, for each mile, between near-by points in two adjoining Provinces than from two points in the same Provinces much farther away. The flat rate principle here must obtain to that extent. But it is impossible to graduate charges on any indiscriminating mathematical basis. The Provincial boundary delimitation for zones is much the easiest and most satisfactory division of the Dominion.

Speaking in the House of Commons at the last session of Parliament, Honourable Mr. Pelletier, the Postmaster-General, stated that he thought the Canadian service ought to provide for a special rate for local delivery, fixed at about a twenty-mile radius. This would, he thought, serve to protect the country retailers from undue competition from mail-order houses and department stores. Inasmuch as within a Province, there will be standard rates, a special local rate would seem to be necessary. It would not seem equitable to charge as much for local delivery in Toronto as to send the same parcel to Fort William. As three-fourths of the parcel-post business will be within 150-mile distances, a specially low rate would have great advantages. It ought to encourage, particularly what the parcel-post aims at, the farmer to send by post into the city eggs, dressed fowl, dairy products, and many other commodities of food. When the weight limit is raised from eleven pounds to twenty pounds, the twenty-mile limit arrangement, if carried through, will be doubled in value. And the farmer should profit as much by getting parcels quite as handily from his market town.

In the rural districts, the particu-

lar gainers from a parcel-post will be the farmers on the rural mail delivery routes. There are now about 63,000 boxes in use. About 27,185 miles of route are travelled daily; 2,525 miles tri-weekly; 410 miles semi-weekly, and 200 miles four times a week. The extension of the rural service has been going ahead very fast, and with a cheap parcel-post, an added impetus to the movement will be felt. In the United States, where there are about 75,000 post-offices, over two million miles of rural routes are travelled every day. One of the chief gainers from postal improvements in all cases has been the farmer getting his daily mail at his door. It will be no different in Canada.

It may be asked, "What effect will the new parcel-post have on the Canadian express companies?" The United States companies found their small parcel business dropped twenty-five per cent. Much of the vastly increased parcel-post mail was newly created business. But even if the Canadian express companies lose some business, they are financially well able to stand it. The Dominion Express Company (Canadian Pacific Railway), the Canadian Express Company (Grand Trunk Railway), and the Canadian Northern Express Company (Canadian Northern Railway), made average net earnings, for the year ending June 30th, 1912, of twenty-three per cent. on their capitalization. The following comparison shows their position:

	Capital-ization.	Net revenue.	Per cent. of net.
Dominion Express	....\$2,000,000	\$645,288	31.4
Canadian Express	.... 1,705,200	283,281	16.6
Canadian Northern Express	.... 1,000,000	192,496	19.2

Out of a total of \$10,994,418, gross

receipts from operation, the railways got \$4,892,242 for express privileges. On top of that, the express companies paid out in operating expenses, such as wages, equipment, buildings, taxes, \$4,880,120. The net for the year, even after the railways had taken about forty-six per cent. of the gross receipts, and all other expenses were written off, was \$1,163,007, or practically twenty-five per cent.

The American and Canadian express and freight rates are, broadly speaking, about the same, so that a comparison between the relative difference of express and freight charges in the United States and in foreign countries will be interesting.

	Ratio of express charge per ton, to freight charge.
United States	..... 16. to 1
Argentine	..... 3.2 to 1
Austria	..... 5 to 1
Belgium	..... 9 to 1
Denmark	..... 6.3 to 1
France	..... 7.2 to 1
Germany	..... 3.8 to 1
Hungary	..... 3.9 to 1
Netherlands	..... 3.6 to 1
Prussia	..... 5 to 1

It is, therefore, not much wonder that the United States parcel-post could cut rates away below the express charges, and still make a handsome profit. It has been shown that on the small parcels, after the first pound and its arbitrary rate have been disposed of, the rate charged is from six to eight times the cost of the service, up to a distance of 200 miles. A large reduction may therefore be looked for in the Canadian rates, after the parcel-post shall have become firmly established, and the profit on the operation has been clearly ascertained. There does not seem to be room for doubt about the value of the benefits to be conferred on Canadian people by the new postal venture.

## ALL IN THE GAME

BY OWEN KILDARE

AS long as his wife was alive Dave Pearsall wasn't much different from anybody else. He worked steadily at his trade of stone-cutting and in the evenings couldn't get home soon enough to sit by his fireside—which was an oil-stove in this case—with his wife and baby.

After the wife died, though, Dave got his sister to keep house for him and little Wilbur, his son. Then things became different. The truth is the sister was a little too fanciful for Dave, and used to make what-nots and other things out of empty soap-boxes. Too many cosy-corners are liable to drive a man from home, and so Dave got going round the ward.

It wasn't more than a couple of years when Dave gave up cutting stone and began tending bar for Mike Flanagan, who then had the say in the ward for his party. In a few more years Flanagan went to the bad, got defeated several times and was dropped from the executive committee. So when Dave saw how things stood with Flanagan, he began pulling a few wires, feeling himself able to be a leader. Of course, it took months and years to do all this, and all that time the son, little Wilbur, was growing up.

Well, Dave got to be leader of the ward, and the minute that he was sure of being the Big Noise in the district he cut loose from all saloon connections and essayed the gentlemanly rôle.

Well, sir, by the time the son got

to be about twenty, the old man'd been leader so long that he wouldn't have swapped with the Czar of Russia so far as the steadiness of the job was concerned. And then Dave got to breaking Wilbur to regular work.

The Kid hadn't been much to school round the ward. Dave sent him up to boarding-schools and academies, and when he came back home for good all the people in the district turned out to feast their eyes.

And it was worth it!

In those days down our way when a young fellow was dressed up, he had on a pair of skin-tights that kept him standing up all the time for fear something'd happen should he try to sit down. Then, a pea-jacket, a fried-egg sky-piece, and a celluloid collar, with a purple necktie, and none o' the Sadies could resist him. But when Wilbur Pearsall showed up it was all up in the air with Fourth Ward fashions, and the fellows went to hock their war-paint for whatever the uncles would give.

Wilbur was kept round the ward, was enrolled a member of the organization, introduced to everybody, and used to trot along with the old man. He did this up till election, when he dropped his first vote, after which he disappeared again. Two years later he came home, transformed by a Prince Albert. Sometimes he even wore a silk hat.

In the meantime, the old man had moved into a stoop-house from the old tenement shack, which he had bought long ago, and one day there

was a little shingle stuck in the par-lour window, with "Wilbur Pearsall, Attorney-at-law," on it. And then we got wise to the proposition.

Almost before he had his shingle out, he was made a member of the law committee of the organization, and the tip went round that if you were in for something small, robbery, second-storey work, or manslaughter, you had to have Wilbur Pearsall in court for you or else go up. After a while his practice got so big he'd only take first-class murder cases and defend the street-car company from the unjust claims of an indiscriminating and unreasonable public.

Old Dave certainly was ambitious for the boy. He thought there was nothing like him in the world. And the boy was no fool.

He had the education and the glad rags, and the first thing we knew he was right in among the swell voters. The way the Kid was framing up the game those swells never thought it possible that his ancestor had ever dished out big scoops o' Dutch disturbance and pig's-knuckle free lunch at Mike Flanagan's. And no wonder, for the first thing he did was to change his name from "Wilbur Pearsall" to "W. Westmeath Pearsall."

Everything looked lovely, and old Dave was seeing pictures of the Kid being the real thing in spectacular politics, with Bourke Cockran pining away on the last bench in the rear o' the hall. And, no use o' talking, the Kid certainly was all to the mustard at the talkfests. He could sling language to beat the band, and had learned so many tongues he could lie in more than one. But in the long run he got faded by the silk-stockings and began neglecting his chances, which is the prerogative of any practical politician. It got to be a case of all going and nothing coming in, which is poor politics. Almost every day he was to the front with some scheme to do something for the common people; either he wanted fire-

escapes or an ordinance for better tenements; and that, from the standpoint of practical politics, was almost criminal. They warned him, but when he didn't stop and went after the Crow's Nest, a row of tenements belonging to Abe Goldman, who was 'way up among the mighty, then we could all hear something drop.

Old Dave wrote, "Son Wilbur, come and see me," and Son Wilbur beat it as quick down-town as his benzine buggy would let him.

I was mighty close to Dave at that time, being a sort of private secretary without the writing, and I was up in the club when the Kid waltzed in to meet the father.

"What's the matter with you?" asks Dave. "Has that up-town air made you daffy? There ain't a day I don't hear about some new foolishness o' your'n. What's eating you?"

The Kid goes off on a long speech about the rights of his constituents and the pledges he made.

The old man stopped him with: "Now, listen to me, I been in politics long enough to know what's good for us. I put you where you are and I can put you down, too. You got to learn that we ain't in this business for our health. I'm too old to cut stone, and, I think, without me, you'd be a mighty bum lawyer. I gave you the chance of your lifetime, and if you do what you're told to do you're liable to go to the United States Senate, and, maybe, to the White House. But if you don't get rid o' them daffy notions the Party'll look after you, and they never let up."

"But I can't go back on my promises and pledges," said the Kid.

"Don't be childish," said Dave. "If there's a fool that believes in pledges he ought to get stuck. You got nothing to do with that. When you're in politics you got to do what you're told to do by your masters and nothing else. To them that don't obey accidents is liable to happen. If you fail me in this you not only ruin me, but also yourself, for I won't



have a fool for a son. You got two months until election. That's enough to make good in, and if you don't—well, you know the consequences."

The Kid didn't go back half as fast as he'd come down. The son of a politician, he seemed to get his liking for the game by inheritance. But his education made him wish for gentlemanly politics—as if such a thing could be. Gentlemanly and ward politics is the same stuff with different labels—that's all. From what I learned after, I'm sure if the Kid's mother had been alive then he'd never gone wrong. But there he was, aching to ask somebody's advice and too suspicious to trust anybody in politics, thinking all were crooks, in which, of course, he was dead wrong—yes. So he started in to do his duty as the old man saw it.

As I was saying, his constituents were mostly a dead swell bunch that lived according to the fashion, and just then it was the fashion for them to make their sisters and aunts believe they were the real things in politics. They had nothing but mass-meetings that were like regular tea-parties, with the Gwendolines and Gladyses splitting their dainty gloves every time Archibald went to the bat to tell them how bad they were in general and how the country ought to be run. And they all stood pat for W. Westmeath Pearsall, son of the Honourable David Pearsall, late of Flanagan's gin-mill.

When it came election day they were always absent, as they couldn't make any money in their business on that day and went out of town the night before to hit those little balls over fields and ditches, or to jump over a couple o' fences and shout "lalla-lee-lee" or some such nonsense. But they all registered faithfully, even if they thought it more important to be at the Country Club on election day instead of voting.

The Kid was next to this habit, and used it, but there were a few hitches.

For instance: Mr. Hamilton De Rensallaer, a Wall Street banker, residing on Fifth Avenue, was challenged by an opposite watcher, who thought Ham looked a little phony for a capitalist. When they took him to the station-house, the capitalist was hitting everybody for a chew o' tobacco and asking them to inform Barney Flynn, of the Bowery, that his friend, Spike, was in trouble.

The thing worked all right otherwise, and the Kid carried the district.

In a day or two, those swells heard how they'd been voting in sweaters and overalls, and most o' them laughed—but a few o' them got dead sore. Before the Kid could get ahead o' them and stall them, they were down to the district attorney and raising a fine row. The Kid was arrested and put under ten thousand bond. The bail was put up and we thought that'd close the game. But it was made an issue; they tried him before an unfriendly judge and the Kid was sentenced to one year and a fine of one thousand dollars.

There was some talk of an appeal, but the evidence was too clear. So, in the morning, the Kid went over to the Island.

That night I saw Dave at the club.

"I was looking for you," he says. "I got a tough job before me, and I want you to help me."

What d'you think he was going to do? He had sold everything and was going to pay back all he had gotten by—oh, by the way of practical politics. He had written his resignation from the organization.

"And now I'm through," he said, and grabbed my hand. "And you promise me not to let anybody know my whereabouts."

I was completely taken off my feet before I could say anything.

"But how about the Kid?" I finally gasped, and it was as if I had hit him. He tumbled into a chair and cried as I never saw a man—or a woman—cry before.

"My boy," he mumbled to himself. "My boy—what a father I've been to him! Not satisfied with giving him a crook for a father, I had to make him one, too."

"But you're not all through with politics?"

"Politics?" he shouted. "I pray I'd never had anything to do with that devilish game. I only hope that I ain't too old to be honest. And if I'm spared until my son comes home, I'll spend all the rest o' my life to atone and to win his forgiveness. Good-night."

I never heard from him until ten months later, just when the Kid's time was up. Then Dave wrote to me to meet him.

I didn't waste a minute, but chased down to the Twenty-sixth Street dock, where the boat from the Island comes in. Dave was there, and he looked like a different man. All the swell togs were gone. He looked strong and as healthy as a young fellow, and when I looked at his hands I began to smell a rat.

"How's stone-cutting nowadays?" I asked.

"How d'you find out?" he said and laughed.

Then he started in about the Kid, whether he would forgive him and whether he would speak to him, until the boat landed.

Ahead of almost everybody, the Kid was coming down the plank. He didn't hurry much, but came up slow and put out his hand to me.

"I'm glad you came down to meet me, it makes it less lonely," he said.

I waited for him to say something to his father, he he-couldn't see him.

"Wil—Wilbur, ain't you got a word for your father," the old man kind o' groaned.

"Yes, I have a word for you, but

I hoped you would spare me from uttering it," he answered, his face going white. Then, becoming cooler, "Ain't you satisfied yet with what you've done?" he said. "You are nothing to me. Our ways part here. I'm going in search of my lost integrity; you can go back to your politics and crookedness."

The old man just looked at him, with a face that was almost grayish green. Then he hurried away.

Well, I had to talk like a Dutch uncle before I made an impression on the Kid. When I told him how his father had gone back to stone-cutting the Kid softened considerably. And when I threw out that the old man was all broken up and not responsible, and, perhaps, liable to do anything, the boy said: "Come, we must go to him."

We were at the tenement in less than no time. The door was locked, but I heard him inside and heard something else besides, so I put my shoulder to it. He was standing in front of a bit of looking-glass and tried to hide something as we fell into the room. We didn't have to see it to know what it was.

The Kid went up to him.

"Dad, dear old dad, can you forgive me?" he said, and put his arms around the old man.

That was my cue to take a sneak, and I was tip-toeing to the door, when the Kid said again: "We're going to stick together now, ain't we? Not as politicians, but just as honest, square men."

The father couldn't answer — and you know the reason why not.

On my way down those four flights o' stairs I came to the conclusion that it takes a lot of practical politics and crookedness to kill the love between father and son.



# THE UNRULY LEAVES

BY PETER McARTHUR

ONLY a slight leverage is needed to turn a new leaf. The whole trouble lies in keeping it turned. This is so true it is hardly worth saying, but as it is the obvious moral of our story it may as well be said at once so that we will be rid of it.

Harold George was one of those comfortable young men who take themselves seriously and for that reason instinctively consider all girls frivolous. But Alma Page's frivolity was of the kind that pleased him because it set off his solid qualities so well, and he called on her so often that observant people began to talk of a match. Of course, he poohpoohed such a possibility, but continued to enjoy himself by having a polly time with her whenever the opportunity offered. As for Alma, she liked his society, and to the best of her knowledge was wholly heart free.

This state of affairs had existed for many months and would perhaps have continued indefinitely had it not been for a chat they had one evening during the Christmas holidays.

"Oh, by the way," exclaimed Alma, "have you made any good resolutions for the new year?"

"Well, no, I can't say I have," replied Harold pompously.

"What a paragon you must be if you don't need to reform in any way! But perhaps you feel that you wouldn't have the power to keep a good resolution if you made it."

"Now, Harold prided himself on his strength of will, and he hastened to explain.

"As far as that is concerned you are mistaken. I know I have faults, as all men have, but as they have never caused me any trouble so far I don't feel the necessity of bothering myself about them. However, if you suggest anything in which I need a reform I will show I can do it."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Alma banteringly. "I wouldn't for the world do anything to disturb your poise! You are so perfectly balanced that the removal of even one of your faults would spoil your symmetry."

Harold was not quick of perception, but he realized that he was being laughed at, and in self defence he asked:

"But what have you decided to give up?"

"I can't make up my mind. I have so many faults I don't know where to begin."

At this commonplace statement Harold laughed uproariously, as is the habit of men who have no sense of humour. Her air as she made the statement was so demure, however, that it added to her charm, and as he stopped laughing he looked at her with a patronizing sense of satisfaction that was new to him.

"I don't see what you are laughing at," said Alma, with a slight pout that was also bewitching. "I am sure there are lots of things that I should turn over a new leaf about."

Harold went off into another roar of laughter. The idea of this fluffy bundle of innocence having great faults was very absurd to him. When he finally stopped, she exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what let's do. Let us each think it over carefully and then decide to turn over a new leaf about something. We really should, you know, and besides it is the fashion at this time of year."

"All right; it is a bargain," he said.

While smoking his cigar on his way home, Harold thought of his proposed reform and laughed to himself at the absurdity of it all. It was foolish of him to allow himself to be led into such nonsense by a girl, but what a girl she was! He was thinking vaguely of giving up smoking as his reform, but he gradually forgot about it thinking about Alma. He had never thought much about her before, but on this night she had interested him. It is true she was frivolous, but so is every woman who is attractive. That she was young and fresh and beautiful was beyond question, and all she needed was a man of strong character, like himself, of course, to direct her and bring out the serious side of her nature. At this point a thought struck him so forcibly that he stopped abruptly with the cigar poised in his hand.

What if Alma was taking his attentions seriously?

It was a disturbing thought, and he walked slowly as he turned it over in his mind. He had always considered it part of his destiny to marry, but he was waiting for the right woman and merely amusing himself in the meantime. But if Alma had learned to love him, and it was quite possible, he might be the cause of a cruel disappointment to her. Women feel such things so deeply, you know. As he thought it all over and recalled many trifling incidents the possibility became a probability, and he was not a little disgusted. It troubled him until he fell asleep and dreamed about her, and in the morning the haunting thought was still in his mind. But he never came to conclusions hastily, and it was not until New Year's Eve that he made up his mind

that perhaps Alma, after all, was the woman to make him happy. But before deciding finally he resolved to sound the depths of her character and stop meeting her frivolity with frivolity. Just then it occurred to him that in doing that he would be turning over a new leaf as he had promised to, and he chuckled over his own cleverness.

Alma in the meantime had canvassed her failings carefully and had decided that her besetting sin was flirting. True, she had never flirted much with any one but Harold, and his self satisfaction was so unspeakable that it was a temptation to tease him. But she really did not love him. He was not her Prince Charming by any means, and she would simply have to give up flirting with him. Full of this noble resolution, she awaited his next visit.

On the first evening of the New Year Harold attired himself faultlessly and called at the Page mansion. He had almost decided that Alma was the one woman he had ever met whom he would care to make his wife, and the impression was heightened when she swept into the room to greet him and wish him the compliments of the season. He had brought her a box of bonbons as a New Year's gift and was somewhat surprised by the staid and decorous way in which she received it. His surprise became positive when she said:

"Thank you so much, Mr. George. It is very kind of you to bring me this."

He expected that she would go into raptures as usual, and then the "Mr. George!" They had known each other from childhood, and she had always called him Harold.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"The matter? I don't understand!"

"But—'Mr. George!'"

"Well?"

"But you have always called me"

—Then he realized that he was going

to make himself ridiculous, and he stopped in some confusion. It was certainly annoying to have her greet him in this way when he intended to start so differently with her.

"You are not angry at me, are you?" he asked after an uncomfortable silence.

"Certainly not. What put that into your head?"

"But you are treating me so differently from the way you usually do, so—"

"I have always treated you politely, haven't I?"

"Oh, pshaw! I don't mean that. Now I insist on knowing," he began pettishly, but she interrupted him with some asperity.

"Insist, Mr. George! I never knew that you had any right to insist on anything with me."

"I don't mean that," he tried to explain, and in the meantime he was losing his temper rapidly at finding his plans so upset, "but you seem so queer to-night."

"Thanks for the compliment, Mr. George."

The iteration of "Mr. George" exasperated him completely, and he tried to say something, failed, and then started toward the door, intending to leave the house. But at that moment Mrs. Page entered the room and wished him the compliments of the season.

It would not do to let her see that he was angry, so he chatted with her for a few minutes and gradually recovered his self control. In the meantime Alma had time to reflect that she had rather overdone her decorous conduct and was anxious to make up friends. To see him angry was something new, and it gave her a very unpleasant feeling about the heart. She didn't like to think of losing his friendship. Like a true woman, she promptly decided to let the new leaf she had turned over rustle back to its place and begin again with the old one. When her mother left the room, she ran up to Harold and looking up

into his eyes with the sweetest penitence pleaded:

"Don't let us quarrel, Harold. I admit I didn't treat you nicely. Won't you let me sing you the new song I have learned?"

Going to the piano, she played her own accompaniment and sang the latest popular song, one that gave her an opportunity to look at him roguishly and flash her beautiful eyes to advantage. He was partly mollified and more in love than ever before she reached the last verse. Her sudden changes from dignity to frivolity bewildered him, but still she was beautiful in all her moods.

"Come!" she said, extending her hand to him. "We are friends again, aren't we? But you must confess you were not exactly the same as usual to me to-night. You were so woefully serious."

She did not withdraw her hand from his lingering clasp, for, like the impulsive creature she was, she overdid her reconciliation as she had her reform.

"Yes, I was more serious than usual," he said, still holding her hand, "but that was because I had made up my mind to turn over a new leaf."

"And it was because I had turned over a new leaf that I was—" Then she stopped and blushed furiously. It would never do to tell him her resolution, and she withdrew her hand, and blushes became her as much as smiles.

"Oh, what was your resolution?" she asked gaily, trying to cover her confusion.

"I had made up my mind to discover—no, I have made up my mind—I love you, Alma! Will you be my wife?"

"I didn't expect this!" she whispered in reply.

"But say you will be my wife!"

"Oh, you must give me time to think!"

"Then you do not love me!" he said blankly.

"I don't know. I always liked you and want to be friends. And to stop flirting with you was my good resolution."

"I want you to stop flirting with me," he said eagerly. "I want you to be in earnest."

"Oh, it is all so sudden!" she protested. "Let us not turn over new leaves, but just go back with the old ones just as we were, you know, for awhile."

"No," he said doggedly. "I have turned over a new leaf and over it stays. I want you to be my wife and not simply a jolly friend."

This speech was in every way characteristic of him, and as she looked at him she felt very weak and foolish in the presence of his firmness and strength. She wanted very much to cry and knew that was foolish, too,

but every second she felt herself yielding to his dominant will, and when he suddenly clasped her in his arms she made no resistance.

After that what a trouble they had with their new leaves! Now that he claimed a proprietary interest in her, Harold simply couldn't help meeting Alma's frivolity with frivolity and unbending cumbrously in response to her gaiety. And she found it more delightful than ever to flirt with him, now that their little quarrel had made them realize how dear they were to each other. But before the next season of good resolutions had come around they made up their minds that it was altogether too much trouble to turn over two new leaves and keep them turned. So they decided to confine themselves to one leaf and turn it over together.

## THE WINTER HILLS

By J. C. M. DUNCAN

**A** LOOF in undisturbed repose,  
 In austere white, each high hill rests,  
 Day prints no stain upon their snows,  
 Night leans her brow upon their crests.

But when those giants rouse from sleep,  
 They loose from out their iron hands,  
 The leashes of the storms that sweep  
 The levels of the lone white lands.

Yet patient of the hours that bring  
 The power that sets their pulse astir,  
 They wait the genius of the Spring,  
 And shall unbare their brows to her.

There her first altars shall arise;  
 Then shall each hill-top be divine;  
 The world shall climb with hopeful eyes,  
 Those hills, and worship at her shrine.

## CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE defeat of Tammany by the Fusionists in the New York elections has led to some plain speaking with regard to those who voted for "Boss" Murphy's nominees. One American journal tritely observes that there is no need at present to celebrate the victory with the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and psaltery, as jubilation is out of place when the past is taken into account. The citizens of a great city, like New York, scarcely do themselves justice when they congratulate themselves on ending the scandalous rule and incredible corruption of Tammany Hall. Rather should they feel ashamed of their indifference and inaction in the past, and make it impossible in the future for any man to call himself a respectable citizen who consorts at election times with grafters and corruptionists who batten on the vices of the underworld. That staid monthly, *The Forum*, points a moral which applies to Canadians as well as those to whom it is addressed:

"It is a fundamental change in the attitude of the people that we require, and will have, the change from ignorance, indifference, and indecency to the full knowledge of decency and duty. Let us have done once for all with the shallow flippancy that regards seriousness in public affairs as a mere indication of a lack of humour. Let us have done with the provincialism that parades dishonesty in politics as an immutable and desirable condition. Let us

have done with the disgusting public standards that enable an apparently upright citizen to announce openly that he will support an admitted gang of 'grafters' and vote for their continued spoliation of the city and the State."

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Huerta, at the moment of writing, is nearing the end of his unconstitutional dictatorship. Villa, the erstwhile bandit and marauder, is closing in on the Capital, and the days of the Huerta regime may be numbered before this meets the eye of the reader. President Wilson has scored a great personal triumph by the sagacity and judgment he has displayed in the handling of a difficult problem, and, above all, by his rigid adherence to the new principles of diplomacy by which the relations between the United States and Mexico have been governed. When the story of these Mexican revolutions comes to be written it will place a new complexion on affairs that now seem strange and inexplicable. On one hand are the masses of the people struggling against an iniquitous land system, and asserting their right to full self-government. On the other hand are the landowners and foreign speculators—the latter mostly Americans and British—who keep a Diaz and a Huerta in power for the rich concessions they are able to obtain in exchange for graft. President Wilson's part in this difficult diplomatic situation will be better understood when the full facts come to light.

It has yet to be proved that the Mexican people are incapable of self-government or unable to vote intelligently at a free election. Dent & Sons have published a volume on the Republics of Central and South America, by Mr. C. Reginald Enock, that gives a fresh impression of Mexico, from the inside, of which the author writes with first-hand knowledge: Mr. Enock has much that is interesting to say about the relations of Europe and the United States with the Republics, but the chapter on Mexico is naturally the one which at the present moment is of special interest. Mr. Enock points out that in spite of her contiguity to and close commercial relations with the United States Mexico still looks towards France as the land of her ideals and to England as the home of morality in commercialism and leadership in social advance. The American, it seems, has not exercised much influence on the strong Spanish personality of the educated Mexican. Mr. Enock considers that the great bulk of the Mexican people are not lawless by nature, the *mestigos*, who form the body of the nation, asking nothing more than to work and prosper, and the great peon class being docile and without initiative for creating political disturbance.

Dealing with emigration from Europe to the Republics, Mr. Enock draws attention to the curious fact that a great proportion of the emigrants are really human birds of passage, who cross over from Italy or Spain, gather the harvest in Argentine, and the coffee crop in Brazil, and then, with good wages in their pockets, return home for a period of three or four months. Of 1,000,000 emigrants yearly into Argentine, 500,000 become emigrants again. Mr. Enock thinks that Great Britain might consider this movement in the colonization of her Dominions, especially as regards Canada. As to the future of the South American Republics, and the possible disregard of

the Monroe Doctrine by some colonizing power, Mr. Enock points out that the results of the struggle, whether the attack comes from Germany or Japan, will depend upon naval armaments. A German colony in South America would not, in his opinion, be likely to remain permanently under the German flag, for the German colonist is undoubtedly happier under a foreign flag. But to that the Pan-German would doubtless reply: "Give us something better than swamps, and our colonists will show no desire to break away from the Fatherland."

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The number of books and pamphlets dealing with national problems is increasing at an alarming rate. We seem to be getting back once more to the age of the pamphleteers. Not a little of this output is due to the changed relations between Governments and Parliaments. This is especially true of the United Kingdom. The party system has not only effaced the private member; it is in danger of effacing Parliament itself. The House of Commons is no longer the place from which political leaders sway the opinion of the country. Ministers no longer rise to address the House, but the wider constituency outside. Whirlwind platform campaigns have superseded Parliamentary oratory. Time was when the electors had to come hat in hand to the bar of the House with their humble petitions. Nowadays statesmen and politicians have to seek the electors in the highways and byways and by direct appeals to their intelligence and their self-interest endeavour to sway their judgment and win their confidence. From thousands of printing presses leaflets, pamphlets, and books issue daily, and each political party has its own Information Bureau for the education of public opinion. Little wonder that there is seething unrest where so much labour is imposed on the digestive organs of the average student of public affairs.



In this ferment of political controversy, however, new ideas take root, and new standards are created by which to test and shatter the hoary dogmas of a bygone age. Those who take a broad and philosophical view of things see in this welter of confusion the travail of a nation, the growing pains that attend all permanent progress, and the survival of the fittest in parties and national policies. Progress is never backwards, and what political leaders to-day condemn as ruinous to the nation and the Empire, to-morrow will be accepted as the sure foundation of future progress. A wonderful unity of purpose is revealed in the slow growth of the British Empire. There is little room for pessimism, despite the heated conflicts of the pamphleteers, if the controversies of to-day are viewed in the light of past history. It is a good thing for the individual as well as for the nation to have its faith in the future grounded on the immutable doctrine of human progress. Men still have a hankering belief in a "Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." The truth of all this is revealed in the latest book on Golwin Smith. The sage of The Grange saw blue ruin in every movement with which he was out of harmony, and leaders of public opinion—men who the world now knows were the conscious or unconscious instruments of a high destiny in the evolution of national life—were in his erratic judgment little better than tricksters and adventurers conspiring to ruin the British nation and to overthrow the British Empire.

\*

The Irish leader has very little sense of humour. He is dignity personified. No one could imagine John Redmond telling a story to illustrate a point. When, therefore, he drew a picture of the Irish ship—the Home Rule cause—entering the harbour after weathering many storms, and called for "Full speed ahead!" an-

cient mariners of a superstitious turn of mind shook their stolid heads at such reckless Celtic daring, while political opponents laughed and seized upon the figure of speech to point a moral of their own. Full speed ahead for a ship entering harbour could only end in disaster. What fate was in store for the third Home Rule Bill? Ulster at the moment appeared to be the only serious obstacle to the realization of Irish Nationalist hopes. The Liberal coalition was still impervious to external assaults. Had Fate ceased to dog the footsteps of Irish agitation? In 1886 Mr. Chamberlain wrecked Gladstone's hopes and led the secession from the Liberal ranks that placed the Government in a minority. The Parnell-O'Shea divorce proceedings and the split in the Irish Party dug the grave of Gladstone's second bill. Would Fate be more kind in 1913? With consummate skill that had won the admiration of veteran parliamentarians Mr. Redmond had manoeuvred his ship to the harbour mouth and waited for a favouring tide to cast anchor in port. And then the unexpected happened as it always does in Ireland.

Close observers had long marked "Jim" Larkin out as a factor to be reckoned with in an Irish Parliament. Few dreamt that Larkin, and not Carson, would prove to be the chief menace to the passage of the third Home Rule Bill. Sir Edward Carson has been indulging in a hypothetical rebellion, but the advent of Larkin cuts deeper into the body politic. Carsonism is a passing phase of an expiring cause that will have no resurrection under Home Rule. Larkinism is Nationalism in travail giving birth to democratic ideals. Whatever blemishes may be found in Larkinism—and it is condemned in equally strong terms by Roman Catholic bishops and Socialist leaders—it means the awakening of Nationalist Ireland by the fairy godmother, Democracy. Larkinism is at once the

despair both of Redmondism and Carsonism. It gives the lie to the Ulster bogie of religious oppression under Home Rule. It proves what every Irishman knows in his heart that the lines of cleavage in an Irish Parliament will be economic, not religious. It offers hope of the consummation of the dream of the young Irishmen in 1848, of a union of North and South on a platform from which sectarian differences will be banished. For Mr. Redmond it means much anxiety as to the fate of the Home Rule Bill, and at the best the knowledge that in his first Parliament on College Green he will represent the past sufferings, but not the future hopes, of his country. The day for which Michael Davitt longed and prayed has broke in the Green Isle and the first beginnings of his platform of national democracy are being set up in the Irish metropolis. The Irish Nationalist Party has played a stupid game in relation to Larkin. Not a single member, nor a single Irish newspaper has espoused the cause of the strikers in Dublin. This is in strange contrast to the English press, where the cause of the workers has received sympathetic treatment at the hands of all parties. Not so Ireland. Labour and the Irish Nationalist Party have parted in the hour of testing, and no efforts of diplomacy can alter the destiny of the two forces which fate has decreed shall lie wide apart.

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The approaching celebration of the hundred years of peace between English-speaking peoples has let loose the floodgates of discussion as to the future relations between Canada and the Empire on one hand, and between the United States and the Empire on the other. Mr. J. Ellis Barker and Sir Gilbert Parker, among a host of writers on the subject, have written

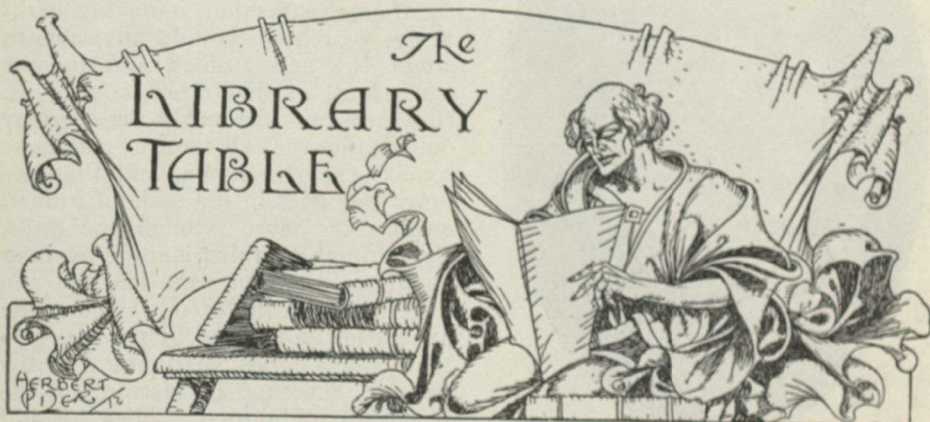
advocating an Anglo-American re-union—a defensive alliance against all the rest of mankind. Community of blood, speech and political institutions form the basis of his claim for closer union between the Empire and the Republic. By some in the United States Mr. Barker's articles are criticized as "the skirmish line of a projected assault, in connection with British Imperial federation, upon the continental independence of the United States." Writing from an American standpoint, Mr. Delos R. Baker asks, "Why were these articles written?" He proceeds to answer his own inquiry by disputing the British premises that between the two peoples there is a community of blood, speech, and political institutions. "If," he says, "Mr. Barker thinks our people are Anglo-Saxons, he should walk down Broadway and read the names on the store-fronts. He should saunter through the Bowery with open eyes and ears and nostrils. Let him read the names in the poll-books of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, New Orleans, and San Francisco, and remember that a large share of the English patronymics belong to varieties such as mulattos, quadroons, octoroons, who bear no affection to their Anglo-Saxon ancestors of the days of slavery, and cherish no pride in their admixture of Anglo-Saxon blood. The farmers and market-gardeners of the United States are more than half German or of German descent." After much more in this strain, Mr. Barker questions the right of Canada to enter a federation of British nations. "If this scheme of British Imperial federation is to be pressed, Canada has come to the parting of the ways. She will have to become American, or else carry her British affiliation to some other and more congenial continent. . . ."



TOWARDS EVENING

From the Painting by Andre Lapine.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



## THE YEAR BOOK OF CANADIAN ART

Compiled by the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE introduction to this volume sets forth concisely its object: "Canadians have been largely advertised as a progressive, successful people, but so far no attempt has been made to review their achievements in those fields in which the fame of other countries has long been established. To supply the deficiency, this volume is published." The arts represented are literature, architecture, music, painting, sculpture, and the book shows what progress was made in these various arts during 1912 and 1913. In every instance the subject treated was assigned to the person regarded as the most capable, with the result that there are in all thirty-seven articles, essays, and sketches, and each one may be considered as the work of an expert. A few of the subjects, for instance, are: "Canadian History and Biography," "French-Can-

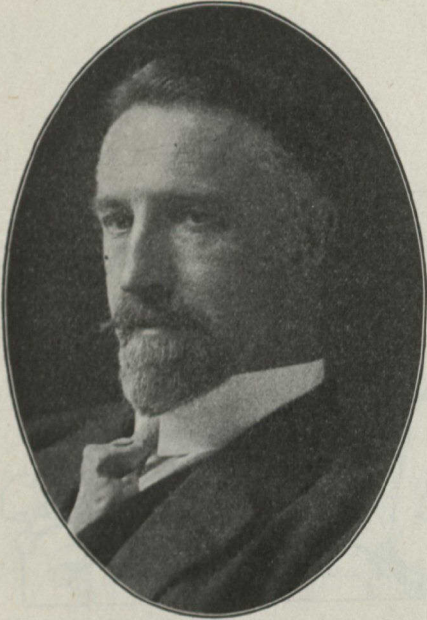
dian Literature," "Poetry," "Fiction," "Choral Music in Ontario," "The Present State of Grand Opera in Canada," "Canadian Art," "Architectural Development in Canada." There are fifty-two illustrations, most of them full-page in size. The book is well printed on good paper, and it is artistically arranged and bound. As all the contributions were gratuitous, it was possible to publish the book at the low price of one dollar.

\*

## MY LIFE WITH THE ESKIMO

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS large volume, profusely illustrated, with map and comprehensive index, is a result of several years of life with and amongst the Eskimo tribes of the far North. Written without any effort to be romantic or sensational, it nevertheless is undoubtedly the most fascinating account yet published of travel and exploration in Arctic regions. Per-



MR. ALAN SULLIVAN

Author of "The Passing of Oul-I-But and other Tales," which is published by J. M. Dent & Sons.

haps the most interesting chapter, certainly from an anthropological point of view, is the account of the discovery of the "Blond" Eskimo, the small band of about a thousand, who inhabit Victoria Land. The author had paid a visit to the Dolphin and Union Straits Eskimo, a race of hospitable, virtuous, peace-loving people, and from them had received accounts of the village on Victoria Island. Wishing to visit this village, he procured a guide, and upon arrival at his destination he found himself face to face with an important scientific discovery. Here was a race of people, many of whom had blue eyes, light and even almost white eyebrows, curly reddish brown hair, fairer complexions than the average Eskimo, and heads shaped like mixed white and Eskimo. What is the origin of this isolated tribe? That is a problem over which the author makes some conjectures. Mr. Stefansson says that while in the Mackenzie District in September, 1907, there

were only a few Christians, although some missionaries had been at work there for more than a decade; but on his return in July of the following year he found to his amazement that every man, woman, and child had been converted. The change he attributes to fashion, it having within the year been thought advisable to adopt the new fashion and become Christians, as had other tribes. In this connection he makes the singular observation that all races of men have some form of religion, and that the lower one goes in the scale of human culture the more religion one finds. The volume contains many absorbing chapters, and one can imagine the difficulties encountered when on one expedition it was found necessary to travel 400 miles to Point Barrow because Sergeant Fitzgerald, of the Northwest Mounted Police, would not give them a supply of matches (an article they had forgotten) unless they would remain near the barracks and under police protection. There are many other trying experiences and hair-breadth escapes, so that altogether the volume is intensely interesting as well as instructive.

\*

THE PASSING OF OUL-I-BUT  
BY ALAN SULLIVAN. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS volume of short tales by a Canadian writer is noteworthy because it gives another instance of the encouragement the publishers (J. M. Dent and Sons) are lending to writers in this country who seek public support. The tales are mostly of life in the Canadian north country, a country familiar to the author. One of them, "The Training of Chiliqui," appeared originally in *The Canadian Magazine*. With each tale is an appropriate poem by the author. "The Passing of Oul-I-But" is, itself, one of the most powerful tales of the North ever written. (London and Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).

## T. TEMBAROM

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Toronto: William Briggs.

FROM a waif of the New York streets to a man of title in England is a big jump, but everyone who knows T. Tembarom as the waif will be delighted to see him "come into his own" later on. As a downright likeable character this one is hard to beat. Even at that early age he had an alluring grin—a grin which curled up his mouth and showed his sound, healthy, young teeth—a lot of them. And even at that early age people liked to see them. It was sheer grit that carried this fellow of no education on to a newspaper. It was to that newspaper's advantage that they appreciated his cheerfulness, his gift of slang, and his way of making friends. The shabby third-rate boarding-house to which he betook himself in these days of comparative affluence was a good deal happier for his presence. It was this shabby boarding-house that possessed that treasure beyond price—Little Ann, to whom T. Tembarom, like the sensible fellow he was, lost his heart for good and all. It needed something quite unusual in the way of women to be T. Tembarom's match. And Little Ann, with her English daisy face and the forget-me-not blue eyes, which made her look like a nice baby of a singularly serious and observing mind, *was* that unusual person. Indeed she was, as the young men in the boarding-house used devoutly to observe, "a wonder." She was a useful little person, too, as well as a goddess. "She mended their socks and sewed buttons on for them with a firm frankness which could not be persuaded into meaning anything more sentimental than a fixed habit of repairing anything which needed it, and which, while at first bewildering in its sincerity, ended by reducing the youths to a dust of devotion." When fate brought it about that T. Tembarom, to his by no means

unqualified satisfaction, was found to be the possessor of an ancient name and a fabulous income, and an inheritance in England so important that he *had* to live on the spot, England, to put it mildly, had the surprise of her life. Later on England, when she had got over the first shock, delighted in T. Tembarom, but she could never fairly be said to get used to him. His slang was of an exotic type. As things panned out T. Tembarom was restored to the wilds of New York, but not before he had "made good" over there.

\*

## THE FRONTIERS OF THE HEART

Translated by Frederick Lees from the French of Victor Marguerite. Toronto: Henry Frowde.

THIS is a novel based on the Franco-Prussian war. A French girl, Martha Ellangé, visits the town of Marburg and there meets a German doctor named Otto Rudheimer. Notwithstanding their different temperaments, nationalities, religions, habits, Martha and Otto fell desperately in love with each other. Their parents object strenuously to a marriage fraught with so many difficulties, but the young couple are determined. Martha goes as a bride to Marburg, but just before the outbreak of war she returns to her father's roof at Amiens to become a mother. The husband joins the medical corps of the Prussian army, and in time enters France and, naturally, the home of his wife and little child. But the war has engendered a terrible animosity against the Prussians, and Martha and Otto find that their early romantic attachment will not withstand their present clashing sentiments, and accordingly there is now between them no bond of sympathy except the child. Martha returns to Marburg and takes the child with her, although she rebelled greatly against going. The situation, how-

ever, is impossible, so that Martha soon finds herself agreeing to a petition for divorce. She goes back to her native country, taking the child with her. The father's hope is that by having the child with him for a time every year he will grow up with German ambitions and a love for the traditions of his father's people. All of which suggests a sequel. It is a good study in racial animosity.

\*

### THE STORY OF WAITSTILL BAXTER

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Toronto:  
William Briggs.

THIS is a departure from the racy type of story by the author who has become famous as the creator of Rebecca, Polly, the Birds, Penelope, and Timothy, and many readers may not find it racy enough. However, it is a pretty, gentle, placid story. Waitstill Baxter and her sister, Patty, lived with their miserly old father, and, though they did their duty to the old curmudgeon, found life a thankless task. Patty made a runaway marriage, while Waitstill went to the man she knew adored her and offered to become his wife. This man, who was the good and true Ivory Boynton, was an excellent son to a mother who had lost her memory and who eventually died.

\*

### HAGAR

By MARY JOHNSTON. Toronto: Wil-  
liam Briggs.

A REVIEWER of this novel asks a very pertinent question. Hagar is a keen advocate of equal suffrage, and when she is on the point of marriage she tells the man that while she is determined to make the adventure with him she has no intention of giving up her work in the cause of "woman's rights." "I wish a child," she says, "when it needs me, and when it needs me I shall be

there." The reviewer asks, How about half a dozen? Half a dozen children would not give Hagar much time to pursue her work for women. One child, of course, would not be so bad. A woman could manage one all right; and I suppose some women would feel that in the one they were fulfilling their whole duty to God and man. But there is another phase of Hagar's philosophy. She says, "I wish a child when it needs me." She does not say, "I wish a child when I need it." Most women need not a child, but children; and that is just where Hagar came to the stumbling-block in her desire to serve her own sex and at the same time carry out, to some degree at least, the whole function of womanhood. It is an interesting novel, with a slight love element compared with the buoyant romance by the same writer—"To Have and to Hold."

\*

### THE DARK FLOWER

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. London:  
William Heinemann. Toronto: The  
Copp, Clark Company.

LIKE all Mr. Galsworthy's novels, this is a supreme piece of fiction, the kind, again, that one cannot describe. One has to be a reader of Galsworthy to appreciate the peculiar grace and subtlety of his art. For his work is genuine art, not so much the thing itself as the way it is done, which, of course, is everything. Here we have a youth, a young Oxford youth, walking along Holywell on an afternoon in early June. He is on the way to read to his tutor an essay on Oliver Cromwell. At the tutor's home there is Anne Stormer, the tutor's wife, with her brown hair, her deep-set ice-green eyes under black lashes. This woman is old, although she has but thirty-six years—many years older than the youth whom she grows to love. The boy becomes an easy prey, his very inadequacy of thought and expression



making him all the more touching. The dark flower—passion—was all a-bud within him. But his was a divided allegiance. Because, as luck would have it, there was also by his side a jolly little girl, who climbed trees with him, a little girl who had ripping hair, and whose eyes were of a stunning forget-me-not blue. And when Anna Stormer heard youth call to youth she stood aside. Her tragedy is all the more biting because it is lived under the satirical eyes of her enigmatical husband. Did he care under the distinguished irony of his regard. Once we find him looking at her, and at a supreme moment, too, and it almost seems as if that suave irony was all there was to him. "But one hand on the edge of his coat pocket—out of the picture, as it were—was nervously closing and unclosing." That suggestive hand is all we are ever to know of how he felt. But if it were necessary at this time of day it would be sufficient to prove Mr. Galsworthy the supreme artist.

\*

### THE LADY ELECT

BY NORMAN HINSDALE PITMAN. Toronto: Henry Frowde.

THIS is the story of a Chinese girl who rebels against an "arranged" marriage and of the terrible ordeals of her lover, who braves the horrors of Buddhist tyranny in order to save his sweetheart from the fate arranged for her by a wicked priest. The author is a Professor of English in Peking Normal School, and he has many opportunities to study at first hand Chinese conditions. The story deals with a time prior to the recent "awakening" of China, but even in the development of the romance one hears rumblings of an approaching upheaval. The illustrations are Chinese in character, and evidently they are the work of native Chinese artists.

### JACK CHANTY

BY HULBERT FOOTNER. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS Canadian writer's novels are above all other things full of action and colour. He deals with the North country as if he knows it, and his characterizations are as a rule well done. His sense of the dramatic is not over-refined, because at times his incidents become melodramatic, but one should remember, of course, that he writes about a country and a class of people whose life and character is made up largely of melodrama. In this story he throws a veil of mystery around his hero, for Jack Chanty on a raft floats into the story in the very first chapter and falls in love with Mary Cranston, daughter of the Hudson's Bay Company trader at Fort Cheever. Jack formerly worked in a bank in Montreal. Shortly after his departure for the woods another clerk in the bank steals ten thousand dollars, leaving the impression behind that Malcolm Piers (otherwise Jack Chanty) is the thief. When the guilty man and Jack Chanty come face to face, at Fort Cheever, neither knowing the other to be within a thousand miles, the melodrama begins, but it is thrilling and picturesque.

\*

—"Book-Plate Specimens" is the title of an interesting booklet dealing with the history, art, and usefulness of the book-plate. While book-plates have been in use almost ever since books themselves have been printed, their popularity and value have increased tremendously within recent years. Now that every school and college possesses a library, the use of the book-plate is invaluable because without it many volumes would be lost. It is a much more dignified mark than that of the commonplace rubber stamp. (London, 49 Gt. Portland Street: Henry A. Ward).



#### MAKE SURE OF HIM

The late Wilbur Sanders, of Montana, once United States Senator from that State, rode into a Montana mining town one afternoon and found the entire population about to lynch a man who had been stealing ore.

Sanders pushed his way into the crowd.

"Stop this!" he thundered. "Stop this! I protest! There has been too much of this sort of thing in Montana. We must break up this habit we have of hanging men without a trial by law. You must not hang him now. Let us give him a fair and impartial trial as prescribed by law, and then hang him!"—*Exchange.*

\*

#### DO YOU MEAN WHAT YOU SAY?

Inquirer—How much are the seats in the parquet for the Nazimova engagement?

Boxoffice Man—Two dollars for the first fifteen rows.

Inquirer—Oh, I don't want nearly so many. How much for just two seats?

Boxoffice Man—But what's the use? You wouldn't print what he said.—*J. U. H.*

#### GRATITUDE

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeil Whistler at dinner one evening.

During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist.

"Aw y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pahssed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler quietly. "Thank you, very much."—*London Tit-Bits.*

\*

#### "OLD USE AND WORN"

General Marion Maus has a keen and delicate taste in literature, and at a recent dinner at Vancouver Barracks, discussing a popular novel of little worth, General Maus said:

"The pathos of the book is really bathos. It reminds me of a private's widow. The good woman was about to sell her household furniture, her rugs, plated ware, and what not. As she was going over these articles her eyes filled with tears, a host of memories rose to her mind, and laying aside a half-dozen knives, she said: 'Oh, dear! I can't let these go! They've been in poor George's mouth too often!'"

## GENIUS AND MARRIAGE

"The married life of a genius is usually unhappy—so is that of his wife."

The speaker was Miss Helen Gould, who was discussing marriage in general.

"To be the wife of a genius is bad," she said, "but to be the husband of one is much worse. At a musicale I heard a lady say:

"Who is that man with the soft-bosomed shirt and Windsor tie?"

"He is the husband of the wonderful contralto, Vivavoce," her companion answered.

"Yes," said the other, "but who was he before his marriage?"

\*

## GOOD-NIGHT

The neatness of the New England housekeeper is a matter of common remark, and husbands in that part of the country are supposed to appreciate their advantages.

A bit of dialogue reported as follows shows that there may be another side to the matter:

"Martha, have you wiped the sink dry yet?" asked the farmer, as he made final preparations for the night.

"Yes, Josiah," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I did want a drink, but I guess I can get along until morning."—*Everybody's*.

\*

## A DOUBLE-EDGED QUESTION

The late Bishop Fowler was presiding at a Methodist Conference when he made a ruling that displeased a prominent Methodist editor who was present.

The editor sprang to his feet and paraphrased a verse from the Ninety-first Psalm: "Deliver me from the snare of the fowler!" he shouted.

Before he could go further Bishop Fowler calmly broke in and completed the quotation: "And from the noisome pestilence!" And the editor had nothing more to say.—*The Saturday Post*.

## A CLOSE SHAVE

Lord Crewe, who tells many a good story, relates the following concerning his father, the late Lord Houghton. In a second-hand dealer's shop in Wardour Street one day Lord Houghton saw and admired a portrait of an admiral in full uniform. He offered £5 for it, but the dealer refused to part with it for less than £7 10s. As neither would give way the picture remained where it was. Not long afterwards, while visiting at a country house, Lord Houghton saw the picture hanging in the dining-room. He went towards it with an exclamation of surprise. "Hullo! what have you got here?" "Oh that is a portrait that has just been bequeathed to us," replied his host, a rather vulgar, boasting man. "It is the portrait of one of Nelson's admirals, an ancestor of ours." "Was he, indeed?" commented Lord Houghton. "A month ago he was within two pounds ten of becoming one of mine."—*The Tatler*.



"An' hoo's yer husband this morning, Mrs. Tamson?"

"Oh, he's awfu' bad. The doctor said his temperature has gone to one hundred and fifty."

"Nae, nae, you've made a mistake. Sandy's temperature could never be as muckle as one hundred and fifty; at least, no in this world."

—*Tatler*

## THE MUZZLED WOLVES

"The wolves were upon us," he related to the girl he was trying to impress. "Their howling penetrated to our very marrow. We fled for our lives. But each second we knew that the ravenous pack was gaining on us. Closer, closer—at last they were so close that we could feel their muzzles against our legs so that—"

"Ah," sighed the lady, greatly relieved. "How glad you must have been that they had their muzzles on!" *Everybody's Magazine.*

\*

## HAVE SNOWS, DEAR

A young Montrealer went to London last winter and was making a call upon a pretty young woman whom he had met there for the first time.

"Do you have reindeer in Canada?" asked the young lady.

"No, darling," he answered. "At this season it always snows."—*The Montreal Herald.*



DIMINUTIVE CONVIVIAL ONE: 'Ow do I look, Fred?  
FRED (buoyantly and with conviction): Absolutely  
one of the (hic) nuts.  
—Tatler

## WANTED TO SWAP

Two Kansas City lawyers, whose names are withheld for obvious reasons, declare that they were present when the following incident occurred:

Uncle Mose was a chronic thief who usually managed to keep within the petty-larceny limit. One time he miscalculated, however, and was sent to trial on a charge of grand larceny.

"Have you a lawyer, Mose?" asked the court.

"No, sah."

"Well, to be perfectly fair, I'll appoint a couple. Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown will act as counsel."

"What's dat?"

"Act as your lawyers—consult with them and prepare to tell me whether you are guilty or not guilty."

"Yas, sah."

Mose talked to his attorneys for a few moments in husky whispers. The judge caught only the word *alibi*, several times repeated. Then Mose arose, scratched his head, and addressed the court:

"Jedge, yoh Honah," he said. "Cou'se Ah's only an ign'ant niggah, an' Ah don' want toh bothah yoh Honah, but Ah would suttinly like toh trade, yoh Honah, one ob dese yeah lawyers foh a witness."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

\*

## MUST HURRY UP

Mr. Charles Leach, M.P., the author of a determined effort to curtail the length of Parliamentary speeches in the British Commons, was at one time a noted Congregationalist minister. One of his stories concerns a "Passive Resister," who, speaking at a crowded meeting about his favourite topic, apologised to the chairman for the length of discourse by saying: "Sir, I am not speaking at present to this magnificent audience, I am speaking to posterity!" "Then hurry up, old chap!" was the chairman's audible retort, "or the young beggars will be here before you've finished!"

BOVRIL  
TAKEN

## The body-building power of BOVRIL proved to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

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—has "the taste," a certain zest and piquancy of flavor you can't find in any other cheese.

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We have secured the Canadian rights to all the patented designs and exclusive processes which have made U. S. "Nobby Treads" the world's best. We have erected the big factory you see below, and equipped it with duplicates of all the special machines used in the four great factories of the U. S. Tire Company.

The product of this factory, the DOMINION "Nobby Tread," is certainly the best tire that has ever been made on Canadian soil, and has no superior in any other country.

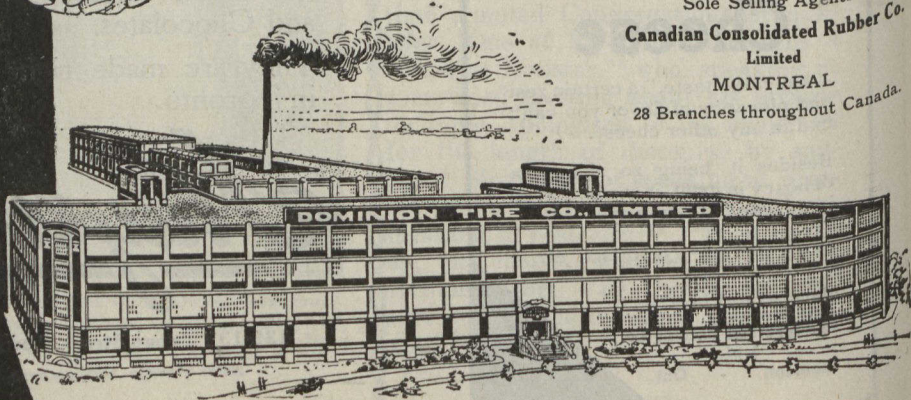
It has the same absolutely Non-Skid "Nobby Tread" which was worked out in co-operation by the Morgan & Wright, Hartford, G. & J. and Continental Tire people. It has the same uniform bull-dog strength in every part of the carcass, because we build it on the same machines, by the same exclusive processes.

So keen is the demand for DOMINION "Nobby Treads" that we have had to cut down some of the largest orders so as to be able to supply some, at least, to every dealer in Canada. To avoid delay, get your order in with your dealer at once.

**Dominion Tire Co., Limited**  
BERLIN, ONTARIO

Sole Selling Agents:  
**Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co.**  
Limited  
MONTREAL  
28 Branches throughout Canada.

"Dominion  
Tires  
are  
Good  
Tires"





## Robust Health

Is built principally upon the sturdy foundation of **Right Food**.

Purity first—then nutrition to meet the law of daily waste and repair of body, brain and nerve cells. But,—the food must contain all the essential elements, or there cannot be robust health.

Injurious preservatives are not permitted by the pure food laws ; but the law does not prohibit millers from leaving out of some kinds of flour certain parts of the wheat berry which contain vital mineral salts—grown in the grains by Nature—and necessary for the normal balance of body, brain and nerves.

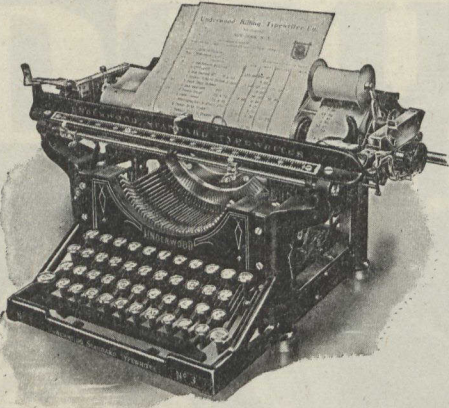
This lack in daily food is responsible for many common ailments.

# Grape-Nuts FOOD

made of whole wheat and malted barley, meets every requirement.

It has delicious taste and retains in perfect balance all the nutrition of the grains, including the mineral salts—thus admirably supplying what many foods lack.

For robust health try **Grape-Nuts**—“*There's a Reason*”



# All Speed Records

Are made on the

## UNDERWOOD

AT the annual typewriting contest for the World's Championship held in New York City on Oct. 22, 1913. Margaret B. Owen using the Underwood Typewriter wrote 7925 words in one hour—a net speed after deducting 5 words for every error, of

**125 words a minute.**

*Eleven Underwood operators in this contest wrote over 100 words a minute.*

**United Typewriter Co., Ltd.**  
**TORONTO**

OFFICES IN ALL CANADIAN CITIES.

### Record for 8 Years, All won on the Underwood

Year.	Winner.	Words Per Minute.
1906	Rose L. Fritz .....	82
1907	Rose L. Fritz .....	87
1908	Rose L. Fritz .....	87
1909	Rose L. Fritz .....	95
1910	H. O. Blaisdell .....	109
1911	H. O. Blaisdell .....	112
1912	Florence E. Wilson .....	117
1913	Margaret B. Owen .....	125

## DAME FASHION'S DECREES

are as rigid in matters of correspondence as they are in matters of dress.

Even more so, in fact, because one's letters must convey the personality of the writer.

Women who rightly regard their correspondence as a particular social pleasure, are careful to use BARBER-ELLIS

### *Iris Linen*

Stationery—the *notepaper de luxe*, made especially for the correspondence of discriminating Canadian women.

All good stationers sell it, but if you should have any difficulty in getting it, write to us for samples and we will arrange for a nearby stationer to supply you.

**BARBER-ELLIS, Limited**

BRANTFORD

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER



Gives Life  
to the  
Scrubbing  
Brush



Old Dutch  
Cleanser



## Rodgers' Name and Rodgers' Quality

have stood the test of time and are better known and more appreciated after generations of use than ever before.

When you require cutlery of any kind and wish the very best, the reputation of Rodgers' that has been growing for 250 years should satisfy you that Rodgers' is the best to buy.

**Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited**

*Cutlers to His Majesty*

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

## Clear Carbon Copies Would Save Your Time

**T**H**E**R**E** is no excuse for poor Carbon copies—faint smudgy copies. They waste hours of your time, often prove to be your only record of important letters—a quotation or agreement.

Some like that in *your files?* You can't be using PEERLESS Carbons. PEERLESS Carbon Papers make copies clear as originals without smudging or blurring. Order a box and note the difference.

**PEERLESS**  
A BRAND

CARBON  
PAPERS

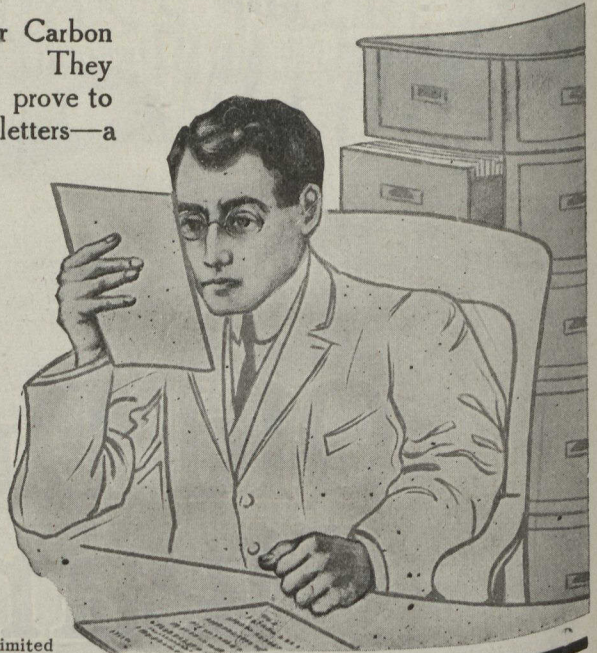
TYPEWRITER  
RIBBONS

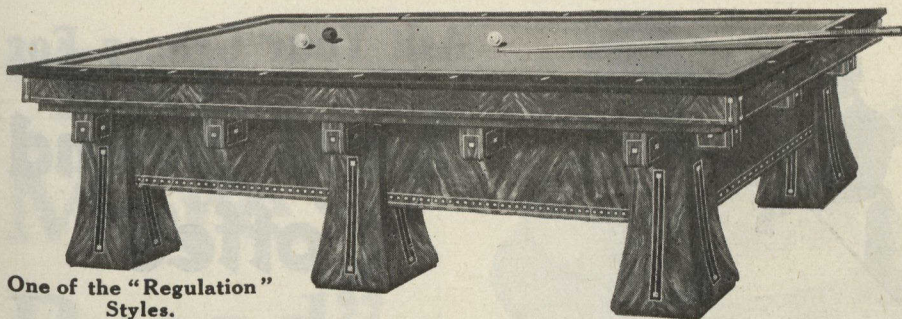
52

Clean cut, neatly-typed letters are a credit to the firm that sends them out. If yours are not going out in as fine shape as you would like, PEERLESS Ribbons will sharpen them up.

There are PEERLESS Dealers everywhere.

PEERLESS CARBON & RIBBON MFG. CO., Limited  
176-178 Richmond Street West - - - Toronto





One of the "Regulation"  
Styles.

## Home Billiards— Play on "Made in Canada" Tables!

Play the royal game of billiards on tables *made in Canada*.

The makers of the celebrated Brunswick Billiard Tables offer you a splendid opportunity to secure any size or style of table at low cost and on easy terms.

These masterpiece tables have held undisputed supremacy for more than sixty years. The name BRUNSWICK on a billiard table is the symbol of highest excellence.

# BRUNSWICK Billiard Tables—Ideal Gifts

As a birthday gift for man or boy, a Brunswick Billiard Table heads the list. It will provide a lifetime of finest entertainment.

## Our Famous "Baby Grand" and "Convertible" Styles

In addition to our many splendid styles of regulation-size tables, we offer a variety of beautiful styles in *special home sizes*.

Brunswick "Baby Grand" Styles of Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables are made of Mahogany, with classic inlaid design. Richly finished. Unexcelled playing qualities. Sizes 3 x 6, 3½ x 7, 4 x 8. The illustration at bottom of page shows one of the "Baby Grands."

Brunswick "Convertible" Styles of Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables can be used in any room. They serve as handsome Dining Tables Library Tables or Dayenports when not in use for billiard playing. Sizes 3 x 6 and 3½ x 7. Equal in playing qualities to "Baby Grand."

## Made in Canada Used Throughout the World

Brunswick Billiard Tables are MADE IN CANADA and used exclusively by the world's cue experts. Each is a fine example of expert cabinet work. Fitted with Slate Bed, the celebrated Monarch Quick-Acting Cushions. Accurate angles, perfect playing qualities, scientific construction in detail. Furnished in Mahogany, Oak, Circassian Walnut and various other woods.

## A Year to Pay Complete Playing Outfit Free

Any size or style of table can be purchased on easy terms. We spread the payments over an entire year. The price of each table includes complete high-grade Playing Outfit, Cues, Balls, Bridge, Rack, Chalk, Assorted Tips, Lightning Cue Clamps, Markers, Cover, Billiard Brush, Rules, Book on "How to Play," Etc.

### The Brunswick Book Free

Send for our richly illustrated book "Billiards—The Home Magnet," containing pictures, descriptions, Factory Prices and details of Easy-Purchase Plan, or call and see tables on exhibition at any of our branch offices named below.

## THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

The "Made in Canada" Billiard Table Firm  
Dept. N. L., 80 York Street, Toronto, Ont.

Branches—Edmonton, Alta., 647 Fourth St.  
Montreal, P. Q., 11 Notre Dame St. W.  
Vancouver, B. C., 552 Beatty St.  
Winnipeg, Man., 9 Princess St.



"Baby Grand"  
Pocket Billiard Table



## Ask Your Grocer For Seal Brand Coffee

—use it for breakfast tomorrow  
—and note the satisfied smile as  
your husband enjoys his  
morning cup.



145

Chase & Sanborn, Montreal.



# UPTON'S



## THE "UPTON" FLAVOR

in jams and Jellies is the most delicious that can be obtained, because these Goods are made from only the purest of Fruits under the most hygienic conditions—The natural flavor of fresh fruits.

Try an order of UPTON'S  
on your next Grocery List

THE T. UPTON COMPANY, LIMITED  
HAMILTON - ONTARIO



# “Eat More Bread”



Of course you should “eat more bread” and less meat—but be sure your bread contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. The only bread that fulfils all these requirements is

## Shredded Wheat Biscuit

the natural, elemental food, not “treated” or compounded with anything—contains no yeast, no baking powder, no chemicals of any kind—just pure, whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked. Served with hot milk it makes a nourishing, satisfying dish for a cold day.



Always heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with hot milk or cream will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work. Try TRISCUIT, the Shredded Wheat Wafer, for luncheon with butter, cheese or marmalade.

Made only by

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Limited, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.  
TORONTO OFFICE: 49 WELLINGTON STREET E.

Most Important  
of all



MAPLE  
LEAF  
LABEL

A food that is at once ap-  
petising, nourishing and  
easy to digest.

Do you sometimes overlook  
this important purchase?

COWAN'S  
PERFECTION  
COCOA



# Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

## Pianos of Prestige

Your Longing For Music  
Easily Satisfied

From a rag-time with its irresistible lilt, to a woods-poems of MacDowell's is a long step.

You may enjoy either, or very likely both. In any event you can satisfy your taste if only you possess a

# Gerhard Heintzman

## PLAYER PIANO

*(Which anyone can play—ANYONE)*

Why go through the rest of your life with a longing for music? Why not satisfy that longing for music now?

You can produce any music on the GERHARD HEINTZMAN. You can put into that music your own feeling—your own interpretation; it's wonderful what a power this puts into your untrained hands.

Every day you put off getting this great boon is a day lost.

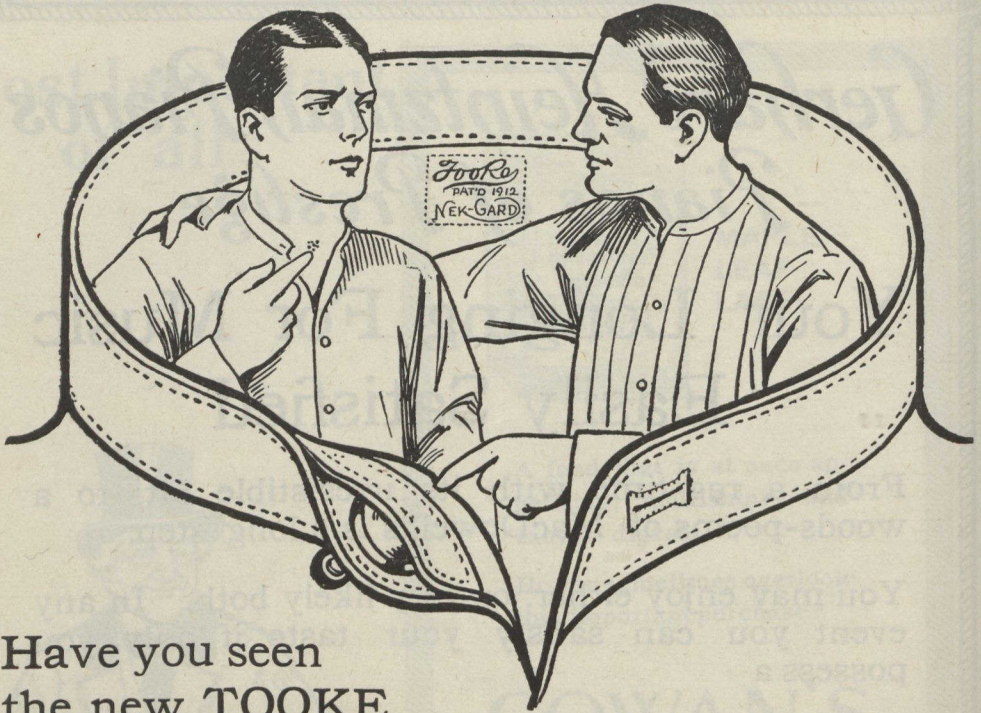
Your old instrument taken in part payment—convenient terms arranged. Send for art booklet giving fullest information.

*Our only city salesrooms are*

**GERHARD-HEINTZMAN, Limited - 41-43 Queen St. West,**

**TORONTO (Opposite City Hall)**

**Salesrooms in Hamilton next to Post Office.**



Have you seen  
the new **TOOKE**  
Shirts with the

**Tooke**  
PATENT  
**NEK-GARD**

This is the latest improve-  
ment—and “the greatest  
thing that ever happened  
to a shirt.”



## REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

### A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



TRADE  
**MULTIKOPY**  
MARK

### CARBON PAPER

Insure yourself with MultiKopy's sharp, non-smudging, permanent copies that are clear as long as the paper lasts. Save money with the carbon paper that is always uniform, acts the same in dry weather or wet, doesn't dry out nor skin over, and whose remarkable durability makes one sheet good for at least 100 letters. For clean, permanent, reliable records—

*Write for your FREE Sheet Now*

F. S. WEBSTER CO., 363 Congress St., Boston, Mass.  
Makers of Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., 7-9 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Ont.

## QUALITY versus STYLE

A well dressed Gentleman is more particular about the quality of his clothes than he is of the style.

## VICKERMAN'S Serges, Worsteds and Cheviots

have a history dating back over 120 years and are acknowledged throughout the world as the best goods produced.

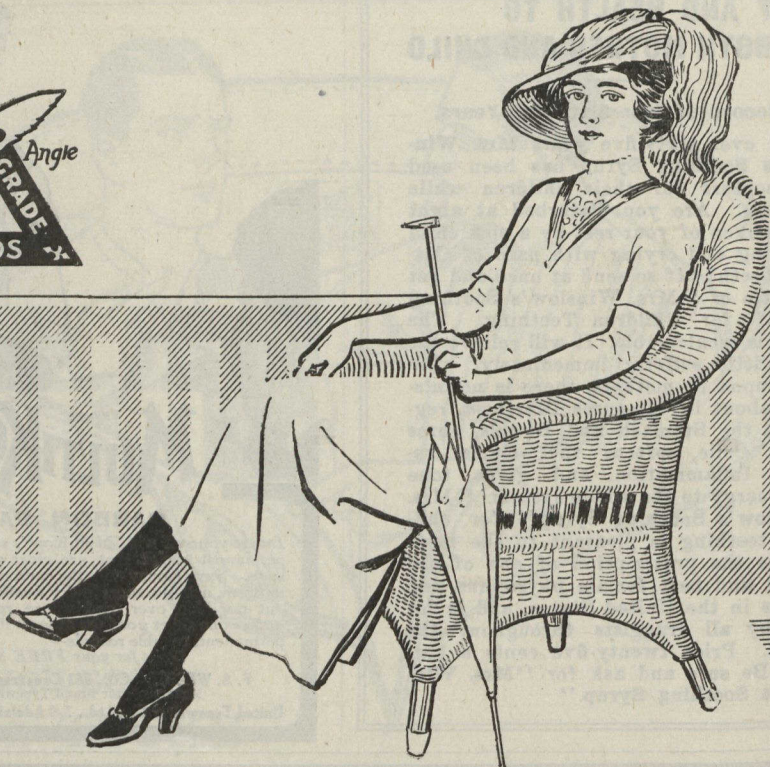
### B. VICKERMAN & SON'S LTD.

The Name Trade Mark every 3 yards

NISBET & AULD, LIMITED

TORONTO

Wholesale Selling Agents in Canada



THERE'S *an air of quiet elegance* and good taste about *Penmans Hosiery* which men and women of refinement are quick to note.

*Penmans Hosiery is knit-to-form—without-a-seam—the Penman way, which insures velvety comfort, longer wear and lasting shapeliness while it makes ripping and darning mere memories associated with ordinary hose. You can buy this vastly better hosiery at the price you'd have to pay for common hose.*

# Penmans Hosiery

is made for men, women and children in cotton, cashmere, silk and lisle—any weight and all popular colors. *Look for the trademark!*

**Penmans Limited,**

**Hosiery, Sweaters,  
Underwear**

**Paris, Can.**

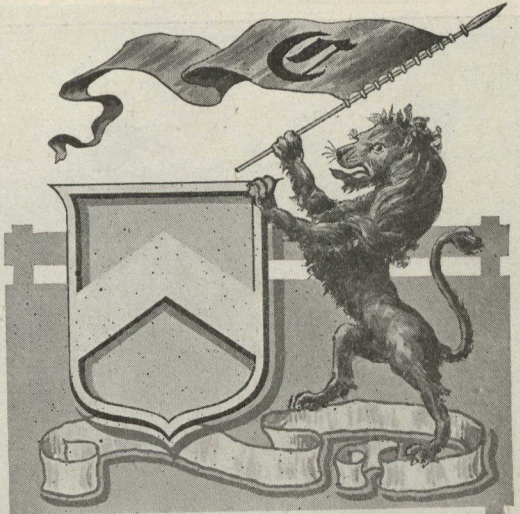
## No Office is Complete



without our **D. L. Standard Lockers**. You owe it to yourself and your staff to have a sanitary receptical for your clothes. The **D. L. Standard Locker** possess a quality, a style and finished appearance different and superior to those of the ordinary make. Each Locker is a unit. You can make cabinets of any size or number of units; you can add to or take from the cabinet whatever re-arranging or addition required. Lockers may be ordered set up— assembled at factory, or shipped knocked down— to be assembled at destination.



**Dennis Wire & Iron Co.**  
London, Ontario, Canada



## The Cromwell

Of sturdy simplicity in design, with the strength and weight of each piece in the right place, the Cromwell is a pattern of wonderful superiority. Finished bright, it has the appearance of sterling. Like all

## 1847 ROGERS BROS.

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

### Most Popular for Gifts

Spoons, Forks, Knives and Serving Pieces of **1847 ROGERS BROS.** silver plate make serviceable and highly appreciated gifts.

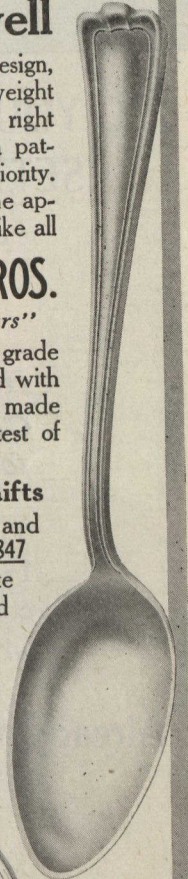
Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for illustrated catalogue.

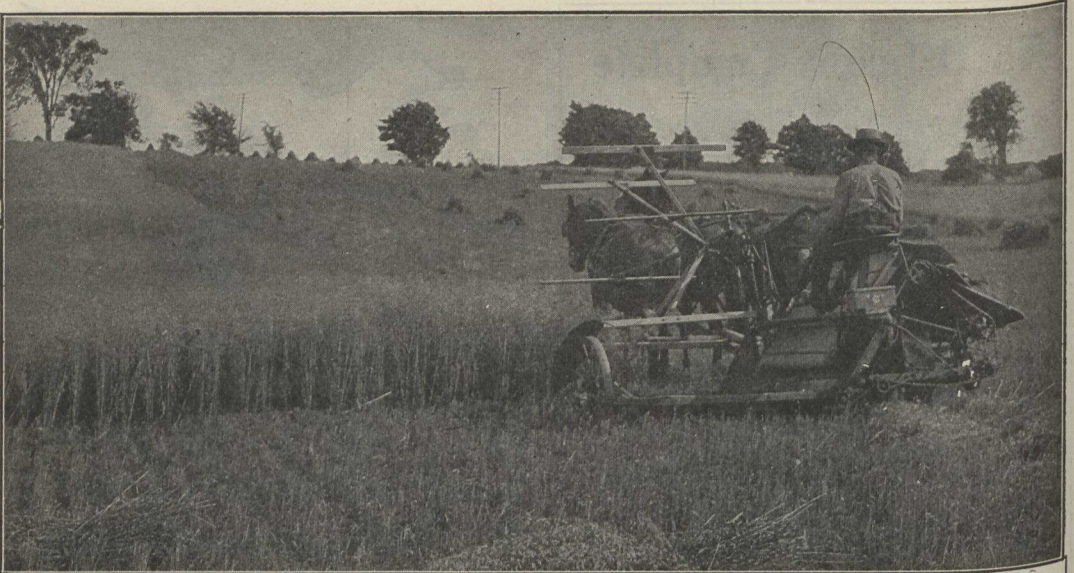
**Meriden Britannia Co. Limited**

Hamilton, Ontario

MERIDEN, CONN.  
NEW YORK  
CHICAGO  
SAN FRANCISCO

The World's Largest  
Makers of Sterling  
Silver and Plate





**DO YOU KNOW THAT THE PRESENT RUSH OF  
SETTLERS TO CANADA REPRESENTS  
A NEW SETTLER EVERY MINUTE  
OF OUR WAKING HOURS?**

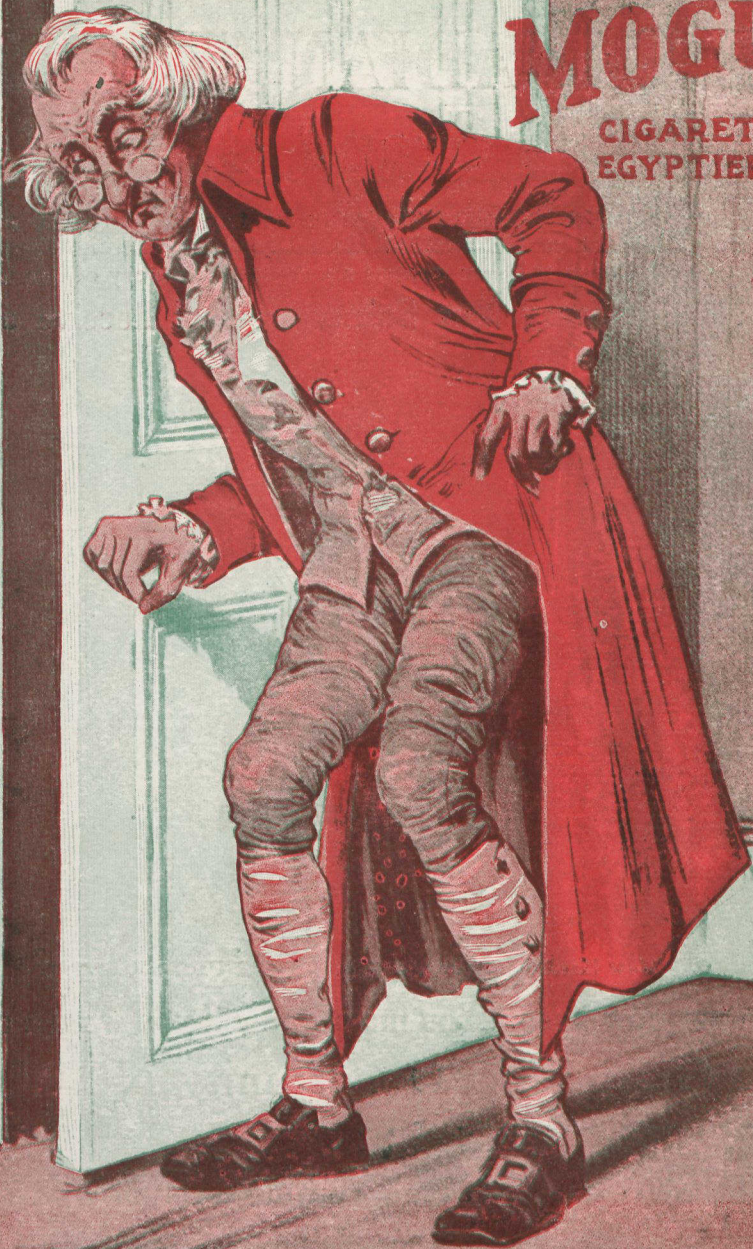
*Have you ever CONSIDERED what makes  
CANADA such an ATTRACTIVE FIELD  
for SETTLEMENT?*

The Canada of today is a land of Peace and Plenty, a place of Sunshine and Big Crops, a country whose soil spells WHEAT and out of whose farms thousands are growing rich.

**Already CANADA'S per capita wealth is the greatest  
in the WORLD.**

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS WRITE TO:—

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, OTTAWA, CANADA, or  
J. OBED SMITH, Asst. Supt. of Emigration, 11-12 Charing Cross, London, S. W., England.



# MOGUL

CIGARETTES  
EGYPTIENNES

Startled at the stillness broken by this word so  
strangely spoken  
I crossed the office softly and I peeped out  
through the door  
But no soul my vision greeted; so went back,  
but scarce was seated  
Ere the voice again repeated, this time  
underneath the floor  
"MOGUL! MOGUL! smoke some more."

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE Makes this Grand Offer to You

Subscribe for the Canadian Magazine for two years at the regular price and receive a lot 33 x 120 feet at East New Hazelton, Free (with the exception of a small fee to cover cost of surveying, delivery of deed, etc.).

**Each and Every New Subscriber will Receive a Lot**



New Hazelton Station, on Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

**Reservation now open. You must hurry if you want a choice lot.  
Grasp This Opportunity NOW.**

There are no strings to this offer. The reputation of The Canadian Magazine is your ample guarantee that every statement made here is genuinely true.

East new Hazelton adjoins the well established town of New Hazelton, in a district immensely wealthy in coal and, and a variety of minerals, and fringed by some of the most productive farm country in the world.

## **This is No Fake Scheme**

It will stand a thorough investigation.

The Canadian Magazine is in the publishing business and not in the real estate business, but is offering these lots as a special inducement to get your subscription.

## **INVESTIGATE THIS OFFER NOW**

Write or Phone Main 2978, Manager Premium Dept.

**The Canadian Magazine, 302 Webster Building,  
53 Yonge Street, Toronto.**

Manager Premium Department,  
302 Webster Building,  
53 Yonge St., Toronto.

Kindly send me complete information in regard to lots in East New Hazelton you are offering with your Magazine as a special inducement.

Name .....

Address .....

Phone .....

# The latest figure



can only be obtained by proper corseting. The latest "La Diva" French Models made in Silk Knit Peau de Suede, Tricots, Tricots Elastiques, Tangos, Slip-on Elastic Corsets, Linen Mesh, Etc., are the last word of the corset maker's art.

*La Diva*  
NON-RUSTABLE

Sold at reasonable prices by leading dealers throughout Canada, Australia, Etc. If your dealer cannot supply you a request to us will bring you a copy of our catalogue and the name of our nearest customer.

The Dominion Corset Co.

Quebec

 A black and white illustration of a woman sitting in a hammock. She is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved dress and dark shoes. The hammock is draped with a patterned fabric and has tassels at the ends. A box of 'GANONG'S' chocolates is placed on the hammock near her. The word 'GANONG'S' is printed on the fabric of the hammock.
 

IRRESISTIBLE

**GANONG'S**  
THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND  
**CHOCOLATES**





**PURITY OF STYLE**  
*Standard Silver Plate*

embodies the essential factors that determine the value of decorative and table silver

*Quality—The best that can be produced,  
 Original Designs—Worked-out by prominent artists.*

Careful consideration is given to the selection of the designs, for we realize the importance of thoroughly high class goods, fit to adorn every Canadian Home and we base

**THE SUCCESS**  
*of*  
**STANDARD SILVER PLATE**

on the reputation earned by our goods everywhere, through the original designs, honest workmanship and value given, unequalled by any other make.

**Wisdom says: "Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for "Standard Silver plate."**

**SOLD BY RELIABLE JEWELERS EVERYWHERE.**

Manufactured and guaranteed by  
**Standard Silver Co., Limited**  
 Madison Ave., Toronto



# Williams' Shaving Soaps

Use Williams' Shaving Soaps and you will be

## Saving Time



because they give a quick and copious lather that speedily softens the beard and remains cool and moist as long as you need it.

## Saving Energy



because they prepare the beard perfectly for the razor and make shaving a relaxation.

## Saving Worry



because you will anticipate your shave with a smile of satisfaction and not with a frown of annoyance.

## Saving Temper



because they will make your razor and yourself the best of friends and leave a happy face soft and velvety as a boy's.

## Saving Money



because so little soap is required to make a big, thick, creamlike, lasting lather.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,  
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.  
After Shaving use Williams' Talc Powder



## Special Offer

### Suit Case Sets

In order that those who are not familiar with our new toilet requisites may have an opportunity to try some of them, we have prepared very attractive sets of samples which we call "Men's Suit Case Sets" and "Women's Suit Case Sets." These are handsomely decorated boxes, each containing five trial size reproductions of our regular packages. Either set will be sent for 24 cents in stamps if your dealer does not supply you.

# Just See Your Pimples Flee

**After You Have Used Stuart's Calcium Wafers and Rid  
Your Blood of All Its Impurities.**

The abolishing of all skin disorders must begin with the blood. Lotions, salves, cosmetics, etc., will do no material good. The trouble comes from within and there the remedy must be applied.

If you really desire quick action and at the same time a common sense, natural, harmless blood purifier, then Stuart's Calcium Wafers is this remedy.



**"After Using Stuart's Calcium Wafers  
My Pimples Went Away Like Magic."**

The correct and best blood purifier known to science is—Calcium Sulphide. This great cleanser is contained in proper quantities in Stuart's Calcium Wafers and that is why all blood troubles and skin blemishes rapidly disappear after their use.

An unsightly and pimply face due to impure blood is one of the most disgusting sights one can see and yet all about us, upon the streets, in the theatre, when traveling, etc., we see these horrible results.

There is no need for this condition if you will take Stuart's Calcium Wafers daily and keep all salves, lotions, cosmetics and other harmful preparations from clogging the pores.

Every first-class druggist in this country carries Stuart's Calcium Wafers, which are pleasant to take, harmless, and may be obtained for 50 cents a box.

# LIQUID GRANITE



**BERRY  
BROTHERS'  
VARNISHES**

## The Varnish That Makes It Easy To Keep Floors Clean

This wonderful, durable varnish protects and keeps beautiful your linoleum and hardwood floors under the severest use. Mopping and scrubbing won't hurt floors finished with Liquid Granite. It imparts a smooth, glossy surface so tough and elastic that soap and water won't dim its lustre or lessen its durability.

## An Ideal Finish for Linoleum

Liquid Granite gives perfect protection to linoleum and oil cloth, besides being the best varnish to put on wood floors. It is easily applied and lasts for years.

It is especially good for floors where wear is excessive, such as in kitchens and pantries. Liquid Granite keeps your linoleum from having that worn, faded appearance common with unvarnished floors.

Other celebrated Berry Brothers products are **Luxeberry White Enamel**, unequalled for bedrooms, bath rooms, etc.; **Luxeberry Wood Finish**, for interior woodwork; **Luxeberry Spar Varnish**, for natural woods exposed to severe outside weather.

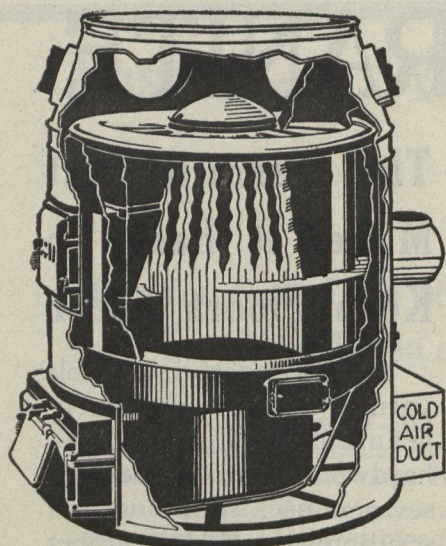
Fifty-six year's experience in varnish making stand as the guarantee of these finishes.

Your dealer sells Berry Brothers' Varnishes. Ask him about them or write us direct.

**BERRY BROTHERS,**  
INCORPORATED

*World's Largest Varnish Makers Since 1858.*

**Walkerville, Ontario.**



## The James Smart Mfg. Co. Limited

BROCKVILLE, Ont. WINNIPEG, Man.

## The Extra Weight in a KELSEY Saves Coal Bills

You can buy a Kelsey Warm Air Generator for less than any good steam or hot water heating system. But a Kelsey costs more than an ordinary warm air furnace because it weighs more.

This extra weight is built into a Kelsey to give it more heat-radiating surface.

It has 61 square feet of radiating surface for one square foot of fire-grate surface.

A Kelsey heats larger volumes of air than an ordinary furnace, and does it with less coal.

Because a Kelsey consumes about one-third less coal than an ordinary furnace it is more economical to operate.

A house heated with a Kelsey is worth more to live in and will rent or sell for more money.

The cost of a Kelsey is small when the saving in coal bills and repairs is considered.

This economical heating system is fully described in our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation." Send for it.

## FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

# MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "Milton" on it."

are of two distant styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

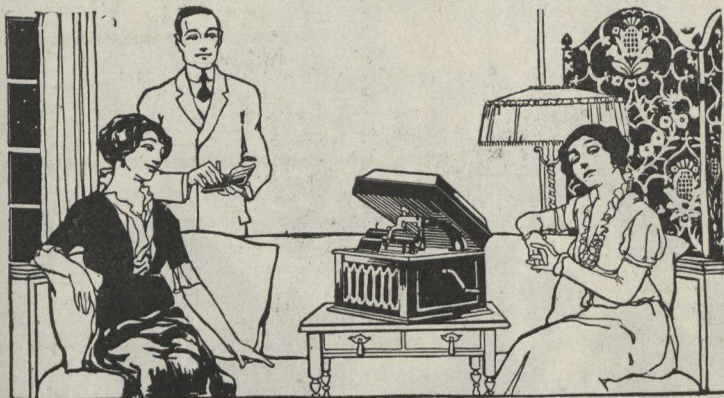
MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO.

*Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.*

Toronto Office

50 Adelaide St. W.



To begin with it is perfect. To the end it remains perfect—the Edison—

## Blue Amberol Record

No musical-mechanical triumph has approached this remarkable invention of Edison. The new composition of which it is made catches and holds the natural beauty of tone of the world's greatest singers, orchestras and bands and holds it after you have played it over 3,000 times.

The Blue Amberol is a perpetual, practically unbreakable record that reproduces in an amazing way the art of the performers. Don't miss the opportunity to hear it played at some of the Edison dealers. You'll be welcome any day.

*Thomas A Edison*  
INCORPORATED

6 Lakeside Avenue

- Orange, N. J., U. S. A.



All  
the  
Music

of all  
the  
World

The Columbia "Grand" Grafonola  
Price \$650.

# Columbia

85 cents is the price of a thousand different  
10 - inch double - disc Columbia Records.  
Others from \$1.00 to \$7.50.

OUR GUARANTEE—

- Quality the finest.
- Reproduction the best.
- Will outwear any other record on the market.

To demonstrate this a sample advertising record will be mailed you for 30c.  
Ask for catalog of records, also of Columbia Grafonolas from \$32.50 to \$650.00.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE**—All Columbia Records can be used on your disc talking Machine. (If any standard make).



**COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY**  
365-367 SORAUREN AVENUE, TORONTO.

Manufacturers of the Dictaphone,  
Dealers wanted—Write for special proposition.

# Records

## Gone all Flutter and Confusion

**T**HE Office Specialty System Desk has none of the disadvantages of the ordinary flat desk and the antiquated roll desk—gives none of the inconveniences that unfailingly arise from a crowded desk top.

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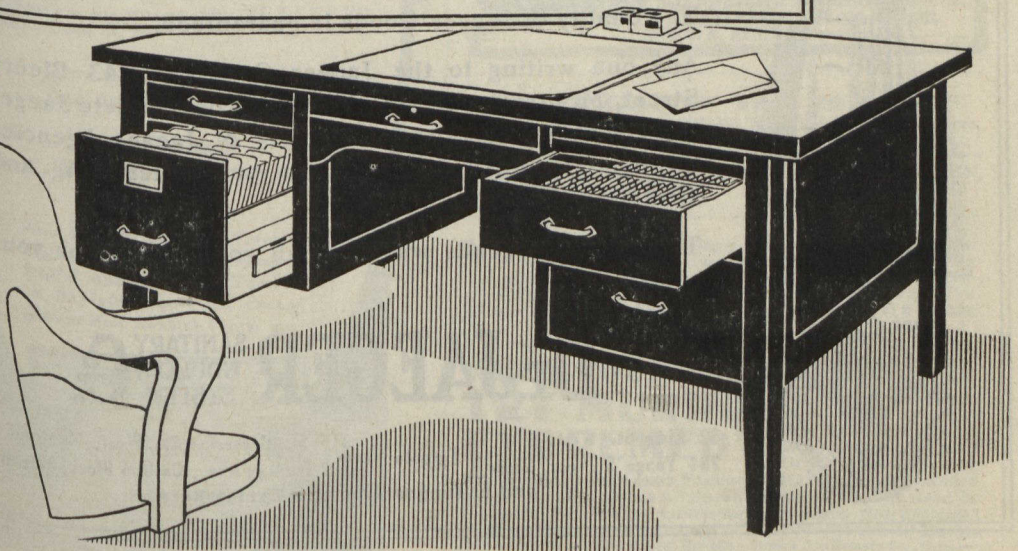
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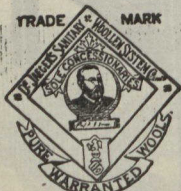


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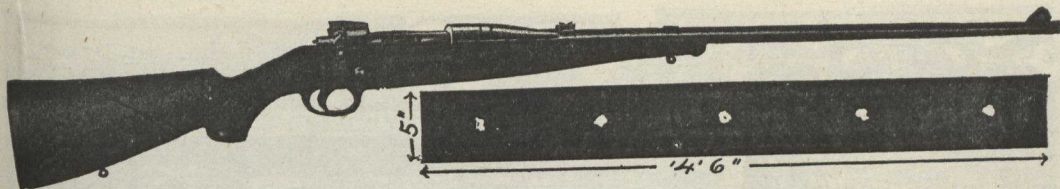
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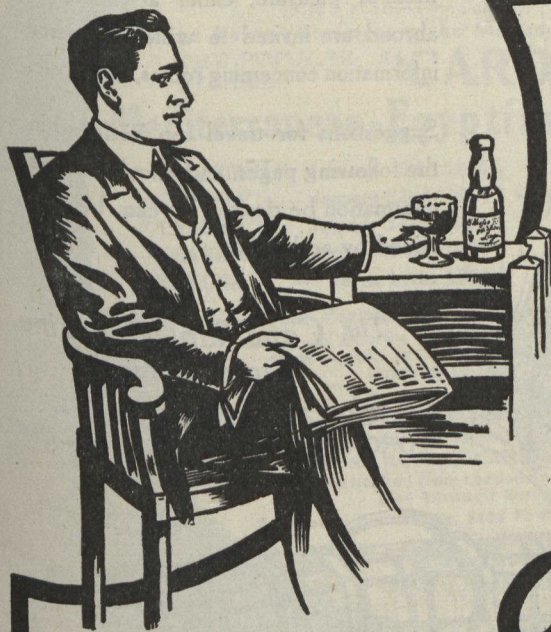
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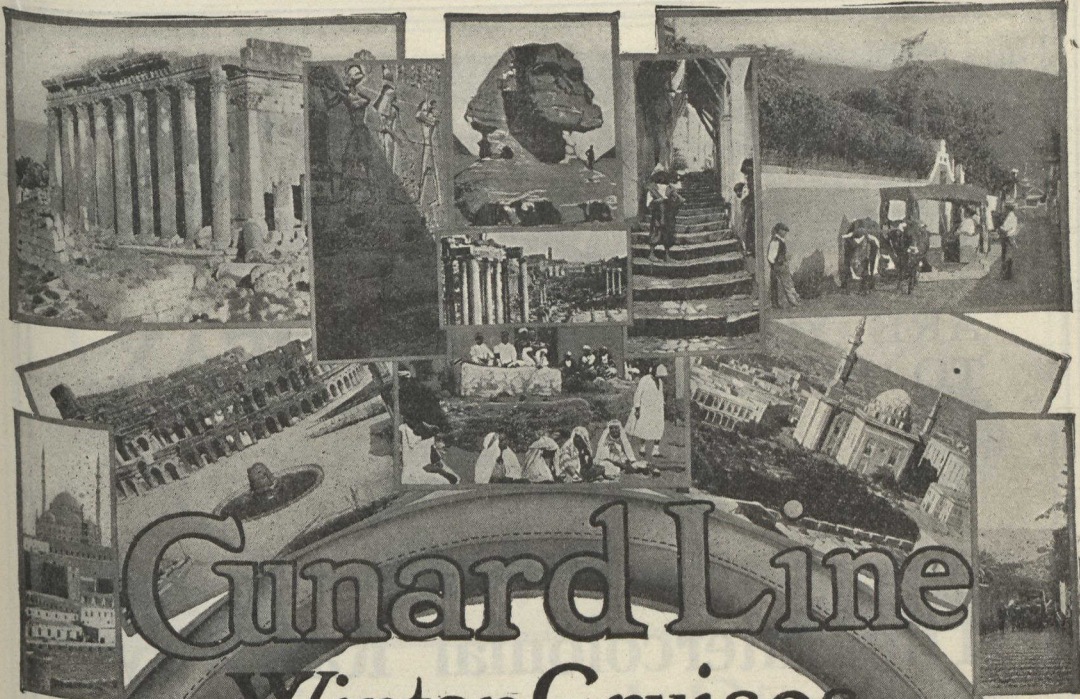
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 Wed., Apr. 8,

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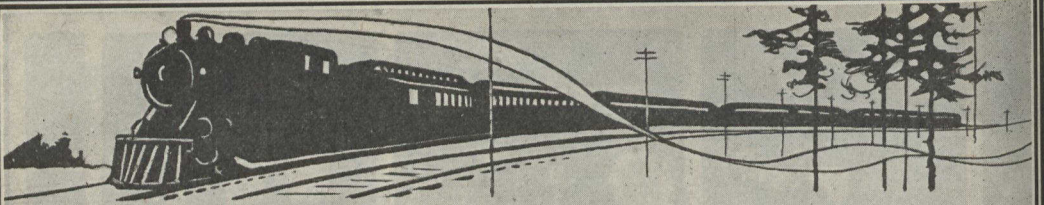
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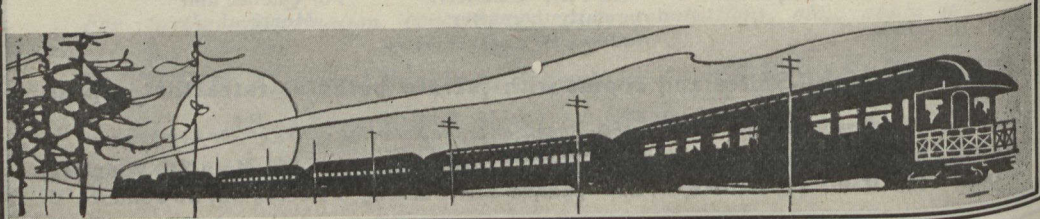
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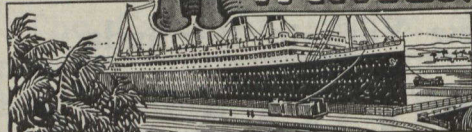
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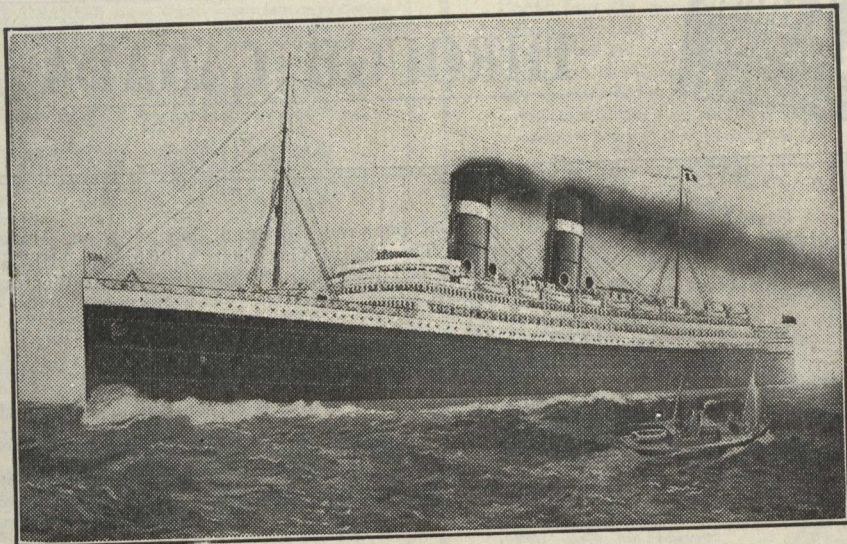
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HESPERIAN

Saturday 3 January  
Wednesday, 21 January

GRAMPIAN  
VICTORIAN

Wednesday, 4 February  
" 18 "

HALIFAX, N.S. to LIVERPOOL—ROYAL MAIL SERVICES

SCANDINAVIAN  
TUNISIAN

Wednesday, 7 January  
Saturday, 17 "

CORSICAN  
ALSATIAN

Saturday 24 January  
" 31 "

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PRETORIAN  
IONIAN

Thursday, 1 January  
" 15 "

SICILIAN  
NUMIDIAN

Thursday, 12 February  
" 26 "

BOSTON, MASS. to GLASGOW

SICILIAN  
NUMIDIAN

Thursday, 8 January  
" 22 "

PRETORIAN  
IONIAN

Thursday, 5 February  
" 19 "

ST. JOHN, N.B. to HAVRE and LONDON

CORINTHIAN

Thursday, 1 January | POMERANIAN

Thursday, 5 February

**New Steamer "ALSATIAN" 18,000 tons.**

Particular attention is called to the sailing of their Quadruple Screw Turbine S.S. "Alsatian" from Halifax, 31st January. The "ALSATIAN" the largest and most luxuriously furnished steamer on the Canadian route offers unexcelled facilities for the transportation of 1st, 2nd and 3rd class passengers. The first voyage from Canada of the sistership "Calgarian" will be from Halifax, N.S., on 14th March.

*For further information, reservations, tickets, etc., apply*

**H. & A. ALLAN, General Agents**

2 St. Peter St., Montreal, Canada

90 State St., Boston, Mass.

**ALLAN & COMPANY, 127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.**

THE ALLAN LINE

95 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.  
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W. R. ALLAN,  
General Western Agent  
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# THE DOUBLE TRACK WAY THROUGH CANADA

Fast Limited Trains are operated between Portland, Me., Boston, Mass., Montreal, Que., New York, N.Y., and Toronto in the East, to Chicago, Ill. in the West, and through connecting lines, all points in the Southern and Western States and Western Canada are reached.

## FINE EQUIPMENT

The equipment on the trains of the Grand Trunk is of the highest standard. Electric lighted Pullman Sleeping Cars on night trains and high-grade Parlor-Library, Dining and Parlor-Library-Cafe Cars on day trains.

Handsome Club Compartment Cars are operated on night trains between Montreal and Toronto. Trains leave Montreal at 10.30 p.m., and Toronto at 10.45 p.m.

## THE "INTERNATIONAL" LIMITED

The train de luxe, runs every day in the year between Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Detroit and Chicago. This train is one of the finest and fastest long distance trains in the world.

### The Chateau Laurier

The new \$2,500,000 hotel, situated in the heart of Ottawa, Ont., the capital of Canada, is one of the finest hotels on the continent. Accommodation, 350 rooms. Rates, \$2.00 and upwards. European plan.

### The Fort Garry

Located in Winnipeg, on the same site as old "Fort Garry" of Indian days. Centrally located. 300 rooms. Cost \$2,000,000. The latest in hotel construction. European plan.

## THE HIGHLAND INN, ALGONQUIN PARK

Beautifully situated in Algonquin Park. The home of winter sports in Ontario. 2,000 feet above sea level. Winter attractions, snowshoeing, skating, tobogganing, skiing. Rates, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day. \$16.00 to \$18.00 per week.

For advertising matter and all particulars apply to any Agent of the System, including J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

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## EGYPT and the NILE

Highest class Tours to the ORIENT including Egypt, the Nile, Holy Land, Greece, etc. Cultured leadership; small private parties. Frequent departures until March. Program 34.

**COOK'S NILE STEAMERS** leave Cairo every few days during the season for the First and Second Cataracts, the Sudan, etc. Luxurious private steamers and dahabeahs for families and private parties.

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Modern and prehistoric. Attractive tour including Panama, February 4. Program 45.

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## What You See on the Panama Canal

The tropical sun rising out of the Pacific over the thatched huts of the natives; rare flowers in splendid profusion; monkeys and parrots chattering in the trees of the dense, dank, jungle; and the wonderful Canal, practically complete and with ships passing through—all these you will see and more too, on

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

### Panama Canal—West Indies Cruises

**Jan. 14** Cuba, Panama, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Bahamas—22 days. . . . . **\$160 up**  
**Feb. 12** Cuba, Jamaica, Panama, Venezuela, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, St. Thomas, Porto Rico, Bahamas—29 days. . . . . **\$175 up**  
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Cruises to be made by the splendid steamship "**Grosser Kurfeurst**"

Write for booklet "To the Canal and Caribbean"

**OELRICHS & CO., Gen. Agts., 5 Broadway, N.Y.**

H. Claussenius & Co., Chicago  
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The Key to Europe

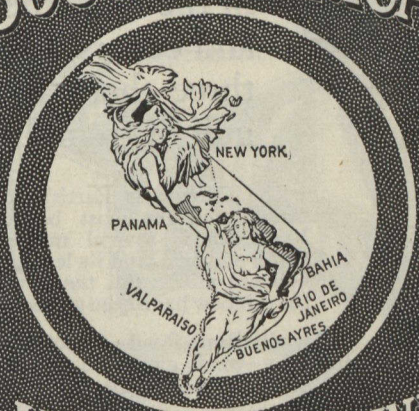


FAMOUS AT HOME AND ABROAD  
**Holland House**  
 Fifth Avenue and 30<sup>th</sup> Street  
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Favorably known for the Excellence of its Cuisine and the Character of its Patronage.  
 Enlarged Rooms. 200 New Baths.  
 Every Modern Appointment  
**J. OTTO STACK**

## SOUTH AMERICA

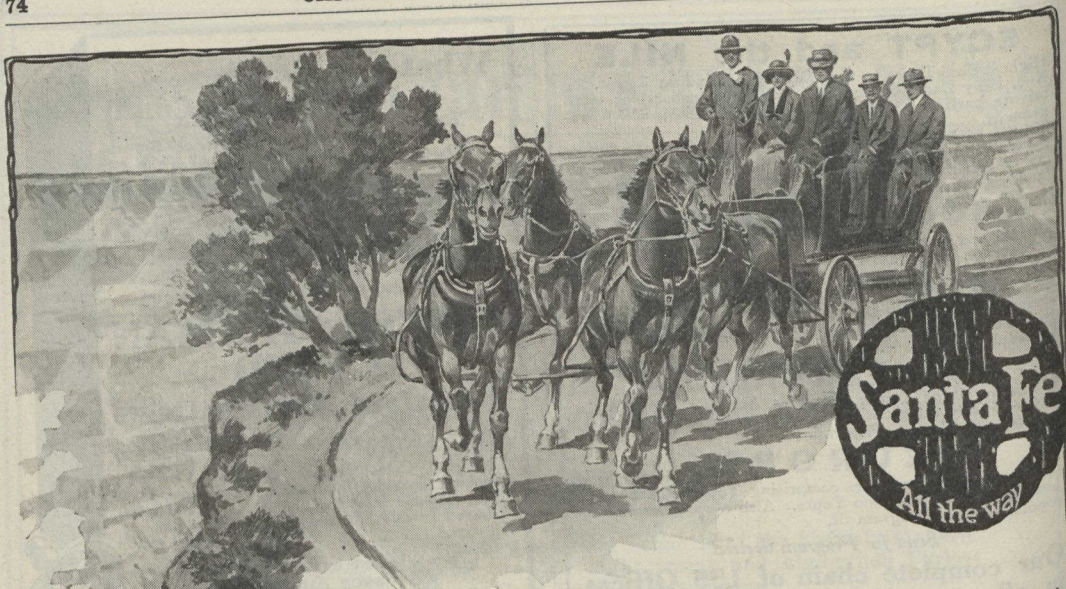


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**Sailings Alternate Saturdays**

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Take a coach-and-four along the "divine abyss"

## Grand Canyon of Arizona

The rim road at Grand Canyon is a boulevard in the wilderness. On one side a forest of pines and cedars, on the other a sudden wall that drops three thousand feet below. You look across a gulf of trembling color and weird forms.

The Canyon is Earth's scenic marvel and the most beautiful. Its width is several miles; its depth one mile, and its length two hundred miles. All the colors of the rainbow have been spilled here.

Hermit Rim Road—smooth, wide and safe—winds along the dizzy edge of a stupendous chasm.

Your Canyon coach-and-four comprises the pick of stylish horses, with coaches built especially for this service.

It is the experience of a lifetime. There's the swing of the leaders around long curves,

and the airiness of the air-ship, with the land's safety. And that glorious titan of chasms, just over the edge.

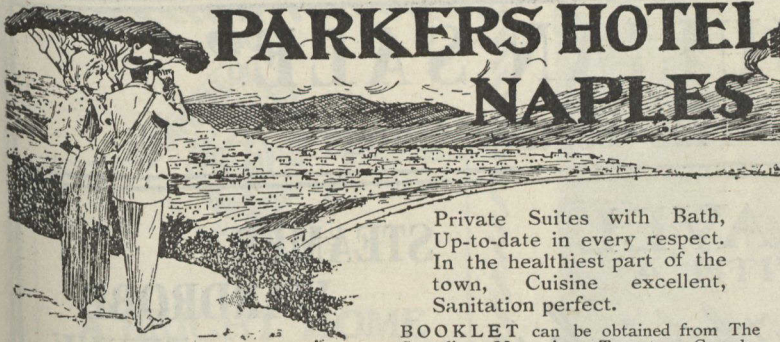
There are other enchanting rides through the pine forests; likewise some nerve-testing mule-back trail trips down to the Colorado River, a mile below the top crust; and camping trips galore, into the Canyon and across the desert, through the Indian country.

You can see the Grand Canyon as a side trip from Santa Fe transcontinental trains, and stay three days, for \$35 to \$40.

Entertainment is provided at inns under management of Fred Harvey.

On request will gladly send you our two copiously illustrated travel books, "Titan of Chasms—Grand Canyon" and "To California over the Santa Fe Trail." Address

W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager, A. T. & S. F. Ry. System  
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BEAUTIFUL  
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EXTREME

is the view from Parker's Hotel, Naples. In the foreground the Villa residences of Naples' finest suburb; beyond the City and the Bay. A magnificent panorama of uninterrupted loveliness with Vesuvius—Grey Beacon of Antiquity—still keeping watch and ward over the

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Private Suites with Bath,  
Up-to-date in every respect.  
In the healthiest part of the  
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INDEPENDENT  
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TRIPS \$647.<sup>30</sup>

*Tickets Good for Two Years*      *Start Any Time, Any Place, Either Direction*      *First Class Throughout*

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**SEASICKNESS**  
Be Happy and Well While Travelling  
**and**  
**TRANSICKNESS**  
A Preventative and Corrective

**MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY**

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*Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.*

Officially adopted by Steamship Companies on both fresh and salt water—endorsed by highest authorities—and used by travelers the world over. Contains no cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, coal tar products, or their derivatives.

Sold by leading druggists, 50c box enough for 24 hours. —\$1.00 box for ocean voyage.

The One Dependable Preventative of Nausea.  
A copy of Mothersill's Travel Book sent by request, without charge.

**MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., Detroit, Michigan**  
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RED  
**Earl & Wilson**  
MAN

**PENWOOD**  
GOOD LOOKS—GOOD FIT—  
GOOD WEAR.

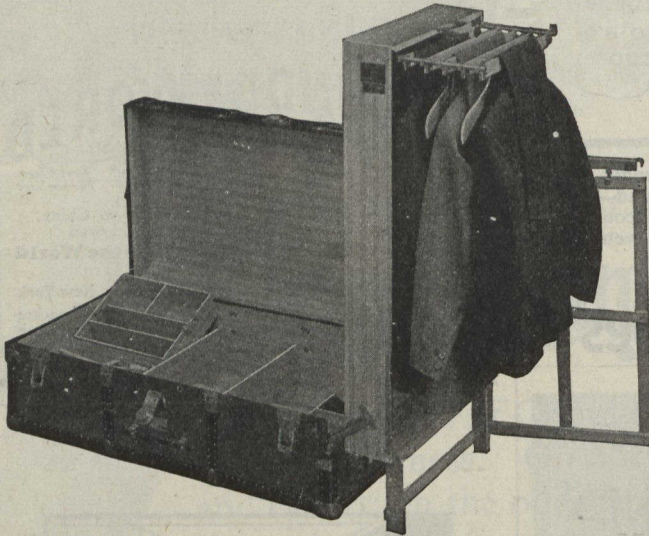
**EARL & WILSON**  
SHIRTS \$1.50 AND MORE

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## Fine Leather Goods

TRAVEL  
WITH A  
*Berth-high*

STEAMER  
WARDROBE  
TRUNK



The compact size makes the "Berth-high" steamer wardrobe trunk as convenient for ocean or foreign travel as for a trip at home where the advantages of a piece of compact baggage is appreciated, in fact many travellers carry nothing but a Berth-high steamer wardrobe trunk in the most extended trips and find it quite ample for their requirements.

The capacity is simply marvellous. There is not another trunk made that compares with it in this respect—this is due to

the practical arrangement of every feature and the scientific construction utilizing every inch of available space.

The trunk can be shoved under the berth in your stateroom and yet you may have access to the clothes in the garment section, this feature alone makes the "Berth-high" very popular with travellers. The prices are

**\$45<sup>00</sup> and \$60<sup>00</sup>**

Write for Booklet and descriptive folders on  
"Rite-hite" and "Berth-high" wardrobe trunks.

**The Julian Sale Leather Goods Company, Ltd.**  
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is  
A HAPPY HOME**

A Rayo Lamp is one thing needed  
for a cheerful and pleasant home.

**Rayo  
Lamp**

Its soft, white light is the best  
for your eyes, and its attractive  
appearance—solid brass, nickel  
plated—makes it an ornament in  
a room.

Can be lighted without removing  
chimney or shade. Easy to clean  
and rewick. Simple, durable and  
economical.

FOR BEST RESULTS USE  
**ROYALITE OIL**

*Stock carried at all chief points.*

**The Imperial Oil Co., Limited**

Toronto	Montreal	Winnipeg	Vancouver
Ottawa	Quebec	Calgary	Edmonton
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There is nothing quite so  
appetizing for Breakfast as  
**Fearman's Star Brand  
Bacon.**

and at the present prices  
there is nothing more  
economical.

*Ask your Grocer for*  
**Fearman's Star Brand**

Made by  
**F. W. Fearman Co., Limited,  
Hamilton.**





## Read what this Mother says :

"I am the mother of eleven children and have brought them all up on Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, since they were a fortnight old; they were all fine healthy babies. My baby is now just seven weeks old, and improves daily. A friend of mine had a very delicate baby which was gradually wasting away, and she tried several kinds of food, and when I saw her I recommended her the 'Patent' Barley, and it is almost wonderful how the child has improved since taking it. I have recommended it to several people, as I think it is a splendid food for babies, and I advise every mother that has to bring up her baby by hand to use Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, as it is unequalled."

Mrs. A. C. Goodall,  
12 Mount Ash Road,  
Sydenham Hill, S.E.,  
London, England

## ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

gets the credit for the health,  
of this family of eleven.

MAGOR SON & CO. Limited, Can. Agents, MONTREAL

## Start the New Year Right

Take plenty of fresh air and exercise, eat plain, wholesome food and get plenty of sleep.

A bottle of

## Cosgraves Pale Ale

(Chill-Proof)

taken with your luncheon or dinner will assist in digesting your food.

Cosgraves (Chill-Proof) Pale Ale is a refreshing, invigorating tonic. The food properties of pure malt and hops are just what your body requires.

PHONE YOUR DEALER AND HAVE  
A CASE SENT TO YOUR HOUSE.

The ONLY  
Chill-Proof Beer



# Russell

## KNIGHT

Had we been satisfied to let the public do the "proving"—we could have marketed the "Russell-Knight" in quantities twelve months ago.

But we preferred to prove it ourselves.

Thousands of dollars and months of time were spent in refining every detail of the Russell to a point where further improvement could not be foreseen.

The new Russell-Knight you buy to-day is a *proven* product—free from every element of uncertainty encountered in the purchase of most new cars.

Former owners of other high-priced cars best appreciate the sterling merits of the Russell-Knight. Their letters are offered in evidence.

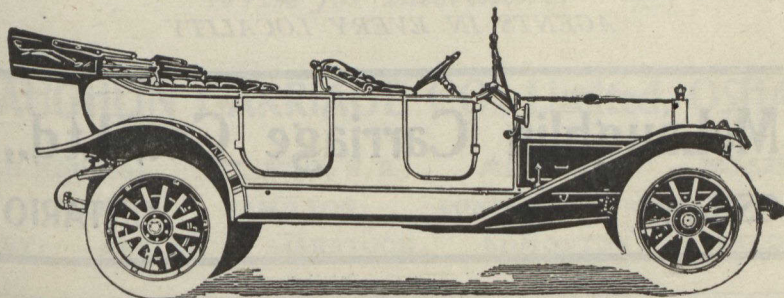
"4-28," 1914	"6-42," 1914
3-Passenger Roadster.....\$3,200	5-Passenger Phaeton.....\$5,000
5-Passenger Touring.....\$3,250	7-Passenger Touring.....\$5,000

All quotations F.O.B. West Toronto,

**Russell Motor Car Co., Limited**  
 Head Office and Factory, West Toronto

Branches at: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary,  
 Vancouver, and Melbourne, Australia

*"Made up to a standard, not down to a price."*



No. 5

Hull, Quebec, Nov. 25, 1913

Russell Motor Car Co., Ltd.  
 West Toronto

Dear Sirs:

The "Six" I bought from you last spring is the ninth car that I have had, the last four being Russells, so I can speak freely from a few year's experience.

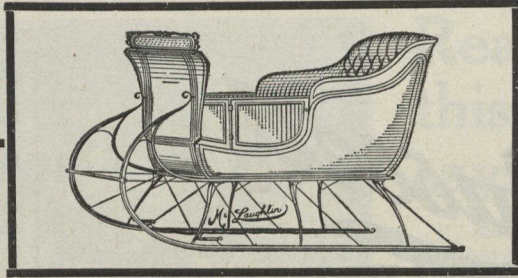
The first Russell I had was a Model "R," exchanging that for a "38". Both gave great satisfaction. My son is driving the "38" now. In this car I thought I had the last word in motors but the "Six" is superior in every way.

The last Russells were about perfect but this "Six" is a winner. We have taken numerous long tours but have never had the slightest trouble. It is the most comfortable car I ever rode in and my friends all say the same, for it is easier riding than an electric and more comfortable. The heating system is perfect.

The second last car, a "38" never had the engine opened all the time I drove it and the "Six" seems to more than equal that record. The engine runs better and quieter and each day it runs more smoothly. The car itself glides along without a shock. It is also very easy on tires and gasoline and so far as trouble goes, I don't know what the word means.

It is great to think that this beautiful car is produced in this country. In my estimation it but-classes any car made or imported into Canada to-day.

Very truly yours,  
 (NAME ON REQUEST)



THE GROWING CUSTOM OF  
**McLAUGHLIN VEHICLES**

**Y**EAR after year brings increased demands for McLaughlin products. Year after year particular people are demanding that exclusiveness of design, finish and execution in buggies and cutters that has characterized McLaughlin Vehicles for nearly half a century. All that is new and beautiful—quality—grace—dignity—the extreme difference in body design without being bizarre, are poignant features of that perfection that designates McLaughlin workmanship.

A McLaughlin Vehicle represents the best that can be had.

The good name they bear has come with the years of service and splendid satisfaction given to customers.

You can make no mistake in the purchase of one of our Vehicles. The name is a guarantee for all that is new and everything that is best.

McLaughlin products sell themselves.

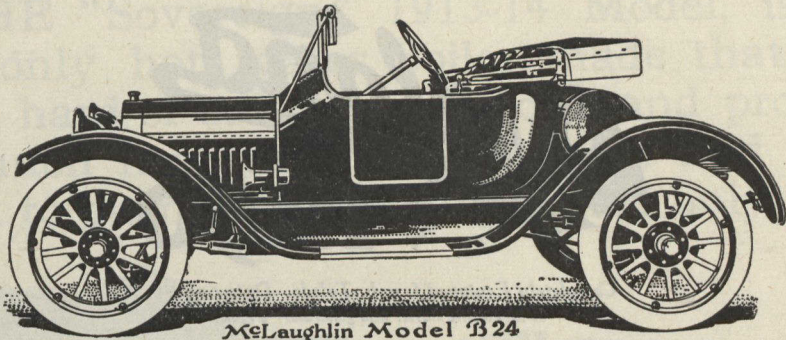
*AGENTS IN EVERY LOCALITY*

**McLaughlin Carriage Co., Ltd.,**

**OSHAWA**

**ONTARIO**





McLaughlin Model B24

TWO PASSENGER ROADSTER, \$1,250 F. O. B. OSHAWA

## MOST LASTING GIFT

What more lasting and satisfying gift than a beautiful motor car that is so designed that it is simplicity itself. There is nothing about our B-24 that any woman, even of the most delicate physique, cannot run with ease and assurance of safety. Then the superb finish and beauty of the car itself will appeal to the woman of refined taste.

**All 1914 Models electricity lighted and started.**

Our service stations are located in all principal Cities from Coast to Coast, and are in charge of competent men, who have been trained in all branches of our automobile factory. This service is of inestimable value to the man who buys a car. Every McLaughlin-Buick owner will receive prompt and efficient service, the kind that will insure him the motoring pleasure he expects.

*Write for Literature.*

### McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., Limited, OSHAWA

BRANCH HOUSES: ST. JOHN N. B.; MONTREAL; BELLEVILLE;  
 TORONTO HAMILTON; LONDON; WINNIPEG  
 CALGARY; REGINA; SASKATOON; EDMONTON; VANCOUVER.

# Overland

## \$ 1250

Completely Equipped f. o. b. Toledo. Duty paid.  
With electric starter and generator—\$1,425

### Awarded "First Position" at the World's Greatest Automobile Show

**T**HE extraordinary supremacy of the 1914 Overland has been officially recognized by the Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

Because the Willys-Overland Company did a greater volume of business during 1913 than any other firm in this organization, it was awarded the position of honor at the great National 1914 Automobile Show in the Grand Central Palace, New York City.

Do you know that the 1914 Overland is to-day the most sought after car of its type in the entire civilized world?

Even in Detroit, the automobile hub of the world, there are more Overlands being sold than any other car of this type.

The Overland has made, established and won for Toledo *with its individual plants alone*, the title of the second greatest automobile city in the world.

Has it ever occurred to you that there must be some substantial reason for such unparalleled success? There is, and here it is.

*No other factory in the world can build a car the equal of the 1914 Overland for less than \$1,500*

Our Price—\$1,250

The motor is *larger*—but the price is *lower*.

The wheelbase is *longer*—but the price is *shorter*.

The tires are *larger*—but the price is *lower*.

The new car has *electric lights throughout*—even under the dash—but the price is *lower*.

It is magnificently finished in dark Brewster green, with running boards and wheels to match, trimmed in polished nickel and aluminum—but the price is *lower*.

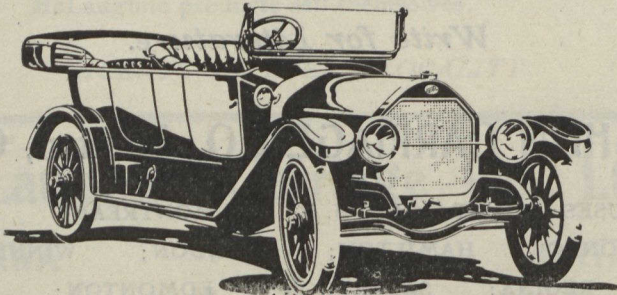
Then there is a larger tonneau, a jeweled Stewart Speedometer—a larger steering wheel, and deeper upholstery—but the price is *lower*.

There is an Overland dealer near you. See him today.

*Literature on request. Please address Dept. 4*

## The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

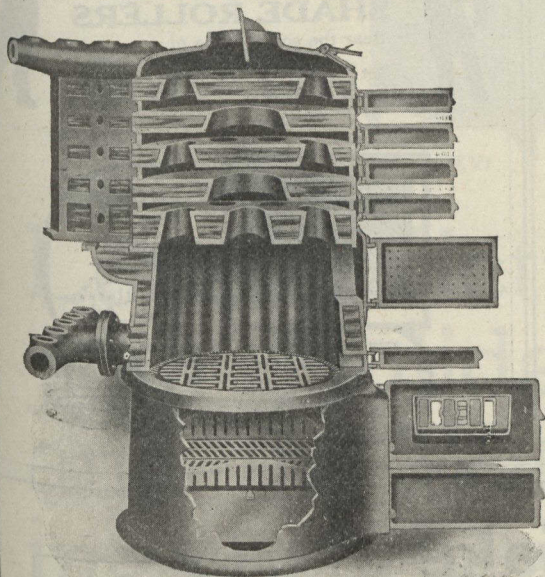
Electric head, side, tail and dash lights.  
Storage battery, 35 horsepower motor, 33x4 Q. D. tires, 114" wheel base



Mohair top, curtains and boot. Clear-vision windshield, Stewart speedometer, Electric horn.

*Manufacturers of the famous Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks. Full information on request.*

THE "Sovereign" 1913-14 Model, is the only hot water boiler made that will burn hard or soft coal or wood, and produce as much heat therefrom as if it had been built to burn that one kind of fuel only.



The  
"Sovereign"  
burns hard  
or soft coal  
or wood.

Large flared flues; a "baffled" fire travel and the larger first section are the features that give the "Sovereign" increased heating efficiency over the usual design of hot water boiler, and adapt it for burning any kind of coal or wood.

*Consult our nearest representative before you finally close arrangements regarding the heating of any house, or building, in which you are interested. It is a mistake to allow specifications to be filled on the assumption that one good hot water boiler is as good as another. The "Sovereign" is superior in several features of construction, the importance and efficacy of which are quickly recognized.*

**Taylor - Forbes Company, Limited**

Toronto—1088 King St. West

Montreal—246 Craig St. West

Vancouver—1070 Homer St.

Quebec—The Mechanics Supply Company

St. John, N.B.—W. H. Campbell, 16 Water Street

Calgary—P. D. McLaren, Limited, 622 Ninth Ave.

Winnipeg—The Vulcan Iron Works, Limited

Hamilton, Ont.—W. W. Taylor, 17 Stanley Ave.



**For Whooping Cough  
Spasmodic Croup  
Asthma, Sore Throat  
Coughs, Bronchitis,  
Colds, Catarrh.**

*"Used while you sleep"*

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once. It is a BOON to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

**For Sale by all Druggists.**

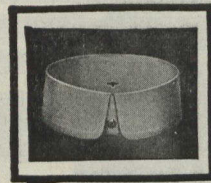
Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresoline. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10 cents in stamps.

**The VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,**  
62 Cortlandt St., New York, or Leeming-Miles Building,  
Montreal, Canada.

**SELL YOUR M.S.S.**

Many unsuccessful manuscripts simply need expert revision to make them available. This I can give. Foremost firms publish my own books, and I was recently editor for a leading magazine. References: Jack London, Winston Churchill, John Burroughs. Address: EDITOR, 149 West 86th St., New York City.

**HARTSHORN  
SHADE ROLLERS**  
Bear the script name of  
Stewart Hartshorn on label.  
Get "Improved," no tacks required.  
*Wood Rollers Tin Rollers*



**CHALLENGE  
COLLARS**

Acknowledge to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

**THE ARLINGTON CO.**  
of Canada, Ltd.  
58 FRAZER AVENUE  
TORONTO



**For Safety's Sake---**

Stop using Poisonous Matches. Protect Yourself and Your family by demanding the new 'SES-QUI'-- positively danger-proof brand of

**Eddy's  
Matches**

Ask  
Your  
Dealer

The Only Non-Poisonous Matches  
Manufactured in Canada



Victrola XVI Mahogany or Oak \$250

# Let the Victrola make your Holidays happy and the Winter even- ings bright and cheery

A Victrola in your home means pleasure for everyone, every day in the year.

There are Victrolas in a great variety of styles and at prices from \$20. to \$300.

Go to the "His Master's Voice" dealer in your town and hear your favorite music on the Victrola. Victor Records are 90c for 10 inch, double-sided. Our Catalog lists over 5000 Victor Records.

Write us for our Children's Picture Book in colors. It is free. Address Dept. S.



**BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE CO., Ltd.**  
MONTREAL

Dealers in every Town and City.

# “Have You a Little ‘Fairy’ in Your Home?”

**F**ORTIFY the children against the effects of sun, wind and cold upon the skin and complexion, just as you may fortify yourself, by using for all toilet and bath purposes

## FAIRY SOAP

It is good soap — clean, white, pure and sweet. We couldn't make it cost you more without adding expensive perfumery which would hide the excellence of its ingredients.

The oval cake floats and wears to the thin-wafer with-  
out break-  
ing.



THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
LIMITED  
MONTREAL





# THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

With the coming of 1914 The Hartford Fire Insurance Company begins the 104th year of its existence. During all these years it has not only promptly paid every individual loss, but has given safety and satisfaction to its policy holders in all the conflagrations of American history.

The Hartford stands today with large assets and ample financial resources, the leader among fire insurance companies. But its proudest asset is its reputation for commercial honor and good faith. It will sell you honest and safe insurance. Is not this the Company you want?

**INSIST ON THE HARTFORD  
AGENTS EVERYWHERE**

# Conspicuous Nose Pores

## How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead these pores collect dirt, clog up, and become enlarged.

### Begin tonight to use this treatment

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once when your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes *with a lump of ice*.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibres of the nose pores so that they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently*. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and cause them to contract until they are inconspicuous.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment. Try Woodbury's also for general toilet use. See what a delightful feeling it gives your skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake*.

# Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast  
including Newfoundland

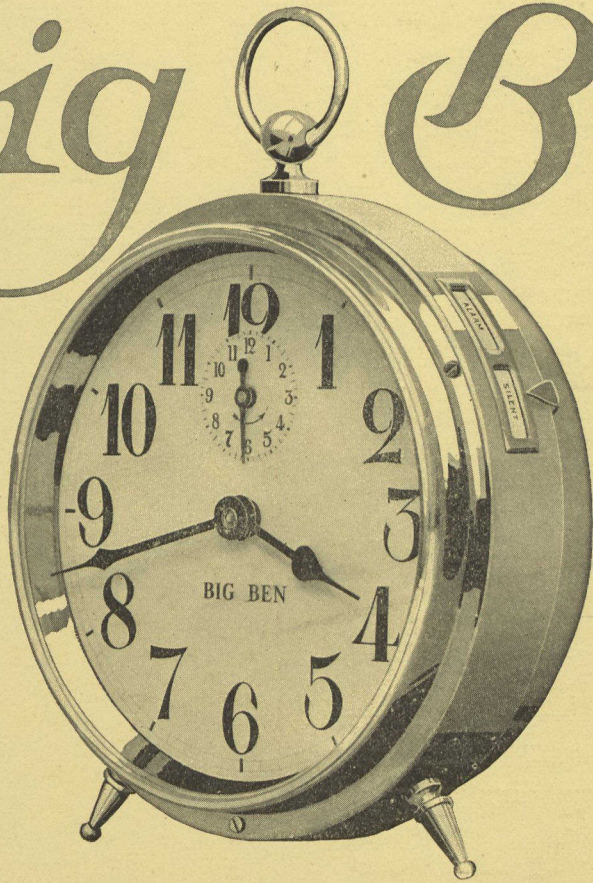
Write today to the  
Woodbury Canadian Factory for samples

For 4c. we will send a sample cake. For 10c. samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial powder der. For 50c. a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 109-L Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.





# Big Ben



## —He's Big All Over And Good All Through

Big Ben is built for *endless* service. He has no "off-days," no shut-downs. His four years of existence have been one long record of on-the-dot accuracy.

20,000 dealers say that he does more *efficient work* for less pay than any other clock alive.

A Big Ben battalion, over 3,000 strong, leaves La Salle, Illinois, every day. Their sparkling triple nickel-plated coats of implement steel; their dominating seven-inch height; their big, bold, black, easy-to-read figures and hands; their big easy-to-wind keys—all make Big Ben the world's master clock.

In return for one little drop of oil, he'll work for you a full year. From "Boots on" to "Lights

out"—365 times—he'll guarantee to tell you the time o'day with on-the-dot accuracy. He's made the same guarantee over 3,000,000 times and made good every time. He'll make good for you. More than \$8,000,000 has passed over good dealers' counters for Big Ben and his brothers—strong evidence of merit and popularity.

He'll get you up either of TWO WAYS—with one long, steady, five-minute ring if you need a good big call, or on the *installment plan*, with short rings one-half-minute apart for ten minutes, so you'll wake up *gradually*, and he'll stop short in the middle of a tap during *either* call if you want to shut him off.

Big Ben is a mighty pleasant

looking fellow. His big, open, honest face and his gentle tick-tick have earned him a place in thousands of *parlors*. No "company" is too grand to sneer at Big Ben—he wins friends everywhere.

The next time you go to town call at your dealer's and ask to see Big Ben. If your dealer hasn't him, send a money order for \$3.00 to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, and he'll come to you duty prepaid.

The words, "*Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox*," stamped across his back, is the best alarm clock insurance that anyone can buy. It is Big Ben's "mark"—proof that you're buying the true thoroughbred of the clock world.

# All Year Round

a clear brain and good digestion are necessary to success.

Coffee reduces many a man's achieving capacity.

Quit coffee and try

## POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

Postum comes in two forms:

**Regular Postum**—must be well boiled.

**Instant Postum** is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage **instantly**.

**Grocers Sell Both Kinds**



# Armour's Bouillon Cubes

Keep the Winter Cold Out.

**D**ROP a cube into a cup of hot water and you have instantly a bouillon tasting of prime beef, garden vegetables and seasoning.

Grocers and Druggists everywhere  
For free sample address, Dept. 533

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Woodwork  
Bright  
and  
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THE Great  
varnish food  
and renewer—

## O-Cedar Polish

Gives a high, dry, hard lustre and glasslike finish. So hard and dry that it does not gum or collect dust as mere polishes do. O-Cedar cleans as it polishes.

**25c to \$3.00 Sizes at all Dealers.**

Full satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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We Guarantee  
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will give the same  
thick, creamy lather  
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shave whether  
used with hot,  
cold, fresh or  
salt water. This  
is not a mere  
statement—it is  
a guarantee.

## Mennen's Shaving Cream

If you prefer to try a small tube before buying a full size tube, send us 10 cents and we will be glad to send you a demonstrator tube good for 50 shaves, which will convince you that you have never before fully understood the true delight of shaving.

For 15 cents in stamps we will mail you prepaid our beautiful 1914 Calendar. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.



Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder