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THE MARTYR'S SHRINE OLD CANTERBURY.

--By Arthur Jackman

Feb. 1908



No. 2

Vol. 2

**Epoch
Making.**

Monday, January the 20th, was a red letter day in Victoria and the occasion had a significance extending far beyond the Capital City. On that day forty journalists assembled at the opening of the new Empress Hotel. They included representatives of all the leading coast papers both North and South of the line. Some of them had never visited Victoria before, but all had learned from various sources of its attractions and the bright promise of a future which has recently dawned upon it. When the inaugural ceremonies were over forty journalists went forth to spread throughout Western America the story of this last enterprise of the C.P.R. Viewed simply from the standpoint of a hotel it challenges comparison for completeness, luxury and artistic appointments with any on the Continent, but this is the least important aspect of an important occasion. The Empress Hotel, Victoria, is the seventeenth in a chain of hostelries which have made the C.P.R. famous all over the world, and its true significance lies in the fact that it is the furthest West. Victoria has been sadly deficient in high class hotel accommoda-

tion, especially has this been the case during the tourist season. Wealthy travellers to whom a luxurious hotel is a "sine qua non" have held aloof from Victoria because of its deficiency in this respect. Hereafter they will find accommodation unsurpassed in the West, and there is little doubt that the Empress will become a great centre of attraction. Within three days of its opening nearly all the rooms were taken, and a glance at the register shows that there has been a constant stream of visitors ever since. Already there is talk of building an additional wing, for which provision was made in the original plan. Apart from the value of the hotel for tourist purposes the mere fact that the C.P.R. thought fit to spend upwards of one million dollars in building an hotel on Vancouver Island is the strongest possible guarantee that they have faith in its future. In fact all who are in a position to judge realize that the opening of the Empress Hotel sets the seal of certainty upon the completion of a programme which embraces railway building, land clearing, mining, and cultivation which will within a few years make Vancouver Island a centre of interest to the commercial world.

There is no more conspicuous evidence of the enormous development of Western Canada than is furnished by the fact that West of the Great Lakes no less than four Provincial Legislatures are in Session debating the requirements of their respective districts and making history by their legislative Acts. The personnel of these legislatures, the vast range of topics discussed, the energy displayed, and the practical outcome of the sessions all impress the observer with the importance of the country, and the constitutional manner in which the various assemblies have settled down to their work. Responsibility is writ large on their programme. In spite of the bitterness of political antipathies and the charge of corruption so frequently heard, it is impossible to follow the debates as reported in the public press without realizing that in the main our Legislative Assemblies are imbued with a deep sense of responsibility and that when the chaff is blown away the net result of their deliberations is to add many valuable measures to the statute books of the Dominion. The work of a Legislative Assembly is widely different from that of a Dominion Parliament in that it deals mainly with what may fairly be called business matters of a local character as opposed to matters of general or national policy. For this reason many of the debates are interesting only to those persons who happen to have a financial interest in the business immediately under discussion. Much of the legislation is the result of consultation with large delegations representing these several interests. At one time it is the lumbermen, at another the mining men, at another the agriculturists who petition the Government, and when all interests have been weighed legislation results having for its aim the upbuilding of local industries and the safe-guarding of public interests.

Public Utilities.

One of the most important business

transactions of any legislative assembly has been the recent purchase of the Bell Telephone interests by the Manitoba Government. All through the prairie country the idea of public ownership has a strong hold. It has been proclaimed for years, but the first practical outcome is in the purchase of the telephone system. Some averred that the price paid—\$3,500,000—is excessive, but it should never be forgotten that in a progressive country the value of a good property increases every year, and the wise government once it has made up its mind on the matter of policy, purchases today on the best terms it can, well knowing that in any event the figure will be higher next year. Dilly-dallying with the purchase of public utilities which the people have decided to acquire is a poor policy, and this in many instances resulted in depriving communities of such common necessities as water, gas and light for many years.

The Drink Question.

One other question of importance seems to be attracting widespread interest at the moment; not only in England and the United States, but in Canada, the forces opposed to strong drink appear to be gaining strength. There is a more practical outcome. The era of talk seems to have been succeeded by that of action. Everywhere men are being elected to public bodies, pledged to restrict the drink traffic, and everywhere the number of saloons is being reduced and the license fee raised. The Alberta Legislature is considering a proposal for rendering illegal throughout the whole of its territory the sale of strong drink except at public dispensaries established under Government control and administered by Government commissioners. Alberta has always been noted for its determined attitude on the temperance question; it is by far the most temperate Province in Canada. The proposal under consideration may be a drastic one and its adoption may not come the first time of asking, but it is more than likely that inside of ten years some such measure will be adopted not only in Alberta but in other Provinces of Canada.

The Lumber Question. A recent debate in the Federal Parliament has directed attention to the method of dealing with timber lands in the Northwest. So far the Dominion Government has retained control and the method of disposing of it is by no means as satisfactory as it should be; indeed it contrasts very unfavourably with the system which works so well in British Columbia. The matter has not attained such prominence as it would have done until recently, but now that railway construction in the extreme West and Northwest of Alberta is on the tapis there will be a big rush for all unsold lands along the Eastern slope of the Rockies. Hitherto the method has been to sell such lands by auction or by tender, in Ottawa. As a consequence there has been practically no public competition and if there is any truth in the allegations made during the recent debate, they have found their way into well recognized channels. Either the Provincial Governments should be given control of their own lands or a system should be adopted more in conformity with the public interest.

Railway Construction. The news that the B. C. Government and the G.T.P. have settled their differences and that railway construction in the Province will commence forthwith will be received with gratification throughout the West. In view of this happy result, due to the diplomatic skill of Mr. William Wainwright and the wise policy of Premier McBride, it is not necessary to revert to the unfortunate attitude of the G.T.P. representative three years ago which has delayed construction until now. The important point is that Mr. Wainwright has declared the intention of his Company to build a railway from the Rockies to the Coast by the end of 1911, so as to comply

with the terms of the original charter. "The Week" was the first paper to give this information to the public. "Westward Ho!" is in a position to supplement its article by stating that the contract for the first hundred miles from Prince Rupert eastwards has been let to Stewart & Welsh, the well known Railway Contractors, and that they have already commenced to move men and materials Northwards. The most important difficulty which had to be removed before a working agreement between the railway company and the Government could be concluded, was the question of the Indian Lands. In connection with this there was a very pretty point of law involved which might have protracted the negotiations for a year, and it, in any event, would have involved further delay. The Dominion Government claimed title to the land on the extinction of the Indians or the other acquisition of the Indian rights. The Provincial Government claimed a reversionary interest under the former condition, and a definite interest if alienation of the lands occurred. The matter either had to go to the Privy Council or one party or the other had to yield its position. It is understood that the difficulty has been solved by the G.T.P. agreeing to recognize the Provincial rights and ceding one-fourth of the lands to the Government. If this turns out to be the actual settlement, it will indeed be an excellent one for B. C. The enormous expenditure which the G.T.P. will make in the neighbourhood of their Western terminus will greatly enhance the value of contiguous lands, and the reversionary interest of the Province will appreciate in value year by year. If Mr. Wainwright's programme is carried out and he has never yet failed to live up to his agreement, Northern B.C. will within a few months become the Mecca of thousands of labourers and settlers.

Old Canterbury

Mark Twentv

Author of "The Canterbury Pilgrim's Guide Book"

IMAGINE a summer's day and you and I standing without the City wall. Before us is the only remaining gate, but as this portal now stands open day and night, we enter without let or hindrance, after admiring the solid masonry, erected at the expense of Archbishop Simon of Sudbury in 1380 on the site of the Norman Gateway. Six other gates originally gave entrance to the city, but all have been demolished and this had a narrow escape about 1850 for Wombwell, with his menagerie came to the city, and finding the gateway too low and too narrow to admit his cages petitioned the Mayor of Commonalty to demolish it. The corporation discussed the proposition, half of them being in favour of acceding to the request and half against it. The Mayor gave his casting vote against the showman and so the gate still stands.

Passing up the narrow sunlit street, with its gabled houses overhanging the pavements on either side, we pass on the right hand side, the church of the Holy Cross, which was built about the same time as the Gateway, the original church having stood over the old Gateway. This was in the troublous days of the young King Richard II, when Sudbury as Chancellor of the Kingdom, had imposed a poll tax which led to the rebellion under Wat Tyler. Alas, poor Wat! He was slain by the Mayor of London, William Walworth, whose dagger appears on London's coat of arms unto this day. Holy Cross Church contains some excellent wood carvings and is celebrated for the production of the first Miracle plays in England.

A little further on is the School of Art established by the celebrated animal

painter, Sidney Cooper, and presented by him to his native city. Close by stands the ancient Church of St. Peter and a few steps further on bring us to the King's Bridge and the old house of the Canterbury weavers, of which a pen and ink sketch is here reproduced. The river shewn in the sketch bends round and rejoins the main stream which passes under the roadway outside the west gate so that the land between the gate and the bridge forms an island known as Binnewith, which, being interpreted, is "inside the bend."

On this island, approached by a narrow pathway from the High Street, stands the House of the Grey Friars or little brethren of St. Francis of Assisi, the first of whom, nine in number, landed in England in 1224. Here in the 17th century lived Richard Lovelace, the poet, who wrote—

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a heritage."

Opposite to the weavers' house stands the old hospital of St. Thomas the Martyr, founded by Archbishop Hubert Walter, between 1193 and 1205 for the reception of Pilgrims to St. Thomas' shrine. Behind the weavers' house stood the home of the Black Friars, the first of whom arrived in England in 1220 when Stephen Langton was Archbishop.

Passing on beyond the old Guildhall and some delightful houses of quaint designs and ornamental facings we arrive at the Chequer of the Hope, the famous hostelry for Pilgrims in the days of Chaucer, which is at the entrance to La Merserie, now known as Mercery Lane.

OLD CANTERBURY.

At the end of this lane, leading to the Cathedral close, stands the Gateway built by Prior Goldstone in 1517; in this building are stored the ecclesiastical registers of the Diocese. Beyond the Gateway stands the Cathedral and entering by the southwest door we find our-

reign of Queen Anne, captured Gibraltar. The central window is to the memory of the officers and men who fell in the Crimea and beneath the window partly inside and partly outside the church is the plain stone coffin of the distinguished prelate, Stephen Langton, who died in



Christ Church Gateway and Other Historical Scenes.

selves in the south aisle, at the east end of which is the Warriors' chapel containing the tomb of Margaret Holland, daughter of the Earl of Kent, her first husband, John Deanford, Earl of Somerset, and her second husband, Thomas Duke of Clarence, second son of Henry IV. Other monuments are Lieutenant Prude 1632; Sir Thomas Thornhurst Kt., 1527, and Sir George Rooke, who, in the

1230. He it was who divided the Bible into chapter and verses and also assisted the Barons in wresting Magna Charta from King John.

On the corresponding side of the nave is the Lady Chapel—built by Prior Goldstone, the first in 1460, on the site of the old Norman Chapel of St. Benedict. At the foot of the column on the right of this Chapel Becket in 1170 was murdered

and this part of the Cathedral is called the Martyrdom. In 1173 the Martyred Archbishop was canonized as a Saint and the following year Henry II did penance before this tomb in the crypt. Shortly afterwards the Cathedral was destroyed by fire and William Sens began to rebuild it. Eleven years afterwards the Cathedral was completed and in it were inserted the first pointed arches used in English architecture.

Between the Warriors' Chapel and the Lady Chapel is the Choir Screen, containing the effigies of Edward I, Edward II, Edward III, Ethelbert, Richard II and John. Entering the choir we find, on the north side, the tomb of Archbishop Chicheley, which he caused to be erected during his lifetime. He is represented lying in state in all the glory of his archiepiscopal robes and below, lying almost naked, wasted and withered in death. Beyond the tomb are those of Archbishops Howley and Bouchier.

Trinity Chapel lies behind the Altar Screen—there rests Henry IV, who died in 1413. His will was dated 21 January, 1408, in which was the following direction: "My body for to be beryed in the church of Canterbury aftyr the descreasion of my cousin the Archbyshcopp, and further that there be a chauntre perpetuall of his prieses for to sing and prey for my soul." In addition to the tombs of Archbishop Courtney, 1396, Cardinal Pole, 1558, and Dean Wotton, 1566, Trinity Chapel contains the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, where on is a beautifully executed gilded copper recumbent statue, the hands joined as in prayer and the figure completely armed. Above it hangs the trophy of the Prince's arms, consisting of the helmet and crest which he wore in battle; his surcoat of velvet, and the scabbard of his dagger, with his gauntlets and shield. He died of consumption at the age of forty-six in the year 1376. Nineteen years previously he had marched in triumph through the city, bringing his prisoner the King of France, after the battle of Poitiers.

In the midst of this chapel was formerly placed the gorgeous shrine and chantry raised to the memory of Saint

Thomas the Martyr and to this shrine came pilgrims and devotees of all nations to offer up prayers and present oblations. With the vast wealth thus accumulated the shrine and chapel were adorned with splendour and the Canterbury pilgrimages were innumerable. Rich and poor flocked to the city. In 1177 Henry the II here met the Earl of Flanders who came with a numerous retinue. Next came William of Rheims with a train of followers and in 1178 Louis the Seventh of France, dressed in pilgrim's garb, and he also was met by the king and a vast concourse of the nobility of France and England assembled. The French monarch presented a rich cup of gold, with the famous jewel "the Regal of France," which Henry the Eighth afterwards had set in a thumb ring.

The steps leading from the side aisles to the Trinity Chapel should be noticed—they give some idea of the number of pilgrims who visited the shrine, who, at the foot of the steps divested themselves of their shoes and walked barefoot, two by two, up to the shrine, and having offered their prayers and made their gifts, passed down the steps on the other side of the high altar walking backwards. All the visitors of after years have not obliterated the grooves worn by those bare feet.

A peep into the crypt discloses the solid masonry of the foundation of the Cathedral. The Chapel of our Lady in the under-crypt was at the time of the visit of Erasmus in 1524, the richest and most elaborate of all the chapels in the Cathedral. Another point of interest is the French church. The Protestants who came to England from Holland and Flanders in the sixteenth century were called "Walloons," those from France "Huguenots." Many settled in Canterbury, and Elizabeth in 1561 granted them this portion of the crypt for their services and these are still continued. In other portions of the under-crypt they, by permission of Archbishop Parker, set up their looms and carried on their business of silk weavers. In 1665 the Huguenots numbered 1,300. In 1694 they had 1,000 looms at work in the city and employed 2,700 people, but the citizens

treated them harshly and Archbishop Laud denounced their churches as "great nurseries of inconformity." Charles I thereupon wrote: "Put me in mynd of this at some convenient time, when I am at counsell, and I shall redress it." After this many of the Huguenots left the country and settled in Holland; others went to Spitalfields. In 1719 there were only 58 "Master Weavers."

In 1582 the plague raged in Canterbury and in the register of the foreign Protestants has this pathetic entry:

"La feme Direlin,
Un autre enfant
Magdalene sa fille,
Un autre petit,
Et am autre le mesme jour—
La dernier fille."

At a little distance from the Cathedral and without the city wall stands the Monastery of St. Augustine, the building of which he commenced but it was not completed and consecrated till after his death. Here were buried Ethelbert and all the Christian kings of Kent, St. Augustine and the nine Archbishops who immediately succeeded him. The Danes in 1011 destroyed the Cathedral and a great part of the city, but the Monastery escaped. Some historians suggest that the Abbot paid a ransom, others that his safety was his reward for betraying the city. The lands of the Convent consisted of 11,862 acres in 1162, and in 1390 its income when taxed amounted to £1232 14s 4 1-2d. In 1464 circumstances had so altered, that one of the Monks, writing to a friend, informs him: "The holdyst brother in our place never herd nor saw our church in that mysere that is now," while another complained that they were "forced to procure drink in ale houses."

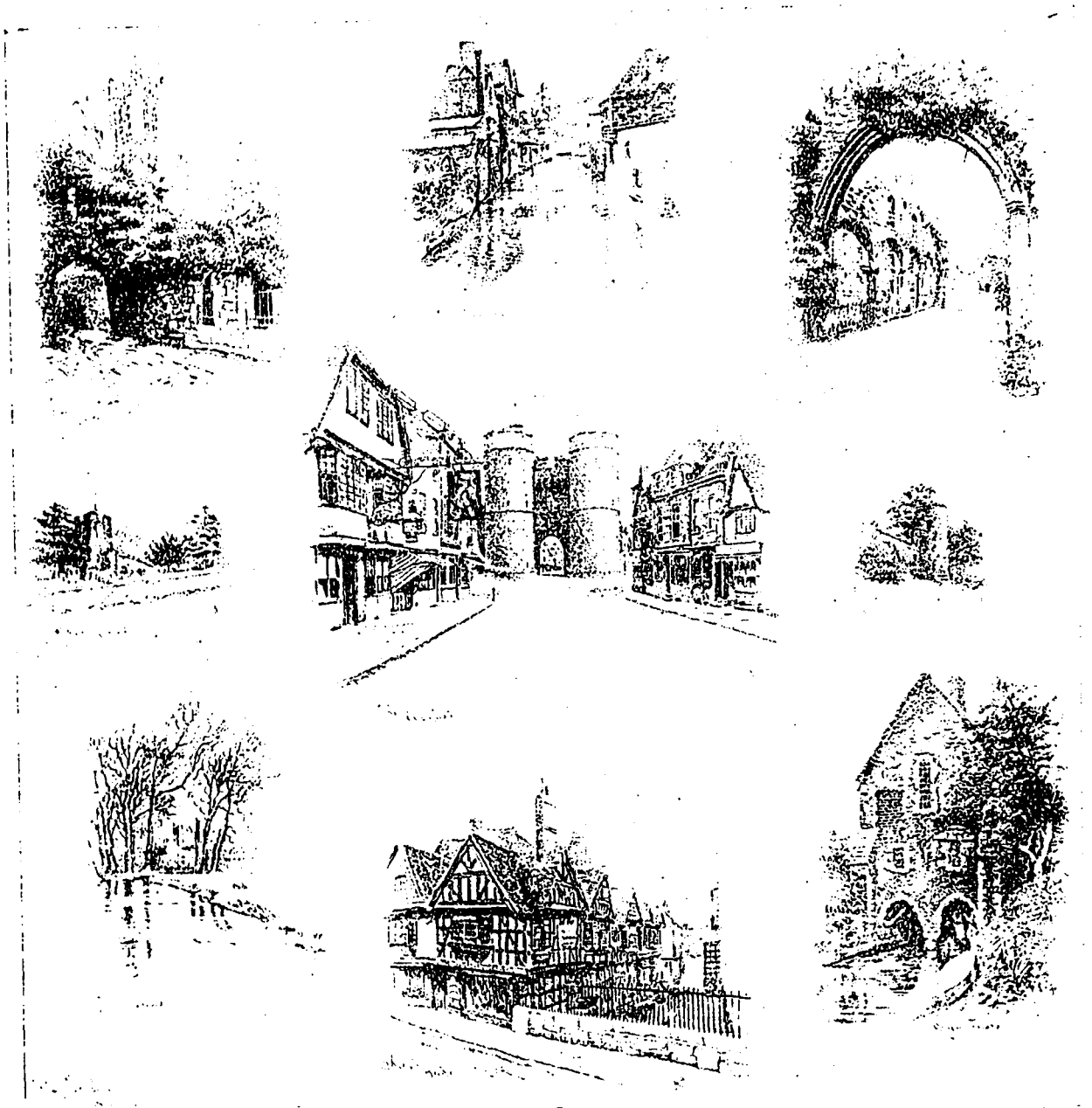
Henry VIII in 1538 suppressed the Monastery with many others and it gradually from that time fell into decay and certain citizens took away portions to build their houses. The same year saw the destruction of St. Thomas' shrine and the confiscation of its treasury. The site of the ruins of the Monastery were pur-

chased in 1844 and a missionary college erected.

Not far from the Monastery, stands the Church of Saint Martin on the road leading to Sandwich. Some portions of the building are believed to have been in their present positions when the Romans occupied the country and evidence of Roman work is noticeable in the external south wall. A church stood here when Augustine the Monk came from Rome with his followers in the early part of 597 and here, or in the River Stour close by he baptized the King of Kent on Whitsunday of the same year. The font of this church is remarkable. The irregularity of the circles and interlaced arches in the carving are worthy of notice. Some archæologists affirm the font to be Norman, others Saxon, others again that the font is Saxon, and the carving Norman. The Kent Archæological Society being of opinion that the lower part is Saxon and the upper Norman. The church contains the oldest brass in the city inscribed to the memory of Stephen Fulks and Alice his wife, dated 1406.

Passing over the meadows into the Dover Road we re-enter the city and find ourselves in the Dane John, a public garden, which has been the property of the citizens from time immemorial. Here they shot at the butts with arrows, and later on "practised at the target with culverins, blundering musquets and other firearms." In writings of the thirteenth century the place is called "Dungonen," "Dangun," and "Daungeon," in 1486 "Dungeon Hill," in 1663 "Dunge Hill," and in 1757 "Little Dung Hill." The Maypole was annually set up here but was discontinued in 1588. During the wars of the Roses one William Pennington having a lease of the Manor of Donjon, essayed to prevent the ingress of the citizens to their favourite recreation ground, but later on the local historian has recorded that "the said William Pennington was summarily beheaded nigh unto the same ground, because of the grudge which the city had against him."

A short walk brings us to the ruined castle, the third largest Norman keep in



In and Around Canterbury.

England, inscribed within the Domesday book as received by the Conqueror from the Archbishop and the Abbot of St. Augustine. The walls are more than eleven feet in thickness and have been deeply inscribed by the prisoners confined within them. About 1160 the castle was enlarged by Henry II and in 1216 it surrendered to the Dauphin of France. In later years the local gas company made it a store for coal and recently it

has been purchased and handed over to the citizens.

Standing on the mound with the encircling pathway we look away across the city wall and mote to the Martyr's Field where, in the year 1558 the last five, of the forty-one local victims, were burnt at the stake. Beyond it lie pleasant meadows and hop gardens, the winding river and the wooded hills, one of the fairest scenes of Kent.

Shakmut

Clive Phillipps Wooley

CHAPTER I.

THE Russian nightingale sings tonight.”
 “True he will sing and if you dost not hurry, thou wilt not relish his song. It will be the knout for thee as it was last night for that new peredovtchik.”

The first speaker laughed uneasily and went on faster with his work.

“He will never give me the knout for refusing to drink good vodka. The new man must be mad.”

“Aye! men are mad who refuse to obey the Governor here. He punishes as he pleases. Russia is far off, and no enemy of his ever got back even as far as Siberia for trial.”

“Something happens. Relsky was drowned, and that last fellow they sent for trial committed suicide—Suicide!”

The man laughed grimly, they had grown used to grim jokes, in the service of the Russian Alaskan Company.

“Why wouldn’t the new peredovtchik drink with little Sacha last night?”

“Now God knows. Some say he does not drink, but that cannot be true. He was a Russian and a soldier. I think that he is a cunning fox, and hopes to go back at the end of his seven years. As if the Governor could not run him up a bill with the Company whether he drinks or not. Drink, say I! You get something for your money then, and we must all die here.”

“Whether we pay the Company or not. I wish the Company would let me run up a bill.”

“To be paid in the copecks thou earnest? Thou art over easy to hold brother. That dodge is for men like this Stroganoff.”

“He is to be blooded tonight is he not?”

“So they say at the Fort. I wonder if he kills better than he drinks?”

“He should do; he was at Eylau.”

“At Eylau. Who might he be then?”

“One of Miloradovitch’s fire-eaters.”

“An officer under Miloradovitch? But they were all nobles. Why comes he here?”

“Nobles fall like other men, only further.”

At that moment a bugle sounded, and the two cossacks, creoles of the type which served under Altasoff, with thin-lipped leathery faces and horny hands; men rough as the bears of Mt. St. Elias, snatched up their rifles and doubled down to the beach. As they went in the failing light, they blundered over the boulders with which Sitka’s beach was strewn, and growled at every stumble.

At the water’s edge there were thirty more like them, all armed, all grimly serviceable men, busy for the most part packing or launching the long canoes in which they travelled, and all quick in obedience to a little beetle browned man in sheepskins. Lawless they might be, but this man had taught them to obey. When the canoes were ready for the launching, the man in sheepskins called for one Yaksheen Anadirsky.

A cossack of pure Russian blood, with gigantic shoulders, and grey moustaches which stood out at right angles to his fierce face, stepped up and shouted:

“Thou knowest the way Yaksheem?”

“I know it Excellence.”

“And understandest what thou hast to do?”

“Exactly Excellence.”

“The Shaman Shakmut and the Kalushes of his tribe, have as thou knowest refused to find hunters for the Company. That is rebellion against Holy Mother Russia, who has cared for them so ten-

derly, and they have gone even beyond this, and have foully and treacherously slain the comrade, that good man Gortsky, whilst peacefully trading amongst them."

One of the Cossacks, a young man, coughed, and grew red in the face.

At once the little burning eyes of the speaker fixed him. They were two points of red hot steel, even in that molten face.

"Whilst peacefully trading amongst them as thou knowest Ivan Dubovitch," he repeated coldly, and the man who coughed, hastened to affirm that it was so, though he had reasons for knowing that Gortsky's peaceful trading included rape.

"And so thou Yaksheem wilt go to Shakmut's village tonight, and reason with these men. We would that we might report to Her Imperial Majesty that peace reigns in Alaska, and that these poor savages progress in civilization as they should do under Her rule."

"Certainly your Excellence," and the man saluted again, whilst the speaker took off his sheepskin cap and stood scratching his bald head.

It was an action strangely at variance with his grandiose manner and carefully chosen words, but the whole man was a mass of contradictions.

Undersized, bloated in the face, bald and of a ferocious ugliness, he spoke when only half drunk, with the unction of a latter day saint; he fought, drunk or sober, like a primitive devil.

A sot, to whom gallons of rum were as glasses of wine to another, he was never too drunk to transact business, and he was, drunk or sober, the best business man that ever set foot in Alaska.

Weathered by Siberian winds, tough as rawhide, brave as most of the promishleniki were, he yet revelled in coarse luxury, and saw to it that he had his share of the good things of civilization, though his nest was in the most inaccessible of the world's wilds.

Hail-fellow-well-met with his men, whose equal he was in birth, and their leader and comrade in the wildest or-

gies, this wonderful man was yet absolute autocrat amongst them, more absolute perhaps than the sovereign he served, between whom and himself, Siberia and a waste of wild waters and fog shrouded lands, set an impassable barrier.

That was Baranoff's luck.

But he owed much of his success to himself; to his courage, his business capacity, and the two facts that he allowed no one to return who would report of him save as he pleased, and that the dividends paid by his company always exceeded the shareholders' expectations.

Therefore he remained Governor of Alaska.

"And Yaksheem!"

"Your Excellence!"

"Thou comprehendest that thou art but second in command tonight. Our friend the Captain Maxim Stroganoff, who I think does not see us, leads under thy guidance. Thou wilt leave the Shaman to him."

As Baranoff spoke, he turned and bowed ceremoniously towards a figure which set cowering in a great military overcoat, under the lee of one of the canoes.

The man rose when his name was mentioned, and stood stiffly at attention, saluting formally, but he made no reply though the Governor seemed to wait for him to do so.

What light there was still left fell upon a strikingly handsome face, but pale to the lips, and so convulsed with passion as to suggest madness.

If hate ever withered, such hatred tortured Maxim Stroganoff, a noble knouted by a tradesman, an officer of Miloradovitch with whip weals on his back.

"Thou wilt help our new friend, Yaksheem," the Governor drawled, looking the Captain sneeringly up and down. "He is a little raw may be still, but he will take kindly to our discipline, even if our methods are not Miloradovitch's."

There was an emphasis on the "raw" which made the men titter, and Stroganoff straightening himself seemed for a

moment about to spring at the other's throat, but he thought better of it.

With an insolent chuckle, that other snapped his fingers, wished the men "luck, and a full net," and then, turning on his heel, went briskly back to where his fort gates opened beneath the red eye of that great lamp which was the terror of the tribes.

At once almost without words the men took their places in the canoes, and before the Governor had reached his den their black craft had glided from the beach into those dim channels which make the highways of the north.

Silence fell upon them, and with it blindness, or something so akin to blindness that only vague shapes, islands were they or sea monsters bristling with spines, stood out now and again indistinctly from the sea of gloom over which, and through which, the Cossacks paddled.

These men had passed out of a World of dry Earth into a waste that was all water.

Beneath them the sea muttered incessantly; above them the rain poured with a steady insistence, which spoke of no beginning and held no promise of an end. There were no land voices to reach them in the darkness, only now and again the silence was outraged by the heavy splash of some great sea monster, or was swallowed up in the roar of an angry tide rip.

To the man in the grey coat it seemed as if his very spine was melting, and his entity being washed away in this hell of waters, in which he knew nothing, understood nothing.

At last, towards morning, when the sky was just grey enough for men to mark the misery in it, and see the weird outlines of the rugged shore, the leading steersman pointed to a gap in the line of coast, and uttered the words.

"The Shaman's village."

At once there was a stir in the boats, a muffled giving of orders, and an ominous handling of weapons, amongst those "reasoners" sent by Baranoff, and then the leading canoe passed out of the current where the great kelp streamed

against the rowers, into a deep inlet of still water.

Looking back along the canoe's wake, from the murky darkness of the inlet, Stroganoff saw a round head with bristling whiskers rise. It made no sound as it rose, and after a long look, sank silently, leaving no trace.

If it was a scout of the amphibious people of this strange world, he cared nothing. They had warning enough if any watched, for as the canoes came in towards the beach, there arose a roar of wings, and the splashing of heavy bodies which could barely lift themselves clear of the waters.

The wild fowl were full fed and noisier than the seal.

The beach up which the canoes glided with a soft oily sound, was a mass of sea leavings, ocean mud littered with the relics of fish, and heavy with the strong smell of the rotting kelp. It was more like the hauling ground of sea beasts than the harbour of a human village, but at the top of it, just above high water mark, a long line of canoes was ranged, covered for the most part with cedar mats.

Behind these, standing cheek by jowl, were nine or ten huge buildings, each capable perhaps of containing a hundred men beneath its roof tree. Before the low doorway of each, stood a grotesquely carved figure, not of one sea monster but of many, growing as it were the one out of the other, until each ended in the winged image of a raven.

Colour there was none to contrast with the grey of the fog curtain, except that here and there the yellowish moss had patched the buildings and the totem poles with leprous blotches, the earmarks of rain and decay.

Everything suggested a war between land and water, in which the slow insistent waters won. Even the rigid ranks of pine which closed up in rear of the buildings were grey and bearded with sea mildew and the trailing mosses which it begot.

But whatever lived in the log houses still slept, taking no note of Nature's sentinels, so that the Cossacks, under Yaksheem's directions, passed through

the dripping pines, and silently surrounded Shakmut's village.

When this was done, the Cossack roared out an order, and the voice of him struck on the silence, so that the million dumb things which waited, shuddered, and at once those silent houses began to buzz with unseen life, and from the door of each a hideous face peered out into the morning.

In an instant the faces were gone again, and the clamour grew, until like a swarm of angered wasps, the Kalushes poured upon the beach.

Wild looking beasts they were, with painted mutilated faces, and black hair knotted above their heads like horses tails; men heavy and broad in the shoulders and (seal like) weak and feeble at the extremities as if they were meant only to sit in a canoe, and hardly at home on dry land, and the clamour of them was as the clamour of the little auks when a boat comes near their breeding cliffs.

To those who had never seen the Kalushes before, it would have seemed that these hundreds of shrieking creatures, armed though they were with nothing better than bludgeons or fish spears, must have smothered the thirty Cossacks in their first mad rush, and for the first time since he had tasted the knout, the head of Miloradovitch's soldier went up.

This was all he prayed for, this was something that he could understand. Fighting at long odds was a game he had played before, and the odds here were long enough even for him.

It irked him that there should be so much talking. Was the Cossack Yaksheem afraid? For himself he only burned to strike as he had been struck, to make any other suffer as he had suffered, and then, if the best happened, to feel one quick pang and have done with it.

Unconsciously he pushed himself into his right place at the front, as a Kalush of unusual stature, rushed towards the lieutenant shrieking what seemed to be words of menace or imprecation, in tones as inhuman as his appearance.

Stroganoff could not understand a word of what was spoken, but instinct

told him that such tones precluded a storm, and gripping a heavy fish club that he had picked up, he stood ready for the rush.

Suddenly at some word of Yaksheem's the great Kalush turned, and came mouthing towards Stroganoff.

"Save yourself," roared the Cossack, and a hoarse laugh went up from his mates, but none moved to help.

Stroganoff needed no help. As the creature came within reach, the Russian felled it with one clean blow, so that for a moment it rolled limp at the striker's feet, whilst such of the crowd as stood nearest dived under the images and disappeared into the houses, and all sent up a cry which Stroganoff recognized instinctively not as one of onset but of dismay.

But he had no time to reason. The maimed thing at his feet had come to life again, had crawled to him, and had him by the knees.

In a moment it would have him down, and the rush would sweep over him. Again he struck and heard the skull crunch beneath the blow, but the thing would not die.

It was struggling to its knees again, and a horror of this thing which he had maimed but could not kill, took Stroganoff by the heart, so that when he struck again, it was with eyes averted and clumsy cruel haste.

When at last it lay still, he saw certainly that it had never been armed. It might even have turned to him as a suppliant, not as a foe.

But it was too late to think.

The Cossacks were amongst the Kalushes; there was a rain of blows, the thud of musket butts, the cry of the strikers, and the groans of the stricken, but in the great writhing mob, with the blood creeping slowly from the trampling feet to the greasy ocean mud, only the whites struck, only the unresisting savages were stricken.

When it was over, there were thirty Cossacks of the Company unwounded, and a hundred and twenty Sitkan savages, lying still in front of their houses, as the brained seal herd lies, when in spite of streaming eyes, and almost hu-

man moans, the butchers gang at Pribyloff has done its work.

That peaceful Russian trader Gortsky had been avenged, and the winds of Alaska wailed by with one more moan in them, while the pale sun peered through the fog at the Agents of the Great Civilizer, as they rewarded themselves for their morning's work from the store of sea otters' skins which Shakmut's tribe had gathered. Well, there

was little more reason why the Sitkans should have slain the sea otters, than why the Cossack creoles should have slain the Sitkans.

Beasts who would save their hides should be strong enough to do so. At least Yaksheem Anaderski's ruse had been rewarded, and thanks to it the new-comer, Maxim Stroganoff, had been duly blooded.

(To be Continued)

Lady Mine.

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

Lo! I bring a votive flower,

Lady mine!

To adorn your trellised bower,

Lady mine!

And the fragrance it encloses,

Is the perfume of the roses,

And the breath of the eglantine.

Won't you take my votive flower?

Lady mine!

To your fair encloistered bower,

Lady mine!

'Twas in Arcady I sought it,

'Twas from Arcady I brought it,

And I lay it at your shrine,

Lady mine!

I am waiting, I am waiting,

Lady mine!

For your sweet capitulating,

Lady mine!

Birds are wooing in their covers,

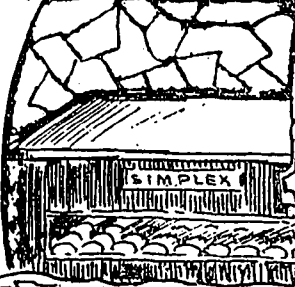
All the world is full of lovers,

Won't you be my Valentine?

Lady mine!

THE
INCUBATOR CHICK

I never had a mother. I never had a dad,
 'Tis really very dreadful, 'tis awful shocking, sad,
 But I'm a little duxy darling, I'm always up to dick,
 I'm one of Lillium Mockhart's birds, I'm an Incubator Chick.



I have quite a hundred brothers,
 & Sisters by the score,
 We're a homely lot of Orphans bold, & still they're hatching
 (more,
 We're a dainty lot of dumplings, the Simon Pure, the cream,
 The pride of all the mountain side, We're raised on Kerosine.

Now this is quite remarkable, a funny thing I trow,
 They plac'd us in a Simplex Chest, two dozen in a row,
 Then lit they up a blazing lamp, with grimy smoky smell,
 They roasted us, they toasted us, we were baked & boiled
 (as well.



No one came to pump us, no one cared a peg,
 'Twas a measly servile trick to play, on a young & helpless egg,
 But in twenty days, by mysterious ways, my yolk began to thicken,
 When I burst my shell, & gave a yell, I'm a jolly Hoppa bore (chicken,
 I never had a parent,
 Not e'en a maiden aunt,
 Not one to gently lead me,
 Not one to say, "you shant!"
 But I'm a little bantam rooster,
 & I'm up to many a trick.

I'm a Simplex, Cockolorum sort, I'm an Incubator Chick.



A. C. Flumerfelt.

W. A. Harkin

TALK is cheap, only results count," was the epigrammatic way a Yankee philosopher expressed himself in commenting on the achievements of a fellow countryman. His wise observation has a universal application. Measured by this standard the career of Mr. A. C. Flumerfelt, of Victoria, B.C., not yet attained to its fruition, has thus far been an eminently successful one. The name of Mr. Flumerfelt will be inseparably connected with the financial, industrial and educational progress of British Columbia during the past ten years, a period noteworthy for remarkable expansion and development. If ever a Western man was entitled to it Mr. Flumerfelt is deserving of the appellation "captain of industry." Space limitations will permit giving only in outline the salient points of a life whose manifold activities are at once an object lesson for other men and an inspiration to the rising generation.

The subject of this sketch was born in Western Ontario, being descended from German United Empire loyalists, who for principle quitted their homes and "treked" through trackless wilds to Canada at the outbreak of the American Revolution. Herein one sees the work-

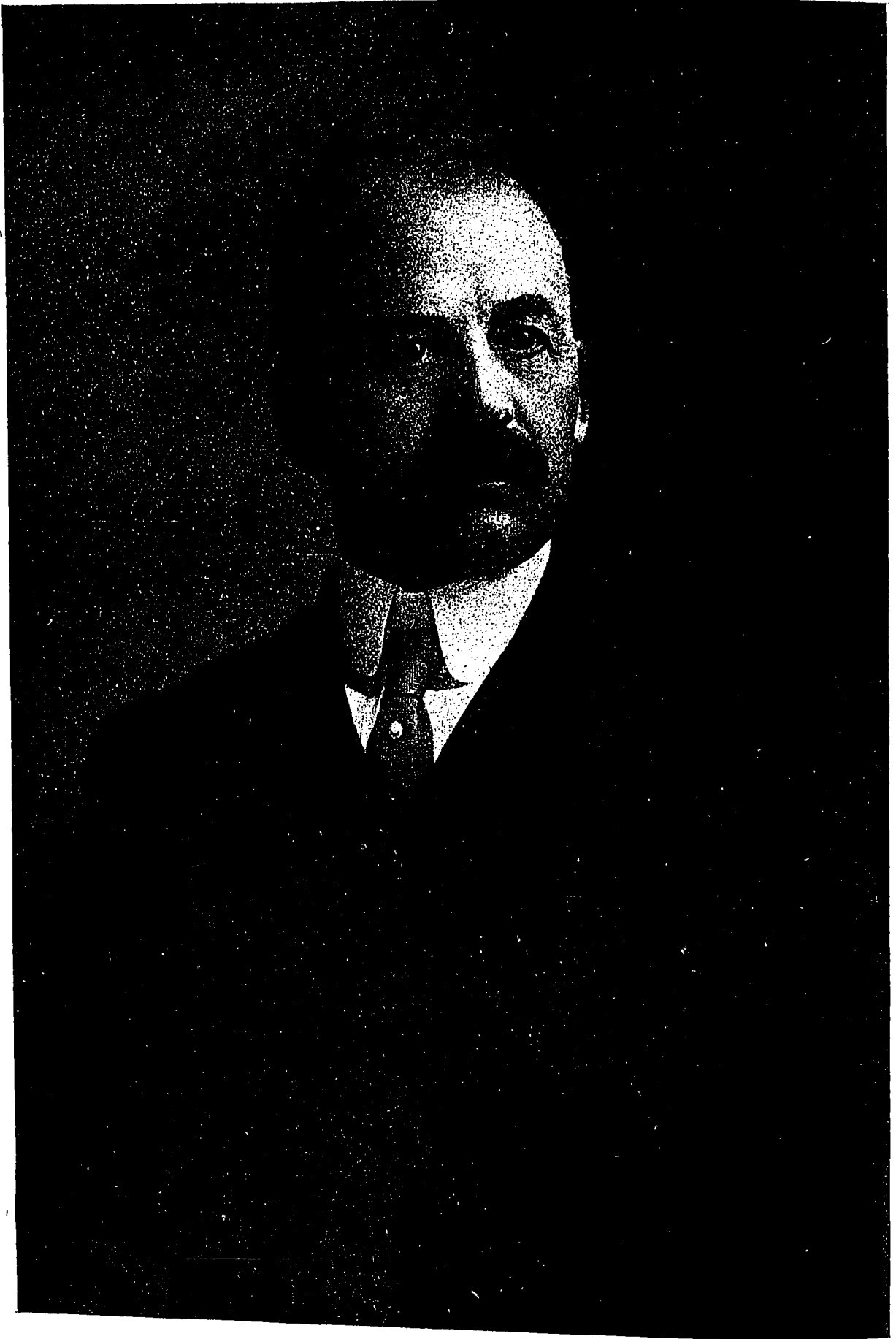
ing of the laws of heredity. Two generations later the sturdy steadfastness of these pioneers reappears transformed as strong moral courage and indomitable pertinacity in the descendant. Possessing such characteristic traits his success in commercial affairs which he engaged in at the age of fourteen, was assured from the outset. But success was not achieved without hard work and without surmounting many obstacles, all of which proved the most valuable kind of experience in aiding him to accomplish greater tasks in middle life. The year 1879 saw Mr. Flumerfelt open the first wholesale boot and shoe house—now known as the Ames-Holden Co., Ltd.—in Winnipeg, then a town with less than 7,000 population. He established the same business in British Columbia, since which period he has continuously resided in British Columbia.

Mr. Flumerfelt as a shareholder and executive officer for several years was prominently connected with the Granby Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. of Grand Forks, B.C. The company has already paid over \$1,400,000 in dividends. He was associated with its president, Mr. S. H. C. Miner, of Granby, Que., (the Grand Old Man of the Province of Quebec), and Mr. Jay P. Graves, of Spokane,

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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE.



A. C. Flumerfelt.

Wash., the General Manager. As assistant to the president Mr. Flumerfelt rendered invaluable service in placing the great enterprise on a paying basis. His duties resulted in him making his home in Grand Forks, where he took a leading part in all affairs tending for the welfare of the community. During his stay in the Boundary Mr. Flumerfelt had the good fortune to be associated with able men in all departments, notably Mr. A. B. W. Hodges, M.E., the superintendent, Mr. H. N. Galer, assistant general manager, and Mr. Geo. W. Wooster, treasurer. Subsequently Mr. Flumerfelt and Mr. Miner withdrew from the active management after having disposed of a large portion of their holdings to New York and Boston capitalists.

Before that date he had organized the International Coal & Coke Co., whose colliery at Coleman, Alta., now maintains an output of about 2,000 tons of coal daily and which is now a dividend payer. More recently Mr. Flumerfelt launched two other large enterprises which promise to be no less successful, The Alberta Coal & Coke Co., of Lundbreck, Alta., and the Royal Collieries of Lethbridge, Alta. Mr. Flumerfelt is president of all three companies which have an aggregate capitalization of \$8,500,000 and which give employment to over 1,500 men. Mr. Flumerfelt is also the owner of large coal areas on Vancouver Island which will be developed shortly on an extensive scale. He is likewise president of the Hastings Shingle Manufacturing Co., the largest plant of its kind in the world, the British American Trust Co., Ltd., and the British Canadian Fire Insurance Co. As a director of the Eastern Townships Bank he was instrumental in inducing that institution to establish branches in Vancouver and other places in the province.

Although essentially self made, Mr. Flumerfelt has found time in the midst of onerous business duties to pursue the study of culture. With a catholicity of taste, more likely to be found in a college professor than in the man of affairs, he is a student and omniverous reader. His tastes lean to literature of the idealistic school. Art finds in him one of its

strongest devotees. It is with difficulty that Mr. Flumerfelt can be induced to speak of himself. He is always more interested in learning about the welfare of his fellows. His unostentatious charities and benefactions are only known to a small circle of intimate friends.

Mr. Flumerfelt, like all other individuals, has his hobbies; with him they are an absorbing passion. He chiefly has at heart the cause of higher education in British Columbia, and the exploitation of the vast natural resources of his adopted province. It will be recalled that he offered two-year free scholarships at McGill University College in order to assist deserving students seeking to advance themselves. During their existence he took an active part in the incorporation of the Royal Institute for Learning designed to prepare British Columbia pupils at home for advanced work and which is now affiliated with McGill University. Mr. Flumerfelt is its treasurer. This institution is regarded as the forerunner of a Provincial University whose early establishment is foreshadowed in a measure now before the Provincial Legislature. The understanding is that the McGill extension work now carried on will later be merged with the proposed University. A site of twenty-one acres at Point Grey, near Vancouver, has already been secured on a long-term lease. Mr. Flumerfelt has not overlooked the question of endowment. From an eastern friend of McGill the offer of \$50,000 has been secured on condition that an equal amount for the same purpose is raised in British Columbia. That the endowment will soon be made effective is regarded as a certainty. Mr. Flumerfelt assisted in inducing Lieut.-Governor Dunsmuir to endow in the sum of \$50,000 a chair of mining in the proposed seat of learning.

Mr. Flumerfelt rendered signal public service last year by offering a prize for the best essay respecting the resources and possibilities of British Columbia. Thirty-eight contributions, many of them indicating deep thought and intelligent research, were received. Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, ex-governor of the Northwest Territories, a veteran

journalist, won first honours. His brilliant essay was reprinted in pamphlet form, thousands of copies being distributed throughout Canada and the British Isles. It proved a luminous exposition of the resources of the Province, containing likewise many suggestions as to the best means for securing the permanent well-being of the entire population.

Mr. Flumerfelt has also taken deep interest in hospital work since the day he first located in Winnipeg. His benefactions have been numerous. He was responsible for the establishment of the public hospital at Phoenix, B.C., a mining camp where facilities for treating surgical cases were greatly needed. He has also served on the boards of the Jubilee Hospital and the Protestant Or-

phan's Home of Victoria. He is a life-governor of the Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria Hospitals.

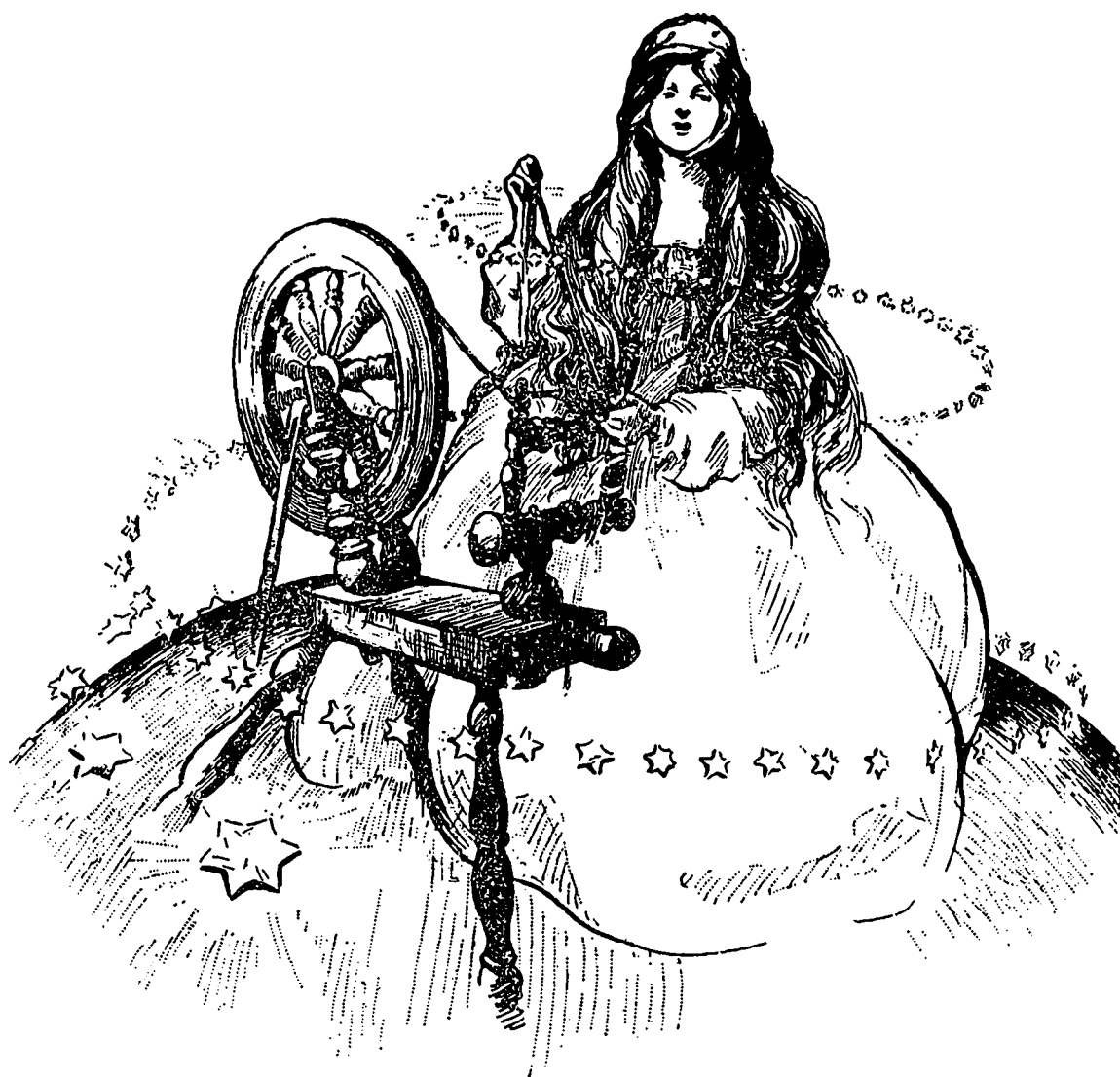
Mr. Flumerfelt is an ardent friend of organized labour. As a capitalist he has never failed to see questions from other standpoints than his own. On two occasions, at Calgary and Fernie, he served as an arbitrator in industrial disputes. His probity and honesty of purpose have been given testimony to by the leaders of the coal miners. In the instances mentioned amicable settlements were finally affected.

Still in his prime Mr. Flumerfelt will no doubt live to see many of his cherished ideals realized and survive to see British Columbia assume its destined position as the premier province of the Dominion.

The Sower.

J. Lambie.

Who, having watched the farmer sow his grain,—
 Or, better still, himself hath been the sower,—
 Hath seen throughout the sunshine and the shower,
 The thin blades pierce the quicken'd earth again;—
 The green tints all to golden turn amain,
 As if by some occult, alchemic power;
 Then, in the end, with subtle sweep the mower,
 Lay all the gold upon the autumn plain?
 Who, thus beholding, hath not, wond'ring, thought
 That cognate forces rule within our sphere?
 Some fate upon the dull earth doth us cast;
 Yet, if we are with goodly virtues fraught,
 Soon though the deathly reaper may appear,—
 Our growth shall yield some fruitage ere the last.



The Spinning Woman.

E. Archer

ONCE upon a time there stood an old palace in the midst of a garden. It was a king's palace, in fact it belonged to the king of the land, but he had quite given up coming to it. There were strange tales about the place.

Some people said they could always hear a sound of spinning—spinning—spinning. The king could not hear it himself, but then he was a little deaf. Moreover, he wore so many jewelled chains about him that they made a clinking sound wherever he went. Still for all that, it was very annoying.

Sometimes grand foreign princes and ambassadors would visit him, for he

was a very great king; and just when he thought he was distinguishing himself in brilliant conversation, one or other would perhaps say, "What is that? It sounds like a spinning-wheel."

Then the king had to make all sorts of excuses, for he did not like to contradict a foreign prince.

Besides, you never knew who might hear it. The girl in the scullery, who washed the greasy pots and pans, often said she heard it; whereas the grand court lady who set all the fashions could never hear a sound of it. Yes, it really was very annoying; but there was worse than all this.

The king had one son whom he loved

very dearly. The little prince was a sweet-natured, beautiful child, but even from a baby he always seemed to be listening to something, so that the grown-up people used to say: "What can the child hear?"

Then, when he was a little older, he would spend all day among the flowers in the garden, with the same look on his face. One day, when he was old enough to speak, the king said to him, "What do you hear?" and to his great horror and amazement the little prince answered, "Spinning—spinning—spinning."

This was very bad. The court physician was called in, but he could find nothing the matter with the royal child, so he ordered him to be taken away to another palace.

It nearly broke the child's heart to be torn from his beautiful garden, but he no longer heard the sound of spinning in the new palace, only now he always seemed to be waiting for something—waiting—waiting.

This is how the old palace came to be empty, but the garden was still full of beautiful flowers. Now the prince came of age and was allowed to choose his own home, and he chose to come back to the home of his childhood, because no flowers had ever seemed to him so beautiful as the flowers in the old garden, and above all things did he love the sound of a spinning-wheel. He had never really quite forgotten, you see.

He was rather a curious young prince, and although he was brave and genteel, and loved all beautiful things, people did not always like him. Somehow, he gave them the idea that he was not always with them, and they seemed to be half afraid of him.

Some of the fine court ladies had no patience with him. They thought he was so cold and almost sarcastic, but they did not understand him at all. He was really very gentle.

The sun was just setting when the prince and his train reached the old palace. As they had ridden all day, supper was served at once, but the prince hardly ate anything. He kept laying down his knife and fork and listening,

for all the time he fancied he heard the sound of spinning—spinning—spinning. So that his followers said, "How strange he is tonight."

At last he could bear it no longer. He left the supper-table and strolled out into the garden. It was a soft green twilight. The garden was deliciously cool and dewy after the hot banqueting-room and never had the scent of the flowers seemed so strangely sweet. And the spinning—was it spinning? It seemed to the prince to be more like music—yes—it was music. Could any one of the court minstrels— But no, no court music in all the world was ever like this music, so unearthly, so beautiful, so soft. It seemed to be a part of the twilight and the flowers.

Suddenly the spinning and the music all ceased, and there came a great stillness, so that the prince could hear his own heart beating, and scarcely dared to breathe, for in the stillness he thought he heard a voice, which said, "Are you there?"

It seemed quite near to him, so that he stretched out his arms, and said under his breath, "Yes, I am here."

But he could see nothing, though he searched the garden through and through.

All that night he wandered about the garden under the stars, and all that night there was spinning—spinning—spinning, and the music, but the voice did not come again, though he listened. Oh, how he listened! Now, the prince's whole life seemed to be in these sounds. He could scarcely sleep or eat, and he no longer heard what people said to him. He grew thin and pale, so that his attendants said that he was going to die.

But the prince knew that it was not death that called him, but life.

Still, he grew very weary of waiting and listening and searching, so at last he thought he would ask the advice of a great magician who lived in the midst of a gloomy pine forest. One night, then, he set out alone to visit this magician. He was obliged to go at night, because the magician could not bear the light. He always went to sleep all day, and kept awake all night. But he was

very wise. Oh, so wise! He could read men through and through like books, and he knew quite well that the prince was coming to him through the forest, so he put on the most fearful robe he had—scarlet, dyed in human blood, and embroidered with live serpents, for

so absent-minded that he sat down on the top of a large boa-constrictor, and began at once to tell his tale quite simply. When he told of the spinning and the music the magician nodded his head and said, "Yes, yes. I have heard of these things before. We hear these



"The Prince fell backwards into a deep, deep sleep."

he was not altogether above creating a sensation, though he was a magician.

But the prince was thinking of something quite different. He was always listening for a voice, besides which all other voices seemed dull and meaningless, and so this horrible garment made no sort of impression on him. He was

things sometimes, some of us;" but when he spoke of the voice, the great man said, "Ho, ho. So you have heard a voice. That's different. Now I can help you, only swear to me that you will always protect me and never let me be burnt alive."

So the prince swore on his sword.

"That's settled, then," said the magician. "Now we can get to business," and taking a crystal rod, he touched the prince on the forehead, and the prince immediately fell backwards into a deep, deep sleep on the top of the boa-constrictor, who took no notice of him, for he was asleep too.

Then the magician opened the prince's eyelids, and looked down deep into his eyes, so that he could see his thoughts. And he bared the prince's breast and laid his head on his heart, so that he could hear his dreams. All the while he kept grimly nodding his head and saying to himself, "So, so! He has gone farther than most people, this fellow. I must continue his acquaintance. Yes. Yes. He is something more than a bag of sawdust with a crown and a sceptre. I begin quite to like him."

At last he took the crystal rod and touched him again on the forehead, and the prince sat up and rubbed his eyes, looking sleepily about him, but he had no idea he had been dreaming. The magician actually gave him some wine to drink, saying at the same time: "Come, wake up; it is time you were trudging. Back, as fast as your legs can carry you, to your garden again. You must be sure to be there before the sun rises; you will hear the voice saying, 'Are you there?' You must answer softly, 'Yes, I am here,' and as the sun rises you will see before you an apple tree, in full bloom and full of singing birds. Look at it steadfastly, and under its branches you will see a little glass house with a low iron door, and inside the glass house there will be a woman spinning. You must go up to the door and knock three times, and a voice will say, 'Come in,' but be sure you do not lift the latch until you have knocked three times."

"I will be sure of that," the prince answered eagerly.

"Good luck," shouted the magician.

But the prince never heard him. He was already out of sight. Oh, how his heart beat, as he ran through the wood. He was going to know the secret at last. The secret of his life.

It was already dawn when he reached

the garden. The birds began to sing, and the flowers to open. It seemed like another world after the magician's gloomy home, and while he waited for the sun to rise, again he heard the voice say, "Are you there?" Then he answered, "Yes, I am here," and immediately the sun rose and he saw before him an apple tree in full bloom and full of singing birds. And he saw, too, the little glass house under the branches, with the low iron door, and inside the little glass house sat a woman spinning stars.

Oh, she was beautiful!

Her eyes were like a summer night, and her mouth was sweet like music, and her long dark hair fell like a cloud over her blue mantle. As she spun she sang, and as she sang, the stars she was spinning moved round her in a circle; wider and wider, and farther and farther, as far as all the world.

The prince scarcely dared to breathe for the wonder and beauty of it. Suddenly she looked at him with large solemn eyes, and he fancied that she smiled. He thought his heart must break for joy. He sprang towards her with a loud cry and put his hand on the latch of the iron door, but he quite forgot to knock three times as the magician had told him.

As he opened the door the singing stopped; the spinning-wheel went round and round madly, with a harsh, whirring noise and stopped too; and the stars flew out in all directions, like sparks of fire, and blinded him, so that he had to close his eyes.

It was only for a minute, but when he opened them again everything was gone.

The beautiful woman, the wheel, the music, the stars—even the apple tree was gone. The prince stood alone in the garden.

It was raining.

* * * * *

Now, many years had come and gone, and the prince was old, with long hair and dim, sad eyes. For a long time he had been king of the land. A good, gentle king, but he had never done any-

thing remarkable or brilliant, neither was he very popular.

He had been always waiting and listening for something that he never heard, and that makes one sad, you know.

Now, at last, he was going to die. It was winter, and freezing bitterly. The king lay propped up with pillows and covered with soft rugs, and his eyes were closed, as though he slept.

It was midnight, and a large wood fire burnt on the hearth, but he was cold—so cold.

The king's physician bent over him on one side, and the Lord High Chamberlain on the other, for he had no wife or child.

"He is going fast," they whispered.

Suddenly the king sat up, without any help, and seemed to listen intently.

"Do you hear anything?" they asked, and the king answered, "Spinning—spinning—spinning."

"Alas, he has grown childish," they said.

Then his eyes grew bright, as one who sees a beautiful vision, and his face had a wonderful light in it.

"It is the light from the fire," the physician said. But it was not the light from the fire. The king stretched out his long arms and said very softly, "Yes, I am here," and fell back dead into the physician's arms, a mere bag of bones.

He really had grown quite childish.

Donatelli's Revenge.

E. S. Lopatecki

WE were talking books. McDuff always liked to talk books, and so did Colonel, Askwith, an acquaintance of a few hours, hadn't expressed partiality for anything in particular, and as for me I fell in with anything McDuff and the Colonel wanted to talk about.

"The latest book I read," said McDuff, "was one that kept me up all night. I kicked myself next morning. It was one of those Marie Corelli imitations where the author changed the hero's soul and mind by a piece of music. Good story, but ridiculous."

"Quite impossible," said the Colonel. "Music and art always have certain effects, I admit, but as for making a man something new altogether—pshaw."

"Yes," said McDuff, "music is great, and so is art, especially painting, and I have heard many a yarn about their strange effects, but I never yet had the privilege of looking into a genuine case.

They always seem to vanish before an investigating mind. What do you think, Asquith?"

After a pause, Asquith answered, "Have you ever been in Florence?"

We hadn't, and wondered what he was trying to reach. "Well, in the art gallery there, is a picture by one Donatelli. Have you heard of it?"

"No."

"The picture is a strange one," Asquith continued, "an allegorical subject, seven angels, a lion, and an eagle."

"Yes?" we answered, in expectation.

"It all depends which assistant you happen to ask what answer you will get. When I was visiting the gallery I happened to ask an old, gray headed Tuscan. He told me a strange story about the painter who really was no artist at all, and who once had a strange dream, the result of which was that he commenced a picture and, seemingly guided by the hand of Providence, after the

lapse of five years, even to the minute, the picture was finished. Donatelli thought it a modern miracle, but, strange to say, the public did not, and the picture hung in the gallery practically unnoticed."

"Go on, we want to hear it all," from McDuff.

"Can't you guess the result?"

"I should say Donatelli was rather put out," said the Colonel.

"Quite right, he was. He was more than put out. He imagined himself insulted, so he decided on the best cure for his feelings—revenge. I asked the old Tuscan what form his revenge was to take. He was not sure of the details of this part of the case, but the story ran that Donatelli painted one more picture, again guided by the hand of Providence, and made it such that the first five persons who looked at it, one for each year, you see, should be so fascinated with it that it would be impossible for anyone of the five to live without seeing it once every day, all of them to be viewing it at the same time."

"A strange story," said the Colonel, "and ridiculous, too, but I suppose those superstitious Italians believed it."

"Yes, a very queer story. However, it passed completely out of my head. It was perhaps a year after this that I was in Berlin. I had been going to the gallery pretty regularly, and at last one of the men about the place, Goldsmidt by name, a nice, young, friendly chap, invited me to come into his workshop, and look behind the scenes. This I only too gladly did, and as Goldsmidt was working on a larger frame than he could conveniently handle, I gave what little assistance I could. In some way or other I let it slip out that I was not working and that my resources were getting low, so Goldsmidt told me that if I wanted a temporary job working along with him, he could get it for me. I readily consented, and the result was that I turned up at the gallery next morning with overalls and woollen jacket and was set to work at once.

The first thing we did was to unpack a large box of pictures, donated by some baron or other far up the Rhine. There

were perhaps eight or nine in all. These we removed, placing them on various benches, and standing some up against the wall. They made quite an imposing array, and Goldsmidt seemed undecided which to start on first. However, a monstrous daub representing a shepherdess and flock seemed to strike his fancy, and, while removing the canvas from the frame, he suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise, at which I hurried over to see what was the matter. It appeared that he had been using a sharp chisel, and, in some way or other his hand had slipped, and the instrument dug into the picture, flaking off a piece of paint about the size of a shilling.

"Instead of exposing the canvas it showed a hard, shiny surface under which, as far as I could see, was more painting. Goldsmidt removed the canvas from the frame, placed it on a table, and told me to help him. Then, beginning at the bottom, together we removed the outer coat of paint, which chipped off easily from the hard transparent substance underneath. The picture we uncovered was evidently a better one than the one above, and Goldsmidt was willing to risk removing the latter, to get the original.

"It was not until we had the picture almost uncovered that we had a good idea of our discovery. A stranger piece of work I have never seen—a man with arms folded across his breast, in one hand a wicked looking dagger. His feet were hidden in long grass, which grew almost to his knees, but it was his face and head that gave him his unique distinction. The mouth was shut tight, but a grim smile seemed to play around the corners of his lips, eyes black and piercing, looking straight at you, ears sharp and pointed at the top in an unnatural manner; his hair, the most peculiar part of him, brushed up into two points above his ears, standing some three or four inches above his head.

"Goldsmidt placed the picture in an upright position, and we backed off to view it from a distance. Then we got some further impressions of the picture we had on hand. The grass growing about his feet gave him a transparent ap-

pearance from his knees down, quite a spooky effect, while the two points of hair showed up like horns, which with the pointed ears this gave him a decidedly wierd, and even terrifying look. It was certainly a most remarkable picture.

"Goldsmidt was surprised too, but pleased, and told me to help him get the picture and frame in a presentable condition, so as to be able to get the novelty hung in the gallery at the earliest possible date. We worked hard at it all day, and, by evening, we had it ready for the gallery. We left it there, intending to hang it in the morning.

"That night I was troubled with the most horrible and nerve-racking dreams. The man in the picture seemed to leap out of his frame at me, and, seeing me crouch in fear, laughed diabolically at my discomfiture. All night long the man stayed with me, doing first one thing and then another, and when morning broke I rose red-eyed and unrested, but glad to get away from the hateful features. When I reached the gallery, I was surprised to find Goldsmidt rubbing his eyes, which were red and swollen like mine. 'Goldsmidt,' I said, 'what's the matter?' 'I didn't sleep well last night, but how about yourself?' 'No more did I, that picture got on my nerves, as I suspect it did on yours. Suppose we hang the thing and get it out of the way?' He assented, and, in a few minutes, the monstrosity was hung in a room off the main gallery.

"Goldsmidt and I returned to our work and, later in the day, I took it into my head to take a look at the picture again, and see what kind of a crowd it had caused to gather. There were, perhaps, a dozen people examining the curious work, but I noticed three in particular. A red-haired man about forty, tall and well built, and an old man and his wife, at least sixty. These three were standing in the front row, seemingly more engrossed in puzzling out the meaning of the picture than anyone else. I looked at my watch, twelve o'clock—time for lunch.

"As I started away, I passed Goldsmidt coming to view the picture, but I at-

tached no special significance to it at the time.

"The day passed as days generally do, and towards eleven o'clock I went to bed. The picture had been out of my mind for some hours, but I had no sooner got to sleep than the horrible dreams of the previous night, again began to torment me with the result that I got practically no rest.

"When I reached the gallery next morning, Goldsmidt had not turned up; I worked alone for some hours, and, twelve o'clock arriving, I went out to look for him. Instinctively, it seemed, I made for the picture, and there, sure enough, was Goldsmidt, gazing away, as if it were nothing unusual for him not to turn up for work. I also noticed that the red-haired man and the aged couple were there too, and the eyes of all four were swollen and red.

"Then, and not till then, the truth flashed upon me, and like a thunderbolt it came. Half crazed with fear I seized Goldsmidt by the collar, and pulling him into a corner, began in such a break-neck fashion that I utterly failed to make him understand what I was trying to say. At last I calmed down enough to speak coherently,

"'Goldsmidt,' said I, 'how long have you been in this business?'

"'For twelve years, at least.'

"'Have you ever been in Florence?'

"'No.'

"'Do you know anything of the pictures there?'

"'Yes, something, why?'

"'Do you know one by Donatelli?'

"'Yes, but what of it?'

"'Do you know the story of his revenge?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well,' I said, pointing to the picture from which I had just drawn him, 'there is the form his revenge happened to take.'

"Goldsmidt was no fool, and it didn't take him long to understand the situation. He sat down on a chair and buried his head in his hands.

"'I would never believe that story,' he wailed, 'but I've learnt my lesson now.' He paused. 'It's a nice thing to have to see that picture every day as long

as I live. A cheerful outlook, indeed.'

"McDuff had been showing signs of incredulity several times during the story and now broke out: 'Do you expect me to believe that?' Why, to my certain knowledge, you haven't seen any such picture in the last twenty-four hours. Say, Asquith, that's enough."

"All right, gentlemen," Asquith continued, "you are not forced to believe me. As a matter of fact, you have heard only half the story. I have yet to explain how we got rid of the curse."

"All right, Asquith, no offence meant," said the Colonel, "let's have the rest of it. I would like to hear how you got out of the fix."

Asquith resumed as follows: Goldsmidt and I did some close calculating, and we decided to let McColl, for that was the name of our red-haired friend, into the secret right away. We took him aside, and then, Goldsmidt and I went about it as delicately as possible, explaining piece by piece the exact situation. McColl was a cool, quiet sort of man, with a quaint sense of humour, and he seemed to treat the whole thing as a joke. He hadn't slept, for two nights, and was destined to leave Berlin at twelve o'clock that day, but he threw up his appointment, nevertheless. He admitted all that, and more too. Gradually Goldsmidt brought him round to the serious side of the business, and we three put our heads together, the result being that Goldsmidt and I agreed with McColl that there must be some way of atoning for Donatelli's diabolical joke, and once we had done this, the power of his revenge would be no more.

For the next few days we five investigated high and low, and finally traced the course of the picture back from the gallery to the baron, from the baron to an uncle of his, who had left it to him when he died; then to a picture dealer, then back to one of the descendants of the Donatelli, and, after much tracing and worrying to the very abode in which the abominable thing had been conceived and executed.

Telling this, it sounds easy, but no such thing. We all had to travel in the same conveyance at the same time, so

as not to be separated; the wretched cause of the trouble, in the same conveyance aforesaid; had all to be on hand at noon every day to view the thing, had to live in the same hotels and houses. I tell you, it was no joke.

It once happened that I forgot to wind my watch, and when twelve o'clock arrived, I was far from the picture, in fact, it was in a Turkish bath establishment. You have by this time been wondering why we all went to see the thing at twelve o'clock. This little incident of the Turkish bath will give an idea of what happened if we did not turn up on time.

I heard twelve o'clock strike, and suddenly I noticed the attendants change, growing longer and thinner, grinning at me and digging me with their eyes; right into my very soul it seemed. They grew more and more like the man in the picture, more and still more, until I was terrified beyond measure. Rushing from the room I seized someone's clothes, not my own, and jumping into a pair of trousers, and with a towel around my shoulders, I tore to our lodgings like mad.

All the way the man in the picture seemed to chase me. I reached the picture, feasted my eyes, and gradually came to my proper senses.

Anyway, to make a long tale short, we managed to get hold of the room in which the picture had been painted, and, thank God, it was the same one in which Donatelli's masterpiece had also been created.

The Dubois couple could do nothing, so upon the rest of us depended the cure of Donatelli's revenge. The room in question was a big panelled affair, with a fire place, and a big picture over it, and a few bits of old furniture, including a bookcase with several rows of ancient volumes. McColl examined the books, Goldsmidt felt the panelling for secret pockets, and I contemplated the fire place. Suddenly an idea struck me. Taking out my penknife I stuck it into the picture above me, and to my intense joy, a big piece of paint flaked off, displaying the same texture as Donatelli's

shepherdess had when the outer daub was removed.

I climbed up on the mantel piece, cut the cord, and down came the picture with a smash. Goldsmidt and McColl came in on the bounce, and, before I could fully explain, caught my meaning, and began on the picture like wild. It was not long before a considerable part of the paint was removed, and we were able to make out what was underneath. Writing of some kind, and in Italian too.

I am a poor Italian scholar, and I had a big job ahead of me. The writing seemed a sort of autobiography and it was only near the bottom that any mention was made of the picture that caused the trouble. It seemed that Donatelli had, in a sense, repented of his desire for revenge, and left this confession, adding that he would give the ignorant public, as he called them, a chance to redeem themselves. If, he said, one of the five injured ones could paint a better picture, the visitors to the gallery being the judges, he would release them from his power.

This was our chance. McColl, Goldsmidt, and I grabbed the Dubois and danced them with sheer delight, much to their surprise and discomfort. And then, remembering that they were still ignorant of the facts, we explained how the matter stood.

It didn't take long to get to work on

the picture. We made all haste for Florence, and there started the paintings. McColl was quite an artist, Goldsmidt was no novice, but the Dubois had to be excused. I was passable.

When the eventful day arrived the original and the three copies, and also the cause of the trouble, were hung up together, and a ballot taken. The news had gone abroad and the place was jammed. However, we five had had enough to know not to tinker with the ballot boxes, so to speak. Some professor or other was made returning officer of this strange election. When the ballots were at last counted and the result announced in favour of McColl's picture by a majority of seven, I felt something snap within me, while the crowd set a shout that made the windows rattle. It was a welcome moment; we fell into each other's arms, and then looked at the picture of the man with the horns.

The man was gone, only a blank canvas remaining! The professor, seeing the cause of our surprise, explained it to those of the audience who were still in the dark, and, at the close of his remarks, said: "Gentlemen, Donatelli's revenge has run out."

We departed amid thundering cheers.

"That, gentlemen, is the way a certain painting affected me. Don't judge the author of the book too severely."



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Robert Burns

The Poet of Democracy

Robert Allison Hood, B.L.

NOW that Scotsmen over all the world have celebrated the birthday of their national bard, and toasted his "immortal memory," a consideration of the place of Burns in the world's thought and literature and of the message which he brought to humanity may be timely and not unprofitable. For Burns like Homer and Shakespeare and Goethe was a world poet. In spite of all our love and pride in him, we Scotsmen cannot claim the complete proprietorship in our national bard, for the scope of his message was so wide as to transcend entirely the bounds of nationality and race. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, there Burns is known and read; he has been translated in part into nearly all the languages of Europe; and I believe that there is no poet who has through his writings so drawn men to love him. Shakespeare is rightly held to be supreme in the World's literature; he had a far greater imaginative power than Burns and a wider grasp of men and affairs than he; but we cannot get to know Shakespeare through his writings. He is almost wholly objective except perhaps in some of the sonnets; and with all the universality of his sympathies, his own personality eludes us. Other poets are more subjective, but their thoughts often soar too high for the generality of us. They are dreamy and impractical, and do not chime in with our sordid work-a-day experiences; or they hold up such a stainless standard of moral rectitude for our example that the mere contemplation of it makes us feel our own delinquencies with doubled shame.

"It's all right for a fellow like Wordsworth who never had to work for his living," we are apt to say, "to voice these beautiful sentiments, but if he only had my row to hoe for a while, he would know what it was."

But the great charm with Burns, is that we feel he is one of ourselves, one of the toiling, sweating multitude that we daily rub shoulders with in the strain and stress of the struggle for existence. His very faults endear him to us, they are so human and so like our own; and his hopes and fears are ours too. Who of us but thrills with a fellow-feeling when the poet turns from the pitiful plight of the homeless mousie to his own sad destiny:

"Still thou art blest compared wi me,
The present only toucheth thee;
But och—I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear;
An' forward tho I canna see,
I guess an' fear."

What a world of pathos and tragedy is contained in these six lines! But Burns' whole life was one long tragedy. Everyone is more or less acquainted with the circumstances of it; the poverty-stricken youth on the farm; the meagre schooling secured at such sacrifice yet used to such profit and advantage; the lack of childish companions and the play-life which forms such an important factor in the proper education of the young; the hard manual labor engaged in before the boy's frame had hardened and which was to show its effects on his constitution later on; and the home circle so admirably described in "The Cottar's Sat-

urday Night," with its delightful picture of filial love and paternal piety and domestic peace.

These early years despite their obscurity and toil were the happiest for the poet; but they were soon to be followed by disaster. He started at the age of twenty-three to learn the trade of flax-dressing in the town of Irvine and not long after the shop he was in caught fire and he was left to quote his own words "like a true poet not worth (six pence)." Then came the insolvency and death of his father, and the removal to the farm of Mossgiel where the poet worked manfully; but here again fate seemed against him, and the first year through bad seed, the second through a late harvest, he tells us, he lost half his crops. "This upset all my wisdom," he says, "and I returned like the dog to his vomit and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." These four years at Mossgiel were the most important of his life. Then the genius within him began to manifest itself both for good and evil. Then it was he began to realize his great poetic gifts, and his fame began to spread through the neighbourhood. Then, too, for the first time, the passions of his mighty spirit began to assert themselves with all their force. The consciousness of power awoke in him and the ambition to realize it, the love of goodfellowship and conviviality which brought about those excesses that helped to cause his early death; and the great master-passion of love which was to furnish the world with some of its finest love-songs, but which in its excess was to bring upon him such public opprobrium and private remorse.

The affair with Jean Paton, the first of his illicit amours, which brought upon him the censure of the Kirk Session, induced him to make common cause with the atheists and free-thinkers of the neighbourhood against the polemical divinity and the Phariseism of his time; and he found it an excellent butt for the shafts of his powerful gifts of satire. It was his satirical poems such as "Holy Willie's Prayer" and "The Holy Fair," that first brought him into public notice.

His private affairs, however, went from bad to worse. His alliance with Jean Armour, her rejection of him at her father's command, and all the humiliation it entailed together with his harassing poverty, made his lot almost unendurable; and he was about to emigrate to Jamaica as a last resource, when the publication of the "First Edition" of his poems raised him all at once from the needy ne'er-do-well to the darling of the hour for all Scotland. Then comes that dazzling winter in Edinburgh when he was feasted and feted by the best in the land, and where his unabashed and independent bearing and the wit and power of his conversation were the wonder of the town. This was the climax of his career. The public acclamation was followed by coldness and neglect. With the proceeds of a second edition of his poems, he rented a farm at Ellisland in the South and married Jean Armour. The farm was not profitable, however, and he left it for a position in the excise which he held until his death in 1796 at the age of 37.

These last ten years of his life were much marred by his intemperance and embittered by the coldness of the public that had once courted him and their history is a sad one; but there is no time to enter into the details here. Burns' whole adult life was one long struggle against poverty and his besetting sins. The primordial passion was in him all the more powerful because of his unusually high-strung sensibilities and his extreme susceptibility; and while we must regret his frequent transgressions of the moral law, it is not our place to blame him.

But my problem is not simply to speak of Burns as a man, but rather to define his place and function as a poet of democracy. It is a well-known common-place of philosophy that the march of the human mind onward is not a steady one, but moves by fits and starts. That is, there are periods of apparent stagnation and rest in which preparation is being made for growth that is to follow; and by reason of such rest and preparation, the progress is all the greater and more striking when it comes. We see the

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same principle most strikingly exemplified in nature when the torpor of the winter time seems to burst forth almost in a day's sunshine, buds swell out into fragrant blossoms, leaves cover up the bare branches of the trees, birds sing sweetly in the hedgerows, and

"Whether we look or whether we listen
We hear life's murmur or see it glisten."

In just such a state of torpor was the thought of Eastern Europe towards the end of the 18th century. The stability of governments had permitted the extension of trade and the hitherto dominant aristocracy had found its pre-eminence disputed by a moneyed middle-class backed by a hard-handed crowd of artisans just beginning to be conscious of their power. The literature of the time, faultless in form, correct in diction and framed, as it was, on the classic model, looked to the past instead of to the future. It had served its purpose and its day of usefulness was gone. It had no note to give of help or inspiration to the half-stirring consciousness in men of higher destinies in store for them. Pope was epigrammatic and conventional, Johnson was orthodox and pedantic, Gray was philosophical and impractical, while Goldsmith with all his felicity of phrase might talk like an angel, but had not the virility and force to move men's minds.

It was at this psychological moment that Robert Burns, a simple, unlettered Scottish Peasant, came from the very stilt of the plough and by a handful of simple verses written out of the fire of a heart, conscious of power, but rebellious against a destiny that denied its exercise, worked a revolution. As M. Taine, the great French critic, has put it, speaking of Burns' influence on the world's thought at this time, "the human mind turned on its hinges and so did civil society." The great doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man had been proclaimed and the millenium had become a possibility.

Burns was a lyric poet par excellence. Nearly everything he writes comes hot from his own heart inspired by his own

feelings and emotions, his own joys or sorrows. The Scotland of his time was very different from the democratic Scotland of today, especially outside of the large towns. In the country the lairds of land-owners, and the clergy who were their appointees, too often exercised a two-fold tyranny over the peasantry beneath them and very early in life did Burns have occasion to feel their power. His father had a quarrel with his landlord over some question of money; the affair went to the courts, and the upshot was that the elder Burns lost his all and died soon after. The rights of the affair have never been clearly discovered; but the young poet then but twenty-four, was filled with indignation against the graspingness and cruelty of wealth and with rebellion against the conditions of society that placed the poor man so completely at the mercy of the rich. The consciousness of his own intellectual superiority and capacity for greatness rendered ineffective by his poverty, served to make this feeling all the more poignant as did also his extreme sensitiveness to slights or humiliations.

Perhaps the most sustained treatment of his subject that we have from him is found in the "The Twa Dogs" in which the rich man's dog and the cottar's collie compare notes on their respective masters, and the humour and naivete running all through the poem makes the satire of it all the more keen. The poverty, simplicity, and honest worth of the peasant is contrasted most forcibly with the pride, luxury and profligacy of the rich. An interesting feature of the poem is the description of the cruel factor which Burns drew, as he himself tells us, from the factor who had dispossessed his own father and treated him so contemptibly.

"I've noticed on our laird's court day
(An' monie a time my heart's been wae)
Poor tenant bodies scant o' cash
How they maun 'thole a factor's snash
He'll stamp and threaten, curse an' swear
He'll apprehend them poind their gear;
While they maun staun, wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a, an' fear an' tremble."

The same idea is very strongly set forth in that most lugubrious of all Burns' poems:

“Man was made to mourn:
And man whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor, o'er laboured wight
So abject, mean and vile
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn
Unmindful tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.”

If I'm designed yon lordings' slave
By nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

If not why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn,
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn.

This rebellion against the unequal distribution of the good things in life is the dominating strain that runs through the larger part of his poetry.

It perhaps reaches its climax in “A Man's a Man for a' That,” which in spite of the fact that it is but poor poetry sounds the very keynote of democracy. There is a fine note of independence sounded in the lines:

“Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head an' a' that
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that
Our toils obscure an' a' that
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's the gowdh for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that)
That sense an' worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree an' a' that!
For a' that an' a' that.
It's comin' yet, for a' that,

That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.”

But such utterances as these are by no means the greatest service that Burns did to democracy. Far greater still were his achievements in the drawing together of the rich and poor into the great bond of brotherhood which he prophesies; and in the inculcation of the great doctrine of Christian charity. For all Burns' honest indignation for the unworthy rich and great, he is ever ready to honour and look up to such of them as deserved it. Witness his beautiful lament for James, Earl of Glencairn, and many others of his poems. But while he taught respect for those in authority, a far more necessary service that he rendered humanity, was to teach the rich and the great to know the worth of the poor; and foremost among the poems that does this is that beautiful idyll of Scottish life, “The Cottar's Saturday Night,” which, despite some literary defects, is one of the grandest works ever written. Here the nobility and sterling worth of the Scottish peasant was described in terms that could not fail to inspire admiration and pride in the breasts of all patriotic Scotsmen, and to force the recognition of all men for the true place of the labouring man in the body politic of the world.

“From scenes like these old Scotia's
grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad
Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of
God.'”

By such words as these, glowing with honest feeling and patriotic fervor, the the palace was forced to take consideration of the cottage and the two were insensibly drawn together in closer bonds of mutual respect and affection.

Through the whole of Burns' poetry there is a deep sense of the poet's realization of the tragedy of human existence, and the necessity that men by their mutual forbearance and assistance should strive at least to alleviate the darkness

of the destiny that hems them in. The spirit of charity and kindness is ever at the surface with him ready to brim over. What a powerful sermon against self pride and Pharaseeism there is in his "Address to the Unco Guid!"

"Then gently scan your brother man
And gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human."

How tender, too, he is towards the lower creation. How sympathetic with the misfortune of the mousie his "poor earth-born companion an' fellow mortal." Mouse and man, he feels are alike subject to the same drear lot of disappointment though the mouse's sorrow ends in death.

"But Mousie, thou are no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley;
An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain,
For promised joy!"

After all then, the great message that Burns brought to the world was that of brotherly love and Christian charity.

"Man's inhumanity to man" was the great cause of all its suffering and misery. Equality of wealth or station is an impossibility while men are born endowed with different capabilities; but so long as all observe the golden rule the true democracy of equal rights for everyone must result. After all the poet was too wise a man not to see that true happiness comes from within.

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest.
It's no in makin' muckle mair;
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness has not her seat
An' centre in the breast
We may be wise, or rich or great,
But never can be blest!"

"Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy long;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrong."

Alas, if poor Burns could only have been as wise for himself as he was for humanity, the story of his life might have been a very different one.



Mexico.

G. Roberts

WITHIN the present year the eyes of many people in many countries have been turned to Mexico.

From time immemorial this little known country has been pregnant with interest for the antiquarian, and the archaeologist. Its treasures of a bygone art, its traditions and legends of a bygone people, its half buried monuments of a bygone civilization still remain but imperfectly explored.

But it is to none of these that the world and especially the western world, is turning its thoughts. The productions of nature, and the wealth which lies, or is supposed to be in its undeveloped commerce has made it the subject of careful observation to speculating business men.

It is not the object of this article to expatiate on the natural beauties, or commercial advantages of Mexico, but in the hope of supplying a growing demand for clear and truthful information, the writer proposes to set down briefly the result of his observations made during his varied travels in many parts of the Republic.

Mexico in its conveniences for settlement and immigration differs in nowise from other countries lying within the same latitudes namely: 15 deg. S. and 40 deg. N. of the equator. Its climate is healthful all through the interior, and the east coast. Even in those few places on the western seaboard which lie below the sea, and are surrounded by swamps, nature has met the difficulty by leaving these spots open to the full sweep of the Pacific breezes, thus from Guaymas in the north to Guatemala in the south, there is no spot which can be called truly malarial.

Mosquitos there are both musical and

dumb in the low-lying lands even by the sea shore, and this to such an extent that many of the houses are entirely surrounded by wire gauze, which covers every cranny and crevice from roof to basement.

Without any doubt the inconveniences and dangers accruing from the noisome insects of which we hear so much, namely the scorpia, the tarantulae, and a host of others, real and imaginary have been greatly exaggerated; at all events as regards the western slope of the mountains. During the last five months the writer although engaged in a search for entymological specimens throughout the region lying between Salina Cruz, Guaymas, and the islands in the Gulf of California has seen but one tarantulae, and although it is an everyday occurrence to see the natives stung by the scorpion, it must be remembered that these men live and work far back among the timber and swamps.

The climate of Mexico varies with the different altitudes. Mexico City, which stands at a height of 7,300 feet, has probably the most beautiful climate in the world. Although far down in the tropics the heat is never oppressive; the air is bracing, and not unfrequently a few degrees of frost are experienced in the early morning during the months of December and January. But Mexico City in many respects is unique among cities in the Republic, and the limited space at our control forbids us to give a thorough description of it in this article.

The writer hopes to be able to dedicate an entire article to this city on a future occasion.

Throughout the length and breadth of the Republic there are two seasons, the wet and the dry. The former lasts about

five months, on the coast a little less. This wet season is by no means the least enjoyable part of the year, for the inconvenience of the dampness is far out-balanced by the cool temperature it brings with it; moreover there are those who think that the rains of the one season are infinitely preferable to the sand storms in certain places, of the dry.

In most of the low-lying districts the growth of fruit can vie with, if indeed it does not surpass that of any part of the world.

In the little town of Acapulco one morning in September, the writer has gathered mangoes, bananas, almonds, and other delicious fruits in the main street of the town, the same afternoon walking ankle deep in wild limes, by the road side, shaken down by the wind. These same limes are brought in by the natives in baskets and primeval wheelbarrows, to be shipped to San Francisco in enormous quantities.

Much discussion has taken place, and divers conclusions come to as regards the possibility of shipping fruit from this and other ports into Canada. The writer of this article has formed an opinion on this same question, but since it is only an opinion, he refrains from setting it down, merely contenting himself with the following remark. If the first principle of business is to buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest, then most emphatically buy fruit at Acapulco, and sell in B. C.

The lumber on the western slope of the mountains has up to the present been practically untouched for commercial purposes.

Lumber and development camps, saw and planing mills, and other enterprises of a similar description on the east coast, near the ports of Tampico, Vera Cruz, and Coatzacoalcos are being rapidly opened up, and are already showing signs of great prosperity. The chief woods of Western Mexico are mahogany, logwood, *lignum vitae*, eucalyptus, and many valuable medicinal barks. There is no soft wood of any value but so common are these precious trees that for scores of miles valuable mahogany is used for railway ties, and the roughest construction

work, whilst dye wood which is worth nine guineas a ton on the wharf at Hamburg is explicitly used as fire wood for cooking. This log wood is being daily exported from Vera Cruz and Coatzacoalcos, and now that the Tehuantepec Railway is an accomplished fact, large quantities have also been shipped to those ports from the open country about Salina Cruz.

Mining in Mexico requires no comment. While it is generally supposed that the mountains of lower California, and indeed of all the west coast are the richest part of the country, but little development, or even prospecting has been done in this region, owing to a scarcity of water and lack of means of transport. Silver mines are being worked in three or four places in the mountains behind Mazatlan, and copper south of Acapulco. Free milling gold in unpayable quantities has been found within a short distance of the coast. Occasionally one meets a solitary white man come down from the hills, from whom reliable and intelligent information can be obtained. These all agree in pronouncing the country richly mineralized. Of course in the little towns where sundry white men have settled, specimens of great value, and wonderful stories are meted out to the traveller.

In the ancient settlement of Acapulco for instance, plaza gold has been found in ruts in the streets, just as it has in well nigh every new born city in the early days of its struggle for prominence, not even excepting Vancouver. Bearing in mind the camps which in other parts have been developed, and noting that the geological formation of the west differs but little from those parts, there can be little doubt but that as the country is opened up by railways, and the practical impassibility done away with, mining will be the foremost industry along the west coast.

But apart from these standard sources of wealth, which are possessed by other countries to a greater or lesser degree, Mexico has many opportunities peculiar to herself. There are a hundred and one propositions into which a small capital judiciously invested could not fail to bring enormous returns. By way of ex-

ample I will mention one, each detail of which is known to me. Among a certain group of islands, and for many miles along the main land shore, the waters abound with sardines, such countless myriads of them that the whole colour of the sea is changed. Specimens have been pronounced of the highest quality, and it is a known fact that these shoals are there the whole year around. There is fresh water and every convenience for living on some of these islands. Their beaches are stored with coal, which when ground contains an excellent lime. Building stone abounds, and fuel is there for the cutting. The government's permission to take on this industry in one or many of the islands mentioned would cost less than one hundred dollars Mexican per annum. Many of the rocks in the vicinity are covered with guano which would be easy to ship, and on one of the islands there is an outcrop of pure phosphates, supposed to be more valuable as an enricher of the soil than any fertilizer whether manufactured or natural which we at present know of. Labour is within easy reach, and can be got for one dollar Mexican per day. Moreover, this region lies directly in the route of ships, contains deep anchorage and is but one day's journey from an important Mexican port. It's only drawback to human habitation is the quantity of mosquitoes which are found there, worse than anywhere else in or out of Mexico.

At the present time there exist four principal railways in Mexico. The Mexican Central from the United States, which enters Mexico via Eagle Pass, and Torreon perhaps deserves first mention. On this line there are two side trips which no visitor to Mexico should miss. Cuernavaca, seventy-five miles south of the most prominent tourist resorts in the Republic. It is semi-tropical, and the scenery en route is truly magnificent. Guadelajara, aptly termed the "Pearl of the Occident," as a show city, is second only to Mexico City itself. It is historic, clean, and has many interesting surroundings, chief of which is Lake Chapala, which contains over one thousand square miles of water, and accord-

ing to the famous Baron Humboldt is the most beautiful lake in the world.

The other railway connecting Mexico with the United States is the National, which enters the country via Laredo, and is equal in every way to the Central.

The oldest line in Mexico is the Mexican Railway, sometimes known as the Queen's Own. It runs from Mexico City to Vera Cruz. It was commenced in 1858, and finished in 1873. Without doubt this line is the most picturesque in the country.

The traveller descends 7,000 feet in twelve hours and the feats of engineering must be seen to be appreciated.

Lastly, there is the Tehautepec Railway, which runs from Coatzacoalcos to Salina Cruz. It was built by Sir Weetman Pearson of harbour fame, and completed only last year. This line is known as "The heart of the tropics route," and is the connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Besides the lines already mentioned, there are several smaller lines on the west coast.

Much construction work is in progress. At Guaymas a line already runs to Gocales on the border of the United States, and there connects with American railways to all parts of the country. At Mazatlan there are three hundred white men, and more than a thousand Indians engaged in railway construction.

Much of the lumber of this, and the other points down to Salina Cruz is being shipped from Victoria and Vancouver by the new lines of steamers which have just been started.

From Manzanillo a local line runs back a distance of thirty miles to the ancient and interesting town of Colina, and from Acapulco plans are being rapidly matured for constructing a connecting line with the Mexican Central at Balsas.

At the present time most of the trade, both passengers and freight, is done by means of local steamships, which, however, are fast succumbing to the superior accommodation and greater speed of the ocean lines which call from point to point. The speed with which these lines are multiplying is truly colossal.

It is no uncommon sight at Salina Cruz

to see ships of eight or ten of the largest companies of the world moored side by side along the quays. The shipping records at Mazatlan show an increase in tonnage of two hundred per cent. in the last three months. The principal articles of import being coal, soft wood, and manufactured goods.

The space at our command will not allow of our entering minutely into a more detailed account of these steamship and railway companies. This, with a description of the towns, their commerce, and their peoples must be reserved for a future article.

The Sun Is Gone.

George Franks.

The sun is gone, and o'er the western hills
The cold dark shadows come—The sun is gone,
And with it went the warmth and light of day
When man is glad to live; now all is gray
And gloomy; faintly weird there falls upon
All Nature twilight's pall, and subtly chills
The softly dying breeze with mournful thrills.

The sun is gone, alas—but why despond?
O'erhead the many merry million lights
Wink cheerily from out the darkening sky,
Peopling the vastness of that canopy
With wee fantastic ever-restless sprites;
As if a fairy queen in fancy fond
Had loosed her elves by one wave of her wand.

The sun is gone—but now the glorious moon
Rises in grandeur from her unseen home,
Shedding a wondrous light on all around,
And soothes the night to stillness. Not a sound
Disturbs all Nature 'neath her spangled dome,
Nor frights the little gnomes who surely soon
Will sport and gambol at the fairies' noon.

'Tis but a little while—a little while
Till the warm sparkling sun shines out again:
The night is wondrous fair in spite of all,
Save for the hour when Twilight's darkening pall
Brings to the sun-kissed earth contrasting pain
For one short span—'tis but a transient trial,
Forgotten in the morrow's dawning smile.

The Secret of Happiness.

E. M. Vance

OH DEAR! When will this drudgery end," exclaimed Beatrice, as she drew on her gloves.

"I am tired of it, and long for the time to come when I shall be rich and happy, and not have to work for other people."

"And when will that be?" quietly asked her mother, as she looked up at Beatrice, and smiled.

"I am sure I don't know, but I am tired of seeing you sitting there sewing and working hard for those children, while other people have nothing to do."

"Never mind, Beatrice, I do not mind the work. We will just have to do the best we can."

"Well, I wish I could feel like you do! Good-bye mother, I will be back in a day or two," and the girl opened the door, and went out.

Beatrice Halloway was a young girl, just past her eighteenth birthday. She was a pretty girl, with brown eyes, rosy cheeks and an abundance of rich auburn hair. Being one of a large family, she was obliged to work to support herself, and this she did not do willingly. She worked for a lady not far from her own home, so often came home to see her mother.

As she walked along the street, she suddenly exclaimed, "I wish something would happen!" but little did she think that anything would happen, so soon.

Next morning, her mistress came to her, and said:

"Beatrice, I wish you would see about the dinner, and have the table set carefully, for I am expecting my nephew here, from New York, this evening.

"Very well, ma'am," replied Beatrice, "I will do the best I can."

It was Beatrice's special duty to look after the table and to serve the meals.

She did not have to work hard, and she would have been happy if she had done her work in the right spirit. She thought if she was only rich, she would be happy.

"I wonder who this nephew is," thought Beatrice, to herself, "but I suppose it does not make any difference to me, so long as I see that he gets a good dinner."

In the afternoon, Mrs. Gray's nephew, Harry Baker, arrived.

He was a handsome young man, and as his parents were both dead, he had an immense fortune left to him. Being tired of New York, he had come to visit his aunt and cousins, John and Marie Gray.

When dinner was ready, Mrs. Gray came into the library, where Harry was talking to his cousins, and said:

"Come, Harry, I am sure you must be nearly starved, after such a long journey, but I think you will find something to satisfy your appetite, if you will come to the dining-room."

"I am not starving," replied Harry, laughing, "but I have no objection to eating something."

They sat down to dinner, and very soon the bell rang, and Beatrice had to go and see what was wanted.

As she opened the door, Harry's knife and fork dropped from his hands, and he seemed to have forgotten everything, except to gaze at Beatrice Halloway. It was a good thing for Beatrice, that she was busy, and did not notice him. Not until she opened the door and went out, did he take his eyes off her.

"Well Harry!" exclaimed John, "you seem to have fallen in love at first sight."

"Oh no, not quite that bad," replied Harry, laughing and blushing, "but who

is she, anyway? I do not think I have ever seen such a pretty girl!"

"Her name is Beatrice Halloway," said Mrs. Gray, "and she is a very nice girl, but I would not advise you to fall in love with her. She is only my dining-room girl."

But there was no use to warn Harry, not to do, what he had already done.

Every time Beatrice came into the room, his eye followed her, constantly.

During the weeks that followed, Harry was very busy, attending parties, and going sight-seeing, but he always had time to watch Beatrice, if she was near. He did not often have a chance to speak to her, but if he did speak to her it was always in a kind way.

One day, Beatrice was sitting in the dining-room, reading, when, she suddenly became aware that there was someone in the room. She looked up, and saw Harry standing in front of her.

"That seems to be an interesting book?" he said, smiling.

"Yes, it is, replied Beatrice, blushing, for she never felt very comfortable, when Harry was near her.

"I suppose it is a love story?" continued Harry.

"Oh yes, it is about some rich people."

"And how would you like to be rich, Beatrice?"

"I would like it very much, but I guess I never will be."

"How would you like to go to New York, and live with me?"

"Mr. Baker, you are jesting!"

"No, indeed, I am not!" exclaimed Harry, "I never was more in earnest in my life! Will you be my wife, dear Beatrice?"

"Oh! but you must, I cannot live without you. I have loved you from the first time that I saw you. Dear Beatrice! say that you love me!" and he caught her hands in his own.

"But you cannot love a poor girl like me," replied Beatrice, bursting into tears.

"I do! I do! Say that you will be my own!"

For reply, she raised her tearful eyes to his, and he clasped her in his arms, and knew that she was his own.

Soon after, Beatrice burst in at the door of her mother's home, and exclaimed:

"Oh! mother, you never could guess what has happened! Harry Baker has asked me to be his wife, and he is going to take me to New York, and I will be rich, and have everything I want!"

Mrs. Halloway was so much surprised, she could not say anything at first, but after a few minutes she said:

"Beatrice, you would not be happy if you married Mr. Baker. You have never been accustomed to the life you would have to lead if you were the wife of a man of position, and you would soon get tired of it, and anyway, I do not think you love him. Beatrice said little, but looked very sober the rest of the evening.

When Harry told his aunt and cousins of his intention, they were as much surprised as Mrs. Halloway had been.

"You will surely never marry that girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray.

"That is just what I intend to do," quietly replied Harry.

"But she is so much beneath you! She has never been used to your style of life, and will soon tire of it, and you will soon tire of her."

It seemed to be of no use to try to persuade either of them, for nothing could move them from their resolution.

They were married, and went to New York. For a time Beatrice enjoyed her new life very much, but, as her mother had told her, she soon began to grow tired of it. Part of a letter which she afterwards wrote, will explain how she felt.

"Dear Mother! I sometimes long for a chance to go back and see you. Harry is very kind to me, but he has so many business affairs to look after, that he is away a great deal of his time. There are so many servants to look after, and balls to attend, and company to receive, that really I am sick of it! I do not believe that wealth is the secret of happiness after all."

"Poor girl," sighed her mother as she read these words, "if she would only be contented, she would have the greatest secret of all, for happiness."

When Greek Meets Greek

Ruby M. Ayres

SHE was a flirt. He was a flirt too, and they sat out a dance together.

She had been bored the whole evening.

It was her twenty-fifth birthday, and she was beginning to think that, perhaps, after all life might be lived more advantageously than merely exchanging frivolities with men who cared no more for her than she did for them.

He had been bored too.

A girl in whom he had been interested had got engaged, and he was annoyed.

He hadn't wanted to marry her exactly, but her waltz step suited his, and she was always perfectly gowned; he liked to walk by the side of a well-dressed girl, so he regretted her engagement.

He sat by his partner with a frown on his face, wondering if her thoughts wandered in the same direction as his own, for the well-dressed girl with the perfect waltz-step was engaged to a man whom he hardly remembered to have seen away from the company of the fair-haired beauty who sat by his side, absently pulling to pieces one of the pink roses she wore in her dress.

He had never talked with this girl before, and it seemed an unutterable bore to go over the old ground again with her. He had asked for a dance, and had suggested sitting it out. They had not spoken since her languid hand had fallen from his languid arm.

They had never even faintly wished to become better acquainted, and now that they sat side by side, it seemed too much trouble to talk and discover whether either were like all the others that had gone before, or something refreshingly different. Once or twice, across a ball-room, he had admired her daintily-poised head, but now that the

smooth fair waves of her hair were but an inch or two from his shoulder, he scarcely turned his eyes in their direction. The news of the other girl's engagement filled both their minds unpleasantly.

She was wondering, in weariness, tinged with faint amusement, in what way she had failed with the other man whom the girl, with no beauty to speak of, had captured. She had decided, weeks ago, that if he asked her, she would accept him, for he was rich, and had a title in perspective. But he had not asked her and the fact had left a sense of mortification, if no deeper feeling.

She wished she had been able to say last night, in answer to the careless announcement of his engagement, that he might also congratulate her, but even if she had foreseen his engagement, there was no man she would have cared to put in his place. Men wearied her.

This man knew that he had not been in love with the girl whose dainty note had, that evening, apprised him of her engagement. It was wounded vanity he suffered from.

He took a rapid review of their—what for want of a better word he called "friendship."

In no instance could he recall having bored her. Halifax moved restlessly in his vexation. It would be a triumph to turn the tables on her, but, alas, there was no girl that appealed to him sufficiently to warrant even a pretence at devotion.

It was all very irritating, and in the meantime, he was neglecting his partner shamefully. He turned his head—she was looking at him.

Their eyes met, and Halifax became aware of a bewitching dimple.

Lucile realised that his eyes were grey,

and keenly alert, in spite of their slightly bored expression.

A faint feeling of surprise stirred her, that the girl had preferred the other man.

She laughed softly, and the weariness vanished from her. For a moment it seemed as if he were about to protest, but he leaned back in his chair and laughed softly, too.

"I am not always so uninteresting," he said.

"I have not found you uninteresting," she replied. "As a matter of fact, I had forgotten you were there."

A sudden gleam leaped into the man's eyes, but it died down quickly. "So good of you to say that," he retorted evenly. "It relieves me of unnecessary politeness. I also had forgotten you were there."

The girl shut her fan with a click.

From beneath her long lashes she cast a swift glance at him.

She remembered she had been told that he was the greatest flirt in London. At the same moment he recalled a similar statement regarding her.

The last trace of boredom vanished from their faces.

"The old plan of campaign would not avail him in this case," he was thinking.

"How to meet the attack when he led it," she was wondering.

He decided to reconnoitre.

"I have been to thirty-nine dances this season," he said, "but I have realised tonight, for the first time, that they bore me."

The girl's lip curled in amusement.

"I have been to forty, and I realised it at the second dance," she said.

He looked down the long corridor where they were sitting with a fine assumption of carelessness, but in reality he was immensely entertained by her retort.

He had found a girl who would fight him with his own weapons, instead of standing by, as so many of the others had done, to be hit or missed at his pleasure.

He turned to her suddenly.

"It was your partners, of course?" he said.

Lucile looked down at the toe of her

pink slipper which peeped from the hem of her skirt like a rosebud.

"I suppose it was—mostly," she admitted.

Halifax decided that her designs on the other man had been purely mercenary. He also decided upon something else, and it brought a dangerous sparkle to his eyes, that would have boded ill for the girl by his side had she been anybody else; but Lucile caught the sparkle and smiled to herself.

"You were not interested in them?" he asked, still attacking the same point.

"Perhaps not," she returned coolly.

She reopened her fan with an impatient movement.

"There's nothing more wearisome than having to feign interest before you can induce a man to talk even platitudes!" she said with sudden energy. "A man should compel interest, and draw you out before you are aware of the fact. The dinners I have struggled through with men who never would have made a remark had I not exerted myself to make them!" she laughed.

"There are exceptions," said Halifax.

"Of course," she agreed, "but they are always allotted to the inane woman—they never fall to my share."

"Yet, some day, I suppose you will condescend to take the name of one of these society pests?" said Halifax. "And even grow to tolerate him."

"Possibly," said Lucile. "One must marry," she added nonchalantly.

"Must?" echoed Halifax. "Then you do believe in the old-fashioned idea of love and marriage being inseparable," he pursued.

Lucile glanced at him. He returned the look innocently.

"I believe in it so implicitly," she said slowly, "that I do not agree that it is old-fashioned. The loveless marriages one sees nowadays are the fault of the men. They are too much occupied with other things to trouble to learn to love a woman. When the time comes for them to marry, they look round and casually choose the one that catches their fancy, but as to loving her——"

"Do you mean that the men are incapable of love or that the women are

incapable of inspiring it?" asked Halifax interestedly.

The girl hesitated. "I think," she said presently, "they each waste so much of themselves in meaningless flirtations, that when they would love, there is no capacity for it left."

"And you are quite resigned to a modern marriage?" questioned Halifax.

"Failing anything better," she said frivolously.

She sighed lightly and unconsciously as she spoke, for she found herself thinking that it must be rather an enviable state to be engaged to a man who did not bore one.

Halifax made a mental note of the sigh, though he could not be quite sure if it were genuine.

The girl turned her face to his with a slight pucker between her brows.

She decided that he was better than a merely handsome man, for the oftener one looked at his face, the oftener one desired to look, and she wondered again in what way the other man had proved more attractive.

"Do I bore you?" Halifax asked suddenly.

"I have never talked with you before," she said, smiling. "When we have been sent in to dinner together two or three times, I shall be able to tell you."

"Shall I be assigned to you as one in whom you must feign interest?" he inquired gravely, "or shall I be asked to take you in because you are one of the inane women who need amusing partners?"

"That also, I will tell you when I know you better," she laughed.

"Perhaps we shall be the exception which proves the rule," he suggested.

"You agree then, that it is a rule?"

"I think it might be," he admitted. "But I can remember some dinners that I have enjoyed, and it was entirely due to my partner."

"In that respect, then," said Lucile quickly, "I score, for no dinner stands out in my mind as enjoyed because of an amusing partner, though there are many I remember because of stifling more yawns than at others."

"You did not wait for me to add,"

said Halifax gravely, "that on these occasions my partner was a deaf old lady who told me, with the soup, that I need not talk to her, as she couldn't hear, and who ended, with the dessert, by thanking me for obeying her wishes." He laughed. "On all other occasions, where stupidity has not bored me, the fact that I pretended I was entertained, bored me still more."

He rose, offering his arm, as the music from the distant ballroom came down the corridor.

Lucile felt glad that the other man had found the other girl more attractive than herself; there was much more interest with a man such as Halifax, and if one must marry, as one must, the choice might as well fall on a man of whom one could be proud.

Halifax had not gone so far in his thoughts as his companion, but he had caught sight of an auburn head across the room, and a dainty figure that had walked by his side rather often during the past weeks, and he bent towards his companion with careful attention.

"Next time we meet," he said, in a more tender tone than the words seemed to warrant, "you will tell me if you found me like—all the others?"

"Yes," said Lucile.

When he left her, she watched him cross the room. At the door he looked back, and saw that she was watching him.

A slight smile swept over his face, and a sort of unspoken challenge was flung down and taken up between them.

* * * * *

"The hour is come," said Halifax tragically, one evening a week later.

He paused to avoid treading on a silken skirt trailing in front of him. He looked down at Lucile on his arm.

She raised very blue and innocent eyes to his.

"The hour for dinner?" she queried.

A shade of annoyance crossed his face.

He had been at such pains to remember their past conversation; had even asked to be allowed to take her in to dinner, and now she pretended forgetfulness of his meaning. He took refuge

in mock disconsolation, which held a tinge of sincerity.

"Tell me that you have forgotten my name, and I will forgive you, but do not say you have forgotten that my taking you into dinner will decide my future in your eyes."

Lucile laughed.

"You surely cannot expect me to remember all the nonsense we talked. Let me think—two nights ago, was it?"

Halifax considered for a moment. "Yes, two nights ago," he echoed, with deliberate untruthfulness, looking at his companion's charming profile.

She had scored once; in future she should find him more wary.

They were seated at the long table, and she had spread her serviette over her white satin lap before Halifax spoke again.

"I think we might start afresh," he said.

"Would you like me to begin by saying that the week since I saw you has been the loneliest in my life?" she inquired, with mock seriousness.

"I should indeed," Halifax smilingly returned.

"Because I can always tell these little fibs in the interest of society," she added.

"I cannot see," said Halifax, "how society would benefit by your admitting that you were pleased to see me."

"It would gratify your vanity and make you pleasant for the rest of the evening, and thus I should be conferring an obligation on society."

"You take it for granted that it would gratify my vanity?" said Halifax.

"Of course," said Lucile disdainfully. "A man is always gratified to know a girl is thinking of him."

"It has its responsibilities too," he murmured.

"I did not know a man ever realised the responsibilities of a heartache," the girl said loftily.

"Oh, you didn't say your heart ached," retorted Halifax wickedly.

"I did not know you expected me to," she answered, "but if it will give you any pleasure, I can easily say it."

She looked up at him, and Halifax looked down at her, and both laughed

lightly. "You are so obliging," he said, "that I am tempted to ask, in fear and trembling, if you are not exerting yourself to make me talk. If so, I beg you will give me a chance, say, till the entree, of proving that I can 'compel your interest, and draw you out'—I believe those were your words."

"I don't think you can do that," she said. "I have really got into such a way of expecting to be bored that I hardly realise now when I am not."

"Then I shall have to tell you," said Halifax promptly. "And as a beginning, I will say that you are not in the least bored now."

"Politeness forbids me to contradict you," said the girl, with a swift upward glance and smile.

"And truthfulness also," supplemented Halifax. "I am going to begin your education at once, and teach you how to enjoy life."

"Don't, I beg of you," said Lucile quickly. "I have chosen my path, and—it doesn't lie that way."

"Which way?" he demanded.

"The way you would lead me," she answered.

"But I never said that I should lead you," Halifax retorted.

"No," she admitted. "But I am sure you would."

She stole a mischievous glance at him from beneath her long lashes, and Halifax frowned.

He had never before met a girl so well versed in the art of which he was a past-master as this girl, and he was not sure that he liked the experience.

He sat silently crumbling his bread.

"We are at the entree," said a soft voice.

"Then," said Halifax, smiling, "I have interested you sufficiently for you to remember what I said."

"I have a good memory for detail," she submitted.

"Then," said Halifax quickly, "tell me what you meant by saying you had chosen your path, and that it lay in a different direction to mine. I had hoped," he continued, with a mock sigh, "that I was to have the pleasure of boring you through many more dinners."

"It was in the agreement that you were not to bore," she said evasively.

"Keep to the point," said Halifax severely, "and explain your speech; or was it only one of those 'meaningless nothings' of which you tell me you keep an endless store for the benefit of mankind?"

"Indeed, no." Lucile twisted her wineglass with uneasy fingers. "It is a hard fact that has to be looked squarely in the face." She paused.

"In another month London will know me no more."

"Nor me either," he answered. "Are you going abroad, or to the country?"

"I don't know—it matters so little, as I am not returning."

"Why?" The question came sincerely, and realising it, Halifax hastened to add lightly, "Does London bore you also?"

"No, but London is tired of me." She looked up at him. "And now, of course," she added, "you are wondering how many seasons I have been out, and how old I am."

"I assure you I am not," he declared, and his voice rang sincere again. "But if you would like to tell me—"

"I shouldn't like to at all," she said hastily, "because you wouldn't believe me."

"But if I promise that I will."

"A man's promises count for so little," she said wearily, and the man frowned again.

"And sometimes a woman's counts for nothing at all," he said.

"And sometimes for—everything," Lucile interrupted. "Yes, I'll have some grapes."

Halifax cut some for her. She noticed that his hands were strong, capable hands, in spite of their whiteness.

"If you are not coming back to London," he said abruptly, "how are you going to marry one of the inane men?"

"Oh, there are inane men in the country," said Lucile.

"You still mean to marry?"

Lucile flushed.

"Will you pick up my gloves, please," she said.

Halifax dived under the table.

"Please don't say the dinner has seemed interminable," he pleaded, as he rose and handed them to her.

"I told you I was seldom truthful if I could benefit society by being otherwise," she retorted, as she passed him.

Later she moved her skirts to make room for him beside her, but Halifax shook his head. "One cannot breathe in this room," he said, looking round discontentedly at the laughing groups, and at the stream of black coats coming in at the doorway.

"There is a conservatory," he said. "Will you come?"

"I feel a deserter," said Lucile, as she passed under the portiere which he held aside for her.

"Soothe your conscience; you will be entertaining me," said Halifax. "Is not this better than the drawing-room? What a scent of roses; it makes one long for an old-fashioned country garden."

Lucile sank into a basket-chair in a shadowy corner, and Halifax moved about with his hands in his pockets, stopping now and then to admire some delicate exotic.

"If one might smoke," he said with a sigh.

"If you are waiting for my permission," said Lucile, "you may, but I will not answer for the effect it may have on the flowers."

"I have smoked here before," said Halifax, and he struck a match and gravely lit a cigar.

He drew a few puffs, then halted by Lucile's chair, gravely contemplating her from his superior height.

"Is marriage the goal of every woman's ambition?" he asked abruptly.

Lucile's fingers stopped their idle drumming on the arm of the chair, and she looked up inquiringly.

"Women such as I?" she demanded.

Halifax studied the glowing end of his cigar with minute care.

"Yes," he said.

The girl's fingers resumed their nervous movement.

"It depends," she said slowly. "If a woman has money, she waits, and speculates, and has a good time. If she has

no money——.” She broke off with a slight shrug.

“She marries an inane man and gets money?” Halifax supplemented, then he strolled away to the end of the conservatory.

“Why an inane man?” he queried, when his idle stroll brought him opposite her once more.

Lucile laughed. “You seem interested in the problem,” she said.

Halifax flicked the ash from the end of his cigar. He knew she was watching him curiously. After a moment she rose, and her long skirts trailed over the matted floor.

“Do you think I might have one of these beauties?” she asked.

She lifted her white arms, and drew down a cluster of fragrant roses to her face.

Halifax looked on speculatively.

“Do you think I may?” she repeated, turning her face towards him.

Halifax threw away his half-smoked cigar, and took a determined step forward.

“Take me in place of the inane man,” he said.

For an instant she neither moved nor spoke, then slowly she let the branch of roses swing back to its place.

“Do you mean—marry you?” she asked, in a calm, even voice.

Her cheeks had lost a little of their delicate colouring, and beneath the soft laces on her breast her heart was beating tumultuously, but Halifax saw only the steadiness of her eyes; heard only the calm tones of her voice.

He was a little piqued. His words must have surprised her, he argued, seeing how vastly they had surprised himself.

When he threw his cigar into the fern-bed, he had not had the least intention of saying what he had said.

And his words had surprised her, though she was too clever to let him see it. In a flash she thought of what marriage to him might mean. Wealth, position, London—everything she most desired were hers for the accepting. The knowledge was almost overwhelming.

While she stood in amazement, Halifax was answering her question.

“Why not?” he asked lightly. “You might do worse. I am sure we should get on together excellently. I have six thousand a year, and you could buy quite a lot of frocks during the year.”

He looked down, smiling indulgently at her.

Lucile regarded him thoughtfully. “It would be interesting to know why you have asked me,” she said.

“Your own argument. One must marry,” he continued, “and I would prefer a clever wife to a stupid one. Will not the compliment tempt you?”

She wondered if he had been so impersonal in his other flirtations, or if any had seen in his eyes something more than mere interest.

It suddenly occurred to her that she would have liked to love him. She felt sorry that by being so precipitate he had put an end to such a possibility.

“You are honest, at any rate,” she said. “You do not pretend an overwhelming love for me.”

“I have pretended so often before,” said Halifax, with sudden candour. “It is more of a novelty to be honest.” Then, as if realising how ungallant were his words, he hastened to add, “But that sort of thing will come when we are married.”

“I don’t think that ‘sort of thing,’ as you call it, ever comes after marriage,” said Lucile, dully. She felt very lonely and uncared for.

It was strange that with her beauty and charm of manner no man had loved her. The comparative obscurity of life in the country suddenly seemed less terrible than the thought of living with this man, who would always be attentive, polite, amusing, but who would never love her. He laid his hand on hers, and its touch made her feel weak and dependent.

Here was a man whose mission in life should have been to care for some woman, but who had frittered away his right, and now offered her the husk of that love which she had dreamed would some day be hers. He would marry her, yes, but it would all be emptiness, be-

cause their hearts would always be divided.

He was speaking again, and there was a touch of feeling in his usually smooth tones. Had he guessed something of her thoughts? "Perhaps we shall prove the great exception to the rule," he was saying. "Shall we, Lucile?" She drew her hand from his with sudden passion, of which she had not thought herself capable.

"No," she said. "No—no—I can't marry you."

She stood looking at him breathlessly, her eyes wide, her hands clasping one another strenuously.

She read the surprise in his eyes, and she forced a laugh. "It wouldn't do," she said. She went back to the basket-chair in the shadow, and leaned her head against the cushions.

She felt shaken, and could not quite command her voice.

"It wouldn't do," she repeated.

Halifax came to her side, and, leaning down, looked into her eyes.

"Why?" he demanded masterfully.

She closed her eyes against the insistence in his.

"Why?" she echoed. "Oh, there are so many reasons. You hardly know me, and you are not an inane man. I could marry an inane man, not loving him—but not you." She laughed again. "It would end disastrously for one of us," she added.

Halifax straightened himself. "Perhaps you are right," he said, in his old nonchalant tone. "When Greek meets Greek. It would be continual combat, and, as you say, there would be no love to level things."

Lucile made no answer.

Halifax took a cigarette from his pocket and lit it carefully. "If we had met five years ago," he said, "we should probably have fallen in love; there would have been no question then, of unsuitability."

"So it is just as well that we did not meet. People will miss us," she said.

"And then people will talk," he added with a mock sigh. He offered his arm, and she laid the tips of her fingers in it.

As they passed between the roses, a

thorny spray caught in her dress. She stooped to free herself, and drew back with a little exclamation of pain.

"If you had not been so impatient," said Halifax.

He released the spray, and possessed himself of her hand.

"It was only a thorn," she explained hastily.

"There is actually a pin-spot of blood," said Halifax gravely.

He gently brushed it away with his handkerchief, and looked down at her with eyes that he did not know were tender, still holding her hand.

"Now, if only you had said 'Yes' to my excellent proposal," he said gravely, though his lips smiled, "it would have been my privilege to 'kiss the place and make it well,' as we used to in our nursery days. Will you not reconsider it?"

Lucile drew her hand away with a little shiver.

"If I had said 'Yes,'" she replied lightly, "you would already have been well on the way to weary of me, but as it is——"

"As it is?" questioned Halifax.

"As it is, it is time we went back to the drawing-room," said Lucile.

He held aside the portiere.

* * * * *

Halifax leaned over the low wall, and flung a handful of confetti after the departing carriage.

He looked down at the girl by his side.

"Are you envious?" she asked.

"Frightfully!" said Halifax energetically. "He has settled the momentous question of his life, while I have still to find somebody who will accept the responsibility of mine, and all that appertains thereto."

"Which should not be a difficult task," said Lucile. "A bachelor is invariably a bachelor from choice, but a spinster—never, I think."

"Yet there are girls who refuse men every day," said Halifax. "In a moment of foolishness, you even refused me."

"For our mutual good," said Lucile.

"You do not like me any better after three months' acquaintance?"

"I have refused to marry other men whom I liked immensely."

"That reminds me," said Halifax, with the air of one suddenly remembering a detail of small importance. "I was congratulated at the club the other night on my engagement." He paused—"to you," he added, with deliberation.

Lucile twirled her sunshade so that its pink chiffon frills screened her face. "Really!" she said. "That is interesting, as a few days ago I overheard a discussion between two dear friends as to whether I should—'pull it off' was the expression used, I believe."

"What did you say?" he inquired.

"Say?" Lucile laughed. "For a moment I was strongly tempted to say crushingly, 'My dear people, allow me to tell you that I have declined the honour of becoming Mrs. Halifax,' but I refrained."

"What a golden opportunity! Why didn't you do it?"

"Chiefly, I suppose, because they wouldn't have believed me."

"They didn't believe me either," said Halifax ruefully.

"Who didn't believe, and what was it they didn't believe?" Lucile asked, with some show of interest.

"Why, then men at the club, although I assured them in my most convincing manner that there was no truth in the report of our engagement. There isn't, is there?" Halifax concluded, looking quizzically at his companion.

"What do you mean?" demanded Lucile quickly.

"Only this," said Halifax possessing himself of the sunshade and deliberately closing it. "I object to having my line of vision shut out by—chiffon. I found it most embarrassing, I assure you," he continued. "I told them you would not have me, and they smiled; I also asserted that I had never thought seriously of you for a moment, and they were rude enough to laugh so loudly that some one crossed the room to hear the good joke. I left them still laughing."

"Well, it is at least something to have created a little amusement," said the girl calmly, and she composedly re-ar-

ranged a spray of white heather in the front of her bodice.

Halifax had secured it for her when the bride's bouquet was distributed.

"Do you believe that white heather brings luck?" he asked, lazily watching.

"I don't believe anything till I have proved it for myself," said Lucile.

"Does that statement, sweeping as it is, apply to love also?" he inquired.

"Apply it to anything you like."

"Well, I won't apply it to love," said Halifax thoughtfully. "There is too much uncertainty—too much April weather about it."

"That is merely your experience," she reminded him. "Some people find love the most desirable and beautiful thing in the world."

"And is that your experience?" he asked quickly.

"No," she said lingeringly, "I was speaking from what I have heard. I have no experience."

"I am thirsting for an argument," said Halifax. "Let us get away from these frivolous surroundings, and take refuge in the music-room."

"How do you know there is a music room?" she asked.

"Because I have wasted so many hours there," said Halifax promptly. "Because the other man has taken a place that I hoped——" He hesitated and looked at his companion.

"You need not expect me to believe that," said Lucile. They turned and walked slowly up the red-carpeted path and steps into the house. "I am quite sure you have always had what you wished for."

"You are right," said Halifax promptly. "She danced divinely—but—that is all."

"Men have loved women for less," said Lucile. "Is this the shrine?" she added.

She crossed the room, the door of which Halifax held open, and looked down from the window on the gay company in the garden below.

Halifax followed with curious resentment in his eyes. Was she never off her guard, he wondered, that nothing he could say ever revealed her real feel-

ings to him? Only once during their acquaintance, for five minutes, he fancied he had sounded real feeling, and that was when she had refused to marry him. He liked to recall the breathless way she had answered, "No—no—I can't marry you."

In the three months that had passed since then he had never seen her eyes fall before his own—no speech of his had ever deepened the flush in her cheeks or robbed her of it.

She was leaving London next week, and he was going abroad. Thinking of these things, he said, "In a week the stormy billows will roll between us!"

"Only a week!" she echoed. She sighed, and Halifax made a sudden movement, and checked himself.

"Dear London," she said half wistfully. She turned to her, companion with a smile, "Isn't it strange one never appreciates a thing till it has gone?"

"In the present circumstances I call it rather fortunate," he said. "Perhaps next week you will think of me, if not tenderly, let me hope kindly."

Lucile sat on the window-seat and regarded him, her pretty head slightly on one side.

"If I had a photograph of you," she said tragically, "I should probably look on it with tear-dimmed eyes, and——"

"Oh, I shall be delighted to give you one," he interrupted. "Will you have it full-length or head and shoulders?"

"Neither, thanks. I shall remember you sufficiently well without——"

"My image in fact will go with you to your grave—is that it?"

They both laughed—then silence fell upon them.

Lucile looked with thoughtful eyes into the garden.

Why did they always talk nonsense, she thought impatiently.

The hours were passing so rapidly and there seemed so much they might say, and yet, and yet—she could never see deeper into this man's heart than on the night they had both been so dreadfully bored. She could not recall being bored since.

He was wondering if, somewhere in the world, there was a man who had

ever seen her eyes brighten and flash, and the colour deepen in her face, at his coming. If such a man existed he would like to meet him, not to congratulate him on his success, but to wrest the secret from him. It was unendurable that in another week their ways would lie apart.

"It seems a pity you did not accept me when I asked you," he remarked irrelevantly.

She turned her head sharply, and looked down again on the gaily-dressed throng in the garden.

"It would have saved us saying good-bye," he continued. "'Good-bye,' should be struck out of the English language."

"It would merely mean another would have to be invented. I think it is a beautiful word."

"Between relations-in-law, perhaps."

"You are so frivolous," said Lucile, with a touch of impatience. "Some day you will regret the nonsense you have talked, and wish the time could come again."

"There isn't a doubt of it," he agreed, suddenly sober.

"And," brightening, "probably even you may one day be so indiscreet as to regret—your refusal to be my wife."

Halifax would have been shocked had he realised the tender tone of his voice as he lingered over the two last words, but he was watching the girl's face too intently to pay heed to himself.

The faintest colour swept over her cheeks, but she turned her head resolutely to meet his gaze.

"One can never tell to what pass one may come," she said calmly.

Halifax moved restlessly away to the other end of the room, and sat down at the piano.

It was perhaps a natural result of the day's ceremony that his fingers should pick out the first chords of the Wedding March.

Lucile regarded him rather wistfully from across the room.

"I have altered all my plans since I last saw you," said Lucile suddenly.

"Since yesterday afternoon?" asked Halifax sharply.

"Yes. Won't you come nearer; I can't talk to you such a long way off."

Halifax shook his head. "I can bear blows better from a distance," he excused himself.

He had a horrible presentiment that she was going to tell him something to meet which he would require all his fortitude, and with the length of the room between them it would be easier.

"I am going abroad—instead of to the country," said Lucile slowly.

Halifax took up a piece of music, and examined it critically. "Abroad is rather vague," he said. "To what part, exactly?"

Lucile cast a swift glance at him.

"I am going to—Marseilles, first," she said; but Halifax did not catch the last word.

He stood up and squared his shoulders, as if a load had fallen from them.

"That is not so far away," he said, cheerfully. "But why Marseilles?"

"Why anywhere?" queried Lucile.

"I will come to the docks and wave my handkerchief at you," he said. "You will not be away long, I suppose?" he asked, with a slight show of interest.

"No, I shall not be at Marseilles long."

Halifax looked down into the garden, where the gay company was fast diminishing. He turned to her again, and asked abruptly—

"You would despise a man who admitted he was beaten?"

"I should hardly admire him," she answered, raising calm, deliberate eyes to his face.

"For once we are agreed," he said, and his mouth hardened.

Down in the garden the band suddenly started a gay tune.

They stood together silently listening.

"I must go now," she said, with decision. "I have several other engagements."

"What shall I do all by myself?" he said, disconsolately.

Lucile laughed. "What will you do next week, when the 'stormy billows,' to which you alluded, divide us?"

"What, indeed?" echoed Halifax. He opened the door for her to pass out.

* * * * *

"I have brought the handkerchief," said Halifax, sitting near the railings of the great liner, rocking gently at her moorings. He looked critically at Lucile.

There was a fresh breeze blowing, but it brought no tinge of colour to the girl's pale cheeks.

"Have you?" she asked, without animation. "You must go ashore in ten minutes."

"Half an hour," corrected Halifax, looking at his watch.

"Is it going to be rough?" said Lucile. "Lady Danvers has already gone to her cabin. She is such a shocking sailor, I wonder she did not go overland as far as Marseilles."

"As far as Marseilles?" he echoed.

"Yes. I told you we were going there."

"Why are you travelling with Lady Danvers?" he asked, presently.

The girl flushed. "She offered to take me, and I am to—look after her."

"Look after her?" he echoed, stupidly.

Lucile flashed a glance at him.

"You forget that I haven't married the inane man," she said.

The porters and seamen were running up and down the gangways with baggage and other trappings left till the last moment.

The bustle and excitement of departure was all round them.

"Let us go further down the deck," Halifax suggested. "We shall be out of the wind."

Halifax seated himself on the sheltered side of the deck at Lucile's side.

Her face looked wan from the deep collar of her rough Inverness coat.

Halifax glanced at her, and looked hastily out to sea, where a few white sails flecked the wide expanse of blue like sea birds.

"I suppose," he said, lightly, "that you haven't reached that height—or, should I say depth—of indiscretion in which you would reconsider your refusal to marry me?"

Lucile shook her head.

"Still relentless?" he inquired, with a sigh that was not for effect. "You will admit, at least, that we have been con-

genial friends; that I have not bored you?"

"You have never bored me," she admitted.

"What did Lady Danvers say when I appeared?"

Lucile withdrew her eyes from the sea, and they rested on the man. "She said that you were a *savant* in the art of saying good-bye."

"I wonder she didn't think it necessary to stay and chaperone you," he said.

Lucile made no answer. She was wondering how it would seem when the strip of green water beneath the gangways had widened into an inseparable gulf between herself and the man by her side, when every throb of the screw bore her farther and farther away from all that made life desirable.

The syren on board the tender which had brought the passengers out from Plymouth suddenly rent the air with a shrill scream.

"You must go ashore," said Lucile, without moving.

"There are still ten minutes," he said. He possessed himself of one of her hands, lying palm upwards in her lap.

Lucile shivered away from him, as if he had hurt her. "Don't," she said. "Don't—oh, don't."

She covered her words with a shaky little laugh.

"It isn't necessary for us to pretend we are broken-hearted, though I know the surroundings incline that way."

Halifax rose to his feet, and stood looking seawards in silence.

"When are you coming back?" he asked, abruptly.

He had not asked before, because until they had stood on the deck together, he had not really believed she would go.

But now, with the bustle of departure all about, and the strong salt breeze blowing in his face, it suddenly came home to him that she was really going.

Only ten minutes remained in which to say all that he had refrained from saying during the past weeks, because he had thought, foolishly, that she would give in—that she would show her mind, and not leave all the capitulation to him.

"When are you coming back?" he repeated, looking intently at her.

Something in the bend of her head; something in the unconscious pathos of the eyes she slowly raised to his, struck a sharp fear to his heart.

"Lucile—when are you coming back?" he asked, his voice tense with emotion.

"I am not coming back," she said, slowly. "I did not tell you before, because you said you hated saying good-bye, and it is good-bye."

Halifax stood like a man turned to stone, then, as the full significance of her words dawned upon him, he seized her hands and drew her roughly to her feet beside him.

"What are you saying?" he asked, hoarsely. "Good-bye between you and me!—never coming back!—Lucile!—what are you saying?"

His face was white, and his eyes, as they looked into hers, held something in them that turned her faint, but she forced herself to calmness—she would concede him nothing.

"I am going to Australia with Lady Danvers," she said, clearly.

Their faces were but a few inches apart, but she threw back her head, and met his gaze squarely.

"It was the only thing," she said, her voice struggling with a laugh. "You see, I have not married the inane man with the money. Lady Danvers pays me to go with her." Her voice broke, but she kept on bravely. "I could not go back to London—and—oh, let me go."

"And you would never have come back to me?" said Halifax. His voice was unsteady, she could feel how the strong hands were trembling.

"I should never have come back," she said, quietly.

The emotionless tones of her voice seemed to rouse him to frenzy. "You would have left me without a word? I, who love you? Lucile, I love you, and I have only lived to meet you from day to day, and for the time to come when you would soften towards me. But you gave me no chance—and now, you would have gone away, and I should never have let you know—never have held you in

my arms—never have said, I love you, I love you!”

Never had Halifax suffered as now, when his love seemed to beat itself helplessly against this woman's coldness.

It was his punishment, he thought despairingly, his punishment for the years he had frittered away, for the times he had played at being in love.

“I cannot understand,” he broke out again. “If it was merely money you wanted, why would you not marry me?”

The faintest colour tinged Lucile's white face. “It was not what I wanted—from you,” she said. “If it had been any other—but not you—not you——”

The ship's bell clanged, and from the gangways came the loud cry, “All ashore! All ashore!”

The clamour seemed to bring Lucile back to time and place.

Her glance roamed as if seeking

escape, but came back helplessly to Halifax.

It seemed to both that they stood alone in the world, that nothing mattered but each other. Pride and misunderstanding were swept away, and she realised that she loved this man, and in another moment she was to be separated from him, perhaps for ever. “I can't go,” she said, chokingly. “Don't let me go!”

“My darling!—my darling!” said Halifax, and he folded his arms round her as if he could never let her go.

A sailor crossing the deck stared sympathetically as he passed along. Drake's Island and Plymouth Hoe were mere specks on the horizon before Lucile realised that the great liner was steaming down channel, and that Halifax was still with her. “But—but,” she stammered.

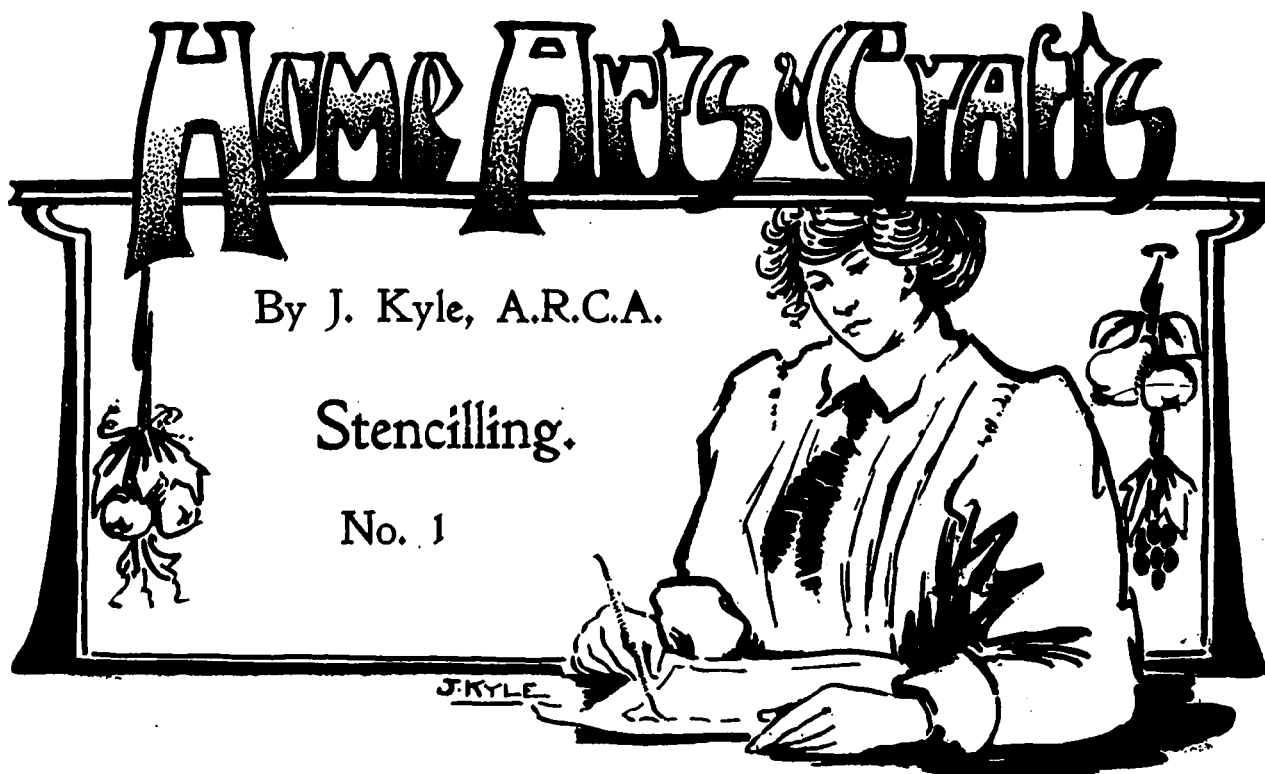
“I wired for my passage last night,” said Halifax, explaining.

The Millionaire.

John Barrow.

A mountaineer; I climb the dangerous ways,
Too high for pity, Calm Content can see.
Upon his daily rounds no track of me,
I tread the golden sun's alluring rays,
Through sleepless nights and long, long anxious days,
With promises of rest beneath some tree.
To view the world and from its cares be free,
But ever the goal, like mirage mocks my gaze.

Thus do we climb from steep to steep, away,
Staining the lonely mountains with our blood,
All those who only climb from day to day,
Feel not the stormy nights—the panic flood,
Or know, when we at last retrace our way,
Old friends have gone—old loves—and every good.



I HAVE had frequent enquiries from readers of this magazine about the method of making stencils. The many stencilled art fabrics on the market have taken the fancy of those who are always on the look out for something new in order to beautify the home. The process is easy but requires good taste and judgment, and at present stencilled work is so fashionable that manufacturers are imitating by machinery, these hand-stencilled hangings, cushion covers, curtains and other articles of house furnishings.

As a rule the decoration feels right, it has an appearance of flatness, and the process introduces a certain amount of conventionalism which appeals to all lovers of the decorative.

A stencil plate is either made from stout paper, thin cardboard, or thin sheet metal, a great deal depending on the amount of work that one intends to do with it. From this paper or card, the design must be cut, and a glance at the perforated sheet will soon shew the necessity of leaving small pieces uncut between the forms, so that the pattern may hold together. These small pieces are

called ties, and the placing of them must be carefully studied. As far as possible make them part of the design, but do not try to hide, or do without them. Accept the conditions and limitations honestly and make the design with the knowledge that the tie must form part of it, in the same way as the leads in a stained glass window are used to outline the forms. Indeed it is just those ties which give distinctiveness and character to a stencil design. In drawing it out then, decide where the ties have to be put. A good plan would be to ask some painter and decorator to shew a stencil plate, then the necessity for all this carefulness would at once be apparent.

To begin with let us undertake some simple article such as a d'oylie, table centre, or such like. The first will perhaps be the easier, and it will be found most satisfactory if we compose the pattern to read from any point of view as seen in sketches I, II, III. In all cases cut out a paper pattern first; divide it into quarters and that will give the exact size of the space on which to make the drawing.

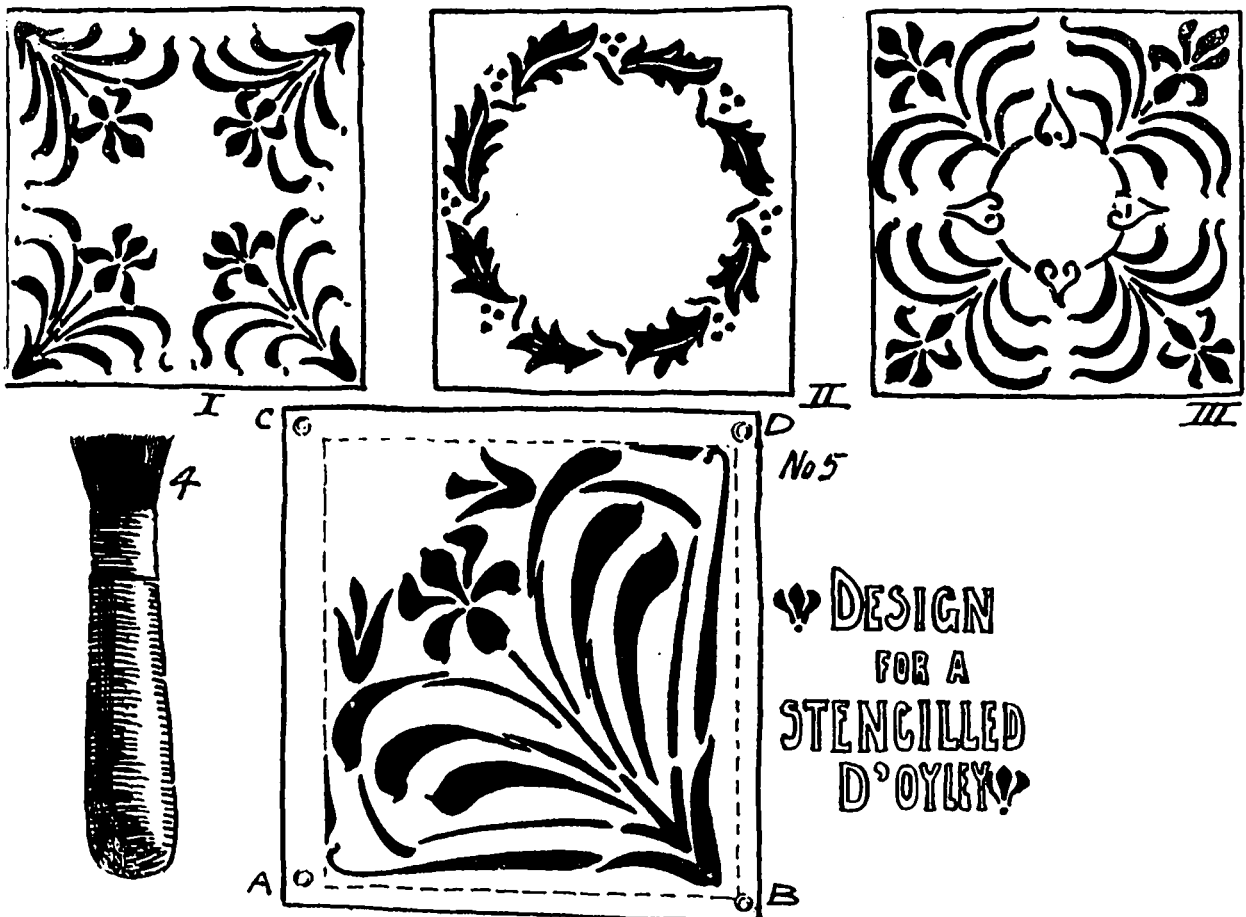
Suppose the design to be suggested by the iris, draw an agreeable arrangement

to fill the corner. Do not attempt to draw a natural flower but let the natural forms and growth suggest those of the proposed design. After this is done go over it all, putting in the ties, rubbing out these parts, and drawing the remainder a little firmer and stronger. It is a good plan for a beginner to paint over the pattern with some dark color as in Illustration No. 5, then one can see more distinctly whether or not there be enough ties, and if they are correctly placed. When all this is definitely fixed give both sides of the paper a coat of knotting, which is just a cheap quality of varnish. This will toughen the stencil and make

and in order to apply this to the material stretch the cloth on a board with thumb tacks, then pin the design securely on top ready for work.

The colour scheme should now be chosen, and the consistency of colour should be rather stiff, otherwise it will work under the stencil plate and blur the pattern. Pure colour should be used; the mixing is done by daubing one tint over another, which gives a rich, transparent and sparkling effect.

For fine fabrics and textiles, dyes are often used. Messrs. Lechertier, Barbe & Co., Regent Street, London, England, sell a permanent dye known as tapestry



it less liable to break. The pattern of course will shine through the coat, and when dry, should be cut out cleanly and evenly with a sharp knife on a piece of glass.

Thus the perforated sheet or stencil is made and a dexterous hand can cut one both quickly and accurately. If breaks are made, they can be patched with gum paper, and if carefully mended will not show on the finished work. Illustration A, B, C, D, will show how much margin ought to be left round the stencil plate,

colour. Oil colour, with most of the oil removed by placing it on blotting paper, and then thinning it down with turpentine, works very well, and one very soon discovers how much colour or dye is necessary to be used in the brush. The colours may be shaded from light to dark and there is no limit to the range of tints. With very little work a most splendid variety of shades are obtainable.

The stencil brush has short, stout hair as in Sketch 4, and the various sizes

are generally stocked by artists, colour dealers or hardware men.

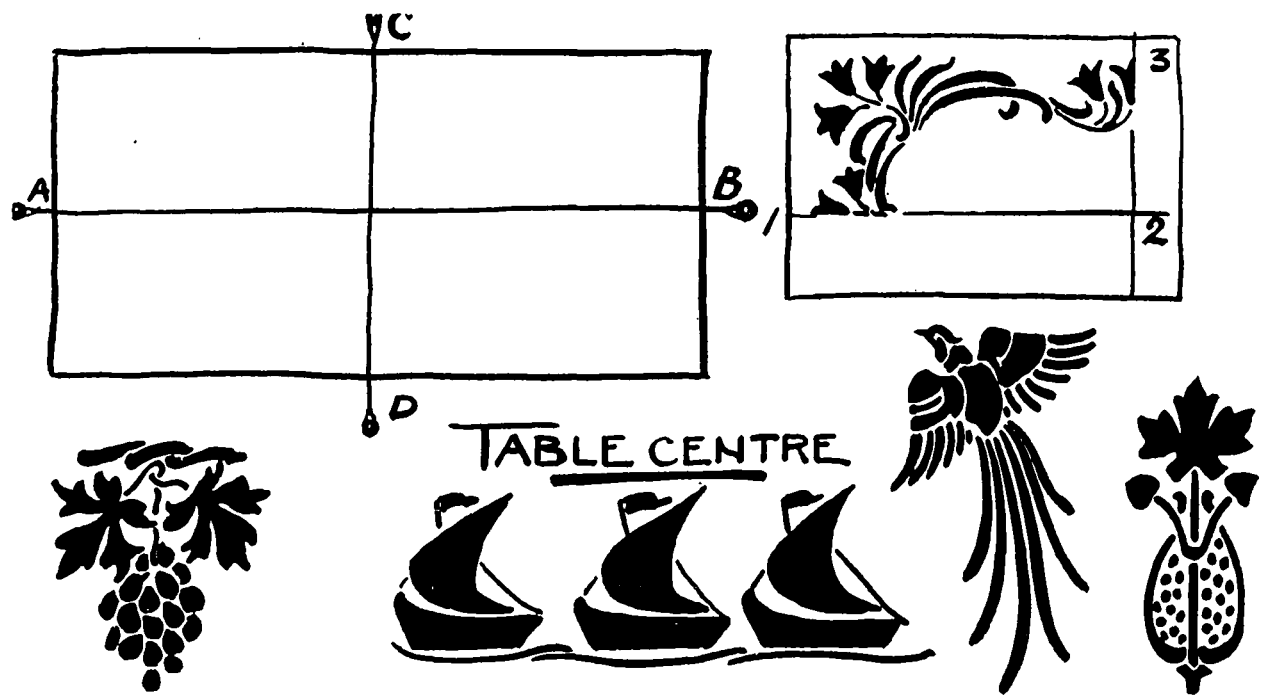
Following on the d'oyley a table centre would form a splendid exercise. When executed on silk or muslin in soft tones of colour, the effect is very pleasing. The simplest way of treating it would be to design one corner and then repeat it four times. Draw out the design first, and while doing so be deciding where the ties will have to go. Try to get the ties to be part of the ornament. When all the drawing is finished give the paper two coats of knotting and prepare to cut out the pattern. In this case one stencil is just required but sometimes there are two, three and four stencils used, each for a separate colour. However, we need

shaded from pale to dark; the leaves green with a touch of blue in the high lights, the same blue as used in the flowers, to ensure harmony.

The daubing with the brush must be fairly brisk, for the colour should be rather stiff so as not to work underneath the stencil plate. A little practice, however, overcomes all these difficulties.

Instead of repeating the unit of design only four times as in the case of the d'oyley and the table centre, a unit might be repeated many times so as to cover a large space as in putting a friese round a room or decorating a curtain portiere or hanging.

The treatment of a curtain design requires to be carefully considered, if as



only trouble ourselves about one at present.

When the stencil plate is prepared, stretch the material for the table centre on a board, and fix two threads across to act as guides for the stencil; these are shewn in sketch as A, B, C, D.

Pin down the stencil plate on top of the material so that the lines on the stencil plate 1, 2, 3, coincide with the threads; a good junction between the adjoining sides will thus be ensured.

If the colouring has to be done with oil paints, then put the colour on blotting paper as advised at the beginning of the article. But whether oil or water colours or dye be used the colour scheme should be decided on. Let the flowers be blue,

good effect is desired when it is hanging in folds. The pattern is most successful when it is arranged in bands, so that when hanging in position, the design will have some apparent order. Thus a strip full of ornament might be followed by one fairly open, and the colour should also go in bands.

A portiere, of course, is often designed to hang flat, just as one would treat a panel, and indeed panels of wood are often very tastefully decorated by the aid of the stencil.

In next issue I shall describe fully the planning out of a pattern for a hanging and the various ways of treating the material.

Those who are anxious to do this work

should pay attention to the Japanese stencils. These people shew great patience in the cutting out of the most minute designs, some stencil plates being so delicate that they require to be strengthened with hair.



The Wendigo.

Clive Phillipps Wolley

(Concluded from last month.)

"See," he said, "his friends come to feast with him."

"They will feast well tonight," hissed the other, and he quickened his steps over the trail along which Philip and the waif and those two wolves had passed.

They were mild, good-natured savages, Niko and Takush, as a rule; thieves, of course, and greedy as vultures around a carcass, and yet not bad fellows of their class under ordinary circumstances, but just then they looked like devils, their harsh black hair stiff on their heads, their eyes bright, their mouths working, their shoulders bent

instinctively as they almost ran into the cover of the timber.

A stick snapped under the leader's feet.

"Sh, sh!" hissed Niko.

"No matter," replied the other, "he won't hear. He has not wolf's hearing yet. Besides he is gorged."

The next moment I saw what he meant.

Beyond the timber (a mere strip of a dozen stunted pines) lay a lake hard frozen and snow covered. Far out on it a tiny fire smouldered, and over that, crouched like a dog that sits and sleeps, sat the figure of a man, the man who

had slouched behind Philip and myself from rifled cache to cache. On the snow by the fire was a splash of something dark, and what looked at the distance like gralloched game. Behind the man and not far off, sat the two grey wolves whose tracks we had seen. They saw us though he did not, and one of them rose, loped a few paces back and then sat again on its haunches—watching. It was too hungry to fear man much.

Even then I did not understand, but wondered why our Yellow Knives crept so cautiously over the snow. What did they want with grey wolves when we had half a caribou in camp? But I followed them instinctively and stopped when they stopped. For a moment they squatted Indian fashion and glanced along their Winchesters and then the two shots rang out as one. The wolves leaped to their feet and galloped a hundred yards before stopping to look back over their shoulders. Neither of them were touched, but the figure before the

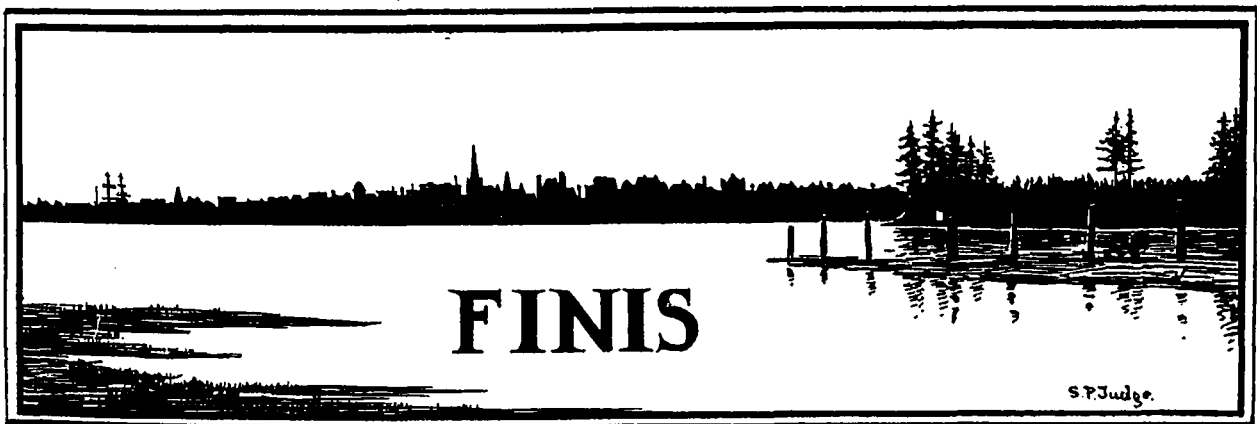
fire collapsed, lurched heavily into the ashes and lay still.

* * * * *

When I turned my back upon that cursed spot I knew what blood that was which stained the snow. I had seen all that was left of poor Philip; I knew why Niko had shot the man (if it was a man) instead of the wolf, and I understood the meaning of the word Wendigo.

We carried away what we could for decent burial, though no man touched that Thing in the ashes. When we last looked back the dim sun was going down and darkness was creeping over the infinite fields of snow broken only by the figure of the two grey wolves rending and quarreling over a viler thing than themselves.

It was only long months afterwards that I learned that a white man hunting with some Yellow Knives, had, in a fit of frenzy killed his companion and eaten him, and that since then he had been living a prescribed Thing in the pitiless barren. The name of that white man was Frank Wilmore.



Madge and Paddy.

Wm. Restelle.

ON any bright summer afternoon there may be seen emerging from a small and much dilapidated dwelling, situated in the poorest portion of a certain large city, two odd little figures, who, to judge from the precision of their movements, must be on business bent. Both are bootless, stockingless, and otherwise scantily clad. One, a boy of eight or nine, wears a Scotch cap, a blue blouse and an old pair of overalls upheld by a chord strung round his waist. The other, a girl between nine and ten years of age, is clad in a faded red print dress which looks as though it had been subjected to the tender mercies of a thorn bush. The clothing of both children is much tattered, but the rags which hang about them seem rather to be artfully arranged than the result of negligence. And they are clean. The children themselves are clean. Though their legs and hands and faces are browned almost to a cinnamon colour, they are not dirty. Perhaps this is why you stop on the street and look back at them. One does not expect to meet rag-a-muffins unbesmirched by filth. But something else about the children commands the attention of the passer-by. Their faces betray an intelligence and knowledge of the world superior to their years. The boy has penetrating dark brown eyes and lacks that innocence in his countenance which is so becoming in a child. The girl, over whose shoulders falls a profusion of curly black hair, possesses features, which, were it not for a shrewdness, even boldness, in them, would be deemed beautiful.

As the children walk quickly along the street they are greeted familiarly as Madge and Paddy, and, well known to the neighbours, they are on their way to the Zoological Gardens. They pass with-

out lingering out of the Ward, on through a fairly well-to-do portion of the city, and into a very wealthy district known as Oak Vale. The route chosen is not the shortest, but the children purposely deviated from the direct road that they might pass through the avenues of the rich on their way to the park.

Of the contrast between their own poverty and the wealth with which they are surrounded Madge and Paddy are only partly conscious. They see children playing, well fed and well clothed, in private grounds, and feel like joining in their games, yet know they are barred from doing so. They ponder in a vague sort of way over the inequality, and at times feel like going up to some of the snug little dudes and saying: "Ain't we as good as you are, eh? You ain't the whole show, even if yer pa is a mililonaire." Looking through an iron fence at a lot of little boys and girls playing croquet, Paddy remarks to Madge: "Them kids is stuck up, but I can lick the whole bunch o' them." It is not often, however, that such envious thoughts afflict their minds. They are usually entirely absorbed, except when "business" can be done, in admiring the big houses and the lawns and the flower beds, in listening to the birds chirping in the trees and chasing butterflies as they flutter by. How delightful it is to wander in this lovely place. How different the cleanliness and quiet of the avenues of Oak Vale to the reeking, roaring, thirsting streets of the Ward, where men curse and women scold and children quarrel and dogs bark and everybody seems wretched and dirty. In their imagination heaven is very much like Oak Vale, but excels it in that it is paved with gold and silver. To live in such a place as this is the ambition of both children, and this am-

bition forms the chief subject of their conversation in daytime and of their dreams at night. Says Paddy to Madge:

"Does yer know what I want ter be? I want ter be a man wi' lots o' dough. Gib me lots o' dough, an' bet cher life yo' an' me will live in a big house. An' I know how to get it. Dusky Red showed me how."

Madge knew of the fame of Dusky Red in the Ward as a pickpocket, and said:

"Dat ain't no Sunday school way of earnin' boodle. S'pose you get pinched for robbin'?"

"Red ain't ever got caught. Guess I'm as—"

The dialogue was interrupted by Madge nudging Paddy's arm and whispering "Graft." A lady had just come out of a house some distance up the street and turned in their direction. In a trice the two children were sitting on the curbstone by a telegraph pole and crying most pitifully.

"What's the matter, little girl?" asked the lady, softly stroking the curly head of Madge. "What are you crying for?"

Madge only sobbed harder. As Paddy seemed less deeply lost in grief, the lady addressed him:

"Will you tell me what's the matter, little boy?"

"Nawtin'" answered Paddy.

Madge bumped her knee against his, as much as to say "keep quiet."

The children allowed themselves to be caressed into somewhat of a calm, and then Madge explained between sobs.

"Please, mum, Paddy's broke a window, an' the man is goin' to give him to a cop if he don't pay for it. Oh, Paddy will be put in jail, for we ain't got no money."

"But has not your papa any money?"

"Please, mum, he's dead."

"And your mother?"

"Granny's awful poor."

"How much is the window?" queried the sympathetic woman.

"I don't know. It ain't a very big one," Madge replied.

"Oh, well, Paddy won't go to jail. Just you give the man this, and then he will not tell the policeman."

The lady unclasped her purse and put a fifty-cent piece into Madge's hand and told her and Paddy to be good children. Before the park was reached the same trick was played three times, but a different story graced each occasion. The second time baby had died, father was in the hospital and mother had hardly enough money to buy a large loaf of bread. The third time Granny was said to be very sick and the duty of earning enough to give her medicine and pay the rent fell upon "them two."

In the Gardens Madge and Paddy strolled about and judged at a glance those with whom they were likely to do business. Seated under a maple tree in an out-of-the-way corner of the park were a pair of young people, happy in the companionship of each other, out of whom Madge thought some "boodle" could be made. Affecting hesitation and bashfulness, the two children slowly approached the lovers. Paddy acted as spokesman.

"Please, sir," he began, timidly, addressing the young gentleman, "is this yer lady-love?"

"She is my friend," answered the youth.

"A very dear friend?" queried Paddy.

"A very nice friend," answered the young dude, for such he was, and the girl beside him turned red and giggled.

"Well, sir, I knows a feller wi' a very nice friend jus' like yours, but he ain't goin' ter marry her for a long time yet. He ain't got 'nough money. But he's savin' up, an' when he's rich he an' she is goin' trav'ling."

"Won't that be nice?" said the girl.

"Bet cher life. An' p'raps he'll get her a automobilly."

"Oh, won't that be jolly? Where are they going to travel?"

"Oh, lots of places. Me an' Madge is lookin' for adventure, so I guess we'll go where there's lots of Indians an' elephants an' tigers. I'd like to kill a lion an' Madge wants me ter catch her a monkey."

"Ho! ho! So you're the fellow who is saving up to go travelling, are you? And how much money have you saved already, little man?"—It was the girl

beside the dude who did the questioning.

"Now I'll tell you if you promise to give a little to help swell our pile. We don't want ter wait too long, yer know, 'fore we go trav'ing."

Paddy was tossed a ten-cent piece, and continued:

"'Cludin' this, we've one dime saved. Me an' Madge only come ter be 'gaged when we sees you an' yer gal lookin' so happy. Good-bye."

In like manner the two children introduced themselves to other people in the Gardens. As occasion required, they amused folks by singing and dancing, or told pitiful stories of the poverty of themselves and guardians, or solicited contributions to their savings bank. Whenever they came across those under the spell of Cupid they humoured them in the way described, but to the average person they were usually saving up for new clothes. As the rags which hung about them made donations for such a purpose appear worthy, money was freely given to them. Once they told a young clergyman that they were "savin' up" for an illustrated Bible. He gave them five cents to put in their bank for that purpose.

"Ain't it funny," said Paddy, after he pocketed the piece of silver, "that God loves everybody? There ain't no man I know who loves everybody."

"God is very good," explained the minister.

"Is He rich?" asked Paddy. "Does He live in a big house, an' has He lots of horses?"

"Does He like little girls like me?" queried Madge.

"Sure He does," broke in Paddy. "But, mister, is He rich?"

The clergyman said He was, that all the world belonged to God. Satisfied with this answer, Madge and Paddy be-took themselves off and visited the menagerie. They had visited it a hundred times before, but their interest in the bears and lions and tigers and elephants and monkeys never flagged. Especially did they like to watch the monkeys chase each other and swing on the bar. Feeding them—throwing them nuts and biscuits—was a rare delight, but it was

against the rules. Once a policeman caught Paddy in the act of tossing peanuts into the monkeys' cage, and seized him by the arm.

"What are you doing here, you young rogue?" the officer of the law cried gruffly to him.

"Oh, Mister, I won't do it again."

"What were you feeding the animals for, eh?"

"'Cuz—oh, I won't do it again—'Cuz—quit pinchin' my arm, will you'."

"Please, sir," said Madge, timidly, "Paddy seen other people do it."

"Now get away home, and quick, too, or I'll put you in jail," ordered the policeman.

Madge and Paddy sulked away, but instead of obeying the policeman's order, resumed their begging in the park. Though fairly successful, they had not as yet had an opportunity to perform what they themselves called "the little circus." The opportunity presented itself to them after they left the menagerie. About five o'clock, just when they were on the point of directing their little feet homeward, they chanced upon a large party of picknickers who apparently had exhausted their interest in games and were lounging idly about. Some were lying lazily on the grass, some had sauntered off in pairs and were talking quietly to each other, others were promenading, and the remainder were grouped together, eating fruit and laughing.

"Here's clover," said Madge, and the two children began to pasture therein. To attract an audience, Paddy doubled himself into the queerest of shapes and stood on his head for a considerable length of time. Soon a number of people were encircled around them, and wondering what manner of children they were.

An audience gathered, Paddy introduced the first feature of "the little circus" by pointing to Madge and saying: "You jus' ought to hear her sing." It was agreed on all sides that Madge should sing. She did so with uproarious success. The applause and number of encores she received would have made envious a star actress. In a full, rich

voice, a voice which one would have deemed impossible of being emitted from a bundle of rags, she sang the cheerful songs of childhood, such as, "Come back, my Kitty, to me." These were interspersed by two or three of a melancholy strain. One, which might almost have been called a dirge, brought tears to the eyes of many who listened, so feelingly did Madge give it utterance. It told of a young deserted mother, who, penniless and friendless, had strangled her only child to save it from the pangs of starvation. Another told of the sorrows of a little orphan girl who was driven onto the streets to beg drink-money for a heartless old man. Such tales, awful in themselves, were trebly so coming from the lips of infants. Men wondered if such things were really so and whether the little rag-a-muffins who were entertaining them were already unsophisticated as to the stern realities of life.

Between songs, Paddy gave acrobatic performances, or he and Madge danced. Paddy had learned several gymnastic feats from a circus performer he once knew and by constant practise had become very proficient in them. He could turn somersaults, windmills and hand-springs, walk on his hands and stand on his head. He could also bend himself backward till his hands touched the ground, and then walk on all fours, with Madge seated on his stomach.

Besides songs and acrobatic tricks, Paddy and Madge recited bits of verse they had picked up from various sources. One of Paddy's attempts at elocution was in jargon unintelligible to all except those familiar with the lingo of the Underworld:

I ain't no moocher on the pike;
I don't go batterin' for a mite;
I'm on the level, 'boes' all right—
Bet cher life.

I ain't no shover of the queer;
I don't smoke snipes, nor slop up beer;
I ain't askeered to pound my ear—
Bet cher life.

I ain't no stiff, nor dip, nor gun;
I ain't no vag or worthless bum;
I'm on the level, mother's son—
Bet cher life.

A large crowd had now gathered, and the chief feature of "the little circus" was yet to be witnessed, namely, a wrestling match between Madge and Paddy. A circle large enough for them to tussle in was made by the spectators, and the two children, after shaking hands, grappled with each other. Seizing each other around the waist or by the legs, each strained every muscle to down the other. First Paddy seemed to have the advantage, then no choice could have been made. Men and boys cheered, ladies clapped their hands, the lion in the menagerie began to roar, but one and all were unanimous in "rooting" for Madge. A youngster stepped into the ring and undertook to umpire. Ah! Madge has been thrown. A cry of disappointment escapes onlookers. But look! By a clever turn she has freed herself and both are on their feet again. Madge's curly hair is all tousled. The umpire gets in the way, and is jerked to the side of the ring by a long arm. Men make bets. There! Madge has tripped her opponent up and is on top of him. They squirm on the grass. Laughter and exclamations of encouragement fill the air. Paddy is laid square on his shoulders, and Madge is victor on her merits. The crowd is wild with excitement, and wait for another round. But another round was too much to expect after such fatiguing exertions. Madge and Paddy rise from the ground, shake hands, kiss prettily, and bow to their appreciative audience. Pleasure was evinced in the faces of everybody, and the time seemed truly auspicious for a collection. Madge whispered to Paddy to pass around the hat, but before he did so she bawled out:

"Ladies an' Gen'l'men, Granny's awful poor, an' dis is Paddy's birthday. Now be gen'rous an' let de boodle fly."

And the "boodle" did fly. Pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters clinked in Paddy's Scotch cap, and as men and women turned away they exclaimed to each other, "Great kids."

Madge and Paddy set off home with money jingling in their pockets and praise ringing in their ears. As they were anxious to reach home before dark, they took a street car and paid their

fares like men and women. It soon became evident to them that they were the object of much interest to all the other passengers. One passenger remarked quite audibly to a fellow passenger that "them kids knows a lot, an' if they ain't put straight they'll become great swindlers." Another said: "I'll wager my own tongue that they'll become star actors. They are certainly pretty good at the business now." A third commented: "It is a pity such clever youngsters have not the advantages of a good home and the best schooling." Though Paddy and Madge heard many such comments as these, they did not fully understand their import.

Though they had only a few blocks to go after leaving the car, Paddy and Madge did not reach home without an adventure. Turning down a narrow and ill-lighted street, they were stopped by three rowdies, lads not more than seventeen years old, yet whose hardened features told of an early acquaintance with crime.

"Hey, kids, cough up, d'ye hear?" savagely demanded the eldest.

"Cough up what?" asked Madge, timidly.

"You knows what, an' none of yer bluffin'."

"We ain't got nothin'," Madge ventured to reply.

"None of yer bluffin', I say. Cough up, an' quick, too."

"You're bughouse. We ain't got nawtin'," Paddy snapped, with an oath, and proceeded to walk off. A bony hand

seized him by the collar and pinched his neck.

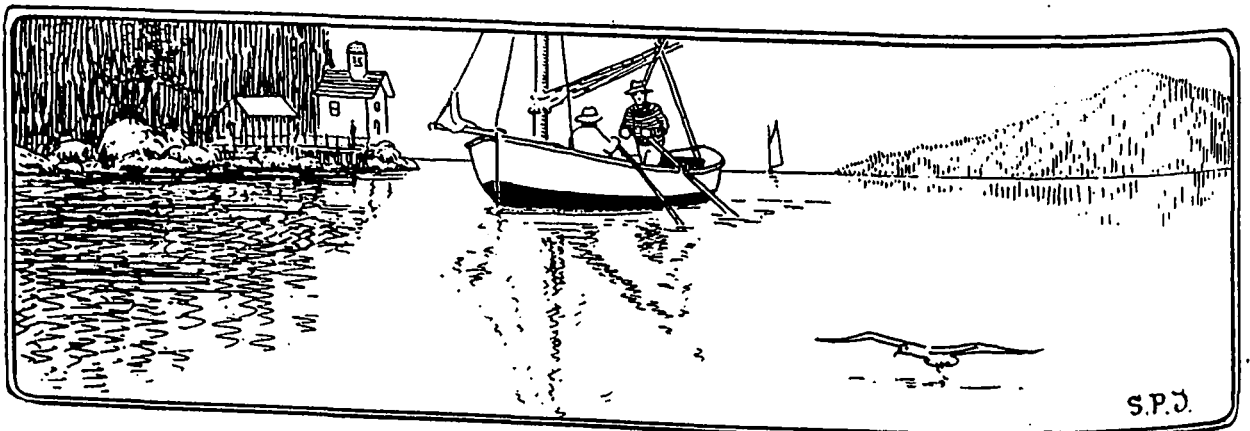
"If you don't want yer throat cut, fish out that boodle."

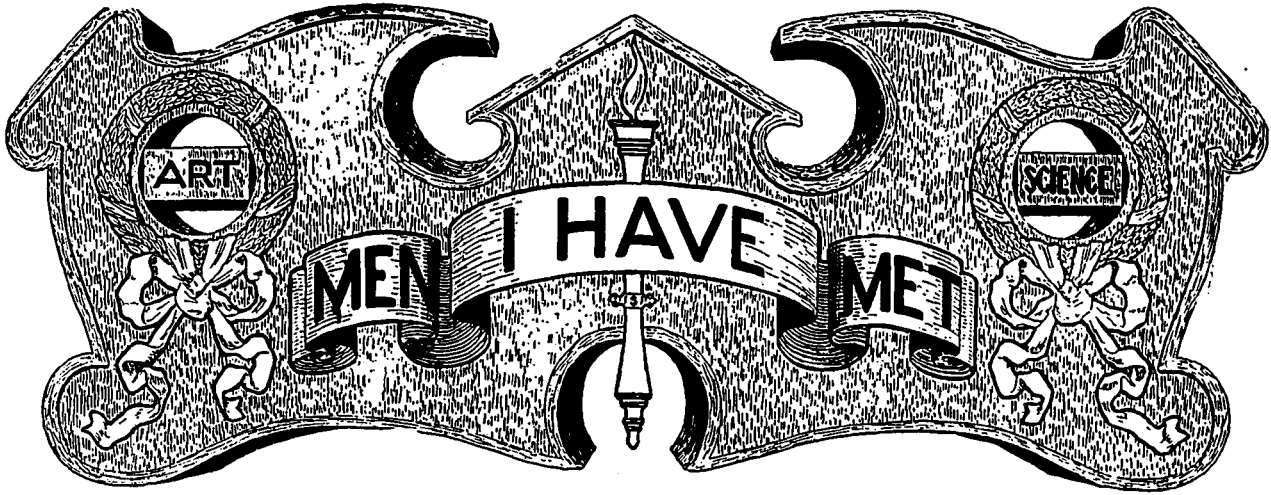
The bony hand gripped firmer about his neck, but Paddy gasped, "What boodle?"

"You jus' let him go," shrieked Madge as she sprang ferociously at the one holding Paddy and bit his hand. "You ain't got no right to the boodle."

At this moment a stout man with a walking cane appeared around the corner, and the three robbers took to their heels. The children related the incident to the person who had come on the scene at such an opportune time, and begged him to accompany them the rest of the way home.

Sitting on the doorsteps of the lowly and much dilapidated dwelling from which Madge and Paddy emerged early in the afternoon, was an old woman, whose features were scarcely discernible in the fading twilight. Hollow eyes, sunken cheeks and protruding cheekbones, furrowed brows and long hook-like nose, a grey plaid shawl over head and shoulders, black wraps about a skeleton frame—this was the woman for whom Madge and Paddy begged, the granny who was patiently awaiting their return. As she saw them come down the street, one on either side the stout gentleman, she nodded her head slowly up and down, and into her withered face crept a smile of expectation. The gentleman delivered his proteges to the old woman, and continued on his way.





Sir Henry Fowler

William Blakemore

IN 1866 Queen Victoria unveiled the first equestrian statue which was erected to the memory of Prince Albert in the old City of Wolverhampton. The statue was placed in what up to that time had been called High Green, a large open space in the centre of the town. On that memorable day its name was changed to Queen's Square, and one of the many streets running into it, previously known as Cock Street, became Victoria Street. On the northeast corner, within a stone's throw of the square, stood the venerable Collegiate Church, dating from Saxon times.

This church was dedicated to Lady Wulfruna, a patron of the ancient burg, the name of which, through a series of corruptions, has finally become Wolverhampton.

It was a memorable day. Wolverhampton is the capital of the "black country"; coal arches were erected in the leading thoroughfares, other monuments, representing the local industries, at the street corners. These latter were hung with every kind of artifice in iron, and with the Queen's weather, on that memorable day no less than 200,000 people thronged the streets, to catch a glimpse of their beloved Majesty.

In all available open spaces on the route of travel, huge stands were erected. Many of them were filled with school children, who sang as the royal procession passed. With the Queen were Princess Helena and Prince Arthur. In another carriage was plain John Morris, the Mayor, who before the ceremonies of the day were closed became Sir John, and with him a pale, impressive man, about thirty-five years of age, with bushy black hair and heavy black eyebrows. His face was clean-shaven, and his air was one of distinction and reserve, as if he looked on the whole proceedings rather with an air of tolerance than of interest. This young man was Henry Hartley Fowler, now the aged and respected statesman, Sir Henry Fowler.

The son of a Methodist minister, with a common school education and little of this world's goods, he had come to Wolverhampton and read law in the office of one of the leading legal firms, that of Mr. Corser. Passing his examinations, he shortly joined another old legal firm, of which Mr. Henry Underhill was senior partner, only, however, to return in a short time to Mr. Corser, who took him into partnership, and thus established the firm which was known for many

years throughout the Midlands as Corser & Fowler. Not many years before this, George Thorneycroft, an iron master, had been appointed first Mayor of his native town. Mr. Thorneycroft was a man of the old school, plain, blunt, straightforward, and very wealthy. He had a daughter, Eleanor, who was considered one of the best matches of the district. Soon after young Fowler had attained to his full-fledged dignity of a practising lawyer, he proposed for the hand of Miss Fowler, and was rather brusquely turned down by her irate father, who told him very plainly what he thought of his assurance in asking for the hand of his daughter. He ended by telling him to do something first, and young Fowler did it. For several years he practised, principally in the police court, and obtained a wide reputation as a brilliant advocate. Then he contested the aldermanic seat and was returned. Two years later he was elected to the mayoral chair, and had a distinguished term of office, and now it was no longer possible for the wealthy iron master to scout the poor young lawyer, for, admiring success, as do all men of his stamp, he had to concede that Fowler had won his spurs. A few years in the Council sufficed, and Mr. Fowler transferred his allegiance to School Board work, and greatly distinguished himself as a member of the Wolverhampton School Board, brought into existence by Mr. Forster's great education Act of 1870. Then his opportunity came. The members for Wolverhampton at that time were Charles Pelham Villiers, the hero of the reform movement, who represented Wolverhampton for half a century, and who before he died became the father of the House, and T. M. Weguelin, a Director of the Bank of England. Mr. Weguelin had no claim upon the constituency, he was a poor speaker, a man with no local interests, and in ill-health. He had been literally pitchforked on to the constituency at the Reform Club. The popularity of Mr. Fowler had been growing apace, he had remarkable platform gifts, and he had proved himself both on the City Council and on the School Board to be an able administrator, and a man of wide and

intelligent views. His claim could not be overlooked, and in 1874 Mr. Weguelin retired and Mr. Fowler was elected with Mr. Villiers. Needless to say, both were ardent Liberals of the old school, although Mr. Villiers in his later years developed distinctly Whiggish tendencies, and left the Liberal party, or at any rate the Gladstonian section of it, on the Home Rule question.

From the moment of his entrance into Parliament, Mr. Fowler became a marked man. I have always considered him one of the greatest political orators of the last forty years. He had a magnificent voice, deep, rich and full. His declamatory powers were simply superb, but although he had a legal training he was never quite as effective in debate as on the platform. He established the custom in Wolverhampton of meeting his constituents once a year in the Agricultural Hall to render an account of his stewardship. Those occasions can never be forgotten by any who were privileged to be present. I have heard all the great political orators since 1865, but only on a few occasions have I heard anything finer than Mr. Fowler's annual deliverances. There was something so commanding in his manner and something so compelling about his whole personality. He had magnetism in the highest degree. In the midst of a storm of applause, when men were waving their hats and women their handkerchiefs, he would raise his hand and there would be instant silence. I shall never forget on one occasion, I think in 1878, he was invited to speak in Curzon Hall, Birmingham, in company with Mr. Chamberlain, Dr. Dale, Philip Muntz, and John Shirrow Wright, and above all, Mr. Gladstone. The hall was packed, the audience standing, and were split into sections by barricades. Everyone was impatient to hear Gladstone, but, of course, he had to speak last, and as one speaker after another tried in vain to get the attention of the audience, it looked as if there would be no alternative but to call on Mr. Gladstone. And even such favorites as Dr. Dale could not hold the audience, and for once, and the only time I think in his life, Mr. Chamberlain could not gain a hearing. After all these

had failed, the Chairman called on Mr. Fowler, of Wolverhampton. By this time the audience was fairly exasperated, and loud cries of "Gladstone, Gladstone," were heard. Mr. Fowler rose to his feet and stood erect near the edge of the platform. Pandemonium reigned; there were intermitten cries of "Who's Fowler? Sit down. Gladstone, Gladstone." But Mr. Fowler never flinched, and at the first temporary lull he raised his hand and flung out a few words to the audience in a magnificent voice. The effect was electrical. In half-a-dozen sentences he had secured the attention of that vast audience. He spoke brilliantly for ten minutes, with frequent applause, and without any interruption, and when he stepped down was cheered to the echo. Under all the circumstances, it was a great oratorical triumph. When recalling this incident, I have often pondered on the significant fact that not for twenty years after that was Mr. Fowler invited to address a Birmingham audience. Of Mr. Fowler's work in the House of Commons it is unnecessary to speak in a chapter of personal reminiscences, but I always expected him to go all the way, and personally believe that but for one circumstance he would have succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister. He lost his grip on the straight Liberals by lukewarmness on the subject of disestab-

lishment, and too pronounced sympathy with ecclesiasticism, and his momentary hesitation on the subject of Home Rule. Mr. Fowler's equipment for the highest office in the Government was complete. To gifts of administration he added the greatest oratorical powers and lofty personal character. He had force, magnetism and determination. His administration at the India Office was admittedly brilliant, and entitled him to the highest honors which the Crown could confer. In no respects can the present Prime Minister be considered the equal of Sir Henry Fowler, and yet the greater man had to be passed by in favour of one who owes his present position more to the fact that he was diplomatic than that he was endowed with any higher order of gifts. Sir Henry Fowler is now an old man; he is still an ornament to the Church from which he sprung, and of which, all his life, he has been a stalwart supporter. In the councils of Methodism no man has earned a higher place, and he shares with his local partner, Mr. R. W. Perkes, the honor of representing the Church in all matters in which laymen are consulted. But he has just missed the great prize, a circumstance which furnishes food for reflection, not unmingled with curiosity, when one regards his commanding gifts and character.



COUNTRY & SUBURBAN HOMES



BY

E. STANLEY MITTON M.I.A.C.

YEARS ago, when our forefathers settled in the West, they had but little time, and naturally little inclination, toward making the home commodious and beautiful in appearance.

Sufficient for them was the sturdy log cabin or the conventional frame house, devoid of any pretence of architectural merit, but serving its purpose of furnishing a dwelling place for the family, and protection against the inclemency of the weather.

With the advance of education, the increase in leisure and financial prosperity, came a demand for more beautiful, convenient and artistic homes. And if, as Victor Hugo says, "the beautiful is as useful as the useful," the artistic side of the home builder's problem is of paramount importance.

Quite as much so as that purely utilitarian one of providing a shelter from the weather.

One of the popular fallacies, which it is my purpose to demonstrate the falsity of, is that one must be possessed of considerable means, in order to erect a residence of harmonious appearance without, and comfortable and convenient within. This is so far from being the case that even the cheapest cottages, the dwelling places of mechanics and laborers, may

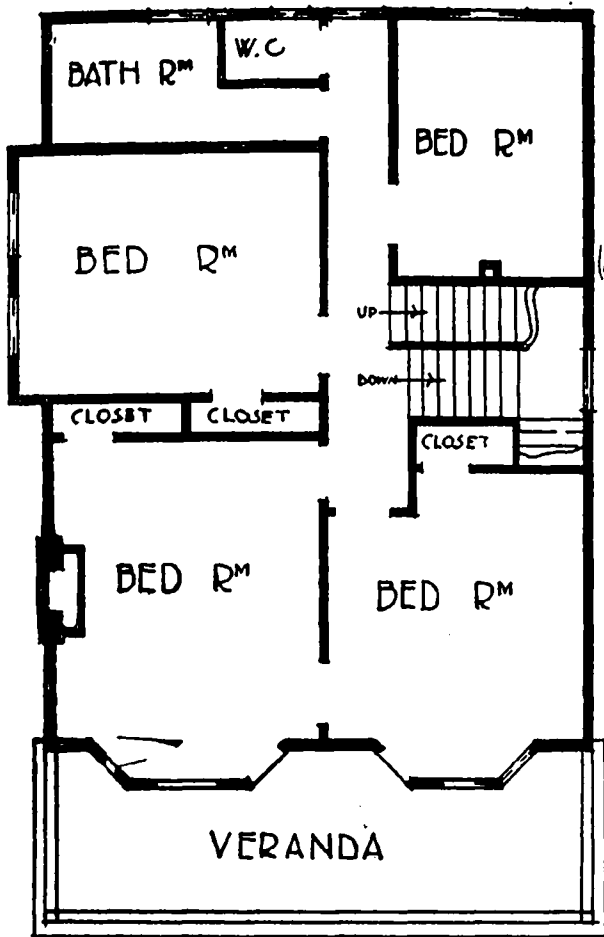
not be devoid of the charm and comfort which gives the word "home" a real meaning.

The house that I have designed for this issue of *Westward Ho!* is exceedingly compact, every inch of space having been used to the best advantage. Its dimensions are 28 ft. 0 in. x 36 ft. 0 in., the veranda extra. It has a basement underneath, with concrete foundation, and concrete blocks up to the level of the joists.

The ground floor has a large entrance hall, 12 ft. 6 in. x 13 ft. 6 in., with grill work under the staircase and into the living room, and a good hat and cloak closet on the first stage of the staircase, 3 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 0 in. A large comfortable living room, 14 ft. 0 in. x 14 ft. 9 in., with open fireplace, and bay window, 10 ft. 0 in. x 3 ft. 0 in. in size.

The dimensions of the dining room, leading off the living room, are 14 ft. 9 in. x 13 ft. 6 in. It has a large bay window. The pantry, situated off the dining room, is 5 ft. 0 in. x 13 ft. 0 in. in size, and has combination sink, flour bin, glass cupboards, and large shelves, making it a most convenient as well as pleasant room to work in.

There is a porch at the rear, also an entrance from the kitchen to the base-



Chamber Plan.

ment, and back stairs up to the chamber floor.

On the chamber floor there are four good bedrooms, size 12 ft. 6 in. x 11 ft. 0 in., 14 ft. 0 in. x 13 ft. 6 in., 14 ft. 9 in. x 13 ft. 6 in., 9 ft. 2 in. x 12 ft. 0 in., respectively. Also water closet and a large bathroom, with lavatory basin.

Note particularly that there is a good-sized living room; a convenient dining room and kitchen; three large bedrooms; an attic floor; a store room; and good closets in every room.

While it is impossible to give an accurate estimate of its cost to build, I will say that it can be erected for from \$2,800 to \$3,500, according to locality.

* * * * *

There are so many residences and other buildings, which from their condition of exposure can never be successfully heated, that a word or two about furnaces may not be amiss.

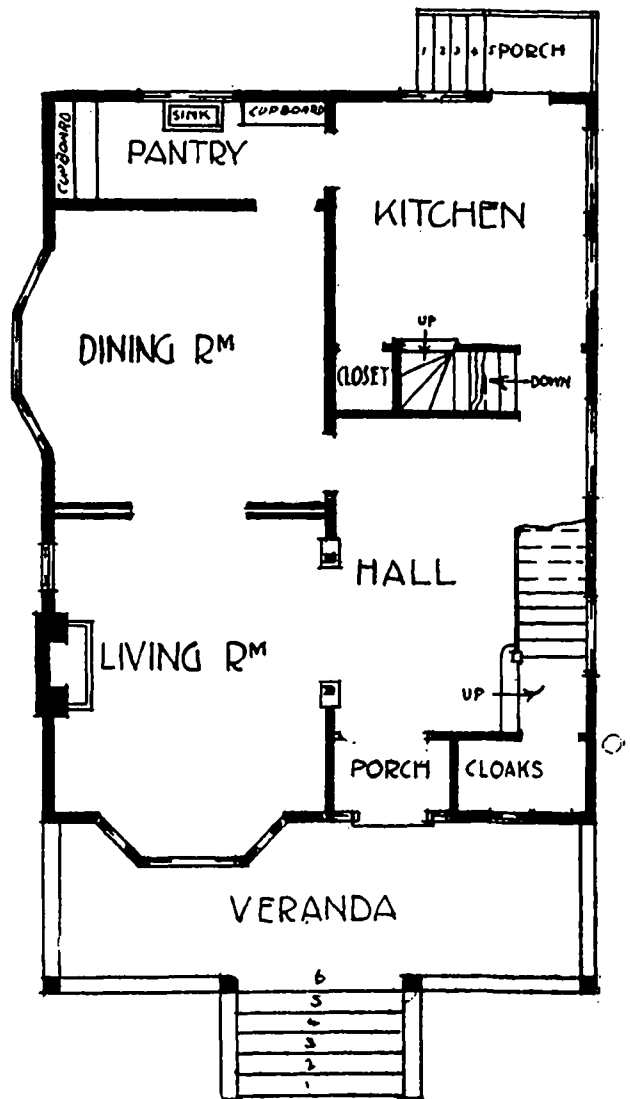
The great mistake that is generally made is in getting a furnace too small

to do the work. This is a penny-wise, pound-foolish form of economy, for the slight initial saving is more than offset by the extra fuel used.

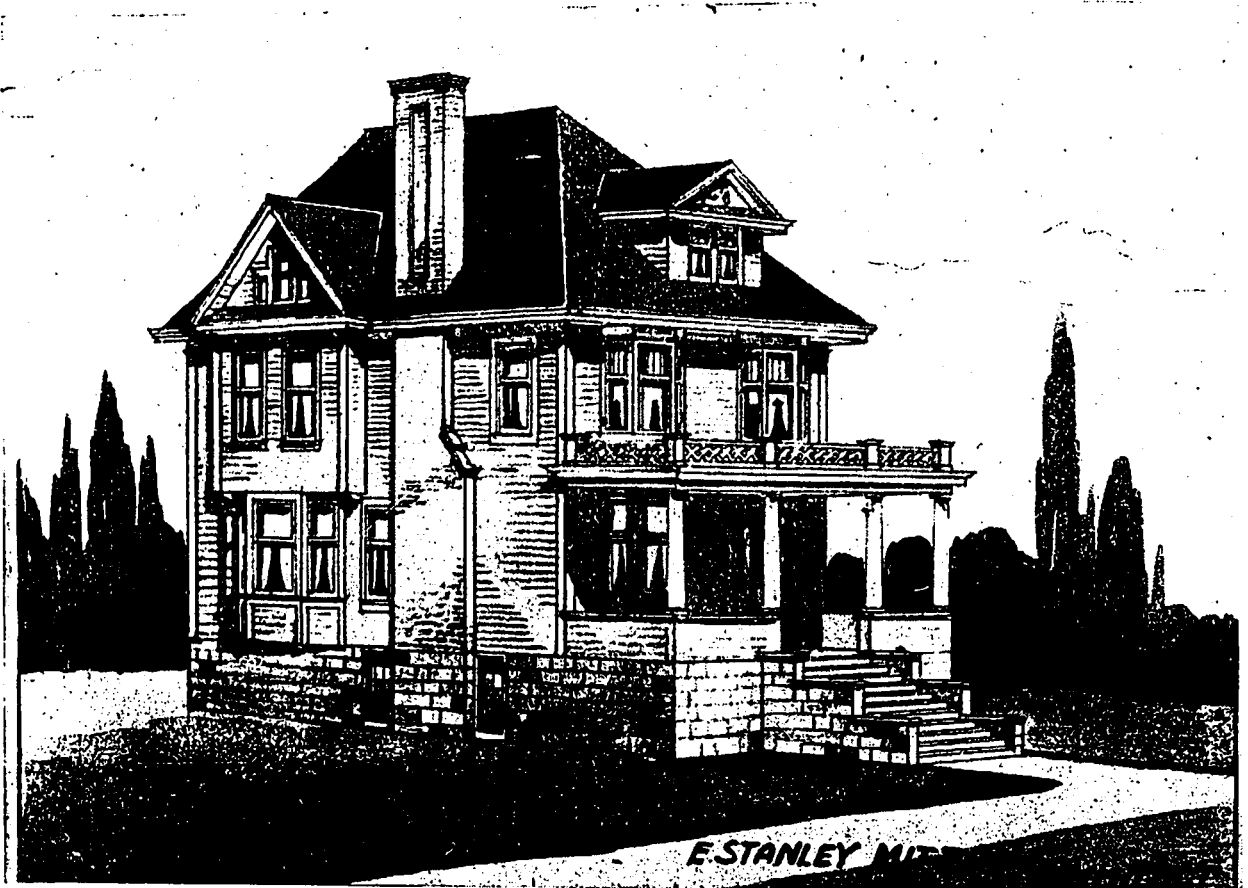
A larger furnace would not only give more heat and require less attention, but will effect a saving of almost fifty per cent. in fuel.

See that your chimneys are built right. Construct the draft. Sometimes the mortar between the bricks washes out, or the expansion of the bricks causes openings which permit of a counter draft from the sides. This is the source of much trouble and annoyance.

The interior furnishings of the house; the papering and the painting, should receive most careful consideration, for a pleasing interior depends in large mea-



Ground Floor Plan.



sure upon the scheme of decoration employed.

The library is for quiet reading and reflection: Nothing should distract the eye or thoughts. A subdued, harmonious, yet not sombre, treatment is to be recommended.

In the dining room, as the table is the centre of attraction, the coloring of the room should set it off to best advantage. Many home builders like a red paper; yet nothing is harder to match with table decoration. I should recommend an apple green paper or linen, with white enamel woodwork, or dark red, brown or soft tapestry effects, for they harmonize charmingly with almost everything.

The drawing room, or parlor, might be in colonial yellow, with white paint, finished with a dull surface, or a very pale sea-green, with white enamel woodwork.

The hall will have a warm, inviting appearance, if a rich red is used with white paint, finished with a dull surface.

Before deciding upon the finish of your room, it is necessary, of course, to take their aspect into consideration. Never make the mistake of using blue or green for a sunless north room, as these colors are only suitable for sunny rooms. And, on the other hand, do not put bright reds or yellows on the walls of rooms facing south, where darker shades can be used to advantage. The exercise of a little thought and judgment will enable you to evoke a suitable scheme of decoration.

I will be very pleased to answer any questions that may occur to you in this connection, if you will write me in care of Westward Ho! It is my desire to make this little series of articles of real value and assistance to home builders.

The Wrong Valentine

Gladys Ethel Olney

ROBERT HAYES ran lightly up the steps to the postoffice, dropper in his two packages with a sigh of relief, and went to his club for lunch.

From his pile of mail he selected a dainty perfumed note, and proceeded to read it.

It was from Mabel Dunning and briefly stated that she would be at home that evening, from seven-thirty until eight. He smiled slightly, wondering how he had ever happened to become so friendly with her. She was real friendly toward him, and quite entertaining, but too cold and calculating to like real well. He liked Midget better; if only she were older now—

"Hello, Bob. Penny for your thoughts."

"Howdy, Benson. Thoughts, you know, are sometimes best when not told. I say, how is that little debutante, that you have been talking so much about lately?"

"Jove! but she is a beauty. Her name is Fairfax, Doris Fairfax, and she is as tiny and dainty as the mermaids of fables. And her form—it is divine. You must see her, Bob. Oh, yes, we mentioned your name, casually, of course, and she immediately became intensely interested in you. But look out, old man, when she uses her eyes, she shoots to kill."

"Listen to it," howled Bob. "I, Robert Hayes, a subject of feminine interest. I feel myself fainting; catch me quick, Benson. There, thank you," he gasped, as Benson threw a dish at him to break his fit of laughter.

"Well, Benny, I have never been half shot yet, let alone being wounded, and that is more than you can say."

"Just wait until you see the little

beauty, then I'll hear a different song. She admires tall men."

"That lets you out, doesn't it, Ben, old man? Well, by-bye, tootsie-wootsie, I must be going, you know. When I see her, I will let you know the exact locality of the spot where her shot struck." And Bob went out laughing.

He owned a magnificent estate of about two hundred acres, just fifty miles from New York, and during the spring and summer days he would wander over the place and eventually end up by falling asleep under an old maple tree, that stood on the bank of a beautiful creek. Close to that tree stood an eight-foot wall, over which he could see the tops of many trees—a veritable forest in summer.

Now, the longing for the country was strong within him to-day, or was it the longing for someone? Utter nonsense, he simply wanted the country air.

Nevertheless, he could not help but think of a certain day in the spring, when he was sleeping, and was awakened by pebbles hitting him on the nose.

It made him angry, and he muttered threats against the perpetrator of the deed.

He could see no one, and it was not until a small voice spoke, that he looked upon the wall.

"You need not be so cross about it, Mr. Man."

He was about to relieve his mind on the figure, when he noticed that the being wore skirts and had two very long braids.

"Well, of all the impertinent kids."

"Why, you horrid, homely thing."

"What are you doing on my wall?"

"Sitting here, Paul Pry."

"Get off my wall, Impudence."

"Oh, you mean thing; you are looking

at my trees. How dare you look at them, naughty man?"

"Well, of all things——"

In her excitement the girl had raised up and from under her skirt there peeped out the cutest little foot and the daintiest little pink toes. She blushed deeply and drew them quickly up under her skirt.

"You horrid thing. You look at my trees, and yet you do not want me to sit on your wall. I am going to, anyway."

"I shall take you off."

"No, you won't."

"I won't, eh?"

"No, because I shall kick you."

"What, with those?" pointing to her toes.

"How impolite you are, naughty man."

"Why did you wake me up?"

"Oh, because your nose was such a good target, and I am out of practice."

"I do not agree with you there."

"You don't? Oh, I see, you are trying to make up now."

"I am not."

"Oh, and I thought you were. I am very sorry. You see, I couldn't sleep, and I sort of wanted you to talk to me. Of course, I wouldn't have hurt your feelings—or your nose, for worlds."

"Extremely thoughtful of you, I assure you."

"Oh, no; only as I first looked at you, I thought you were good-looking, but I see now where I was mistaken."

"Come now, do not talk like that. Please don't pay any attention to my horrible behaviour, for I was an awful brute."

"I know it."

"Well, you—you——"

He could think of nothing to say. He wondered why such a child should puzzle him so. Why, she couldn't possibly be more than fourteen. And here he was, twenty-two, at a loss for words before this—imp. He was not going to stand it, blamed if he was.

"Why don't you finish your sentence, Mr. Man?"

"Words won't or can't express my sentiments."

"Gracious, are they as deep as that?"

"If you aren't the most exasperating—

midget that I have ever had the pleasure of running up against."

"I am not a midget."

"Oh, yes, you are. Why, you wouldn't come to my elbow."

"I would, too." And the blue eyes were filled with tears.

"So sorry—Midget, but you will have to grow."

"Oh, you b-bear, I am not a m-midget."

Sobs were shaking the small frame by now, and tears from any woman was more than Bob could stand.

In a moment he was beside her on the wall, and cuddling her up in his arms as he would have a baby.

"Don't cry, little girl; please don't. I was an awful brute. Won't you pardon me, little sweetheart?"

He called her every endearing name he could think of, kissed her hair and did everything but ask her if she would like a doll.

Her sobs finally ceased, and she sat up very straight. Bob wondered why he hadn't noticed how very, very pretty she was. Glory! he simply had to kiss her on that maddening little red mouth. He was just bending toward her when she raised her hands.

"I hate you—you naughty man."

And she gave him a push that landed him on his fet on the ground below. When he turned around she was gone, and that ended his first meeting with Midget.

Several times after that they "happened" to be at their respective places, the wall and the tree, and had become to be fairly decent friends.

The last time he had been there was over a month back. She had thanked him so sweetly for his Christmas present of a beautiful little chain and cross, in which were embedded eighteen small diamonds, that he simply couldn't help catching her up and kissing her full on the little cupid's-bow mouth.

At first she had been so surprised that she stood staring stupidly at him, then she flashed out at him like a little vixen.

That was the last time he had seen her, and even now he wondered why she didn't like to be kissed.

It was with no little anxiety that Bob started out, for he didn't know just how Midget would receive him. He did not care; he was going, anyway. He didn't want to see her; he wanted to see his estate, that was all.

He thrust his letters into his pocket, all but one, the one that Mabel had written he put into his overcoat pocket, and as he did so he wondered if she would send him a valentine.

He reached his destination, about two o'clock, and immediately found his way to the maple tree, now bereft of leaves. He wandered around for nearly half an hour, getting crossed all the time. Was it because there was no one on the snow-covered wall? Of course not; he was cold, that was all.

He had never been on the other side of that wall, and now, as there was no one to stop him, he was going.

He reached the top safely, which was only eight feet from the ground, and had started to jump down, but somehow or other his foot slipped, and he knew no more.

When he regained consciousness, a sweet, girlish voice was begging him to speak to her. He lay quite still, without opening his eyes, for to do so, he knew, meant that the same voice would become hard and teasing.

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby, speak to me."

A pair of warm, soft lips were pressed frantically on his. It thrilled him through and through, but still he did not move, although he had all he could do to keep himself from hugging her. He was waiting for another kiss—which he got.

At last she realized that help would be needed, for she started away on the run. As that was just what Bob didn't want her to do, he groaned long and loud.

At once she was by his side, asking him where the pain was. He motioned to his head, and tried to rise, but fell back again with a groan. A little cry of pity escaped her, for, as Bob raised his head, she had seen the blood-stained snow.

"You are hurt, naughty man. Can you turn your head slightly—so? There."

Now she was as cool as ice. He heard

the sound of ripping, and then felt her doing up his head.

In about fifteen minutes' time she had him up and walking toward her house, but as she helped him to get up, the letter that he had carelessly dropped into his pocket, fell out and the loosening note exposed the name of the writer. Midget (for that is what he had named her) leaned over to get it and saw the name of the writer. She handed it to Bob with averted face, for if he had seen the despairing look on her ghastly countenance it would have been a revelation to him.

She finally got him settled on a davenport, in a cozy little den. She fussed around him importantly, taking off the old bandage and putting on new. It was an ugly cut that she dressed, and once Bob thought she was going to faint, for he heard her gasp.

She was very quiet while working over him, and though he tried several times to start the conversation, he finally realized that it was impossible.

"Why won't you talk to me, Midget?"

"Do not want to."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I did not mean to intrude on your thoughtful seclusion."

"You don't have to be so sarcastic about it. I simply couldn't think of anything rational to say."

"How can you be so sweet when I act so like a bear?"

"Because nurses have to humour their patients."

"I believe I am going to like you for a nurse."

"Kind of you."

"Now, who's sarcastic, Midget?"

"No one."

"Child, how old are you, anyway?"

"Oh, you impertinent—monster. How dare you ask me such a question!"

And before he could even breathe again she was gone. He simply would not see her as anything but a child. What would he have thought if he could have seen her crying her beautiful blue eyes out.

Presently he dropped to sleep, and woke only to find himself in the dark. He instinctively felt that someone was in the room with him, and, too, he heard their

breathing. He reached out his hand and his fingers came in contact with a warm little cheek. He finally found the hand and drew her toward him.

"Midget, dear, forgive me for being so rude."

"Oh, naughty man, I just received your valentine. It is so pretty, I just love it."

"You love it, Midget? Could you—would you—do you—like, the tiniest bit, the one who sent it to you?"

"Oh, Bob."

"Bob—why, sweetheart, how did you know my name?"

"I saw it on the letter that dropped out of your overcoat pocket."

"Oh, yes, from Mabel."

"Robert, do you—you care for her?"

"I like her very well; but, sweetheart, you interest me now, for I love you, love you, love you. I do not even know your name, yet I love you, child that you are."

He put his arm around her, and then knew that she was in evening dress. He wondered at it, but said nothing.

"Naughty man, I am nineteen."

"What!"

"Yes, nineteen, to-morrow."

"Turn on the lights quick, and let me find where you have hidden those years."

She slipped away, and in a moment the room was flooded with light. Bob rose unsteadily to his feet and stood blinking. He swayed slightly, and the little figure sprang toward him, but not before he had caught a glimpse of her.

Could this vision of youthful loveliness be his Midget?

She was dressed all in white, with seed pearls forming the entire front of her princess dress. That much he noticed in the first glance. Around her throat she wore the little necklace and cross that he had given her. No, not his cross, for this one had a number of fine pearls instead of diamonds. It was his chain, though, he knew that for sure; he recognized the peculiar workmanship. He noticed the tiny gold slippers and the pearl tiara that surmounted the redish-gold hair that was piled high, although a few truant curls had escaped and were clinging to her ears and forehead.

"Don't you like me, naughty man?"

"Like you! Why, child, I like you better than life itself."

"Then why do you not talk to me?"

She pouted those red lips of hers until Bob could stand it no longer, but grabbing her to him, whispered passionately:

"I love you, fairy queen, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"If you will try to leave enough of me to say yes."

With a happy laugh he took her up as if she were a baby and kissed her until she begged for mercy.

"Why don't you ask me for my name?"

"Sweetheart, I had really forgotten that I did not know it."

"Then I will not tell you now."

"Please do, Midget dear."

"Not now, naughty man."

"By the way, dear, what is the time?"

"Six-thirty."

"By Jove! who would have thought that time could have passed so quickly? We can get the six-thirty, though, and go to Sherry's and celebrate. You will go, sweetheart?"

"I must not to-night, Bob."

What! His Midget not going with him?

"But, Midget——"

"You forget that you have an engagement, Robert dear."

"Let the engagement go ha——"

"Bob!"

"Well, sweetheart, I couldn't help relieving my mind. I do not want to go."

"But I want you to, naughty man. You see, dear, I am alone."

"Midget—can't you trust me?"

"No need to answer that question, Bob, for you know that I would trust you with my life," she said, softly.

"Midget."

It took a great deal of persuasion on her part to induce him to go without her. However, she finally succeeded, and as soon as she knew him to be out of sight, she, in her Chandos Mercer, was also speeding toward New York.

* * * * *

At a quarter to ten Bob entered the crowded drawing-room of the Willowby mansion. The ball now in progress was to be the event of the season, and everyone was there. He had spoken to nearly

everyone when he saw Mabel Dunning at the other end of the room, talking to some friends. So he hastened to her, anxious to tell her his secret. He saw her looking at him, so he nodded to her, then stopped stock still and stared, for she had calmly looked him over from head to foot and turned her back on him.

Poor Bob could think of nothing that he had done that might have offended her, so he turned away, not intending to give her another chance to turn him down. A friend of his, passing at that moment, asked him if he had seen Doris Fairbanks. He had not, so the fellow took him over to a little booth where they had a good view of the dancers. They watched the crowd for a few minutes, then Bob heard him say:

"There, Bob—the one with the pearl tiara, dancing with Besant."

"Good Lord, Midget! Why, I thought——"

The music had ceased, and Bob was pushing his way, rather rudely it must be admitted, toward the auburn hair of his adored one.

Besant had taken her to a little grotto formed of palms, and there Bob found them.

"Midget, sweetheart! Ah, Besant, old man, I want you to congratulate me and then I'll let you congratulate my promised wife."

As he spoke he slipped a magnificent solitaire off his watch chain and put it on the third finger of her left hand, saying softly:

"It belonged to my mother."

"But I thought," began Besant.

"And you thought right, my boy. I did not know her name, but I knew the person."

"Naughty man, I may not marry you, after all."

"But you must, for I would not have hurt my head if I had not been in search of you. Now you must make amends by taking care of me."

Two hours later, when the last course

of the famous supper was being served, Willowby, from his place at the end of the table, arose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have, I think, a great surprise in store for all of you. One of our number, who has just entered into our houses and our hearts, has already strayed from the flowered path of maidenhood, while another, who for a couple of years has been beloved among us, has also decided to forsake his true and tried friends for the very uncertain ship of matrimony. The sea of life is stormy, so, friends may we drink to the health and happiness and to the safety of the ship belonging to our beloved children, Miss Doris Fairbanks and Robert Hayes. Miss Fairbanks and Mr. Hayes, your health."

A thunder of applause greeted this announcement, as they drank to the health of the two.

The ladies soon left the table, and Bob received a perfect storm of suggestions in regard to "controlling" a wife. He was congratulated by all except one, for many of the "buds" were glad to lose such a formidable rival as Midget.

On leaving, Bob was informed by Midget's Aunt Emmeline that he was to be allowed to ride as far as the club with them, and there he left them.

As he sat smoking and thinking of Doris, the porter brought him some mail that had come in late that evening. Looking it over, he saw a package addressed to him in a familiar hand.

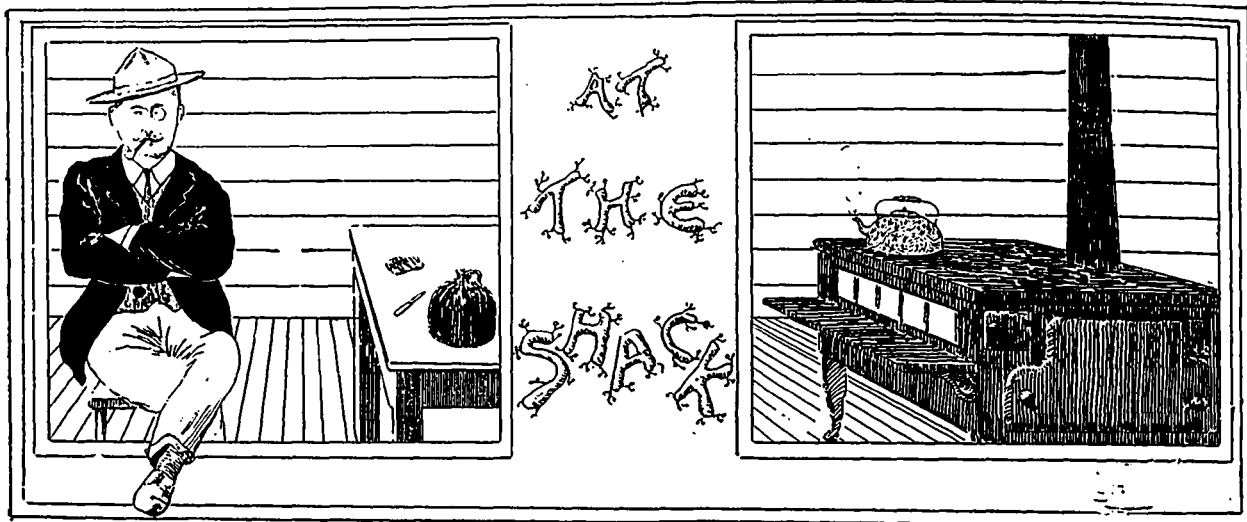
"Um, a valentine from Mabel; but I can't see why she should cut me like she did to-night."

Opening the package, he looked at the valentine for a moment uncomprehendingly, then broke into a gale of laughter.

On the valentine was written a ditty in regard to pretty pink toes on a garden wall.

Picking up the picture that Doris had that night given him, he said, solemnly:

"Thank heaven, she received the wrong valentine."



Percy Flage.

IF an apology is due Mr. Ambrose Bierce for the accompanying parody on George Sterling's poem, "A Wine of Wizardy," it is offered herewith, diluted with the extenuating plea that an idle appreciation of the stucco may lead some careless eyes to consider the solid grandeur of the real work of art.

Carlyle has been quoted as noting that the first impression of a work of genius is disagreeable. It may well be that parody has its use in easing the shock of newness and preparing the unaccustomed mind for a less alarmed reception of fresh forms and original ideas.

As an educative instrument, it goes far to elucidate the difference between Poetry and Rhyme, and in that respect I will refer my readers to page 551 of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

The Poem is a series of flashing red pictures borne by Fancy on the gleam of sunset through a wineglass, painted in thundering periods that almost overwhelm the crystal pigments.

They range from the stars of Heaven to the horrors of Hell, tintured of one colour in a hundred gems.

The setting, rhyme, rhythm and form are as I have stolen.

A LAY OF LAZINESS.

Below, the rattle of an iron bar
'Gainst clinkered coals that clog the kitchen range—

Then suddenly, at hand, with whirling jar

I hear the warning of that avatar
Of morn's muezzin—'larum clock yclept,
Raking my dullard ear at deadly range,
And ravishing the sleep I sweetly slept.

Now Fancy, loath to spring from Dream-land sheer,

Wakes with reluctance, and a pensive ear

Turns transiently to other bells that ring
In other ways, in manner otherwise—
The wistful tune of fat kine, wandering
Slow homeward, udder laden, 'neath dun skies,

Is pleasant to my Fancy—yet aglow
Of hungrier hopes a "Diable boiteux"
she hops

O'er multitudes of roofless muffin shops,
All redolent of appetising steam—
Where muffin men their ovened heaps of dough

But lingers for a little where a stream
Signal with jingles lustily applied.
Yet Fancy will not deign to step inside,

Of toilers from a coffee stall emerge.
Of gross, unhealthful sinkers sated, these
Wipe from their lips chicoric coffee lees,
And clang the dinner pails' dyspeptic
dirge.

But she would hear a soother sound, and
so
Her poiseless steps by portalled barriers
go
To haunts sequestered from the civic
surge,
Where, at the silver summons of a call
Born of electric touch, attendants move
In ways of hasteless speed to meet one's
will,
An dtasteful viands on the damask fall
In proud procession of perfected skill.
But Fancy takes her flight afar, to prove
The wings of memory. Again she hears,
Acros a sloping lawn of arbour'd bounds,
All honey scented from a lilac grove,
The morning summons, mellowed of long
years
To more than mortal dominance of
sounds.
Oh, bell domestic! How thy brazen dome
Vibrating to the clamor of thy tongue,
Pours golden floods of largess, freely
flung
To him whose extravolant sphere of
home
Is radiant to the orbit thou hast swung!
Dear riot of dim shades!

Yet Fancy springs
To woods where loud the steel triangle
rings
A smitten, vibrant call to pork and beans
In that low cabin 'neath the evergreens,
Where all the loggers' day-long hap-
penings
Take birth of effort in the feeding fray
Of lither lumber jacks in pied array—
Glad, glorious socks, and flaming mack-
inaws,
Chequered of ochre, cobalt and maroon—
And river drivers brave in spiked shoon,
Treading 'twixt groaning boards a splin-
tered aisle.
But Fancy wearies of the landscape soon,
And seaward vents her spirit volatile,
Seeking salt savours where the knotted
mile

Is hourly backward thrust a measured
score.

Here, to the throbbing of a threefold
gong,

Greatcoated travellers the decks descend,
Gusty with breath of morn—and tourists
sore

Of ocean's swaying motion, weakly wend
Their way to nibble toast and sip sou-
chong.

Here, too, are thieving things amidst the
throng,

Blue lipped at break of day, and thirsty
eyed—

'Wareful of what avenger, of what
wrong?

These, Fancy fearing, like a fairy gull
Flutters a moment o'er the windward
side,

Then breasting high the soft ethereal tide,
Darts long leagues westward from the
vanished hull

To where, upon a pool of purple blue,
Freshly unveiled of one fine web of mist
And of the risen sun as yet unknissed,
There floats in dream of dawn, a bark
canoe

Breathless in cool repose, till from the
beach

A beaten frying pan resounds—the crew,
Each to his paddle turns a dexterous
wrist

And strikes for shore, where lazy, laugh-
ing speech,

From bough-hung canopy and canvas
bower,

Give greeting apt to that fast breaking
hour,

While new bathed men, and women morn
attired,

Beneath the sky, on rustic stools at east,
Do joyously o'er Trout the well desired,
Praising the cook who wields amidst the
trees

Deep pots and pans in gastric harmonies
Savagely tempting to that appetite
Wild whetted of an Adirondack night.

But Fancy, veering suddenly afar,
Shapes high her course o'er fading hill
and vale

In curvant speed as flies a falling star,
Alighting where the twin spun iron rail

Groans stridently beneath th' impinging
wheel

Of steam enthroned, in panoply of might
A dragon create of dead hematite,
And pulsing vapour now through veins
of steel.

Enchained behind, and open to the sight
Of Fancy's orb, long, swinging cars re-
veal

Strange waking scenes in panoramic
scale—

Here corridors yet dark in hung brocade
Yield hurried ones; pyjama clad, the
male,

Or, ghostly garmented and unafraid,
The equanimic sex is seen to glide
'Twixt shrouded forms that bulge on
either side.

In tiny den that mimics marble hall,
The Duke, unvaleted, inhales his pride,
To pray the drummer for a boon of soap.
The portly Bishop, gaitering in haste,
Groans envy at the rake of lesser waist,
Who nips a flagoned dram and flies, to
cope

With "Breakfast in the dining-car—last
call!"

So Fancy fareth sudden for the Pole—
Oh thereaway—where never reek of coal,
Nor railway smoke, asasis with raping
smear

The perfect vista of eternal white—
All silent seems and pure. Yet even here,
Lee-sheltered by a curving wreath of
snow,

Are mortals rousing to a sun-high morn,
The waking hour, unmarked by fading
night,

Is timed by custom, mocked by cursed
woe—

For here nude hunger, of her garment
torn,

Glares savagely, as rabid and affright
As wolves that raven o'er the cub new
born.

What frozen tragedy is yet to form,
My Fancy will not prove—but far away
Foregathers once again with breaking
day

Where on an ice-bound river, forest
framed,

A lean-to bush protection from the storm
Guards men half wild and huskie dogs
half tamed,

Lamenting in low whimpered moans,
these last,

The drastic law for dogs that drag the
sleigh,

Forbidding aught but eventide's repast.
The mittened men, red sashed against
the snow,

Move cheerily. While one fresh water
brings

From ice-hewn well—another hatchet
rings

On fuel for a fire by night brought low—
And one croons Siwash song and whets
his blade

In gleaming streaks, to carve the cari-
bou—

And one sings loudly to his Irish maid,
"Sweet Belle Mahone"—and stops—to
watch the blue

On yon far mountain range distil and
swell

From base to serried tops in livening
hue

Of morn—Eternal morn! Whose heralds
come!

Dumbly he wonders, then with fingers
numb

Thumbs o'er his dog-team harness, test-
ing well

Each strip of rawhide, while the merry
bell

From each rough collar chimes its chosen
note.

But Fancy is impatient, nor will wait
For that proud pageant in the teeth of
fate,

When, fed and packed, one 'En avant!"
gives throat

And breaks the racquet trail, his tailing
band

Hard clanking after him across the cold
Uncharted river of a nameless land
In dauntless quest of rainbow-visioned
gold.

So Fancy seeth no wa wooden way,
Like to the painted setting of a play,
Half wharf, half stret, gaunt, clustered
houses stare

In shame's defiance, huddled and un-
kempt

As all-night roysterers who face the air
Of homeward driving day, in ill attempt
To brave the sense of sight, their swag-
ger dies

EVENING.

Upon the rushing dawn wind's swift
 surprise.
 Across the way, shipped oar and idle
 mast
 Mark boat and sloop bay-sheltered from
 the vast
 And westward sea, whence hails one in-
 ward keel,
 Fish laden from the tributary deep.
 And now ashore, move slowly from their
 sleep
 Age weary Asiatic folk, who steal
 A-shiver down the wharves in shuffled
 sloth,
 Past slips of slime where the sea Behe-
 moth
 Is haled to butchery—by these they
 creep
 To sloven sheds, whence grimy ovens
 gloom
 And sullen fires anon give sulky fume.
 Soon sounds the boiler pipe a stabbing
 shriek
 Of desperate deeds to do, and oily crowds
 Of dismal men tramp down to food and
 toil.

 But Fancy shudders—and my pillowed
 cheek
 With rer I turn, to leap the rolling
 clouds
 And search the shoreing foam for fresher
 spoil.
 Hard by a beaten headland's rocky base
 We swoop and circle o'er the sweeping
 sea
 And drop from unguessed heights to-
 ward the waves
 Where, reeling through the roaring tidal
 race,

A schooner, wrongly reckoned, land a'lee,
 Claws off in terror from the pounding
 caves.
 One emerald star above her starboard
 bow
 Blears through the gray. The galley
 port beneath
 Swarms with the watch whose coffee
 bubbles now
 And tarry hands take toll to ivory teeth.
 In tripled couplets six bells glorify
 The solotial birth of Janus' dial'd moon
 And Fancy, of an easing land wind shy,
 Flares forth and south a volleying
 platoon
 Of instant visioned hemispheric sweep
 To see world-wide a million men en-
 thralled
 Of dawn's diurnal juvenance, and called
 By sound to waken from enfamished
 sleep!

 But Nine is striking! Nor doth Fancy
 dare
 Defy her longer who ascends the stair
 With more than admonition on her
 tongue.
 So fadeth she as fades a song that's
 sung
 Nor listens to the tale of chocolate cold
 That chideth through the eider's deaf-
 ening fold
 And I, albeit Solomon hath said
 "Go to the aut, thou sluggard!" in my
 bed
 Roll once again, ere yawning, I arise
 And smile, emergent, at the smiling
 skies.

Evening.

Frederick J. Scott.

The night treads lightly on the day,
 Heaping the western skies with gold,
 Luring the smiles of angels through
 The glorious sweep of heaven's floor,
 To mingle with the harmony
 Of strange, unending space.



One of the most important industries ever launched in British Columbia and one that will have a great bearing upon the future growth and development of Western Canada is that of the British Canadian Wood Pulp and Paper Co., that has recently been formed among representative Vancouver men for the manufacture of newspaper, building paper, and a general line of wrapping paper.

For years the manufacture in Western Canada of wood pulp and paper has been the dream and anticipation of the people of the great Northwest, and what in the past has been a thing of the future is now gradually becoming a settled fact. No industry, not even mining itself, means so much to the future of Western Canada as that of the manufacture of paper. Fifteen years ago the daily output of the combined wood pulp mills of Canada was less than 350 tons; today it is more than 3,000 tons, and now that this important industry has been started in the West it is not absurd to believe that the next few years will witness a revolution in its development. The interest manifested in this new concern is evidence that British Columbia at least is awakening to the realisation that if it is to become a factor in the commerce of the world, it must proceed to develop its commercial facilities. Every year over half a million dollars worth of newspaper, box boards, wrapping paper, etc., is imported into Western Canada from the Eastern Provinces and Europe, and in addition millions of dol-

lars' worth imported into China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand from Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, and the United States, and this despite the fact that pulp and paper can be manufactured from the enormous forests of the great Northwest as favourable, if not more favourable, than at any other part of the world. This unusual commercial opportunity led to the organization of the British Canadian Wood Pulp & Paper Co., Ltd., of Vancouver. Those conspicuous in the organization of the Company were: Capt. H. A. Mellon, J.P., of Vancouver; W. H. R. Collister, Manager Albion Iron Works, Vancouver; Francis J. P. Gibson, British Columbia Trust Corporation, Vancouver, and Col. T. H. Tracy, former City Engineer, Vancouver.

The Company have secured a large tract of land on Howe Sound, 25 miles from Vancouver, and have also been granted the water rights of Rainy River, which is capable of developing from 2,000 to 5,000 horse power; this will enable the manufacture of both mechanical and chemical pulp. The company hope to have the first unit of their plant for the manufacture of 40 tons of wrapping paper per week, in operation within four months, and the pulp plant about November 1st. The weekly capacity of the complete mill is to be 180 tons of newspaper and 270 tons of wrapping paper. The concern is capitalized at \$1,000,000: \$600,000 being preferred stock and \$400,000 common. Unlike a great many corporations, there is no watered stock.

no inflated values, and no huge profits, and in order to make the company a distinctly British Columbian enterprise, an important proviso has been put in the Articles of Association, which provides: "Every member shall have one vote for every share bona fide held by him up to and including five thousand shares, but no share above the same number of five thousand, whether held directly or indirectly, shall be entitled to vote." It will thus be impossible for a few men to combine and get control of the corporation. This precaution, which substantially protects both small and large investors, is a valuable suggestion that would be well for other industrial companies to pattern after.

Within less than three weeks the company have already sufficient money subscribed to build the first unit of their plant. Upon the advent of the company some fear was expressed that owing to the depressed condition of the money market, sufficient capital could not be secured to assure the success of the enterprise. The result is ample proof, however, that conservative people are ever ready to respond to a call that means the building up of a new and useful industry.

The balance of the first allotment of preferred stock is still open for subscription, through the British Columbia Trust Corporation of Vancouver. The preferred stock is sold in blocks of 100 at \$1.00 per share. Payments are made—10 per cent on application, 15 per cent on allotment, balance in eight calls of not less than 30 days each. The preferred stock is entitled to an annual dividend of 7 per cent., commencing November 1st, 1908, but unlimited as to further dividends. That is, after 7 per cent. has been paid upon the common, both preferred and common thereafter participate equally. The directors appear confident that the stock will pay from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent. dividends.

One of the innovations of the new company is a patented process whereby it can use Douglas fir and other resinous woods in the manufacture of wood pulp. Paper makers in the past have never been able to use woods containing pitch and resin for paper purposes, owing to

the difficulty in separating the cellulose from the pitch, resin and essential oils; by the new process all those parts are passed off in vapor, and the fibre is recovered by subjecting the mass to a system of pressing.

Before securing the water rights and proceeding with the erection of the first unit of their plant, the company established a very complete demonstration plant at 313 Cordova street, Vancouver, which is still in operation, and which illustrates very simply the process of pulp and paper making.

In paper making, the wood is first placed in what is known as a chipping machine, and reduced to small shavings, the shavings pass up a flume and enter a digester, which consists of a large perpendicular, copper-lined circular reservoir that ordinarily ranges from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and twenty-four to forty-eight feet in height. The digester is filled with a solution of caustic soda, and the entire mass of shavings, ranging from eight to ten tons is thoroughly cooked under a high pressure of steam for several hours, until the cellulose is thoroughly released.

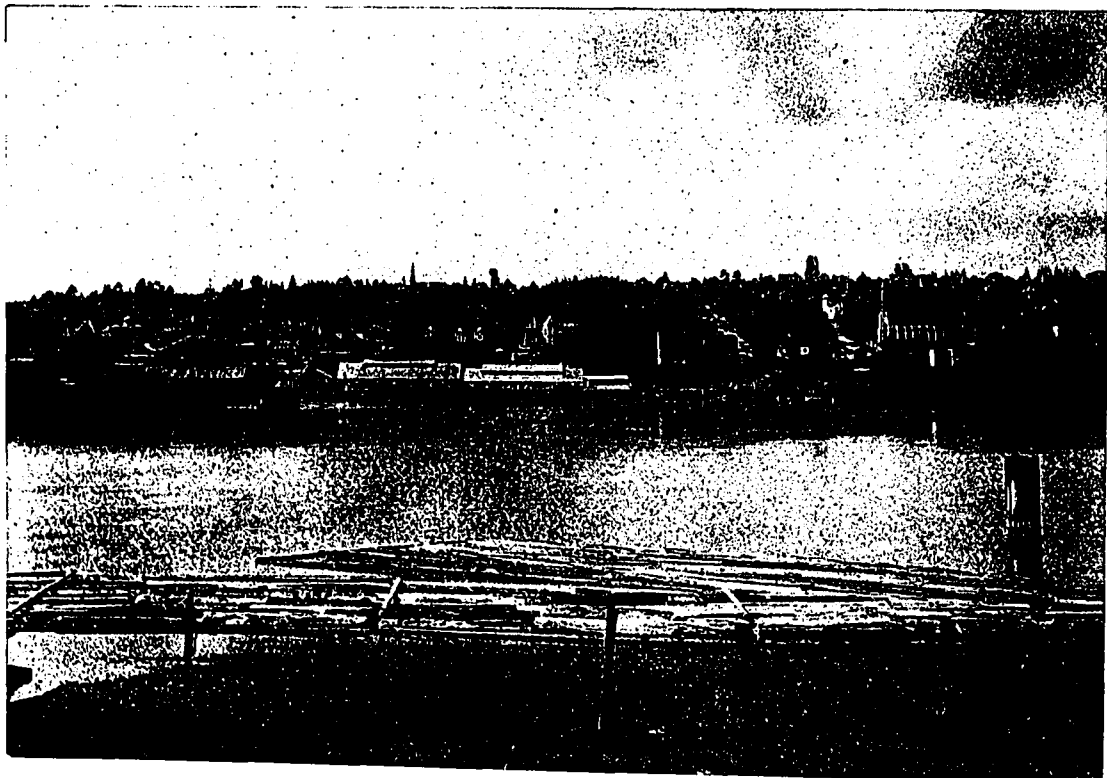
The mushy black mass is then removed to the draining floor, or press, where the caustic soda is separated as much as possible from the fibre. The material then passes to the beating machine, which consists of a wooden or metal tub ten to fifteen feet long, with round ends, on the center of which is a partition called midfeather. A roller is provided with knives, and it revolves over a bedplate of similar knives. The distance between the bedplate and the roller is regulated by a wheel and screw. The pulp, after it passes between the bedplate and the roller, flows down the back fall and around the midfeather back to the starting point. The machine is also provided with a washing cylinder, which is so made that as it revolves it scoops up the water, which flows through its axis; the pulp is kept out by a fine wire gauze surrounding the cylinder. A large quantity of water is admitted into the heater, which is removed by the drum washer, and the pulp is in this manner rapidly cleansed.

During the process of the beating this

pulp is coloured or bleached to any colour desired. The bleaching is accomplished by a solution of chloride of lime. After passing through the beating machine, the whole mass is run through a Jordan refining engine. This machine consists of a stationary hollow comb, mounted with knives on the inside, which fit over a solid rapidly revolving comb mounted with similar knives on the outside. The pulp passes between the combs, and the knives can be brought close together or separated with great accuracy, so that the degree of fineness of the pulp can be adjusted. The material is then run into

what is known as a pulp pit, where it is taken up by the large Fourdrinier machines and run into merchantable paper of difference, character and fineness.

There is no question but that this company is destined to become a great factor in the commercial history of Western Canada, and is deserving of the support of every citizen. There is not a magazine, newspaper, stationer, job printer or mercantile house in the Northwest that will not be benefited by the development of the wood pulp and paper industry in Western Canada.



“The Royal City”

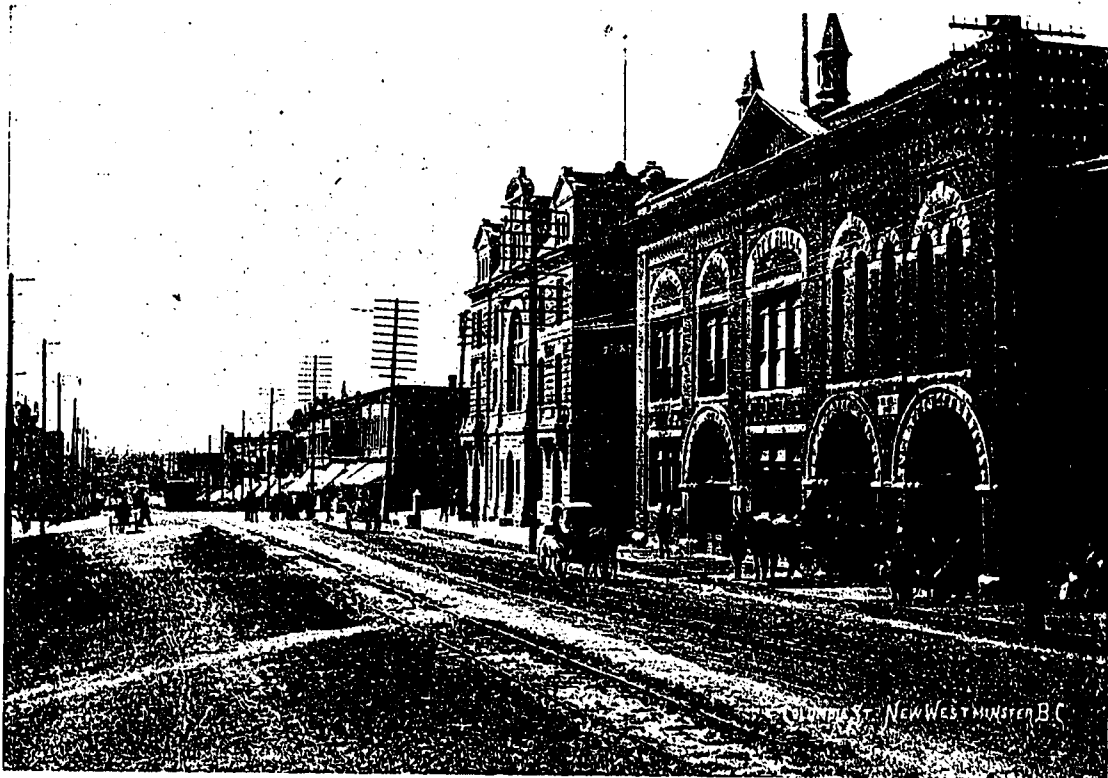
Photos by Hacking.

NEW WESTMINSTER, the Royal City of B.C., so called because of the regal position it occupies, overlooking the mighty Fraser with extensive views of the Delta and the Gulf of Georgia, presents an ideal site for a city of homes and industries.

New Westminster was originally intended for the capital city of the Province and the first government buildings

were here erected. The older city of Victoria, however, took precedence in this respect some years later, but the Royal City was destined to exert an important, if not controlling influence over the surrounding country, and today it is the center of the manufacturing, fishing, lumbering and agricultural industries of the Fraser Valley; the only fresh water port on the British Pacific Coast; the

THE ROYAL CITY.



meeting point of the two great transcontinental railways, the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern.

The Royal City is the Government center for a very large section of the Province as the Dominion Public Works, Fisheries, Crown Land and Timber offices are located here, while the resident Provincial Agent has jurisdiction over the Lower Mainland, including the cities of Vancouver and New Westminster, as well as all the municipalities which are embraced in the district of New Westminster, comprising Richmond, Delta, Surry, Langley, Chilliwack, Kent, Burnaby, Maple Ridge, Coquitlam, North and South Vancouver, Point Grey, Mission, Dewdney and Matsqui. In this respect the district of New Westminster stands as the only one in British Columbia in which development along municipal lines has taken place to any extent. The total area embraced in the district approximates to 4,500,000 acres, being bounded on the west by the Gulf of Georgia, on the south by the United States, on the east by Hope and Yale and on the north by Lillooet.

Although deprived of the distinction of being the Capital City of the Province, New Westminster is the home of several government institutions such as the Hospital for the Insane, the Federal

Penitentiary and Provincial Jail, and in its relation to the Lower Mainland, stands virtually as the center of administrative power and influence.

As an industrial centre the development of New Westminster has been steady and eminently satisfactory. The city embraces within its limits several large saw and shingle mills, of which those of the Royal City Mills (branch of the B. C. Mills Timber and Trading Co.—the largest lumbering enterprise in the Province) are the most important. The cut of the New Westminster branch alone approximates 14,000,000 feet of lumber yearly, while the daily output of the shingle mill is 125,000. The factory, devoted to the manufacture of doors, etc., has a capacity of 150 to 250 doors every twenty-four hours, and 150 windows. Every class of finishing lumber and mouldings is manufactured, as well as artistic woodwork for interior decoration of churches, hotels, houses, etc., and as a sample of the workmanship it may be mentioned that the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Vancouver, B.C., was finished almost entirely with the products of this factory. Then there is a large department given up to the manufacture of boxes for canned salmon (which goes to all quarters of the globe), apple and fruit boxes, and fresh fish

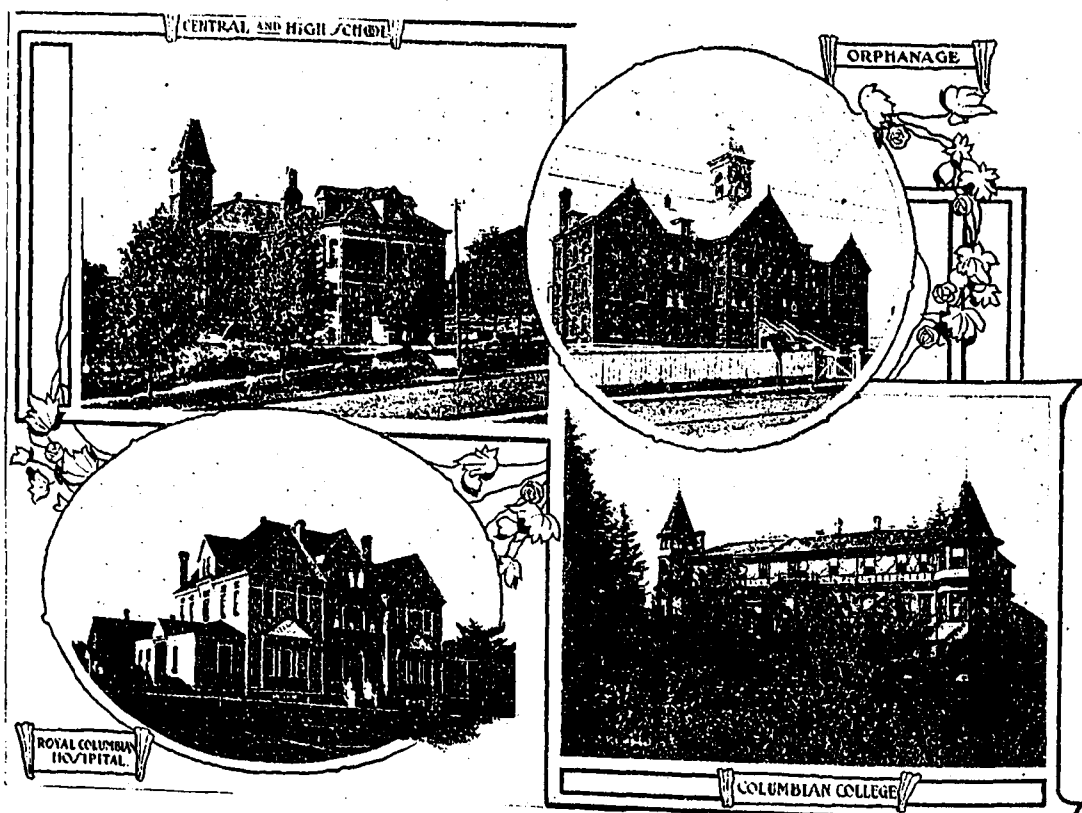


boxes to ship the catches to the markets in the Eastern States. The payroll of the Royal City Mills registers the names of between three and four hundred employees, and, in round numbers, the monthly pay sheet for the mills and logging camps owned by the Company amounts to \$20,000.

The lumbering plant next in size is the

Brunette Sawmill though rivalled by the establishment of the Fraser River Sawmill Company at Millside some few miles up the river.

Among the newer industries which deserve special mention is the B. C. Distillery Company, Ltd., capitalized at \$300,000, and under the management of Mr. A. T. Morrow. This corporation

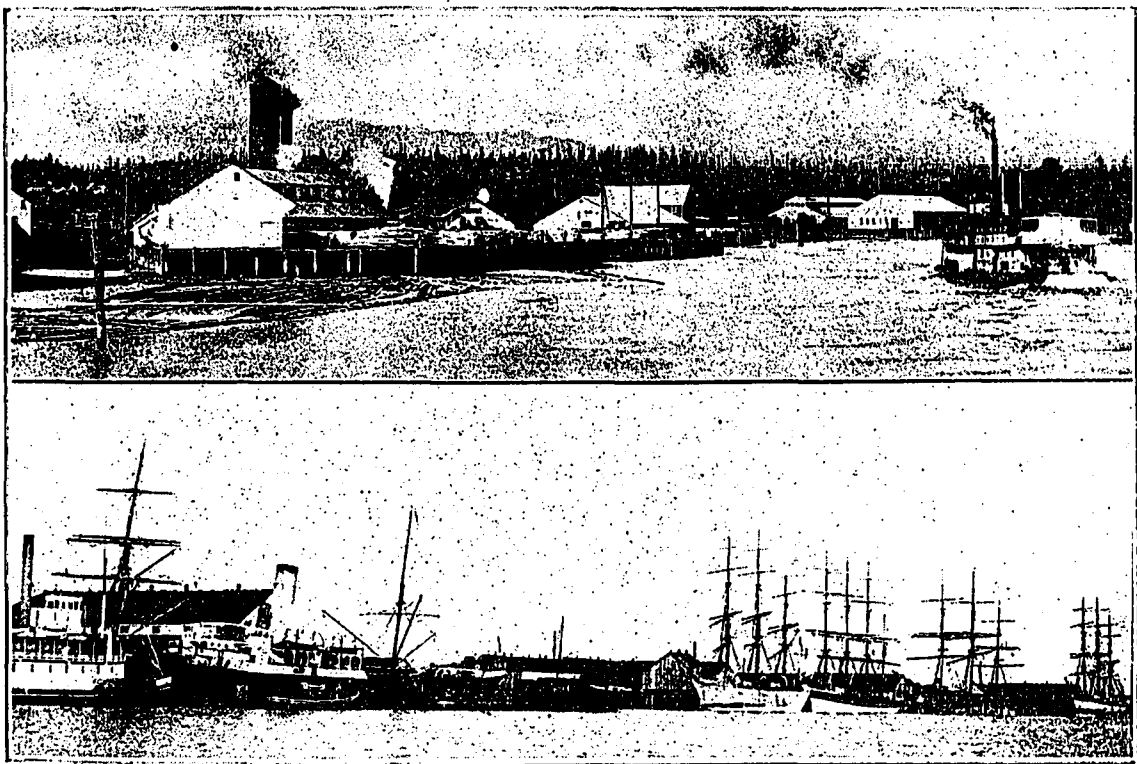


THE ROYAL CITY.

has purchased eighty-five acres at the north end of the city, where magnificent offices and a fully equipped plant covering five acres have been erected, while provision has been made for enlarging the works in the near future, notwithstanding that the present capacity is estimated at 2,500 gallons a day.

Another new enterprise is the Crystal Glass Company, capitalized at \$150,000, which occupies two corrugated iron buildings, each 200x90 feet, in which over 100 workmen find employment. The capacity of these works is an out-put of

gines; in this connection the "Cowie" gasoline engine has no equal. The plant has a frontage of 460 feet, and above the erecting bay is a travelling electric crane for the assembling of all heavy pieces and parts, for a distance of 375 feet. A wharf 300 feet long extends in front of the shops with sufficient depth of water to accommodate the large ocean-going steamers. The tracks of the C. P. R. and Great Northern Railways pass through the property with a spur running into the buildings. The average number of employees is 200, while the con-



six to eight tons of glass in every twenty-four hours, while the weekly payroll averages between \$1,200 to \$1,400. Mr. D. Lamont is the manager.

The Schaaque Machine Works, Ltd., is the largest plant of its kind in British Columbia and is one of the largest on the Pacific Coast. It has recently been remodelled at a cost of over \$75,000 and is supplied with the latest tools and devices known to the trade. A specialty is made in the manufacture of sawmill machinery of every description, and contracts are taken to equip and install mills in every detail. Another important department of the works is marine repairing and the construction of marine en-

tracts now in hand and the growth in business will necessitate an increase in the staff to 350.

Among the older established industries is the Westminster Brewery, which not only supplies the local demand, but its "Premier" beer finds a ready market in several towns in the Province.

The Columbia Cold Storage, a branch of the B. C. Packers Association, is a large plant with an annual turnover of \$140,000. Ninety per cent. of the fresh frozen fish supplied for the entire Dominion is handled by this concern. Piles are now being driven for the erection of additional buildings which will double the present capacity.

The car shops of the B. C. Electric Railway Co. have recently been established. These works are so complete that they not only repair and rebuild any of the Company's rolling stock, but are prepared to build in their entirety all the cars needed on its many lines and inter-urban systems.

Another large establishment is the boiler works, which has just been re-incorporated and enlarged under the name of the Vulcan Iron Works.

Numerous smaller industries comprising saw and shingle mills, box factories, wood-turning, wooden-pipe plants, bindery, canneries, fish-curing and cigar factories together with a rapidly growing concern, The Fraser River Tannery, are already established or have secured sites for the erection of their buildings.

Two important factors will ever assure the future growth and the establishment of industries in New Westminster; the civic ownership of the entire water frontage, affording accommodation for numerous industrial sites, and the fact that an unlimited supply of pure water and electric power is available for manufacturing purposes. The factory sites owned by the city have a frontage on both the river, the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern railways. The city holds the

Crown grant for these properties and is ready to lease them for manufacturing and industrial purposes on most advantageous terms. While the B. C. Electric Co. offers energy at rates considerably lower than the cost of generating steam power, the fact that both electric light and water services are owned by the city means that cheap land, low taxes, abundant and cheap water together with unlimited shipping facilities in a fresh water harbour are at the disposal of all industries locating in the Royal City.

New Westminster is about to inaugurate a publicity campaign to advance the interests of the "Royal City." At a recent public meeting a committee composed of Rev. J. S. Henderson, W. T. Cooksley and W. J. Kerr was appointed to formulate a plan for raising funds to prosecute the work. At this meeting George Ham, chief of the publicity department of the C.P.R., made a short talk and outlined a feasible scheme to advertise the city. One thing more might be added, to obtain the services of an outsider as the active working member of the organization—preferably a newspaper man—and to pay him a good enough salary, to command the best talent.

Wire Wound Wooden Pipe.

Among the many and varied industries of the Pacific Coast, none perhaps is more interesting than the manufacture of wooden pipes. Being cheaper, both in initial cost and in the transportation charges, and yet equally as strong and serviceable as iron pipes, they are rapidly coming to the forefront in the favour of the leading engineers of the continent.

The wood pipe industry has been in existence for the past twenty years in the United States, and for the past four years in Canada, the first Canadian factory being located in Vancouver, British Columbia.

The Dominion Wood Pipe Co. of New Westminster, B.C., controls a new patented process of winding the wire, their method being to use two independent

strands of wire instead of one. This is said to give an added strength to the pipe, as, in the event of one of the wires breaking, the other wire will hold fast, which would still give it a factor of 2.5.

The plant of the Dominion Pipe Company occupies an acre of ground in the city of New Westminster and consists of five buildings at present, the factory, the power house, the dry kiln, the warehouse and the office. The factory building is 68 feet by 138 feet. It contains a Berlin planer and moulder; a winder, for putting the wire around the pipes; a header, for trimming the ends of the pipes suitable for and adjusting the head or coupling; a band re-saw, and a horizontal band cut-off saw. This latter machine is of special construction and its pur-



LAKE VIEW GARDENS.

Almost Adjoining the City Limits of New Westminster.

This is your opportunity to secure a 5-acre fruit farm. An estate of 241 acres has just been placed on the market, divided into blocks ranging from five to eight acres. This is absolutely the best land close to New Westminster city and the only land available at anything like the price. Every block fronts on a 66-foot road and many of the blocks have from one to three acres almost cleared.

Prices \$150 to \$250 Per Acre

Terms—One-quarter cash, balance in quarterly payments, covering THREE YEARS.

Several of the blocks front on Burnaby Lake and the Brunette River and the whole property commands a splendid view of the sunlit waters.

Rich, Deep Black Garden Soil.

You can have your choice of blocks of high land or bottom land or both. This will make you an ideal country home.

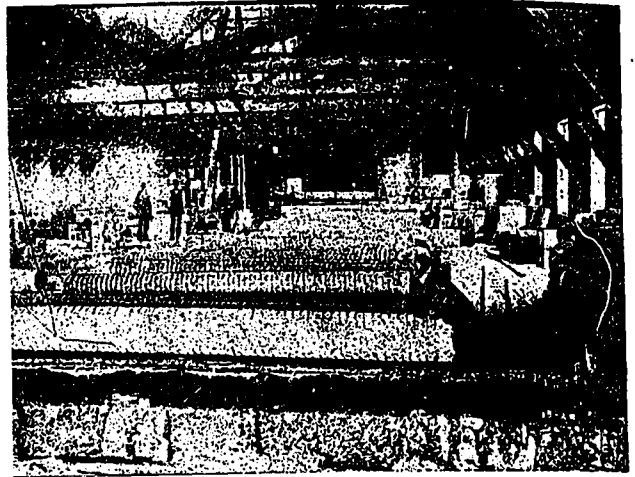
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Showing Method of Wiring.



Showing Pipes Ready for Dipping.

pose is to trim the ends of the pipe; also to cut couplings. Before they are cut apart, a series of couplings have the appearance of one solid pipe, with the wire wound around for a short distance and then cut off and re-started a little further on. When completely wire-wound in this way the "pipe" is taken out of the winder, and transferred to the cut-off saw, where each section or coupling is cut apart. The factory also contains a large dipping vat wherein every

pipe and coupling is dipped in asphaltum as a preservative.

The boiler and engine house is at one end of the factory. This is an iron sheeted structure, 28x32 feet. A horizontal boiler of 120 pounds pressure is used. The dry kiln is 24x70 feet, and has a capacity of \$65,000.

The system was installed by the North Coast Dry Kiln Company of Seattle, Wash. The dry kiln is a special feature of the Dominion Company's equipment,

B. C. Mills, Timber and Trading Company

VANCOUVER AND NEW WESTMINSTER

Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of
LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, MOULDINGS, SASH, DOORS,
INTERIOR FINISH, TURNED WORK, ETC.

FISH AND FRUIT BOXES,
LARGE STOCK PLAIN AND FANCY GOODS.
LUMBER ALWAYS IN STOCK FOR FENCING AND DRAINING.

Royal City Branch, Columbia Street,

Telephone 12

New Westminster

and they are thus assured always of having perfectly dry lumber for use. The storage shed is 36x68 feet, with a railway spur line immediately alongside. The company can manufacture pipe of all sizes from 2 inch up to 24 inch. The daily capacity of the plant is about 2,000 feet of 6 inch pipe and 750 couplings, about twenty men being employed.

The Russell.

The completion and opening on January 16 of the Hotel Russell at New Westminster, marks a forward and much-needed step in the commercial life of the Royal City. It will be for years a splendid monument to the enterprise of Mr. E. J. Fader, one of the most enthusiastic citizens of New Westminster. The



E. J. FADER.

new hotel has eighty rooms, and is a handsome five-storey, pressed brick and cement building, fronting on Carnarvon, Begbie and Alexander streets—right in the heart of the city. Its interior ornamentation and furnishings are handsome, and its spacious office, rotunda, dining-room and billiard-room leave little to be desired. The Russell will be truly wel-

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The Georgia Pharmacy

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comed by the traveling public, and particularly commercial men.

Royal Crown Studio.

Mr. L. Haweis, proprietor of the Royal Crown Studio, has won a host of friends by the absence of the conventional in his work, his "homey" posing, the beauty of his unique specialty, the portrait with the white background, as well as his enlargements, the life size Locket. Everyone should inspect the artistic Japanesque flower studies, a revelation in photographic art, at the Royal Crown Studio, New Westminster, B.C.

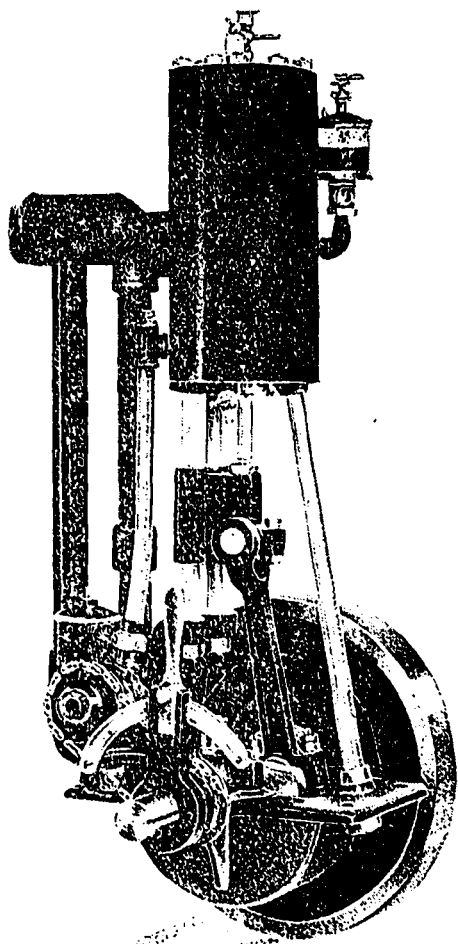
A New Firm.

J. H. Diamond, formerly manager of the realty department of Burnett, Son & Co., of Vancouver, and G. Bruce Corbould, of New Westminster, have entered into partnership under the name of

Diamond & Corbould, as real estate, investment and insurance brokers. They have offices in the new Dominion Trust Company's block, one of the finest business structures in the "Royal City," and have been appointed resident agents for the German-American Fire Insurance Co., the Imperial Underwriters' Association and the Empire Accident Surety Co.

Announcement.

Mr. J. A. Harvey, K.C., Mr. G. S. McCarter, and Mr. G. T. Lucas beg to announce that they have formed a partnership under the firm name of Harvey, McCarter & Lucas, and that they will carry on practice as Barristers and Solicitors at the offices occupied until now by Mr. Lucas in the Old Safe Block, 536 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C. Mr. Harvey and Mr. McCarter will continue to maintain their connection with the firms of Harvey, McCarter &



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OPEN BASE, VALVELESS, TWO-CYCLE ENGINE.

Made in four sizes: 4, 8, 12 and 16 horse-power. Most reliable and durable gasoline engine made.

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We also make the Cowie Four Cycle Engines in 20, 30 and 40 horse-power sizes.

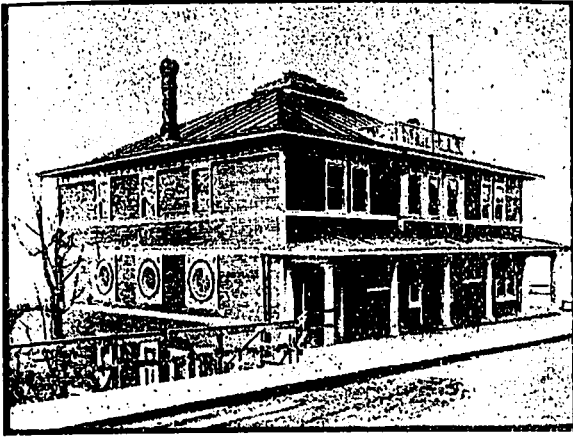
The Schaake Machine Works

LIMITED,

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Macdonald, of Cranbrook, B.C., and Harvey, McCarter & Pinkham, of Revelstoke, B.C.



THE PREMIER.

A. G. Peters' family hotel, overlooking the Fraser River, merits special mention. This hostelry recently remodeled, re-furnished and newly decorated, contains forty-five rooms, and every attention is directed toward the comforts of guests by the genial host. The terms are moderate, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day.

For The HOME BUILDER

Johnson's Wood Dye and Prepared Wax

All articles of wood look artistic when finished with Johnson's Wood Dye and Johnson's Prepared Wax. The wood dye penetrates the wood and brings out the beauty of the grain, while the wax adds the soft satin lustre so much admired.

In the dye there are 13 colors to choose from, including brown, weathered oak and forest green.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is a perfect floor polish, because it will not show scratches and heel prints. As it contains a large amount of polishing wax it requires but little labour to bring a beautiful polish, and covers 20% more floor space than any other wax.

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Good Food, Good Drink,
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Splendid Service,
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You have considered the question of heating the home? If your decision is not made investigate the merits of the

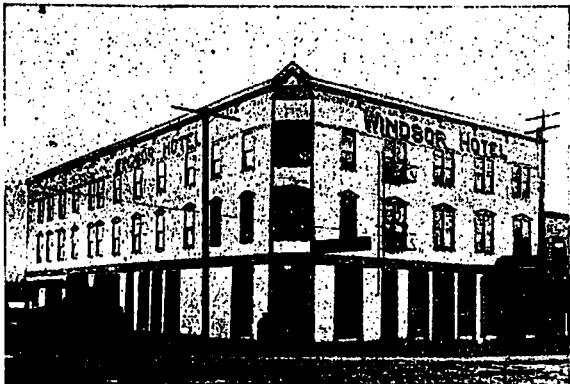
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Made of Steel in 20 Sizes for Hard or Soft Coal and Wood. My illustrated Catalogue Sent on Request.

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P. O. Bilodeau, Proprietor

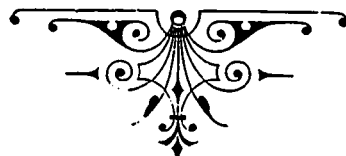
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Reasonable Rates.

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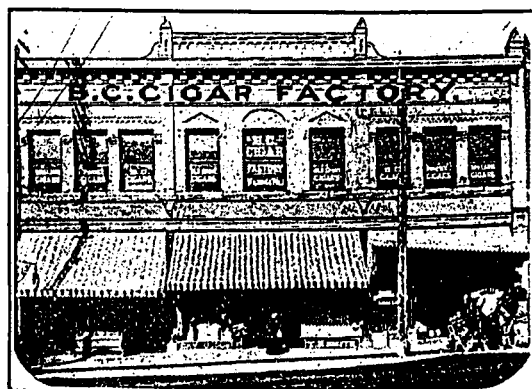
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