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CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER
1906

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ILLUSTRATED

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BY ANDREW C. SMITH

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ILLUSTRATED

Vol. 28, No. 1

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVIII.

No. 1

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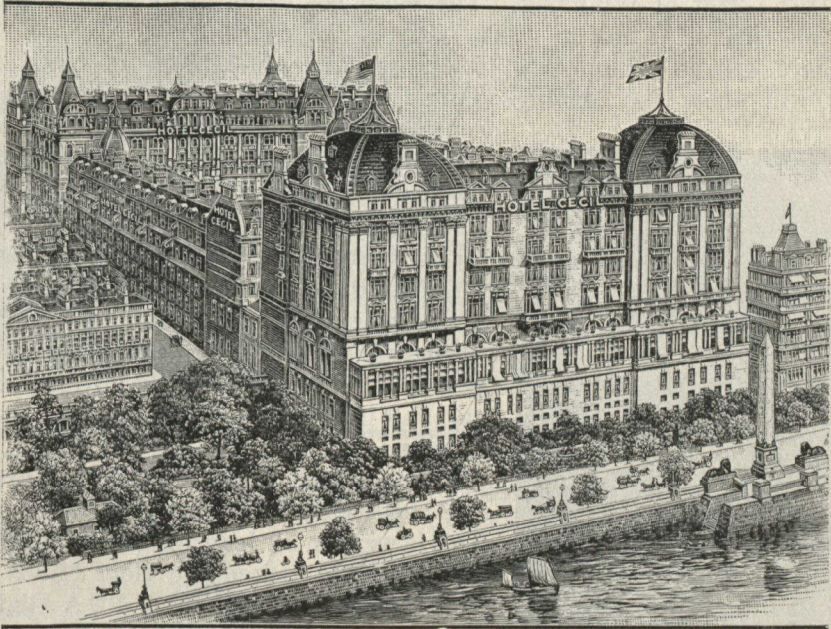
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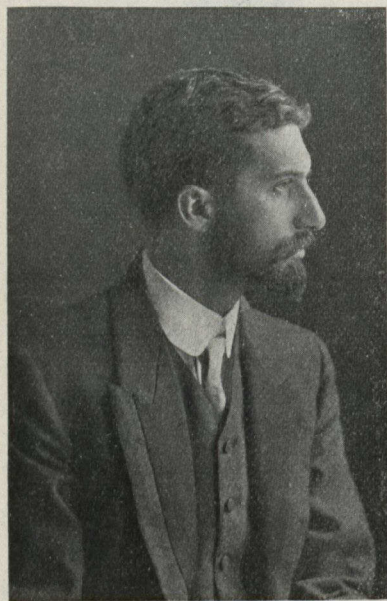
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE Christmas Number (December) of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be enclosed in a handsome cover, done in four colours. The design won the \$50 prize offered by the publishers. The successful artist is Mr. J. Jeffrey Grant of Winnipeg. The *motif* is "The Spirit of Winter," or some may prefer to call it "Our Lady of the Snows."

There will be a number of full-page illustrations done in tints. One series will show the leading "**Canadian Country Clubs.**" Another will consist of reproductions of some famous paintings, including "**The Canadians at Paardeburg,**" by R. Caton Woodville; "**Saving the Guns,**" by the same artist, and "**The Communicants,**" by Jules Breton.



DR. SALEEBY

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One of the leading illustrated articles will deal with **Jerusalem** and its environs. This is written by Jean Templer, a Canadian who recently visited the Holy Land.

The second instalment of "**A Flight to Flameland,**" a story for children, will be a feature.

The **British Civil Service** will be the subject of an article by H. Linton Eccles, a London journalist.

"**Old Christmas Customs in Rural England,**" by Sarah A. Tooley, with illustrations, will be found to be quaintly interesting.

"**The Making of Chocolate,**" by Norman Patterson, is a scientific description of how confectionery is made. It will be profusely illustrated.

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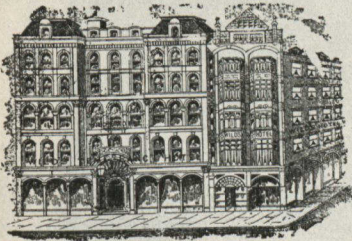
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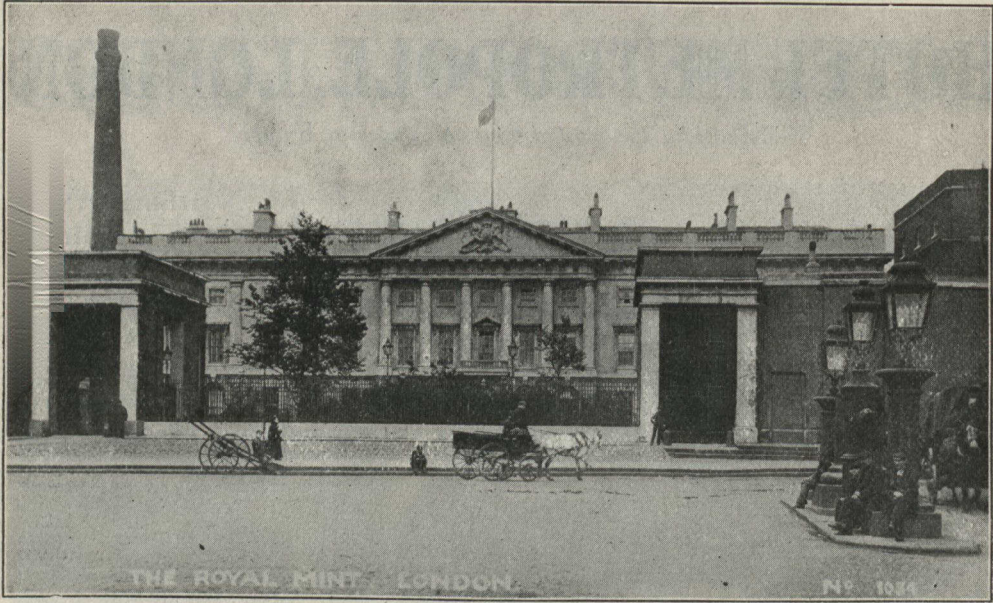
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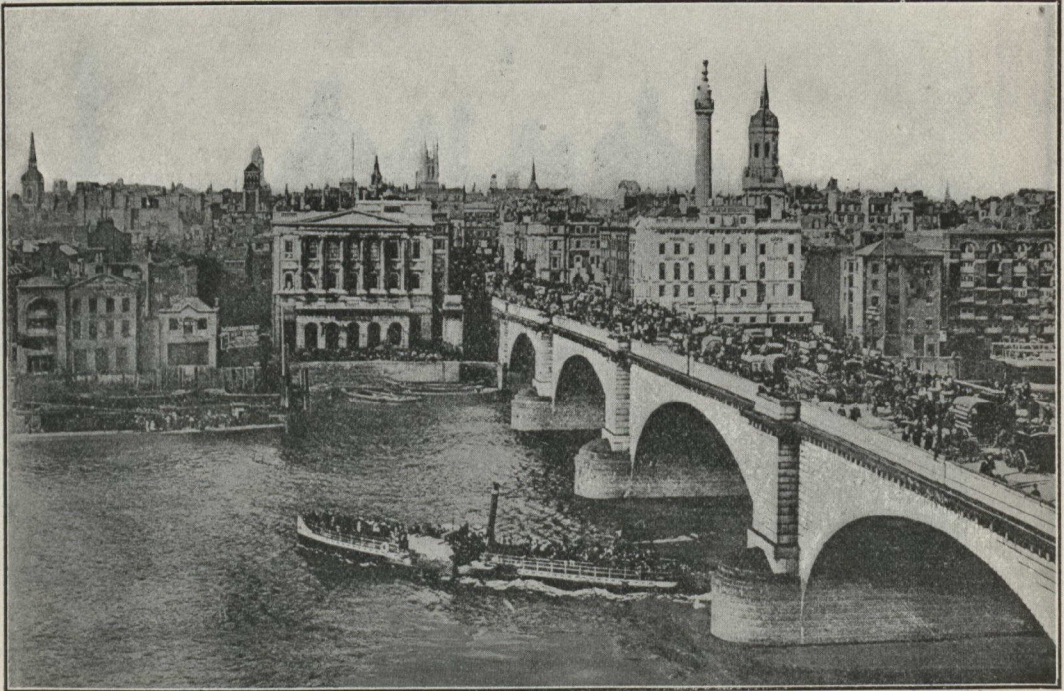
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17, says:—

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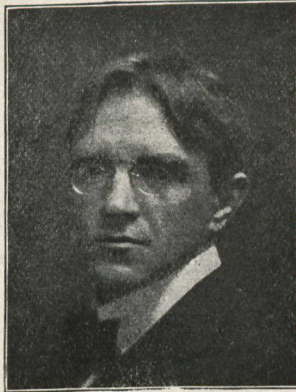
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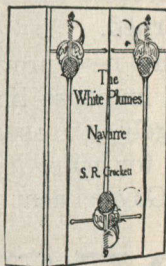
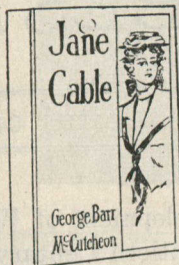
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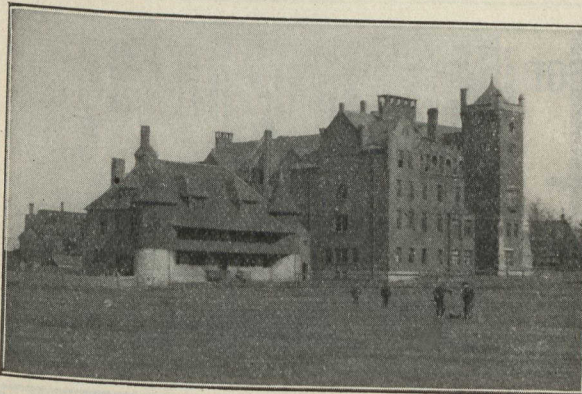
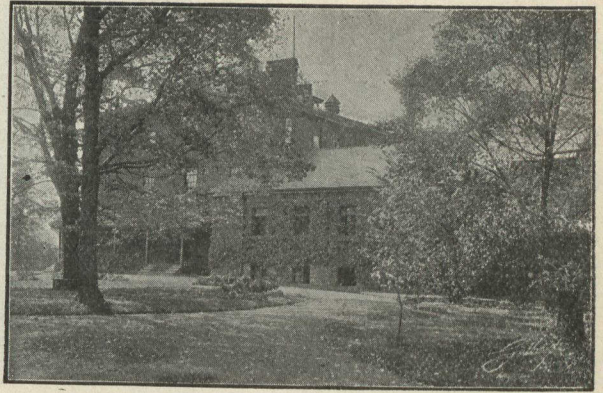
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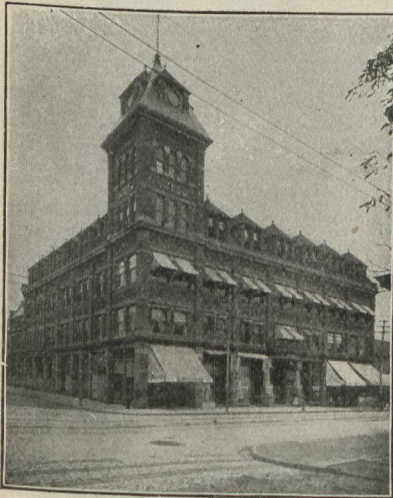
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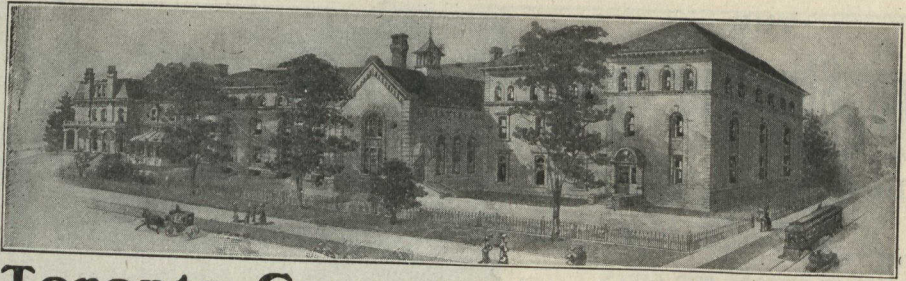
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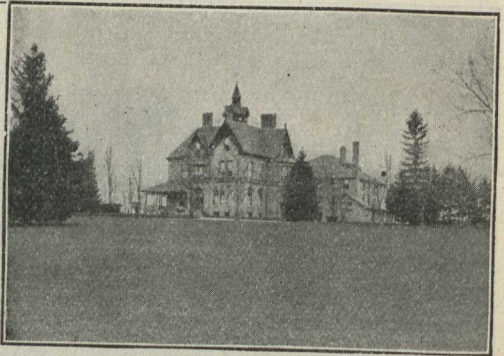
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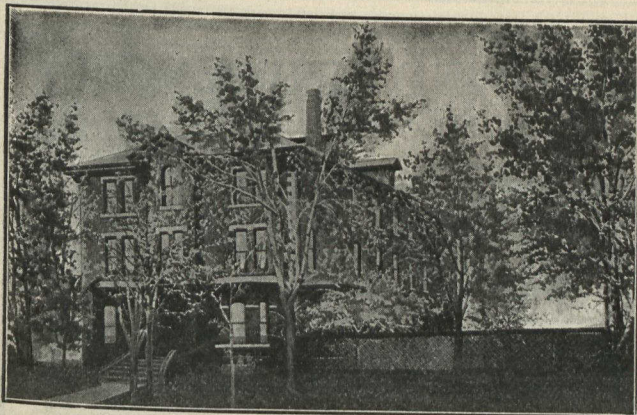
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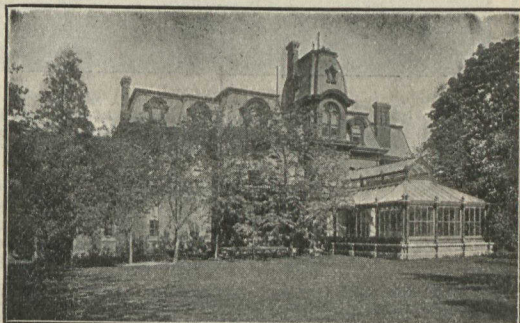
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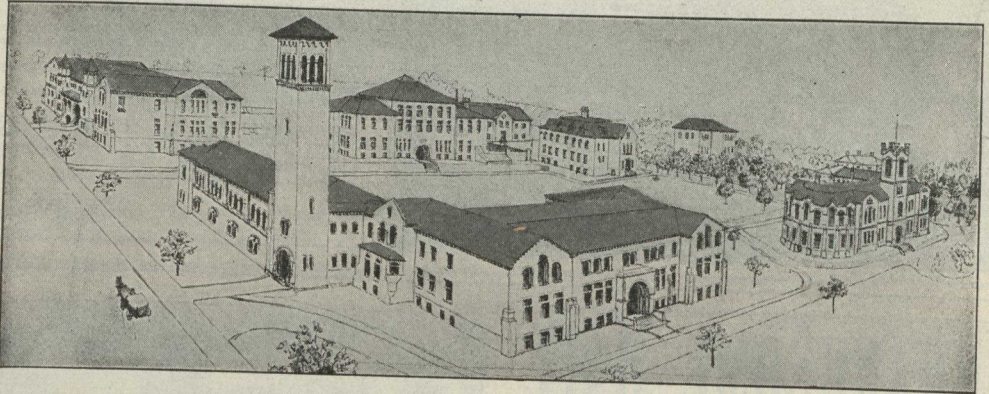
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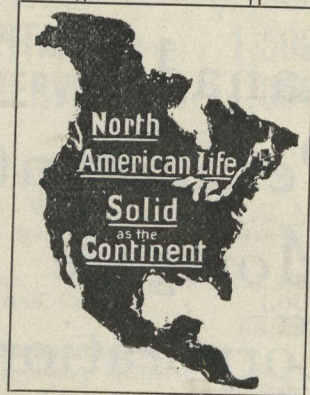
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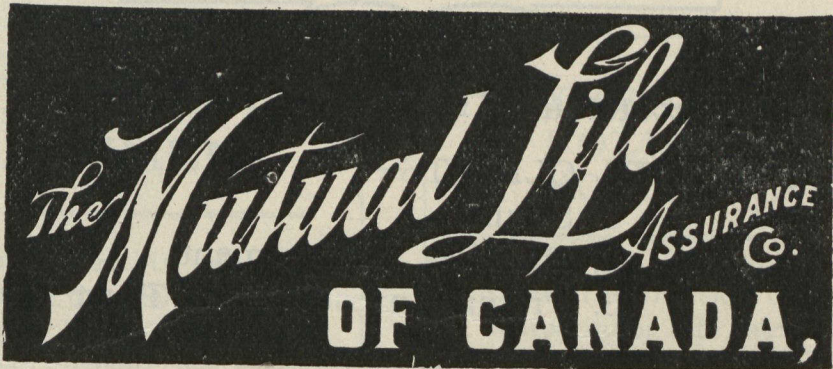
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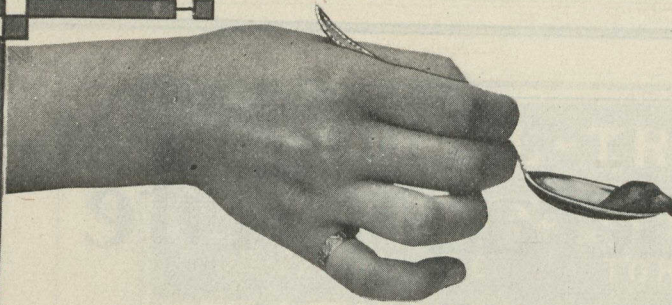
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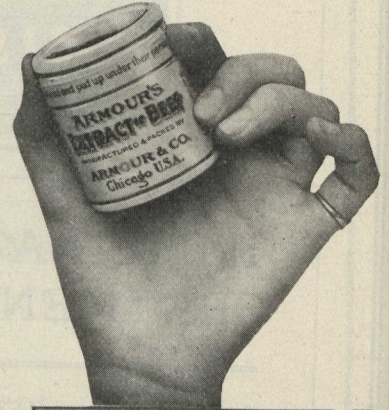
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GIVE a Meat Zest to the home cooking without the inconvenience of making perishable stock.



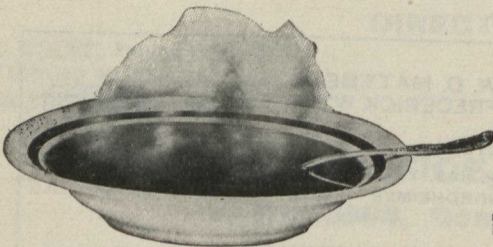
Armour's EXTRACT OF BEEF

is always ready, rich and savory—and keeps indefinitely. A jar of it upon the pantry shelf enables the housewife to give, in an instant, to the home foods, that delicious relish which has won world-wide fame for Italian cooking. A meat zest—that is the secret. It has usually been done with meat stocks—tedious to prepare.

No need of complex preparations. Rich sauces require time and patience, and often make food indigestible.

Armour's Extract of Beef gives to the simplest, most inexpensive foods, aromas and flavors which cannot be equalled by the most elaborate sauces. Variety is endless by combining with other simple seasonings. This is wholesome diet.

Here is an example of how a meat flavor improves a simple food:



Tomato Soup Italiane

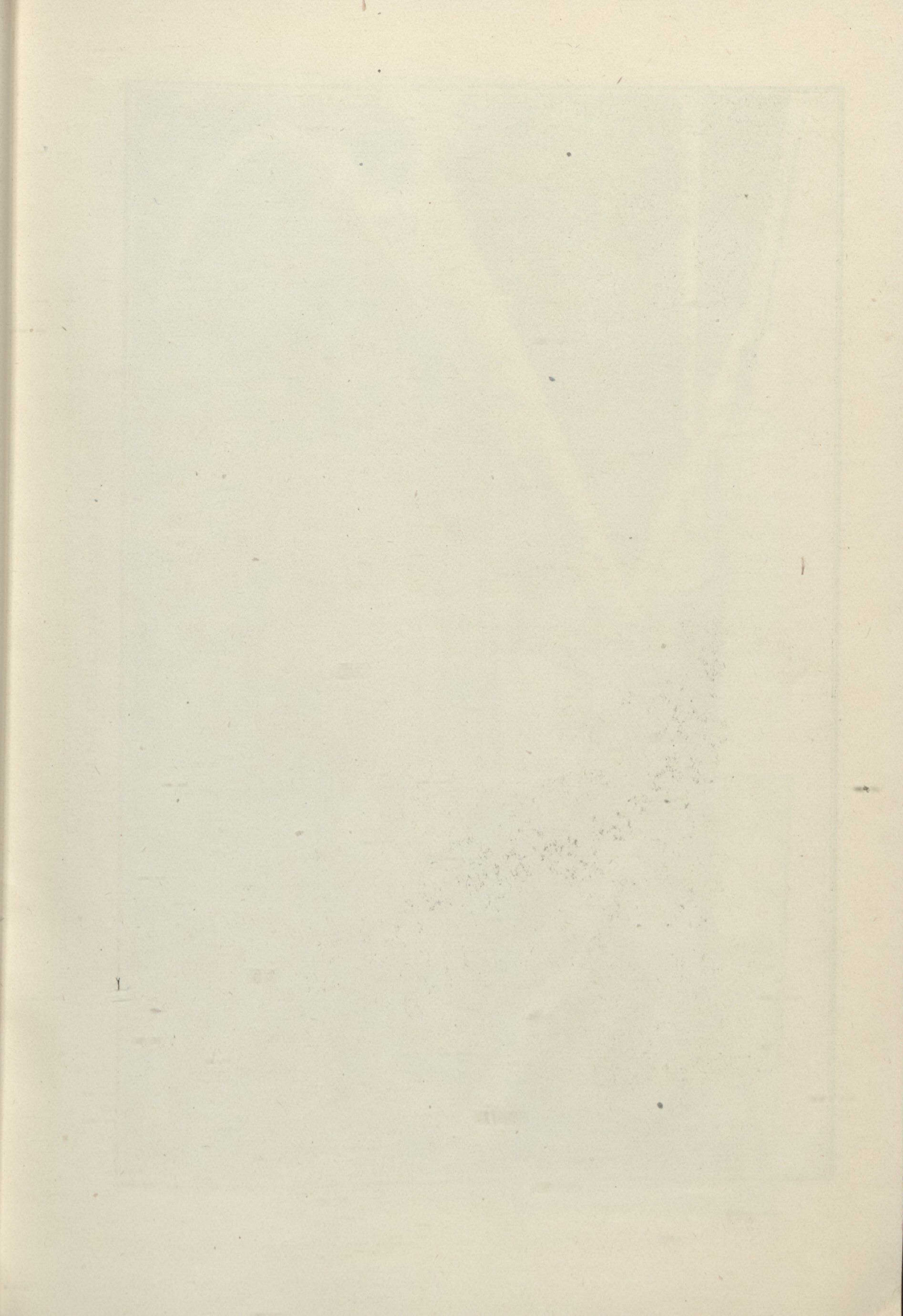
| | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| Two teaspoonfuls Armour's Extract of Beef | 1 teaspoonful salt |
| 1 can tomatoes | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda |
| 1 quart water | 2 tablespoonfuls butter |
| bit of bay leaf | 2 tablespoonfuls flour |
| 2 cloves | 1 teaspoonful finely chopped onion |
| 1 teaspoonful paprika | |
| 1 tablespoonful sugar | |

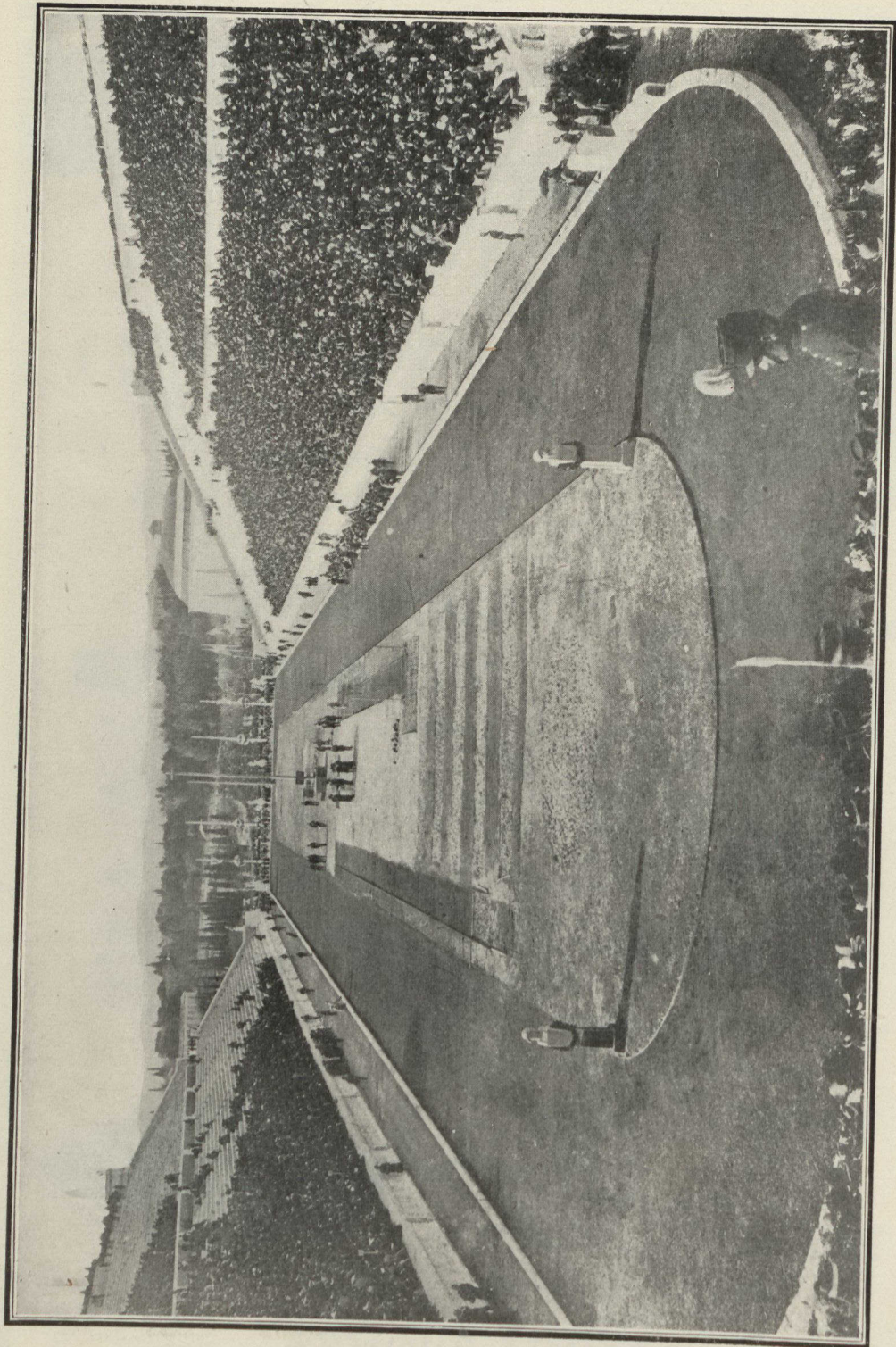
Directions for Preparing

Strain the tomatoes, add the water, and cook 20 minutes; add soda, salt, sugar, and Extract of beef; bring to boil on quick fire; bind with butter and flour; add seasonings. Serve with croutons.

Include Armour's Extract of Beef among the regular pantry supplies.

ARMOUR LIMITED





THE GRECIAN STADIUM

Planned by Lycurgus about 330 B.C.; renewed by Herod Atticus, 140 A.D.; restored again in modern times

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 1

Athens—Ancient and Modern

By E. L. HOWE



HE charm of travel around the Mediterranean lies in the historic splendour of the past. On and near its shore are many battlefields of the world's greatest generals—Alexander, Hannibal and Cæsar; the home of philosophers—Socrates and Plato; of poets and orators—Homer, Virgil, Cicero and Demosthenes. Nowhere is this more felt as when approaching the "Isles of Greece."

The harbour of Piræus, protected from the sea by nature, is a picture of the ancient and modern side by side. The unreflecting grey of torpedo boats, cruisers, and the gleaming white of warships on parade, is in strange contrast with the tomb of Themistocles hewn in the living rock, and the Bay of Salamis to the left, where the Persian fleet was destroyed by Athen's proud leader. The Bay of Piræus would be exceedingly interesting in itself were it not that the eye has already caught sight of the distant Athenian Acropolis. From the ship's top deck you command a view of wide compass stretching far inland. To the left lies the Bay of Eleusis, and to the east the waters of Phaleron. In the distance the Hymettus Hills shut off the view to the north-east, while nearer, in solitary grandeur, Mount Lycabettus stands as sentinel over Athens. To the north of the Attica Plain, Mount Parnes forms the boundary, and next to it lies Pentelicus with its inexhaustible supply of the finest white marble. There being

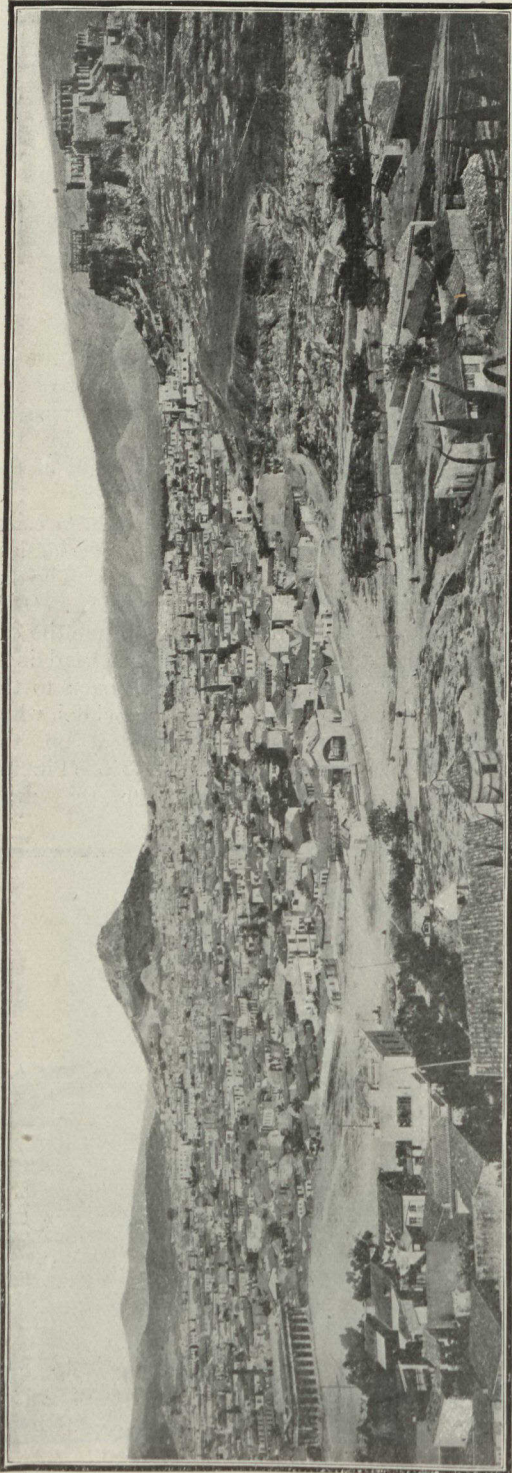
little to attract the tourist's attention at the seaport city, we started in one of the small compartments of a train, passing along the road once famous by the "Long Walls" towards the "City of the Violet Crown."

The first surprise you meet on the Grecian coast is to see the number of classical Greek words in everyday use. The familiarity of a daily paper "*ΟΧΡΟΝΟΣ*" (*The Times*) thrust at you through the car window with its advertisements, head lines, and locals, carries the mind back to the Greek Grammar of the High School, while the words "*ΟΔΟΣ*" (*Hodos*) on the street corner, "*ΠΙΡΑΙΕΤΣ*" (*Piræus*) on the station front unite the dead



THE MONUMENT OF LYSICRATES

Acropolis



Theseum

ATHENS—A PANORAMIC VIEW

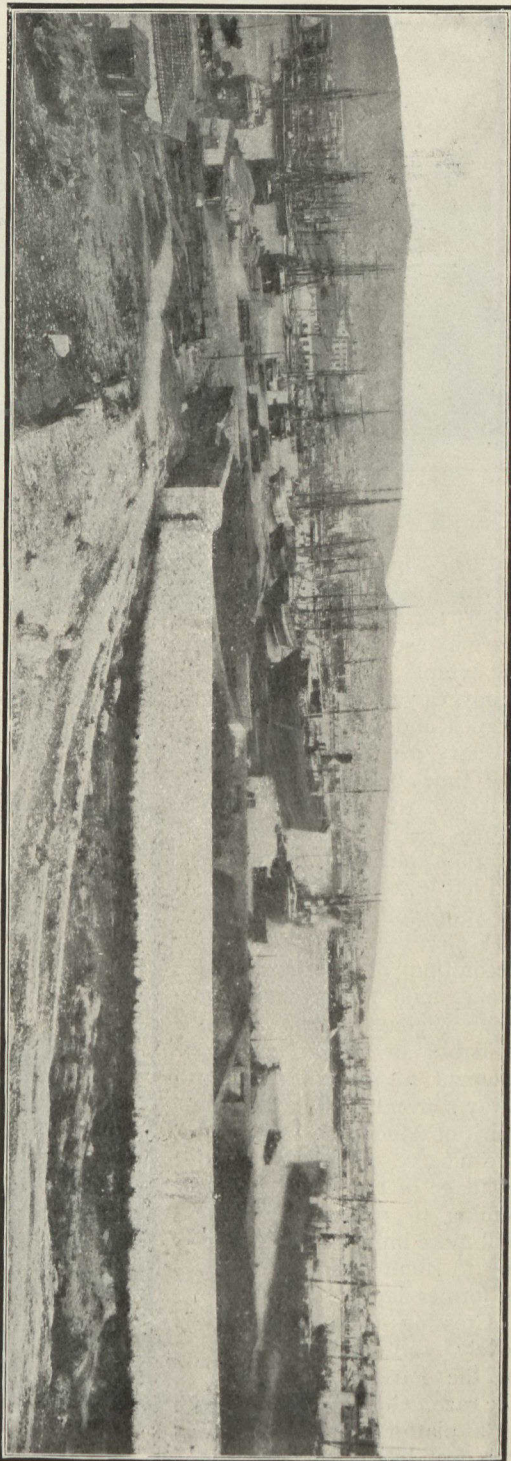
past with the living present. Lazily the little siren-screeching engine brought us through olive groves, past little hamlets showing traces of classical beauty in their tumble-down condition, a Greek guard at some wayside station, and yonder a horse turning an old-fashioned waterwheel bringing up buckets of water to irrigate the gardens. None too soon did we reach the capital, the one-time home of the world's culture.

The general aspect of Athens is that of a white, glittering city. Marble buildings stretching out over the Attica Plain are intensified by the beauty of olive trees and gardens circling around. The streets are broad and clean, similar to those of Southern Italy, but cleaner. The centre of life is around the Place de la Constitution, where fine hotels, tourist offices and stores at once attract the stranger. Lunch at the Hotel de la Grand Bretagne is thoroughly Athenian. The butter is fresh like rich whipped cream, and the honey of Hymettus is so tempting that a can must be bought to take home to friends. Under trees and awnings, on the pavements and in doorways, little groups of people seem to be continually drinking coffee out of small white cups. Here is the King's Palace, a huge white structure of limestone having a beautiful garden in the rear. The Academy of Science, a noble building of Pentelic marble of classic Greek style, the exterior adorned with sculptured figures and containing an interesting gallery of mural paintings. In front stands two lofty Ionic columns bearing statues of Athena and Apollo, and sitting figures of Plato and Socrates adorn the main entrance.

To take in the full proportion and beauty of Athens it is well to view the modern city,

encircling the historic ruins, from Lycabettus Hill, 1,000 feet high, and then, driving in a carriage round the Acropolis and its vicinity, both position and detail can be more correctly ascertained. It is hard to describe one's feelings when seeing for the first time the Parthenon crowned Acropolis. This is certainly the centre of ancient Athens. It is a ledge of limestone about 200 feet high, a thousand feet long, and over four hundred feet wide, lying on the south side of Modern Athens, and overlooking the site where once stood the old city. The outer wall of rock is to-day very nearly perpendicular, with the exception of the south-west, where the approaches were built. Leaving the carriages, our party conducted by an intelligent and painstaking guide, we ascended a flight of steps and entered the Propylæa, the true portal of the Acropolis. Nearly five hundred years before Christ, Athens, under the mighty rule of Pericles, rose to the highest point of the splendour of the Golden Age. No longer used as a fortress the Acropolis was chosen as the site for the most lavish expenditure to celebrate the triumph of art and the mystic rites of Pagan worship. Of that magnificent pile, the work of Phidias, these pathetic ruins survive for the admiration and ideal model of artists and builders the world over. Here was set up the wonderful statue of Athena, wrought of ivory and gold, a reduced copy of which is an object of admiration in the National Museum.

The Propylæa has a front of 175 feet, containing a central gateway occupying the west of the Acropolis. You can see through five openings in the central structure, and on each side were the colonnades, originally crowned by a frieze and



ATHENS—THE HARBOUR



ATHENS—THE ACADEMY

pediment, now destroyed. On the left is a chamber in the north wing intended as a gallery for votive offerings. On the right one may ascend a flight of marble steps to the temple of Nike. Once within the Propylæa you hurry across a gradual slope of rock and pass through fragments of stuary, overturned bases, broken shafts, one time belonging to that "forest of statues" when Athens in her zenith was a dazzling splendour, but in her fall left lessons to the world. In vain you wish to break off a piece of frieze or coloured decoration of column lying prone upon the ground, but some vigilant Greek guard is liable to appear at any moment to prevent carrying away souvenirs. The modern spirit of Athens has recovered from the plundering and bondage of the Turk, and is aiming to render her name still more immortal by restoring to some extent the glory of former days.

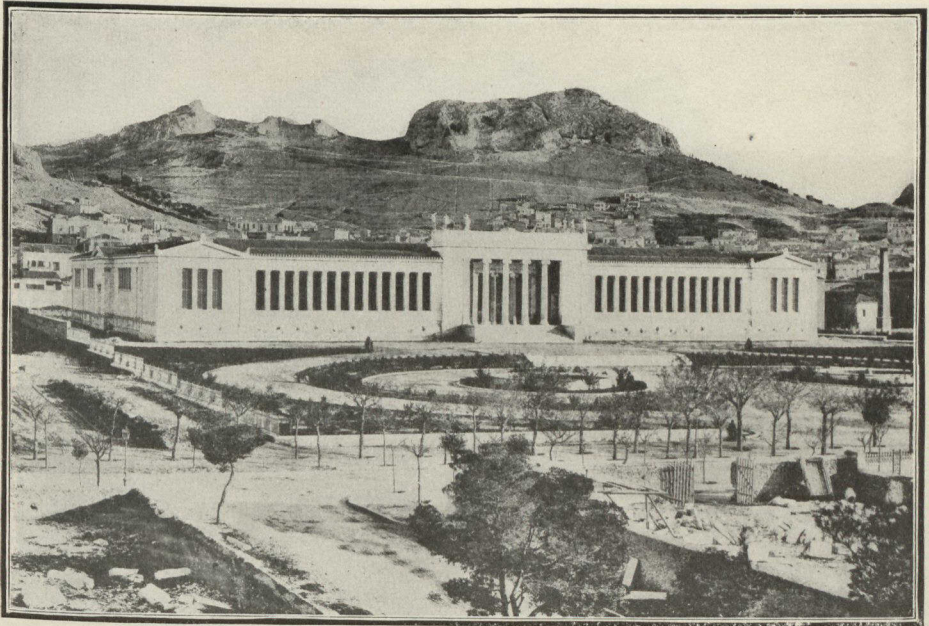
Crossing to the right the lovely and majestic beauty of the Parthenon fascinates the gaze. Going up three steps to a platform 225 feet long, 100 feet broad, you are surrounded by columns. Forty-

six in all decorated the exterior, seventeen on the side and eight on each end. The front and back of the temple were surmounted by triangular pediments in which were groups of marble in high relief. In the fifth century the structure was changed into a Christian church and Byzantine mural paintings of that time are



THE ARCH OF HADRIAN

This was 60 feet high and 45 feet wide



ATHENS—THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

still traceable. In 1460 it was transformed into a mosque by the Turks who added a minaret at its south-east angle. Subsequently, in the struggle between the Mohammedans and the Venetians, the Parthenon, being used as a powder magazine, was blown up by sacrilegious hands, leaving in shattered ruins the revered temples, shrines and colonnades. In the accompanying picture the reader will notice the corners of the marble blocks broken off in order that the Turks could gouge in and take out the lead used for cement, to make ammunition.

Close to the Propylæa on the north side of the Acropolis rose the Erechtheum, the most venerated of all Athenian sanctuaries and connected with the oldest religious history of the city. The ruins still exist sufficiently to allow us to form a very correct idea of its external structure. Its architecture being Ionic was different from the Parthenon. Instead of porches there are wings or vestibules. The celebrated portico of the Caryatides, or female figures in place of columns, is renowned in the history of art as one of the most charming creations of its kind. The roof of the portico is supported by six figures of

maidens, on whose heads are basket-like ornaments bearing the entablature. One of the statues was carried off by Lord Elgin and placed in the British Museum. In consequence part of the roof gave way. It was replaced by a terra-cotta Caryatide, as was also the arms and head of another figure. Our guide pointed out two memorable spots within the Erechtheum, the one where Athena, the chosen tutelary divinity of the young city, planted the olive tree, and the other where the salt spring gushed forth when Poseidon smote the earth with his trident.

Another interesting ruin lying on the south side of the Acropolis is the Theatre of Dionysius, the cradle of the Greek drama. The Auditorium, capable of seating 30,000 people, rose gradually in semi-circular form. A low balustrade of marble separated the spectators from the stage. The lowest tier of marble seats, deftly curved and shaped, was reserved for their respective occupants whose chiselled names still show. Sitting in one belonging to some aristocratic "ΙΕΡΟΚΗΡΥΚΟΣ" (Hierokerukos) and looking down upon the marble base in which stood the chair of the Emperor



THE RUINS OF THE PARTHENON

In the fifth century it was changed into a Christian church; in the fifteenth into a Turkish mosque; subsequently it was used as a powder magazine and blown up

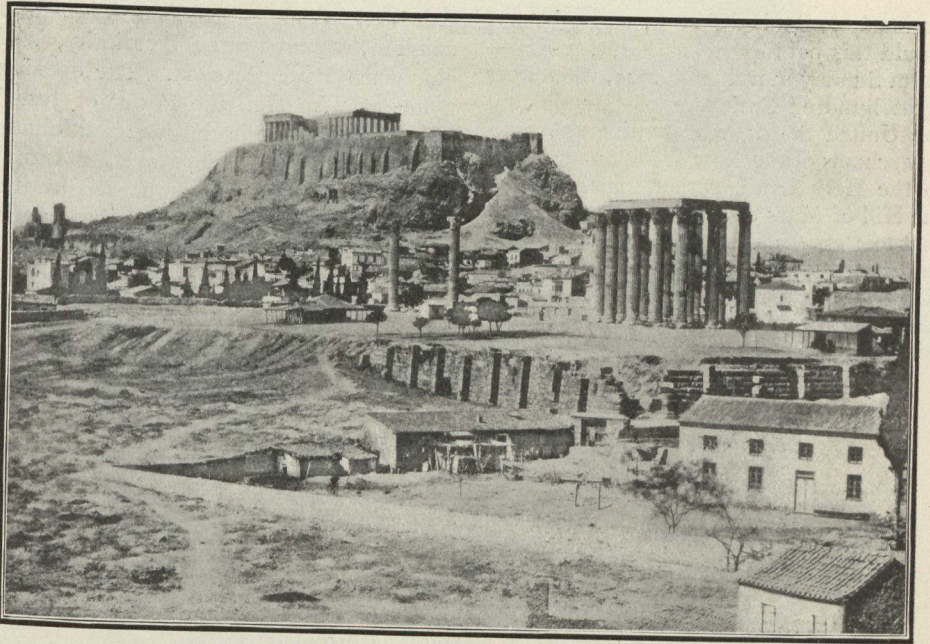
Hadrian, I allowed a friend to take a snapshot.

Returning to our carriage we crossed a bridge over the Ilisus, and came to the entrance of the Stadium. This was the famous athletic ground planned by Lycurgus about 330 B.C., and renewed in 140 A.D. by Herod Atticus. Mount Pentilicus afforded glistening white marble for rows of seats on all sides of a natural hollow, accommodating 50,000 spectators. During the dark ages the marble was burnt for lime. A wealthy and patriotic Greek has immortalised his name by restoring the vast stadium at a tremendous cost. The picture with its thousands of people in holiday attire gives a good idea of the present hereditary love for athletic games. The length of the course is a stade (600 Greek feet).

No one ever seeing the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, near the right bank of the Ilisus, can forget the lonely grandeur of its massive time-stained thirteen columns, guarded by two sentinel columns that stand solitary and apart from the rest. In size, splendour and beauty, this Temple

excelled all other Athenian structures. As far back as 530 B.C., Pisistratus planned it in Corinthian style and with immense sums of money, one architect succeeding another till the building called "A Struggle with Time," was finally completed by Hadrian in 130 A.D. Aristotle speaks of it as a work of despotic grandeur, and equal to the Pyramids of Egypt. The exterior was decorated by about 120 fluted columns over sixty-one feet high and more than five and a-half feet in diameter. It is 354 feet long and 171 feet broad, and contained the celebrated statue of the Olympian Jupiter in ivory and gold, the work of Phidias.

Another Temple of significance, which must not be omitted, is the Theseum, a short distance from the upper railway station. It is the best preserved architectural monument of Greek art in the world. It was both a Temple and subsequently the tomb of Theseus. This structure is of Doric style, showing dignity as well as solidity and strength. Time has stained its columns in brown and red. For centuries it was a Christian church,



THE ACROPOLIS AND THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS

"Aristotle speaks of it as a work of despotic grandeur, and equal to the Pyramids of Egypt"

and was dedicated to St. George, the chivalrous hero of the "dark ages," as The-
seus had been of the "dark ages" of Attic
history.

Not far from the ruins of Jupiter there
stands the Arch of Hadrian, which form-
erly marked the boundary of the ancient
city from that which grew up in the time
of Hadrian. The gateway is 60 feet high
and 45 feet wide, with an arched passage
20 feet in width. Above this is a second
story of Corinthian column supporting an
entablature and pediment. Hard by is a
beautiful white statue of Lord Byron,
whose enthusiasm and love for Greece
led him to plead her cause and sympathy
in verse before the world.

It would become tedious to mention all
the ruins that speak of Athens' ancient
glory. It is sufficient to say that not in
any land were gods honoured more. Her
strong faith in mythology turned her re-
ligion into art and monumental splendour.

Besides these wonders of art, we must
visit the hills of the Pnyx, a quarter of a
mile to the west of the Acropolis, a place
of public assembly of a large semi-cir-
cular area. This is faced with a lime-

stone wall, black with age, having a
pedestal carved out of the rock. Ascend-
ing broad and wide steps we stand upon
the spot, our minds recalling the time
when some six thousand Athenian citizens
here assembled to hear a Demosthenes.

Close by is a grotto or small room
hewn out of the face of the rock to which
tradition sadly points as the prison of
Socrates. The little room, now furnished
with an iron door, has a circular opening
leading up to the top, around which the
youths of Athens, it is said, congregated
to listen to his words of wisdom.

The last place we visit is Mars Hill, a
rocky eminence at the western end of the
Acropolis. Up a flight of steps cut in the
almost precipitous sides, we reach the
top, bare, flat, and without a vestige of the
Areopagus—the highest court of Athens.
It was here St. Paul stood when he de-
livered his address recorded in Acts 17.
Standing there alone, the ambassador of
a crucified, but resurrected, Saviour of the
world, he could see the whole city given
over to idolatry. That was nineteen cen-
turies ago. To-day, how different!

Then the Epicurean and Stoic listened

curiously to Paul of Tarsus, asking "What would this babbler say?" But, to-day—Palm Sunday morning of 1904, when over eight hundred Christians of Canada and the United States, representing the Sunday schools of the New World, on a cruise to the Holy Land, gather together upon the Hill of Mars to honour the memory of that fearless Apostle of old, and to worship the same "Lord of Lords and King of Kings"—the steps to the summit were filled, and below the carriages with their occupants stood near to hear. The

Athenian vendors, soldier, idler, and children, gathered through curiosity, as of old, when Paul preached. The opening hymn of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," was sung in devout thankfulness of the manifold blessings of God Incarnate. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Potts, of Toronto, whose words of eloquence and power moved many hearts. There was one theme to speak about and that was St. Paul's—"Jesus and the Resurrection."

When Cupid Sailed

BY MURIEL ALBERTA ARMSTRONG

IT was the fairest day of all the year,
 A morn of cloudless sky of deepest blue,
 And gentle, whispering, perfume-laden wind,
 And dew-bathed woods of brightest verdant hue.

We sailed upon a sun-kissed sapphire sea,
 In Cupid's boat with Cupid at the helm,
 Our snowy sails unfurled before the breeze
 That blew us into Love's unknown realm.

On, on we sped along our gilded course,
 'Twas Cupid's first long cruise with Jack and me,
 Before he merely stood upon the beach—
 And waved us *bon voyage* across the sea.

But now the love-god was in full command,
 As o'er the foam-wrapped dancing waves we went,
 Not heeding passing hours nor fleeting time,
 But lost in rapture, buried in content.

So all day long we sailed the summer sea,
 Until the gold glints faded from the sky;
 Then swiftly turning, homeward bound we raced,
 We three good comrades—Cupid, Jack and I.

And when the gentle, white-faced moon arose
 From somewhere, far behind the wooded hill,
 The little wingèd sailor slipped away
 Into the violet distance, calm and still.

And we—we two alone—just Jack and I,
 Stood on the beach, beside the silver sea,
 And sighed because the cherub-god was gone,
 And we were *only* two, instead of three.



"Eight light olive and red and lilac spotted eggs almost filled the well-woven basket"

In the Haunts of the Rail

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

Photographs by the Author

FROM far-off Southern States, where the warm, lazy days should have tempted the Virginian Rails to remain, north to Rice Lake in this good old Canada of ours, where the waters were still covered with their icy coat, is a long migration and a sudden change, but the Otonabee River was in flood, and the early bird gets the best nesting place. So over its honeycombed riven surface, past the many islands in mid-lake, they

sped, and dropped down with a hoarse croak of satisfaction—right beside my canoe, hidden amid the tall dry rushes on the bog edge.

I watched a pair of richly-marked birds, a study in browns, pick up a few tiny snails, and after peeping here and poking there run in under the cover of the rushes. Evidently this piece of floating bog was their old stamping ground, for they examined it all over as we do our summer cottages after a winter's absence, each



"Going!"

taking a run to the top of a couple of spring muskrat houses, then returning and telling one another in rail-bird talk that everything was in good shape. Their communicating was done with a variety of notes unusual in any one bird, some clear and reedlike, others as hoarse as a bullfrog's bellow, but all too great for the small plump body that uttered them. Suddenly they ran out on the little black point of mud against which my intruding canoe lodged, and eyed me with many a start and a croak, turning their bright eyes and sealing-wax red bills from side to side. They evidently thought the long, olive-green canoe was some great living thing, half fish, half animal, for they darted into the rushes and were lost to sight.

This piece of bog had given me many pleasant scenes and good snapshots in my interesting work of photographing the feathered game in their natural haunts, for this patch of black mud and standing dry rush was teeming with life. The two large muskrat houses, with their colonies

of "kittens" squealing inside, adorned one end; across on the other, scarce ten yards distant, numbers of marsh wrens were building their tiny, dainty, round homes, with a circle left in each for entrance, and ever as they worked they creaked out their harsh notes and held up their little tails at a most ridiculous angle. In a frantic overworking rush of energy these busy wives build several more houses than they need. Oh! if there were a matrimonial agency in the bird kingdom, what an excellent advertisement this would be!

Many of those scarlet-tipped sentries of the marsh—the red-winged blackbirds—were uttering that rich rolling call of theirs from every tree and bush and stump in all these "drowned lands," while the females, plainly clad, as all females should be, were busily building the roughly woven homes amid the standing rushes. It is deeply impressed on the mind of students of the feathered game that the females not only do the housework and tend the little ones, but they save their brilliantly-clad lord and master all the worries of house-building

and providing for the table, while he, care-free soul, is daintily picking tit-bits of the marsh, and smoothing his beautiful plumage. I fear to apply this fable to a larger race of bipeds—lest the females would copy the bird kingdom, and the whole countryside be covered with houses.

A mudhen sat watching me across the

swarmed in countless millions, providing many days' good feeding for all the industrious marsh-dwellers. With a "whirr" a Hooded Merganser flew up, dropped gracefully into the water, stared at me for a moment with his black and white "hood" quivering with attention, and then with alarmed quack, rose and sped over the



"Going!"

little pond while I mentally wandered as above; a corn-crake ran in and out collecting wild rice straw, crimping it by passing it through her bill, while her mate, with his dapper little body as brilliant as a paint box, lazily watched her, and occasionally refreshed himself with a juicy snail. (I believe I will join this matrimonially perfect kingdom). Everywhere, from rush root to tall swamp maple top, the snails

marsh, the bright April sun flashing in points off his beautiful plumage. All Nature was astir this bright day, and earth, air and water were fairly alive with her many animated wonders.

Many a day as the canoe wound in and out through these long marshes, stopping here and there to snap a rare sight, or driven far in amid the rushes, when time exposure, concealed floating camera and



"Gone!"

unique results were the order of the day, it has stopped beside the bog island on which the Virginian Rails had selected a nesting spot. Look ever so closely no sign was there to indicate its position. Of all the birds that carefully conceal their nests by thoroughly matching them with the surroundings, these rank the highest. A clump of rushes, with the tops interwoven by growth and wind, had been chosen and the entire centre carefully cut and pulled out. In this standing, hollow column was woven a nest, fitting so exactly and matching the rushes so perfectly that it was passed without knowledge time after time, until finally the female ran out of the two rush stalks that formed the entrance and located it for me. I found she had daily laid an egg, until now eight light olive and red and lilac spotted ones almost filled the well-woven basket that held them. At my close approach she again ran off the nest, calling in harsh gutturals for her mate, whose ready, bold answer sounded close at hand. More bold than she, he stopped for a moment, uttering

low notes, then walked into the nest, and after being satisfied the eggs were intact, he emerged and eyed me with great steadiness, deeply interested in the camera "hide" I was arranging.

When it was all concealed I withdrew into a neighbouring clump of rushes, lighted my pipe and awaited the female's return. In a few minutes the long red bill and bright eyes, and the golden brown body appeared from behind the rushes and she stood nervously examining the camera. With dainty steps she walked into focus, "clang" rang the curtain and I present you with the camera's impression of her. A long time elapsed, after my paddling up to reset the floating machine had driven her away, before she returned. First the long red bill and bright eyes poked out as a comedian does from the "wings," then she came gracefully, shyly, right out in front of the nest—again the shutter clanged and she turned and sped for cover, giving me a picture with an excellent reflection in the water.

Again, after a wait that used up a large

stock of patience (for fully two hours elapsed before the little plump brown and buff beauty put in an appearance) she sedately walked out along the bending rushes that wetted her greyish brown legs, and stepped between the rush pillars of her home. I got her when just the tail and a retreating foot remained behind. This completes the set of pictures called "Going, Going, Gone."

Three weeks later it was hard work to push in as far as the floating bog that held her nest. We did, but it was empty, and seated on the sunny muskrat "draw-up" was her ladyship and five yellowy, greyish, brownly little darlings, that fled with a rapid pattering of feet over the lily pads and floating rushes and flags. With many

low calls the mother quieted them, evidently not greatly fearing the familiar long olive-green monster, with bobbing head and paddling arms. Then through long mosquito haunted hours I waited for a "snap" The mosquitoes got it, not I, for just as the family assembled on the black mud in focus, the little ones a downy line, the mother alert and watchful, the male bird, well fed, dozing in the sunlight (I feel I must join this perfect circle of well-kept homes and busy wives), all fair for a good picture, out plunged a muskrat "kitten" from its subterranean home, and came to the surface right beside the Rails. Away they sped, and with a laugh at the scurry of the birds I picked up my camera and poled off.

An Autumn Offering

BY MARTHA E. RICHARDSON

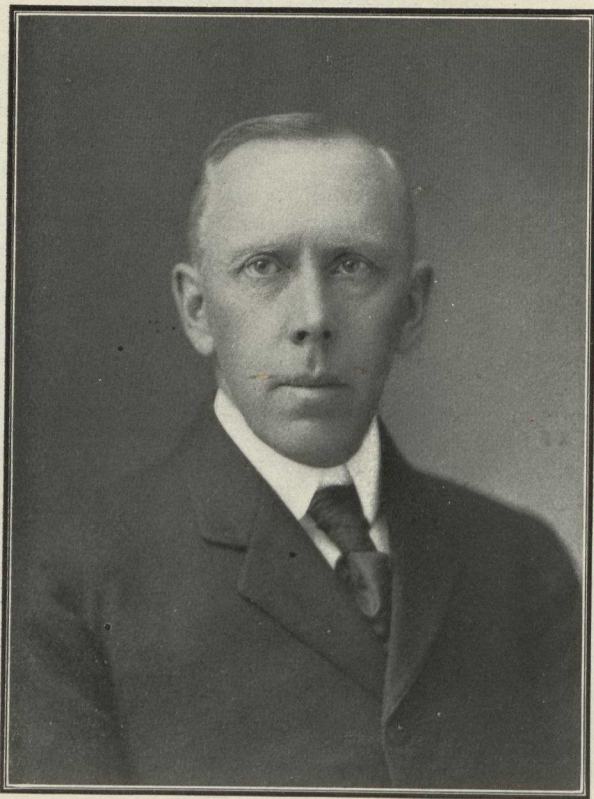
I'VE wandered to-day on the hillside,
 Seeking rest after hours of toil;
 I have ravaged each nook and rillside,
 To bring you the flowery spoil.

Here are stars of the purple aster,
 Nodding plumes of the golden-rod,
 Clusters white of the plebeian yarrow,
 Late plucked from the yellowing sod.

Velvet cones of the crimson sumach,
 Brittle boughs from the russet oak,
 Scarlet leaves of the piebald maple,
 From the forest's gay autumn cloak.

Modest blooms of the sweet red clover,
 Latest born of its honeyed kin;
 With a spray of bright-tinted creeper,
 From the wall of a rustic inn.

As they stood in desolate beauty,
 As they tossed in the north wind's breath,
 Were they waving farewell to summer,
 Or flinging a challenge to death?



DR. BENJAMIN RAND

Canadian Celebrities

No. 75—BENJAMIN RAND, PH.D.



BENJAMIN RAND, PH.D., was born in Canning, Nova Scotia, July 17, 1856. His father was Ebenezer Rand, Esq., who for more than a quarter of a century held the office of Chief Collector of Customs for King's County, and was one of its most prominent citizens. His mother was Ann Isabella (Eaton), daughter of Ward Eaton, Esq., a gentleman of superior ability and of the highest standing in the same county. The Rands, of Nova Scotia, are descended from Robert Rand, who emigrated from England to Charlestown, Massachusetts, before 1637; through a great-grandson, John Rand, who, five years after the expulsion of the Acadians

from Nova Scotia, removed from Nantucket Island to that province and received an extensive grant of land in the Township of Cornwallis.

Dr. Benjamin Rand, eldest son of Ebenezer Rand, received his early education at Horton Academy, afterward going to the University of Acadia College, Nova Scotia, by which institution he was given the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1875, and Master of Arts in 1879. From 1877 to 1879 he spent at Harvard University, where he again received the degree of B.A., and in 1880, of M.A. Between 1882 and 1885, he held the Walker Fellowship from Harvard, and during this period studied philosophy at Heidelberg University, under the dis-

tinguished historian of philosophy, Kemo Fischer. In 1885 he received from Harvard the degree of Ph.D. in Philosophy, the distinction having been given only one person by Harvard before. From that time to the present he has been intimately, and with the exception of a short period, officially, connected with the Philosophical Department of this greatest American University. In 1888-89, however, he occupied the post of Instructor in English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston.

If Nova Scotia has a son of whose scholastic and literary attainments she may justly be proud, it is the subject of this sketch. The range of his scholarship has, perhaps, been wider, and the literary work he has done more laborious, than that of any other living Canadian, at home or abroad. This range includes history, economics, philosophy, and biography. In history, he first discovered and made known the extent and importance of the New England migration to the Maritime Provinces in 1760, which movement had previously been overshadowed by the Loyalist migration of 1776 and 1785. On this subject Dr. Rand read a valuable paper before the American Historical Association in Washington, and also published several articles. Among other interesting monographs he has published a life of Rev. Aaron Cleveland, and articles suggested by his own travels in countries about the Mediterranean and Black seas.

In economics, Dr. Rand is the author of "Selections Illustrating Economic History since 1763," a work that has already reached its fourth edition, and has become widely used as a college text-book. It was the first work to appear with the title "Economic History," and it thus gave the name to a new department of economic thought and prepared the way for a new subject in the curriculum of American university education. In this department Dr. Rand has also made contributions to the study of Canadian railways.

In philosophy, besides an "Abstract of Ferrier's Greek Philosophy," he has issued some important works. As the result of several summers spent in ex-

aming the treasures in British archives, he published in 1901 "The Life, Unpublished Letters, and Philosophical Regimen of Anthony, Third Earl of Shaftesbury," the author of the well-known "Characteristics." Shaftesbury's "Philosophical Regimen" was discovered by Dr. Rand in the archives of the Record Office in London. It embodies a philosophy which the discoverer characterised as "the strongest expression of stoicism since the days of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius;" and its author he described "as both in theory and in practice the greatest Stoic of modern times." On the appearance of Dr. Rand's work the British press declared that, by the many American scholars who were then devoting themselves to the examination of English unpublished records, no discovery had been made "comparable in literary value to these unpublished letters and ethical doctrines of Shaftesbury."

More comprehensive in scope than the preceding works, the result of years of incessant labour, is Dr. Rand's lately published "Bibliography of Philosophy." This great work comprises bibliographies of the history of philosophy, systematic philosophy, logic, æsthetics, philosophy of religion, ethics, and psychology. The mere recital of these subjects suffices to indicate how vast has been the domain of knowledge Dr. Rand has explored.

During the past year, in continuation of the notable work of the late Mr. John Langdon Sibley, M.A., he has prepared for publication a fourth volume of Biographical Sketches of Harvard graduates. He is now engaged on a fifth volume of the same work.

One of the most important extensions of the ever-developing work of Harvard University has been the recent erection of Emerson Hall, to perpetuate the name and influence of the great New England sage. In that hall will henceforth centre all the distinctively philosophical interests of the university, and there has already been gathered a large library bearing on philosophical subjects, for the purpose of original research. Of this library Dr. Rand has

lately been made the official head. The appointment of Librarian of Philosophy has been given him in recognition of his great service as a specialist in the bibliography of philosophy, and it is the first appointment of the kind ever made.

Dr. Rand belongs to numerous learned societies, among which may be mentioned the American Historical Association, the American Folk Lore Society, and the American Philosophical Association. He was a member of the International Geographical Conference held in London in 1895, and a delegate of the American Historical Association to the celebration in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1897, of the discovery of America by John Cabot.

Although Dr. Rand's work for years has been pursued in the United States, he has never renounced his Canadian citizenship. It is probable, also, that no

Canadian who has ever been connected with Harvard University, has done so much to render available to his own land the great resources of this notable university. Through his influence the late Mr. Frank Bölles, of Harvard, was induced to visit Canada and write his well-known book, "From Blomidon to Smoky." At his suggestion Professor M. L. Fernald, the chief botanist of New England flora, was led to devote his attention to the study of Acadian flora. At present Dr. Rand is honorary president of the Harvard Canadian Club. With Canadian cabinet ministers he has always been in close touch. Thus in many ways he is a binding link in this ancient university, between the two great countries which divide the North American continent.

John Eliphaz Chapman

Some Phases of Student Life

By A. F. B. CLARK



THE death of Henrik Ibsen has removed the most uncompromising radical of a radical century, and reminds us that it is now indispensable to approach a social or political or educational question with the gravity and mercilessness of a surgeon approaching his *corpus vile*. Writers who wish to convince their readers of their own sincerity can no longer hover over their subjects in the high ether of artistic detachment, and obtain of them a bird's-eye view in which there are no blots on the landscape. They must rather, like the lava or the water-spring, force their way up to the light through the underlying earth, must mine underneath their subject and surprise its subterranean piers and passages with their picks and miners' lamps. This is my apology for approaching what may seem a very unassuming subject in a very radical way by asking why student life, as it is understood at a university, should exist, why universities exist, how they

justify themselves? These questions, be sure, are being posed every day by people who have heard wise men say that books are the university of the future, that if we closed all our university buildings except the library, we would lose nothing, and who ask themselves why young men should spend four precious years, of which thrice four months is enforced holiday, in listening to men articulating in a class-room words which can be found by anyone in a good book of reference. Then the social life, the athletics, the theatre nights, the parades, the hustles—are not these things merely glorifying the animal? What relation have they to success, material or spiritual, in this world of men? If some comments on some of the most intimate phases of university life, as seen specifically in the University of Toronto, can enlighten those doubting Thomases in the outer court, they may serve a higher object than mere description.

I am still orthodox enough to believe that the most important duty of a uni-

versity is to give an intellectual training. But I recognise in the atmosphere of a university quite a different determining medium through which this training is given from that which surrounds the solitary self-made student. And it is this very atmosphere—an exhalation, perhaps, partly from the intellectualism of university life, yet separate from it—which constitutes the unique and indispensable value of a university course. What do I mean by this atmosphere? I do not mean the atmosphere of culture, that vague element so glibly recommended as one of the assets of university education. I mean a kind of rarefying medium which relieves study and erudition of their utilitarian density, which prevents them from falling *mole sua*, which enables a student to wear all his "weight of learning lightly like a flower." It is commonly observed that the self-made scholar has the defect of looking upon learning as the sectaries of the Ptolemaic astronomy looked upon this earth—as the centre of everything. He fails to relate learning to life. This is probably the result of a divorce between study and social duties in his life. Hence when he acts the man, he is not a scholar; when he acts the scholar, he is not a man.

This defect is obviated in two ways by assimilating learning through the university medium. In the first place, the student body is a small society in itself, demanding certain social responsibilities from each member. The diverse interests of this university society—study, athletics, dances, debates—are interwoven into a kind of tapestry in a single morning's work at the university—not kept for separate periods of the day. At ten minutes to nine, the rotunda begins to fill with conversing groups—the last Rugby game, the new Students' Parliament, the Insurance Investigation, the play at "the Princess" are being discussed—the bulletin board presents its multifarious notices. As the hands of the clock move to 9.10, the groups disperse, professors in gowns and with sheaves of paper in their hands pass to the lecture-halls, and for fifty minutes these youths whose conversation has been ranging "from Heaven through the

World to Hell," concentrate their minds on some single, narrow field of scholarly discussion. Then, at the end of the hour, come another ten minutes of general interests—or perhaps a student has a spare hour which he spends in the "Union," discussing the morning newspaper over a pipe, or playing a game of billiards. Not only does this alternate expansion and contraction of the mind, comparable to the diastole and systole of the heart, give mental elasticity and readiness; more than that, it is evident that in this life learning takes its place as an incident—the most important incident, perhaps; still, only an incident in the business of life. Learning is given an immediate frame of organised human existence; the study of the solitary student has no such frame. In a university one has constantly before one's mind study in close juxtaposition to social activity, to life's machinery; and even though it is but the mimic machinery of student life in this case, it fulfils its purpose.

Some words on the true significance of athletics and "scraps" and "hustles" are appropriate here, because they are a phase of this medium, this frame into which study is put at a university. From one point of view, they are simply the inheritance of the Hellenic ideal which brought the poet and the athlete into the same arena at the Olympian games, and which made the great artists of the Renaissance like Michelangelo rejoice in billowing muscles as much as in prone brows, in the brawny arm and the masculine beard of Moses as much as in the Book of the Laws which he holds. Then the corporate contests—those between one college or faculty and another—have a peculiar value of their own; they tend to preserve the sense of clannishness—a measurable preservation of which in the world is not unwise—amid the individualistic, the cosmopolitan tendencies of learning. But perhaps the greatest value of the hustles and scraps is that they place in juxtaposition with grave and ascetic study the pure physical joy of living. In after life, this joy is sharply separated from working hours. Men of affairs turn the

key in the door of their warehouse or bank office, and make for the yachting club or the bowling alley. They would never dream of profaning the inviolate atmosphere of mahogany desks and green-shaded incandescent bulbs with the odour of healthy sweat and the sound of pulsing hearts. But, as we have seen, the university is a world of sharp contrasts. The Retail Merchants' Association invading the offices of the Bank of Commerce with paint pots and making palettes of the tellers and ledger-keepers, while the latter retaliate by means of the emergency fire-equipment, is an almost inconceivable image. But I have seen many an analogous scene in the august corridors of my Alma Mater, where dwells a race as dignified and serious as the men down town. I have seen men issue from the contemplation of Plato's Republic to a bath of cerulean blue paint at the hands of embryonic C.E.'s. Five minutes later I have seen those corridors full of a surging mass of learned youth rejoicing that it has arms to strike with, legs to kick with, lungs to roar with, and bones that will resist high pressure. Finally I have seen one party conquer by driving back their foes at the point of the fire hose. And I maintain with Sir Walter Scott,

"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!"

Indeed, if you know your Scott, you know what a benefit the university confers on the country by winking at these pranks. He was a scholar, an artist, an indefatigable worker, a man of the most refined and gentle spirit; yet how dearly, amid all his antiquarian lore and love of natural beauty, did he adore a good physical tussle! That is what makes his novels and poems an eternal fountain of youth. And especially in this age of mechanical efficiency, when spontaneous joy is proscribed even in so-called amusements, it is well that the university should renew the youth of the world by combining the "wild joys of living" with the quiet delights of study and meditation, by letting men on the threshold of life "see that life steadily and see it whole."

But there is another way in which

learning is kept elastic in a university, and in this case within its own universally recognised domain. According to the curriculum, instruction is given by courses of lectures. Well, in the first place, it is an open secret that there is a growing scepticism, not only among students, but among teachers, as to the efficacy of cut-and-dried lectures. Ruskin once remarked on the absurdity of expecting a man to deliver in one hour the results of researches which might have occupied him for weeks or months; but he added that much good might be got from the personal commentary of a teacher on a book or picture or natural object which a class might be studying. The wisdom of his remark is shown by the fact that this method is obtaining increasing favour in the teaching of all subjects that can possibly be treated in such a way. Thus a student learns that information may be procured in irregular ways that do not permit it to be jotted down in the note-books. He accustoms himself to receiving gratuitous information in side-remarks, as well as in premeditated expositions.

Outside of lectures altogether, university life—on its purely scholastic side—does much to mellow learning. The Departmental Societies, each of which devotes itself to some special branch of studies, such as the Classics, Natural Science, Semitic Languages, Mathematics, allow students and professors to meet and express informal opinions on an equal footing. Here professors, after their summer holidays, may communicate to the students some enthusiasm they have caught at some convention abroad, or describe some country or scene of historic or literary fame easily connected with some special study. Here professors from other departments may be invited to speak on one of those subjects which lie in the inexactly delimited borderland between different sciences, thus emphasising the underlying solidarity of learning and counterbalancing the extremes of specialisation. Less academic are the small exclusive clubs to which the *entree* may be won only on the presentation of an acceptable personality, and which meet for fraternal

and usually post-prandial discussion on all subjects whether they be classifiable under university studies or not. Here subjects are discussed without reference to text-book or authority, but entirely from the personal standpoint—little coteries of Hamlets, ever ready to track an idea to its lair, are these circles, speculating amid a haze of blue smoke and an incense of hot coffee which conduces admirably to a feeling of mild-eyed toleration towards all kinds of heresies and heterodoxy. Sometimes professors, or interesting strangers visiting Toronto, are invited to address these clubs. Still other societies hold meetings at the residences of prominent citizens, where students and professors are brought from poring over musty books into immediate dramatic contact with the leaders in practical life, with physicians, clergymen, princes of finance and captains of industry. Thus, even within the confines of instruction and mental culture, the organisations of a university do much to give learning its orientation in the world of men.

This use, then, at least, we have found for a university course as against self-culture—it sets learning out in the world of men, makes it less self-conscious. I have only treated those phases of student life which contribute to this end. Some will ask if university "politics" do not take their place here. I would answer, No. It will be observed that all the elements which have been adduced as tending to mellow learning have been realities—athletics, dances, societies, meeting at prominent men's homes—all these things are phases of real life. But university "politics" is

playing at real life, just as much as a little girl's fussing with her doll's house is playing at real life. And university students ought to be above playing at reality. No word of disparagement is meant against the value of debates, the adoption of parliamentary procedure in the Lit., etc.; it is only claimed that the "peanut politics" at present rampant at the university have no relation whatever to intellectual training or to the mellowing of that training, and sometimes come dangerously near damaging the dignity of the *status* of students.

A very interesting phase of student life as it exists at our university—a phase which deserves far other than the frivolous consideration usually given to it—is co-education. To the intellectual and social idealist co-education is full of attraction. Its possibilities recall the famous Parisian *salons* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, where brilliant ladies and gentlemen met as intellectual equals, and discussed scientific and philosophical questions, the clash of the masculine and the feminine mind giving a pungency and variety to the deliberations of those select coteries unknown since in the same degree. The attempt to introduce such a variety into modern university life is still in the experimental stage, and no judgment can be given upon its success. But whatever opposition to the experiment exists can only come from the unreasoning prejudice which for centuries has made a mock of the easy, superficial gallantry of men, and which has perhaps done more to retard the spiritual progress of humanity than will be appreciated until a purer air is reached.



The Last Turn of the Screws

A Story of Modern Merchandising

By ANDREW COLTISH SMITH



G. FRASER stood behind his counter gazing thoughtfully about his shop. For forty years he had been shaking the tree of business—shaking it hard. And if now, while the fruit lay thick about him, he was vaguely conscious that his hold on it had lost something of the old-time firmness and confidence, it was little wonder.

Just forty years ago he invested every cent of his hard-earned savings in the grocery business. At that, his capital was small enough in cash, but he helped it out with perseverance, honesty and courteous manners—and the business grew. Stern, hard, consistent work, giving one hundred cents of value for every dollar taken in, and above all, keeping always at it, morning, noon and night, spring, summer, winter, fall, brought him customers and then more customers, and then more customers still. At first, he took his own orders, delivered his own goods and hired a girl to look after the shop while he was out. Now he had several clerks, three delivery waggons, and a book-keeper, and his shop was far and away the largest one in town.

It was right in this same building that he had opened up, too—with all the buoyant energy of youth. As he looked back, it seemed scarcely possible that it had been forty years ago. It was a modest little business in those days, but bit by bit he had built it up, adding a department here, making some improvement there, putting into it all he had of virility and strength. As the years passed on, the thing had become a part of him, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. It had taken the place of friends, and home, and wife and children, for he had been so engrossed in his business that he had had time for none of these. Gradually he had come to love it as a mother does her first-born. It was the expression of his whole life's work.

Suddenly, as he stood there, the door

swung open and a fresh, energetic traveller entered. Setting down his grip, he walked up to the proprietor confidently.

"Mr. Fraser, I believe?" he said, offering his hand.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Chancellor. I am representing Turnable and Co."

Fraser frowned.

"Yes," he said. "Some of your travellers have called before."

Turnable & Co. stood for the mightiest power in the Canadian grocery world; most storekeepers, indeed, including Fraser, considered them to be a menace. Their coming marked the beginning of a new era of things—the day of package goods, a movement regarded with great consternation by storekeepers of the old school, who saw their long profits gradually being divided between themselves and the manufacturers. Turnable & Co. put up jams, pickles, sugars, syrups, rolled oats, tea, rice, flour—everything, in fact, capable of being converted into a neat and attractive package. They advertised freely, packed first-class goods, sold them at a fair price and allowed the retailer the smallest profit of any firm in the business.

Turnable & Co. had been an American concern in the first place. Latterly they had invaded Great Britain and pretty well overrun it. Now, they were turning their attention to Canada, a small business area as yet, but rapidly increasing. At first, they had been merely manufacturers; later on, when the trade refused to handle their goods on the small margin of profit allowed, they became retailers themselves; until now their stores were scattered through every town and village in the United States and Great Britain. Fine, airy, city-like shops they were, with splendid fixtures, obliging clerks, prompt service and close prices. And they were successes—everywhere.

Many an anxious eye watched Turnable's coming to Canada, for they showed

no mercy to any man. Their entry into a new town was invariably the signal for such ruinous selling that the other store-keepers were forced sooner or later to either go out of business, or to handle Turnable's products exclusively—in other words, to become mere agents of the big company. The opposition having been disposed of, prices usually went up. It was such high-handed proceedings as these that had gained for them the fear and hatred of every independent store-keeper in the country. And yet they were spreading out slowly, ceaselessly, relentlessly.

"We have never been able to sell to you, Mr. Fraser."

"No," smiled Fraser.

"May I ask why?"

The traveller unbuttoned his overcoat and threw one foot up on the stool before the counter, resting his chin on his hand. Fraser leaned back nonchalantly with elbows on the shelving.

"Oh, I don't know! I've always been stocked up in your lines, I suppose."

The traveller shook his head.

"Mr. Fraser, we carry two hundred and twenty-seven different lines, and our travellers have called on you twelve times. It is impossible that you have not been out of any of them in all that time. And I do not see one of our articles in the place."

And he swept a comprehensive look around.

"Do you know that you are the only grocer in Renshaw who handles none of our goods?" he went on.

"No, I was not aware of it."

"What is the matter, anyway? You know what our brand stands for. Whenever you see the 'Little Joker' on a package, you know the goods are right and the prices are right. The packages are attractive. We advertise freely. What more do you want?"

"Profit," said Fraser, laconically.

"How big a margin do you expect? The progressive merchant, Mr. Fraser, has ceased to figure percentage. Amount of goods turned over and profits accrued, are his method. Every time you sell a package instead of bulk goods, you save one down weight, one paper bag, one string and several minutes of your sales-

man's time, and your customer gets a better article in a more attractive form. I don't need to tell you that a smaller profit with those savings pays you better than the old one. You, as an up-to-date business man, know these things. Our ways are satisfying every other merchant in Renshaw, and I know they would suit you, if you once tried them. Let me show you some of my lines, anyway."

And he reached down for his grip.

"No," interposed Fraser, suddenly. "It's no mortal use, Mr. Chancellor. I can't buy from you under any consideration. It's not the package idea that I object to—I am handling goods in that way now. It's your invasion of the retail field that I oppose."

"Oh!" said Mr. Chancellor, and Fraser was sensible of a certain subtle change in his tone. "You stand on principle in this matter."

"Exactly," said Fraser. "When you withdraw your retail stores from Canada, then, and not until then, will I buy from you."

"Now see here, Mr. Fraser," he said, adopting a friendly tone, "I'm going to tell you something, though I have no right to do it. This is just between ourselves, you understand. Turnable & Co. are thinking mighty seriously of starting a store right here in Renshaw. They wanted to do it two months ago, but I stood them off. Why? I'll tell you. We're doing a good business here now, and, as I said, we are selling to every other store in the city and it seems just a trifle—well, treacherous—after they have patronised us so long, to open up here and strew their blood and bones along the street. Now doesn't it?"

"Oh, that's nothing!" smiled Fraser, grimly. "You are far too tender-hearted, Mr. Chancellor."

"Well, but it does. I hate to see a friend's throat cut. But Turnable & Co. say they are not yet getting a big enough share of the Renshaw business. Now I have a good deal to say in the management of the Canadian branches, and I'll tell you what I'll do." And he tapped a forefinger impressively on the counter and lowered his voice to a whisper. "I'll guarantee to keep them out of Renshaw for a

year. Guarantee it, mind! How does that catch you?"

"And your terms?" asked Fraser, rather contemptuously.

"Oh, terms! We won't speak of terms. I'm no blackmailer. I've told you this in a friendly way. Of course, I should like you to help me out by an occasional order. You do a large business here. Couldn't you give us, say, ten thousand a year of it? If the firm should wholesale that much more in Renshaw, I think I could persuade them not to retail here at all."

"No thanks," said Fraser. "It's not good enough."

"Turnable & Co. make a strong opposition, Mr. Fraser."

"And an unscrupulous one, I am well aware. But they are welcome to do as they please for all of me. I'll go on doing business right here."

"We are now firmly established in thirty towns of this size in Canada; have you considered that by raising the selling price only three per cent. in each of these places we could lower it in Renshaw at least twenty-five per cent.?"

"Maybe you could. I am not interested in that. And I'm busy now. You will have to excuse me."

"This makes our thirteenth call, Mr. Fraser. Thirteen is an unlucky number. You are sure there is nothing I can send you?"

"Dead sure."

"Good-bye, then. We'll call it off."

"Good-bye," said Fraser, turning on his heel.

He had carried himself through the interview with bold and careless ease, but he walked into his office with a sinking heart. Turnable & Co. were evidently coming at last. He had suspected it some time ago when their travellers began calling upon him so persistently. For months he had watched them spreading out over the country like some great lava stream, relentlessly licking up the smaller stores and leaving behind them a broad trail of desolation, but his innate hopefulness had almost blinded him to the fact that they must in time reach Renshaw. Now they were actually at his door, and his general disapproval of their methods changed to a sharp personal resentment. He was

evidently going to be their special mark, and he had heard much of the ends to which they were prepared to go to get rid of an objectionable opponent.

It did not take the new firm long to act. Just a week later, the local papers announced an important real estate deal. The store property of McDonald Bros., confectioners, two doors from Fraser's, had been purchased by Turnable & Co., of Montreal, who intended remodelling the premises immediately, with a view to establishing a branch of their business in Renshaw.

Whereat Fraser drew himself up and squared his shoulders. Let them come. They would find him the very toughest proposition they had ever been up against. He had done business in Renshaw for forty years, and it was funny if he could not keep it up a few years more.

The days passed on. Turnable & Co. took possession. A band of workmen came and departed, brightening the old store like the sweep of spring across a winter landscape. An imposing expanse of shining plate glass, heavy brass plates, quarter-cut oak finishings, long glittering show cases, glass counters—everything showed power, confidence and solidity. The new firm had obviously come to stay.

Then came opening day, heralded by news of a great cut-price sale. Large advertisements in each of the papers, handbills glaringly stamped with the firm's name adorning every city door-knob, huge placards at the store front, and well-dressed, well-ticketed windows announced the fact to the public. The savoury aroma of grocery bargains, dear to the housewife's heart, hung heavy on the Renshaw air. The new store did a land-office business for the first few days.

Fraser looked on cheerfully. He had seen this kind of thing before. The store was a novelty yet. People went there to see the sights, as though it was the fall fair or a church bazaar. After about a week business would settle down to its normal flow and it would be time enough then to see how much would run in the new channel.

During the first week, Fraser's sales were obviously lessened. The second

week his business swung back pretty much to the old level, in spite of the fact that Turnable & Co.'s prices were practically cost and Fraser had made no attempt to meet them except on one or two lines. After all, he reflected perhaps there was going to be room for both of them in Renshaw.

But a month later he was undeceived in the hope that there was to be anything of a friendly business rivalry between them. Whatever their attitude might be to the others, with him it was to be a death-feud—no fair fight in the open, with an honest hand-shake at the start, and the spirit of good-fellowship mingled with the lust of battle, but a deadly, silent grapple in the dark, a hacking, stabbing and throttling in blind hatred, with only murder in the heart.

It began when Turnable & Co. issued their new price-list making a further reduction of 10 per cent. all round. Fraser read it over with dismay. The prices were away below what he was paying for his goods.

A week or two more passed. Then, for the first time, it became obvious that something was going wrong. His business began to dwindle quite suddenly, a depression the more alarming that it happened at a time when such a change was not justified by local trade conditions. Cash purchasers who had dealt with him for years began all at once to buy next to nothing. Even credit customers, who may generally be depended upon to stay with a merchant through all changes, were lessening their purchases in an alarming manner. Yet there were no complaints. His solicitors were still calling at all the old places for orders. No one had left him. They were simply buying fewer groceries than they used to do.

As the days passed on and the change became more marked, he began to be seriously uneasy. Some great unseen force appeared to be at work about him, making for his downfall. Day by day his sales kept falling, yet try as he would he could not find the cause, and the forced inactivity was the most trying ordeal he had ever known. If this kind of thing kept on, he saw nothing but ruin ahead of

him, and that phantom haunted him day and night. His face began to carry a worried, haggard look. For the first time, people began to notice how old a man he was.

A few weeks later, the cause of the trouble came to light suddenly, when Stuart, his head clerk, came to him in deep dejection.

"Look here, Mr. Fraser," he said. "See my order book. My sales have dropped off twenty-five per cent. And I can't help it. I call at all my old places, but the people simply won't buy, and I have not been able to make it out until to-day. It's Turnables. They are getting after us hotfoot. They had a man around at every one of our customer's doors this morning with the new price-list, offering to sell them a 100-lb. sack of Redpath sugar for \$3 with every five dollar order. That's equal to a further cut of 20 per cent. at least."

"It's ruination," said Fraser. "They can't keep it up."

"They are not advertising this. They are offering it to our customers only."

For the first time then, some sense of the futility of the contest he had entered upon came to Fraser. But he put it by him resolutely, determined to fight it out.

Then suddenly, as if to show their versatility, Turnable & Co. completely changed their plan of campaign. Hitherto, they had devoted their attention to crippling his selling powers. Now they struck their first blow at his buying, a mode of attack much more effective, as the event proved.

For years, Fraser had bought his lard, bacon, ham, and other pork products from the Riverside Packing Co. Their goods were the recognised standard of quality in Western Ontario, and he had known their traveller, Milner, for twenty years or more. He put implicit trust in Milner's word and judgment.

This week Milner called as usual.

"Fraser," he said, "buy lard. It's got to go up. Absolutely got to. Listen. The packers' operations are mighty limited just now—practically at a standstill. Pork is 45c. higher on the street market at this minute. The packers have advanced live hogs to \$7.85 F.O.B. in this

country. That means mighty high lard. Prices are going up nearly 20 per cent. in the near future. I tell you this is the straight tip."

Fraser had not followed the provision markets as closely lately as he should have done. He had so many weightier things to think of just at present. Besides, as I have said, he had positive faith in Milner.

"Look here," the traveller went on, "the regular price is 12 $\frac{1}{4}$. I'll lay you down 200 tubs at 11 $\frac{3}{8}$ c. Right at your door. It's a snap, sure. And no one else in Renshaw will get a single pound. You can have a go at Turnables on that."

"Send them along," said Fraser.

Three days later, Turnable & Co. advertised the best Riverside lard at 10c. a lb. retail.

Fraser dropped the company a line to see how it happened.

Their answer was disconcerting, to say the least of it. Turnable & Co. had recently acquired a controlling interest in the Riverside Packing Co. They should always be glad to supply Fraser at the regular wholesale rates, but must reserve the right to retail the products of the company at their own figures.

Fraser was dazed. It was the deadliest blow he had received yet. It was not that the Riverside products were placed beyond his reach—he could get others; and it was not the monetary loss on this last deal—that was trifling. It was Milner—Milner whom he had known so well for twenty years, whom he had trusted so implicitly, whose honesty he could have vouched for with his life. Milner had simply knifed him. There was no getting around that fact, for it was inconceivable that he had not known.

That night Fraser was as nearly disheartened as he had ever been in his life. The vast, inexorable might of the big company was brought home to him at last. What could he, one puny man, do against a huge power that reached out above, below, and around him? A force that could thus, at a word, make traitors of his best loved friends?

A few days later, he had a call from Woods, of Woods, Marshall & Co., the great wholesale house in Toronto. This firm had practically started Fraser in

business. They had backed his note for five hundred dollars when he was just beginning, and trusted him to any amount of goods he cared to order, and that meant a strong supporting arm to him in his early struggles. Now that his business was on a good substantial footing, he still bought the bulk of his goods from them, as was right and proper.

"Well, Fraser," said Woods, "I hear you're fighting Turnables."

"Yes," smiled Fraser. "Trying to."

"It can't be done, my boy. They're too big for any one retailer, or one wholesaler, or even one manufacturer to buck against."

"But what am I to do?" asked Fraser.

"I didn't want to fight them. I simply wanted to be left alone. Surely a man is privileged to mind his own business and sell whatever goods he wants to, without being dictated to by every manufacturer that comes along."

And he told him the tale of the struggle up to date.

"Well," said Woods, "it's imposition of the worst kind, I admit. But it can't be helped. We're up against much the same proposition the Indians were, when the white man first came around. They had right and justice on their side all right, but it didn't cut much of a figure against the paleface guns. The Indians went down and out, and I guess we'll follow suit. We are beginning to feel the touch of the thumbscrews ourselves, up at the house. The fact is, they've given us a gentle hint that if we keep on selling to you, they'll smash our credit. Pleasant, isn't it?"

"It's a cursed outrage!" exclaimed Fraser.

"Exactly. But you'll have to submit. So will we."

"You mean that you have agreed not to sell me goods?"

"We haven't yet, but it's coming to that. Man, man, can't you see you're beaten? You've got to give in. What harm can you do such a corporation as Turnables when the little loss they sustain by this struggle in Renshaw is more than made up by an imperceptible raise in prices in twenty or thirty other towns? When I was a rebellious little kid they

used to lock me up in a dark room and I used to raise Ned in there and kick my hardest at the door, but it never did any mortal harm to anything but my own toes. I learned to submit in those days, and the experience has been useful to me since. You've got to learn it now. They've got you beat, Fraser, I tell you. The Turnable power is too great for any one man."

"Submit?" thundered Fraser. "Submit to such an imposition as that? What do you take me for? Not as long as I have a single breath in my body or one dollar to chink against another will I yield to any such damned, unmitigated tyranny. Why it's an outrage! It's a disgrace to the business methods of the nineteenth century!"

"Well, maybe," said Woods, as he rose to go. "But don't say I didn't warn you."

It was past closing time and the clerks had all left. Fraser paced like a tiger up and down the shop, every fibre of his being in revolt at the injustice. It was not the financial loss he would sustain either by selling out or becoming an agent for the big company that disturbed him; he would have faced that as bravely as he had many another trial. It was the thought of seeing his cherished business pass into other hands, of having his shop degenerate into a mere storehouse for Turnable goods that seemed as bitter as the death of a dearly beloved one. It would be a gross ingratitude to so defile the business that had stood by him through good and evil days. And he would not have it so. Sooner would he face death itself.

So he strode back and forth with blazing eyes, white face and clenched hands. It was the same light that had burned in many another Fraser's eyes in days gone by, at Flodden and Killecrankie and Culloden, and many a hard-fought clan battle and fierce foray. And from far back among those Highland forbears, born of their turbulent life among the grey hills and wild heather-clad moorlands, came down to him, clear and strong through the generations, the same bold intolerance of oppression, the capacity for sustained vindictiveness, and the

fierce-burning Scottish pride that deigned to ask quarter from no man, nor knew any commerce with an enemy but the skene-dhu beneath the fifth rib. At that moment Fraser was a thoroughly dangerous man.

Morley, the Renshaw manager for Turnable & Co., had surely never chosen so inopportune a moment for an interview with a beaten adversary.

"I've called to see if we could not come to some agreement about handling our goods, Mr. Fraser," he said. "You see, even though the commencement of hostilities cannot be laid to our door, we are willing to make some little sacrifice to ensure peace. While of course Turnable & Co. have by no means come to the end of their resources, they are aware that any commercial strife necessarily entails considerable loss. Now we have thought the matter over very carefully and we have a proposition to submit to you. We are willing to agree to adhere to any reasonable scale of prices which you may arrange, if you, in return, will pledge yourself to handle our products exclusively. We are confident that you will, upon reflection, see the expediency of embracing this offer, which is, I can assure you, much more generous than Turnable & Co. are usually disposed to make. Personally, it would give me the greatest pleasure for us to work together in harmony and—and—"

His voice died away in dismay when Fraser turned upon him with a snarl like a timber wolf.

"You are willing to make some sacrifice, are you, you damned, good, pious soul? And I began the hostilities, did I? Well let me tell you, I will be in at the death. I will be in at the death. D'you hear, you smirking villain?"

In a paroxysm of rage he sprang forward and seized the other by the throat. Morley was a young man and muscular, but he was an infant in that grasp. The abnormal excitement of the last few minutes had momentarily hardened Fraser's flabby muscles into sinews worthy the hind leg of a stag.

"Now, will you hear my answer?" he shouted. "Turnable & Co. can go to the devil with their generous offer, and so

can you. I wouldn't sell a single can of your cursed preparations to keep my soul from burning in everlasting hell. D'you understand that for plain, downright English? It's damned seldom that you can hear any straightforward talking around Turnable & Co.'s premises, I'll be bound. And if you ever dare to show your face again about my place, I'll wring your sparrow's neck. D'you understand that? Eh? Do you?"

And with every question he gave his man a shake, finally dropping him contemptuously, a limp figure, leaning heavily against the counter.

"Bah! I suppose it's no use talking to you, who are only a sort of half-bred spaniel after all, trained to retrieve your master's game. I must see Turnable himself. He is the man to answer for this insult. And he shall," he went on, bringing his fist down with a bang on the counter, "he shall, by heavens!"

Morley retreated to the door and stood there, white to the lips.

"You had better take time to reflect, Fraser," he said, in a voice that floated thin and weak upon the air after Fraser's bellowing thunders. "You are not yourself to-night."

But Fraser had already turned his back upon him.

"Get out! Get out!" he said.

W. H. Turnable, the president of Turnable & Co., in the course of a motor tour, arrived at Niagara Falls, N.Y., accompanied by his wife and daughter. They stopped at the Cataract House. It was the very night of Morley's ignominious ejection from Fraser's store, and the next morning Fraser himself strode into the Cataract House office. His clothes were disordered, his face was very white and his eyes were still blazing. The clerk looked at him curiously, when he searched the register. Men labouring under similar

mental excitement at the Falls are apt to be watched, as possible pilgrims to Suicide's Point.

At 9.30, a lady and gentleman came down the stairs on their way to the entrance. Fraser inquired of the clerk who they were. Then he called to them.

"Mr. Turnable, I want to see you."

The gentleman paused and stepped forward to the office door.

"My name is I. G. Fraser. I am a grocer in Renshaw, Ont. I am probably the last one you have ruined, and I am determined that I shall be the last one you ever will ruin. Mrs. Turnable," he went on, for the lady, too, was now standing in the doorway, "I am very sorry that your husband's rapacity has made you a widow."

And he suddenly produced a revolver and fired. But during this speech the clerk had had time to realise his intentions. He had reached for a box of cigars and now hurled it at Fraser's head. It struck him full in the face just as he fired, and destroyed his aim. The bullet harmlessly shivered the transom.

Mr. Turnable seized his wife and swung her into safety in the hall. The occupants of the room dashed forward at Fraser. He fought them off and sprang back against the farthest wall, then backed slowly into the billiard room, where, for the moment, none dared to follow him. His victim had escaped him after all.

"They've got you beat, Fraser, I tell you. The Turnable power is too great for any one man." Woods' words came to him now. They had been true, even at the last.

The men were making ready again for a rush into the room at him, but Fraser merely glanced at them. Then he turned the revolver upon himself. When he fired this time he did not miss his aim.



An Editorial Rainbow

The Strange Experience of a Canadian Free Lance

By G. M. L. BROWN



HIS is the story, as I have heard Saunders tell it over and over again. Unfortunately his modesty has not permitted him to repeat it before authors or newspaper men—for fear of publicity, I suppose. To me this has seemed a great pity, as it should encourage young writers—especially Canadian writers—to persevere; hence I give the story myself.

After Saunders had been a few months in New York, he decided to confine his literary endeavours to short stories, for which he had a tolerably sure market with seven popular magazines. Toward the end of his first year in the city, in fact, he found that he had sold exactly four stories to each of these publications, and had consequently received therefrom twenty-eight goodly checks. Not content with such an excellent record, however, he resolved to round out the year with seven more acceptances, and forthwith settled down to his task.

After two weeks of strong coffee, gaslight, and cigarettes, he had the satisfaction of mailing the seventh and last manuscript; whereupon he not unwisely decided to take a rest. The title of the stories, as well as I can remember, and the names of the magazines he sent them to, are as follows:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—McPherson's.

TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—Crandall's Weekly.

THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—Anybody's Magazine.

PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—Purdy's.

THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—Achievement.

A MAY DAY WEDDING—The Ladies' Delight.

AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—The Universal.

Saunders had weighed the matter so thoroughly before making this allotment,

that he smiled in anticipation of speedy returns. As a matter of fact, the returns came promptly enough, but were not of such a nature as to gratify a rising young author. The MSS., in short, were rejected—all seven of them—with a unanimity and dispatch as admirable as it was disconcerting. Nothing daunted, however, Saunders readjusted his list and sent the stories out in the following order:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—Purdy's.
TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—Achievement.

THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—The Ladies' Delight.

PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—The Universal.

THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—McPherson's.

A MAY DAY WEDDING—Crandall's Weekly.

AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—Anybody's Magazine.

This combination was no more successful; moreover, Saunders noticed with dismay that the manuscripts bore evidence of rough usage in the mail. But his faith was in the quality of the fiction, not in outward embellishments, so he straightway prepared for a third editorial invasion. The stories were now directed:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—The Ladies' Delight.

TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—The Universal.

THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—McPherson's.

PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—Crandall's Weekly.

THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—Anybody's Magazine.

A MAY DAY WEDDING—Purdy's.

AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—Achievement.

The results were no better; again the MSS. were flung back at him, their corners doubled, their edges frayed, all their crispness gone—truly a sorry lot, thought Saunders, as he surveyed them. Steam and hot irons, however, have a wonder-

fully reviving effect upon crumpled paper, as has old Scotch and Vichy upon a discouraged writer; so that in half an hour's time Saunders had seven tolerably respectable looking manuscripts ready once more for the mail. And this was the disposition that he made of them:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—Crandall's Weekly.

TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—Anybody's Magazine.

THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—Purdy's.

PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—Achievement.

THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—The Ladies' Delight.

A MAY DAY WEDDING—The Universal.

AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—McPherson's.

Back they came again—"like so many homing pigeons," Saunders observed to his room-mate, who had taken no slight interest in the enterprise, and had proffered the advice and sympathy usual in such circumstances.

"But I can't say they don't work," he continued, "for they bring back nice little printed messages every time. I hope I'm not exercising them too hard!"

And he sent them out again, as follows:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—The Universal.

TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—McPherson's.

THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—Crandall's Weekly.

PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—Anybody's Magazine.

THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—Purdy's.

A MAY DAY WEDDING—Achievement.

AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—The Ladies' Delight.

After the return of the last straggler from this expedition, Saunders began to find the arrangement of further combinations a difficult matter.

"I don't think there are many more combinations to make," he remarked.

His room-mate laughed. "There are exactly two more—can't you see that?" he asked. "Unless, of course, you want to send them around a second time."

Saunders gritted his teeth and turned to the problem before him. When he had solved it, he stamped and addressed seven new envelopes; and the manuscripts went out in this order:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—Anybody's Magazine.

TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—Purdy's.

THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—Achievement.

PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—The Ladies' Delight.

THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—The Universal.

A MAY DAY WEDDING—McPherson's.

AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—Crandall's Weekly.

With the septet again arrayed upon his desk, Saunders became so discouraged that he began to think of forsaking literature for the surer paths of commerce. He had recently been offered a position in the Klondyke, and the more he thought of it the less distasteful the proposal appeared. After some reflection he decided to give the recalcitrant editors one final chance, and let the results determine his course of action. Surmising, however, what the outcome would be, he craftily made capital of a probable event to render the same improbable. In short, he enclosed farewell letters with each manuscript, hoping thereby to lessen materially his chance of going. There was but one remaining combination to adopt, so the stories were directed:

THE HOWL OF THE WOLF—Achievement.

TWO LOVERS AND A MAID—The Ladies' Delight.

THE BRAVE BUCCANEER—The Universal.

PERKINS OF SHEEP RANCH FAME—McPherson's.

THE WIND FROM THE NORTH—Crandall's Weekly.

A MAY DAY WEDDING—Anybody's Magazine.

AN INTERPLANETARY ROMANCE—Purdy's.

When the unlucky missives were safely on their way, Saunders breathed a sigh of relief. He had played his last card, and he defied Fate to do her worst. Consequently his face wore the smile of contentment that generally comes at such a crisis. If he couldn't live in the East there was a home for him in the West, so the editors be —! In this frame of mind he began to speculate as to which story would be back first. The "Wolf" had generally been in the lead, but he now favoured the "Buccaneer," even to betting

half a dollar with his room-mate on that manuscript. On the eve of the anniversary of his arrival in New York, he began to pack his trunk.

The day following, as if by appointment, the stories came trooping back, the "Wolf" again in the lead, but the other six close on its heels. Saunders received them with a good-natured laugh and placed them in his open trunk. After handing fifty cents to his room-mate, however, he decided that the waste basket was a better place for such material, and accordingly tossed them out upon the floor. There they lay, seven disreputable, useless documents with an aggregate postage charge against them, as Saunders estimated, of seven dollars and eighty-four cents. It was exasperating.

Seizing a broom he began to sweep them into the corner, hastening the operation by an occasional well-aimed kick. No words could so well have expressed his sentiments. As he did so, however, he noticed that a slip of red protruded from one of the envelopes. He stooped to investigate and found it to be a check from McPherson's for fifty dollars. The editor informed him in the accompanying note that he deeply regretted Saunderson's change of plans, and wished very much to procure another story from him before he should leave. "Perkins of Sheep Ranch Fame," unfortunately, was too similar to a story they had recently accepted to prove available, but if Mr. Saunders could return to them "The Howl of the Wolf," which they had inadvertently let slip through their fingers, they would gladly pay him the sum of fifty dollars, a check

for which they begged to enclose. If Mr. Saunders had already parted with that admirable story, could he not write them another on similar lines? Furthermore, should he reconsider his trip to the West, they were in a position to promise him several valuable commissions in the near future. In any case, they desired Mr. Saunders to run in and see them that they might have the pleasure of discussing the matter with him.

Well, you may believe it or not, just as you choose, but the other editors had done the very same thing—returned the last MS. and asked for the story that Saunders had submitted in the first place. Each editor, moreover, enclosed a check, and the seven checks totalled exactly three hundred and fifty dollars. It was a tremendous triumph for Saunders, being, as his room-mate pointed out, no less a tribute to his judgment and diplomacy than to his persistence and grit.

But the most unique part of the affair has yet to be told, and, really this might seem to savour of the improbable. Each of those seven checks, it appears, was of a different colour, and the more Saunders looked at them the more puzzled he became. After he had re-directed the MSS. to their final destination, he arranged the checks on the desk and gazed hard and thoughtfully. Then a light broke upon him. The checks were of the seven prismatic colours—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

"A perfect rainbow!" he called excitedly to his room-mate, his eyes fastened on the bits of colour; "I take that as a promise of a great career."



The Fallacy of the Young Nation



HERE are two British writers of the present day whom it would be both dangerous and untrue to term "common-place." They are George Bernard Shaw and Gilbert K. Chesterton. We may declare of the latter what we may not of the former: he frequently cheers and never irritates. In his essay on the subject of young nations, falsely so-called, Mr. Chesterton makes some startling assertions which are of immediate interest to Canadians as well as to the many millions popularly called Americans:

"I wish to speak of a general delusion. It pervades the minds and speeches of all the practical men of all parties; and it is a childish blunder built upon a single false metaphor. I refer to the universal modern talk about young nations and new nations; about America being young; about New Zealand being new. The whole thing is a trick of words. America is not young, New Zealand is not new. It is a very discussable question whether they are not both much older than England or Ireland.

"Of course we may use the metaphor of youth about America or the colonies, if we use it strictly as implying only a recent origin. But if we use it (as we do use it) as implying vigour, or vivacity, or crudity, or inexperience, or hope, or a long life before them, or any of the romantic attributes of youth, then it is surely as clear as daylight that we are duped by a stale figure of speech. . . . That America was founded long after England does not make it, even in the faintest degree, more probable that America will not perish a long time before England. That England existed before her colonies, does not make it any the less likely that she will exist after her colonies. When we look at the actual history of the world, we find that if there is a thing that is born old and dies young, it is a colony.

"The colonies may have given England a new emotion; I only say that they have not given the world a new book.

"Touching these English colonies, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not say of them, or of America, that they have not a future, or that they will not be great nations. . . . All the absurd physical metaphors, such as youth and age, living and dying, are, when applied to nations, but pseudo-scientific attempts to conceal from men the awful liberty of their lonely souls.

"There are three main shapes or symbols in which a nation can show itself essentially glad and great—by the heroic in government, by the heroic in arms, and by the heroic in art. Beyond government, which is, as it were, the very shape and body of a nation, the most significant thing about any citizen is his artistic attitude towards a holiday and his moral attitude towards a fight—that is, his way of accepting life and his way of accepting death.

"When we come to the last test of nationality, the test of art and letters, the case is almost terrible. The English colonies have produced no great artists; and that fact may prove that they are still full of silent possibilities and reserve force. But America has produced great artists. And that fact most certainly proves that she is full of a fine futility and the end of all things. Whatever the American men of genius are, they are not young gods making a young world. Is the art of Whistler a brave, barbaric art, happy and headlong? Does Mr. Henry James infect us with the spirit of a school-boy? No; the colonies have not spoken and they are safe. Their silence may be the silence of the unborn. But out of America has come a sweet and startling cry, as unmistakable as the cry of a dying man."

But has Mr. Chesterton read Mark Twain?



VIEW OF FORT WILLIAM HARBOUR, SHOWING C.P.R. ELEVATOR B

The Port of Western Canada

By J. R. LUMBY

From the flash of the Indian paddle, to the throb of the steamer's screw;
From the halting steps of the old days, to the rush of the busy new;
From the mart of the trapper's peltry, to the port where back and forth
Ply the laden treasure-vessels of the *Empress of the North*.



SEA-PORT in the centre of a continent, lying almost midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, the spot where now stands the town of Fort William, has long been the rendezvous and starting-point of all who journey westward beyond the Great Lakes into the grassy plains of the western prairies. It was here that the two great rivals for the trade of that then unknown empire planted their most important trading-posts. Later, when the Northwest Fur Company combined with its powerful rival (anticipating, by nearly a century, the methods of modern trusts), it was near the mouth of the Kaministiquia River that the Hudson's Bay Company of adventurers established the fort that for years witnessed the annual foregathering of the traders, whose army, scattered for twelve months from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, from the Missouri in the south to the Mackenzie river in the north, once a year swept in their bales of

furs to this pivotal point, and received the supplies which would carry them through the twelve months of barter and hunting which must elapse before the next reunion.

Side by side with the trader came the other great pioneering force of the white man. Almost as soon as the men of commerce had built a fort, the black-robed Jesuit Fathers were establishing a mission, taking possession of the south bank of the river, upon one of the islands forming a delta at its mouth. Subsequently they re-located their church, their convent, and their schools upon the mainland higher up the stream, where they remain to-day, soon however to be removed to further the plans of the remorseless commercialism of the twentieth century. A span of only thirty years divides the old order of things from the new. It is only thirty years ago that the Canadian Government, after the planting of a straggling settlement of farmers in Manitoba by Lord Selkirk, and the rise and fall of the first half-breed

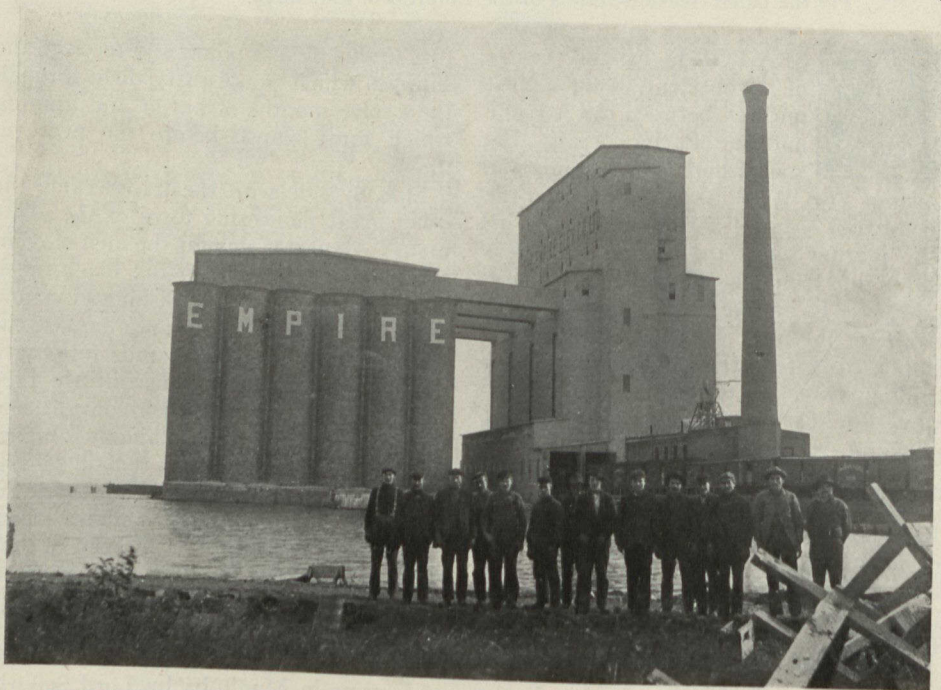


KAKABEKA FALLS, SIXTEEN MILES FROM FORT WILLIAM

rebellion under Louis Riel, decided to connect the east and the west by a line of railway, and took the initial steps which have resulted in making Fort William the centre of the railway systems which

radiate through the Western provinces, as it formerly was the focal point at which the trails of the voyageur converged.

With the Hudson's Bay Company the past of the town was intimately bound up,



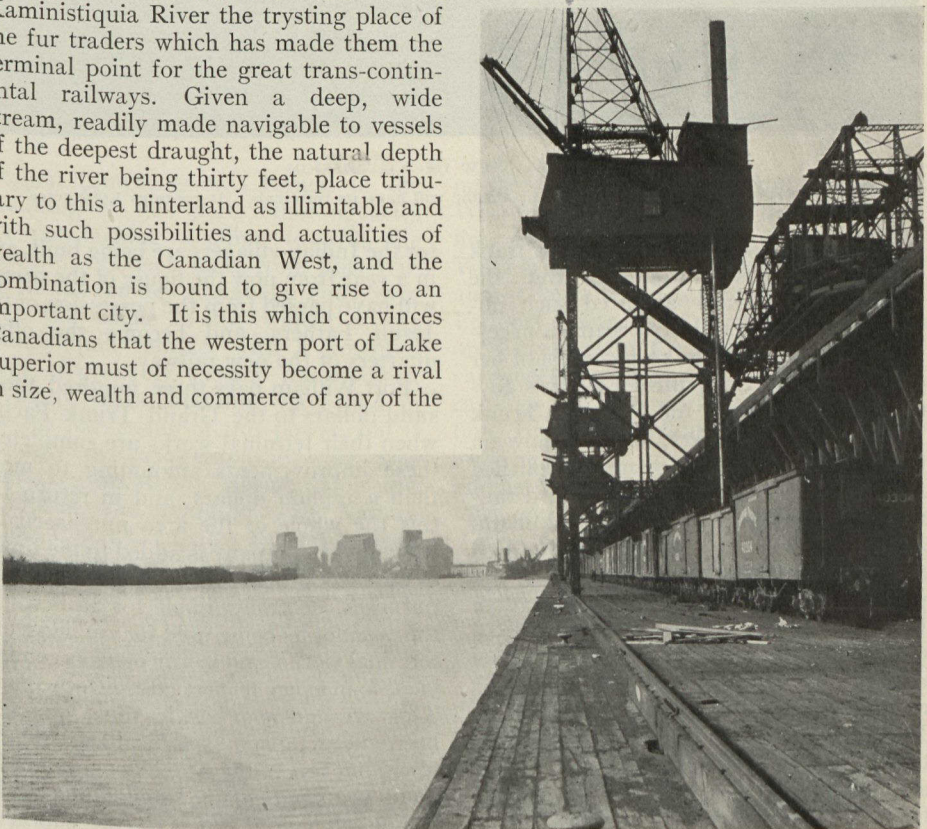
EMPIRE ELEVATOR AT THE MOUTH OF KAMINISTQUIA RIVER. FIRST INDEPENDENT ELEVATOR BUILT. CAPACITY, 1,500,000 BUSHELS

and the changes which have revolutionised the old company are mirrored in the transformation of their fort from trading-post to city. The building up of a modern industrial civilisation in Western Canada has turned the Hudson's Bay Company post to a replica of the departmental store of the east, and replaced the leather-shirted, moccasined factor by a staff of well-groomed clerks and damsels. In like manner it has torn down their stone fortifications on the river bank to make room for the terminal works of a great railway system, built elevators and huge freight sheds in lieu of the old warehouses, while the last remaining relic of the fort is converted into the offices for the coal plant of the Canadian Pacific Railway, where over half a million tons of coal are annually passed over the docks to be used up in the industries of the West.

It was, after all, the same natural advantages which made the banks of the Kaministiquia River the trysting place of the fur traders which has made them the terminal point for the great trans-continental railways. Given a deep, wide stream, readily made navigable to vessels of the deepest draught, the natural depth of the river being thirty feet, place tributary to this a hinterland as illimitable and with such possibilities and actualities of wealth as the Canadian West, and the combination is bound to give rise to an important city. It is this which convinces Canadians that the western port of Lake Superior must of necessity become a rival in size, wealth and commerce of any of the

American lake port towns which have been fostered by the settlement and development of the Western States. The growth of this port is not a matter of merely local concern, it is one of national interest to the whole Dominion, and the increasing expenditure of public money upon harbour works and improvements shows that the fact is recognised at Ottawa.

As the lake terminal of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Fort William moved slowly forward, keeping pace with the slow development that marked the first decade of Western settlement. A second trans-continental railway was projected and came into being, and, under the skilful management of Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, the Canadian Northern became a factor in the building up of the West. Their lake terminal was at Port Arthur, on the shores of the bay about four miles from Fort William, their line of railway



CANADIAN PACIFIC COAL DOCKS ON SITE OF HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FORT



GENERAL VIEW OF R.C. MISSION

The property on which the Grand Trunk Pacific will have its terminals. It contains 1,600 acres

traversing Fort William, with a spur track tapping the river frontage. But the movement westward acquired such impetus that a third railway became a necessity, if Canada were to keep control of her own trade, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government launched the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway project, which is now on the high way to becoming an accomplished fact. For the lake port of this third railway, the management chose Fort William, and acquired a tract of sixteen hundred acres on the south bank of the river, opposite to the river frontage of the Canadian Pacific Railway. They have purchased their lands from the Indians, of whose reserve they formed a part. This has rendered necessary a second exodus of the Mission, with its churches and convent, to a point farther down the lake where, for a time at least, the priests and their little flock of Christian natives can rest undisturbed by the insistent demands of modern industrialism. Already the new homes

for the Indian villagers are being built, and in a year from now the house of the priests will have passed from the possession of the Jesuit Fathers, and become the office quarters of the new railway.

Fort William pays three hundred thousand dollars to the Grand Trunk Pacific when their terminal works are completed, these improvements amounting to more than a million dollars, and in return for this the whole of the area purchased by the railway company is added to the limits of the corporation. It is taxable for school purposes, becoming liable for all taxes in the event of its being used for anything but terminal works, and in any event becoming taxable in every respect after fifteen years. This arrangement has in some quarters been characterised as a hard one for the town, but few of the people would alter it, if any proposed change involved the establishing of a rival town on the southern bank of the Kaministiquia River.

While the interest of two powerful trans-



CONCRETE PIPE 10½ FEET IN DIAMETER LEADING FROM INTAKE TO FOREBAY OR RESERVOIR

portation companies was turned to the upbuilding of this port, other agencies were not lacking, tending towards the same end. Sixteen miles from Fort William lie the famous Kakabeka Falls, over which the whole of the waters of the Kaministiquia tumble, with a potential energy of probably 200,000 horse-power. For many years capitalists have had in view the harnessing of this power, but it was only in 1905 that the work was undertaken by Messrs. Hosmer, Holt and Thompson, who organised as the Kaministiquia Power Company, and set to work with such vigour that there is now available 14,000 horse-power delivered at the company's central distributing station in the town of Fort William. Part of this is bespoken, but the greater portion is still on the market at reasonable rates for the use of manufacturers. Cheap electric power, together with the low freight rates by water on raw material from eastern points to Fort William, form a combination that will have, in fact is now having, a powerful effect in attracting manufacturers to a point where they have the expanding

markets of the whole of the Canadian West brought in touch with them by three lines of railway which converge in Fort William, at a point where the three tracks almost coincide. The Canadian Iron and Foundry Company have commenced work on a large plant for the manufacture of car-wheels, iron waterpipe, and heavy castings, and other works are in contemplation, while the building by independent grain companies of terminal elevators is adding yearly to the storage capacity in the town, which now totals 12,000,000 bushels.

The turning on of the electric current by the Kaministiquia Power Company marks an era in the history of the town no less important than those ushered in by the turning of the first sod of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Fort William, or the similar ceremony which took place, thirty years later, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier turned the first sod of the Grand Trunk Pacific. By special arrangement with the power company it was left to President Cockshutt, of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, to press the button which started the first wheels moving by



TWO SEVEN-FOOT PENSTOCKS FROM FOREBAY TO POWER HOUSE, 180 FEET OF HEAD

the new power. At the luncheon given to the visiting manufacturers by the town, a small printing press was installed in the room, and arranged so as to be driven by an individual motor supplied with its motive power from the new source.

When the President completed the connection, badges commemorative of the occasion were printed in the sight of the company and distributed to the guests as mementoes of the completion of this great project. Nothing could have been devised that would more thoroughly impress upon the minds of the interested spectators the fact that fresh opportunities for manufacturing were now being opened up at the head of lakes and at the gateway of the newest West.

Across the Kaministiquia, just below the intake, a dam has been thrown, 20 feet in height, there being already a depth of 14 feet in the river at this point. The design of this dam is such as to admit the passage of the maximum flow of water, without materially affecting the levels of the upper reaches of the river

when it is in flood, while retaining enough to keep the big flume filled to its capacity even when the stream is at its lowest.

From the point of intake to the outlet into the main reservoir, which is on the brow of a steep ridge overlooking the site of the power-house, 180 feet below, this pipe lies practically level for a distance of 7,000 feet, and after being discharged into this reservoir the water is divided and flows through two seven-foot penstocks that run at a steep incline to the waterwheels on the bank of the river.

The reservoir into which the flume discharges is a massive structure of concrete and steel, from which are fed two steel penstocks leading direct to the turbine wheels, 180 feet below. Each of these wheels will be capable of developing 7,000 horse-power, the initial development which is now under way being thus 14,000 horse-power. The plans are, however, being prepared, and the work laid out so as to permit of this being doubled at any time by the building of a second flume and providing two

additional penstocks, all the rest of the plant being capable of working to the double capacity.

Meantime the town itself, recognising its responsibilities, has not been backward in municipal improvements. An alarm of typhoid fever in the latter part of the winter of 1905 and 1906 has caused the construction of a gravity water system from a lake behind Mount McKay, whence, from an elevation of 350 feet, an ample supply of pure water, under great pressure, is obtained, sufficient to supply a city of 100,000 inhabitants. This water system, electric lighting, telephone and all public utilities, are owned by the municipality, with the result that the public is served at a minimum cost, and any profit accruing therefrom is for the benefit of the entire community.

With the enormous increase of population now taking place in the newer west of Canada, an increase which has not yet reached its maximum speed, and with the wealth which is being accumulated, creating new markets and a demand for every accessory of civilised life, it is only reasonable to conjecture that at some point convenient to this territory there must be established a manufacturing and distributing centre from which the whole Western Territory will be supplied. Despite the fact that adventitious circumstances have built up important cities inland, it still seems more than probable, almost certain, that the largest portion of that trade will be done at the head of navigation, at the point indicated by the natural facilities which make Fort William the common gathering place of the earliest pioneers in western trade.

Although for a time the chance action of men may direct commerce from its natural channel, yet in the end the laws of nature will demand that it shall follow the line of least resistance; and then the Canadian city at the head of Lake Superior will occupy the position which has been secured by ports similarly situated on the inland lake frontage of the United States. Nothing can now check the progress of the West, and no place is more intimately bound up with and more sensitive to the welfare, or the reverse, of the West than Fort William.

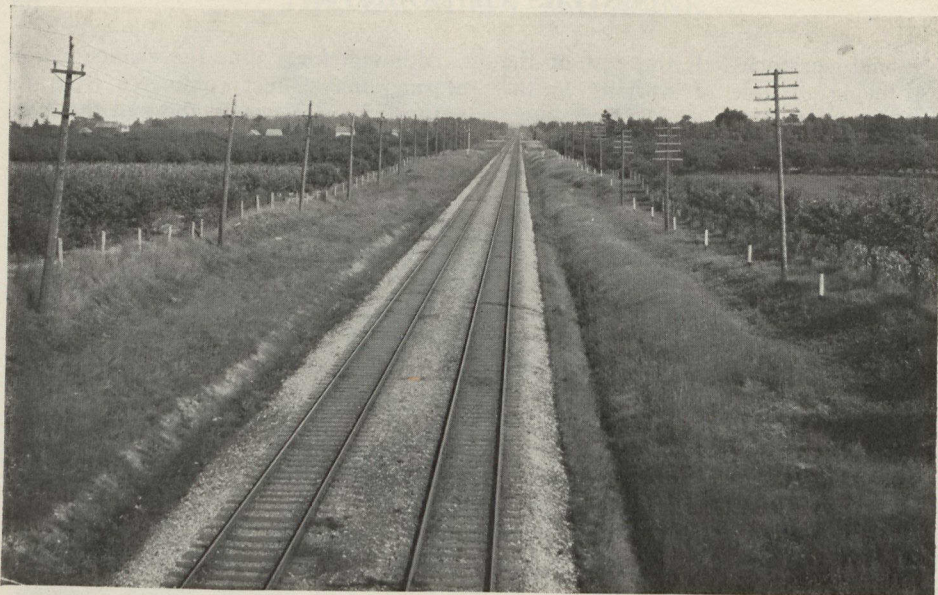
Prosperity demands both the opportunity and the man. The resources may be golden, but he who makes use of them must have the wit to recognise their auriferous possibilities. In Canada, the occasion has usually brought with it those who have the facility for development, and this has been the history of the fort-named town. By the irony of fate the harnessing of Kakabeka Falls has fallen into the hands of parties totally unconnected with the two original contestants for the right of ownership.

The forecast made by Lord Dufferin concerning the West was considered wildly extravagant thirty years ago. But the great diplomat was a seer as well, and his words have been amply fulfilled. There is nothing tentative or experimental about the preparations being made to meet the demands of a large and vigorous population in the region between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. Wherefore, Fort William may at no distant date find itself in a prouder position than ancient Venice, holding both the East and West in fee.

Sisters of Sorrow

BY INGLIS MORSE

WHEN daylight fades
 The stars appear;
 When Sorrow bides
 Then Faith is near.
 When dark Despair
 Sits by the tomb,
 Then Hope dispels
 Th' enshrouding gloom.




A GLIMPSE OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND CHICAGO

The Linking of Montreal and Toronto

Fifty Years of Railroad Communication

By *W. ARNOT CRAICK*

N Monday, October 27th, 1856, an event occurred in the history of the Canadian people, which was heralded by the press of that day as "undoubtedly the most notable in the annals of our country."

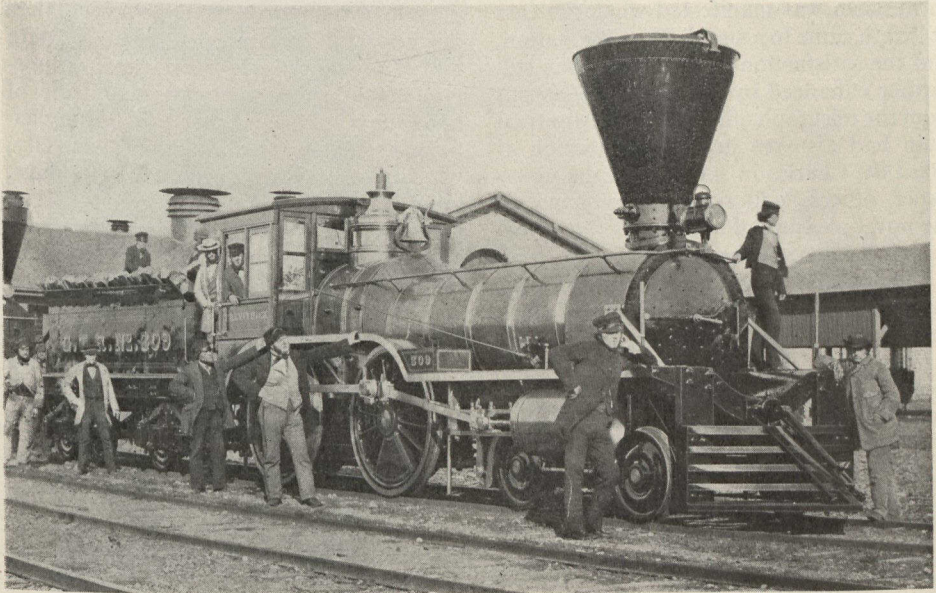
For the first time rail communication between the two foremost cities of Canada—Montreal and Toronto—had been definitely established and trains had traversed the entire length of the line in both directions with safety and despatch. The inauguration of this service on that day by the Grand Trunk Railway Company marked the culmination of the labour of years. It was an event which was as epoch-making to the people of Canada then as was the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent to a later generation.

It was in 1852 that the Grand Trunk Railway project was decided upon, and the work of construction begun, with

Messrs. Jackson, Peto, Brassey and Betts as contractors. At first money was procurable at the low rate of two and one-half per cent., and the work was carried along expeditiously. Unfortunately the outbreak of the Crimean War raised the rate to seven per cent., and the outlook became very dark. In this emergency the Government was appealed to, and, by means of large subsidies, succeeded in keeping building operations going. Finally, after a great many obstacles had been surmounted, the last rail was spiked down.

On October 20th, the first train to make the through trip from Montreal to Toronto reached the latter city, having on board Mr. A. M. Ross, the chief engineer of the company; Mr. Betts, one of the contractors, and several officials. Though the work of ballasting had not been completed excellent time was made, a speed of forty, fifty, and, at times, sixty miles an hour having been obtained.

On the following Monday all was



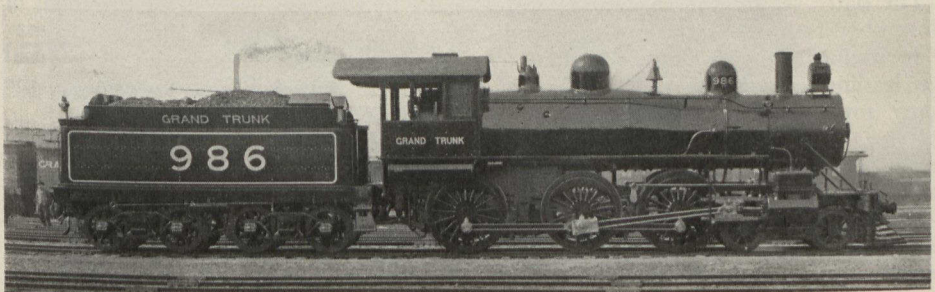
STANDARD GRAND TRUNK LOCOMOTIVE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

in readiness to inaugurate the regular through service. In accordance with the notices, which had been inserted in the newspapers of both cities during the preceding week, a train left Toronto for Montreal at seven o'clock in the morning, and half an hour later a similar train was despatched from the eastern terminus, en route for Toronto. Both trains were made up of three first-class and three second-class coaches, and both carried a goodly number of passengers and the mails. Among those on board the Toronto train were Sir John Beverley-Robinson and Mr. A. M. Ross.

All things considered, excellent time was made. District headquarters at Belle-

ville and Brockville were reached very nearly on schedule, and about two o'clock the two trains steamed into the depot at Kingston. After a stop of half an hour the journey was resumed. There was an absence of demonstration along the line, and only a few curious spectators were to be observed at the various stations.

Towards nine o'clock in the evening a crowd began to congregate at the Don Station, then the terminus of the railroad in Toronto, in order to welcome the first passengers to arrive in the city by rail from Montreal. The train was due at half-past nine, but it was after ten before the headlight of the locomotive was descried coming down the Scarboro hill. Considerable



STANDARD 10-WHEEL PASSENGER ENGINE OF TO-DAY. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

enthusiasm was manifested when the cars at length came to a standstill at the station, and the satisfaction of the crowd was still further enhanced by the news handed out from the telegraph office, that the Montreal train had also reached its destination at Point St. Charles in safety. In the newspaper offices, editors were rejoicing in the novel pleasure of reading the Montreal morning papers of the same date.

Celebrations in honour of the opening of the various sections of the road had been held from time to time during the preceding months. These jollifications usually took the form of a complimentary excursion over the completed line, a luncheon or banquet at the terminus, and frequently a big public ball. In November of the preceding year there had been just such a celebration in Montreal in honour of the opening of the line to Brockville. On December 20th of the same year, Torontonians had celebrated the completion of the Hamilton and Toronto Railway.

On August 29th, 1856, Oshawa had been the scene of a demonstration, and on October 8th, Stratford had celebrated the entrance of the road from Toronto.

When at length the three hundred and thirty-three miles lying between Montreal and Toronto had been opened and trains were running regularly over the new road, it was deemed fitting that something a little more elaborate should be provided in honour of the event. In anticipation of the completion of this important link in the country's railroad system, a committee of Montreal citizens had been appointed to evolve a plan of celebration. At their first meeting the sum of £3,000 had been subscribed, and this was subsequently largely augmented.

The dates set for the celebration were November 12th and 13th, and thousands of invitations were sent out, not alone to the leading citizens of Canada, but to many prominent people in the United States as well. In each case free transportation to Montreal over every necessary railroad was included.

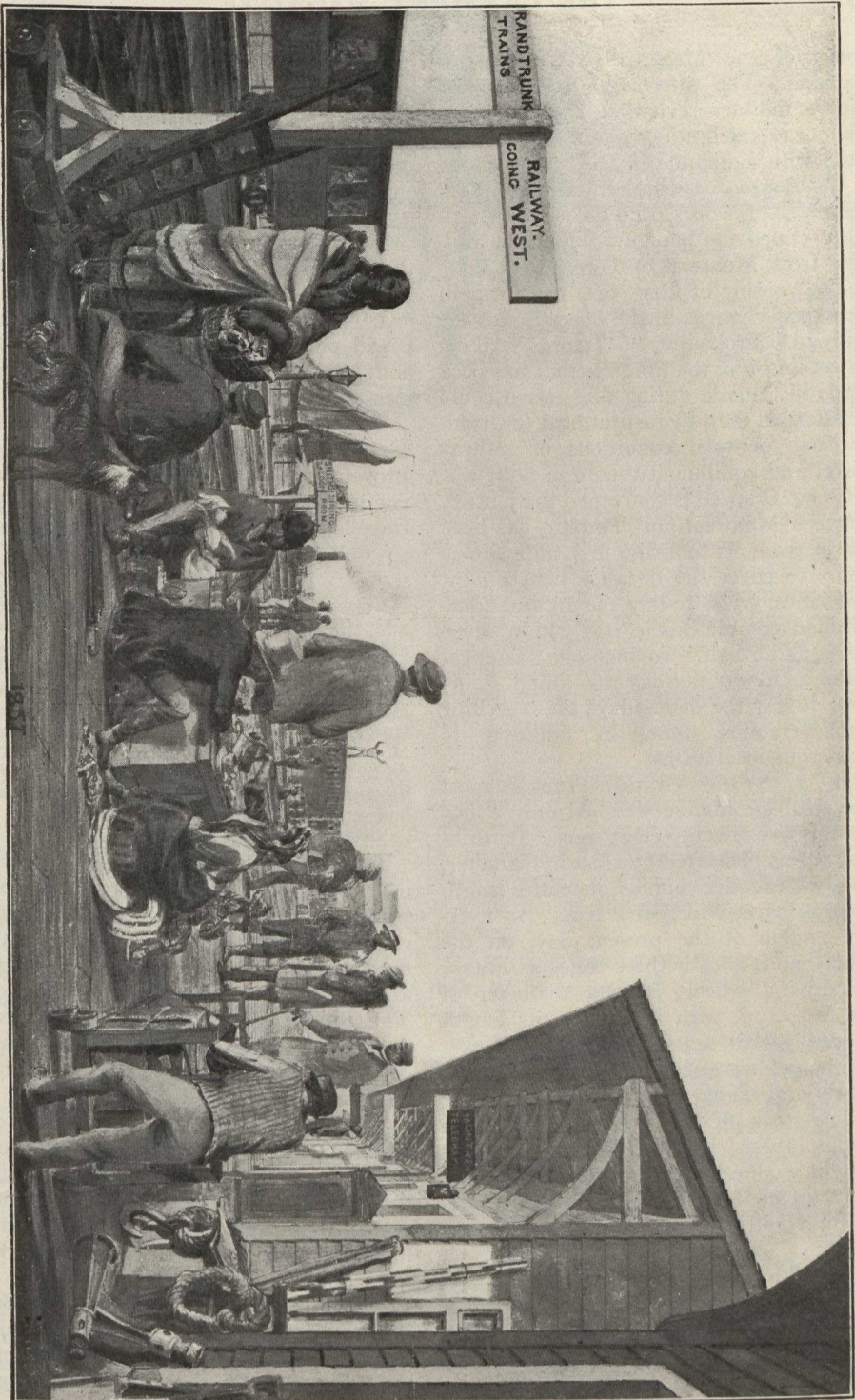
In the glowing words of a scribe of that day, "The celebration was of the most brilliant and magnificent description, rivalling, in the opinion of all the American citizens who were present, the grandest

demonstrations which have ever taken place on this side of the ocean." With due regard to the writer's sense of proportion, the event was undoubtedly one of much importance. Fifteen thousand visitors augmented the population of the city, which was lavishly decorated with flags, bunting, arches and inscriptions. The Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head, and his suite, honoured the occasion with their presence and many distinguished gentlemen accepted the proffered hospitality of the railroad company.

The contingent from Toronto and Western Ontario, occupying a train of fifteen cars, arrived at Point St. Charles late on the evening of the 11th, and were driven into the city beneath illuminated arches and between huge bonfires. On the following morning a trades procession formed up in Commissioner (now Victoria) Square, and paraded the principal streets. At the conclusion of the parade a huge banquet was tendered to the visitors in the railroad sheds at Point St. Charles. Accommodation for five thousand guests was provided and the ten long tables groaned beneath the weight of the fruit, fowl, sandwiches, sherry and champagne, which was heaped upon them. Above the Chairman's table, the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes were intertwined, while bunting and flags in profusion turned the dismal shed into a place of light and beauty.

The toast to the Queen was responded to by Sir Edmund Head, who in turn proposed the health of the President of the United States. To this Senator Wilson replied. The toast to the United States guests was responded to by ex-Governor Kent, that to Canada by Judge Day, and that to the Grand Trunk Railway Company by the Hon. John Ross, President of the company. The only incident to mar the pleasure of the occasion was the refusal of the St. Patrick Society to drink to the health of the Governor-General.

In the evening a most elaborate torchlight procession was organised. On the following morning an excursion was run by boat to the Victoria Bridge, which was then in the initial stages of its construction. After the visitors had inspected the works they boarded a train of twenty-one cars and were taken to see the new wheel-



THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY STATION, TORONTO, 1857

Painted by W. Armstrong

house of the Montreal waterworks at Lachine. The afternoon was occupied with a military review at Logan's farm, while the celebration was brought to a close with a mammoth ball that evening in the Bonsecours Market and a brilliant display of fireworks from the island wharf. Thus ended the inauguration of the railroad from Montreal to Toronto.

The passing of fifty years has wrought wondrous changes in the operation of the railroad. Probably no more striking object lesson of the progress that has been made in Canada during this period could be afforded than by instituting a few comparisons between conditions of railway travel and equipment then and now.

So far as speed is concerned the journey between Montreal and Toronto has been cut in two. It took the first train fifteen hours to cover the distance between the two cities, while to-day the International Limited completes the run within seven hours and a half. In 1856 one passenger train each way per day was found sufficient; to-day the demands of the travelling public require four, in addition to numerous local trains.

In 1856 the Grand Trunk's most powerful locomotive weighed only a few pounds over twenty-eight tons. Its driving wheels measured five feet in diameter, and, with tender coupled, its entire length did not exceed forty-five feet. An average engine of the present day, on the other hand, is over three times as heavy; its driving wheels have a diameter of six feet, and, with its tender, its length over all is sixty-seven feet.

The cars were of American construction, small and light as compared with the rolling-stock of the present day. Even under these circumstances, the best freight engine had a capacity for hauling only fifteen loaded cars. To-day trains of forty and fifty cars are no uncommon sight.

The improved accommodation for passengers can best be demonstrated by a reference to the sleeping cars. To-day, notwithstanding the usual run of complaints, a passenger can board his Pullman in Montreal at ten-thirty in the evening, retire in comparative comfort and seclusion and wake up next morning in Toronto

soon after seven o'clock. When the first sleeping car was put on the run in March, 1857 (after considerable opposition from a number of directors, on the ground that it would be liable to be infested by bad characters), it was practically a box car, fitted up with benches running its entire length. The luckless traveller had to go on board in the middle of the afternoon. There was no seclusion whatever, the only comforts being a rug and a small pillow for each passenger, and the long night journey was veritably a weariness to the flesh.

Be it said, however, to the credit of the Grand Trunk that soon after, vast improvements were made in sleeping accommodation on the line. A British traveller, touring America in 1859, was so delighted with the service that he writes:

"On the Grand Trunk Railroad in Canada, the sleeping cars are the most comfortable of any we have seen; almost in every respect like the berths of a first-class cabin in a steamer,—all enclosed with the conveniences and comforts of a good bed, washstand, etc.,—so that travellers going between Montreal and Toronto during the night can go to bed and rise in the morning at their destination much more refreshed than if they had sat up all night. This luxury can be enjoyed by paying \$1.00 extra."

Despite the fact that the first trains over the road performed the journey without mishap, this was not the usual experience during the early years of the road's operation. The rails were light and many of them were imperfectly made. The result was that runs-off were frequently occurring, and a traveller's chances of reaching his destination without serious delay were very slim.

Terminal facilities in 1856 were most inadequate. Both in Toronto and Montreal, the stations were located outside the limits. The deficiency was soon remedied in Toronto, for in June of the following year the tracks were extended from the Don along the south side of Front Street to the intersection of Bay Street, where a union station was built, but in Montreal the terminus remained at Point St. Charles for some time, necessitating the establishment of an omnibus line to convey passengers to and fro between the city and the depot.



Illustrations by
Emily Hand

A FLIGHT TO FLAMELAND

BY
E.P. MEDLEY

CHAPTER I



OSH LAMBERT lay on the grass with his hands clasped under his head, winking harder than he had ever winked in his life, when he was startled to see the Flammiverous Flamingo looking down on him and saying, "Well, I can take you there if you want to go so much."

"How do you know where I want to go?" asked Josh.

"Birds don't have long necks like mine for nothing," said the Flammiverous Flamingo, wriggling his head.

"What has your long neck to do with it?" asked Josh sharply.

"Well, it must be neck or nothing," said the Flamingo; "and I have certainly more neck than nothing."

"More neck than anything you should say," corrected Josh grandly.

"Oh, that is grammar!" said the Flamingo. "I have no time to go in for grammar, besides it would stick in my neck and choke me." And he wriggled his head faster than ever.

"I want to go to Flameland," said Josh.

"Yes, I know that," said the Flamingo.

"I don't see how I am to get there," said Josh, "as I cannot fly."

"But I can," said the Flamingo.

"Jump on my back and hold on by your eyelids."

"All right," said Josh. "It will be a spree."

The Flamingo bent his long legs and

Josh climbed on to his back. He was a thin boy of thirteen, with no fear of anything or anybody. He laughed with joy as the great bird rose high in the air, but instead of holding on by his eyelids he spread his arms out and waved them as if he were helping to fly too. Unless you have tried it you cannot realise how delightful it is to fly, and next best to flying yourself is to ride on the back of the Flammiverous Flamingo, flying like the wind.

In due time they reached the summit of Mount Flameland, a celebrated volcanic mountain, which everybody can find in the Atlas if they look long enough. It is the kingdom of the mighty Salamandar, who for power and strength is a regular scorcher.

"Are you coming with me?" asked Josh, as he scrambled off the Flamingo's back.

"Not I," said the bird. "It is several shades too hot for my feathers. It makes them too curly. You will be all right. Ta, ta, keep warm!" And away he flew, leaving Josh to explore the strange land of the Fire-king.

He climbed one of the highest rocks to look round, and saw a curious being evidently waiting for him. He was short and broad, and dressed in an uncommon kind of leather garment, mountain leather it is called, which never burns; on his head it was a helmet of the same, and right in the middle of his forehead was one large, bright, glittering crimson eye.

"Hullo!" said Josh. "I guess you are

one of the Cyclops gentlemen. I have heard about your family eye."

"Right you are," said the Cyclop. "You seem a bright boy." He winked his crimson eye and chuckled.

Josh laughed and winked too. "I know a few things," he said. "I can see further than you, as I have two eyes."

"But my eye is as large as four of yours," said the Cyclop, "and I am better off than you for I never get dust in my eyes."

"How is that?" asked Josh.

"Because I have only one," said the Cyclop, chuckling again.

"You are a joker," said Josh. "But now show me your wonderful Flameland."

"This way to the crater; follow me," said the Cyclop.

Josh was only too glad to follow him and began walking fast.

"Stop, stop! you must come to our tailor first," said the Cyclop, "and have a suitable suit."

"I don't want any more suits on; it will be too jolly hot," said Josh.

"You will be too jolly hot if you don't," said the Cyclop. "You can take off your coat if you like."

At that moment another man came towards them, also one-eyed.

"Are you a tailor?" asked Josh. "What is your name?"

"Smith," said the tailor.

Josh laughed loudly. "I have heard that name before," he said.

"I expect you will hear it again," said the tailor hotly. "Do you want a suit?"

"This chap says I must wear it," said Josh. "So hurry up and put it on for me."

They put him into the most extraordinary suit he had ever seen. It was made of a stuff called asbestos. It covered him from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head and there were two little clear windows for him to see through. Then they gave him a pair of gloves with gauntlets.

"There," said the tailor, "that is one of our best asbestos suits. You might mention my name to your friends."

"Let me see," said Josh; "Smith, I think you said; I won't forget."

"He is a bright boy," said the Cyclop.

"Now, I am ready," said Josh. "Good day, Mr. Smith." The tailor bowed.

"Here is the Crater Gate," said the Cyclop. "We will go in the lift."

He blew a blast on a pair of bellows and immediately the lift appeared.

"Where to?" asked the Cyclop who worked it. "Step in, please."

"I want to see everything," said Josh.

"Even with two eyes you cannot do that all at once. We will begin with the kitchen," said the Cyclop.

Josh thought the lift would never stop, but at last they reached the kitchen. It was so immense that no walls could be seen anywhere. Scattered about in every direction were pots and pans and kettles, and gridirons of all sorts and sizes. There were countless stoves, with fires burning in them, and at each stove stood a one-eyed cook. As the Cyclop passed them Josh heard him say, "Hullo, Polly!" to each one who was putting a kettle on the fire, but if she were taking it off he said, "Hullo, Sukey!"

"They all look alike," said Josh. "How do you know which is Polly and which is Sukey?"

"Polly puts the kettle on and Sukey takes it off again. It is quite easy to know. Presently they will all have tea."

"Ah!" said Josh. "Who are those funny creatures dressed in black and holding sieves?"

"Those are char-men," said the Cyclop.

"You mean char-women," said Josh.

"No, I do not," said the Cyclop. "You are a very bright boy but you are sometimes wrong; they are char-men, and they have a busy time in Flameland amongst the cinders at our grand Flare-up."

"What is your Flare-up?" asked Josh.

"You won't want telling when you see it," said the Cyclop, mysteriously.

"Why a duffer might know that," said Josh.

"Yes, you are pretty cute for a boy," said the Cyclops, but did not explain.

While they talked they had been walking a long distance and at last they came to a row of grill stoves stretching for miles. At each stove stood a Cyclop, frying bacon as

fast as possible and packing it into iron boxes which were fastened down tightly and carted away on trucks.

"What are these chaps doing?" said Josh.

"They are putting things to rights," said the Cyclop. "Cooking everybody's bacon. To-morrow they cook everybody's goose. They never get a holiday from one year's end to another."

"May I fry some bacon?" said Josh. "I know how."

"Fry away," said the Cyclop, winking at one of the cooks. "But you cannot do it."

The cook stood aside and Josh took hold of the frying-pan and put a large piece of bacon onto it. In a twinkling it fell over the side into the fire.

"There, you see, out of the frying-pan into the fire," laughed the Cyclop. "Try again."

This time Josh was more careful and kept dabbing at the bacon with a fork to hold it on the frying-pan, till at last he had torn it into little shreds, which sputtered about in fat.

"Now, you have made a hash of it," said the Cyclop. "I knew you could not cook bacon—I told you so."

"It is the fault of these silly gloves," said Josh. "How can a fellow cook bacon with gloves on?"

"Well, I told you you could not do it," said the Cyclop, "but—

"If at first you don't succeed,
Fry, fry, fry again!"

"I shall not," said Josh. "I have had enough of it."

"We must get on now," said the Cyclop, "if you want to be in time for the snap-dragon party."

"I am jolly good at that game," said Josh. "I can beat anyone at it. I can pick out more plums in a minute than most people."

"You don't boast at all, do you?" said the Cyclop. "You don't think yourself very superior, do you?"

"No," said Josh.

"Well, it seemed to me you did not require anyone to blow a trumpet for you," said the Cyclop; "but perhaps that comes of being such a bright boy."

"You are chaffing," said Josh. "Hurry up to the snap-dragon party."

On the way Josh scarcely felt properly dressed for a party, but when he saw the guests he forgot to think about his best clothes.

"Well I'm blown," he said, and stood still.

"That will keep you cool," said the Cyclop. "As a rule we do not manage to be blown in Flameland."

"It means I am surprised," said Josh. "I never saw such a funny party. Who are they?"

"The party is given by Lord and Lady Tom-Noddy. Shall I introduce you?"

But Josh was much too important to wait for an introduction. He pushed past the Cyclop and marched forward.

"I am come to your snap-dragon party," he said.

Lord and Lady Tom-Noddy did not reply, but glared at him with steely eyes.

"Can anybody tell me?"—Josh began.

All the company looked at him in amazement. He turned to ask a question of the Cyclop, but he had disappeared. Conceited as Josh was, he felt rather uncomfortable, as he suddenly understood what a terrible mistake he had made, for not one of the party had a body! Some had very small heads and two long legs, and others small heads and only one leg.

"Good gracious! they look like pokers and tongs," said Josh.

All at once a tremendous din began. Such a chattering and banging, Josh felt deafened. Then he saw that Lord and Lady Tom-Noddy and the hundreds of friends they had invited were all moving at once, and as they moved beside each other they jangled and hit one another, but quite in a friendly way, it appeared. Josh followed the crowd for some distance, till everyone stood still; and as he felt rather tired he thought he could sit down, and plumped onto the ground with a bang. Immediately every steely eye was turned on him in surprise. Then it struck him that in all that huge crowd he was the only one who could sit down. All the others leaned against railings or lay down straight with their heads on iron rests. So for a time he walked about,



"Birds don't have long necks like mine for nothing," said the Flamingo

plumping down at intervals, to show how grand and clever he was, but he got tired of that game and wished the snap-dragon could be brought in.

It took a great deal to surprise him, but he had not been prepared for the sight of the awful creature which at last appeared. Flying above the heads of the crowd, with widespread wings, came the monster. Its eyes were burning and its mouth wide open, showing cruel teeth and fangs, while flames poured from its throat. It hovered overhead for a while, then the crowd parted in a wide circle, making space for the dragon to settle down in the

midst of them. Then Josh saw on its spread wings a large flat dish full of something burning. He was glad the Cyclop had disappeared, for in spite of his boasting he could not join in the game which began. It was perfectly marvellous to see how the one-legged guests hopped on to the burning dish and kicked off flaming lumps, at which the two-legged guests rushed, to catch them between their feet and throw them to a friend. The jangling and clattering increased till they were maddening, and Josh had to keep dodging away from the flying, burning lumps, which whizzed and spluttered faster and faster, till he could stand the heat and noise no longer; and even he, brave as he was, looked round for a way of escape from the fearful wild game they called snap-dragon.

He tried not to appear too relieved when he saw his friend the Cyclop signalling to him about a quarter of a mile away. He was waving a flaming torch and Josh ran quickly towards him, wondering what was to happen next. When he reached him he saw beside him an immense cannon.

"Make haste, I have engaged an inside place for you," said the Cyclop. "Jump in."

"What do you mean?" asked Josh. "What do you take me for?"

"There is no charge outside," replied the Cyclop. "They make the charge inside. Get in quickly."

Josh walked to the mouth of the cannon, but it was high above him, he could not reach it.

"What a bore!" he said.

"Yes, it is a large size," said the Cyclop gravely, "one of our largest bores."

"Joking again," said Josh. "How do I get inside?"

"Here come the steps," said the Cyclop, and as he spoke a waggon came along drawn by an iron ram and on the waggon were the steps. Josh soon climbed into the cannon's mouth and turned to look for the Cyclop, when suddenly he felt himself dragged forward and then pushed along far into the tube.



CHAPTER II

"YOU are in my charge," said a voice close to his ear.

"Am I?" said Josh. "Well, just get me out of this as quick as you like and leave off holding my arm, I object to it." He shook himself roughly.

"I will see you shot first," said the voice politely.

Josh had become accustomed to the dim light and looked at the little object who was holding him. Its eyes were heavy and dull and its hand lay as heavy as lead on Josh's arm.

"You will see me shot first," repeated Josh indignantly, "will you? I like that."

"Yes, it won't hurt you; I hope you will like it."

"You are a queer chap," said Josh. "What is your name?"

"Cartridge. It is a double-barrelled name—Blank-Cartridge. Now, if you will allow me, I will see you shot first."

"You do say cheeky things politely," said Josh. "But get me out of this; fire away."

"Do not be afraid, you are our only passenger to-day and you will travel quickly."

"Where am I going?" asked Josh.

"To the Smiths," was the answer.

Josh laughed. "The same old Smiths, I suppose?"

Without a smile Mr. Blank-Cartridge replied: "I refer to the Black-Smiths who live in Vulcan Valley. Now, if you will shut your eyes we will discharge you."

"Oh! that reminds me," said Josh, "tell me what have I to pay—"

"Attention!"

There was a terrific bang, and Josh felt himself hurled swiftly through space. He had thought the ride on the Flamingo fast enough, but this beat it altogether. It quite took his breath away and he became so excited he did not care what happened next. Before he could say "Jack Robinson," he was dashed against something soft and springy, which stopped him suddenly.

"You buffers! What are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"So you recognise us," said the first of a band which came to meet him with round, pleasant faces. "Our family name is Buffer."

Of course Josh did not explain that when he had called them buffers he meant to be rude, so he nodded to them and smiled.

"We always receive visitors to the Vulcan Valley, but we cannot ask you to stay with us as we are very busy, on and off again."

"Are you?" said Josh. "You look rather knocked about, certainly."

"We have a great deal to put up with," said the Buffer; "but it is nothing when you are used to it."

"Can you tell me the nearest way to Mr. Smith's?" asked Josh.

"Of course you mean Mr. Black-Smith's?" said the Buffer. "He owns the Valley and all the forges."

"Is he cousin to the Village Black-Smiths, and does he make horse-shoes?" asked Josh.

"I never heard of them," said the Buffer. "His business is in tempers."

"Tempers? What humbug!" said Josh.

"Yes, tempers. He supplies tempers of all sorts and sizes. Will you travel by the Rocket Rail? There is the station."

Josh ran in the direction shown him, but before he was half way two strong men came to meet him and lifted him quickly.

"Just in time," they said, as they ran with him to the station. There they placed him on a large, flat iron plate, tell-

ing him to keep calm and he would be all right.

Josh had never felt so happy in his life. He hated to be dull, and all this flying about from place to place was lovely. So when the men pressed a spring and he was again shot away into space, he shouted with delight. He only thought the ride far too short, but at last he had reached the Temper Forges.

It was a wonderful scene which met his view. There was one forge in which was a fire as high as a mountain. Round this forge were hundreds of smaller fires and forges, the further away they were from the big fire the smaller they became. The clang and the clash of the anvils cannot be described. Josh found himself standing close to one of the smaller fires, and as the worker at it did not seem busy he spoke to him.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Smith lives?" he asked.

"I am Mr. Smith," was the answer.

"Mr. Black-Smith is my name."

"Are you the Mr. Black-Smith who owns this valley?" asked Josh.

"All the same family," said Smith.

"Would you like to look round? My tempers are cooling off just now."

If there was one thing Josh wanted to do more than another it was to try his hand at a forge, so he said pleasantly:

"If you like I will stay and watch your tempers while you take a walk."

"Thank you," said Smith. "But don't you meddle with them. They are cooling nicely, but the least thing is apt to put them out of shape."

"All right," said Josh, anxious to be left alone. "I promise."

Once more telling him not to touch anything, Smith went off.

As soon as he was out of sight Josh thought he had kept his promise long enough, so he gently blew the bellows and the fire began to glow. For a little while this amused him, then he lifted a hammer and struck a blow on the anvil. The first sounded so fine he tried another, and then another.

"It would be jolly to make one of those tempers red-hot," he thought to himself. "I can easily put it back, and Mr. Smith will never know."

He found a pair of tongs and carefully took up one of the curious looking things which were lying on shelves. It was like a large watch-spring coiled evenly round and round a wheel.

"It looks harmless enough," thought Josh, as he put it in the flames.

He watched it for a few minutes, and as it remained just as he first saw it, he laid it aside and took up a coil of a different shape.

If he could have been frightened at anything, he would have been so then. In one minute the wheel in the coil was red-hot, and the coil itself began to unwind and wriggle and twist and twirl till he could scarcely hold it. Instead of being afraid Josh screamed with laughter, and the louder he laughed the more the hideous thing twisted and twirled and grew and grew till it looked like a huge snake. At last it had grown so enormously that he had to drop it into the fire.

"Mr. Smith will be jolly angry," he said to himself. "But how was a fellow to guess it would grow like that? I must let the fire down and see what happens. I hope Mr. Smith will be back soon; I want to see how he works the tempers down."

When he looked up, there was Smith gazing at him.

"Hullo!" said Josh. "Do you see anything?"

Smith shook his head sadly.

Josh had expected him to be very angry, and was prepared to say all sorts of sharp things.

"Young man," he said; "do you know what you have done?"

"No," said Josh, pertly. "It seems to me I have undone a lot."

"That's just it," said Smith. "You have undone the work of years. That temper has been first in our forge and then in another, and it was just ready for use, nice and quiet and cooled down, and now from rough handling it is all out of shape and will have to be worked all over again."

"Oh! that does not matter," said Josh, "what about this one?" He pointed to the even coil.

"That," said Smith, "is of no use. It

does not suit anybody. Lots have tried it, but they say they might as well have no temper at all as one with no go in it."

"I thought you would give it me hot for meddling," said Josh.

"Not I," said Smith. "I always keep a good temper for my own use. Here is a motto for you: "Never keep your temper if it is a bad one."

Josh immediately wanted to argue.

"If you can keep your temper it must be good," he said.

"Not at all," said Smith. "It is because it is not good that you cannot keep it. You must lose it."

"Rubbish!" said Josh angrily.

Smith smiled.

"Would you like to go to our warehouse to try on a few?" he asked.

Josh was glad of an excuse to get away from such a good-tempered man, so said he would go for the fun of the thing.

"It is not the first store you come to," said Smith. "Everything is second-hand there. Tempers which have been lost. We get them back by the ton. The warehouse is the next building."

Josh passed many forges before he reached it. The din of the hammering was tremendous, and he was feeling very irritable from trying to make the motto come right.

"If a chap has a good temper it cannot be bad, if he can keep his temper it must be good," he repeated to himself,



"Fry, Fry Again," laughed the Cyclops

and yet that fellow Smith says: "Never keep your temper if it is bad."

"A chap always loses his temper when it is bad as a matter of course." He could not get the argument right anyhow, and was glad to reach the warehouse. Over the door was written:

"Tempers, Good, Bad and Indifferent."

"Who but a silly would buy anything but a good temper?" thought Josh as he went inside.

A polite assistant came forward. "Are you out of temper?" he asked, bowing respectfully.

"No, I am not," said Josh sharply.

"What can we do for you?"

"Nothing," said Josh, still more sharply.

"Thanks," said the assistant. "I see exactly what is wrong. Step this way."

Josh was too astonished to reply, and followed meekly.

"This young gentleman has shown me his temper," said the assistant to another. "And it is a trifle short for him."

"Nonsense! Shut up!" said Josh, quite rudely.

"There," said the assistant. "You see how it is, short and a trifle hot."

"Bother! leave me alone; I tell you," said Josh; "and my temper too, there is nothing wrong with it."

"Do you wish to keep it, then?" asked the assistant.

"Yes, of course I do," said Josh, and burst out laughing.

"Ah!" said the assistant, "I recognise it now as one of our best make, but slightly out of order."

"It is the heat," said Josh, more pleasantly.

"Quite so, quite so. The heat does affect even our best tempers. You think, after all, you prefer to keep yours. You only have to keep it as cool as possible," said the assistant.

At that moment Josh heard a most extraordinary crackling sound.

"What is that noise?" he asked.

"It comes from our Wild-fire factory. The Wild-fire has to be kept in water."

"What a likely thing!" said Josh, who thought he was being made fun of.

"Come and see it," said the assistant.

He led the way to huge tanks full of water, and Josh would scarcely believe his eyes when he saw great fires burning brightly in the midst of the water.

"By jove!" he exclaimed. "How do you do it?"

"It is quite natural," was the answer.

"What nonsense!" said Josh. "Do you think I am a fool? It is not natural for fire to burn under water, I tell you. You don't know what you are talking about."

He looked quite as angry as he felt, especially as the assistant only smiled.

"It seems wrong again," he said. "I wish you would let me see to it."

"What are you talking about?" said Josh.

"Your temper. I don't fancy you will ever be able to keep it. If it gets out of order so quickly you are apt to lose it."

He spoke so seriously and anxiously that Josh thought he was quizzing for a moment, and then it struck him as being so funny that he laughed loudly, at which the man looked happy again and said:

"Not much wrong with it after all; but, as I said before, just a trifle too short."

"All serene," said Josh. "What do you use this Wild-fire for?"

"Nearly every temper we make has a dash of it. Of course we make some without it, as it does not suit everybody, but they don't last. Now, perhaps you will hardly believe it, but quite little babies enjoy a dash of Wild-fire; it helps them to scream when there is nothing the matter."

"By jove! they do, too," said Josh, thinking of the baby at home. "But see what I am going to do for a lark."

In an instant he had plunged into one of the tanks, and as he could swim like a fish, they saw him diving and rolling about and being well protected in his asbestos suit, he ran through the fires and into the water again delighted with his new game.

"Have you seen a bright boy?" said a voice suddenly; "because I lost one a little while ago, and as he has to get on to the Salamandar's Palace, he must hurry up. Ah! there he is. Bravo, bravo, my bright boy, you are a plucky, bright boy!"

It was the little Cyclop, and he clapped his hands as Josh went on with his strange bath; but when he caught sight of his one-eyed friend he leaped out of the water and stood beside him laughing.

"Never had such fun in my life," he said. "I would not have missed it for anything. The joke is, I am neither wet nor burned. As fast as the water left off being wet the fire left off burning. I am glad I came here."

"You have plenty more to see," said

the Cyclop. "I am ordered to take you to the Palace at once, or sooner, if possible."

"All right," said Josh. "I will come like a shot."

"So you shall, bright boy, just like a shot."

Josh was beginning to have no surprise left, he thought; but on his way to the Palace, and when he got there, he found he had still plenty for immediate use; it seemed to grow as time went on.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood,"
"Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI

"OUT WHERE THE DEAD MEN LIE"



HE Galbraiths were at Narrawan. Rain had fallen plentifully; the drought was completely broken; creeks were running; the lagoon had risen flush to its banks. Ah Sin's garden was a mass of young, succulent green; the plain beyond the slip-rails no longer looked thirst-stricken; even the mournful gidyas had brightened. Immediately round the head station there seemed a curious blending of autumn and spring. The leaves of the vine from which Susan had plucked grapes on that night of Wolfe's coming, only two or three months back, were now yellow and red, and a stephanotis twining one of the posts shewed clusters of white blooms, blending a heady perfume with the fragrance of orange blossoms—for the two mandarin trees at the end of the house were in flower and green fruit together. Susan herself seemed to be in the curiously brooding condition that may be observed in Nature before she blossoms forth into fresh life—a condition that may result in any wild, wonderful or delightful change. But whereas Nature is in all her phases sublimely interesting, poor human Susan, tossed and worn by doubts as much concerning her own feelings as those of her two lovers, and with the canker of her brother's fate and her father's remorse preying upon her, was sadly lacking in that dignity which Nature shows even in

her most crabbed humour. Susan's mood had indeed been very crabbed and freakish since the return from Acobarra. At times she would sit silent and brooding over book or needlework or else would show an irritable temper not common with her. When rallied by Patsy she would attribute her own melancholy to the depressing influence of Mr. Galbraith's wordless regret after his missing son.

For, notwithstanding the reward which Mr. Kirby the lawyer was instructed to offer for information of Harry Galbraith, nothing more had been heard at Narrawan of him or of Flash Sam, about whom Mr. Kirby had also been asked to make enquiries.

Good Patsy was puzzled by Susan's fitfulness, and could only account for it on the supposition that her love affair was not going smoothly. But Patsy could not very well see how that was possible, for she had arrived at the conclusion, during those last few hours before they left Thursday Island, when the First Lieutenant of the *Clytie* had given them tea on board the man-of-war and had returned to spend the evening with them at the hotel, that Susan meant to accept Brian Cordeaux. Certainly Brian himself had left no room for doubt as to his intentions. Directly he could get further leave, he declared that they would see him at Narrawan, but he thought it best, he said, not to press the point at the moment.

As for Oora, she held herself more or less aloof from the family interests. She

was taciturn and self-absorbed in her manner, while, though nobody expected Oora to be like other people in her doings, she was odd and more erratic even than was her wont. Strength had come back to her, and all her former power of endurance. Most of the time she lived out of doors and would go long rides on any pretext that presented itself—carrying rations to a distant shepherd or fencer, tracking lost sheep or strayed horses, or making the excuse of asking for telegrams, in order to ride across country to Wooral-ba. As her father did not consider a revolver sufficient protection for her, she was under honour never to go on a long excursion without taking Pintpot or one of the tame black boys from the camp. As Pintpot was the most venturesome of these, he was the one who usually accompanied her.

The great, grim wild had for Oora something of the fierce joy of the sea, something of the compelling fascination that had drawn her to the Stranger Man. The sight of those endless gum trees, gaunt, hag-like, often lightning-blasted—was to her as the sight of a great company of friends. The voiceless mid-day hush of the Bush had a dreamy influence upon her, soothing the heart pain by which she was continually tortured. The mysterious stirrings and whisperings in the forest towards evening spoke to her of Destiny and of Fulfilment. As she rode along through dreary stretches of gidya and iron-bark, and over plains that had been arid desert a little while back, she would see here and there decaying carcasses or bleached bones of beasts that had been destroyed by drought or poison-bush, knowing perfectly well that they might have easily been the remains of some hapless wanderer killed by a black's spear, or dead of thirst. Yet Oora was never afraid of blacks herself; she had been too much with them and knew too well their language, customs and superstitions. But the thought of the wanton destruction of life, of the inexorable cruelty of the bush, would bring her an odd sense of consolation, for it made her realise better what the Stranger had meant when he spoke of the callous indifference bred from the brutalities of out-back diggings. The

life of a man or of a beast, one more or less, what did it matter in the whole? Supremely little in comparison with the welfare of the living; and weird imaginings would sweep into the girl's mind, and she would think she heard elemental voices and would seem to see visions of ghosts haunting this same great, grim wild. Though she sometimes scoffed at her sister's poetic interpretations of Australian Nature, Oora had her own taste in poetry, an uncommonly ghoulish taste, and sometimes she would repeat aloud scraps of wild verse like "Boake's" lines:

*"Out in the wastes of the Never-Never,
That's where the dead men lie!
That's where the heat-waves dance for ever,
That's where the dead men lie!
That's where the earth's loved sons are keeping
Endless tryst: not the west wind sweeping
Feverish pinions can wake their sleeping—
Out where the dead men lie!"*

*"Only the hand of night can free them
That's where the dead men fly
Only the frightened cattle see them—
See the dead men go by!
Cloven hoofs beating out one measure,
Bidding the stockman know no leisure:
That's where the dead men take their pleasure;
That's where the dead men lie!"*

The weather was warm still, scorching at noon, but getting fresher in the early morning and towards evening with a foretaste of winter, which made reptiles and insects sluggish and more than ordinarily pertinacious in their onslaughts on beasts and humans. It was cooler than usual one afternoon, yet even soon after luncheon the flies were bothering Patsy considerably as she sat in a rocking chair in the verandah, darning stockings, with the baby on her knee. Notwithstanding this small grievance, however, and the larger one of some secret worry concerning her husband, Patsy's kindly face and bountiful form seemed to radiate satisfaction. She was so delighted to get back among her own beasts, her own blacks, and beyond all, her own children, once more. The unusual swarms of flies which Patsy laid to the Milligan's carelessness in not having kept the meat store verandah in a properly scoured condition, and in having allowed the dogs to carry their bones to the front garden, as well as

sundry other reprehensible practices which she had discovered by their results, were minor considerations to Mrs. Galbraith. Half-caste Charlotte had resumed her regular duties as nurse, and was resplendent in a new skirt and jacket of turkey-red twill. She now hovered at the edge of the verandah, superintending the children's play. Jacky was making hideous music with the jew's-harp, and Polly had emptied from Charlotte's dilly-bag a carefully selected heap of small round pebbles, with which she was playing a game of knuckle bones, having discarded the genuine article because the bones were too big to go between her fingers. She had made "Cubby House" with her little brown paw arched and the fingers wide apart, but even still, one or two refractory pigs, in the shape of bigger sized pebbles, would not go in.

"One feller; two feller," Polly was counting in her black's lingo. "Piggy go to bed! Three feller!—Ba'al budgery (no good) that one—Four feller! My word, three feller stop outside—Damn Mr. Piggy (very sweetly and deliberately). Mine cobbon coola (very angry) belonging to you!"

The Picaninny looked up at her mother out of her black eyes, having a hazy remembrance that such expressions were prohibited. But Patsy was busy slapping her hands at a vicious red and yellow Father Mason fly, whose spouse was hovering in front of their clay nest, just above Patsy's head.

Just then the dogs started barking, and to avoid Patsy's gaze Susan got up and went to the end of the verandah to see who was coming towards the slip-rails.

"I expect it's Oora back from her ride," said Patsy.

"No, it's not Oora," Susan answered, "It's a man."

"Oora ought to be back," Patsy went on. "She was taking some blue-stone and rock-salt and things your father wanted to go to the Iron Bark Camp. My word, she has been a long time! There's nobody to look after *her*, Su, if Pintpot makes off to the blacks' camp and she's thrown and breaks her leg!"

"Oora isn't such a fool as I am," answered Susan with curious self-scorn.

"Well, it would take more than a pig-jump to throw Oora," placidly observed Patsy. "Who is it at the slip-rails, Su?"

"The mail has come," answered Susan.

"White's a whole day late and your father's been worrying so that he wouldn't go out himself to the Ten Mile. I shouldn't wonder if it was the creeks coming down that had kept White. Now, Jacky, be done with that beastly jew's-harp like a good boy and find Dada and tell him the mail has come at last."

But Mr. Galbraith, hanging about the head station on pretext of superintending some repairs at the Woolshed, was returning across the home paddock and, spying the postman, galloped up and met him within the slip-rails. Susan heard her father accost him:

"Hello! Good-day, White. What makes you twenty-four hours over time? River up, eh? It's been coming down a bit here, though we've had no rain to speak of this week."

"G'day, Boss. There's been plenty of rain up at the heads of Narra, my word. You know what these rivers are out west, coming down a banker from a thunder-storm you dunno where, for the country may be as dry as a bone lower down. I hed to go round by Gidyee Crossing, and I'd close up to gev up that, if it hadn't been that one of the Gidgee Downs stockmen comè along and swum my horse for me and helped me over a log. I was pretty sure you'd be wanting your mail, sir, and so I made a try. But you see, boss, Government don't arsk of me to go over my saddle flaps, eh?" and the man, who was whitey-brown, all legs and arms, his knees bowed inward from riding—a colonial born—gave a laugh that seemed a faint echo of the laughing jackass' chuckle.

"All right, White. Come ben to the house and have a glass of grog."

"Thankee, Mr. Galbraith. Had to make a swim at the Bean-tree Crossing, and got soaked to the skin. Mail's a bit damp, sir, but you won't mind that."

Susan watched White dismount and unstrap from his saddle the pile of brown leather bags, each tied up and sealed with the big official splotch of red wax that caught the sun. White continued to

talk, as he remounted and rode up to the headstation, quickening his horse's pace to that of the one ridden by Mr. Galbraith.

"My word!" said the mail man; "looks as if the Government didn't expect police sergeants nor troopers to go in over their flaps neither. There was a party of them round by Gidgee just afore I come, the chap told me that helped me over the log. They was after some cove they wanted to collar—I bet he'd have swum the river before them and got away most like—though he might have been drowned doing it. You know when the Narra's up she runs pretty strong and there's a nasty current in the middle. Now, d'ye think *they'd* risk it? No fear—afraid of rusting their carbines and spoiling their uniforms, —so they made a round of fifteen miles to get a better crossing. A set of white-livered funks, I call the police of this district. It's a wonder, sir, that the squatters stand it. That's why there's never a cattle or horse duffer caught in these parts nor any dashed spieler that nabs a shearer's cheque like that Flash rouseabout there was such a talk about last shearing—you reck'let, Mr. Galbraith?"

But Susan saw that her father was not paying much attention to the mail man's discourse. He had begun at once to cut the string of the mail bag with the knife he drew from his belt. Then before the two turned the corner of the Chinaman's quarters and were lost for the moment to Susan's view, he sorted the letters from the newspapers, examining the superscription of each in eager search for the one he wanted, and which when found, he tore open and started hurriedly reading.

Patsy went into the dining-room to get the decanter of rum for the mail man's customary nip, and presently the usual compliments passed.

"Thank ye. Here's to you, Boss!"
And from Mr. Galbraith:

"A safe trip to you, White," and the mail man departed for further refreshment to the kitchen before resuming his journey.

Susan, stepping out to the back verandah to get her own letters, met her father and step-mother coming through the dining-room with the mail in their hands. Mr.

Galbraith looked agitated and excited. He held an open letter, which showed at the corner of the sheet the address of Mr. Kirby's, the solicitor's, office.

"I'm in two minds, Pat, to get on my horse and ride down at once to see what they're up to," Mr. Galbraith was saying.

"No, no, Duncan," she answered. "It's safer you'll be to wait a day or two. Kirby says he'll let you know directly anything comes of his telegram that's anyway definite. You see, he told us that he's traced Harry to that new rush along the Yellaroi and Flash Sam, too, but it stands to reason you can't rake up news in that wild country in a day."

"The Yellaroi Rush!" repeated Mr. Galbraith thoughtfully. "Do you mind how Wolfe said he'd been in that? And it looks as if Harry must have taken a false name or he'd have heard of him. If only I could get hold of Wolfe now, he might tell me something about the lad."

Again the little stab which always came with the mention of Wolfe, went through Susan's heart.

"But what does Kirby mean by his hints and all the while telling me nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Galbraith angrily. "Why not let me know straight what he's after—for weel or for ill?"

"But if he's found out nothing certain, where's the sense of putting you off your head, Duncan, old man, expecting good news that mightn't come off or else something bad that likely as not isn't true either? What I'm thinking is that Kirby might have had the gumption to keep quiet until he'd made sure he could set our minds at rest."

Susan came swiftly to her father's side and put her hand on his.

"Dad, you've got news of Harry. Tell me what Mr. Kirby says." She spoke tremulously, roused out of her self-absorption by that spasm of mingled dread, repulsion and pained affection which had been a frequent sensation in the troublous days of Harry's youth at Bundah, and which recurred invariably at any suggestion that tidings had come of her twin brother.

Old Duncan Galbraith looked at his daughter yearningly.

"My bonnie lassie!" he began. His

face worked, the eyelids twitching and moisture showing on the shaggy red-grey eyelashes. Susan had never seen her father so moved since the day when he had solemnly disowned Harry. Now it was as if the natural affection of a parent, kept rigorously pent since then, were forcing a way of itself. He crushed the girl's soft hand in his great brown one. "I've sinned against my own flesh and blood, girl, and the Lord has punished me."

"Dad, you mustn't say that. It was Harry who sinned against you and against the good blood that ran in him," she said, frightened and stirred to the depths of her heart. "Tell me what you have heard from Mr. Kirby, father; I want to know. You're not the only one who has minded. I've minded dreadfully, too."

"Yes—yes, Su. He's your twin brother, and blood counts. Ah, well! Kirby's news doesn't amount to so much after all; but he says he's got a straight clue to what's become of Harry. You heard Pat telling that the lad had been traced to that Yellaroi Rush, which it seems duffered out to nothing and the place is all deserted now. Kirby had been telegraphing up Cooktown and the Palmer way—he seems to take it for certain that Harry's there—and he says that he hopes in about a week's time at most, he'll have something definite to tell us. That would mean a week from the day he wrote, and White's a good twenty-four hours late with the mail. I'm sure Kirby wouldn't have said that much unless he'd been fairly certain of things being right. Only, why the de'il couldn't the man have said what his clue was!" Mr. Galbraith's indignation flared up for a moment, then flickered out, and he went on energetic but irresolute: "What's the best thing for me to do? It's the suspense that I can't stand—never could stand doing nothing—and so I did the wrong thing—struck out when I should have waited. Pat, you can tell Tommy George to run up the horses. I'll take Gipsy Girl—she's got racing blood in her—and staying power, too—she'll do the distance best. If I ride sharp all night I might catch the morning train and get to Kirby's office first thing Thursday."

"No, no, Dad. Patsy is right. It's

far better to wait. Stop until to-morrow at least. Perhaps Mr. Kirby will telegraph, and there'll be somebody bringing it from Wooralba."

"Well, well! There's something in that. It was Saturday last Oora rode over to Wooralba and there was nothing come then. Well, I'll see when to-morrow's here. You're a braw lassie, Su. You take after your grandmother. And you were always the one that tried to beg Harry off a thrashing." Mr. Galbraith groaned as though the memory hurt him. "You were fond of Harry, weren't you, Su? Though you didn't always get on so well either. But there's aye a fondness between twins. Well, it's you and me now, that's going to try and keep the lad straight. Rough treatment didn't answer before. Poor boy! I'll wager he's had worse roughing since. Now we'll see how kindness works. Maybe if it hadn't been for the thrashing—and that time I chained him up—the laddie was in the right of it. It wasn't a Douglas or a Galbraith that 'ud have submitted to a murdering black-fellow's treatment—and from his own father! Aweel! that's past, and you and me, girlie, we'll pull the boy through, if anything will do it, and make a straight man of him yet. You'll help your old dad—eh, lassie, eh?"

"Yes, father, indeed I will," she was sobbing, electrically touched by his emotion, so foreign to his reserved Scotch nature. "Oh, I hope, for all our sakes, that Harry may be found! I'll do anything—anything to make him good again. Oh! he *must* respond. It wouldn't be possible that he shouldn't. Let us try and wait in patience and not fret ourselves until we know what Mr. Kirby has done."

Patsy, who had been looking on at the scene, her homely face troubled and perplexed, gave her step-daughter a grateful glance.

"Sure that's the right way to look at it," Patsy put in.

Patsy turned away half laughing, half crying, to sort the letters she had laid on the table. "There's a heap here for you, Duncan, and the store list has to be made out this mail, for we are running short of several things," she said, with a purpose-

ful change of tone to the brisk and practical. "You'll want to go over these, as there's a chance of your starting off on a sudden to Townsville. Will you go along to the office, and I'll come to you as soon as I've got through the others?"

Mr. Galbraith took the pile of documents. "Ah! well, maybe I'll be readier by myself, Pat, for a bit," he said, and went off, still agitated, but looking ashamed of the feeling into which he had been betrayed. Mrs. Galbraith turned to the contents of the mail bag, which she spread out on the dining table—letters, papers, small parcels, and among these a packet marked "garden seeds," for Ah Sin.

"It's queer all the seeds they get—those Chinamen," observed Patsy.

"It was only a fortnight ago that Ah Sin had a parcel of Indian shot seed—such a lot of them—like so many teeny bullets!"

Susan glanced up quickly from the inspection of her own correspondence and caught her breath in a quick little shiver. There rose before her a vision of the bough shade verandah at the Bore humpety—now empty—and of Wolfe arranging the 'possum rug on the settle and of the smile that had played on his mouth as he asked about Ah Sin's mail. But she said nothing to her step-mother.

Her eye was attracted by a letter from Brian Cordeaux, last in her budget, which was mostly from Sydney friends, with the exception of an envelope of thin common paper, addressed in poor Mr. Meiklejohn's laboriously even writing. There was a letter, also, from Brian for Mrs. Galbraith. Patsy, leading the way to the front verandah, opened hers first, exclaiming to her step-daughter as she read it, in a tone of pleased surprise:

"There now, Su! I hope this will shake you out of the dumps—and faith! setting aside poor Harry, I haven't been able to make out what's put you into them, for there never was a nicer young man than Mr. Cordeaux, nor one more ready to make you a devoted husband, if that's what you have been fretting over. He's got his leave, and he'll be up here almost as soon as this, he says, if he can catch the same boat that's brought it. I'll just go and talk to Ah Hong and see

whether they're going to kill that sheep this evening. Oora did say she'd shoot some wild duck when she was out and bring them home, but there's no depending on Oora. What room shall I put Mr. Cordeaux in, Su?"

Susan lifted her eyes from her own letter, which was a little longer than Patsy's. The lids were red, more from the tears she had suppressed than those she had shed. The traces of emotion were clearly marked on her face, but it had an expression of girlish anticipation, which Patsy noted with satisfaction, for Patsy distinctly favoured Brian's suit.

"I'm sure I don't know, Pat. Put him anywhere—he won't mind."

"He *is* coming, isn't he?" asked Patsy, glancing at Susan's longer letter.

"Oh, yes, he's coming," Susan answered with a tremulous laugh. "Of course he's coming."

"Do you think the verandah room, where Mr. Wolfe slept, would do?" asked Patsy.

"No, no; he mustn't have that room!" Susan exclaimed, with an energy that puzzled Patsy. "Let him have the one at the other end of the verandah."

"Sure, it's a bit bigger, but I wouldn't say it was as comfortable," said Patsy, considering. "You know the lining is loose from the wall and the centipedes and scorpions do make a horrid scrabbling inside the canvas. Still, if he's been in other Bush places he'll know they can't get out, and that you've got to expect white ants and centipedes in old slab houses."

Susan made an impatient gesture. "It's all nonsense about the centipedes, and if they are there, he won't bother about them."

"No, he'll be bothering too much over a two-legged creature," laughed Patsy, and betook herself to her consultation with Ah Hong.

Susan read Brian's letter over again. It had in its tone a certain restrained excitement, as though the writer were bursting with some intelligence that prudence or other considerations made him refrain from telling. There was, however, one piece of news which he had just received by the English mail, on which he ventured

to be communicative. After remarking that Susan would perhaps understand his not feeling at liberty yet awhile to go into full details concerning his future prospects, he went on to say that one bit of luck had fallen to his share and that, *whatever happened*—the words were underscored—he would at least be in a position to make a small settlement upon his wife, should he ever be fortunate enough to win the one woman in the world he wished to marry. For, he related, it had been found that a few days before starting on that fatal railway journey, Lord Ellan had had a new will drawn up in Chicago, under which Brian inherited the sum of £15,000—not a fortune, but sufficient to make him independent of the Navy. It appeared from a letter written by Lady Inverell—the late Lord's only other child—to Brian's mother, who was also a beneficiary, that this last will was the result of a quarrel between Lord Linne and his father, the son having declared his intention of marrying the undesirable lady of his choice. For that reason Lord Ellan, infuriated, had left everything he could, outside the entailed property, away from his heir, between Madge Inverell and the family of his second brother, Brian's father.

Susan was contentedly digesting this information when there came the sound of horses' feet cantering down from the gidya forest at the side of the house furthest from the slip-rails, and presently Oora, coming through a side gate in the garden, stepped from behind a thick lagerstromia shrub towards the verandah. She looked pale and excited and her eyes were large and eager.

Seeing her sister alone, she beckoned her to the end of the verandah.

"Su, put on your hat at once and come out with me. I've got something to tell you that I don't want the others to know about until I'm quite certain. I want you to help me."



CHAPTER XXII

SUSAN ran down the verandah steps and out into the shrubbery, where Oora waited, her habit gathered up, showing her shapely foot, on which was a lady's spur.

"What is it?" Susan exclaimed. "What do you want me to do?"

"I'm going out again at once," said Oora, "and there are some things I want you to get me in the house. I'll tell you presently."

Susan glanced towards the belt of forest that curved towards the head station. "Why is Pintpot unsaddling your horse up there among the gidgee trees?"

"I told him to let her go and run me up Gipsy Girl. My mare's gone lame and there'd be a fuss that I don't want just now, if father saw it. She put her foot in a paddy-melon hole four miles this side of the Iron-Bark. I was going to cut across to the Range country, but there was no use in going on and I'm afraid I've spurred her pretty badly, poor creature, to get her home in time."

"In time for what?" asked Susan. "You've left the blue-stone and things at the Iron-Bark?" For she saw that the pack-saddle on Pintpot's horse was unloaded.

"Yes, yes. I took the things to the Iron-Bark, and I should have been miles away by now, if the mare hadn't gone lame. Perhaps it's as well, though, for Gipsy Girl is a better goer and I want a better horse than that old ration-carrier for Pintpot and a quiet hack besides."

"But what for?" said Susan, puzzled by Oora's manner. "Are you going to fetch anybody here?"

"Perhaps—I hope so. Oh! Su, don't ask questions—and you are not to say a word to Dad until I come back, for it would drive him wild if he knew. He'd want to be rushing off and perhaps, after all, there's nothing in it. And I'm afraid something dreadful may have happened for Harry to be out like that with the blacks."

"Harry out with the blacks!" repeated Susan in amazement.

"He must have been wandering with them for ever so long—if it's he—and his head is wrong they say—I don't know how."

"But what do you mean? Who has told you this?"

"I met old King Birraboi and Marianne this side of the Iron-Bark as I was

coming back. I believe they were coming in to get opium from Ah Sin—the wretches! All the other blacks are camped at the foot of the range. Birraboï said they'd been having a big *woolla* (council) and most of the strange blacks have gone away. One set of them was a Bundah tribe, and Birraboï said they had a white man with them very like Harry, but 'white man altogether black fellow now,' he said. And then he began to tell me that Billabri—that's one of their debil-debils—had made the white man 'plenty sick long-a cobra-head—scrub madness they call it—so that they couldn't eat him, because, of course, the blacks think mad people sacred. Besides, Birraboï told me, some of the Bundah blacks called themselves brothers belonging to the white man, and wouldn't let the others eat him.'

Susan stared bewilderedly at her sister, unable to grasp the possible significance of this apparently wild tale. Her own mind was in chaos. She almost ridiculed the suggestion which seemed to her impossible and fantastic.

"Really, Oora, I think it is you who are crazed. As for Birraboï, I believe his fancies are generally due to opium. If there *is* a white man among the blacks, it cannot be Harry. How could you imagine it could be? Harry was not at all likely to go mad, and if he were sane, he certainly would not live with black fellows. But of course you didn't know—there was a letter in the mail bag from Mr. Kirby saying he'd got a clue up north and was following it. He'd telegraphed to Cooktown and the Palmer and expects to let us have definite news directly. Harry can't be in both places at the same time. Your idea's perfectly impossible."

"Very well, think so. Anyhow, I'm going to find out," answered Oora doggedly.

"Going where?"

"To the camp."

"Going to the camp of a lot of cannibal blacks! Do you think I shall let you do such a wild thing and not tell father to stop you? You might be killed and eaten yourself."

Oora's answer was to pull out of the

breast of her riding jacket the chain with the shark's-tooth amulet.

"Why, you have got your charm again!" cried Susan in astonishment, for Oora had said nothing about the recovery of her treasure. "How did you find it? Who got it for you?"

"If you wish to know, it was Mr. Cordeaux," replied Oora unguardedly, and too impatient to consider what her admission might lead to. "He brought it back to me—but I can't be worried now with questions."

Susan's face changed. Her former vague jealousy began to work again, though if she had reflected reasonably for a moment, she would have seen that there was no foundation for it. But Susan was not reasonable. She was far too much wrought up to take a reasonable view of anything. She was like a leaf tossed by the gusts of a tempest. Brian Cordeaux might, however, have augured well for his suit from the chill resentment in her tone as she answered:

"Certainly, I don't wish to pry into your's and Mr. Cordeaux's secrets."

Oora shrugged her shoulders in petulant contempt, and Susan, nettled, went on:

"I suppose you know that he is on his way up here?"

Oora stopped in her walk a second—the two were pacing along the fringe of gidya scrub. "Oh! I am glad of that," she said impulsively. "He will be such a help and comfort."

Susan misinterpreted the gladness. The pendulum of her mood swayed anew towards Brian. Now Oora stopped again and spoke impetuously to her sister.

"You don't seem to mind much about Harry, Su—but he's *your* twin, and I thought you cared for him almost more than for anybody."

"Yes, I care for him," Susan answered in a stifled voice. "I feel about Harry in a way you could never understand."

"It doesn't matter how one feels!" Oora exclaimed. "The thing is to act."

"Yes, when there's anything sensible to do, but you are bent on a useless chase—useless and dangerous."

"No, perfectly safe—for me. The

most savage black wouldn't harm me if I showed him that charm. It's as sacred to them as a Bora message-stick. And, anyway, there's nothing to be afraid of. The Myall tribes are getting bunya-bunyas, and the Bundah one is camping with ours—the white man with them, Birraboi told me. If it comes to that, Birraboi and Marianne can be kept here to-night as hostages—they'll be found camping outside Ah Sin's garden, probably smoking opium, so you see I'm quite safe."

Susan assented. There was something in that. She remembered again what Wolfe had said, and she had never told her father about the opium traffic with the blacks. Oora continued eagerly.

"I know exactly where the blacks' camp is—just at the entrance to Razor-Back Gully. Pintpot has been there. I could go and be back—easily, allowing for the led horse—by midnight. It's full moon. I've got my revolver and plenty of cartridges, and it isn't the first time I've done the same sort of thing. Now, will you help me Su, and hold your tongue? Don't you see, if you go and make a fuss, Dad won't believe me any more than you do, because of Kirby's letter, but he'll get out his guns and make no end of preparation, as if he were going forth to battle, and perhaps not start till to-morrow. Then the blacks will get warning, and as they've probably been spearing cattle and stealing sheep, they will be frightened and make for the gorges; and the opportunity—for whatever it may be worth—is lost. Whereas, I will ride over quickly and quietly with Pintpot, talk to them in their own language, show them my charm, and if there are any Bundah blacks there the whole thing will be plain sailing."

Susan had to confess that Oora's arguments were plausible, and moreover, the girl was overpowered in spite of herself by Oora's strong will, though as to the object of the enterprise she remained incredulous.

"I'll tell you what I want you to do. Go back to the house and get me some food that I can easily carry—sandwiches and some of those meat lozenges Patsy

got for me when I was ill—they might be useful. And get me a flask of brandy, and if you can manage it, an old suit of Dad's. I expect that is about all you can fetch. And will you bring the things to the bunyip's water-hole? It is by the road to the Iron-Bark, and I told Pintpot to lead the horses down there when he'd got them run up and saddled. He said he could catch them and saddle them up among the gidgee, for it won't do to run them into the yard. I'll be waiting at the water-hole." Susan went back to the house and Oora proceeded alone to the bunyip's water-hole. The afternoon was advancing and Oora grew impatient. While she waited, her quick ear caught the sound of horses cantering from the direction of the lower slip-rails towards the head station, and then came the faint noise of dogs barking. But for the dogs barking she might have supposed that Tommy George was running up riding horses from the larger paddock. As it was, she fancied visitors must have arrived at the head station. There was nothing strange, however, in that, for travellers often passed by. But she thought both Pintpot and Susan must have lingered needlessly, perhaps, to see the visitors, though in reality, neither could have come so soon. Now she fancied that she heard a horse trotting in the distance from the opposite direction, and she stood still on the bank of the water-hole, peering into the bush with her long-sighted eyes, her ears strained to listen. No ordinary person would have heard the faint sound, but Oora was always said to be as good a tracker as a black fellow.

She was not deceived. A man, urging a tired beast along the track saw her, but not till after she had seen him. He thought that his eyes dazzled him. She was standing with her back to the sun, in the shadow of a great glossy-leaved tree, through which shone shafts of golden light. Tinged by the foliage, they seemed to surround her with a yellow-green flame that instantly recalled to him a certain dell in the shrub at Acobarra and a girl standing against the background of setting sun and serpent-like creeper withes. A thick-stemmed, curiously mottled climber hung

close to her now, coiling about a branch. The girl did not wear ethereal white and green garments, but a bush riding-habit of greyish-brown, with a brown cap on her rough dark hair, yet there was something of the sinuous grace and witchery that he remembered so well.

He rode towards her like a man in a dream, and she, recognising him, watched his progress with a wrapt, triumphant gaze. As he drew nearer she saw that his horse was jaded and that its coat was marked with mud and wet that had caked and dried as if the animal had been ridden fast, and had recently swum through flooded waters. The man, too, was travel stained and unkempt, and his face was of a ghostly pallor.

As he came down to the stream, his horse, feeling its rider's attention diverted and the reins relaxed, stooped to nibble the green grass at the water's edge. The stranger stared at Oora in the wild manner of one who is not sure whether he sees a vision or a reality. Then a hoarse cry came from his lips: "Sea Witch! Oh! little Sea Witch, is it truly you?"

She stretched out her arms to him from the bank above the water-hole.

"Oh! come to me. Yes, it is I—Sea Witch. Did I not tell you that we should soon meet again? Come and tell me how you have found me here."

He spurred his tired horse through the water and slipped off its back at Oora's feet. He was almost too exhausted and too dazed to speak. The reins dropped from his hand, and the horse jerked its head, neighing, and moving a step. Oora caught the bridle, seeing at the same time that the beast had the Narrawan brand, and knowing that it would make for the yard, she buckled the bridle round that same sapling to which Wolfe had fastened the same horse a few months before.

Then she turned to him in surprise. "How did you come to be riding The Outlaw?" she asked.

Her simple question brought him back to a sense of everyday life.

"I—I took him," he stammered. "I found he was in the paddock at the Terminus. My own horse was knocked up. I *had* to take him. I *had* to get up here as quickly as I could."

"You wanted to come—to see *me*?"

"No—it was not to see *you*," he faltered, and a wondering look of horror came over his face. "How did you know The Outlaw?" he asked sharply.

"Because I helped to break him in."

He staggered back a step. On her face too was a look of part wonder—part understanding.

"I know now who you are," she said slowly. "You are James Wolfe. I have suspected it once or twice since I came home."

"Since you came home!" he exclaimed. "Then you are—Oh! I was blind not to see——"

"I am Oora Galbraith," she answered. "But it is no matter who or what I am—or you either. To me, always, you are he whom the sea gave to me—my heart's mate; my—beloved."

She uttered the last word in a tone infinitely sweet and caressing, yet in which there was no unmaidenliness, nor did she invite him nearer by look or gesture. He stood gazing at her. The green flame of her eyes shone upon him; her face had its mystic look. His eyes met hers with answering passion.

"And you!—Oh! You are indeed my heart's mate—my best beloved," he said, and taking her hands in his he kissed them with wild tenderness. Yet the pain in his voice made her quiver apprehensively.

"Yes, but it does matter!" he exclaimed. "It matters terribly who we are—it matters cruelly."

"Why cruelly—since I am your best loved? Did I not say from the beginning that Fate meant us to belong to each other? Did I not tell you at Acobarra, when you bade me good-bye, that we should soon meet again? I was not afraid—I *knew*. For you are my Destiny and I am yours. The sea gave you to me first; and now the bush gives you to me a second time."

Again he kissed her hands.

"You told me that there was another woman," Oora went on. "I guess now who that other woman is. Don't mind about her. You won't make her unhappy. She'll tell you herself that it does not matter. For there couldn't have been anything real between you and her, when

all the time, though we did not know each other then, it was *our* two lives that were joined together."

A choking murmur of endearment fell from Wolfe, and still holding her hands, he drew her nearer to him while his sorrowful eyes seemed to devour her face.

"You don't understand—Oh! Sea Witch, dear, true, brave Sea Witch, how can I make you understand?"

Suddenly there came now clearly distinguishable, a nearer tread of horses rounding the curve of the gidya forest, and almost immediately Pintpot appeared mounted and leading Gipsy Girl with Oora's side-saddle and another horse which had a man's saddle, on which a pack was fastened. Though the interruption was unwelcome, Oora was relieved to see by this that the black boy had been successful in catching and saddling the animals unobserved. The Outlaw neighed, straining at his bridle, and Gipsy Girl gave a sympathetic whinny.

"Mine been lookout yarraman (horse), Missee Oora," cried the boy. "You ready to start?"

"All right, Pintpot. Mine close up ready. You wait two, three minute. Sit down there long-a gidgee. You been see Missee Susan?"

"Yowi (yes). That feller come along. My word! I believe that Missa Wolfe back again."

The black boy grinned, showing all his white teeth and cut a caper on his horse's back. Oora silenced him, bidding him wait inside the scrub, and he disappeared from view. Then she turned to Wolfe, but as she did so her glance fell on the mottled stem of the huge creeper that hung in loops and knots over some thick undergrowth beside the path. She saw the creeper shake and recoil violently. Somebody had grasped a loop among the greenery, and Oora guessed that it must be her sister whose approach she had not heard.

"Susan, is that you?" she called. "I had forgotten all about you. Hurry, please, for I must be off."

The greenery stirred afresh and in a moment, Susan, passing swiftly through the fringe of jungle stood upon the grassy

space where she had once talked to Wolfe, and confronted him and Oora.

She was very white. Her whole form was quivering with barely suppressed anger. She held herself very straight, her small fair head erect, and all the dignity of Lady Susan Galbraith in her mien. But Oora shrank at the sight of her sister's face. For the first time she began to think that it was Wolfe for whom Susan had cared.

"I am sorry to have been so long," said Susan quietly. "Mr. Cordeaux is here," she went on, the intensity of her emotion forcing her to take refuge in conventional speech lest she should betray too much. "It was he who kept me; he has just ridden up with a stockman who was coming from Woorral and who showed him the track."

"Oh, that's all right!" faltered Oora, awkwardly. "Look here, Su—I'd better tell you—"

"There is no need to tell me anything," Susan answered haughtily. "I have seen and heard enough to understand what your relations are with this gentleman."

Her eyes swept coldly past Oora and rested full on Wolfe. There was a passion of wounded tenderness and indignation, and of something deeper-seated still—something that looked like scorn—in their troubled blue depths. But Wolfe returned her look straightly with one of tragic solemnity.

"I am glad you are here, Miss Galbraith," he said in tones that he tried to render very gentle, "for I must speak to you, though I don't know how to word my intense regret for the manner of this meeting. But whatever I say will count for nothing when you know the truth. Miss Galbraith, I have come on a terrible errand. I came because I promised you that I would do so, and it seemed the only mark of gratitude and respect that I could show you. Believe me, I had no idea that I should see your sister here. I didn't even know that this lady was your sister."

He paused and Susan shivered as she saw the look he cast at Oora, who, her confidence restored at the sound of his voice, stood proudly by, listening to every word. Wolfe continued: "We were to—"

gether, as perhaps you've heard, on a raft after the wreck of the *Quetta*, when she saved my life by acts of the most heroic unselfishness—and I—we—” his voice shook, and the shiver seized Susan again. “During that awful time,” he went on, “we came to love each other without either of us knowing who the other was. But afterwards—at Thursday Island—I found out what you know I was going up there to learn—that, as I feared, I had the life of a fellow-creature to answer for. Since then, Miss Galbraith, I have discovered who that fellow-creature really was—but still I felt that I was in honour bound to come and tell you the truth before giving myself up to justice, which of course I shall do now. You know the story—and so does your sister.”

His tender, tragic gaze turned again to Oora, who drew nearer, her own eyes, full of love and trust, fixed upon his face. Susan turned her head dumbly away.

“I need not go over the whole horrible outline of it again to either of you,” said Wolfe, huskily, jerking out his words now in a hard rush that grated upon his hearers. “Only, I must tell you this—and it is best that you should both hear it at once. *She* does not know any more than you, who the man was that I killed. But can't you guess who it was?”

There was silence. Neither of the girls answered him. Susan stood as if turned to stone. And into Oora's uplifted eyes a cloud of apprehension crept.

“You had a brother once,” continued Wolfe. “He ran away and was afterwards on the diggings where I was. They used to call him Harry the Blower. He was only a lad—a hot-tempered lad—I should have had patience with him, and never have allowed myself to be drawn into a quarrel. But I'm hot-tempered too, and that night I'd been drinking and and—I saw red—” Wolfe halted and his miserable eyes turned from one to the other of the two women. But neither of them spoke. On the faces of both rose a slow comprehension that seemed to stupefy them. Wolfe went on harshly:

“I've nothing to say in my own defence—except that I didn't realise what I had done. And, of course, I wasn't sure—and at first I didn't want to find out. Then

you, Miss Galbraith, in your angelic kindness to an outcast, gave me the glimmering hope of getting back to be something of what I had really once been—a gentleman and a man of honour. You seemed a type of Goddess to me—I revered and worshipped you; I shall always reverence you for what you did for me. But now I've got to make this awful confession to you—and to this other dear woman whom I love and whom I can never hope to win. The man whom I struck down with a tomahawk up there in the Yellaroi Range, and then ran away from like a cur through fear that I'd killed him—that man I've just lately learnt was your brother.”

The two girls simply stared as if they had not taken in Wolfe's words.

“Don't you understand?” he exclaimed desperately. “It was your own brother!” Then, as they still stared in silence, “The brother that you would not speak of,” he said, addressing Susan. “If you had, perhaps I should have known, and then I should have gone away at once most likely, and you would have heard of me no more. I did not know his real name—nobody does know anyone's real name on the diggings. I knew him just as Harry, the mate of a scoundrel called Flash Sam. It is only the other day that I learned who he was. My own mate wrote and told me at Townsville. He found it out through two men who were in the hut at the time, and who, it seems, applied the other day to your father's lawyer for a reward which he had offered for any information concerning your brother. I am trying to explain so that you may understand. But what do details matter? The fact is enough, and everything will be made clear soon. The police are after me. I got ahead of them by swimming a flooded river they wouldn't go into. But I meant to surrender and take my sentence, either for manslaughter or murder—whichever they bring it in. If the worst happens, it will only be a fitting finish to a blundering life. Only I felt that I must come here first, because there was my promise to you, and I wanted to give myself up to your father. It seemed only fair—

for you've both been so good to me and—and I wanted to thank you—if I may."

His voice broke in a groan. He had dragged himself closer to Susan and held out his hands, which were shaking. But Susan gave a smothered cry—she seemed unable to speak—and waved him aside with a shuddering gesture. She had covered her face, but in the fleeting glimpse Wolfe caught of it, he saw that the conflict of her scorn and tenderness was over. Her features had turned to a mask of stone. He looked distractedly from Susan to Oora. But even Oora made no sign. She, too, appeared horror-stricken, and an exclamation of despair came from the man.

"My God! What shall I do? It is more than I can bear."

He staggered towards his horse. But as he passed her, Oora put out her hands to him with a curious yearning murmur. Her limbs trembled, but otherwise she was calm. He caught her hands in his and the strange green eyes smiled faintly at him—the ghost of a smile, but one of steadfast sweetness.

"Courage! courage!" she whispered, "you are mine, remember. Fate gave me your life. I saved you on the sea, and if need be, I shall save you here in the bush. Harry isn't dead. I believe he is not far off. I was just now going to look for him. There has been some dreadful mistake about all this. Trust me to find it out, but don't give up hope."

"Thank heaven for those words," he returned; "thank heaven for your faith in me, Sea Witch. For now I know that in your heart of hearts you don't blame me. And, indeed, I am guiltless of intent, but what hope can there be, my dear? I—I killed him."

"You didn't," she cried. "It may have been someone else, but it was not Harry. Of that I am sure. Oh—I am sure now that my power of thought is coming back to me. You froze it just at first. Hold me—warm me—so that I can think the better. Hold me close to you."

She clung to him, trembling still, and shut her eyes, leaning against his breast. He folded his arms passionately around her, but there was the agony of a last

farewell in his look. Neither of them noticed Susan, nor thought of her at this supreme moment of their lives. Oora's tremblings gradually ceased, and presently she began speaking in a rapid undertone. "Listen!" she said. "Some one has been wandering in the bush among the blacks. I heard it from one of them. They think it is Harry, and I am going—now, at once—to see him. It is not very far from here. Suppose you come with me. Then we can judge for ourselves what is the best thing to do." As Wolfe did not answer she looked up at him, wide-eyed and wondering. "Don't you see there is just a chance—and we had better take it," she said, raising her voice, "I meant to go in any case, but now we ought not to delay. Won't you come with me, or must I go alone?"

His arms tightened round her.

"My dearest! I would go with you to the end of the world, but—my life is forfeit. It would seem like running away—again."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "And if it were, I would help you to that too. We must find some means of escape out of this." Oora drew herself from his arms and pushed him a little away, while she turned hastily to Susan who, roused by her tone, had turned likewise and faced her with a strained look. She also began to speak, and Oora was silenced before the few white hot words that fell from her sister's dry lips.

"You want to help our brother's murderer to escape? You would do that! Little you care about finding Harry—except for the sake of this man. Ah! it is like you to think only of him. I thought I cared for him too, once," and Susan struck her hands passionately together, "but now—now—" she stopped chokingly. The words strangled her.

"Don't say any more, Su," muttered Oora pityingly. But Susan's control had broken down.

"Don't say any more!" she almost shrieked. "Leave you to ride off with him—to help him to escape from justice? But he shall not. You shall not. It is too cruel. You have no natural feelings. All that you think of is this

stranger—a man whom you scarcely know. You ought to be ashamed—Oora—you—who made love to him out in the sea. Oh! I know! You forget that I heard all your mad talk in the fever. It was *he* to whom you gave your charm—it was *he* who—oh! oh!” Susan was forced to stop again, her throat convulsed. She made a violent effort to regain some measure of calmness, and Oora looked on with growing impatience, while Wolfe tried not to overhear what passed between them.

“You must have had a secret meeting with this man at Acobarra,” continued Susan. “Did he bring you back your chain? Did you lie to me about Brian? Brian could never have lent himself to anything false or dishonourable. He at least is true and good.”

“Of course he is,” put in Oora tolerantly. “But all that is nothing to what we have to consider now. Su, stop raving for a minute and listen to common sense.”

“I have listened to enough to-day,” said Susan, in chill disdain. “Do you understand that this man murdered our brother?”

“No, he did not,” said Oora quickly. “Even if he had killed Harry, it wouldn’t have been murder, for he never meant to do it. He struck at Harry in anger, because Harry insulted him—didn’t he tell you that? It was an accident. But I tell you that Harry is not dead. I know it. Something inside me says so. It’s a voice I sometimes hear; it very seldom speaks, but when it does, it is never wrong. I am going now to prove the truth of what I say. I shall ride as fast as I can, and I shall be back before midnight, maybe.” She swung round and laid her hand on Wolfe’s arm.

“Will you go with me—or not?”

“Certainly I shall go with you,” he answered. “I cannot let you go alone.”

“Good! Then we start at once.”

She gave her own “coo-ee” and Pintpot immediately responded, appearing from within the curve of the gidya scrub with the two led horses.

“Stop along-a-track,” commanded Oora. “I come.” She turned to her sister. “Su, did you fetch me the brandy and

things I asked you to get? I must not go without them.”

“I gave them to Pintpot. They are in the pack,” Susan answered still in chill resentment. It seemed to her that Oora was desperately wicked or else quite mad. But Oora did not care what she thought.

“You’ll ride the horse I was taking to fetch Harry,” she said to Wolfe. “The Outlaw is quite unfit for further work. We can put Harry on the pack-horse, and Pintpot can find his own way home. Come.” But Wolfe was looking at Susan, and a spasm of intense commiseration suddenly contracted Oora’s heart. She went up to her sister.

“Dear Su! Don’t mourn for Harry as quite dead until we have made sure that he is. I don’t think he can be myself, but at all events we shall know better in a few hours. Wish us luck—won’t you?”

But Susan thrust the sympathetic hand away. She had sunk upon the ground and was crouching under a tree, the cold outline of her face as though carved in clay against its mottled trunk. Fearing another outbreak if she waited for her to speak, Oora dropped a light kiss upon the bent head and, gathering her habit together, scrambled up the bank towards Pintpot. Wolfe followed her. But just at the top where Pintpot held the horses, she stopped and turned. She had heard the sound of someone’s tread, quick, brisk, and even. “Look!” she cried, and caught Wolfe’s hand in hers.

Brian Cordeaux came down the track from the head station, looking trim and neat as was his wont. His alert eyes were glancing from side to side, but they did not see Oora and Wolfe, for they fell on Susan crouching by the tree. He hurried forward and knelt beside her while the pair beyond watched him. Very gently, very tenderly, with an inexpressibly sheltering motion, he bent over Susan, and she, becoming conscious of his presence, turned suddenly and flung herself into his arms, sobbing as though her heart would break.

“That’s all right,” said Oora, grimly setting her teeth. “Let ’em comfort each other. Now we’ll ride for Harry’s

life—and what is more to me—for yours.”

Wolfe swung her into the saddle without a word, for it was not the time for endearments. Gipsy Girl was arching her perfect neck and curvetting to be off. She was a black mare of blood stock, and had won many bush races. Now, as Oora shook the reins out she sped off like an arrow through the creek

and away over the undulating ground upon the opposite side. Wolfe had never asked Oora where she meant to go, but in a moment he had mounted and was after her, and through the endless lines of gums and bendee he followed, scarcely drawing breath, while Pintpot on the pack horse made the best speed he could in the rear.

TO BE CONCLUDED

A Western Harvest

By MYRA J. WILLSON

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This essay was written by a scholar in the Portage la Prairie High School in competition for a prize offered by THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for the best description of this typical feature of western life. A number of compositions were received, and this one was awarded the prize.



HE farmer had looked with prophetic eye at the swaying golden grain, spreading away in endless fields to left and right. For days he has been

watching it, and now goes off to bed with his mind made up that they can't get that wheat down too soon.

Night closes in slowly, the setting sun spreads a rosy glow over the shimmering golden fields and tinges the whole sky with pale transparent pink and blue; fleecy white clouds float over the great fiery ball and soften the glare. Then it sinks below the horizon, drawing with it its shafts of glowing light and its trailing streamers of bright colour. The yellow grain looks duller as though bereft of its crown, but soon the moon rises and there is another coronation, tender and white and pure, symbolic of calmness and plenty and love. A great, calm peace settles over all the wide, wide prairie, which creeps into your soul, and here, where everything seems in harmony with God and Nature, you can bless and love all mankind, and thank the Great Creator for your life and your wonderful country.

It doesn't seem so very long before the great red sun appears above the eastern horizon. He has a soft spot in his warm red heart for this great wheatland, for he

rushes back to it and by long, long days of light and warmth fills out the grain and makes the plump No. 1 hard wheat of Manitoba famous the world over. Now brightly he sheds his rays and, flinging his sunbeams over all the land, mingles them with the sunny glancings of the waving yellow sea, that stretches away, away across the prairie.

A diamond dewdrop marks each fairy's footprint where they danced in the moonlight over the nodding grain. This shines and glistens for a moment, when a sunbeam kisses it, then fades from sight. The birds begin to twitter and chirrup, a rooster crows. In the barn the horses stir around in their stalls. The flowers lift their faces to the sun and the trees nod and smile, sleeping Nature is awakened, and then "in less than a jiffy" the whole house and yard is stirring. The doors are thrown open and men are soon busy watering and feeding the stock. In the kitchen there is the hum and crackle of boiling and frying, the swish of skirts and the clatter of dishes.

Talk about the western farmer and his importance; if it were not for the western farmer's stirring wife and clever, hustling daughters affairs would not run as smoothly nor as well.

But very soon breakfast is on the table—

a great, long, wide table it is—with large, steaming dishes of porridge and potatoes, and meat, and maybe plates of hot buns or biscuits on it.

The men come in, and amidst their talk and banter wash themselves, with a great deal of splashing, in the basins on the back porch. There are ten in all; all, very nearly, sturdy sons of toil. Here is a young Englishman, just out, feeling very big and very superior because he has got such a good job in so short a time. He shrank from sleeping in the horse stable, but he was "simply dying" to be "western," and if it were "western" to sleep on the windmill, he would have done it in his present mood. He was very "cocky" just then, and was spouting his views on farming, harvesting and everything in general that he didn't know much about. Old German John eyed him with amusement and disdain, just as an old wise dog would watch the foolish performances of a very young puppy. So when the Englishman had for the tenth time that morning said: "Naow in the old country they, etc.," he turned with a grunt and went into the house. Soon they all followed, two young Ontario farmers, three Galicians, a sandy Scotchman, an Irishman, and the farmer and his son.

With a clatter of heels and scraping of chairs they seated themselves and "fell to" with a vengeance. All was still for about ten minutes, that is, voices were, knives and forks never paused for an instant. Toward the end of the meal the farmer said: "Well, boys, everything in trim?"

"Yes," they answer in chorus.

Then the Englishman chimes in with:

"Gad, you know naow, I think those horses would feel the heat. In London, don't you know, they have caps with wet sponges in them, ice cold, you know."

The farmer answers: "Oh, we've no need of that here!" and the men mutter in chuckling whispers: "Yes, you know, you can have the job of keeping the sponges wet."

"Needs a sponge himself," says another.

"I guess he will be puttin' a sponge in his own hat," cheerfully remarks another.

With this jolly banter they stroll out to the barn. The binders stand out in the

yard. Four wonderful-looking machines, needing only the three-horse teams to fit them for the fray. The horses are driven out, sleek and trim-looking, and they start off with a clicking and a clattering. The German leads, then the farmer's son, then a Galician, then the Scotchman; soon a line of sheaves is lying on the ground, and the stokers quickly follow them up and leave behind them the thick, neat-looking stooks.

The binders clatter on, sheaves in plenty. The straw is tall and strong, the heads are heavy and nodding. Click, clack, clickety, clickety, clack. The binders roll on. The long whips crack, the horses switch their tails but never slacken their quick walking pace. The men follow, hot and perspiring. It is just as easy to tell the new men from the old by their clothes as by their work, for each beginner is "toggled out" in bran new overalls, new sateen shirt, new cowhides, and new straw hats. The old hands are dressed in a miscellaneous assortment of half-worn-out trousers, patched shirts and disgracefully dirty and torn straw hats, brown faces and brown arms.

Round and round go the noisy binders, round and round follow the men, and behind them grows row after row of golden stooks, springing from the field of golden stubble. The sun shines brightly in a deep blue sky, and when an occasional fleecy white cloud floats over its broad face, a wavering inky shadow goes over the grain that is still standing. A fret-work of shadows, changing, shifting, broadening, narrowing, plays over the stubble.

"Begorra! but me stomach is sure stuck to me backbone," sighs the Irishman, with a hungry laugh. The men pause for an instant to wipe their faces with "astonishingly red handkerchiefs." When the dinner bell is heard, with thankful sighs they turn towards the house. The horses are put up and fed, and very soon there is again heard a great splashing on the back porch. Inside, boiling, frying, dishes rattling and the sound of hurrying, flurrying footsteps.

The men need no second word, but troop in and with as few words as possible are soon trying to get rid of that hungry

feeling. This healthy workingman's hunger quiets even the Englishman for a longer time than usual. His back is sore and his hands are blistered, he feels no interest in the "how" or the "why" of farming or harvesting methods. The uppermost thought in his mind is how to get through the afternoon without being "knocked up."

Heaping dishes of potatoes and a huge round of beef, pies, rhubarb, custard and raspberries disappear as if by magic. Glasses are replenished with milk, plates are refilled with bread and buns, and at last with a sigh of relief the farmer's wife sees them push back their chairs and prepare to go out again.

All through the meal the German has been casting amused and satisfied glances at the Englishman, but when he notices that with the disappearance of the beef and potatoes his spirits have risen, he gets up and with something between a chuckle and a grunt walks out. As he lights his pipe in the kitchen he slyly remarks to the farmer's wife: "You vant to have your sweet cream and your liniment ready vor Meester Algernon Augustus Theodore Sidney Ronald Egbert Vesternan when he says his 'Now I lay me,' for he's the boy vat will be sore this night." Then he strolls on out and stretches himself in the "bluff" for his "noonin'," while the horses feed. The other men come out in a minute or two, and "reckon" and surmise as to how much grain they have knocked down since morning. Poor Algernon Augustus Theodore, etc., lies apart from the rest, very quiet, very sad. But now, with a long-drawn sigh speaks.

"Gad! I think, by the feel of me, that I have walked fifty miles and picked up one thousand sheaves of wheat. Wheat! Wheat! Oh, how I wish this human race had never taken a notion to bread!"

"Oh! buck up, old man, the worust is yet to come," cheerfully remarks the Irishman, rising.

Then back to work, the fresh horses are put on the binders, and they start off in the same order. By now the binders are away ahead of the stookers; long lines of sheaves lay upon the ground, emblems of beauty and power fallen to mere useful-

ness. The men work on steadily, vigorously, and gradually, slowly, gain on the binders.

At four o'clock they go in and again the importance of the farmer's wife is demonstrated in a very telling and beneficial way. No rest is taken this time, all hands rush back and the work goes on. Stooks spring up, swiftly followed by another and another, clouds begin to gather and all hands turn in to put up the sheaves that are already upon the ground. Thunder threatens, and they work swiftly. The farmer turns in, and by nine they have finished. With a partially calm heart the farmer, followed by the men, walks slowly into the house. At the door the farmer turns for one more last look at the sky and notices that the clouds are clearing away and drifting eastward. So with a lighter heart he eats his supper. The men were too tired to wash well, so around the generously spread, lamp-lit table there are seated many grimy faces. The Englishman is thoroughly squelched, and eats in silence. When the meal is finished they file out and before very long are rolled in their blankets, comfortably snoring and dreaming of a country where the sun never sets, and they cut wheat all the year round. In the kitchen the prime movers work on washing dishes, straightening up and getting things ready for morning.

Everything stirs out doors from early morning until dark. Everything stirs indoors from dawn until long after the tired men are sound asleep, and when the women go to bed 'tis very often quite near to the next day.

Out in the moonlight the fairies are dancing over the nodding heads of grain; they do not dream that very soon they will come to dance and find their dancing floor all gone. The wind rises and moans through the bluff around the house, moans in sorrow for the fairies, moans at the downfall of the proudly swaying golden grain. Then at sight of a bright light dawning in the east the little elves skip away and hide themselves.

One day follows another very much the same as the last, only each day brings them nearer the end, nearer the threshing, nearer seeing the results of their

labours. The farmer looks benign and happy. No storm has come to beat the heavy heads to earth, no hail.

The last day comes around. There is just about an easy day's work yet to do, but what great black clouds roll up before the sun! The thunder grumbles and growls, then rolls across the sky with the noise of one thousand horsemen crossing a bridge. Every man is rushed out. The binders go round and round, quickly and steadily leaving sheaves in plenty behind, separate sheaves for only a minute, soon all in stooks.

As the first great drops fall the men turn from the fields toward the distant barn with a wave and a shout. "All's well; let her come now!" says the farmer. Binders are rushed into sheds, horses into stables, the men are drenched and dripping when they reach a place of shelter, but this is soon remedied and soon all are dry.

"Well, sir, that little spurt just saved me about one hundred and eighty dollars," says the farmer with a satisfied smile on his face. "We will consider it a day's work."

The stooks stood for a couple of days, and then one evening at dark up the land comes the puffing engine, and trailing on behind the long, flat-sides red separator and the water tank and caboose. The engineer and fireman, black and greasy, stop to speak to the farmer, then they all go on out to the clear space in the field and set up the machine.

In the grey dawn of the next morning the black figures of the engineer and fireman may be seen busy about the machine. As soon as they have eaten their early breakfast, things are put in full swing. Four teams draw the sheaves to the machine, one man feeds, two teams haul the grain away from the machine to the granary, three or four men are on the stack and four or five in the field loading.

The first team drives up with its load of sheaves to satisfy the insatiable hunger of this red monster. As soon as the first is

emptied another drives up and round and round they go, never pausing, never stopping until the shrill steam whistle of the engine announces dinner. Black and grimy the men slip down from the stack. The horses are unhitched, the steam is turned off, the straw fire banked up, and the men troop to the house where the long table fairly groans with its weight of substantial things to eat. With very little ceremony the men all get a seat and then it's every man for himself. The farmer's wife and her helpers hurry and scurry from kitchen to table and back, never pausing, never resting.

This goes on for a week or maybe two weeks. In the house nothing but baking, meals, and dishes; meals, dishes, and baking. Outside, hauling, threshing, firing, drawing water, feeding engine and separator, and drawing grain away. The yield is averaging twenty-eight bushels to the acre, and that is a fair paying yield.

The children revel in the sport; they examine the engine in the noon hour, they slide in the straw and romp, they ride in the waggons and on the tank, they get their eyes full of dirt, and through it all chew wheat.

It is evening again, the pale yellow harvest moon shines again in the same old way, on the same old field, but what a difference! The great monster that has caused this devastation looms black in the night, and far to the right of it and far to the left stretches the fields clearer than the virgin prairie. No wheat swaying and nodding in the pale, shimmering light, no sheaf, no stook, just clear distance of yellow, glittering stubble.

From the sombre shadows of the straw stack a weird chanting song floats out on the still grey night. The Galicians are chanting their evening hymn. The song rises and falls and drifts away into the darkness, weird and fascinating; a cloud drifts over the moon, and all is still.



Some Sidelights on the Life and Character of Benjamin Franklin

By REV. R. F. DIXON



It has always been my conviction that Franklin, though probably all round the ablest man born on this continent, and next to George Washington, undoubtedly the most influential actor in the American Revolution, was not a man of a high type of character. He was strong-minded, but not high-minded. There was an ineradicable vein of trickery in him, which was continually cropping out. George Washington, on the other hand, though nothing wonderful in the matter of ability, and in mere cleverness outclassed by at least half a dozen of his associates, including his rival, the so-called "traitor" Arnold, was always, everywhere, and with all men, emphatically a high-minded man. Without the moral force of Washington's character behind it, the Revolution could hardly have been accomplished. It was only Washington's personality which prevented the innumerable dissensions that raged among the Republicans from coming to a head, and producing a fatal cleavage. Amid all the plotting and counter-plotting, the mean and underhand caballing, and sordid scheming that went on among the "patriots," he alone remained unsullied, trusted, and trusty. Everyone was so firmly convinced of his absolute integrity and nobility of character, that faction was silenced in his presence. He became a rallying point for every section. He held things together, which, thanks to the imbecility of the British generals who could not profit by their repeated victories or the mistakes of the enemy, was all that was needed. His character was the keystone of the arch, whose displacement would have reduced the whole edifice to a heap of ruins.

There is no finer instance in history of the superiority of character over mere cleverness, than the final triumph of the American Revolution, or a more striking

illustration of the saying, that men are great rather by what they are than by what they do.

On the other hand, I cannot divest myself of the conviction that Franklin, with all his wonderful force and genius, was morally of the earth, earthy. He was undoubtedly capable of rising at times to a certain height of public-spirit-edness; he was a man of immense moral courage; he was not lacking in benevolent instincts; he could stand by a friend; but, I repeat, he was not a high-minded man, and morally unworthy of being mentioned in the same breath with George Washington, who is the only heroic figure in the American Revolution. Franklin's private morals, again, at all events in his young days, were somewhat disreputable, and probably never entirely above suspicion. And then while Washington was always and everywhere the gentleman in every fibre, Franklin, with all his wide experience of courts and celebrities, never was and never could be.

These impressions have been recently intensified on my own part by the perusal of a long-forgotten work, entitled "Boucher's View of the American Revolution," published in 1797, consisting of thirteen sermons preached by Rev. Jonathan Boucher, an Ante-Revolutionary Virginian rector, on public questions covering a period of about fifteen years (1760-75).

Boucher, who was a native of the county of Cumberland, Eng., came to Virginia about the middle of the century to engage in teaching. For some years, he was tutor to George Washington's step-children, and became his warm and intimate personal friend. He took a very prominent part in the controversy which preceded the actual rupture between the colonies and the mother country, and though a fearless and outspoken opponent, was broad-minded and honest enough to perceive and censure the mis-

takes of the Home authorities. He is said to have officiated for months with loaded pistols on his desk, and to have prayed on one occasion for King George under the loaded muskets of the rebels at the risk of his life. In 1775, his church at Queen Anne's, in Prince George county, was forcibly closed, and he returned to England, where he was subsequently appointed vicar of Epsom. He died there in 1807.

The sermons are prefaced by certain general reflections on the causes of the American Revolution, and are dedicated in very cordial terms to "George Washington, Esquire, of Mount Vernon, in the county of Fairfax, Virginia." Though in some cases disguised in Biblical phraseology, these sermons all treat of public questions, of which the following examples of subjects may be given: "On the Treaty of Peace of 1763" (the first Treaty of Paris and the cession of Canada), "On the strife between Abram and Lot," "On the character of Absalom," "On the disputes between the Israelites and the two tribes and a half," "On civil liberty, passive obedience, and non-resistance." These sermons, as was characteristic of those leisurely times, are prodigiously lengthy, and must have occupied at least an hour and a half in delivery, and with notes, dedication, appendices, and preface, form a goodly volume, each sermon in length being equal to a modern pamphlet. They are what we may call "massive" discourses and display great learning, a wide and close acquaintance with the classical writers, a profound knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, as well as a keen and intelligent apprehension of the public questions of the day. Although the author makes no attempt to disguise his intense disapproval of the course pursued by the malcontents, the tone of the sermons is remarkably moderate, for those times, at all events.

The allusions to Franklin are to be found in the notes and appendices, and are characterised by a directness and assurance which, in a writer of Boucher's manifest honesty and fairmindedness, render them, to say the least, well worthy of a very respectful hearing. The ap-

pendix, by the way, follows the sermons on "Absalom and Ahitophel." Boucher had been accused of fitting the character of Ahitophel (the seducer of Absalom) on Franklin. In the appendix, he denies any special intention of doing this, but adds that he cannot deny a striking resemblance between Ahitophel and Franklin. He then proceeds to show up the "Doctor," as he appears to have been very generally called.

That he was an unblushing plagiarist is, I suppose, very generally known. I need not therefore reproduce the celebrated epitaph named by himself "The author's epitaph on himself," which was simply a translation from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1763, and, which, if I am not mistaken, now appears on his tomb.

Boucher exposes another flagrant instance of the same failing from Franklin's published works entitled "A Parable Against Persecution," which he shows, by parallel quotations, was undoubtedly borrowed from a sermon of Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

Of his political career, our author speaks with even greater severity. To quote his words:

"In the affair of the Stamp Act, the duplicity of his character became still more manifest. There is as good evidence as such a case will admit of, that the idea of raising a revenue by means of a stamp duty originated with him. He certainly spoke of such an Act, as likely to take place, long before it did take place. With the promoters of the Stamp Act he had interest enough to procure the nomination of two of the stamp masters, notwithstanding that in America he opposed the Act with all his might."

After an allusion to his little affair with the Post Office Department, and his severe cross-examination by Wedderburn, which doubtless is an old story to nine-tenths of our readers, Boucher continues:

"In this irritated and vindictive state of mind, he left England and returned to America. It was said at the time that the moment that he set his foot on shore, he drew his sword. This was

done to show the people in what temper he returned to them. But in their reception of him there was no appearance of that ardour of affection which they afterwards officiously displayed. This coolness was attributed to their then suspecting that he could be true to no cause, and that, therefore, if he joined the advocates for hostilities, it would probably be with a view of betraying them. He was much affected by these suspicions, and for some time hesitated to which party he should attach himself. For many days this point was warmly debated between him and two near and dear friends, who are still living, and who, it is hoped, will leave behind them, if it should still be thought right to forbear publishing in their lifetime, some account of this and other interesting transactions. Resentment prevailed; every other argument was parried. It was some time before he gained the entire confidence of his countrymen. . . . There was a littleness or meanness of mind in his paltry sneer when, on the dismemberment of the Empire, he observed that the world had now a practical demonstration of the way in which a great empire could be reduced to a small one. . . . Of the same case was his making a point of signing the preliminaries of peace in the same coat which he wore when he was affronted at the bar of the Privy Council."

Of his electrical researches and inventions, Boucher speaks in another part of this appendix: "Franklin's ene-

mies, however bitter, have seldom been found so wanting in truth and justice as to deny him great merit in his philosophical character. It was in Philadelphia chiefly, if not wholly, that he was charged with having stolen from an Irish gentleman of the name of Kinnersley many of his useful discoveries respecting electricity."

The truth of the matter is that Franklin is one of those men who have been canonised by success. He took a very prominent part, Boucher thinks the most prominent part, in the establishment of the United States, which has turned out to be such a gigantic affair that posterity has lost the true perspective. The actors in what has eventually proved to be one of the greatest of all historical dramas, have therefore assumed proportions, and have been invested with qualities, if not mythical, at all events, hugely exaggerated. Franklin, as one of the chief founders of a nation that promises to become one of the greatest in the history of mankind, shines with a borrowed lustre. He has "grown with the country."

Ready as I am to admit his remarkable ability, and his many minor good qualities, benevolence, zeal for education, a certain public-spiritedness, a strong sense of humour, he is not the stuff that real heroes are made of, and alongside the figure of George Washington, towering in lonely grandeur, he makes a poor appearance.

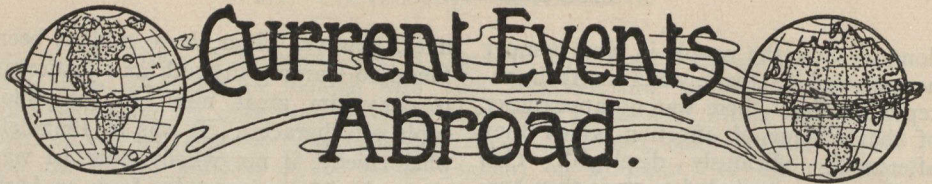
Thoughtlessness

BY DONALD A. FRASER

ONE strained to reach a shining height,
But perished e'er he could attain;
Another o'er his levelled corse
Stretched out his hand; but stretched in vain.

On, on they thronged to gain the goal;
One fails; another follows fast;
His clay but swells the pile that brings
The next still nearer than the last.

Now one arrives, who mounts the heap
And with a bound the height is won;
Then, thoughtless, proud, erect, he cries:
"O World, behold what *I* have done!"



Current Events Abroad.

THE readers of "Harper's Weekly" do not often find in that stimulating journal a more candid and refreshing article than the discussion, "Shall We Meddle With Cuba?" by Rupert Hughes. He brings the great American Republic to time in a fashion that may take Uncle Sam's breath away, for that worthy is so accustomed to Fourth-of-July oratory that it is difficult for him to realise that there ever was a time when the American colonies or people were little and unknown.

Of the indifference of the United States to the infant efforts of new republics, Mr. Hughes says: "About the most unbeautiful thing in the general frame of American opinion is its contempt for small republics struggling with internal troubles. When the French people threw off monarchy in their Revolution, they offered their aid to any other people of the same ambition. The first thing our infant nation did was to refuse aid to the French Republic. It was prudent, but it was not pretty.

"On every possible occasion citizens of the United States talk gravely of the necessity of our intervening to save Cuba from internal dissension, as if we had never been small, and as if we Anglo-Saxons had never known what internal dissension and insurrection meant. It has a certain similarity to our pharisaic attitude towards Russia; we caricature her alleged fondness for assassination, in spite of the fact that, in the last half-century, we have had three Presidents assassinated, while they have so lost but one Czar."

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Mr. Hughes proceeds to remind his fellow-countrymen of the similarities in the histories of the two countries, which are "eloquently numerous." Canadians who know what their U. E. Loyalist forefathers suffered will be delighted to find

an American writer making such frank admissions as these: "When the thirteen colonies revolted, they contained only three million souls, of whom fully one-third, and those chiefly of the upper classes, were opposed to independence, and gave support and comfort to the home government, for which they endured from their more patriotic neighbours much hanging and maltreatment during the war, and wholesale confiscation and exile afterward. Read Jones's *History of New York* on the sufferings of the loyalists and it will open certain eyes.

"Cuba's war for independence would probably have failed without the intervention of the United States. But so our Revolution, which lasted seven years, would certainly have failed without the aid of France. Think of Yorktown with the French fleet away! Think of the absolute salvation that the French money rendered our pitiful treasury, and the refuge French ports gave to our privateers, like Paul Jones!"

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The writer rebukes the Americans for their ridicule of the Cuban army because of its smallness, its raggedness, its extreme mobility amounting to timidity, and shows an inconvenient memory for his country's exhibition of the same defects.

"When, on Christmas eve, Washington surprised the Hessians at Trenton, his barefoot soldiers left bloody footprints on the snow, as later at Valley Forge. Yet our satirists used to laugh at the Cuban armies barefooted in the tropics.

"The morale of the army was often as bad as that of the Cubans at its worst. Burgoyne drove the Americans back at all points till he finally got too far from his base and allowed himself to be surrounded. He surrendered 5,000 men,

but the army that captured him numbered 18,000 men. At Camden, under the command of the same General Gates, our troops, far outnumbering the British, were routed shamefully at the first volley and ran till they dropped of exhaustion.

"Yet somehow they managed to 'rub through' till England's other interests forced her to give up. Then did peace settle down? Not to any noticeable extent. There were the Tories to pay up. At least 30,000 were forced into Canada. Then came the struggle with internal affairs; there were five years of a chaos which John Fiske called 'the most critical period in all the history of the American people.' . . . Europe looked on in contempt, and prophesied doom far more positively than it is now prophesied of Cuba."

U

Assuredly the writer of this article multiplies instances to convince the people of the United States that they should not feel ultra-critical of Cuba's comic-opera government. A Canadian who has read the accounts given by American school histories of the War of 1812 can recall his irritation by the said historian's failure to chronicle the small affair at Queenston Heights and other events in which the American forces were not brilliantly successful. But Mr. Hughes makes handsome amends in



TWISTING THE LION'S TONGUE.

FATHER TIME (*closely examining small incision in tree-trunk*): "Who's been trying to cut this tree down?"

"TEDDY" ROOSEVELT (*in manner of young George Washington*): "Father! I cannot tel a li. I did it with my litl ax."

FATHER TIME: "Ah well! Boys will be boys!"—*Punch*.

this manly style: "I remember being taught in school that we won the War of 1812 gloriously. I remember my dismay on finding the true details; there was a land campaign in which cowardice vied with inefficiency in attaining the sublime, in which our capital was captured by the British, and in which the only respectable victory, that at New Orleans, was won after a treaty in which we dared not insist on the very subject for which we went to war. The naval history is brighter in splendid duels, but we are apt to forget that in September, 1814, we had not a single vessel on the sea—every one being captured, sunk or blockaded in port." The Canadian reader



AUSTRALIA AND THE FLESHPOTS.

"You ask that I shall show no preference to my own flesh and blood! My nature is somewhat different."—*Britannia.*

may question Mr. Hughes's remarks about the "indignities suffered from British ships" and the propriety of the description "shamefully delayed" war. England was in the last grapple with Napoleon and the Orders-in-Council, so obnoxious to the Americans, had been repealed.



It is with some searching of heart that we read such a paragraph as this: "One even hears fellow-citizens talking about graft in Cuba's politics, about the self-seeking of certain of her statesmen, about the bitterness of her party rival-

ries. It is hardly worth while to mention our own reputation in this respect. Our politics has always been a source of shame to ourselves and a consolation to foreign monarchies. There never has been a time when our political life has not given off a bad smell; and a foreign Diogenes would begrudge us even a swing of his lantern." The citizen of our own Dominion is not in a position at present to assume an "I-am-holier-than-thou" expression, and invite Diogenes to a place as a Commissioner. Mr. Hughes, however, makes it abundantly evident that Uncle Sam is not needed as a political purifier in Cuba. The conclusion of the whole matter is in a tone of sincere and searching patriotism. "Now, let all that I have written be understood as it is

meant. It comes from a patriot who would rather be a citizen of the United States to-day than of any other nation in history, and who is keenly alive to the marvels of ancestral and contemporary achievements. I have purposely selected only the bad in our annals, because the meddlers with Cuba select only the bad in her history. She also has had ideals, has had martyrs, has mustered her armies and endured poverty, exile, shame, defeat, and the problems that follow victory. She has her noble men to-day as we have ours. If she has also evil men and serious dilemmas, so have we had them—in full measure. As we have

resented and do resent outside interference or even advice, let us not force them on others. There are enough blotches on our escutcheon without adding the names of busybody, hypocrite, and bully."

When one considers how the dear public exults in reading about "how great we are," and resents anything in the form of discriminating judgment, the words of Mr. Hughes must be regarded as those of a brave man, who has the courage of his criticisms.



The Australian Government, having negotiated a preferential arrangement with New Zealand, has given a preference to the Mother Country without any understanding as to favours to be returned. There is a generous abandon about this policy which may be embarrassing to the Radical friends at "home." An English authority comments: "Possibly the fact that the great self-governing colonies are keen to enter into special fiscal arrangements among themselves, whilst Great Britain remains out in the cold, may bring even the benighted Free Importer in time to understand realities. Every year the country is throwing away commercial chances of the first magnitude by its rejection of Mr. Chamberlain's policy." The attitude of Canada and Australia towards Great Britain, in the matter of fiscal arrangements, is not affected by party questions in the Mother Country. The self-governing colonies pay comparatively little heed to political ups-and-downs in Great Britain, and would offer the same preference to a Radical as to a Tariff Reformer. A speaker in the British House of Commons recently declared that foreign policy had been removed entirely from the realm of party politics, and further, that the Empire could not continue unless it was held together by some bond, and there were only two—mutual profit and mutual sacrifice.



KING EDWARD AS FAUST.

MARGUERITE (*Germany*): "He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me. . . ."

(From the garden scene in "Faust.")

—Kladderatsch of Berlin.

The recent celebration by Aberdeen University of its fourth centenary has been marked by interesting and unusual features. That large-hearted Scottish-Canadian, Lord Strathcona gave a monster banquet to the poor of the city, and contributed in every way in his power to the success of what proved a notable gathering. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were present at the opening of the new buildings erected by the subscriptions of Aberdonians. There were representatives from the educational institutions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Malta, India, the United States, France, Germany, and other foreign countries. The Scottish University has always been an institution of strong individual qualities, retaining, like the country, a certain pride in its aloofness. It has always had a strong hold on the people, and has been the ambition of the poor boy rather than the rich. The son of the shepherd and the son of the crofter have found their way, by sternest self-denial, to Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen, thereby giving Ian MacLaren abundant material for "A Lad o' Pairs." There must have been many a "Domsie" in that gathering at Aberdeen, gazing with bashful pride at "laddies" from the ends of the Empire who have shown that the lessons taught in the old school-house were not learned in vain.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



WITH magic colour the forest glows,
Fit for a pageant fair;
Gold and scarlet, ruby and rose,
Bright as a bugle's blare;
Sky and river and woodland shine,—
But chill is the wind that sways the vine,
And the frost no bloom shall spare.

The dark days come and the bitter chill
Whispers the word, "Good-night";
Winter lurks by the lonely hill,
Wrapped in his robe of white.
Soon, ah, soon, he shall banish far
Forest-beacon and blossom-star,—
But a dream defies his might!

—Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.



IN THE WANING YEAR

WHEN we read the poetry of Bliss Carman, C. G. D. Roberts, Theodore Roberts and Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, it is easy to see how these poets of the sea province have felt and expressed the beauty of autumn. Victoria and Vancouver may know all the delicate enchantment of an English spring in the west, but for Eastern Canada, the months when we behold what Bliss Carman calls "the scarlet of the year," are those which illumine the calendar. Professor Roberts makes no secret of his preference for the glowing season when, in his poem, "To Winter," he turns from ice-bound lakes and streams to long for "the Autumn's ripe fulfilling." In the dainty book, "Dream Verses," by his sister, there are many lines that show the writer's sympathy and kinship with Nature; but those that are most easily remembered tell of the year's later glories, as when we are assured:

"Something that the frost foretells,
Something that the woods forebode,
Waits us where the sumach looms
Rich in glories and in glooms,
Down the dreary road."

COUNT TOLSTOY ON "WOMAN'S MISSION"

WHEN Tolstoy becomes hysterical he is worse than any Ladies' Seminary in an attack of shrieking or giggles. Just now he is exercised about what is called the woman's movement, and has been expressing himself direfully in the *Fortnightly Review* on the troublesome subject. Among other wise remarks we find the following: "Men cannot accomplish that highest and best work which brings them nearest to God—the work of love, of complete self-surrender to the one loved, which good women have done so well and, naturally, are doing, and will always do. Without such women life on earth would be poor indeed. . . . There would not be those thousands and thousands unknown, and, like all that is unknown, the very best women, consolers of drunken, weak and dissolute men, who are more than anyone else in need of the consolations of love."

The feminine reader of this remarkable outburst may consider that to be the "consoler of drunken, weak and dissolute men," is to play a part that is neither dignified nor becoming. To be an amateurish gold cure is not satisfying to the average maiden's ambition. There really is no "woman's question," in the sense of considering whether the feminine portion of humanity is sufficiently devoted to the joys of home. The vast majority of women will always prefer domestic life to the studio, the stage, the office or the dissecting-room. But let the minority go on its way in search of a "career," and wish the artist, the novelist, the nurse, or the actress, the best of luck. Even in these active days, the bride still receives the most sincere attention and the choicest

of our roses. There is no danger of Cupid being frozen out of the modern woman's heart, but, thanks to the ease with which the girl of to-day may obtain equipment for her chosen calling, she is not forced, as our grandmothers sometimes were, into becoming the "consoler of drunken, weak and dissolute men," because, forsooth, they were not allowed to do anything so unwomanly as support themselves. This is a more sensible and wideawake age, in which a woman has a higher ideal of the manhood which she is to love and honour, than the drunken and dissolute creature whom Tolstoy seems to consider it her privilege to console. Ruskin has a purer conception of modern knighthood. Horrible thought! Can the democratic Count have written these lamentations under vodka inspiration?

An English reviewer takes him to task in this wise: "What nonsense the dear old prophet of Yasnia Poliana sometimes talks! As if allowing women liberty to pursue their natural bent, untrammelled by male interdicts, would impair their capacity to accomplish the work of love! If the power of woman is so important, great and irreplaceable, as I agree it is, why deprive any department of human life of its beneficent influence?" If we are to take the heroines of Tolstoy fiction as the novelist's ideal women, he is to be pitied for the conception he has formed of feminine qualities and capabilities.



AT VICTORIA FALLS

CANADIANS are so familiar with the wonders of Niagara that they are apt to forget there are cataracts in other parts of the world. In *The Empire Review*, Gertrude Page has written a series of letters, "Farm-Life of Rhodesia," of which the concluding number tells of a visit to the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. It is interesting to compare this description with the surroundings of our own great falls: "There is something splendid about the spray itself, with its exquisite rainbows, and it continually blows to one side or another, revealing marvellous glimpses at unexpected moments. Then the Rainy Forest is so beau-

tiful at this time. One gets wet through and through without oilskins (which are always procurable at the hotel for those who can be bothered with them), but the forest itself amply repays any wetting. The ferns and foliage are exquisite, and the effect of baby rainbows among the trees and playing round one's feet, is enthralling. These tiny rainbows, or rainbows in assorted sizes, are everywhere—above your head, round your feet, in the foreground and in the background—and they are perfect in symmetry and colour, occasionally forming complete circles. During the summer the forest is gay with orchids and other flowers, but I cannot think they please quite as much as the rainbows. One can see orchids growing wild in many districts, but never, at any time or place, have I seen baby-rainbows disporting themselves among trees and ferns." So far as rainbows go, the African cataract seems to be more brilliantly equipped than Niagara. It is to be hoped that the "eighth wonder" will never be so despoiled by commercialists and monopolists as has been the fate of the great falls of this continent.

The writer's description of farm-life in Rhodesia is not alluring, and as one reads of poor crops, horse-sickness and blackwater fever, one thinks with grateful pride of our wonderful West and fertile Ontario, and cannot be anything but sympathetic when Mrs. Page sighs: "Again I say, poor Rhodesia! Wild beasts, blights, diseases, unscrupulous financiers—what has she not persistently to contend against?" In Canada, on the contrary, the wild animals we have known are rapidly disappearing, blights are infrequent, we have our own share of the "white plague," while concerning unscrupulous financiers, of course, we care to make few comments. Rhodesia is welcome to a few of our captains of industry.

But it is curious how fond we become of a country where we have made our very own home, at the cost of toil and suffering. The writer concludes: "So good-bye, Rhodesia—brave, unlucky, tormented little country—I shall think of you often in the far island home—yearn-

ing at any rate, I haven't a doubt, for some of your glorious sunshine, and ready enough to come back, as all the rest are, after six or nine months of idling. You haven't been over-kind to me—but what of it? I wish you well—I almost love you—I will certainly, if opportunity arises, endeavour to be your champion through thick and thin.”



PRINCESS PATRICIA'S BETROTHAL

THE announcement that Princess Patricia, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, is to become the wife of Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, only brother of Emperor Nicholas, has been received with more interest than such a bit of royal news usually creates. Aside from the international significance of such an alliance Princess Patricia herself is much more interesting than most young persons of her rank. She is decidedly pretty, which is more than can be said for her sister, the wife of the heir presumptive to the Swedish throne, or for her cousin Princess Ena, now Queen Victoria of Spain. In addition to her charms of person, she has a brightness of disposition and a vivacity of manner that have made her generally popular, especially in Ireland, where a smile and a *bon mot* go a long way. Perhaps the fairies of the Land of the Shamrock have been unusually benevolent to this English princess with the Irish name, for she was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1886, and is said to be proud of the nickname, "Princess Pat."

But to be the wife of a Russian Grand Duke is not, in the present crisis, an enviable lot. The poor little Spanish bride had a tragical wedding-day, but her cousin will go to a country over which the darkest clouds hover, and the best of good wishes that England can give will seem but a mockery. She is the first cousin of the Czarina, who is a daughter of England's beloved Princess Alice, and her presence in Russia will make another strand in the bond that certain statesmen are anxious to make between Russia and England. During recent years, the members of the Connaught family have travelled somewhat extensively in the British

Empire. Last year Prince Arthur, Princess Patricia's only brother, made a Canadian tour, and there is a rumour that his distinguished father, who has been here more than once, will visit Canada again next year.



THE SUFFRAGETTES

ONCE more the voice of the suffragette is heard in England, for the erstwhile imprisoned agitators are at liberty, and are making the most of their self-incurred martyrdom. Those who believe firmly in woman exercising the franchise are not at all united in admiration of these strenuous sisters. No good is done to such a cause by performances that are of the fishwife class, and that place the perpetrators on a level with the shrews of the police court. Woman is not going to secure a vote by using fierce epithets and swinging a bludgeon. The truth of the matter is, that not many women are desirous of voting. When the majority of the gentle (occasionally) sex really wish to vote, they will have ballots in a very short time, for women always get what they sincerely and ardently desire. Let the fighting Englishwomen endeavour to influence their own sex, instead of badgering the Right Honourable H. H. Asquith, and ringing his doorbell in a perfectly unladylike way. In the meantime, an English exchange informs us that a society has been formed "to keep women in their proper place." This, the chairman explained, was the home circle. The really interesting speculation, as the *Westminster Gazette* observes, "is to consider what the wives of these demonstrators said to them when they got home."



WHEN MARY ANN DISAPPEARS

THERE is one way of dealing with the servant problem—by the process of eliminating the servant and "doing the work alone." In an English home magazine, there is a description of how many American women of refinement and social aspirations manage to dispense with the services of cook and housemaid. But it is admitted that these servantless American households have conveniences of

which the Englishwoman knows very little. Also, the prevalence of "tinned food" is mentioned, and one shivers at the thought of Chicago pressed chicken. But the writer of the article is doubtful as to the success of "being your own domestic" in England, and concludes with the reflection:

"Whether the American woman who combines the duties of wife, mother, nurse, cook, housemaid, club-woman, washer-woman, student of Greek, musician and what-not, becomes thus a queen or a mere drudge, is a question for dispute. Personally, I am inclined to the opinion that she is more drudge than queen, and not by any means to be envied by her English cousins, who think they have a servant problem, and are desirous of knowing how the American woman manages to do her own housework, and so rid herself of the annoyances that help to make miserable the English life."

The servantless households are probably found in the West, where the demands of social life are not complex. But modern women seem to be divided into two camps—those who have too much work, and those for whose idle hands the "smart set" finds some mischief to do. The worn-out woman and she who is suffering from ennui alike end in the rest cure. In the meanwhile, most of us can appreciate the feelings of the old woman who had borne other people's burdens all her life, and who announced on her death-bed: "Dear friends, I am going to do nothing forever and ever."



WHERE MAN FALTERS

A REVIEWER recently said that a woman writer was never happy unless she represented men as slapping each other on the back and addressing each other as "old chap." There is a certain hesitancy, when a woman novelist plunges two men into a confidential conversation. But the weak point of the man's story is where he ventures to describe the heroine's gown. Reference has been made before to Miss Myrtle Reed's clever article on the subject, and



DRIVING!

Miss Mabel Thomson of St. John, N.B., winner of Golf Championship

these further remarks are worthy of notice:

"In 'The Story of Eva,' Mr. Payne announces that Eva climbed out of a cab in 'a fawn-coloured jacket' conspicuous by reason of its newness, and a hat 'with an owl's head on it.' The jacket was probably a coat of tan covert cloth with strapped seams, but it is the startling climax which claims attention.

"An owl? Surely not, Mr. Payne! It may have been a parrot, for once upon a time, before the Audubon society met with widespread recognition, women wore such things, and at afternoon teas, where many fair ones were gathered together, the parrot garniture was not without significance. But an owl's face, with its staring, glassy eyes, is too much like a pussy cat's to be appropriate, and one could not wear it at the back without conveying an unpleasant impression of two-facedness, if the coined word be permissible."

Jean Graham

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

SOME years ago, I was instrumental in having inserted in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE an article on Mr. W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the New York *Journal* and other papers, millionaire and politician. In that article it was pointed out that this was a most dangerous man—dangerous to the United States and dangerous to Canada. He was, and is, the arch-advocate in favour of the annexation of this country to the Republic.

Since then, Mr. Hearst has been a candidate for the position of mayor of New York City, and he came within a few votes of being elected. Now he is the candidate of the Democratic party for the governorship of New York State. Should he succeed he will be an opponent of W. J. Bryan for the Democratic nomination for President. Here is a man who is worth watching.



Mr. Hearst's power rests on inherited millions, on the ownership of several large and successful newspapers, on ability

to surround himself with strong men, and on nerve. His ambition knows no moral responsibility apparently, and he is as licentious in his political warfare as he has been in his private life and in his journalistic career. He is a modern buccaneer, with many of the qualities of a popular leader.

In a speech in Brooklyn the other evening, his opponent, Mr. Charles E. Hughes, exclaimed: "We do not want government by headlines!" The phrase is worthy of contemplation. Mr. Hearst's power over the people has been due to his quickness in recognising that the people of the United States can be governed by headlines—they are to-day. With the majority, argument and reason are of little avail. They take their impressions from the big type at the top of the page. Hearst cares not who makes the arguments, so long as he makes the headlines.



In Canada, government by headlines is speedily coming in. The editorial is



THE TORONTO AUTOMOBILE CLUB GATHERS THE ORPHANS OF THE CITY FOR A DAY'S FUN—THE RENDEZVOUS IN QUEEN'S PARK



THE CLUB ARRIVES AT THE EXHIBITION GROUND

receding before the headline. It has been well exemplified in the Insurance investigation reports. When the Canada Life was being investigated, the papers friendly to Senator Cox wrote headlines which indicated how well he came through the investigations; those which were unfriendly, took the opposite course. The evidence was practically the same. So when the Foresters were being investigated, the headlines were mainly for Dr. Oronhyatekha, and a very favourable impression was created throughout the country. When it came to the Union Trust Co. and Mr. Foster, the newspapers were less unanimous. The Liberal newspapers showed how wicked he had been; while the Conservative papers were more judicial. The headlines were quite different. It does not matter for the sake of this argument whether or not these gentlemen came through the ordeal with or without honours; all that I am pointing out is that the impression created in the mind of the unprejudiced observer by the evidence may or may not have been reflected in the headlines.

Another thing pointed out by Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hearst's opponent in New York State, was the foolishness of the cry, "Down with the Corporations." All the railways, banks, life insurance businesses, trust companies and most mercantile concerns, are controlled by corporations. The most significant feature of business development is the corporation. To abolish it, is to abolish much of private enterprise and to introduce general state-ownership. The world is not prepared for that, and the corporations must stay.

The aim of the genuine reformer is not to abolish corporations, but to curb the abuse of their privileges. The laws under which corporations act should be made as strict as may be necessary and should be properly enforced. If a director of an insurance or other corporation betrays his trust, let him be punished. There are dozens of them in Canada who should be punished—and yet will likely escape. It is an enforcement of the law regarding corporations, not abolition, which is required. The Attorney-General of On-



DISTRIBUTING SOUVENIRS AFTER THE DAY'S SPORT WAS OVER

tario is seeking to punish London voters who accepted \$10 each for their votes; that is good. Will he also prosecute the men who, being directors in several large companies, used their positions to their private profits? What about these men who have become unreasonably wealthy through the control of the funds of insurance companies and banks?

It is the director who requires regulation and discipline, not the corporation. The thinkers should insist on this and see that demagogic politicians and journalists do not throw dust in the eyes of the uninformed public.



It is becoming more and more evident that a tax on the bank-note circulation would be a good tax. That is, it would be a tax which would come out of bank profits, and would not seriously hamper any business or any set of investors. Bank profits are large, larger than in almost any other line of business. The right to issue bank-notes is a valuable franchise which grows more and more profitable as the country expands. It is only fair that some portion of the profit which comes from this exclusive franchise should be taken for the purposes of government.

The New York Chamber of Commerce Committee, appointed to inquire into the condition of the currency in the United States, have recommended that the national banks be allowed to issue notes equal in amount to 35 per cent. of its capital; that on such notes there be a

graduated tax from two to six per cent. per annum. In Canada, the banks may issue notes up to the amount of their paid-up, unimpaired capital—not merely 35 per cent. of it, as is asked for the national banks. They have a splendid privilege or franchise, and the privilege has national advantages in that it supplies an

abundant and elastic currency. Therefore, if the national banks of the United States can afford to pay an average tax of four per cent. on their currency, why should not the Canadian banks do the same at least, since their privilege or franchise is even greater?

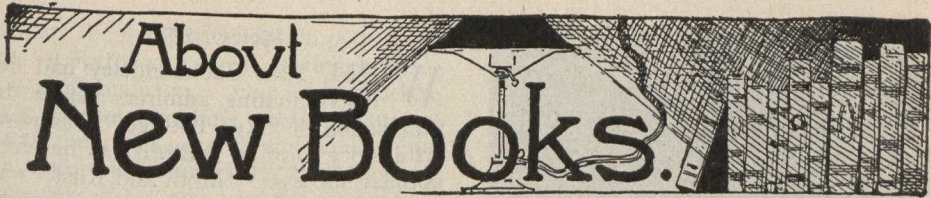
This suggestion does not emanate from socialists or demagogues, or even from journalists; it comes from experienced financiers in New York. In Canada, banking business is more profitable than in the United States; the profit averages from 10 to 20 per cent. per annum. In fact, it is nearer 20 than 10.



When a man writes a cheque for \$10, \$25, \$100, or \$1,000, and hands it over to a charitable organisation, he is not necessarily charitable. He may be influenced by a desire to see his name in print, by a fear that he may be considered stingy, or by a desire to show that he has made money. When, however, the members of the Toronto Automobile Club took their 70 odd machines, visited the orphan institutions of the city, collected 400 orphans, drove them around the city and out to High Park, gave them a luncheon, conducted a series of races for the boys and girls, and finally wound up with a distribution of dolls and mouth-organs—there was a genuine charity. It is not often that wealthy business men take a day off to cheer the hearts of a few orphans, and consequently the occasion is the more noteworthy.

John A. Cooper

About New Books.



WHEN BADGER "DOES" A POET

IT would be difficult to name a city in North America possessed of more stirring historic associations and rarer literary traditions than the ancient and honourable town of Boston. But in these later days Boston has become more celebrated for freak religions and Hibernian politicians than for the culture that is more excellent. No institution is more significant of the modern methods of Boston finance than that known as the Gorham Press, of which Richard G. Badger is the presiding genius. The publication by this house of "The Silver Trail," a book of poems, by Evelyn Gunne, a Canadian writer of some repute, gives occasion for certain reflections on the ways and methods of Richard, whose surname is Badger.

The gentle art of "jollyng" is brought to that flowering perfection which, we are proverbially assured, can be reached only by frequent and conscientious practice. Mr. Badger knows that the heart of the poet is sensitive above all things, and desperately eager for appreciation, not to speak of publication. Thus, when a few melodious sonnets and gentle lyrics have appeared in magazines, the wily Badger takes the opportunity to write a sweetly sympathetic note to the author thereof, hinting dreamily of possible publication. The poetic heart straightway becomes a-flutter and a pile of poems takes its flight, by mail or express, to the Boston publisher, whose classic motto, by the way, is "Arti et Veritati," with emphasis on the latter. The poet, unversed in the records of publishing houses, sees visions, not only of public favour, but of golden returns, and like a "good, easy man," as Wolsey might describe him, thinks "his greatness is a-ripening,"

signs a contract and sends a cheque for more than a hundred dollars, cheerfully assuring the ingenuous Badger that a further sum of equal amount to the first payment will be forthcoming on that proud and magic day when the poems are actually published.

Mr. Badger has been known to reduce his price and offer amazingly moderate terms to the aspiring bard, while he blandly informs the latter that this is indeed an exceptional reduction—in fact, nothing but the surpassing quality of the poems and the fear of their being lost to the world would bring him to such a financial sacrifice. He is no Shylock—three-quarters of a pound of flesh has been known to send him away satisfied.

As we may have stated ere this publication, the stationery, type and paper of the Gorham Press are irreproachable, and the recipient of these immaculate letters is properly impressed by the good form of all mechanical devices. Then the books are so small and dainty that the poet merely reflects upon the "winnowing" process, and does not entertain the sordid thought that a slender volume is really cheaper in production than one containing four hundred fat pages. It would be interesting to know just what these frail books cost the publisher when issued in a modest edition of one thousand. But disappointment of the poet is too sacred a theme for public discussion, and so the world never knows how many high hopes are buried with the Badger books that have such lovely clear type, such extremely wide margins and such dinky little illustrations. The pictures which adorn the present volume are suggestive to the initiated reviewer. They are such cunning little half-tones—some of them an inch-and-a-half long, and a whole inch in width. We are not com-



MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY

Author of "Prisoners"

menting at present on their artistic merit, although the pretty sketch of the moon takes our fancy; but we are thinking of how admirably Mr. Badger has combined picturesque effect and economy.

If a writer is so desirous of giving his productions to a world which is singularly indifferent to the poet, that he is willing to expend a considerable sum on the publication, let him go on his extravagant way and be willing to take it out in local fame or the soothing consideration that his readers are fit, if few. But let not the "mute, inglorious" poet believe the beguiling publisher who writes of contracts and contributions. Who will tell us of the "royalties" that have blessed the credulous bard, and have made him write and call Badger blessed? These are matters with which the public has no concern, but which the poet should ponder many hours before he comes down to a prose reply to the first approaches of the Boston publisher.

Mr. Badger makes the conventional request that in any notice given the book his name will be mentioned as publisher, and also a statement be made as to retail price. We have cheerfully complied with the former part of the request and now make the announcement that these poems may be purchased for the sum of one dollar and a quarter.

PRISONERS

WHILE Miss Cholmondeley had her discriminating admirers before the publication of "Red Pottage," that powerful story may be regarded as her first popular success. "Moth and Rust" was somewhat disappointing, as is the usual effect of a novelist's collection of short stories, although the ghost story is reluctantly remembered as a narrative of surpassing horror. Her latest publication, "Prisoners,"* is as vivid in literary force as "Red Pottage," and is more wholesome in tone. It is essentially a "study," and the characterisation is almost mercilessly keen and unerring. Yet, with all its piercing quality, the book does not belong to the surgical school of fiction. It is the work of an artist, not of a vivisectionist.

Those who can remember "Diana Tempest," one of Miss Cholmondeley's earliest works, will be reminded of the "selfish father" of that novel when they become acquainted with Colonel Belairs, a similar character in "Prisoners." It is curious to remark how this repulsive type of the paternal frequently appears in the English novel. The "heavy father" is an exotic in American fiction and is regarded as of foreign extraction.

This novel is essentially a tragedy, with an Italian setting for the initial crime, that brings about the punishment of an innocent man through a woman's revolting cowardice. The action of the novel centres about the redemption of the small-souled woman who emerges as a fairly honourable character. If there be a chance for criticism we might request that the author, in creating her characters, should put a little more good in the worst of them, and a little more bad in the best of them. Fay is almost too contemptible, and Magdalen too magnificent. But the effect is of dramatic value, and the modern world approves of "the falsehood of extremes."

In humorous description, Miss Cholmondeley is decidedly happy, and the reader turns with relief from the martyrdom of Michael's unjust imprisonment to a contemplation of the "aunts" of the

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

Bellairs household, whose imperfections are set forth with a wit as delightful as it is airily malicious. One fairly chuckles over the match-making creature who captures the poor general and makes him uncomfortable ever after. Such delineations are all too rare, and the reader feels grateful for an opportunity to trace the resemblance between the pilloried characters and his own dear friends. Miss Cholmondeley may yet give us a Mrs. Poyser, or a Betsy Trotwood.



A DISCERNING TRIBUTE

THE articles on the late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) have a deeply emotional tinge, as if the novelist's personality had appealed strongly to both readers and friends. The most interesting sketch is that written by Desmond Mountjoy Raleigh, in the September number of the "Review of Reviews," in which he dwells with fine imaginative touch on the threefold nature of "Pearl Mary-Teresa" Craigie:

"She was 'John Oliver Hobbes,' the somewhat Puritan, who, with unflinching finger, pointed out the evils and sores of modern life, and who had much of the stern Puritan hatred for make-believe and sham.

"Then she was Pearl Craigie, the darling of her friends, the intimate of the great social, artistic and literary world, the equal of queens, a woman who faithfully served her contemporaries to her utmost ability.

"Last, and most alluring picture of all, she was 'Mary-Teresa,' and she was not unworthy of the great women whose namesake she was, and in whose steps she humbly sought to follow."



SCOTTISH ART

WILLIAM D. MCKAY, R.S.A., who is librarian to the Royal Scottish Academy, has accomplished a commendable and valuable work in the volume, "The Scottish School of Painting."* From Raeburn to William B. Scott covers a space of almost a century and a half, of

*London: Duckworth & Co.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



MRS. CRAIGIE
(John Oliver Hobbes)

which the author treats in such a fashion that those who have been somewhat informed on this subject are stimulated to desire a further acquaintance with Scottish painters, while those Canadian readers whose knowledge thereof has been gained only from the exhibition of Scottish pictures sent to Canada, are given a glimpse of the treasures that await them in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Probably the most interesting chapter to the layman is "Social and Artistic Life in Edinburgh, 1773-1823," in which we are informed concerning the early part of the Nineteenth Century: "Through those years the genial presence of Scott runs like a golden thread. Though the æsthetic was not the strong side of his nature, none were more welcome to his fireside, in town or on Tweedside, than the artist fraternity. It was not till later that he humorously says that the very dogs were uneasy when a painter made his appearance." That Stuart misfortunes should be immortalised in Scottish art and fiction is becoming to

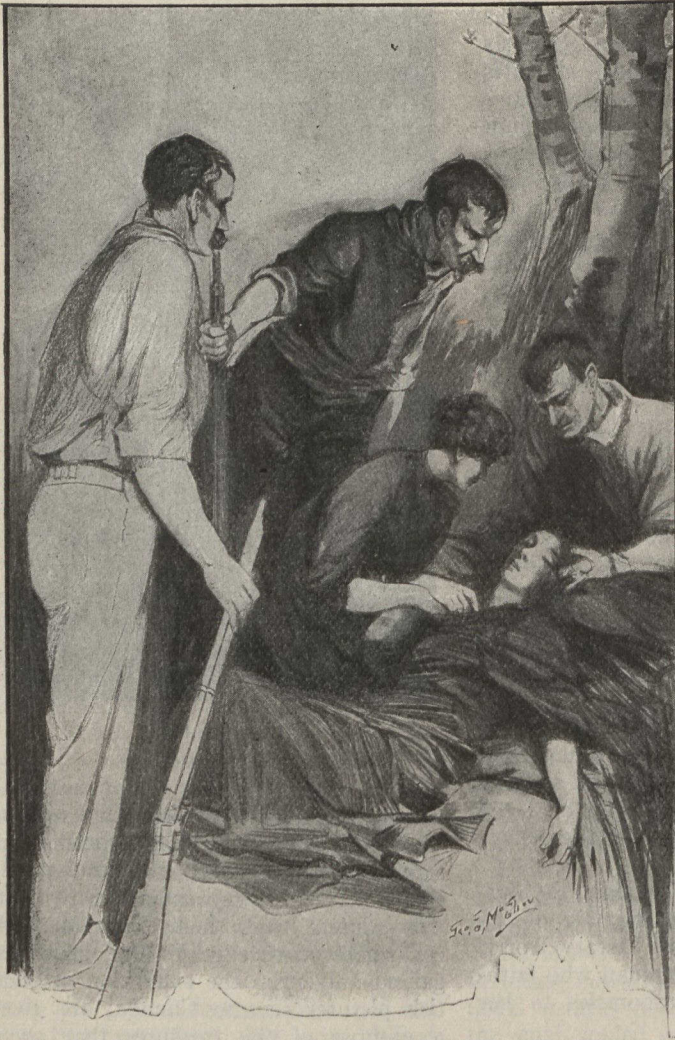


ILLUSTRATION BY G. E. MCELROY FROM "THE CAMERONS OF BRUCE" BY R. L. RICHARDSON

a race so true to the clan. Among the forty-five illustrations which adorn the book, there is none more suggestive of Highland traditions than the reproduction of Archer's "The King Over the Water." The "tender grace of a day that is dead" is in the upturned face and lifted arm of the lady of the old school who drinks to her banished king, while the white rose of the cause lies in lonely significance on the table. The frontispiece is "Mrs. William Urquhart," by Raeburn, the portrait being the property of the Corporation of Glasgow.

WHEN STEAD SCOLDS

IT is a curious circumstance that Mr. W. T. Stead, who is an enthusiastic opponent of militarism, should be the most belligerent scribe in the British Empire when he really undertakes a journalistic crusade. Miss Corelli herself cannot begin to scold as vigorously as this Knight of the Wrathful Countenance. Mr. Stead is engaged in writing "Impressions of the Theatre," and in the article "My First Music-Hall" he gives in no uncertain language his opinion of the degenerate performance and the vacuous audience. Mr. William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, will probably endorse with heartiness the Englishman's condemnation. Those who are acquainted with such vaudeville performances as

our few Canadian cities provide, can appreciate this characteristic Steadian outburst:

"If I had to sum up the whole performance in a single phrase I should say, 'Drivel for the dregs'—only that and nothing more." Referring to actors and "the more degraded creatures in the stalls," he says: "And this is what we have made of them! This is the net product of centuries of Christian teaching, of our ancient Universities and our modern Education Acts, of our cheap press and our free libraries!"

NOTES

"Via Borealis," a poem by Duncan Campbell Scott, forming a booklet of thirty-two pages, has been published this month by William Tyrrell and Company of Toronto. The cover design and decorative illustrations are the work of A. H. Howard, who has admirably caught the spirit of the poem.

"The Cornflower and Other Poems," by Jean Blewett, is assured of a Canadian welcome. The book will be published by William Briggs, as will also "A Hymn of Empire and Other Poems," by Frederick George Scott, and "Among the Immortals," by R. Walter Wright.

Among the new novels by Canadian authors published by William Briggs are "Cupid and the Candidate" and "The Camerons of Bruce." The former is by Mrs. Leeming Carr, a Hamilton author. Those who have had a preliminary glance at the story are confident of its appeal to Canadian readers, since it deals with humour and vivacity with an Ontario election, the hero being an aspirant for political office. The book will have a pretty cover design by Ida M. Sutherland. "The Camerons of Bruce" is the work of R. L. Richardson, the editor of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, who has already published "Colin of the Ninth Concession." The present story affords vivid glimpses of life in Western Canada, which is just now the most attractive part of the continent. Mr. G. E. McElroy, an artist with New York training, is making a series of five illustrations and a cover design for the book. "The Pancake Preacher," by Mack Cloie, has a promising title. The Briggs publishing house will also bring out a new Canadian edition of "Marjorie's Canadian Winter," by Agnes Maule Machar, a story which was originally published in Boston and which ought to gladden the heart of many a small Canadian this Christmastide.

It would be difficult to name a Christmas story of greater charm than "The Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke. Those who have read it will need no urging to read "The First Christmas Tree"

by the same author. It is to be published in Canada, in both cloth and leather binding, by the Copp, Clark Company.

"Studies of Plant Life in Canada," by Mrs. Catharine Parr Traill, a reprint of a valuable book that for many years has been unobtainable, will be published by William Briggs. The new edition is an excellent piece of book-making, with eight full-page illustrations in natural colours and twelve half-tone reproductions, all from reproductions by Mrs. Agnes Chamberlin.

"The Adventures of Billy Topsail," by Norman Duncan, is published in Canada by the Fleming H. Revell Company. The wholesome strength and vivid style that made "The Way of the Sea" and "Dr. Luke of the Labrador" such a refreshing salt breeze in the world of fiction are said to render this latest volume a favourite, especially with the youth who likes "earnest wed with sport."

About forty years ago Lord Redesdale, then Mr. A. B. Freeman-Milford, was a secretary of the British Legation in Japan. Ever since that time he has been an enthusiastic student of Japanese affairs, and has recently acted as a sort of official historian in the recent mission of King Edward to invest the Mikado with the Order of the Garter. Lord Redesdale's new book on the mission, which the Macmillan Company has just published, is to bear the subhead, "The New Japan."

One of the most important publications in Canadian poetry is "The Pipes of Pan," which has just been issued in complete form by the Copp, Clark Company. The volume contains: "From the Book of Myths," "From the Green Book of the Bards," "Songs of the Sea Children," "Songs from a Northern Garden," and "From the Book of Valentines."

The October issue of *Acadiensis* opens with a brilliant reproduction of the arms of Brigadier-General Otter as frontispiece. "Major Ferguson's Riflemen" is an interesting story of volunteers who played an important part in the revolutionary struggle in the Carolinas, and forms a distinct contribution to Loyalist literature.



IDLE MOMENTS

CALCULATED CALLS

HOW THE CADETS GOT EVEN WITH IVAY

PROFESSOR IVAY was a great favourite with the cadets at the Royal Military College of Canada.

They all considered him a "square-head"; and they all agreed that no one could touch him at mathematics.

But Professor Ivay had A Little Pet Weakness, whose every suggestion he indulged.

The name of this Weakness was A Fondness For Digression. To-day, the Professor had gone from Calculus to Calls.

The Senior Class began to grow restless. This was the last mathematics attendance before the Christmas exam., and the To-be-examined had counted on unlimited pointers from the Professor at the sitting. Through weeks of football, their minds had wandered far a-field; but, now, they had run up against the Inevitable.

Still, the Professor continued his Comments on Calls, now clearing up the Career of the Calling Card.

The Class bore with this as patiently as it could; but, after a time, it began to shuffle its feet—at first, just a little, then, more and more, and, at last, as much as it dared.

But the Complacent Contemplation of Calls went on.

The clock ticked away the precious minutes of the attendance, while a creeping horror came upon the mathematics-less listeners.

Then, the hands of the Class began to make mysterious signs. In a few

moments, a Champion arose and politely asked a question on Calculus.

The inquiry was promptly satisfied; but, immediately, the Professor returned to the Calling Code.

Two or three other mathematical queries were ventured; but these elicited only brief replies.

For, now, the Professor was in full swing, cantering cheerfully along over Calling Claims.

At length, he reached the Claims of the Staff.

Then, the Conscience of the Class began to prick, and a light was borne in upon it. It remembered, now, Mrs. Ivay's last dance, which had been given to the Seniors, and that, since that event, the cadets had altogether neglected to pay their respects. Football had knocked out a variety of Claims.

At last, a loud Clang brought the Careful Consideration of Calls to a Close.

That evening, the cadets of the Senior Class held a Solemn Conclave, for they had resolved to show Professor Ivay that they appreciated his lecture on Calls. The Confabulation was strictly Confidential. Upon its conclusion, the "Chief" of the "Recruits" was summoned, and a Curious Commission was given, through him, to his Class, which the Commanding Seniors held in Complete Control.

On a snowy afternoon, late in December, Mrs. Ivay's drawing-room was particularly bright and attractive. A cheerful fire was burning, ready to give its pleasant welcome to callers coming in

from the wintry outside world, and tea had just been brought in, fragrant and tempting.

But Mrs. Ivay was very dull. She was thinking how stupid she had been to receive to-day, when everyone was too busy with Christmas presents to bother about Calls. During all the afternoon, only three old bores had come in, and it had been trying work talking to them.

Just then, there was a ring at the door, and two cadets of the "Recruit" Class were shown into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Ivay greeted them cordially. They seemed awfully jolly, after the owls who had been in before, and, with ready hospitality, she pressed tea and cake and crumpets upon them. Mrs. Ivay had a notion that you could always be kind to a cadet by feeding him.

The hostess really felt quite sorry, when, in a very few minutes, these callers, after a reproachful glance at the clock, and a regretful look at the fire and the crumpets, took their leave. The room seemed lonely when they had gone, for it was a dreary sort of afternoon.

But Mrs. Ivay was not left long alone. In a little while, there was another ring at the door, and now three cadets, also "Recruits," were ushered in. Like their predecessors, these remained but a short time—the instructions of the Seniors on that point had been very strict.

Scarcely had the three departed when two others entered. Cake and crumpets began to vanish in an alarming manner, but still the "Recruits" continued to come. Sometimes there were two of them, sometimes three. In an interval between Calls, a housemaid hurried in to whisper despairingly that there was not even a piece of bread left in the house. Mrs. Ivay sent her to the telephone—while the cadets continued to appear.



VOLUMES

LADY GUSHINGTON: "So your son is a real author! How distractingly interesting! And does he write for money?"

PRACTICAL DAD: "Yes. I get his applications about once a week."—*Punch*.

The "Recruits" carried out the orders the Seniors had given them to the letter, and thus the Class revenged itself upon the house of Ivay for the Professor's untimely digression.

By the time the entire "Recruit" Class had presented itself in instalments, the telephone was almost having spasms and the housemaids were nearly in hysterics, while bakers' carts were rushing up to the house with the speed of fire-engines, and poor Mrs. Ivay was well-nigh exhausted.

Professor Ivay must have concluded that the education of the Senior Class,



HE: "So that's the young thing old Slocum's married! May and December—what!"

SHE: "Yes—or the First of April and the Fifth of November!"

—Punch.

in at least one subject, was complete, for he digressed no more from Calculus to Calls.

May Gober Agnew.



A MATTER OF CONFIDENCE

A CLERGYMAN on an Atlantic voyage had to share a stateroom with another man. "After a short while," said the clergyman, "I began to worry about some valuables I had with me, and at last I took them to the purser, saying: 'I should like to explain to you that I am very pleased with my fellow-passenger. That is, I find him a gentleman in every respect, and I wouldn't have you think that—well, I wouldn't have you think that my coming to you with these valuables is

to be taken—er—er—as any reflection on him.' The purser interrupted me with a broad smile, and said: 'Oh, it's all right, sir; your friend has come to me with some valuables of his own, and he said precisely the same thing about yourself.'" —Selected.



FROM THE GALLERY

A PROVINCIAL theatre in the east of Scotland is much tormented by a wit, who is a regular attender, and who insists on keeping up a running commentary on the play. Sometimes his remarks enlivens a dull piece, and so the audience do not object to his presence. His latest hit occurred when a thrilling melodrama was being enacted.

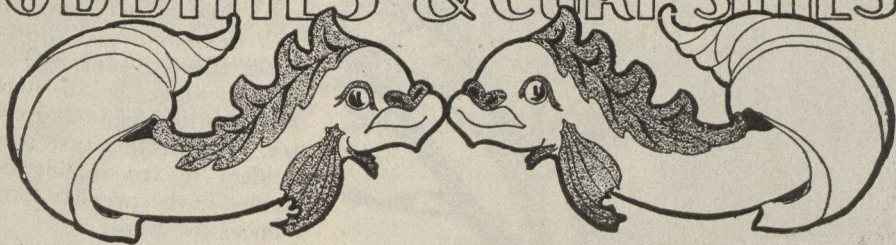
The principal actor was laid aside suddenly by illness, and his part had to be taken up by his understudy, who was talented but slender. At a critical moment in the play the princess faints and falls, when the hero, coming to her assistance, lifts her in his arms and carries her out.

The princess on this particular occasion was as heavy as she was lovely, and the slender understudy realised the magnitude of the task that was put upon him. When she fainted, he leaned over her, but hesitated perceptibly.

The hesitation was not lost on the wit, who, from his seat in the gallery, broke the stilled hush by exclaiming, in a thin, tremulous voice:

"Just tak' what ye can, my man, and come back for the rest." —Selected.

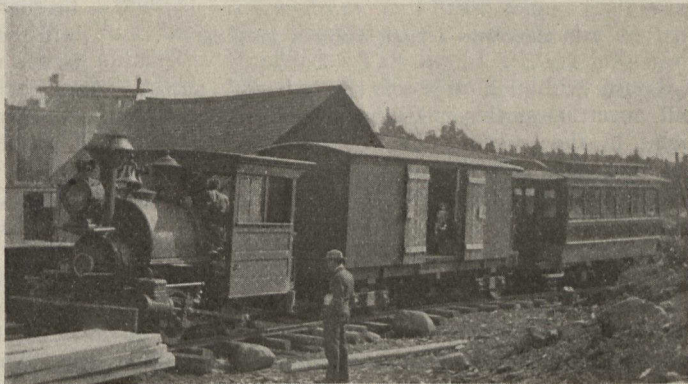
ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



A UNIQUE RAILWAY

ONE of the most unique railways to be found in Canada is the piece of road which has recently been constructed over the portage between Peninsular Lake and Lake of Bays, in the Lake of Bays district. It is a narrow-gauge track about a mile in length, and the road is operated by the Huntsville and Lake of Bays Navigation Co. in transferring tourists from one line of steamers to another. The diminutive train is made up of a little engine, "just the size of two plug hats," I once heard it described; a home-made baggage car, and one of the

old Toronto street cars for a passenger car. The two engines in use were obtained from the E. B. Eddy Co., Hull, and were formerly used in their lumber



A UNIQUE RAILWAY

yards. They have been christened by the small boys on the line, "The Susan Push" and "The Corkscrew Limited," and the names are certainly not inappropriate.



A PICTURESQUE COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE

ONE of the most picturesque country school-houses that I have seen, is the little log structure that is situated on the shore of Haystack Bay, in the Lake of Bays. It is surrounded on three sides by a thick forest of pine, spruce, and hemlock, and on the fourth by the waters of the bay; and the school yard itself constitutes one of the finest wild raspberry patches in the district. There is not



A LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE



THE ELBOWS—A TREE FROM A BRANCH

a house within a mile of the school, but nevertheless this is the most central point in the section. The children on the one side come through the woods from Port Cannington, on the other side of the peninsula; and in the other direction they come by canoe or skiff from the scattered houses on the other side of Haystack Bay. There are only a score or so of pupils altogether, and needless to say when the weather is stormy the attendance is not worth speaking of.



THE ELBOWS

THE two illustrations are pictures of two peculiar shaped trees near Ridgetown, Ont., both of which are locally

known as the Elbows. In the one case, as will be readily seen, the original trunk has been destroyed and the life of the tree has gone into the branch, which has assumed the proportions of a full-grown tree. In the other case some accident to the sapling has resulted in the peculiar formation of the trunk.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG, brother of the Queen of Spain, will soon become a personage in the world of London. An

amusing story has been told of his school days. Like many other little boys he ran short of pocket money, and wrote a carefully worded letter to his grandmother, the late Queen Victoria, asking for some slight pecuniary assistance. He received in return a just rebuke, saying that schoolboys should keep within their limits, and that he must wait until the next payment of his allowance. But the youthful Prince was quite undefeated and shortly afterwards resumed the correspondence as follows: "My dear grandmamma, I am sure you will be glad to know that I need not trouble you for any money just now, for I sold your last letter to another boy for thirty shillings."



THE ELBOWS—A TWISTED TRUNK

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —
Business Men.

CALL LOANS

BANKERS in this country have always felt justified in sending millions of dollars to New York to be loaned for the use of the speculators of Wall Street. It may surprise them to know that the same practice on the part of United States banks outside of New York has been condemned by no less an authority than Mr. Shaw, the Secretary of the United States Treasury. Mr. Shaw's circular letter to the depository banks is, in part, as follows:

"I am advised that many banks, scattered throughout the country, are loaning their surplus funds through brokers and others in New York on call at high rates of interest. Money loaned on call is well-nigh universally for speculative purposes. . . . I am not willing. . . . that Government money should be enticed away from the locality where it has been deposited, for the purpose of being used in this way. Public deposits are made in aid of legitimate business as distinguished from speculation.

"If you have more money than your community can appropriately absorb please return it to the Treasury, for it can be promptly placed where it will do much good."

The Canadian banks have about forty million dollars in call loans elsewhere than in Canada. At times this rises to fifty millions. Its great virtue is that it is a "liquid" asset, which may be turned into cash at a moment's notice; that it is much more "liquid" than call loans at home.

Whatever may have been the value of this argument in the past, the country is getting so large and so rich that what was true yesterday is not true to-day. Consequently, Canadian bankers might well consider seriously the warning given by Secretary Shaw. In fact, the government would not be ill-advised in considering the question of putting some limit

upon this supporting of New York speculation.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that Canadian banks are financing large undertakings in Mexico, Cuba, and South America, and that these advances are classed with "call loans in Canada." They are in fact "call loans elsewhere than in Canada," and should be so classified. This would decrease the one item ten or fifteen millions and increase the other by the same amount.



AMERICAN FARMERS IN CANADA

THE *London Globe* is displaying deep concern over the fact that American farmers are being permitted to homestead in Canada before they become British subjects. The *Globe* insists that the Canadian authorities are unwise in consenting to such an arrangement, especially "while men in England are clamouring to get back to the land." The *Globe* is incorrectly informed if it assumes that men may homestead in Canada while subjects of another sovereignty. Titles do not pass to homesteads until the claimant has resided upon the property the better part of three years and taken out naturalisation papers.

To follow the *Globe's* suggestion and require a proposed homesteader to reside in the country long enough to qualify as a citizen before being permitted to occupy a quarter section under the homestead law would be to defeat the whole plan under which it is proposed to bring the vast western domain under cultivation. The men of England may be clamouring, as the *Globe* insists, to get back to the land, but the fact that the government is forced to pay a bonus to the North Atlantic Trading Company and similar organisations to promote immigration from the

United Kingdom, while the American settlers are pouring into this country without artificial stimulation, rather indicates that the *Globe's* assumption is false.

The men of the West are a unit in the belief that farmers from Eastern Canada and the States supply the best settlers available for the West. The reasons are obvious. In fact the man who has homesteaded in Iowa, Nebraska and the Dakotas becomes a homesteader in Canada under infinitely more favourable conditions than any other class of settlers. He has farmed under conditions identical with those prevailing in Western Canada. For the government to be forced into restricting a movement from the States that has cost thousands of dollars and years of time to stimulate would be stupidity too dense to contemplate. The fact that these American farmers usually enquire about the conditions under which they may be naturalised at the time they prepare for homesteading is ample evidence of their sincerity, and the conditions should not be made more arduous than at present.—Winnipeg *Telegram*.



POLITICAL ECONOMY IN BUSINESS

PERHAPS the most widely read text-book on Political Economy among American college students to-day is Professor Gide's "Principles of Political Economy," the second translation of which from the 8th French edition is issued by Heath & Co. The book is written in a lucid style, and appeals to business men as well, on whose book-shelves it might readily find a place alongside of their Adam Smith and their John Stewart Mill, which, in spite of all competitors, never grow old.

Business men frequently disdain college books as being academic and un-

practical. To a considerable extent they are right, for no text-book or treatise on principles can be a practical treatise like a medical manual or a Mrs. Beeton's cook book, full of nostrums and recipes. It can only offer a discussion of principles with perhaps some typical applications. Even then it is unfortunate for theory that the applications can never be entirely identical with conditions, for, like history, conditions often fail to repeat themselves, and the applications of to-day are no immutable guides for to-morrow. Theory, too, in every-day affairs cuts often a sorry figure simply because some raw recruit fires it off at half-cock.

It is these facts that go to explain the readily-flung cries of theoretical and academic. But theory is well in its place; it is as indispensable as practice. Theory is the idea or the basis of the idea; practice is the result. And after all is said and done the world owes a great deal to theory, perhaps more than most of us have any adequate conception of; and the best practical man is the man who is thoroughly familiar with actual conditions, and also with the theory of those conditions.

On a little reflection, these statements are obvious enough. We use them here to emphasise the importance to business men of such works as Professor Gide's Political Economy. Never before has the labour problem been so universally prominent and delicate, never before have banking and credit assumed such tremendous importance, never before have taxation and customs tariffs, and combines of all kinds, and social problems loomed larger. If ever a thoughtful study of the theory of society and wealth was called for, that call is heard to-day.—S. M. W. in *Industrial Canada*.

DO YOU CARE?

A Civil Service Reform League is required to stimulate legislation for the elimination of patronage. If you would join such a league put your name on a post card and mail to "Civil Service," CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto. This will entail no obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, but it will show that you are one of a thousand who care.



BOVRIL

GIVES
HEALTH AND STRENGTH

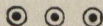
BOVRIL is not merely a stimulant to prop up the flagging energies for the passing hour like meat extracts or home-made beef tea

It is a Highly Nourishing Food

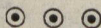
containing all the strengthening qualities of the best lean beef in the most palatable and easily digestible form, in addition to the well-known stimulating properties of beef.

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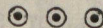
The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



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Labatt's

(LONDON)



Keyler's

HAVE OPENED
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ARE UNEQUALLED.

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WOOLEN HINTS

FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS and see how CLEAN—SOFT and FLUFFY your Woolens and Flannels will be. Wash Woolens and Flannels by hand in lukewarm

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suds, Rinse thoroughly in warm water, Wring dry, Pull and shake well, Dry in warm temperature, and they will KEEP SOFT without shrinking.



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Few people have any adequate conception of the wide range of work we handle. We are equipped to clean, press or dye about every conceivable article of wearing apparel of either sex.



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Build What You Build, Well.

Build your body cell by cell, **WELL**. Use properly selected **FOOD**. That is the material, and, as the builder of a building selects the best brick and mortar, so you should select the very best material the world affords from which to build your body.

Nowadays we have that material right at hand chosen by an expert.

Grape-Nuts

food is made from the certain selected parts of wheat and Barley which supply the Phosphate of Potash that assimilates with Albumen and makes the soft gray matter in the nerve cells and brain to perfectly rebuild and sustain the delicate nervous system upon which the whole structure depends, and the food is so prepared in manufacture that babe or athlete can digest it.

“**There’s a Reason**” and a profound one for **GRAPE-NUTS**.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.



Yildiz
Magnum's
PURE EGYPTIAN
Cigarettes.

The advertisement features a central illustration of a woman's face, rendered in a classic Egyptian style. She has long, dark hair and wears a headband with a central jewel. Her eyes are dark and expressive. The face is framed by a white outline that incorporates stylized Egyptian motifs, including lotus flowers and hieroglyphic patterns. Below the illustration, the brand name 'Yildiz Magnum's' is written in a large, elegant, cursive script. Underneath this, the words 'PURE EGYPTIAN' are printed in a smaller, clean, sans-serif font, followed by 'Cigarettes.' in the same cursive script as the brand name. The entire design is set against a dark background within a rectangular frame.

Permanent and Artistic

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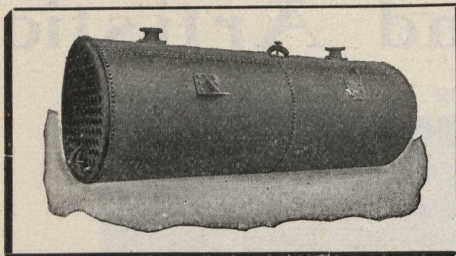
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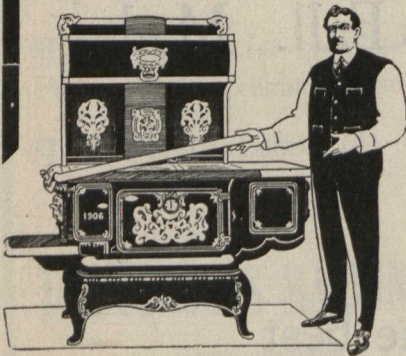
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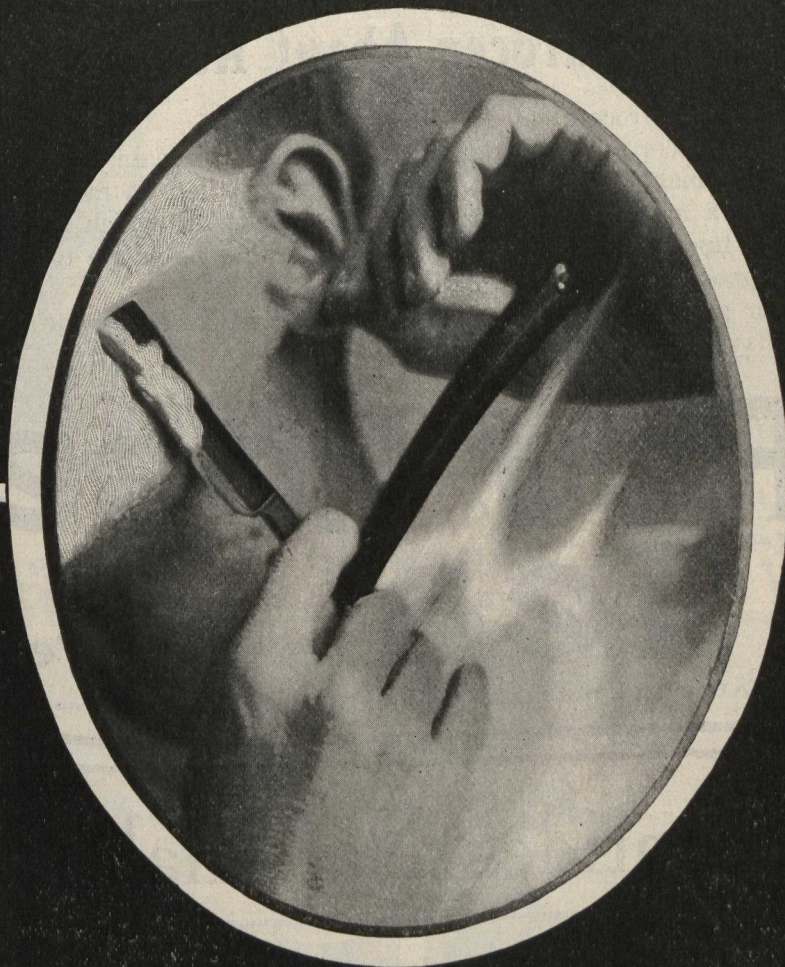
without loosening a bolt, when the range is to be brushed or cleaned.

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Every piece of our Silver-
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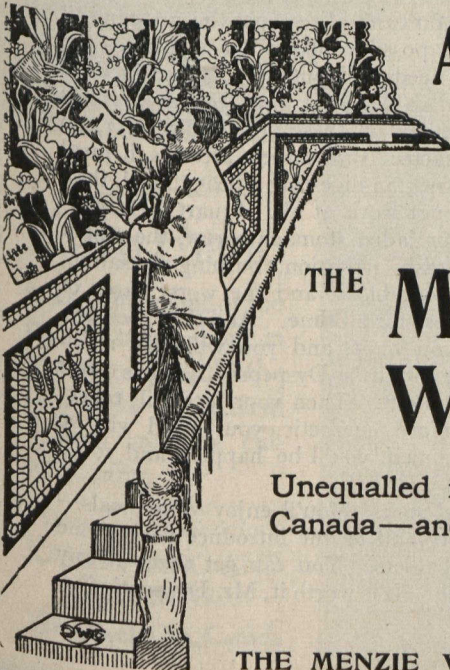
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**How One Man Wasted 50 Years of His Life.
Thousands Like Him.**

“**W**HAT’S the use of eatin’ anyhow?” said the scrawny dyspeptic to his rotund, prosperous-looking friend. “Here I’ve been eatin’ three times a day, and sometimes twice a day, for 50 years, and look at me. I’m rawboned and skinny, still at the bottom of the ladder, sour on the world, and a pessimist. I know it, and I can’t help it. If I had it to do over again, though, I would take care of my stomach, for I don’t believe I ever really relished a meal in my life, not even mother’s Christmas dinners, and I firmly believe that my way of eating, or whatever it was, brought along with it darkness and impossibility of success.”

“You’re right,” nodded his companion. “Of course, that isn’t always the case. But in this age we must not only ‘Trust in the Lord and keep our powder dry,’ but we must swallow sunshine with our food. Cheerfulness, especially while eating, which is the most essential act of man, is as necessary to him as sunshine is to the flowers. Nothing normal can be produced in darkness.

“But this is what you haven’t been doing, Mr. Dyspeptic. Your brain and your stomach, remember are twins, and you have to treat them accordingly. Why not start now and repair the damage you’ve done? It is never too late, you know.”

“You mean at my age? And suppose you can’t always get the sunshine?”

“Absolutely, yes. Science has made it possible to get the sunshine, the health and the strength that your stomach needs, all put up together in little tablets. They call them Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablets, the most effective tablets in the world for this very thing. One ingredient in these tablets digests 3,000 grains of food without the help of the stomach. Two tablets after each meal can do more work, quicker work and better work, in digesting a heavy meal, than the stomach can itself. The stomach need not work at all. Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablets does all the work, and gives your jaded stomach a rest, the rest it needs. Meanwhile you cure yourself of brash, irritation, burning sensation, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity, fermentation, bloat, and the worst cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. You get rid of these for all time. And then, besides, you can eat all you want, and whenever you want, and you will also relish mother’s Christmas dinners if you will take Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablets after eating. That’s the sunshine I was talking about. Then your face will reflect the internal change going on, you’ll be more energetic, your mind will be clearer, you will have more confidence in yourself, you’ll be happier, and you’ll be yourself again.

“Your heart will change and you’ll feel rosy. You’ll enjoy your meals—and live. Let’s walk down to the drug store and let me introduce you to one little package of these Stuart’s Dyspepsia Tablets. You can get them at any drug store in the world for only 50c. a package. It is worth it, Mr. Dyspeptic.”



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is Nature's gentle highway from Baby Comfort to Baby Happiness. That whole wheat is the natural food for growing children is affirmed by science and human experience. It contains in well-balanced proportion all the elements for the making of healthy tissue, good brain and bone and sound teeth. But be sure you get a wheat food that contains all these elements in digestible form, that does not scratch or irritate the intestines. Such a food is

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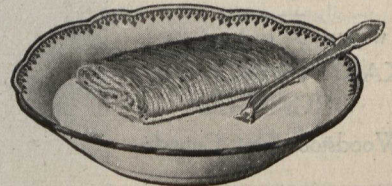
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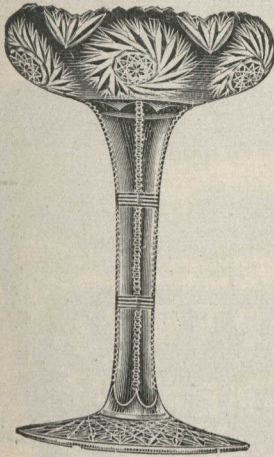
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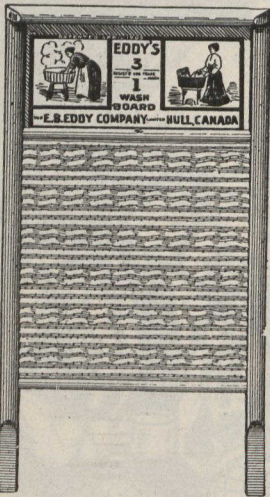


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The Vertegrاند, the new model in upright form, possesses all the fundamental qualities of the more expensive piano; but is constructed so simply that it can be sold for **\$600**

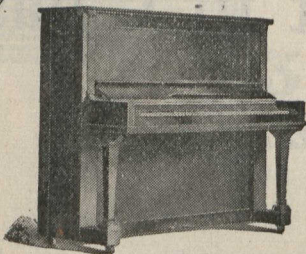
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ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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I WERE
A QUEEN**

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call
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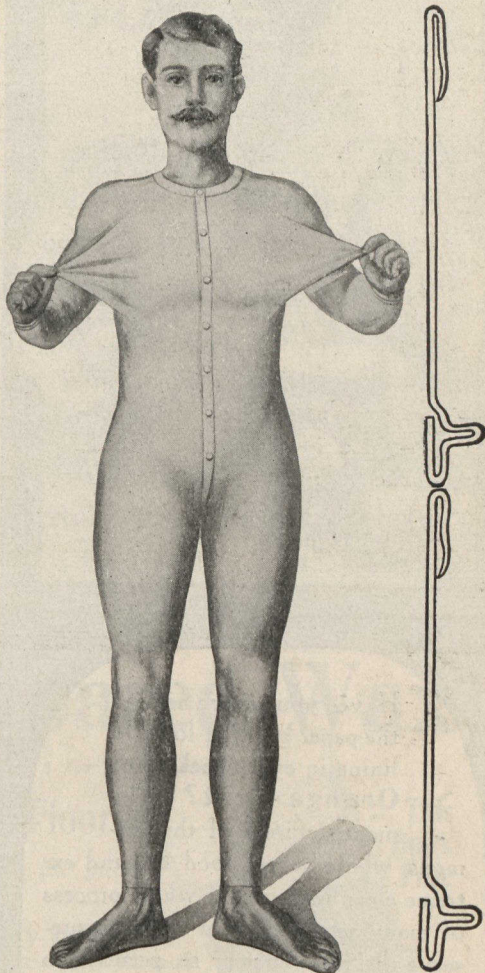
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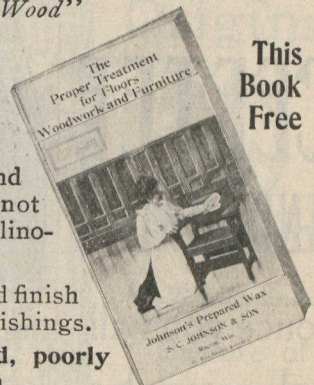
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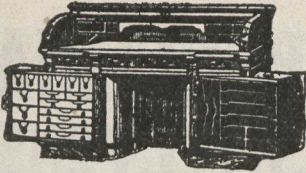
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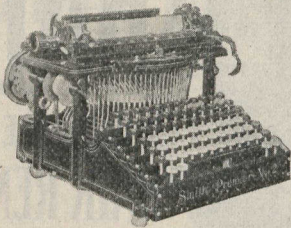
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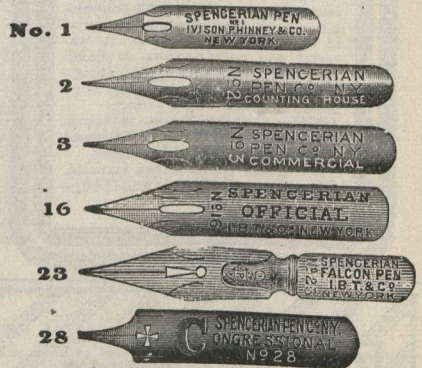
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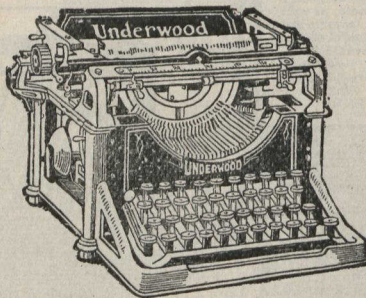
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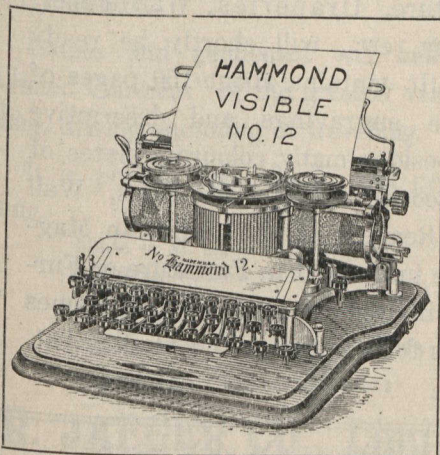
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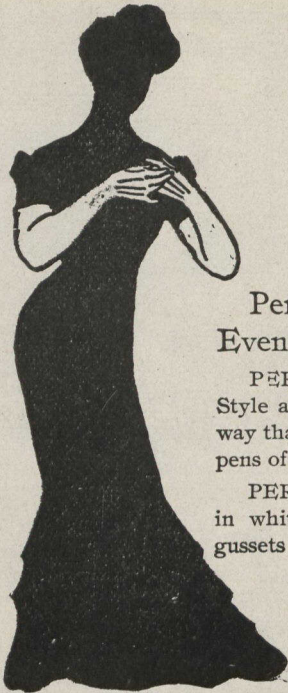
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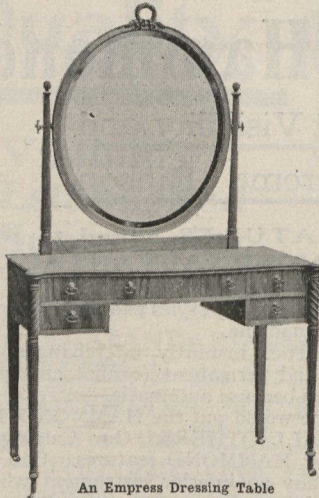
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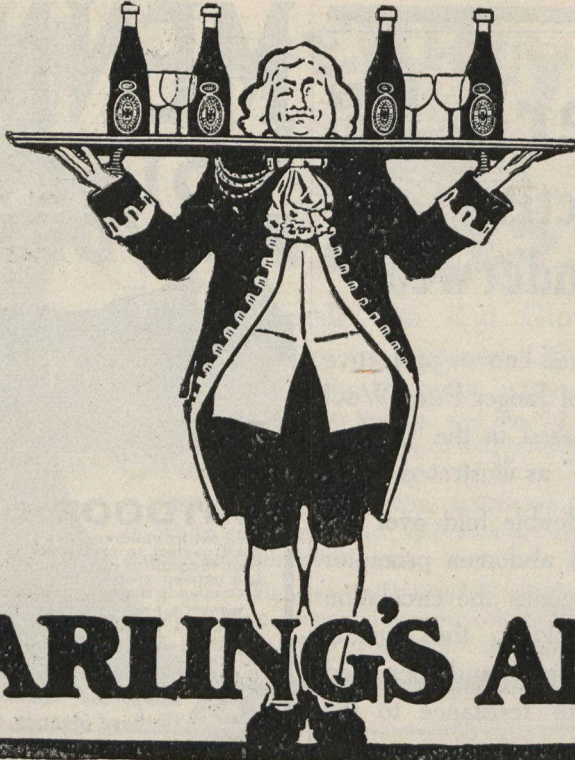
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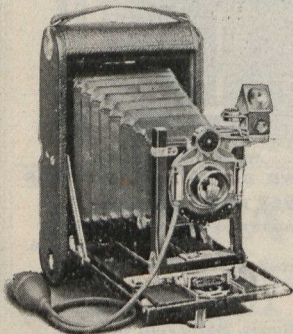


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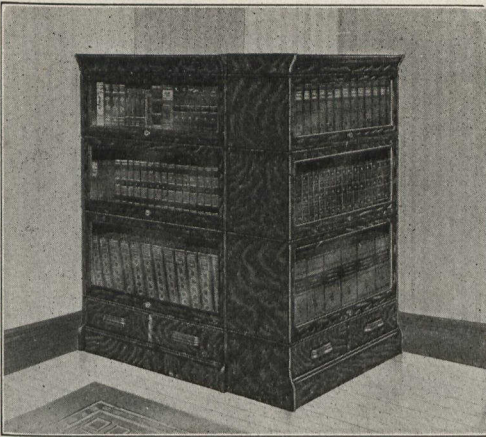
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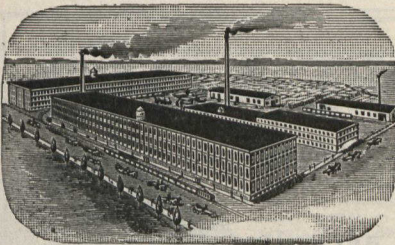
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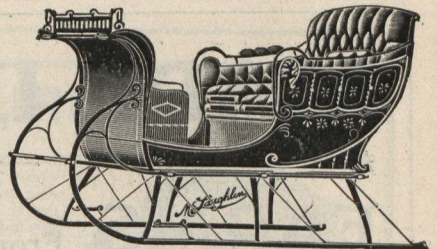
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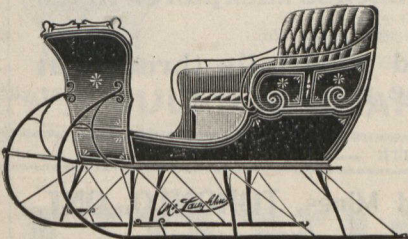


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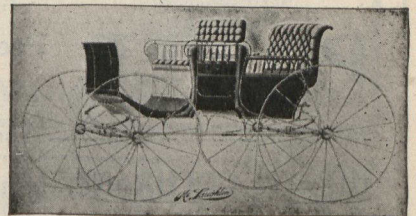
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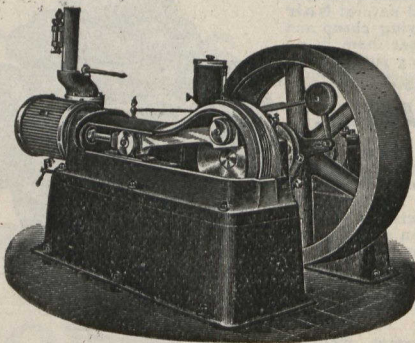
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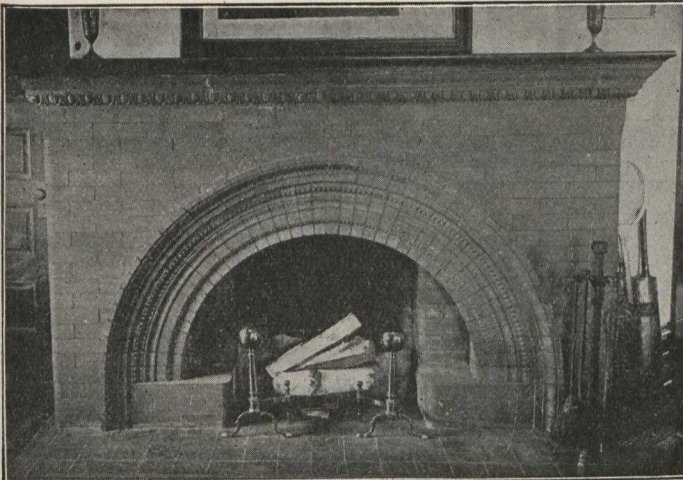
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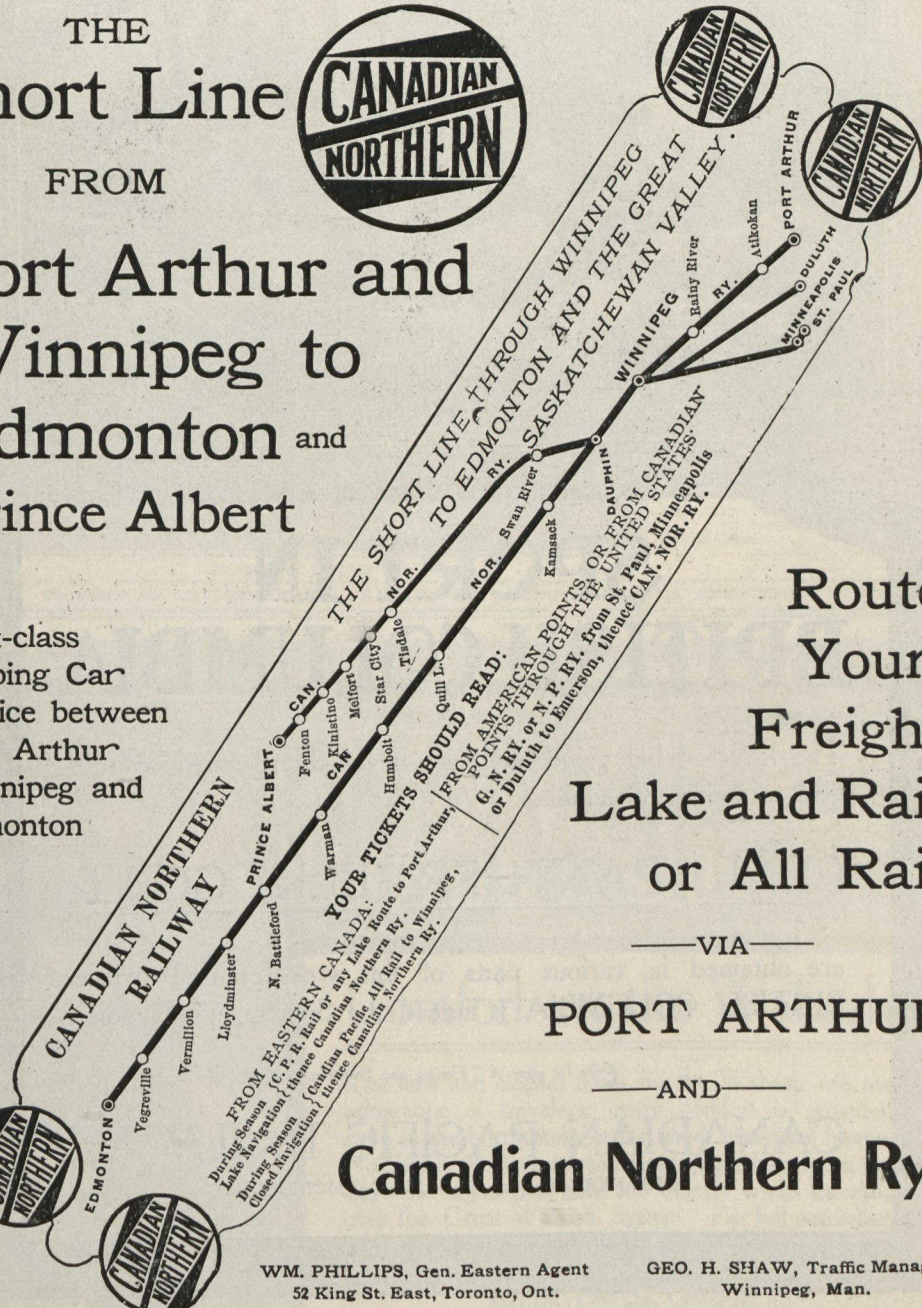
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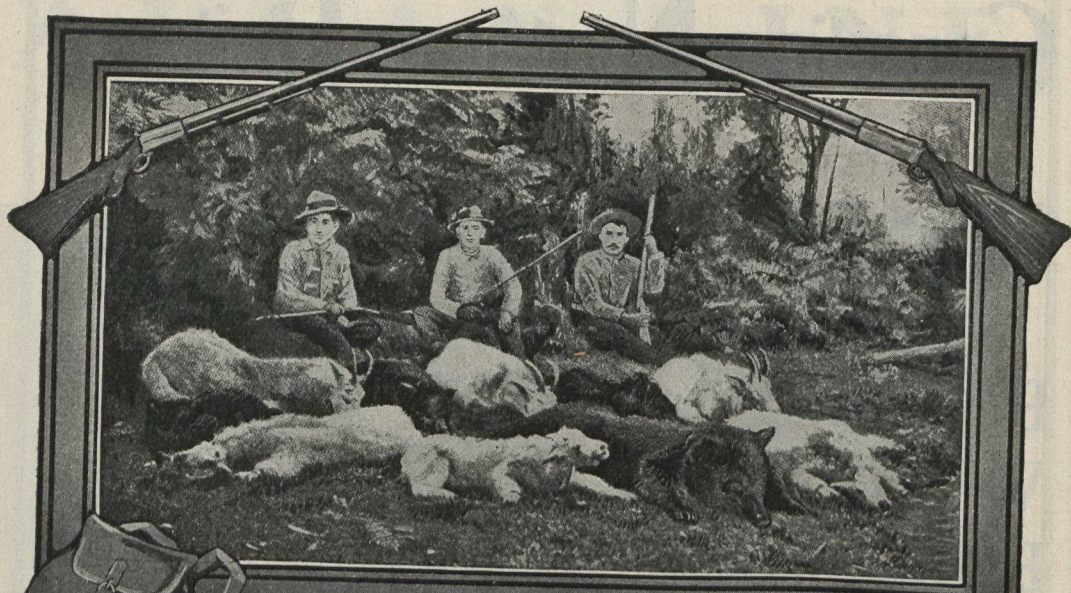
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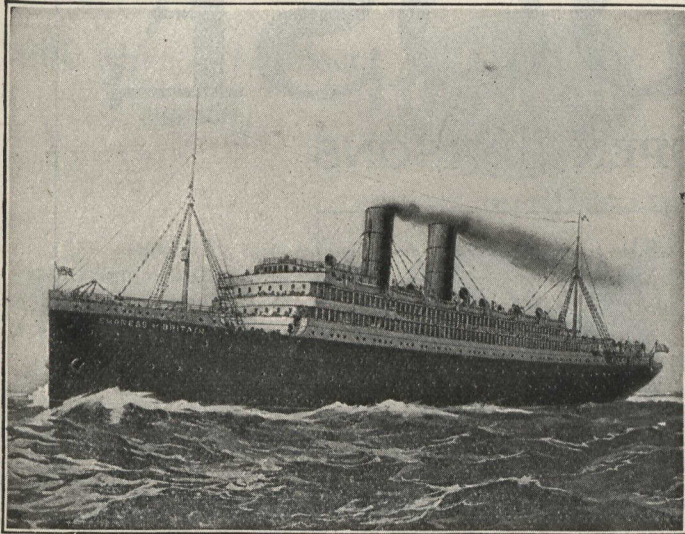
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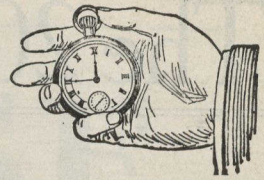
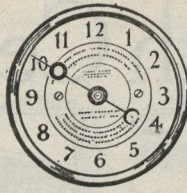
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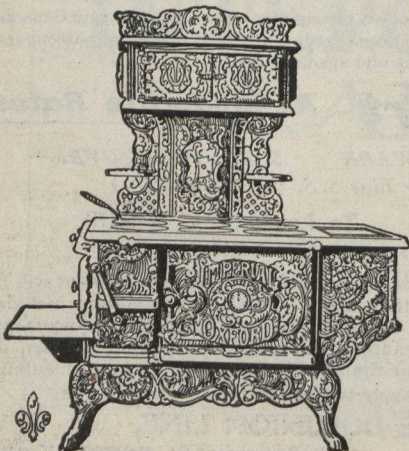


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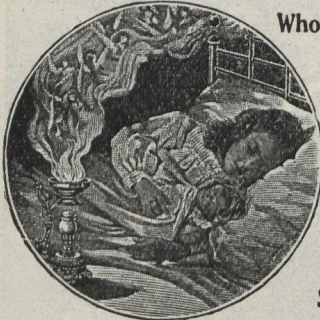
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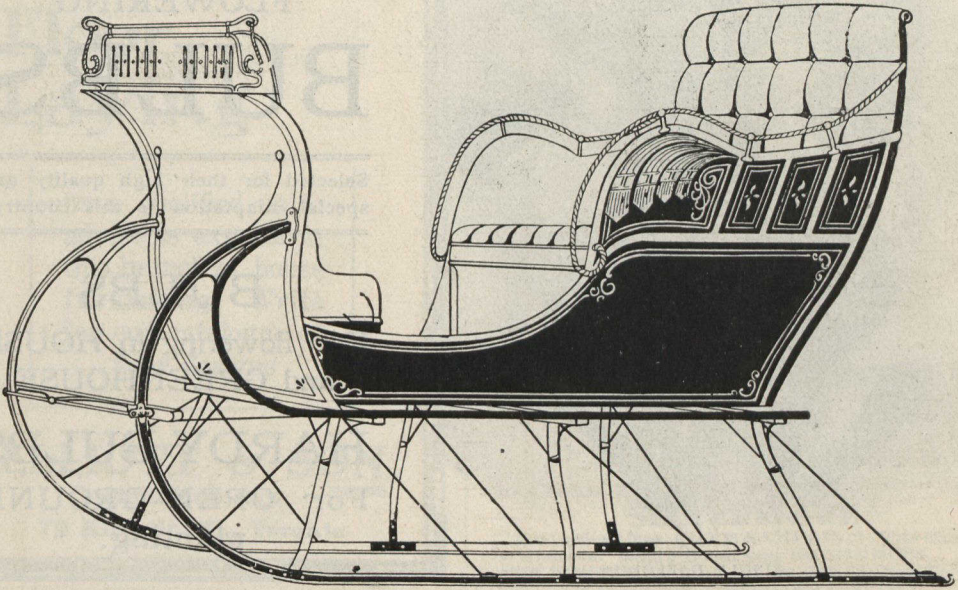
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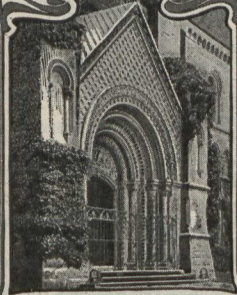
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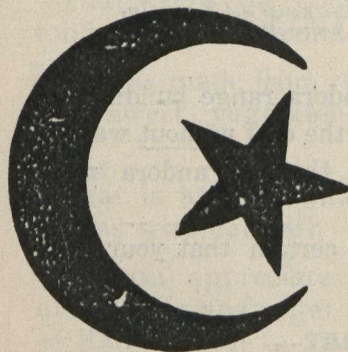
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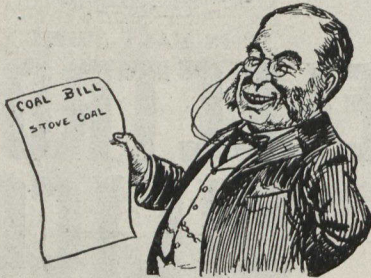
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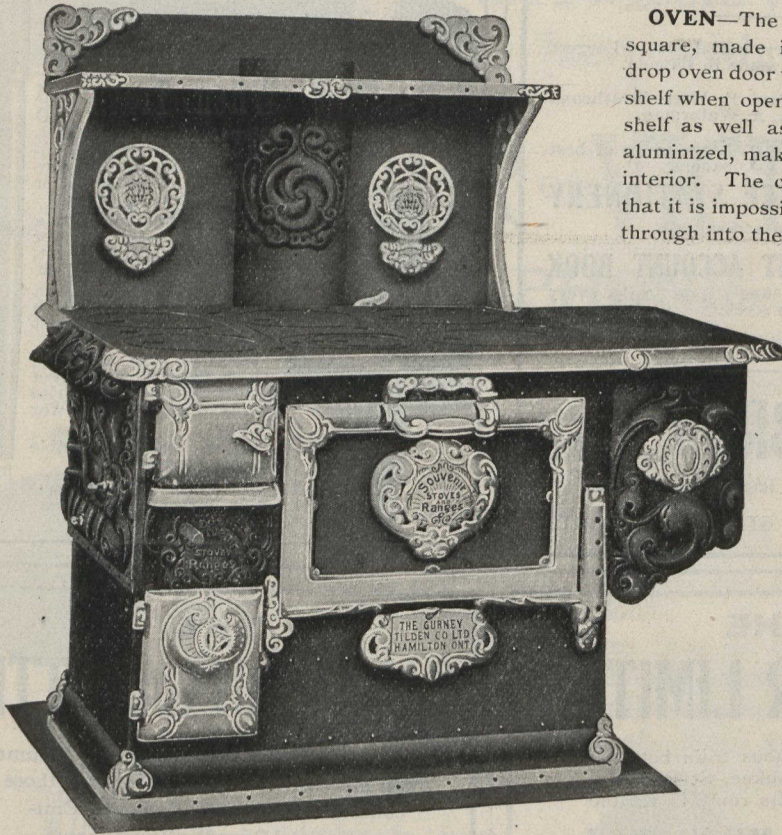
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