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# WESTWARD HO!



THE  
MAGAZINE  
OF THE  
WEST

DECEMBER

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1909

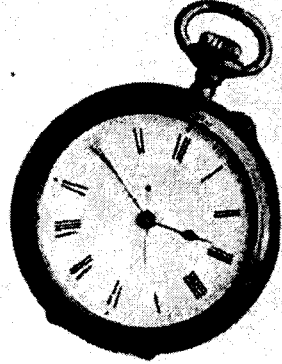
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*by*

AGNES DEAN CAMERON

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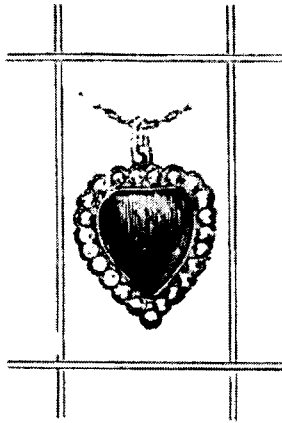


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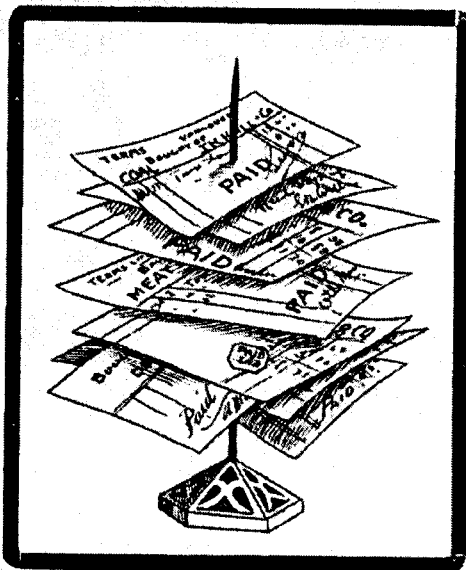
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VANCOUVER, B.C.

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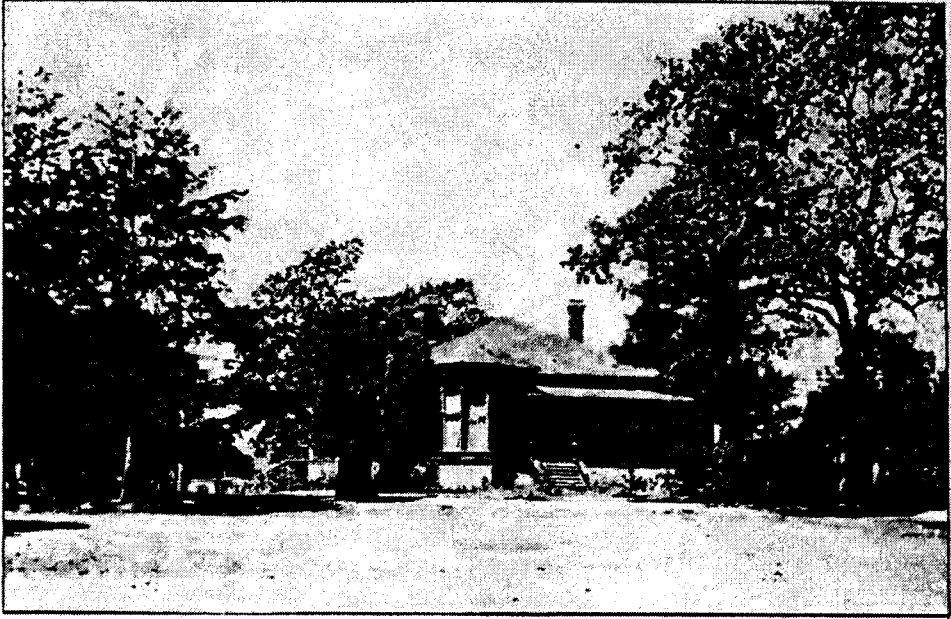
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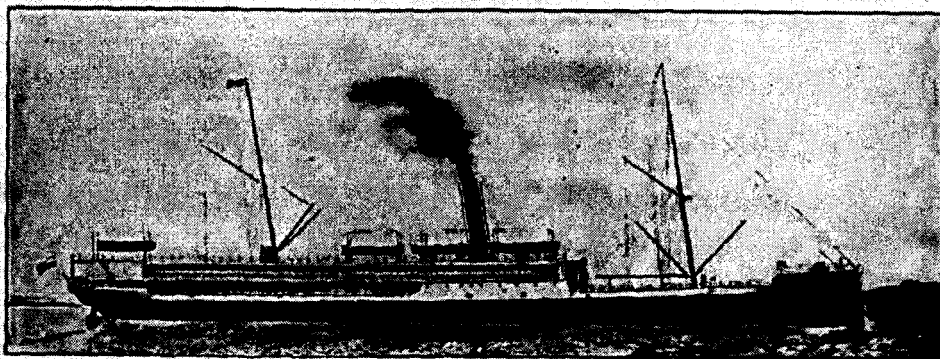
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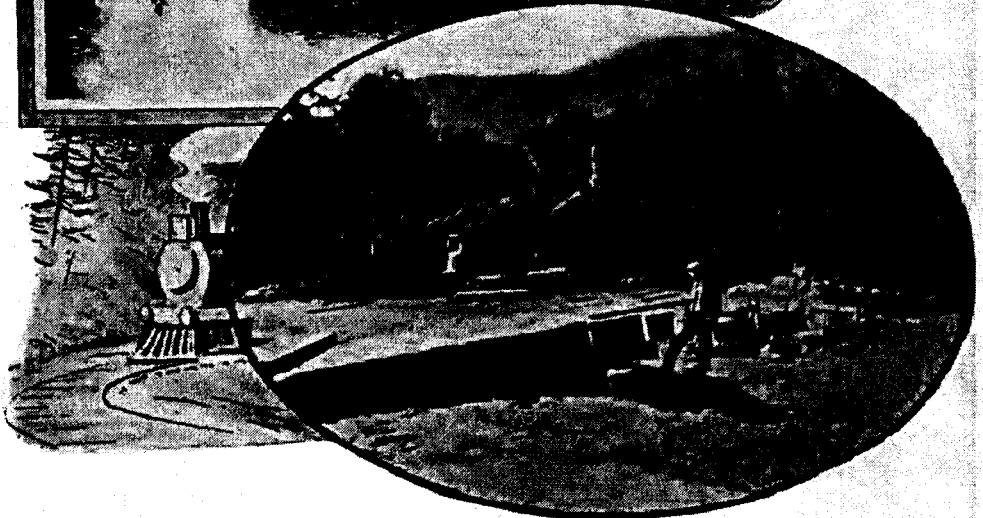


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*We are offering to the Public One Hundred Thousand Shares at One Dollar Each for the purpose of erecting a new factory.*

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# COAL! The Great and Growing NEED OF THE WEST COAL!

## THE BOW CENTRE COLLIERIES, LIMITED

Head Office: OTTAWA Collieries: SOUTHERN ALBERTA

Incorporated October, 1909, under the Laws of the Dominion of Canada

**AUTHORIZED CAPITAL - \$3,000,000**  
Divided into 30,000 Shares, of par value of \$100 each.

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CHARLES F. LEWIS, Esq., Merchant, Montreal; Director Black Mines Consolidated Co., Ltd., Cobalt.

The Western Pacific Development Co., Ltd., has been authorized to sell Ten Thousand Shares of Capital Stock of The Bow Centre Collieries, Ltd., par value of \$100 each, at FIFTY DOLLARS PER SHARE.

#### Payments:

\$25 per share to accompany application, and \$25 per share three months thereafter.

#### APPROXIMATELY 15,000 ACRES

The Bow Centre Collieries, Limited, are acquiring the mining rights on approximately fifteen thousand (15,000) acres, and the surface rights of nine hundred and sixty (960) acres.

#### HIGH-GRADE DOMESTIC COAL

The property contains very extensive deposits of high-grade domestic coal, cropping out for about four (4) miles on the south bank of the Bow River. The river bank rises very abruptly here from a height of 70 to 110 feet, exposing four (4) seams of coal. The main seam is slightly over five (5) feet thick of clean, merchantable coal, free from shale, with a strong, easily timbered roof of shale and sandstone overlaid with iron ore. This seam is estimated to contain over one hundred million tons.

#### ADMIRABLY SITUATED

The property is admirably situated on the Bow River, about one hundred (100) miles south-east of Calgary, and within twelve (12) miles of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Thus it is easily accessible to the large centres of population—Calgary, Edmonton, Medicine Hat, Regina, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Brandon and Winnipeg.

#### GREAT AND GROWING MARKETS

The coal can be easily and cheaply mined and shipped to the great and rapidly growing markets of Western Canada and the United States, where the demand for domestic coal exceeds the supply. Prices are rising, and will probably continue to do so. At present the coal sells at from three dollars to three fifty (\$3.00 to \$3.50) per ton at the mine.

#### A GOOD INVESTMENT

Coal in the ground is recognised as one of the best securities in the world. Here is a splendid mine, easily worked, well located, with an unlimited market right at hand, and every prospect of proving a highly profitable investment to those who take this opportunity of securing stock now offered for a limit of time at Fifty (\$50) Dollars a share.

#### FULL INFORMATION

Full information about the mine, including engineers' and analysis' reports, blue prints, etc., can be had by applying to: The Western Pacific Development Company, Ltd., 305 Winch Building, Vancouver, B.C.; Robert Johnston, Financial Agent, 466 Eastern Township Bank Building, Vancouver, B.C.; W. A. Wilson, Financial Agent, 197 Sparks Street, Ottawa; Knight & Lacey, Financial Agents, Masonic Temple Building, Regina; Wellington Willis, Financial Agent, 303 Union Bank Building, Winnipeg.



# Get Out of the Rut

Have you ever noticed that the **GREAT MAJORITY** of people are **SLAVES**? **YES. Slaves JUST AS MUCH** as the negro of ante-bellum days, slaves to the man "**HIGHER UP.**"

Why is this? The answer is easily found.

**NO ONE** gets beyond **MERE EXISTENCE** by the sweat of his brow.

The **ONLY WAY** he can **GET AHEAD** is to put his savings **TO WORK**, instead of hiding them in a savings bank.

Unless you prefer to be a **DRONE ALL YOUR LIFE, GET OUT OF THE RUT.**

Money is not made by **DRUDGERY.**

Do not make a **SLAVE** of yourself.

**MAKE A SLAVE OF YOUR SAVINGS.**

Be a success; be one of those men who amount to something; be one of those who **GIVE** the orders, not one of those who **RECEIVE** them. Remember **KIPLING'S OLD MILLIONAIRE** in "The Mary Gloster," who, when dying, turned to his son and said:

"I didn't begin with asking; I took the chance and I Stuck—

I took the chances they wouldn't, and now they're calling it luck.

Fifty years between them and every year of it fight,

And now I'm Sir Anthony Gloster, dying a baronite.

They copied all they could follow, but they couldn't copy my mind.

And I've left 'em sweating and stealing, a year and a half behind."

**YOU CAN BE LIKE THIS OLD MAN;** we all can, but we must have the pluck. Being timid never pays. The financial magnates of today were the men who took the chances, who had the pluck, the nerve, the courage, the heart. You can do the same—**BE A SUCCESS.**

## SOME OF THE MEN WHO NEVER MAKE MONEY

The hind-sighted man—never sees opportunity until it has passed. The backboneless man—always has to ask somebody's advice. The spendthrift—never has anything to invest. The suspicious man—always afraid someone will rob him. The conceited man—knows where all the best things are, without being told. The narrow-gauged man—refuses to listen to anything out of his line. The unfortunate man—has a friend who invested and lost. Don't be one of the above.

I do not ask you to take my word on the conditions and indications in the territory but to **CAREFULLY CONSIDER** the evidence given before the Senate of Canada by men who had **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO GAIN**, a complete book of which we have in the office and shall be glad to show you. Their evidence can be relied upon, and it all points to the one direction: **THAT THERE IS UNDOUBTEDLY IN NORTHERN ALBERTA THE GREATEST OIL FIELD IN THE WORLD**, and it is owing to the remarkable development which has taken place lately that the Directors decided to order machinery yesterday and have it rushed to the ground at once. There is no doubt in the least that shares **IN ANY OF THE COMPANIES ALREADY ESTABLISHED IN THE MORINVILLE DISTRICT** will advance **RAPIDLY IN PRICE** from now on, and there will be **HUGE RETURNS** for those who get in on the ground floor.

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The California-Alberta Oil Company

532 Granville Street

VANCOUVER, B.C.



# Westward Ho! Magazine

“THE MAGAZINE OF THE WEST”

## JANUARY NUMBER

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MAP THAT IS HALF UNROLLED..... *Agnes Deans Cameron*

### Western Fiction

AN HEBREW ROBBED AND SPOILED..... *N. Tourneur*

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS..... *Andrew Lindsay*

HOW THE MAN CAME IN THE MOON... *Ellen R. C. Webber*

### Nature Study

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.....

..... *Bonnycastle Dale*

### Psychical Article

GHOSTLY PHENOMENA ..... *J. C. Gilmore*

### Special Articles on Education Irrigation and Other Topics of General Interest

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*Westward Ho! wants interesting but authentic illustrated  
stories of Western Development and Exploitation*

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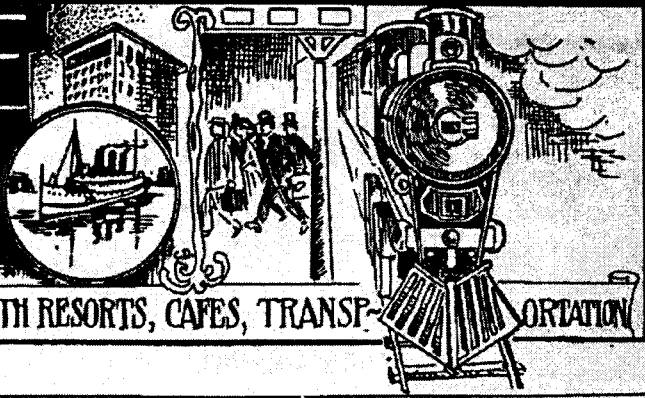
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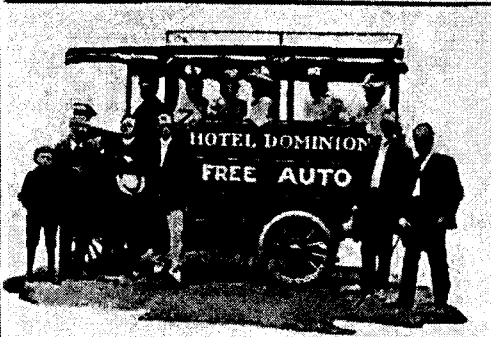


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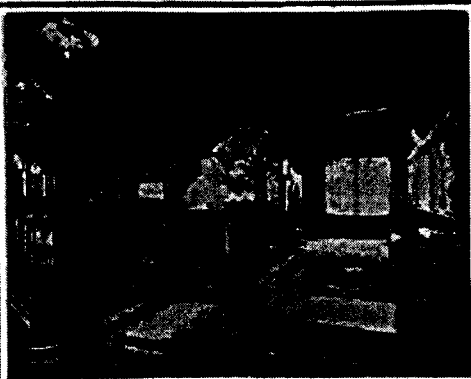
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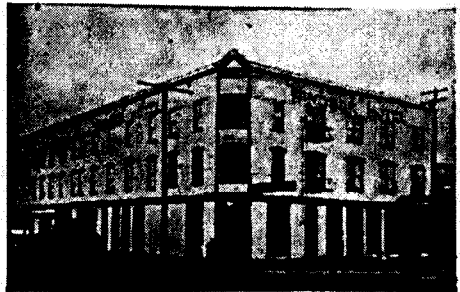
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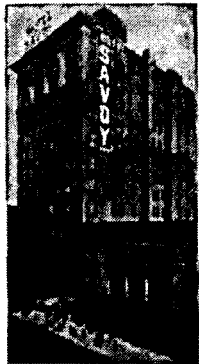
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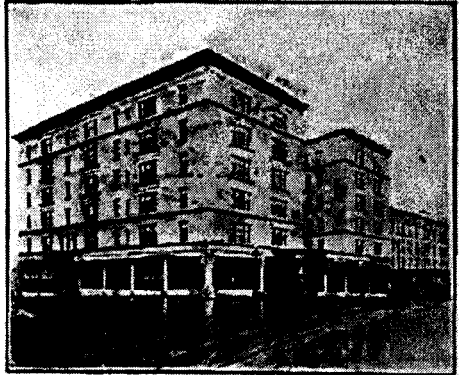
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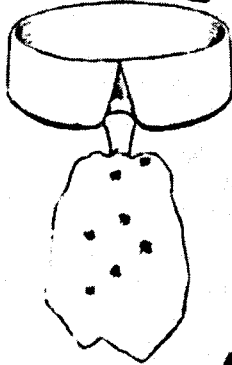
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E. CHAPMAN

Sole agent for British Columbia

613 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C.



Vol. V.

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 6

## The Briar Pipe

By Lewis Edward Collings

**W**HEN the little, brown bowl of the briar pipe held the last bit of twist in thirty miles of cedar bush, Christy stirred the hot ashes more tenderly. Five months in No. 3 had brought about a close friendship between the little briar and its owner.

"Lonely?" he asked aloud, as the tiny, white clouds patched the soot of the log ceiling.

The little briar replied softly in languid rings that seemed to say to him, "Lonely, lonely, lonely . . ." For the endless white of a Canadian winter fades slowly even while the tobacco holds out. After that—well, there's a reason for loneliness.

Christy had expected Kokko with a fresh supply of the weed two days gone by, but the big Finn foreman had failed to return on time. He had gone to the settlement for provisions—and incidentally to bring his wife into the bush—the previous week. No relief could Christy see in these bare facts as

he smoked his last pipeful in long careful puffs.

As the final curl of smoke disappeared, he shifted uneasily, tapped the ashes from the briar, then began to pack his few belongings in a canvas sack. Where there is no tobacco there is no true French Canadian.

The crunch of snow under many feet interrupted his preparations. He tucked the sack, half-bound with a broad strap, hastily in one corner of the room as sixty Finns burst into the camp. They squatted about the room eating ravenously to the clatter of tin pans. Christy dipped soup for them mechanically. When the last ladle was emptied, he forgot himself so much as to reach back of his ear for a match. He always smoked while the men ate. He had to content himself now with a glance at the pack in the corner and the thought that the morrow would put an end to his longing.

Before dawn the next morning the camp was choked with the odor of



strong coffee and steaming beans. With the pack strapped on his back Christy waited for daylight. At the first peep of dawn he faced the trail in the keen, frosty air. On rounding the corner of the main camp, the sight of a thin streak of smoke from the one-room shack Kokko had built on the bank across the icy stream halted him. Here was news. Kokko must have returned late the night before. A picture of the long, golden twist which the big foreman had brought checked him for a moment, but he did not turn back.

Across the stream, up the steep bank, under the rude window where he knew the tobacco—. Suddenly he stopped short. A woman's face appeared at the window. Not a very pretty face. Thick, light hair had fallen about the chubby, red cheeks, veiling blue eyes that looked in wonder for a moment at the man below—then vanished. Nothing uncommon in the glance, Christy thought, but something—something lonely—that made him turn squarely about and put back for the camp he had just deserted.

A half hour later he was serving hot rations to his hungry crew as he had for months before. No pack was in sight now, but over in one corner was a roll of delicious, brown twist, half chipped by an axe, and in his mouth was the rusty, little briar smoking, smoking.

Kokko had brought something else besides tobacco for Christy—a letter. The foreman sent it over by one of his men. Christy could not read but he knew the writing was his sister's, whom he had not seen in twenty years, and guessed that it told of a home in the States where men are never lonely for someone to talk to.

That day Christy smoked many pipes. Many times he paused with lighted match to look out of the camp at the log shack across the stream. When night came he made an unusual request of one of his companions who understood a word or two of French. What might be the Finn word for "Hello," he asked. Sometime later on he struggled with another word of this strange tongue. This time it was "lonely."

For several days Christy saw nothing

of the face in the window. One morning, however, shortly after rising he heard certain sounds in the camp across the way that led him to suspect Kokko was exercising the right of husbands the world over. The big foreman came to breakfast with one eye slightly damaged, a proof that the encounter had not been entirely one sided.

In the afternoon sun of that day, while the men were in the woods, Christy found time for a little leisure. Taking from his bunk a cracked accordion with which he sometimes entertained the men, he seated himself on a long bench outside the camp. Of late he had not played because it made him more lonesome.

As he struck up the first tune in his liveliest manner his back was turned squarely to the little shack on the opposite bank, but from the corner of his eye he could see the window. Presently the same chubby face was framed in the opening. Christy showed no signs of notice, but played on unconcerned. The face disappeared and the woman came outside, standing shyly by the door. The musician was still blind to his audience, not even pausing as the chunky figure began to move slowly down the bank. When she reached the stream Christy switched onto a march that fairly made the accordion quiver.

The woman paused for a moment on the brink where the warm rain and the sunshine of the past few days had melted a torrent that promised weil for the coming "drive." The foaming water at this point was bridged by a tree trunk resting on a pile of logs on either bank. Onto this narrow bridge the little figure moved—and slipped.

Christy would not have had it otherwise had he planned the scene himself. With a dash he went to the rescue and landed her safely by his side. The very acme of chivalry, he thought, to introduce himself so gallantly. Now was the time for action.

"Hello," he said, drawing on his limited Finn vocabulary.

There was no response from her so he bowed low and stepped aside. She stared at him steadily, but remained silent. Christy bowed again and went

slowly back to his accordion. When the march was again in full swing the silent woman walked bashfully to the bench and sat down at the far end. One foot, which had been made wet by the accident, she stretched out in the sunlight.

Christy paused to make another try in his best Finn:

"Hello," he said.

Still no reply. Again he took up his accordion. In the nights gone by, when he had doled out music to the men of No. 3, one tune he had noticed never failed to win favor from his audience. Occasionally, as he squeezed out the notes of this selection, he saw on the faces of the men a look that was not there at other times. He began to play the piece now with all the fervor of his heart. Hardly had he reached the last strain when a voice at the other end of the bench spoke.

"Hello," it said, in simple Finn. Christy responded quickly.

He had only one more word at his disposal. This he resolved to use with telling effect. Again he played his accordion.

"Lonely?" he asked, when his selection was finished. There was unmistakable interrogation in his voice.

A grunt from his companion was the answer. Christy accepted this as an affirmative. In the hour that followed he played his entire repertoire.

That night when all others had gone to bed Christy blew out the candle, lighted his pipe and laid down to smoke himself to sleep. Once more he addressed his little briar in the mother tongue:

"Not so dam'd lonely after all," he soliloquized.

Seldom a sunshiny afternoon in the days that followed this episode that Christy did not play his accordion for the little woman at the other end of the bench. Happy hours were these in which he forgot his loneliness. At each recital he noted that his critic sat farther away from her end of the bench. Once Christy noted a red welt on one chubby cheek and wondered if it had aught to do with the persuasion which Kokko used in his logic. The scar flamed redder when she saw his glance and an

artful smile half hid the mystery that lurked in the blue of her eyes.

The next day the size of the musical was ingeniously doubled. The woman came from over the way carrying a chisel hung from a small piece of wire. The chisel she beat sleepily with a light rod after the fashion of a triangle player. Both musicians now occupied the same side of the bench.

When night fell, Christy smoked his pipe very thoughtfully, as he listened to the wind swaying the trees. The low, half-human moan, that mingled with the rush of the river, he knew was the Bush-Spirit, come for its due. Every year it sighed in the springtide till some driver went down in the river. The candle flickered and went out, leaving Christy in the dark, still smoking—smoking and thinking.

In the morning the rain fell steadily. The mountain stream swept by the camp, swollen with the shower and melting snow. Bordering the stream like bunches of huge lead pencils, thousands of logs waited the annual "drive" to the boom in the bay thirty miles distant. Kokko, with sixty drivers, was busy along the river, preparing to open the big dam the next day.

At the camp there was no music that afternoon. Christy had stored the cracked accordion away, and was again binding the canvas sack with a broad strap.

"We're going to dig out," he confided to the little briar softly, "going to dig out—you and me and—" He did not finish, but began instead to practice under his breath a new Finn word that he had learned. This third word was "Come."

Early the next morning, after the drivers had left for the day's work, Christy shouldered his pack and crossed to the opposite bank of the stream. The sun was shining warmly as he shouted "Hello" before the little shack door.

A chubby face smiled reply in the doorway.

"Lonely?" Christy asked.

Again a grunt came in reply.

Christy pointed to the pack on his back. "Come," said he, like one having authority.

The woman went within and soon came out dressed in a red coat. She was still smiling, but showed no whit of surprise at his action.

The two went slowly along the trail by the river. There was no tell-tale snow, so that a day's start was sufficient. Christy skirted the curve in the stream where the men were at work. He felt a bit nervous in the neighborhood of the drivers, for the Bush-Spirit had sighed frequently the night before. But his fears were gone when they regained the trail by the river. By nightfall they could reach a settlement and in the morning start again on their way. After that he—

A sudden grunt from his companion, while he was filling the little briar with twist, startled him. The wild yells of the drivers above and a glance at the stream told him that a jam had started.

Immediately a dozen leaders shot by, followed by the head of the "drive"—a mass of logs groaning and snapping with the tremendous pressure of the stream. Winding in the rear, like a gigantic boa, trailed the long tail.

Again there was a grunt at his elbow and a hand on his sleeve tried to draw him into the cover of the bushes for some reason that he failed to understand.

Sacre! He saw all. Struggling in the writhing mass of logs, his head and shoulders above the jam, the rest of his

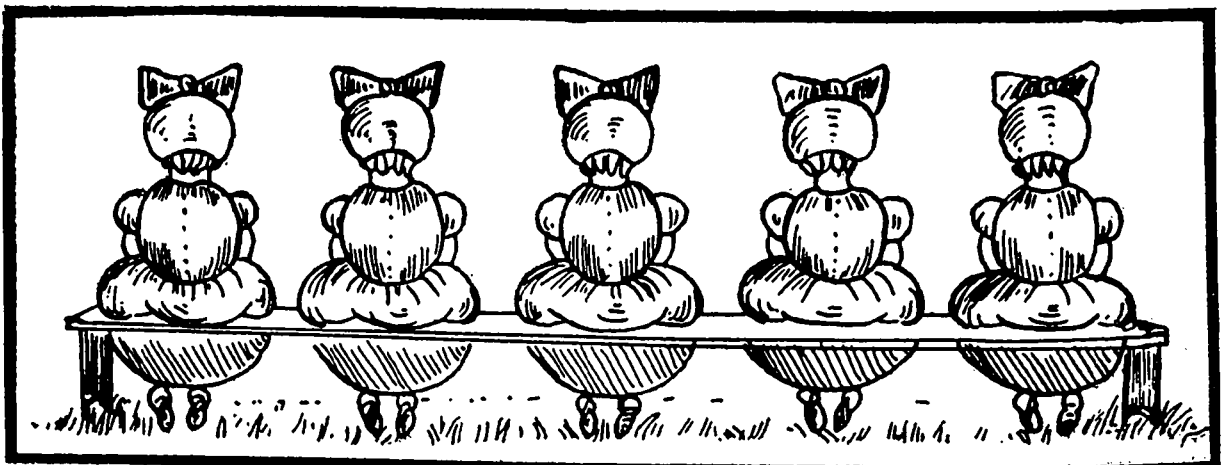
body in the water, was one of the drivers. Mon Dieu! It was Kokko himself.

Christy glanced at the woman beside him. She still had her hand on his arm to pull him back. The artful smile was on her chubby face where a scar on one cheek flushed scarlet. Again the lurking mystery swam in the blue eyes.

The drivers who rushed frantically down the gorge after the big foreman—half crushed in the flying jam—saw a little French-Canadian shake himself loose from a woman in red, throw off his coat and lay something very carefully on the top of it, then leap away. Lithe as a cat he skimmed across the grinding logs to the helpless foreman—and back.

How Christy dragged back his heavy burden is still the talk in No. 3 when the thick smoke clouds the room at night. Just as he lurched the giant foreman to the safety of the land the logs under his feet parted. There was a gap filled by a man's body and the logs closed over his head. The Bush-Spirit had received its due.

On the bank a scarlet-clad woman knelt beside the unconscious Kokko. At her right hand lay Christy's coat, one pocket of which contained an unopened letter which told of a place where men are never lonely for someone to talk to. On one sleeve of the garment, the bowl half full of golden twist, was a little briar pipe.



# A String of Corals

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

**W**ITH feet bare to the ankles, Nancy Gordon, clothed in a rough homespun frock, seemed a veritable bit of the wind-swept coast, as she walked on the rocky shore of a small fishing hamlet, in the wane of a fair September day. A dreamy haze was over earth and sky, as the early Autumn sun lit the flaming torches of goldenrod, and set them along the shore, to woo the pearls from the mad-cap waves.

Nancy's short dark curls, caressed by the vagrant wind, tumbled about her neck, and her cheeks vied with the crimson Autumn leaves, hanging like beads of coral in the maple trees, while her eyes held in them, the purple depths of the sea.

Nancy was of gypsy extraction and as much of a vagrant as the vivid hued leaves hurled hither and thither by the wind. Her mother died when Nancy was born, and seventeen years ago Tom Gordon with his baby girl came to Hubbard's Cove. The man and child lived a retired life in the little weather-beaten hut under the shadow of the frowning cliff, and what the village gossips could not find out for a surety, about Gordon, they conjectured, so that gradually it became bruited about that he was a smuggler. Meanwhile Nancy grew to womanhood. She had no schooling save that gleaned from her father, and the fisher-folk held aloof from the mysterious dwellers in the old gray hut.

However, Tom Gordon did not suffer for companions. Often a whaler pounded its way on the shore, and from it several rough-browed men walked up the shingle to the hut. Then followed convivial days and nights, when those on the outside, could only surmise what was going on within.

A few weeks prior to the opening of this story, there came from Halifax, one

named Frank Haskell, who was to assume the duties of schoolmaster. He had not been many days in the place before gossip reached him of the gray hut that was shunned by young and old. Then he one day came face to face with Nancy. She had been out rowing, and was pulling the boat up on the beach,—a task herculean for a girl,—Haskell thought, as he came around a bend on the shore, and being nothing if not gallant, hurried to her assistance. "Permit me," he said as under his touch the boat grated its keel on the bleached pebbles. "You should not attempt such a task," he added, turning to Nancy.

For answer a peal of laughter greeted him, and as Haskell turned wonderingly he met the most witching eyes he had ever seen. Then recovering herself Nancy said: "Excuse me, but you see, I'm not accustomed to politeness, in this place. You were kind to help me, but this task is one to which I am well used,—but I thank you sir."

Haskell would have had her linger, but sweeping him a low curtesy the girl walked towards the hut and entering closed the door behind her.

Day after day found Haskell strolling along the beach, and oftener than not, in company with Nancy. Then the gossips' tongues began to wag, and the sound of their wagging reached the village schoolmaster.

Today Nancy had reached the trysting place much in advance of Haskell and when he came he appeared much perturbed.

Keen to note his varying expressions, Nancy exclaimed: "Something has happened—what is it?"

"It's nothing child, nothing, only I must pay my visits at your home else we must cease to meet; people are—are, well, the fact is they are talking, so I will come to your cottage."

"No,—no,—no," Nancy cried, laying her hands on Haskell's shoulders, and gazing imploringly in his face; you must never come there, never; promise me that,—please promise."

"Why, little girl?" he queried.

"Don't ask me now, some other time I'll tell you."

"As you say, Nancy, but for the present we cannot be seen together, the gossips are talking."

"Ah, you mind them?"

"Well, yes! It isn't quite right, you know."

All the laughter died from Nancy's face as she answered sadly: "Perhaps,—but we cannot both see alike; your world is so very different from my little corner in it. Yours is bounded by suave women and men, and what people say, weighs heavily with you in the balance. Mine, is a little gray hut, bounded by the broad ocean, and pine-capped hills, where people's opinions count for naught. On your horizon, are many faces,—mine, holds but one. It seems so natural for me to come to meet you. 'Tis Autumn in my world;—go back to yours while it is yet summer there."

There was no passion, only a dull apathy in her voice, as turning, Nancy walked from him in the direction of the hut.

Haskell wanted to recall her, but hesitated, then strode away, muttering:—"She's right, and it's best for her, poor little girl."

The days winged their flight so rapidly that the ageing year was now in December's embrace, and Hubbard's Cove was decked in a thick fleece of snow. Many times Haskeil sought Nancy's haunts but had not met her since that autumn day when they parted. Then one evening fortune favored him. He was taking a tramp on his snowshoes when a sudden turn in the road, showed him Nancy ahead of him. She too was on snowshoes, and moved along with the ease of one thoroughly accustomed to them. Haskell quickly overtook her, and after the first greetings were over, the couple walked along the moonlit road towards Nancy's cottage, where they parted, with promises to renew their tramp the following evening. Night after night

they met, Haskell each time promising himself it would be the last,—Nancy looking forward each time to the next.

It lacked a week of Christmas; the village school was closed for the holidays and Frank Haskell was going home. After today he would not see Nancy again for two weeks. The snow had drifted and lay in patches on the face of the old gray boulder, where Haskell awaited Nancy's coming. Then she came to him, like a warm tropical blossom springing from the frozen earth. Christmas to her had little significance, for no one had remembered her since she had outgrown the dolls her father had occasionally brought. Now, her eyes danced with delight as Haskeil clasped about her neck a string of gleaming corals with a pendant locket containing his portrait.

"For me Frank,—for me?" Nancy cried rapturously, her face aglow with happiness.

"For you, of course," he answered, drawing the girl to him, and kissing the lips that were red as the corals gleaming on her breast. Long they talked until the deepening shadows warned Haskell that the stage coach which was to convey him to Halifax, would soon depart from the village, so with many promises, and the sighing wind crooning a minor accompaniment to their happiness, Nancy and Haskell parted.

Pete Haines, coarse of speech, beetle-browed, and rough, was a constant visitor at Gordon's hut, whenever he ran into the Cove, which was often. Nancy disliked him greatly and often questioned why her father was on such intimate terms with him. Unknown to Nancy, Pete had more than once witnessed her clandestine meetings with the schoolmaster, though for some reason he refrained from divulging the news to the girl's father. Several times he sought to make love to Nancy but she promptly repulsed him, and he longed for revenge.

The day following Haskell's departure Pete sauntered into Gordon's hut, and said: "Say, old pal, how would ye like to take a run up to Halifax? The carnival's on there, and skipper Henderson of the "Maggie G," will take us



'He was taking a tramp on his snowshoes'

along with him when he sails tomorrow. I'd like to see some sort of sport for a change."

Gordon demurred, but Nancy coaxed, "Oh father, I'd love to go, and just think of seeing a real ice carnival!"

"She's right, spoke up Pete, "youth loves pleasure, and there's none of it hereabouts. Come along, you and the gal."

So it was settled, and the trio sailed!

the following morning aboard the "Maggie G."

The carnival was at its height,—while the glitter and excitement of it all sent Nancy's gypsy blood racing through her veins. Down the toboggan slide she had gone, enjoying the laughter and gay chatter about her, and yet seeking in the crowd, one face—Haskell's. The torches flashed and spluttered, and the toboggans slipped over the glittering surface. On a hired toboggan, with an aide and two other passengers Nancy had made several descents, and was making another, when out of the nowhere, it seemed, flashed a toboggan with two occupants. "Oh, Frank," a girl's musical voice cried, as the toboggan sped past them, and Nancy saw Haskell steering, while the girl behind him clung with both hands to his shoulders.

"Come along—go down once more," Pete was urging, but Nancy answered quietly, "I want to go from here, my hands are cold."

"Your hands, or your heart?" leered Pete.

Nancy made no reply, she felt numbed, and had suddenly become conscious of the coarseness of her homespun frock. She who was with Haskell, clinging to his shoulders and calling him "Frank," wore a blue blanket suit, and a toque of the same, from beneath which flashed bands of hair like glittering gold;—so much Nancy had noticed, in the brief glimpse she caught of Haskell's companion.

Nancy's first impulse was to return to the Cove, as quickly as possible, but Pete's remarks changed her intention. "What could he know?" she mused. She feared this man, as something intending evil to her, and held aloof from him as much as possible. Only Nancy knew how sleepless the night she spent, and early the following morning she surprised Pete by announcing her intention of attending the skating carnival, to be held that night in the ice rink.

"But you can't go alone," her father said.

"Yes, I can, and will!" she answered; and she went. The skaters were masked. Pages jostled knights, and jesters walzed with duchesses. It was all novel

and entrancing to Nancy, who, dressed as a gypsy girl, moved gracefully about among the other skaters, her scarlet domino in gay contrast to the Black Prince who, bowing low, begged her to be his partner in the lancers. She acquiesced, and was led forward to where King Henry the Eighth was waltzing with the Duchess of Devonshire. In spite of his costume and domino, Nancy recognized Haskell, in the character of Henry, and his partner as her of the night before. Nancy's hand trembled on the arm of her partner. She would have recognized her lover through any disguises; while he, looking straight into her eyes, showed not the slightest sign of recognition, though her costume might have recalled the gypsy maid of Hubbard's Cove.

The Christmas festivities and the carnival were over, and Patricia Searles, who was visiting her aunt Mrs. Haskell, was to return shortly to her home in New York.

"What?" Mrs. Haskell exclaimed, as her son announced at breakfast, his intention of leaving that day for Hubbard's Cove.

"I understood your school would not re-open until the second of January, and December has not yet ended."

"You are right, mother mine! but there is a matter I wish to attend to before the New Year dawns. Tomorrow evening will find me home again,—where I shall remain until the eve of January second; so have I your permission to depart, good mother?"

Mrs. Haskell beamed with pride as she replied: "You always were a spoiled boy, so why try to reform you now?"

It was night when Haskell arrived in the village, and he hurried down to the old gray hut, under the cliff. A light gleaming from one of the uncurtained windows streamed like a golden pathway across the frost-clad pebbles on the shore. Haskell blew a peculiar whistle,—his signal to Nancy, but it re-echoed so plainly from the rocks that he feared it might attract the attention of other inmates of the hut. Nancy was not anticipating a visit from him, he had come to ask her to be his wife, and as he moved nearer the hut he pressed the engagement ring in his pocket close to

his throbbing heart. He could not show himself at the hut, because he respected her wish, but he longed to catch a glimpse of her, and he did,—but the blood seemed frozen in his veins as spell-bound he stood watching the scene within the lighted room. Two desperate looking men were seated at a table, one of them facing the window, while Tom Gordon and his daughter made the quartette. They were playing poker and the chips were piled on the table, which was littered with bottles and glasses. The men were smoking pipes, and the wreaths of smoke curled above Nancy's head as she played her hand, apparently unmindful of the disorder about her. Suddenly, with a drunken leer, the man Haines, who was facing the window, jumped from his seat, and catching Nancy in his arms, rained kisses on her face, then snatching up one of the empty bottles, he sent it crashing out through the window. It all happened so quickly, that Haskell scarcely realized the occurrence until he saw the fragments of glass at his feet,—then he turned and fled,—never stopping until he reached the next cove, where he staggered to an inn, and remained until daybreak.

Haskell kept his promise to his mother, and came home, but collapsed on the threshold, and it was many days before he recognized the anxious watchers by his bedside. Patricia had remained to help nurse him, and she hid from his mother the confessions he babbled in his delirium. Now he was convalescent, but Patricia still lingered. It was then Mrs. Haskell told Frank of her cherished wish that he might wed Patricia, the girl who was his cousin only by adoption.

"Her heart is already given, mother; she has confided in me, but her guardian opposes the match. Even were it not so, it would make no difference, as I love another."

Gradually, bit by bit, Haskell told his mother about Nancy. At first she winced, but after a silence of several seconds, she spoke: "You wronged the girl in the first place by your clandestine meetings, you knew the world,—she did not. Tell me, son, do you still love this girl?"

"Dearer than life itself, mother."

"Then we will go tomorrow to her home, and I will bring her here. The marriage will take place beneath my roof. Your honor was astray when you insulted her with a kiss, and no offer of marriage, so you must hasten to atone. You should not have left her to the mercy of these rough people, if, as you say you love her dearer than life itself:—so no time must be lost, or it may be too late."

Mrs. Haskell and her son appeared the following day at Hubbard's Cove and immediately presented themselves at Gordon's hut; but the place was deserted. The front door slammed back and forth with every gust of wind and the elements shrieked through the broken window panes. The occupants had disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed them, and every inquiry proved unavailing. So Frank Haskell returned with his mother to Halifax, and resigned his position as school-master.

The following Spring he joined the rush of gold seekers to Tanana, Alaska, having heard that Gordon and his daughter had embarked on an earlier boat.

Christmas Eve in Vancouver, and a mantle of snow lay over the frozen ground while the feathery flakes were still drifting earthward. The shopping thoroughfares were thronged with gay crowds, and the brilliantly illuminated shops sent shafts of light athwart the glittering streets. Frank Haskell, with his fur-lined coat buttoned close about him, moved along with the throng. The tang of the city pleased him after his seven years of hardships in Alaska. He had come out on the last boat, and after spending a few weeks in Seattle, had come over to Vancouver where he had since remained, scarcely knowing why, excepting that he liked the air of the city. His mother, with Patricia, and her husband, was wintering in the south of France, so Haskell lingered on in Vancouver, with no definite purpose.

"What exquisite holly,—it looks like a string of corals!" a lady exclaimed to her companion, as she stopped near a vendor, who held forth a spray of



glittering green leaves, and scarlet berries.

Haskell halted also,—“A string of Corals!”—his one gift to Nancy, and he had sought her all these seven years without avail. While he hesitated a little child passed him in the glare of light. She was singularly different from the comfortably dressed children laughing and chatting in their delightful fashion. This little one was thinly clad, and wandered along as though in fear, rather than in joy. Suddenly Haskell found himself following the child. Down Hastings street she walked, and though the shop windows offered many temptations, she loitered not, but passed onward until she reached a pawnshop, which she timidly entered. Then from beneath her thin wrap she drew forth a string of corals and held it towards the pawnbroker, while her eyes, darkly blue, held in their sad depths, a world of pleading. Then Haskell entered the shop, just as the pawnbroker, with a sarcastic grin, was handing the corals back to the child. “No,—no,—they’re not worth a farthing, they’re only imitation, and we’ve no call for corals anyway.—Something you wish?” the shopkeeper interrupted, turning smilingly to Haskell.

“I’m looking for a string of corals.”

“Wait little girl!” the pawnbroker called to the departing child.

“Stop!” said Haskell, “I prefer to deal direct with the owner,—show me these corals,” he said, placing his hand kindly on the child’s head.

Examining the corals critically, he said: “How did you come by these,—child?”

“Mother had them these many years, but we need bread, so,—so—,” her lips quivered.

“Yes, yes, dear, I understand, but wasn’t there a locket on this necklace?”

“Yes sir; but mother wears that always, she couldn’t part with it.”

“What’s your name?”

“Nancy Haines.”

“I’ll buy your beads,” said the pawnbroker.

“Oh! no you won’t,” Haskell answered, “you’re a trifle late, in recognizing their value. I overheard you tell

this child that these corals were imitation. Now I happen to know that a world-wide search has been made for them, and they’re worth thousands of dollars to the parties interested. Come dearie,—I’ll go with you, and bargain with your mother for these.”

Outside the shop, Haskell lifted the frail little form in his arms, saying: “Take me to mother, Nancy dear, I’ve been looking for her these many years.”

The child gave him the address, and calling a taxicab, Haskell and the little one were soon speeding towards the fulfilment of his faithful quest.

He found the object of his search in a little room,—the ceiling of which seemed to grow lower as Nancy, rising at his entrance, tottered towards him.

“You,—you,—” she sobbed; “Oh, Frank, I have waited so long!”

Gradually Haskell learned what had transpired, since they parted years ago.

Her father, who was a tool in Pete Haines’ hands, obliged her to play cards with the gamblers who frequented their hut,—so it was she had begged Haskell not to come there. Haines knew of her clandestine meetings and was also aware of Haskell’s presence outside the hut, when he sent the bottle crashing through the window. A few days later Tom Gordon, Nancy and Haines, left for Seattle, and from there embarked for the Tanana. Haines wielded his power over Gordon’s head, and demanded his daughter in marriage. At first Gordon held out resolutely, but he gradually weakened and begged Nancy to marry Pete. Strongly reluctant, the girl yielded finally to her father’s pleading, and, when one week later Gordon died, Nancy was left to the mercy of Haines. Then followed brutalities, outrages,—poverty and hardships.

Less than a year after their marriage Haines one day entered their cabin partially intoxicated, and directed a tirade of abuse at Nancy. “Moping again,” he sneered, “thinkin’ of the tinsel schoolmaster, eh?” Then ye might as well know, I fixed up the plan fer ye to see him with his cousin, at the carnival in Halifax. I saw him too, outside the window the night I snatched yer kisses an’ ye gave me a black eye;—oh! I

haven't forgot it. He'll have a jolly search fer ye though, if I know meself. Don't ye look at me like that, drat ye." Then noticing the corals on Nancy's neck, he shouted: "Take them beads off! You're my wife now, not Haskell's mistress, an' I'll be blamed if I'll let ye wear his trinkets."

Nancy moved about, setting the table, and preparing the noonday meal, and she made him no answer. Infuriated, he sprang towards her, but Nancy's gypsy blood was now aroused, and seizing a carving knife, she awaited his coming.

"Wench," he mumbled retreating towards the door—"I'll tame ye yet, or by,——"

He never finished the sentence,—a misstep hurled him backwards down the steps, and his head struck on a jagged rock. He was beyond medical aid when the doctor arrived, and that night Nancy gave birth to a baby girl.

A few months later a collection was taken up, among the miners, to defray expenses, and Nancy with her child, arrived in Vancouver. There she managed to support herself and little one until a severe illness assailed her and recovery was tedious. The little savings dwindled quickly, and in desperation Nancy sent her child forth to dispose of the corals, because she could not bear the look of hunger in the child's eyes.

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The bells throughout Vancouver had never pealed so merrily as on this Christmas morning,—and little Nancy Haines, scarcely knew what to make of it all, as, rubbing her eyes, she sat up in bed and looked about her. She re-

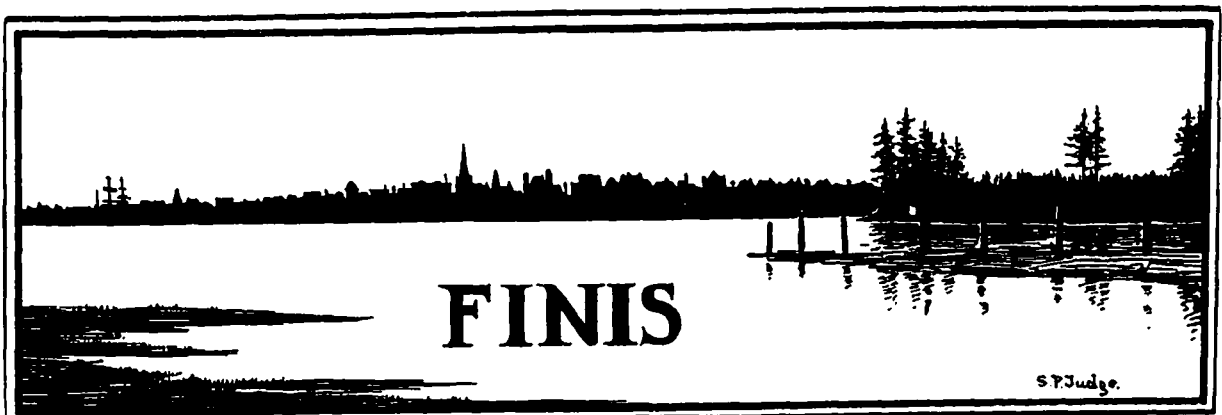
membered last night the kind gentleman had brought herself and mother to the Vancouver Hotel, and it felt so good to go to bed in a warm room, and with not a pang of hunger. She had covertly hung up her stocking, as she had done for several years back, but today she marvelled that it bulged so, while a Christmas tree laden with gifts, sparkled in the dazzling sunlight that flooded through the window. Suddenly she noticed beside her,—the dream of her young life,—a large doll,—with its fringed eyes calmly closed in slumber. Gingerly she handled it at first, as though fearing it might vanish from her sight, then clasping it to her heart, she covered it with kisses.

Softly the door opened, and Nancy's mother crossed the threshold, followed by Haskell.

"A merry Christmas!" they both cried to the child; and Nancy exclaimed: "Oh! mother dear, see what Santa Claus brought me, what did he bring you?"

"The greatest gift that Heaven could send; something that I have prayed for these many years;" the mother answered, placing one hand lovingly about Haskell's neck, and the other around her child.

"I'm so glad, mother," little Nancy laughed, throwing her arms about the two before her, and kissing them both." Let us wish everybody "A Merry Christmas!" Then the child's observant eyes caught the flash of a new gold band on the third finger of her mother's left hand, and pointing to it, she cried:—"Was that what Santa brought you dearie?"



# Call of the Breed

By Patrick Vaux

**T**HE chance of a lifetime! That is what you say, Kenney. What I say is—you'll be sent to the bottom with the rest of us."

"All in the fortunes of war! This'll be something for me to go upon when it comes across the Atlantic. For it will."

Commander Torrington turned very sharp upon his heel. Asperity charged his voice.

"Something to go upon," he retorted, wiping the fog-blobs off the lenses of his binoculars; "you have no business to be with us! But as I got no instructions about you—and you refused to be trans-shipped—here you are. You'll be killed, though, Kenney."

Lieutenant Samuel Kenney, staff officer of the Canadian Naval Forces, straightened his figure from leaning over the bridge-rail in his anxiety to pierce the winter murk ahead. With a trace of amusement on his keen face, he gazed at the commanding officer of H.M.S. Pandora.

"You would have done just the same, sir," he exclaimed in a quizzical voice. "Just the same. Anything to get up against hostilities. I know you would."

Commander Torrington nodded emphatically.

"I would, I would," he volleyed against the stinging north-easter. "Mind you, though—don't lose your head, and take a hand in it. We don't need your oar. Canada does. That's where you ought to be—at Halifax. I wish to heavens, I had bundled you on board that Baltic steamer for the Thames."

Germany, hostile at heart as her Kaiser had stated in a communication now historical to the First Lord of the British Admiralty, early in 1908—Germany, forced by her national expansion to suffer in competition against the British Empire—with withers already

unwring by the institution of the first steps in preferential tariff between the Mother Country and her offsprings—in self-preservation had been compelled to throw the gauntlet down summarily.

She had torn the Foreword out of Britain's book of naval strategies: had swiftly assumed the offensive during the fourth week of that memorable December.

And in the twentieth century with its extraordinary mobility and swiftness of movement, it is the difference of a mere four-and-twenty hours that brings about victory or defeat. A nation's life or death.

While the British Atlantic Squadron was hurrying towards the North of Scotland to delay the passage of the enemy into the West Atlantic, the Home Fleet, minus its two southern divisions that were to hold the mouth of the English Channel and cover the Thames and near coast, was moving out, to proceed eastward. Already British cruisers were feeling for the Imperial battle-fleet.

Of these, the Pandora, in which Lieutenant Kenney on leave of absence had received permission from the British Admiralty to proceed from Sheerness to the Firth of Forth, had been diverted by marconigram when off the Outer Gabbard Shoal, Norfolk, and ordered to scout eastward.

"You know what the orders are, Kenney," rasped her commanding officer, as he raised the glasses to his eyes in a vain endeavour to pierce the thickness hiding the near waters under its woolly veil. "To feel the enemy's strength in the Ems roadstead—the Aboukir to support if necessary. That's where their High Seas Fleet's third and fourth division are shipping additional stores; so the last of our intelligence runs. Not the getting in, but the getting out with the information, that is the worry."

"Yes! The very devil of a place!" ejaculated the Canadian, "I know it. Did a little wildfowl shooting on the flats there when I was with my sister's husband, van Hutten, in Friesland. I know the channels in the West Ems—all shifting sand. We'll get out."

A wry expression fled over the British officer's lean, angular features.

"Get out? Get anywhere—US! But I should have put you on board that homeward steamer, safe, and out of the way. Remember—don't let your ardour run away with you when we're under fire."

Amusement and derision took possession of Kenney's damp face. He voiced protestation.

But Torrington had stepped towards the little group of officers past the wheel, to port, and an eddy of frosty wind together with the roar of the stokehold ventilating fan just abaft the narrow bridge overpowered the British American officer's voice.

The cruiser drove her nose into a thickening roll of sea, and squashed her headlong passage through it. Spray gushed up her shoulder, to fall splashing on the icied decks and drain overboard into the boiling wash trailing alongside.

Kenney brushed a far-rending spirt of ice-cold brine out of his eyes, and looked about.

Satisfaction and a strange savage exultation took him. Yes! He was going into action for the first time—and now would see if the Old Stock was still sound in the shock of battle.

A hundred yards away, beyond the outflung white water at the foot of the cruiser, hung the haze, ever lightening, ever deepening in streaks and masses, dulling the light of that December afternoon that was now fading quickly. Under the fog-curtain rolled a short quartering sea, cresting occasionally under the impact of the swell and the thrust of the eastward current.

Kenney's eyes roved in-board, and dwelt on all the details along the Pandora's dim decks. In shelter amidships and by the break of the forecastle stood reliefs to the shivering gun-crews, who were standing by at quarters, watch and

watch. By the quickfirer to port just under the poop was the gunnery officer busily examining its breechblock, and to many forcible gestures talking to Number One in the rear of the gun. With half-frozen lookouts straining their eyeballs, H.M.S. Pandora drove onward.

Of a sudden a syren's muffled moaning pulsed from northward. There followed the faint thudding of a gun. Then came a cessation of the sounds.

Most ominously had they accentuated the realities at hand.

"A vessel of ours held up, sir," observed the officer of the watch to the commander, who was passing to starboard on the bridge.

"Yes, a vessel of ours, Witherby. God help 'em, till we sweep the enemy off the seas."

"We're inside 'em?" Lieutenant Kenney jerked out the words as the Pandora's officer levelled his binoculars ahead, near by him.

"Yes. Borkum off the starboard bow. Inside the zone of their patrols outside the Ems."

The commander snapped out an order—monosyllabic, curt—and gun-crews leaped on the alert. Officers of divisions stood vigilant at their posts. In the fire-control top aloft, aching eyes grew strained and tense. Before the blistering furnaces below, grimy half-stripped stokers, toiled in a torrent of sweat, and the engineer sub-lieutenant cursed a clacketty, recalcitrant feed-pump. In the starboard compartment of the engine-room, his chief was standing ankle-deep in oil and water, at valve-wheel and reversing engine—intently watching the dizzying gauge-needless—intently waiting for signals from the Bridge.

Lieutenant Kenney was on the sharp edge of the Real Thing. And it cuts all and sundry.

Then a sharp-eyed lookout yapped out a word or two, and the three officers on the bridge switched their sight on the trailing fog-wall off the port bow. From out of a thinning bastion there a wedge-shaped snout peered forth, and the long low torpedo boat shot forward with confusing rapidity.

Not for the twinkling of an eye did Torrington swither. He thrust his hand

on the wheel, and the cruiser swerved a little. In the dull scrunching of steel, the momentary hubbub of voices, rang the end of that patrol.

As the inexorable Pandora passed onward, Lieutenant Kenney looked back.

The torpedo craft had been severed in two, abaft of her after funnel, and only the forward part of her hull floated. Just the tip of her black bows was visible outside the dense clouds of steam. Even as he withdrew his eyes, her boilers burst in a grating roar and an upheaval of water.

Kenney glanced at the commander. Torrington's under-lip was thrust out, the under-teeth vindictively showing. His brows knit and eyes narrowed, he was throwing keen glances over either bow. His attitude, vehement yet restrained, was that of the huntsman breaking scent of his quarry. It suggested nerves of nickel steel, with no trace of that suspense and anxiety ageing the youthful face of the navigating lieutenant at his side. The eye of the Canadian officer, responding to the navigator's thoughts, travelled away landward, over the starboard bow, where the fog was again growing thinner—more luminous.

There with its murderous batteries and gunpits, lay the island of Borkum between the west and east mouths of the Ems. There the shoals and shifting channels, sandbanks and tidal flats afford a more powerful defensive than any of man's destructive agencies.

Germany, behind her dangerous North Sea littoral, with its long outpost of islands and lagoons reinforced by her torpedo craft and submarines, could philosophically stand at ease while her fleet ranged the Atlantic, and her cruisers and armed auxiliaries destroyed the mercantile marine of the British Empire. While, too, her second naval line, that "fleet in being," was to compel England to concentrate her attenuated reserve forces into the North Sea, thus depriving her maritime commerce of protection.

But not for a few hours yet was Britain to realize her straits. Though in the easing of the Pandora's engines all stood on the brink of discovery.

"Forepeak listening for the belling of the Hooge Horn under water signals to

their east'ard patrols," said the commander to Lieutenant Kenney as he whisked the frosted brine off his eyebrows with his forefinger," that'll give me my bearings for the East Ems, here, and the Borkum flats as well. We'll round the Randzel Sand, behind Borkum, pick up the cross channel into Hui- bert Gat, and work out seaward by the West Ems. Thank God for this fog! Isn't it good?—just what we want."

"Geewish! Call it 'good,' d' ye," growled the Canadian, "I prefer to see where I'm going, and chance the risks. She'll go around on the shoals, and break her back under gun-fire—It's hell-gate she's going through."

"Yes! Hell-gate, you'll feel it, too, Kenney. High-water, now. Oh, she'll go through, if——"

But Torrington's mouth stiffened. His hand shot up, silencing the officer at the forepeak telephone. Kenney gripped the bridge rail as if it alone sustained him against sudden death.

Away ahead an oblique mass, a little darker than the fog, was slanting across their course.

The huge warship loomed larger as she swayed onward to the calling deep. In the stillness along the softly-stepping cruiser's deck there resounded the slither and splash of the water curling from her great ram and bows.

A bugle call rang out on board her. Torrington's lips parted. But still, no order came.

The next minute, the battleship was swallowed up in the deeper folds of fog.

"A close shave!" grunted the commander." All up with us, if the lot of them are coming down-stream. Forepeak picked up the belling? Good—'Slow ahead,' Mr. Venn."

Up the East Ems in full flood-tide, past Nordland Flat and the Koper Sand to eastward, slipped the British cruiser; lookouts redoubled, leadsmen in the bows, and gun-crews breathing low. From Friesland, with its miles of marshes and sodden heath, the mist deepened the falling night. But the Pandora surged up the east channel like a thing endued with instinct.

Kenney was painfully conscious of his thumping heart. When to port the

shadow flitted past of a small vessel dropping seaward, he clenched his teeth, and held in his breath for the crash of the guns. But none came yet.

In a gust of self-disparagement, he felt his was a tinsel courage.

Then one dim outline, squat, sinister, loomed out to starboard, and was succeeded by a second and a third, moored at two cables' interval.

The commander leaped to the rail, and craned himself in gaze.

As his vessel came abreast of the third, a voice rang out in alarm on board her, and instantly the Pandora's guns opened into thunder. Her navigator, his brain a needlepoint of calculation and vigilance, thrust her between the third and fourth of the hostile line, into the gat rounding the back of the Randzel Sand.

The infernal hubbub of the repulse broke out up the enemy's lines. It spread instantly to the Borkum Defence.

To Lieutenant Kenney the firing seemed incredibly rapid and furious.

His face was contorted like that of a man choking. He held his body rigid, braced as against some preternatural shock. The ear-splitting thunders of the guns, the whistling of projectiles around and overhead, the crash and shrill of bursting shell, their incessant gushes of pink and crimson fire irradiating the fog, created in him some wholly different being.

One who had had no past, nor would have a future.

One who lived in the seconds flying past, bloody-fanged and terrible.

The Pandora reeled, she quivered and lurched on missiles striking her. A projectile crashed against the coaming of the fore-castle hatchway, and burst open a chasm wrecking the mess-deck.

But Kenney was unconscious of the spirit of slivers screeching past his head. A fierce and determined emotion had seized him. Fire ran in his veins.

From Borkum's batteries, shrapnel and shell swept athwart the cruiser. The hashed bodies of dead and wounded gun-numbers cluttered the torn plating. Some of them slid through the jagged fissures to fall huddled on the deck be-

neath, or, caught by the splintered steel suffer excruciating agonies.

As Kenney flung himself face-down to escape a shell exploding low, he marked Commander Torrington drop as if his legs had been knocked from under him. With a guttural cry he jumped to his feet, and crouching low leaped to the officer. As he threw himself on his knees beside him, the navigator fell over the wheel, his chest and left shoulder shot away.

"Hard a-port, hard a-port,—Huibert flat," he moaned." Steady amidships,—the Lauwers ground."

Kenney thrust the wheel hard over. There rushed into his memory's eye, clear and minute, van Hutten's section chart of the West Ems.

With the flames from her riven funnels trailing broad along her crumpled deck and upperworks, and steam gouting from a damaged steam-bed, the British cruiser fled headlong towards the open.

To the British-American officer at her wheel, seconds and minutes might have elapsed into hours for all he knew. He was only aware of the maddening despair of retreat—only aware of an unvanquished enemy astern.

Already the enemy's seaward units were slipping moorings, and taking up the pursuit.

Then of a sudden a terrible sharpness stung his side; a horrible numbness paralysed him. Darkness came sweeping over his senses. Vainly he tried to keep his feet. His voice rang out desperately in a hail to the deck.

Lieutenant Kenney had relinquished command.

When he regained consciousness it was to him that veins of fire stung his body inwardly. It felt like one vast wound—one swelling torture. Then it seemed as if he was floating for aeons in a state of semi-insensibility and frozen death, and was dimly cognisant of voices near by, but unable to distinguish any words.

He recovered his senses, to find himself bandaged, and still lying on the bridge. From overhead, arc electrics swung out from the looming hull of an armoured cruiser illumed the shattered scout.

"Yes, sir; their third and fourth divisions have slipped out," some one was saying, and with difficulty he recognized the husky tones of the Pandora's third lieutenant. "We scraped in between the destroyers now lying in the deeper sounding, where our intelligence placed the battleships—would have been 'ditched' and broken up under Borkum guns but for Lieutenant Kenney."

"He got you away," exclaimed the Aboukir's officer, "most certainly he did. The first of Canada's gift for the New Year. As well we picked you up, for this craft's going down by the stern. Anyhow the commander-in-chief will get away now, right on their heels instead of playing the fool round the Ems for their destroyers' delectation. England has a lot to thank Kenney for—Son of the Old Breed."

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## A Legend of the Christmas Tree

Long years ago,—one Christmas-tide,—  
 So doth the story run,—  
 A lonely fir tree mourned her love  
 The gold-crowned summer sun.

Then, Santa Claus who chanced to ride  
 Through forest aisles of gray,  
 Pitied the tree and took her home,  
 In a jingling reindeer sleigh.

He thought of a baby, with yellow curls,  
 Who owned not a single toy,  
 So Santa decided that Christmas must bring  
 To this child of the poor,—much joy.

He had seen this babe, by its white crib kneel,  
 And hearkened its lisping prayer,  
 As he begged for "Just a drum,—please God,—  
 And a horsey with real live hair."

So, he spoke to the tree, "you have sighed for love,  
 Straightway I will give it thee,—  
 And henceforth wherever a child doth dwell,  
 I'll make you his Christmas tree."

Then, Santa Claus covered each bough with gifts,  
 And bore the tree off in his sleigh:—  
 Thus,—ever since then, the child and the tree,  
 Are close-linked with Christmas Day.

—*Agnes Lockhart Hughes.*

# The Roses of Grantleigh

By Helen Tompkins

**H**E was an evil man—and more!” Margaret Grantleigh said to her son significantly, although there was no added emphasis in her level voice.

I looked across at Peggy but Peggy only dropped her inky lashes demurely—a trick of her’s when she was interested or excited. And I noticed that her cheeks were hot and scarlet like the pomegranite buds in the garden close.

She was listening I knew, quite as intently as I, to what the others were saying although she would not have had them know it. Outside, the waters of the river Cleare splashed and rippled in the silence and the odor of the Grantleigh roses—famed the country-side over—stole through the shutters. I would not have you believe that the Grantleighs were wont to discuss matters of a private and personal nature in the presence of uninterested persons as a rule. But Peggy had been Mrs. Grantleigh’s cherished friend and companion since her earliest childhood, and I had known the family, especially Gerald, almost as long. Our presence in the room meant little restraint. Besides, Margaret Grantleigh was a law unto herself—she minded little but her own will either in this world or in the next.

A little silence fell over the wide room—a silence broken only by the soft whisper of the rose-perfumed breeze and the ripple of the running water. “Evil in what way?” Margaret Grantleigh’s son asked then quietly.

“Evil in all ways!” Margaret Grantleigh’s voice was still level and expressionless, but I noticed that the hand with which she toyed with the roses which her son had flung in her lap, shook a little and that her eyes were filmed dimly and blurred like the eyes of a suffering animal. “You never knew your grandfather, Gerald. You should thank

God for it. Your own father had but little of the Grantleigh blood in his veins.”

Gerald Grantleigh flushed. He was a Grantleigh and I think that he prided himself upon the fact. “Was my grandfather ever brutal or unkind to you?” he asked at last, a trifle sharply.

It was his mother’s turn to flush—a slow, painful colour that reddened her face like the far-flung stain of a torch’s flame upon sodden snow. “Your father was a younger son,” she said then, slowly. “It was of but little moment to your grandfather whom your father married, so that his wife was but of gentle blood. He scarcely ever deigned even to notice me or to heed my existence. But with Charlton it was different.”

“My uncle?”

“Your uncle—yes. He was a very quiet unassuming man, your uncle Charlton, Gerald, and his wife was an angel of beauty and goodness. I saw her once when your father and I passed the little cottage where she lived with her aunt. I can see her yet as I saw her then—with her tender face framed in the faint-pink honeysuckle blossoms.”

She checked herself suddenly and I saw a faint flicker of suspicion stir in her dim eyes. “Your grandfather heard the news that same day,” she added dryly. “the news that your uncle had lost his head for love of a woman who was possessed of neither birth nor breeding and whom he said was little better than a beggar. For a while I think that he went quite mad. Then he summoned Charlton to his presence and he was given a notice of what he might expect—along with a tongue-lashing that those who heard will remember to the end of their days. He reminded his son that as the heir of the Grantleigh fortune there were certain duties that he owed as a matter of course to the family blood



and the family name—duties which a union with a poor girl of neither birth nor breeding could scarcely be supposed to further. He could give up the girl and be restored—chastened and purged of his folly after certain rigid penances—to his father's favor, or——”

“Or?”

Was there some underlying meaning in the careless words—some sinister significance which my slow wits failed to catch? I asked the question with my lifted eyebrows as I glanced across at Peggy, but she only shook her head vaguely. I noticed, however that she looked apprehensively from mother to son and that her soft cheeks were still quite pink.

“Or—he might expect something infinitely worse to befall him,” said Margaret Grantleigh calmly. She was far too clever I fancied, to fall into a trap of her son's setting. “Charlton had his father's temper if not his father's will, however. It was small wonder that he chose the girl whom he loved. And that night they were married——”

“But they did not live happily ever after—since the lady died within three months and her husband, an exile in Barbary or Egypt or the like, followed her the next year,” said Gerald, still warily, his eyes never once leaving his mother's face. “So much of the family history is familiar to me, mother—as of course you know—since it is necessary to explain why my father died possessed of the Grantleigh fortune. Was there more which you meant to say to me now—of which this is simply the preamble?”

For a moment I thought that Peggy, her face quite white now, held her breath in suspense. There had ever been little demonstration of affection between mother and son, but heretofore there had been no open breach. Was that breach to come now?

Margaret Grantleigh collapsed wearily in a little heap in her high-backed chair but her eyes were still fixed upon her son's stubborn, handsome face. Little and frail and delicate she was, but in the room's semi-darkness her thin face shone vaguely against the dark cushions like fine old ivory; and yet with a certain pale translucency which turned me

—looking at her more closely—sick and faint.

“Open the window wide, Peggy, my girl,” she said, in a lower voice. “And no, neither you nor Haughton need leave the room. What I have to say to my son now the whole world may hear if it will—and welcome.”

I wondered at Gerald a little, that he should still stand so straight and slim and tall, reading what I read in the face of the stubborn old woman before me. I forgot that the boy was younger than I and that his eyes were blinded either by passion or by love.

Outside, the river whispered thickly as if a new scarcely-heard terror had crept into its silver voice, and I saw, although it was not yet dark, the rim of a new moon like the half of a golden wedding-ring, caught in the framing evergreens beyond the rose-gardens and the river. The blossoms which had slipped from the old woman's stiffened fingers drifted from her lap to the floor and their dying odor met the fresher fragrance of the scarcely-unfolded flowers outside. Again my pulses leaped to meet the challenge of the love-song of the river, but my eyes met the glances of the slender girl who was standing near the open window, and I stiffened with a sudden quiver of pain—pain that hurt like the stab of a knife.

“You have been here at the Manor for more than two months now, Mr. Foster,” said the old woman turning to me suddenly. “You are older than my son, wiser, more sophisticated, more a man of the world. You are a——”

“Poet as well, madam,” I said quickly. I was resolved that she should not force me to her will, this stern old woman; not while Peggy watched me with the love-light in her tender eyes.

“A poet as well,” agreed the lady smoothly, but with a faint thread of insolence in her voice that stung me to the quick. “What do you think of Grantleigh Manor, sir?”

For a moment even Peggy's face grew blurred and dim before my eyes. “Grantleigh is an earthly Paradise, madam,” I said impulsively under the hypnosis of her steady gaze. “It is an estate which

a man might well sell his very soul for—and never miss the price he paid.”

The words had been spoken as I have said impulsively and I could have bitten my tongue out a moment afterwards for having allowed the words to escape my lips. The dull film had passed from Mary Grantleigh's eyes, however, and they had grown hard and clear as unsullied steel. “You have heard, Gerald,” she said clearly to her son whose eyes were still fixed upon her face. “You think me old, prejudiced, passion-blinded. You have heard the opinion of one —”

“Your pardon, madam,” I interrupted her hotly, seeing—too late—the pit into which I had fallen. “Your pardon but I did not mean—”

She lifted her hand imperiously. “You may say what you will later,” she said coldly. “It is my turn now to talk, and I know that my time is of the shortest. Answer me, Gerald, truthfully as a Grantleigh should. Is it true, the wild tales that have come to my ears of your disgraceful entanglement—”

Gerald Grantleigh took one step forward with a look in his eyes that made me drag fearfully at his sleeve. “It is as false as hell!” he said hoarsely. “Only tell me who has dared to couple the term disgrace with—”

The woman's lifted hand stopped him just as it had stopped me a moment before. “I have heard your name connected with that of Katherine Armande,” she said icily. “I paid little heed to the rumours at first although they came with accredited dignity to my ears. I have only one question to ask you now. Are those rumours true?”

The young man squared his shoulders resolutely. For the moment, in a world in which the two stood alone, two indomitable wills and ungovernable tempers met and clashed. “I do not know just what rumours you have heard, mother,” said the lad at last, and I read at least partial defeat in his words and manner. “I have told Katherine that I love her—I know that she loves me. She has promised to be my wife.”

“And your uncle's sad experience—the tragedy in his young wife's life—means nothing to you?” she said steadily. “You

are resolved that you will learn nothing from the lessons which the past would teach?”

The lad's shoulders drooped and his eyes fell before her own. “I do not understand you,” he faltered miserably.

Again I saw a quick, dull film shadow Margaret Grantleigh's proud old eyes. Her lips were compressed a little either with pride or pain. “The odor of the Grantleigh roses is very heavy and oppressive at times,” she said meaningly, and yet with a certain listlessness in her tired voice. “There are those to whom their fragrance is unwelcome. And Grantleigh Manor itself is something unkind to those of meaner birth who, uncalled and unwelcomed, seek the shelter of its roof-tree.”

Again the lad hesitated—longer this time. “I do not understand you,” he repeated helplessly.

A sudden light seemed to flare behind the dim old ivory that age had so thinly cut and faintly stained. “It is well, my son, that you are not superstitious,” said Margaret Grantleigh calmly. “If you were, you might hesitate to repeat an experiment which the late owner of Grantleigh found so disastrous.”

Of a sudden I, who had studied the lad for weeks, found a new meaning, a new strength in his youthful face. Unhappily for the success of her plans, his mother had touched a jangling chord. “I am not superstitious, mother—in so much you have spoken truly,” he said gently. “I am not afraid of Grantleigh or the Grantleigh roses either for Katherine or for myself.”

“I think that your uncle spoke much to the same purpose if he did not use the very same words,” said his mother coolly. “I can take care of my own, father,” I remember that he said haughtily. How well he kept that boast—you know.”

Her son's face whitened. “Are you trying to threaten me with a menace of coming ill to *her*—the girl whom I love?” he asked gently.

“I threaten nothing,” said the old woman proudly. “Your grandfather was an evil man, I tell you, as well as a very clever one. I only would have you to believe that the curse which he uttered

has not lost its power. The Grantleigh blood shall be kept pure, he told your uncle. You may bring the girl here if you will. I have neither right nor warrant to prevent it. She shall take your own mother's place under my roof and reign as mistress of Grantleigh. But the heirs of our house have ever been gentle by both birth and breeding. And no issue of a shameful mesalliance shall ever disgrace the Grantleigh name."

She paused. "So I tell you the same," she said. "You may bring your bride here as your uncle brought his. Like his bride also she shall never live through the first summer or see the Grantleigh roses fade!"

Gerald was not without weakness of a sort. But he was young and hot-headed and much—very much—in love. "I do not know what deviltry that wicked old man worked," he said sullenly. "I am thinking, however, that Grantleigh though he was, he was little better than a cold-blooded murderer—if as good. And you, mother. Surely *you* were not privy to his guilt."

The passionate wail in his voice pieced through the veneer of pride and caste, the crust of love of wealth, the frost of age, of selfishness and indifference, and did its work almost to the sundering of bone and marrow. The old woman's high courage sprang to meet the challenge in his boyish voice. "Have I not said that I remembered the child—a foolish young thing with her babyish face framed in spring blossoms?" she asked shortly. "Had I know the things—that others knew—I would have carried another vision down the years with me, the vision of a young girl clad in her bridal robes with the rarest of the far-famed Grantleigh roses fading upon her bosom. You had better beware, Gerald. Love is not omnipotent although the young would think it so. Take counsel of the grim past and keep the foolish girl whom you have taught to love you, and the Grantleigh roses, leagues apart."

I had wondered, even in my dazed state of confusion, that Peggy had not interfered before. "Forgive me, Mrs. Grantleigh, but you bade me remind you of the doctor's orders," she said gently. "You will——"

But even I, dull in such matters as I was, saw enough to make me spring forward and press my Peggy's sweet face close against my heart. A change, ghastly and horrible, was freezing haggard lines into the hard old face that even time had had small power to alter. I saw her eyes change—soften—then grow bright with inexpressible yearning. "For God's sake beware of the Grantleigh roses, Gerald!" she mouthed horribly. "They have cost one man his love, his country, his sanity and his life. For the good God's sake——"

Gerald, his anger and defiance forgotten, had flung himself at her feet. "Forgive me, mother!" he pleaded. "Forgive me, and give me one gentle, loving word that I may carry it with me when you are gone to the girl I love!"

"God bless—you both!" the words were little better than a whisper. "You may tell her that I said so. But for His sake and the sake of your own soul, keep her away from Grantleigh. Ask——"

And then the writhing lips twisted and settled themselves icily into a horrible caricature of a grin. The jaws dropped foolishly. Margaret Grantleigh was dead.

But I have lingered longer than I had meant to do when I began to tell this story, over this especial part of it. We had time and to spare, however, during the week that elapsed between the death and the funeral—my little sweetheart and I—time to mope and fret and to become helpless slaves of all sorts of superstitious fancies. More than once I resolved to leave it all behind me and to carry Peggy with me. She flitted about the gloomy house no longer, my poor little girl, but spiritless and moody she dragged her leaden feet up and down the wide stairs with scarcely a thought for any one—even for the man who so loved her.

Gerald, after the very first, bore the waiting better than I. He stayed long hours locked up in his study it is true, but for a great deal of the time his solicitor was with him and I knew that much of the work which the two were doing was anticipatory of the coming marriage of the Grantleigh heir. One day Gerald sent for me.

"I want to talk to you, Haughton," he said restlessly. "You see, it seems that there was no one good enough to tell me until recently that for a year and more before her death, my mother had been failing mentally as well as physically. I had seen very little of her as you know. Was this fact known to you?"

"In a sense—yes," I said warily. "Your mother was inclined to wander a little at times in her speech it is true. On other occasions——"

"So I have told Katherine." His heavy face lighted a little. "You know that my mother's last words were a blessing on my bride, Haughton. You see——"

"I heard her last words—yes," I admitted uneasily. I did not like the turn that the conversation was taking. "But still——"

"But even then as you will also remember she spoke—ramblingly," he urged eagerly. "In one breath——"

"Tell me one thing, Gerald," I begged him gently. "Are you meaning to bring your young bride home here—to Grantleigh Manor?"

He did not answer but flung himself out of the room in a pet. And that night I talked to Peggy plainly enough.

"My work here is at an end," I said to her I am afraid a little sourly. "My position here in the house has been little less than a sinecure for a long time. What need did Mrs. Grantleigh have for a secretary? And now the solicitor——"

"I *thought* that it was the solicitor," said Peggy, triumphantly. "You have been hating him for days. Don't be stupid, Haughton. I will go with you just as soon as Mrs. Wynne comes back. The news of her mistress' death was wired to her several days ago. Surely you would not have me leave Grantleigh now with everything at sixes and sevens——"

"I would have you leave now—this instant!" I said, a little churlishly. "There is evil even in the air, Peggy. It must not touch you." But she only laid a finger on her lips and vanished, and looking up I saw Gerald glowering at me suspiciously as his shadow fell across the floor.

In the village, although I heard but little about it until after the burial of the mistress of Grantleigh, preparations for the marriage were going on apace. I knew that the whole county frowned upon the match, but the Grantleighs had never known a higher court than the tribunal of their own opinions, and Katherine Armande acknowledged no higher law than her lover's will. The marriage was to be strictly private and the antenuptial settlements which Gerald made upon the woman he loved were little less than princely. Peggy told me about them the day after the ceremony (I had quitted the Manor by that time) while we were walking together in the fields.

"She is a gentle, spiritless thing, this last Grantleigh bride," said Peggy a trifle fretfully. "It is as well for her that Gerald's mother died when she did—she would never have allowed her to call her soul her own."

"How does she like her new home?" I asked curiously.

"She has said very little about it as yet. Gerald has gorgeously furnished rooms for her, you know in the west wing. He has put her as far away as possible from the apartments where the last Grantleigh bride held such brief reign a few short years ago."

There seemed so much of menace in her tones that I flung her a sharp glance. "Are the new ones more handsome than the old?" I asked, however, idly enough.

"They are much more expensively furnished. The elder Grantleigh was not overly free with his money, I have heard people say, although after all his furious outbursts he fitted up the rooms himself for his son's unwelcome bride. I have always fancied that he must have done it to awe her—her people were little better than beggars. They were furnished in pink though she was a blonde and the colour made her look hideous. The hangings on the wall were soft moss-green with sprays of the Grantleigh roses everywhere and the colour-scheme was carried out in the carpet and curtains. I think——"

"I am thoroughly sick of the whole beastly business—roses and all." I fumed ungraciously. "You think—you talk—of but little else, Peggy. That small

shallow head of yours has been fairly turned, I am afraid, with settlements and dower and the like. You are engaged to a poor man, my dear?"

"We will not quarrel over it I think—you and I," said my Peggy impishly. She flung me a mocking glance, then dropped her dark lashes. "Don't be ill-natured, Haughton. Just as soon as Mrs. Wynne comes——"

And that was the end of it for the moment—for many moments for the matter of that—for it was weeks after that before I had chance or opportunity for more than a hurried snatch of conversation with Peggy again. First the marriage, quiet as it was, filled the girl's mind, naturally, to the seclusion of all else. After that——

"The girl is full of whims," said Peggy to me pettishly one day. "After all that he—Gerald—has done for her, she has persisted in having her things moved quite round to the other side of the house. Her rooms now overlook the rose-garden and the river, you know. And after all, since he dared not emphasize what his mother said that last day how could Gerald help it? In truth what is there for him to say? Do you remember, Haughton, what Mrs. Grantleigh said that night when she was dying—about the Grantleigh roses?"

I remembered. I said so gloomily. I was provoked with the girl that she allowed her imagination such free rein. I was more provoked with myself that I was too weak to rebuke her.

"Two weeks a bride and already the curse has fallen," said the girl in a lower voice. "There she sits all day in her chair beside the window above the rose garden where the petals have not yet begun to fall. When they do——" She looked at me strangely. "He was a wicked, shameless old man, just as the wife of his second son said that he was," she whispered in a lower voice. "Is there something in the curse that he uttered after all—something that renders Grantleigh Manor an ill place to dwell in? I myself——"

"Nonsense!" I said roughly, for my heart went cold with sudden dread. "A wire was sent to town today, I know,

for Dr. Maxwell. Does that mean that Gerald himself has become alarmed?"

"It is time for alarm," croaked Peggy, still dourly. "You need not be so skeptical, Haughton. Yesterday the poor thing called me to her room. 'Is there any truth in what Beckert, the new maid, has been telling me?' she questioned me wildly. 'Is it true that disappointment and resentment upon Gerald's account and because he persisted in his determination to marry me, hastened his mother's death?'"

"She had clutched wildly at my sleeve but I twisted away from her grasp before I answered. 'I heard Mrs. Grantleigh's last words,' I said to her then soothingly. 'I was in the room when she died. She prayed God almost with her last breath to bless her son and the young girl whom her son had just told her that he loved. Beckert is a meddling, cackling fool, Mrs. Grantleigh. Her long tongue has dragged her into trouble before this more than once.'

"But I saw that she was not listening to what I said. 'Almost her last words!' the poor thing said, looking at me pitifully. 'But her last words, Peggy—her last words. What of them?'"

"'She was dying then,' I said, evasively. 'There were times enough even before that last day, when she did not know what she was saying I am sure. There were times when she wandered sadly in her speech. Beckert was with her a great deal—the mischief-maker and blunderer that she is. She might have told you that.'

"Yet Beckert answered me truthfully—when I asked her questions,' she flared out at me. 'She said that even after Gerald's mother's heart was all but stilled—even when her breath was the merest flutter that scarcely lifted the laces at her throat, she was begging him—Gerald—to keep me away from Grantleigh Manor. Is that true?'"

"It may be,' I said sulkily, and then she turned her face away from me to the garden and the roses and did not speak again. She appears wretchedly ill, Haughton. I believe that she will die soon if something is not done."

"Gerald should take her away from Grantleigh," I said sourly. "I have told

him so more than once—as have others.”

“It would do no good for him to try to take her away for she would not go,” said Peggy hopelessly. There were tears in her pretty eyes. “She will die, Haughton, if something is not done to rouse her—die before the Grantleigh roses fade.”

I parted from the girl that night with a very heavy heart. The doctor came down from town next day and I had word in the village that he had urged Gerald to take his wife abroad. I think that Gerald even made some feeble attempts to arrange his business affairs with that end in view, but it came to nothing. Katherine Grantleigh's illness was accompanied by fits of stubbornness which he dared not exaggerate by resistance to her will. She refused absolutely, in spite of her condition—in spite of her love for her young husband—to leave Grantleigh.

Peggy seemed to an extent, to share the young wife's stubbornness. She wept and wrung her hands miserably when I talked to her, but Mrs. Wynn had not returned and until she did, Peggy declared that she could not leave the Manor—even for me.

“She has no one but me, Haughton,” she pleaded. “That is, she has no woman to wait upon her. And she is as sweet and gentle to me as an own sister could be. Her husband is devotion itself but he too looks ill and haggard and she is not willing for him to spend too much time in the house.”

If I could deceive her by doing so I would close the windows tonight. If I do not and she knows that the Grantleigh roses have faded——”

She gulped down a sob—slipped out of my arms when I would have detained her—and sped away like a shadow.

It had grown colder even as she had said. The chill whipped the blood to my face as I left the shelter of the Grantleigh Woods. There were few clouds, but as I skirted the rose-gardens in the vain hope of intercepting and having a final word with Gerald, I noticed that the roses were covering before the bitter wind that the few clouds scourged before them. A single light burned dimly in Katherine Grantleigh's room, and a

rose-branch, seeking shelter in a nook of the wall, flung a blossom-burdened spray against my face. I tramped sullenly across the fragrant, fallen petals unseeing—ill-natured—uncaring—miserable for Gerald, for his wife, for myself and for the stubborn girl who still clung to their failing fortunes. The end must come soon however now I told myself. The Grantleigh roses were fading—fast.

That night a half-dozen eager, urgent telegrams were sent to town. The mistress of Grantleigh was not expected to live the night through. A special train brought three physicians, a specialist and a trained nurse. A little before daylight a message was sent calling me to the Manor.

I found Gerald, lean and gaunt, his eyes burning with fever, his face dull with suffering, pacing up and down the study. “They give me little hope,” he said, as I tried to speak some feeble words of comfort. “I wish to God that I had heeded my mother's dying words, Haughton! My poor, poor little girl! I will take her away from this awful place tomorrow if she can only live to see the sunrise. I will rase the Manor to the ground stone by stone—I will uproot the roses and make the garden beds where they have grown bitter with salt——”

“The doctors,” I said feebly. “Can they do nothing for her?”

“They are consulting now with Dr. Maxwell. I teil you they will promise me nothing! There is one among them—a young foreigner—who does not agree with either their diagnosis or their treatment. Raymond, my cousin, sent him down. He is young and daring and Raymond says that he has been very successful.”

A step at the door interrupted him. “My colleagues have asked me to be their spokesman, Mr. Grantleigh,” said the old physician who entered. “I regret to say that we can do nothing for your wife. We have been summoned to her side too late.”

“Too late!” A damned soul from the lowest pit might have echoed the stricken young husband's words—in his own tones.

“Yes. A naturally sensitive and highly-strung nature and delicate constitu-

tion has been so disorganized by mental suggestion and superstitious fear, that a dormant heart-trouble has been awakened and highly exaggerated. Your local physician can do all that is possible for any one to do to render your wife's last hours——"

"Dr. Fereatti——," said poor Grantleigh helplessly.

"Dr. Fereatti is not connected with us in any way nor does he agree with us in our conclusions," said Dr. Garnett coldly. "You are at liberty to interview him if you like. Nothing that he can do will have any effect whatever upon your wife's condition. My colleagues and I have a very important case in town in which we hope to have Dr. Morton's invaluable counsel and help and he leaves for the Continent tomorrow. Permit me to extend my sympathy and his, and to say good-bye." He shook hands with Gerald in a limp, fishy sort of fashion, glared at me uncertainly and drifted out of the room.

Gerald had buried his face in his twitching hands. Neither he nor I heard the softer tread that announced the entrance into the room of another actor in the sad drama.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a soft, liquid voice. "I understand that the others have surrendered the case as hopeless. I believe that I can save your wife's life. Have I your permission to try?"

Grantleigh looked up, a faint gleam of hope in his sunken eyes. "For God's sake do whatever you can for her!" he said impetuously and then hid his face in his hands again.

"I am an Italian, as of course my name would indicate," said the doctor, as I followed him from the room. "I am American born and reared but I have spent a number of years abroad—in Italy. I have rather made a specialty of——poisons."

"*Poisons!*" There was something so sinister in the word that I stopped short in my tracks as if checked by a bullet.

"Poisons—yes. You see there were some rather baffling symptoms attending this case that recalled——another one that I have in mind. O, there were none of your cumbrous, bungling modern meth-

ods used—I must admit! We Italians lead the world, my dear sir, in the delicacy and facility with which we rid ourselves of those who stand in our way."

For the moment the form of the modern physician—lean, well-trained and muscular—his eyes keen and vigilant, grew blurred before my eyes and it was a descendant of the Doges I saw—plumed, velvet-clad, smooth and silken of speech, unscrupulous and revengeful as the devil. I shuddered. "What do you mean?" I muttered.

"I mean that the grandfather of the man in the room yonder was a fiend incarnate—that he slew the young girl whom his son loved, as remorselessly as ever Lucretia Borgia rid herself of a rival in her palmiest days. It required the subtlety of a devil to couple a poison so deadly as he used—with the odor of the Grantleigh roses."

"Roses," I stammered wonderingly.

"O, not your ordinary garden roses. You must acquit the eider Grantleigh of so commonplace a piece of villainy. He began his work you see with the sinister suggestion that the Grantleigh roses were not friendly to those of meaner blood who came as brides to the Manor. What more natural than that when his diabolical hints had had time to do their work, that the sensitive young girl—an unwanted, unwelcome lodger under the Grantleigh roof should lock and bar door and window against the fragrance of the flowers she loved?"

"If the odor within the room lingered after that—after the windows were securely closed—who was to guess the reason why? Who was there clever enough to dream that the trails of delicate blossoms in the carpet and on the wall alike, were steeped in a more deadly poison than you moderns ever discovered. If I had not been——"

He checked himself with an effort. "I have given orders that Mrs. Grantleigh be moved to the other wing, and I have already prepared an antidote for the poison which she has absorbed," he said in a calmer voice. "She will be much better in a week. She will be better long before a week has passed if her husband co-operates with me. She will rally just as soon as she realizes that all dan-

ger is past, and that Mrs. Grantleigh's last words were meant to save her from that other helpless young girl's fate so long ago."

He stared past me with gloomy, sombre eyes. "Now see that you do *your* part," he said then less steadily. "We see many heart-breaking things, Mr. Foster, we ministers to the body. We learn much that others do not know. Urge Mr. Grantleigh to leave the Manor just as soon as his wife is able to travel. It will be months even then before she will regain her lost health."

I nodded silently and watched him as he went, stooping a little as he walked, up the wide stairs. Then I went back to the gloomy room where I had left Gerald and I told him what the Italian had said.

When I had finished he looked at me with his whole face radiant. "He will save her for me," he said hoarsely. "Tell him that I know that he will. I dare not go near her myself, Haughton. I

would go to pieces if I did. Thank God that my mother—if she knew the evil secret—would have saved her—at the last!"

I allowed him to get what comfort he could out of the thought. I said nothing. Margaret Grantleigh was dead, I told myself charitably, and I was willing to allow her probable faults and her possible virtues to die with her. But I wondered dully just how much of what her son said he really believed, and how much comfort the belief brought him.

Two weeks later I stood with Peggy's hand in mine, and watched the flutter of a handkerchief as Grantleigh, half-supporting his wife in his arms, looked his last for many months upon his native land, from the deck of an out-bound steamer. They had left work for me to do, which I meant to do—well. And I knew that when the two returned, the Grantleigh roses would be little more than an unhappy memory.

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## The Homesick Canadian

Through my dreams I hear wild ducks fly north,  
 In the stillness of the night,  
 And their thin gray shadows quiver and pass  
 Where the moon on my floor lies white;

To the north—where the Richlieu ice melts fast  
 And pines scent the warm Spring rain,  
 Where the blood-roots are swelling and plover call  
 And I wish I were home again!

—Ellen Paine Huling.



# The Skypilot of Barkerville

By Harold Sands

**W**OMEN! huh! I'm over seventy and the women, God bless 'em, are still an enigma to me," said John Chelmsford. The dean of Pacific Coast editors, who first fell in love during the stormy times of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, was the guest a few days ago of four members of the younger generation of Vancouver newspaperdom. After dining at the Dutch Grill the talk naturally drifted to the ladies. It generally does at the wine and cigarette stage.

The youngest writer present maintained, with the cocksureness of youth, that women were as easy to read as the headlines of a modern newspaper. It was then the veteran made the remark quoted, and added:

"I was one of those who chased the rainbow from San Francisco to Cariboo when the first great gold excitement in British Columbia followed fast on the heels of the treasure hunt in the Golden State. Women were almost as scarce as oysters when I struck the Cariboo in the early sixties. And as it is safe to say there weren't a hundred oysters in the country you can imagine that there wasn't a superfluity of the fair sex. The advent of a good-looking girl caused a flutter in the mining camps.

"One day, when I called for my regular refreshment at Jim Riley's place in Barkerville, the bartender remarked, as he placed a dark bottle before me:

"The flesh and the narrer path arrived on the stage from Yale today."

"I swallowed my whiskey, and as I reached for the 'chaser,' the man continued:

"Cariboo Tom, the stage driver for Ballou, said she tried to make a mash of the parson on the way up and that she paid ten cents a pound freight on the biggest lot of frills and furbelows he ever saw in his life."

"That bartender was fond of wagging his chin in knots. When he said that the 'flesh and the narrow path' came in on the same stage he simply meant that Miss Lorelia Hardy and the Rev. Frederick Kingdom had been added to the population of Barkerville. That chap never would have done for a newspaper. He couldn't boil down his facts.

"She's a regular corker for good looks,' he shouted at me as I passed out.

"Now, although I had a dear little girl in the States, for whose sake as well as my own I was seeking nuggets and news in that country of gold and discomfort, still, with the rest of the camp, I was mightily interested in the coming of Lorelia Hardy. She was not a hurdy-gurdy girl; in fact it is rather difficult to place her. Somehow or other I never liked her, chiefly, I think, because she was the woman in the case of the famous fight between my two old friends, 'Butch Bill' and 'Horsefly Bill,' the two mining kings of Cariboo.

"Horsefly Bill cottoned to the girl from the moment she appeared in the camp. I rather think he had known her in 'Frisco, but they never owned up to any previous acquaintance. Bill's real name was William Derwent. He lived in San Francisco for a while during the exciting days of the gold rush but when he learned that the Vigilantes had marked him for their own he stood not upon the order of his going, but stowed away on the first boat north to British Columbia. Thus it was that he happened to be in the first rush to the Fraser River diggings. When the bars on the river began to be worked out many men started to search for the 'mother lode.' Derwent was among them. He drifted into what is now known as the Horsefly country, and ever afterwards he was known as Horsefly Bill.

"The d—— flies were as big as horses,' he told one tenderfoot who came in from New York by way of the Panama route.

"The two Bills happened to be in Riley's one afternoon just about the time I always took my medicine. The bartender was still stuck on the girl from 'Frisco. For days he could talk of nobody else.

"'Jim Pugh's sorry he met her, I'll bet,' I heard his remark to the mining kings. 'She got the better of him to the tune of a thousand dollars.'

"'You're wrong there, it was Jim who got the better of her,' put in Dutch Bill.

"'But I saw the thousand dollars she got from Jim's claim,' the man protested.

"'But it would have been \$1,700 if Jim hadn't been too smart for her,' chuckled Dutch. 'Set 'em up barkeep, and I'll tell you how he did it. Well, you see it was this way: Jim Pugh owns what is known as Diller's claim, which has the record so far for Cariboo, having yielded \$300,000 in twenty-four hours. This girl quickly got onto the skin game of visiting claims. It's the rule in placer mining camps that when a gal 'visits' she gets what comes in the first pan. Some women have made little fortunes on that lay and this one quickly tumbled to the way to get rich quick. Still she's such a beaut that though all the boys were on to her game each man wanted to have the honor of conducting her.

"'You can fight it out among yourselves, boys,' she said, smiling sweetly. And you bet there would soon have been the liveliest kind of a scrap if Jim had not shoved his way through and did the honors himself. I judge that Jim was quite a lady-killer where he came from. He has that way with him which charms the women, just as I had when I was younger. But while Jim didn't mind a flirtation with the girl he knew what forfeit had to be paid and he purposely did not pan what he thought was the richest ground. That was where he made his mistake. He tried a new piece and was mightily astonished when he undertook to wash it.

"At the first shake of the pan the gold showed and Jim saw that there was more gold than dirt in the pan. He glanced swiftly at the girl, and even while she smiled at him he contrived to scoop out some of the yellow into the water boy. Oh, yes, he's a slick lad. He is quick and clever, is Jim, and not too much of a lady's man during business hours. The next shake of the pan uncovered more of the stuff and a whole lot more gold went into the water hole. But still there was too much of the precious metal in the pan to suit Jim. It was hard to scoop out any more right under the lady's eyes, but Jim found a way. He gave the pan a vicious twirl and let it fall. It was easy, before picking it up, to get rid of more gold. When at last he was finished he turns to Lorrelia, and as polite as if he were in Hyde Park, he says:

"'Miss Hardy, will you do me the honour to accept this pan of gold as a memento of your first visit to the Diller claim?'

"She replied, very pretty like: 'Thank you so much, Mr. Pugh, it will indeed prove a pleasant remembrance.' Jim smiled, rather sickly-like, for there was a thousand dollars in the pan if there was four-bits. Miss Hardy took the gold to the hotel, where it was weighed, and she found that her afternoon call was worth exactly \$1,080. While she was admiring her haul of nuggets Jim was scooping out the water-hole and the air was blue, he was swearing that hard. He panned the gold in the water-hole, and, boys, he got \$700. One thousand seven hundred and eighty dollars in the two parts of that pan! That's the record for poor dirt, I guess.'

"The laughter which greeted this story was cut short by Horsefly Bill exclaiming in angry tones:

"'And do you mean to say that you stood by while that poor girl was robbed of \$700? That's the first mean trick I've known yer to do since we were pals.'

"Dutch Bill's temper blazed at the accusation. 'The man who calls me mean is a d—— liar,' he exclaimed hotly.

"The lie had been passed and the crowd stood back to give the men room.

Dutch Bill landed a vicious left on Horsefly's nose, tapping the claret. The mixup was getting hot when the Rev. Mr. Kingdom entered the saloon and tried to separate the two men.

"'Keep away, parson,' cried Dutch Bill, who was a member of Mr. Kingdom's congregation, 'or not another cent will the church get from me.'

"'I don't want any sky pilots meddling here,' shouted Horsefly, who belonged to no faith and subscribed to no creed. 'You're liable to regret it if you join this mixup.'

"But the clergyman was not to be put off like that. He kept on dodging in and out until his persistence spoiled the fight, much to the disgust of several of the loafer class, or bar-room miners, who liked nothing better than this falling out between the two mining kings.

"'Well, I'm going over to settle with Jim Pugh,' said Horsefly.

"'You haven't far to go, Bill,' said Jim, as he stepped out of a group of miners. 'Anything I can do for you?' he asked politely, but with a suggestive buttoning up of his coat.

"'Yes, I'd like you to hand over to Miss Hardy her \$700,' Bill remarked.

"Jim smiled. 'If you can give me any real reason why I should settle your debts of gallantry I will,' he answered.

"It had not struck the angry mining king that any outrageous construction would be placed on his public companionship of the fair, but Pugh's suggestive words brought him to his senses. He could see that he was injuring Miss Hardy far more than he was likely to benefit her.

"'You're right, Jim, I'm a d—— fool to wear my heart on my sleeve,' said he, 'and I ask your pardon, but as for the man who called me a liar, I'll make him eat his words yet.'

"With that final outburst Horsefly sought the alluring society of the girl from Frisco and himself made up the \$700 which he considered was hers by right. Meanwhile the camp watched for the next move in the feud of the two Bills.

"And it did not have long to wait. That night, when the clergyman was attending a sick miner on the outskirts

of Barkerville, the gold kings came together again at Riley's. The only excuse for Horsefly Bill's action on that celebrated occasion was that he was very drunk—not too far gone in his cups as to be unable to fight, but too intoxicated to remember that though hands, feet and teeth may be used in an Eastern lumber camp, Marquis of Queensbury rules are the thing in British Columbia. He threw Dutch Bill to the floor, seized him by both ears and pounded his head against the boards till Dutch was unconscious. If he had not been pulled off he would have murdered his one-time pal.

"It was two months before Dutch Bill was pronounced out of danger and three months before he could appear in court to give evidence against Horsefly, who had been arrested on a charge of attempted murder. The case came before Chief Justice Begbie, who was known as the 'hanging judge of British Columbia.' According to the law of the province the prisoner was given the option of a speedy trial before the judge alone or a jury trial. The Chief Justice took elaborate pains to explain the two methods to Horsefly Bill, and concluded thus:

"'If you are innocent, I would advise you to take a speedy trial before a judge, because he knows the tricks of the rascally lawyers and will see that you get a fair trial; if you are guilty, by all means go before a jury; that body is usually composed of fools, and you may get off. Now which course do you decide upon?'

"To the judge's great amusement, Horsefly Bill instantly replied, 'I'll take a jury trial.'

"In due course the case was called and a big crowd of miners sweltered for hours in the log hut called, by courtesy, a law court. I have among my collection of clippings an extract from the interesting, if ungrammatical, report of the Barkerville Gazette. It runs somewhat as follows:

"'We are willing to bet that last cord of wood received in lieu of a cash subscription to this great family journal, that Chief Justice Begbie feels as mad as a hatter this morning. The jury

turned him down in fine shape in the Bill case yesterday. It was a great day for the unwigged; though his lordship distributed wiggings enough to cover the whole court room with a lovely sulphur color. The first witness called was Dutch Bill, and the jury could see with half an eye that he did not want his old pal convicted. He said he'd been hurt in a fair fight and he did not see what business it was of the court to keep on reminding all Cariboo that he'd been licked. He was not prepared to swear that his head had been nearly knocked off his body; he was knocked out, he said, and a man in his condition couldn't be expected to swear to what took place after he had gone to sleep. Dutch is all right; he stood by his old pal.

"Then the Chief of Police entered the witness box. He swore that he overheard Lorelia Hardy tell Horsefly Bill that he ought to "sock it" to Dutch Bill. He declared that the woman was a dangerous character and ought to have been in the dock in the place of the prisoner, for she was the sole cause of the disturbance.

"The chief's declaration produced the first sensation of the day, for one of them cocksure lawyers from the coast gets up and reprimands the chief for making the assertion. It had been noticed that the little lawyer man had been stuck on the Hardy girl ever since he struck the town. A young chap near the door applauded the lawyer and the Chief Justice remarked that he'd clear the court if order wasn't maintained. The chief repeated his statement and, as he concluded, he ducked his head like a flash. A revolver shot rang out and the chief was over that witness box like a flash of greased lightning and had collared the young feller who was struggling through the crowd near the door. That was the first time any man had fired a gun in a British Columbia court of law and we're willing to bet all our paid up subscriptions that it'll be the last, for, almost before the smoke had cleared away, the fire-eating judge had sentenced that young feller to fifteen years and was continuing Bill's trial.

"The sky pilot was the next witness and, somehow or other, the judge takes

an instant dislike to him. Rev. Kingdom is a tall man and the sweat box is low; it wasn't made for sky pilots built like Goliath. His reverence sprawls over the box in an ungainly way.

"The very sight of him seemed to rile the judge, who roars: "Stand up, sir, you flop around like a sausage skin filled with water."

"Being in court his reverence could not resent that sort of language, but as he's a pretty good singer of hot talk himself we're going to church next Sunday, just to hear him get even. The sky pilot had little to tell. He said he had stopped the first fight and had not been present at the second. Then the judge took a crazy notion that Horsefly had sandbagged Dutchy. Where he got that bug from we don't know. At any rate he asked the minister if he saw the prisoner sandbag the other chap. Rev. Mr. Kingdom said, pleasant like, that he feared his lordship had made a mistake as there had been no sandbagging in the case. The bench told him to beware of contradicting or he might be fined for contempt of court. The parson kept his temper and all the miners wondered what the sandbag had been dragged in for. That instrument of torture stuck to his lordship all through the trial and he asked other witnesses about it. Finally, when he came to sum up, which he did directly against the accused, he mentioned that unhappy sandbag fifteen times. Greatly to his disgust, but much to the delight of the camp, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The judge smote his desk with his clenched fist and, turning to Horsefly Bill, said:

" "You are discharged. Get out of my sight as quickly as you can. And, you miscreant, my advice to you is that you get a sandbag and sandbag those fool jurymen." It is mighty certain that that his lordship had sandbag on the brain yesterday."

"And now, boys," continued Chelmsford, "to show you why I say women are an enigma, I'll tell you what happened after that trial. You might think Lorelia Hardy married Horsefly Bill. Far from it, for she became Mrs. Jim Pugh, and so the two parts of that famous Diller pan came together. I re-

member that after they left Barkerville for the outside there was a great dearth of gumboots. They took the place of rice and old shoes to throw at the couple."

"And what happened to the mining kings?" I asked.

"Well, what could happen?" retorted the editor. "Just the natural thing. There was a big jollification at Riley's that night and, just as Dutch Bill was lifting a glass from the mahogany, in walked Horsefly Bill. I take it all back, let's be friends again," said Dutch, as he offered his hand. Horsefly Bill called on all present to hear him confess that he had made a blank, blank fool of himself; then he took his old pard's hand and ordered all the boys to line up at the bar. There was a great run on liquor in Barkerville that night.

"Just one more incident and my

story's done. Seeing the hand the parson had in this romance it was fitting that the very last feature was added in his church. The Sunday following the trial that edifice was crowded. The men who had made bets as to the sky pilot giving Judge Begbie a Roland for his Oliver were conspicuous. Mr. Kingdom preached an able sermon on charity, but he made no reference to 'a sausage skin filled with water.' It was a disappointed congregation that listened to him pronounce the benediction, but when he wound up with, 'And God bless those who have lost their bets this day,' merriment was unrestrained.

"There was a record collection, for all those bets went to swell the church building fund.

"But you will admit, boys,"—and he smiled, "that women are curious creatures."

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## When Love Is Done

The years but seem  
 One deep, sweet dream  
 When hearts are one.  
 But, Oh, the pain  
 When hearts are twain  
 And love is done!

—*Eugenie Cleugh.*

# The Soul of the Gong

By Arthur James Smith

THE huge clock upon the post-office tower struck six times, clearly and distinctly in the frosty air, and Piller, starting at the sound, drove his pen harder and harder over the wide page of the ledger, as though spurred to action by the voice of the clock. Outside, the bitter cold nipped the hands and faces of the happy throng who were hurrying homeward, all laden with parcels large and small, all laughing, talking, and exchanging the greetings of Christmas, and all joyous and jolly beyond belief. It was dark—the streets blazed with light—a slight fog was settling over the city, as though a gauze curtain had dropped from somewhere about and the tops of the buildings were hardly visible.

But Piller worked, though it was Christmas Eve, and worked even harder than usual in his cold, poorly lighted office, and, also working at rows of figures, and totalling up the year's gain, his employer filled sheet after sheet with calculations, and showed no signs of desisting. Once or twice Piller almost made up his mind to speak, coughed nervously, till his employer glared at him savagely, then thought better of it. How he would love to suggest that he be allowed to go home! How he rebelled silently against being forced to work upon this day, of all in the year, when everybody else was making so merry! How he longed to put on his shabby coat, and still shabbier hat, rush out of that miserable office, join the gay fun-making crowd on the streets, pelt away to the shabby little house in the shabby side street, gather his sturdy, rosy cheeked children in his arms, take them through the streets to the flaring store windows, listen to their prattle about the toys and the other pretty things they saw, and then back to the dinner with the turkey he had managed to buy, and the pudd-

ing, and—but the voice of his taskmaster interrupted these pleasant reflections.

"A gain of ten per cent over last year!" he said, and Piller winced at the words. Why should any man think of such things on Christmas eve? Only let him go, and he would guarantee not to! The old man shut his ledger fondly, carried it as he might an only child to the great safe near the wall, and placed it carefully inside. Piller blotted his last entry, closed the book sharply, and thrust it into the safe. This done, he pushed the door to, reached down the shabby coat and hat, and prepared to depart.

"Merry Christmas, sir," called out Piller. There was no reply, and he turned his face homeward, thrusting his hands deeply into his pockets, for his salary did not admit of such luxuries as gloves. On the way he exchanged Merry Christmas with scores of people; purchased a few simple articles at a small store (they were for the children, whose faith in Santa Claus must not be shattered) tested every boy's slide he came upon; laughed at the cold that cut through him, and took the flying snowflakes cheerfully and heard the great bells peal out over the night, as though to tell people that on this night, centuries gone by, a child had been born, humble and lowly, to bring light and cheer into the world.

And when he reached home—that shabby little house in the side street—what fun was there! What snowballing and shouting and laughing and cheering!

Amongst them all, Piller was kept busy, and he soon forgot all about the office, and the musty, dusty ledger, and his hard employer. Who would not, with the children making noise enough for a whole public school and the delicious aroma of roast turkey coming in from the kitchen? And, just as everything was ready and they were about to

sit down and enjoy it, what should come but a crisp ring at the door bell, and the two guests whom Mrs. Piller had invited as a surprise to Piller, stepped into the merry scene. Then there was welcoming and hearty greetings, and a rush by the children to secure chairs, and they were finally all seated.

The turkey at last succumbed to the repeated attacks, closely followed by the pudding; the dessert found it difficult to maintain an equal footing, gave up the struggle, and chairs were pushed back from the table. Then the games and fun started once more, and such an evening was spent! The guests more than entered into the spirit of the occasion, though, both being bachelors, they had for years had little practice in such things. Perhaps that was the very reason Mrs. Piller had asked them. She knew, no doubt, that a Christmas spent in a furnished room or a steam heated flat is seldom a cheerful affair. They appreciated this, as was shown by the joy, possibly that of the children, that was reflected in their faces.

They all grew tired of the boisterous games at last, and then they sat around the big fire in the grate, with no light save that cast by the flames, and it shone upon their happy faces as no other could. They were content that night: satisfied that everything should remain just as it was forever and ever. And they talked of all manner of things, for they could talk. Even the struggle for a bare existence could not rob them of that. Presently the supernatural was touched upon, and the children cast awed glances behind them, and crept closer to their parents. Then the mystic, then the uncertain, then, finally, strange happenings that they actually knew of.

"I know of something odd that might interest you," said one of the guests, Mr. Grimsby. He was the night editor of a local paper, and queer events often came under his notice. He had told them of odd things before, so that they waited with interest for what he had to say.

"Tell us about it," they urged.

"It's rather a long story," replied Mr. Grimsby, "but I shall be glad to tell you what I know of the affair."

"Oh, yes, tell us," they cried, and threw wood on the fire until it blazed and roared and flared.

"It is something of a dream story," began Mr. Grimsby, "and it will need some detail of our office to make the thing clear." Then, without any further introduction, he began the following narrative:

#### THE EDITOR'S STORY

"It is quiet sometimes in a newspaper office, not often, but occasionally, and one of these rare times is when the paper has gone to press, but is not yet on the street. During this lull, anything might happen, and very often something does. When the editor works like mad on a paper-bestrewn desk, with copy boys running between the office and the press; the machinery begins to grind and clank slowly; and that most important of dignitaries, the foreman printer, rushes around with heated but appropriate remarks, even the most casual intruder is safe in assuming that "something big" has arrived at the last moment. It may be one of many things—a wreck, an accident, a murder, the death of an important personage, a flood, an earthquake, or in fact, anything to thrill the reader, or create a temporary sensation.

In the restful hour, long after midnight, that precedes the actual publication of a morning newspaper, I might have been even dozing, for the night and the streets were very still. There was no sound but the subdued humming of the presses in the back of the building, when the violent opening and closing of the office door half roused me. I looked up drowsily and saw with sleep interest that a young and very slender man, with shabby clothes, unkempt hair, and a very pale face, was standing by my desk, holding an overgrown sheet of paper in his hand. Instantly his appearance caused me to jump to the conclusion that he was a spring poet, and, with a severe editorial frown, my best, by the way, I enquired sharply:

"Well, what can I do for you?" The query meant either, 'be brief please, I am very busy' or 'state your business and get out,' just as the visitor wishes to take it.

'Is it too late to get something in the paper?' asked the young man meekly. In an instant I softened. The question revealed the fact that he was unfamiliar with a journalistic office, and the respectful tone that he could not be a poet. Also, he looked too bright.

'Yes, I am afraid it is rather late,' I said, with a friendly yawn, "What is it—a death notice or a poem?"

'Neither,' he answered, without, by the way, smiling at my favourite joke. I felt rather piqued at this.

'A news item?' I suggested.

'No, scarcely that,' said he. I heaved a sigh of relief. 'It's an advertisement,' he went on. 'One of those in the personal column, you know.' I did know, and I yawned again as I nodded. There was silence for a moment. Then 'shall I leave it here until tomorrow?' he asked desperately. I woke up, and took the paper from his hand.

'Yes, I'll take it,' I answered. 'Let's see, what's the name and address?' He told me and I mechanically wrote them down upon a piece of paper in front of me. This heavy task finished, I was prepared to rest calmly until the "moulder of public opinion" was brought to my office, when the visitor's voice once more disturbed me.

'Will it go in just as it is?' he asked. The stern call of duty bade me turn over the sheet and look at the writing, just to satisfy this outsider. I did so, and began to read. The words had been written very clearly and neatly in ink and were, unlike most copy, perfectly legible. Had they not been I should probably never have read them.

'Will the owner of the white bungalow, situated on the outskirts of some city, near a dry river bed, with narrow, carefully kept grounds, shell strewn driveway, and conspicuous because of two oddly shaped heaps of stone at the entrance to the drive, communicate with the address below?' This I read, and re-read carefully, to make certain that I was not a trifle defective in sight. Then I looked at the stranger, who still stood there, watching me narrowly.

'Do you mean this?' I asked. His look did not waver.

'I do,' said he. It was like a marriage

ceremony. I changed the subject hastily. Premature weddings are my chief aversion, and an attractive man like—no, my modesty prevents that sentence being finished.

'Then why so indefinite?' I exclaimed. I was almost awake. He smiled.

'How can I be more definite, when I don't know any more about the thing?' he enquired. 'It was something of a poser.'

'Won't you know so much about the place now,' I protested. It would never do for an editor to be "stumped" in his own office. 'Then,' continuing in a professional tone, 'why not name, or indicate in some way the city you mean, instead of using the vague word 'some,' as you have done? It makes the whole thing delightfully intangible.'

'That's the way to express it' he exclaimed. 'It is delightfully intangible.' By Jove, you editors know how to put a thing properly.' Now, I never pay any attention to flattery, but somehow I felt much more friendly towards my visitor.

'Sit down,' I said, pushing a chair towards him with my foot. After all, I had half an hour or so to waste, and I might as well place them behind me in this way as any other. He seemed glad to comply with my request.

'Now,' said I, in the tone generally reserved for very young reporters, 'tell me why, in the name of fortune, you are going to the expense of putting that ad. in our paper. One of the first things a young man should learn is economy in every day affairs. Extravagance in the young is to be severely condemned wherever found.'

'If I should tell you the reason you would only laugh,' said the young man.

'Come, come, Mr. —,' I glanced at the paper in front of me. "Mr. Higgins," I went on, 'I will promise you to refrain from laughing. You may depend upon that.'

'If that's that case, then, I'll tell you the whole thing, but you won't believe a word of it,' resumed Higgins. 'But, whatever you think of it, I want the advertisement to run. It will appear in every paper in the country,' he added, rather proudly. I sat up suddenly, wide



awake. I scented what might be a good 'story.'

'There must be something very important to cause all that expense and trouble,' I began.

'Yes, to me it is of the utmost importance,' he answered. 'It is a difficult thing to explain, but it is absorbing my whole life. This place of which I speak in the advertisement is a thing of dreams, images, visions, fantasies, call them what you will, and yet I know it exists. Let me explain.'

'Do,' I murmured. I was more than a trifle skeptical, and much of my 'story' interest had departed.

'My sleep is disturbed by the house; it fills my dreams; even if the slumber should be fitful, and of a few minutes' duration, I see it, and am in it, constantly, and even in my waking hours it floats before me. It is becoming more and more a part of my real life; every time I see the place I learn more of it, a detail at a time, and when I have learned everything I know that it will possess me. I want to find out if there is a place exactly like this in the country, or if I have seen it in some other existence, or only in my dreams. Do you understand?'

'Frankly,' I said, gently, 'I do not, and I don't believe that you do.'

'Ah,' sighed my visitor, 'you do not grasp the significance of this. Have you never known what it is to have your sleeping and waking hours haunted by some threatening power—to be in constant dread of something and yet be scarcely able to name it.'

'I can always put a name to my haunting pursuers,' I yawned.

'Then,' he began, rather excitedly, 'you have known what it is to be pursued by——'

'By collectors,' I muttered. He sniffed in disgust.

'It's all very well to sneer at them, I do that myself, not to mention a bit of idle cursing, but they are always with us, notwithstanding.'

'Oh, you are too material, too utterly earthly!' he exclaimed.

'Not always, my dear fellow; I read Shelley,' I retorted.

'Even so,' he answered, 'you know nothing of these things.' I was begin-

ning to dislike my visitor, and I pulled out my watch, regarding it with a sleepy frown.

'It's very late,' I murmured. He rose, took his hat from the desk, where he had placed it, and then spoke:

'I shall return in a couple of days, and see if you have any answers,' he said. 'In the meantime, good night.'

'Goodnight' I drawled, and only woke from my doze when a boy threw a paper, fresh from the press, on the desk, banged the door after him, and ran away, whistling, to his own kind. I glanced through the copy, then took down my coat and hat, and made my way through the deserted streets homeward.

It was on the second night following the visit of the young man with the advertisement that I sat, entirely engrossed in work, sending out 'copy' to the machines as often as I could, in an earnest, though apparently hopeless attempt to satisfy the outspoken demands of the foreman. Thus engaged, I became dimly aware of the presence of some person in the office.

'Well?' I snapped, without looking up or discontinuing my work.

'Are you the editor?' asked the newcomer. It was on my tongue to tell him that I was not, hence my reasons for editing the paper. But I thought better of it.

'I want to see you about an item in the paper—' he began.

'See the reporters, in the office to the left,' I interrupted.

'But they are all out,' he replied. Inwardly cursing them, I looked up.

'What is it? Be quick, my time is valuable,' I said, as I looked closely at my visitor. He was an elderly, gray haired, comfortable looking gentleman, with a small, neatly trimmed beard and moustache.

'This advertisement,' he explained, and began to read it.

'Yes, yes, what of it?' I asked.

'I want to find out something about the person who put it in the paper.'

'Isn't the address there?' I asked, rather sharply.

'I have written to it, but received no answer,' said he.

'No doubt you will hear in a day or so,' I said, preparing to return to my work. 'The advertiser has probably seen the house around the city and——'

'Ah, but he has not,' replied the old gentleman, with dignity. 'It is a description of my own villa, and it is at least five thousand miles from here.' I looked up, quickly.

'Yes,' continued my visitor, 'it is my place, but I thought it was pretty well hidden. I hope that the advertiser wants to buy the place. It's about the strangest affair any man ever had on his hands.' I became interested. 'Yes, there is something about it that I don't understand. I can't say just what it is, but I doubt if I shall go back there next summer. My wife is afraid of the place—declares she's heard noises in the night, and all that sort of nonsense. In fact, our best servant left because she imagined that some sort of a shadowy form goes through the different rooms every night. Of all the rot!' But he did not really seem to think so.

'What was this shadowy form like?' I asked. An idea had just occurred to me.

'The idiotic servant said that it was that of a young man, who seemed to be searching for something that he did not want to find.'

'Hum, is that so? Have you noticed anything yourself?'

'Well, no, not exactly. But I will admit that there is an evil influence of some sort about the place. I don't know what it is, but I will be satisfied to let it go at a bargain. I hope that the advertiser, if he buys it, has stronger nerves than my wife or the servant have.'

'Yes, indeed,' I said, as politely as I could, trying to restrain a smile. 'One requires nerves in a place like that. It may be that there is such a thing as mental influence about the atmosphere of a house, or phantasies left by occurrences, and pictured upon the minds of subsequent residents.'

'Probably,' he replied, 'at any rate, there is something about the villa.' He might have made his meaning clear, but just then the foreman burst into the room, and would have treated me to a bit of his extensive vocabulary but for

the presence of the visitor. From his agitated countenance and frantic gestures, I gathered that he wanted 'copy' and I accommodated him with an armful. He had hardly left, when the outer door opened, and Higgins quietly entered the office, and came over to my desk. I noticed that he was paler, and even more haggard looking than before.

'Have you found your ideal residence yet?' I began, in a jocular tone. But I stopped when I saw the old gentleman's face. He was regarding the advertiser with a strange, puzzled look.

'I have had several answers from different parts of the country but they are about places that happen to resemble slightly the one I wish. Not one is of any use to me.' I was about to console him, when the voice of the old gentleman interrupted me.

'Now I know,' he cried, 'you are the young man whose shadow the servant imagined she saw. What did you mean by prowling about my house at night, sir?'

'Prowling about your house?' repeated Higgins, in a dazed manner. Then the affair seemed to flash through his mind. 'Oh, you have come here to answer my advertisement!' he cried, 'and you think you have seen me in your house? How did it happen? When did you see me?' The owner of the villa explained. When he finished, Higgins seized him by the arm.

'Look here,' he exclaimed, 'I have never been near your place. Where is it? In America or Europe?'

'In Europe—Switzerland, to be precise, in the foothills, near Geneva.'

'And I have never been out of America,' murmured Higgins.

'How, then, did you get the description of the house?' asked the puzzled owner.

'Get the description?' said Higgins. 'Why, how could I help it when the thing has become part of my very existence? Even in my waking hours it follows me, and I realize that I am fast losing my power to dispel the delusion.'

'Even in your waking hours? What do you mean?' asked the thoroughly puzzled owner. Higgins explained. The old gentleman looked from him to me, in

a manner that indicated his distrust of the whole affair.

'Is this a practical joke?' he began, in a most dignified tone. 'I have heard of such things being done through the newspapers. I spend a certain part of each year in my Switzerland residence, and was, in fact, thinking of leaving for Europe tomorrow. My wife pointed out this advertisement to me today, and my attention was immediately drawn by the remarkable resemblance to my residence of the place advertised for. The stone heaps, which, I believe, are absolutely unique in their way, made me almost certain that they were the same. Of course, if this is merely a coincidence, and I have blundered into a newspaper hoax, I can only wish you a very good day, gentlemen, and every success in the affair.' He turned towards the door. But Higgins intercepted him.

'One moment,' he said, 'Would it be an imposition if I were to visit your house in Switzerland during the summer and look over it for myself? I shall be in Europe within two months, and I think you will agree that a personal inspection would be far more satisfactory mutually.'

'Certainly, certainly,' replied the old gentleman, probably scenting a purchaser, 'I shall be over there within a month, and you would be more than welcome at any time. They started to walk away. At the door Higgins turned to me with something of a smile on his pale face.

'Good-bye,' he said, 'and thank you.'

'Good-bye,' echoed the old gentleman, and they passed from my office and my sight forever. I never saw either one again, for an editor seldom has the time to run off to Europe whenever he wishes. The rest of the occurrence must be told by a news 'story' from one of our European correspondents, which came some two months later.

"An unusual happening," it read, "in the Hillman villa, in Switzerland, has caused some considerable comment among the American tourists throughout Europe. A few days ago, Mr. Hillman, the famous New York financier, arrived at his villa in company with a Mr. Higgins, an American traveller who,

it is said, was contemplating the purchase of the place. They went over the greater part of the premises together, and, when they reached a large room at the back of the house, Mr. Higgins requested to be allowed to enter alone. He locked the door behind him, and, after perhaps five minutes, Mr. Hillman heard him call out suddenly:

"My God, is this the end?" His voice seemed odd and unnatural, and Mr. Hillman called out, asking him what the trouble was. No answer came, and Mr. Hillman, fearing that something was wrong, broke open the door. There was not a trace of his countryman! He had vanished, and no person about the place had seen anything of him. The authorities were hurriedly summoned, and, at the orders of Mr. Hillman, the walls of the room were torn down. Behind one wall a space was found, in which hung a huge gong, with a heavy striker beside it. One of the officials struck the gong a heavy blow, but, to the surprise of all, no sound was heard, only a tremendous shock, as of abnormal vibration. This lasted for possibly twenty seconds, and during that time the effect upon the party was to rob them entirely of all power, and, until it had died away they were helpless. It is understood that the affair will be investigated scientifically.

Although the gong could have no effect upon the mystery, its presence doubtless has some significance, which has not yet been ascertained.

Mr. Hillman is assisting the official investigation in every way, and, when it is finished, will burn the villa to the ground. It has always, he declares, been an unaccountable place, and Mrs. Hillman has positively refused to live in it another summer.'

The affair was never settled. That is, Higgins was never found, but the manner of his disappearance was too strange to be solved by a mere official investigation. Higgins had undoubtedly come under the influence of the great gong, probably by reason of his sleeping or waking thoughts flowing in the direction of its location. This might easily be brought about by his reading or hearing something centred near the villa; by heredity, incarnation, anything. It

preyed upon his mind until that became part of the vibration, thus the continual recurrence of the villa. All matter, whether tangible or not, is composed of vibration, if science knows anything about it, and the very composition of Higgin's body entered into the vibration of the gong. He felt this: was drawn towards the centre of attraction, as a needle is to the pole: hence his visit to Switzerland. Why he should have entered the room alone is more difficult to say, but it was probably because he wished to face the end alone. He undoubtedly had a foreboding of that end. On entering the room, the terrible power of the vibration drew the material substance from him; he felt himself fading, as it were, into nothingness, and the cry they had heard escaped his lips. It was the last sound he ever uttered. At its conclusion he was gone; resolved into the vibration of the gong! Science can offer no better explanation, and it seems the only possible means he had of leaving that room. Others were suggested, but they were hopelessly improbable.

In a few weeks from the occurrence, Mr. Hillman did burn his villa, but the gong was given to an ancient monastery, at the urgent request of the prior, who promised by their holiest beliefs, that the thing should never be struck. Whether it has been or not, I cannot say, but if I should ever feel an extraordinary desire to take a trip to Europe, I shall tremble for my own solidity. I am very solicitous regarding my welfare in this direction, almost as careful as Mr. Hillman in his attention to the fears of his wife. The financier (I wish I had known that he was one when he was in the office) may want me to go over and look into the matter, but I have no wish to dissolve into thin air."

When Mr. Grimsby finished his story there was silence all over the room.

"Didn't they ever find out anything about Higgins?" asked Piller.

"Not a thing," said Mr. Grimsby.

"What a strange thing," murmured Mrs. Piller.

"Very strange indeed," said Mr. Oakley, the other guest, whom they had known but a short time. "I think I can help you to finish it out, Grimsby." They

all looked at him, their faces betraying their eagerness and astonishment.

"You know something about the affair?" asked Mr. Grimsby, in a startled tone.

"I do, I believe," answered Mr. Oakley. "Now, how long ago did this take place?"

"Just a trifle over seven years ago," was the answer.

"Then let me tell you something of the affair as I encountered it," Mr. Oakley began. "Two years ago today I was in Europe—just about where your man met with the queer end, Grimsby,—and, like the inexperienced fools we were, another traveller and myself, made up our minds to scale a rather difficult peak just to celebrate the occasion, you know. Well, no sooner had we determined upon the idiotic course than a guide was secured, the preparations made, and we were actually upon our way within an hour or so.

"For the first part of the climb everything was right enough, and we had counted upon reaching the top of the peak by nightfall. So we pushed on, higher and higher, and the cold became more and more intense. At length, on a great ledge, there was a tremendous head wind; the snow was shifting dangerously; and the flakes blew into our faces in seemingly solid masses, so that we could make but little progress. The guide, who could see the terrible danger, advised us to retreat right away, and get back to the hotel as soon as possible, but we both laughed at him, and kept on. For another hour, perhaps, we made our way slowly forward, then the wind increased to a hurricane that seemed to fill all space, snow blinded us, it shifted and sifted beneath our feet, and, although it was still fairly early in the afternoon, darkness seemed to be descending as though a thick, black, cloak had been dropped over the peaks.

"The guide screamed something at us, pointed over to our left, and stumbled in that direction. The other aspirant for Alpine honours followed him, and I began to do the same. But, as I turned, a great tempest of snow came against me, and, when it had passed, my companions were nowhere to be seen. I

yelled and shrieked for them, but my voice was stifled by the wind and snow, and lost in that great turmoil of nature. I looked for them this way and that, and then, giving up the search, started back in the direction I imagined we had come. Hour after hour I staggered on, despairing more and more at each step. It was useless to try and make much headway against the storm, and the overpowering desire to lie down and die in the snow had almost overcome me, when I heard a strange sound, borne down on the wind. It was the deep, regular tolling of a bell, and, for a time, I fancied that I must be listening to some supernatural sound. I was bewildered until the explanation suddenly flashed across me. It came from a monastery, of course, and I had, fortunately for myself, stumbled across one in the nick of time. I hurried on, and came upon the old building after struggling for half an hour or so. There it stood, indistinct in the driving snow, but tangible, and I knocked upon the door as a weary sinner might upon the gates of Heaven.

"They opened it gravely, a tall monk, stern and austere, yet with something attractive about his deeply lined face, admitting me, and one whom I assumed to be the prior, standing behind him, as silently and solemnly holding a light, that they might see who their visitor could be on such a wild night. Yet they did not seem surprised to see me, but bade me welcome. Then they set food before me, handed me dry clothes, and left me alone in the ancient, heavily beamed room. I ate in silence, and was shown to a small cell at the end of a corridor in the rear of the monastery, and left, with a blessing from the monk who had conducted me thither. Once alone, I looked around me carefully. The cell was small, but dry and clean, and, owing to the extreme thickness of the walls, warm. There was no sound of the storm outside, nothing throughout the whole ghostly building, and, stretched upon the narrow bed, I almost immediately fell into a deep sleep, for I was exhausted by the day's tramp.

"About two, or perhaps three o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by—

well, by an uneasy feeling more than anything. I felt that I was not alone in that particular part of the old monastery. Somebody else was moving around, I thought, and I had just succeeded in persuading myself that the idea was folly when I heard a shuffling sound outside my door. I sat up and listened. Yes, there it was again, and I arose and tiptoed softly to the door. Cautiously I looked through the little barred opening. There, shuffling down the corridor, was the very monk who had admitted me. But how different he was now! The stern look had gone from his face, and it was white and expressionless. He shuffled on as one in a dream—as one robbed of his will power, and, quietly opening the door, I left my cell and followed him.

"On he went down the corridor, never looking to right or left, and at last reached a door that I had noticed before, because it was so heavily barred and locked. The monk, pausing at this door, seemed to pay no attention whatever to the locks and bars, but, at one side, must have pressed a secret spring, for a door one would never in the world have suspected the existence of, flew open, and he stepped quickly inside, so absorbed that he forgot entirely to shut the door after him. I determined, foolhardy as usual, to follow, and approached as quickly as possible without making any noise, and suddenly went through the doorway. This is all I remember distinctly. I dimly saw the monk for a moment, then seemed to be seized by some gigantic power that was tearing me to pieces. I fell backward through the door, but as I fell I distinctly heard the monk say:

"My God, is this the end?" I remember no more until long after daybreak, when the monks found me where I had fallen. To them I told what I had seen, but they crossed themselves and prayed and would tell me nothing. Perhaps they knew something, and perhaps they did not, but, at all events, I left soon after none the wiser, and, as the day was fine, one of the monks accompanied me a good part of the way back. The guide and the other mountaineer came in late that day none the worse but for

the hunger and cold, but I never found out any more about the monastery until tonight."

He paused, and they looked at each other.

"And nothing more will ever be known," said Mr. Grimsby.

"But they should destroy that terrible gong," was Piller's opinion. And thus they discussed the strange affair until the night was far gone, when they trooped away to bed, the Pillers to dream of dark monasteries, hooded, austere monks, Santa Claus, and a thousand more things that could never be guessed at.

It was almost noon on the day following Christmas when Piller reached his office, hung his shabby coat on the old nail, and his shabby hat on another, took the musty, dusty ledger from the safe, with the other office books, and began, his head still whirling with the events of the previous day, to do his dull routine of office work. He was almost trembling with anxiety, for he knew his employer; knew that he never forgave such tardiness as almost half a day's lateness, and feared accordingly. The times were hard, he told himself, he could not secure another position for months, perhaps, and in the meantime what of the brood in the shabby little house? They must starve. The thought was dreadful. He knew that the old man would never listen to his excuse—the youngest had been suddenly taken sick and he had sat by the little cot until the child was well out of danger—and he faced ruin with a troubled heart, when so many and those so defenceless, were involved.

As yet the old man had said nothing, had, in fact, remained closeted in his private office. Piller almost found himself hoping that he would say nothing about it. Poor vain hope that!

"Mr. Piller," called the sharp voice from the inner office. Poor Piller, catching his breath, dropped his pen, and hurried in.

"Shut the door," said his employer sternly. Piller did so, and stood as one who awaits the death sentence. "Now, sir," continued the old man, searching him with his cold eyes. "Why were

you half a day late? Did you not have all yesterday to carry on this Christmas buffoonery? How do you explain it? Come, now, speak up." Poor Piller could hardly speak, but managed to falter out:

"My youngest child was sick, sir, and I had to stay by it all night and until noon today."

"Whose fault is that?" answered the hard voice. "Is that any reason why I should pay for your time and not receive anything for my money?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Piller, weakly. He saw the slender means of livelihood for the hungry young mouths in the shabby little house slipping away from him minute by minute, and his heart failed him accordingly.

"You don't know?" answered the hard voice again. "Then who is to know? You must find out. How many children have you?" Piller told him five, miserably.

"Have you a house and have they a mother?" Piller replied to both questions, still more miserably. As he spoke the old man rose from his chair, and advanced threateningly upon him.

"Do you know what is going to happen to you, young man?" he almost snarled. Then, as Piller backed away, his employer suddenly sprang forward and clapped him upon the shoulder. Then the old man's face broke into a grin such as had not been upon it for years and years, and faintly, through the mist of his overwhelming amazement, he heard the voice of his employer, now as cheery almost as the children's.

"I'll tell you what, Piller, my boy, you are going to be my junior partner in my business, with a salary in proportion if you will let me live with you and those young barbarians of yours in the finest house we can get. What do you say, eh?" And the next thing Piller remembers well is telling his wife and the noisy little Pillers all about it. He might, too, have thought it all a dream, had not the transformed employer, now the finest old fellow in the city, fulfilled every promise to the letter. That is about all, but—by the way, he also remembers, as he went home, at the old man's request to take a doctor to the

sick young Piller, who by that time, under the careful administration of Mrs. P., wishing his employer the compliments of the season for the second time,

and hearing his voice shout merrily after him:

“A merry Christmas, Piller, old boy, and a happy New Year.”

## On the Golden Anniversary

It isn't the thought of what you were,  
That I keep the flowers you wore in your hair,  
But only the thought that you still are to me  
The same little girl that you used to be.

Now I can picture these faded flowers  
Gathered quite fresh from those rosary bowers,  
And twined in your locks, now silver, and gray  
Just as they were on that glorious day.

Do you remember it? Ah, then I was young,  
You were so sweet, and our life had begun.  
Ever since then we have trodden life's road,  
Together we've reaped, and together we've sowed.

Now as we are in the Eve of life,  
We still are the same loving husband and wife  
And as we look back on those years that have passed,  
Each one seems brighter, more cheery than last.

Yet though these flowers have withered and died,  
There's something they say, that I cannot describe,  
Perhaps, dearest heart, you feel it too  
If so, let us start life's battle anew.

Though we are both old, our love is still young  
Though we've had our day, and our songs have been sung,  
The echoes are still quite clear and true,  
As they ring out the love that I feel for you.

—Conway H. Bunnett.

# Beyond the Athabasca

By Agnes Deans Cameron

*"Let us probe the silent places, let us  
seek the luck betide us;*

*Let us journey to a lonely land I  
know.*

*There's a whisper on the night-wind,  
there's a star agleam to guide us,  
And the Wild is calling, calling . . .  
let us go."*

**W**E were the first white women at Fond du Lac. What is there at this eastern extremity of Lake Athabasca? It is a lonely enough picture, even as we saw it, in the hey-day of its one yearly holiday, the time that the Dominion Government sends its treaty-payment party and the mail comes in from the great world outside. The people who make Fond du Lac are Indians, the caribou-eating Chipewyans. What manner of men are they? Well, in considering all Canadian Indians we must put out of our mind that patriarchal-looking warrior with the Roman countenance, the tomahawk rampant, and the tri-feathered Prince-of-Wales plume. This lurid anachronism may well seek oblivion with the Indian of Fenimore Cooper's fiction who has been described as, "the extinct specimen of a past race that never existed."

There are no "wild Red Indians" in Canada, and there never have been. The Canadian frontier is the only frontier that has not been bought by blood, Canada has never had a lynching, a train hold-up, nor an Indian war. The Indian in Canada today looks upon the white man as his friend and brother, and the reason for this can be found in the fact that from the year 1670 the Hudson's Bay Company has consistently kept its word with its Indians. The solid foundation of mutual trust and respect by the Fur-Traders made a good base for the subsequent superstructure evol-

ed by the Indian Department of the Dominion of Canada.

The Fond du Lac Indian is a nomadic fur-hunter, his habitat is the fringe of the Barren Grounds, his food white-fish and caribou, his religion Roman Catholicism. He hunts and traps in winter, fishes in summer, loves his wife and babies, confesses his sins to the priest, takes his \$5 treaty-money once a year, with a smile, from the visiting Indian Agent, and in other respects is as Kipling would say, "even as you and me." We are better able to understand, to appreciate, to help, and be helped by our brothers, red, brown, and parti-colored, when we begin to recognize the truth that basically and in the last analysis, we are all very much alike.

Of the caribou-eating Chipewyan it might well have been said,

"But there be others, happier few,  
The vagabondish sons of God,  
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,  
And care not how the world may  
plod.

"They loiter down the traffic lands,  
And wander through the woods with  
spring;  
To them the glory of the earth  
Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

"They, too, receive each one his Day;  
But their wise heart knows many  
things  
Beyond the sating of desire,  
Above the dignity of kings."

Leaving Fond du Lac, we take the little tug again for Fort Chipewyan, churning our way westward along Lake Athabasca by day and by night. Rolled in my blankets on the tiny deck, begrudging the time given to sleep in that incomparable midnight daylight, I spoke



to the skipper holding his turn at the wheel not two yards away from my elbow, "It seems marvellous to me, Captain Rothero, that you can navigate this unknown waterway without chart and without compass." Between the puffs of his little black pipe, he replied, "Yes: we go by the power o' man." And so everything would seem to be done in this North Country by the power o' man,

The Slave River Rapids extend over twenty-five miles, and necessitate three portages. The northward-trending traveller may himself obviate the necessity of negotiating this rough water, by making a sixteen-mile overland portage from Smith's Landing to Fort Smith. This we did. This is the Mosquito Portage, and all who have ever traversed it are in very truth to the end of time blood



Agnes Deans Cameron and Michel Lizette, an old trapper of the Old Company

supplemented by the power of dogs. One dog-power, and not one horse-power, is the unit of measurement of Northern Canada's statics, hydrostatics, and dynamics.

From Fort Chipewyan it is due north an even hundred miles to Smith's Landing on the Slave River. Here we reach the second impediment to navigation in all that long river-and-lake system between Athabasca Landing and the Arctic, the first having been the hundred miles of rapids on the Athabasca River.

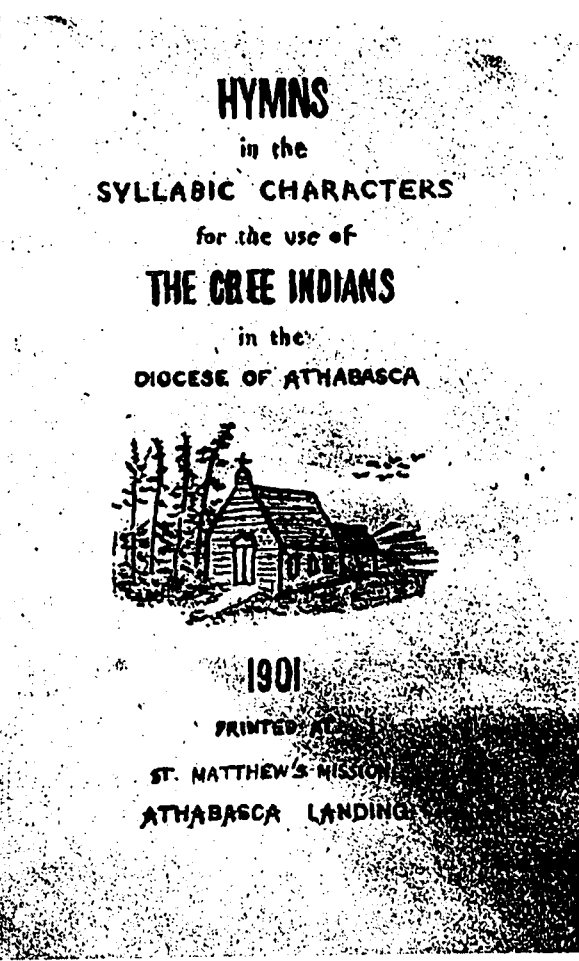
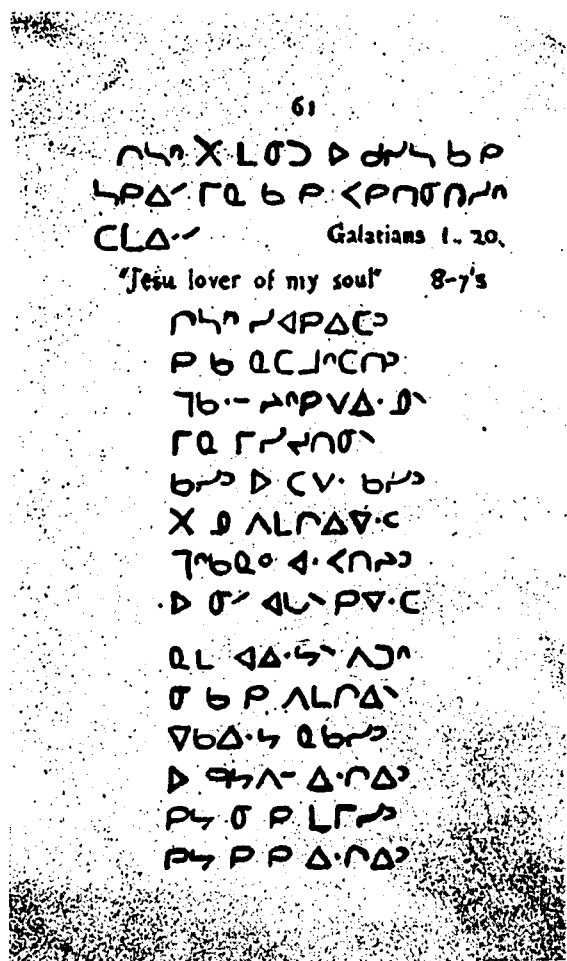
brothers, companions of the sorrowful way. Up to this time we had looked upon the mosquito in a jocular light, he was literary food for the funny man, a subject for the cartoonist. But the Smith's Portage mosquito is no joke, he takes himself very seriously, belongs to no union, and recognizes no eight-hour day. As the driver of our stage put it, the mosquito here makes an excellent poker-player, "he never draws but he fills."

Fort Smith is one of the most inter-

esting points in the whole North, perched several hundred feet above the river-lip, it enjoys an incomparable view of the seething restless waters of the Rapid of the Drowned. Fort Smith is primitive, little Indian boys, tired mothers, and Scottish servants of the Old Company twice a day carry up on yoked buckets from the river to the tepee-strewn plateau above all the water needed for daily

you see, they make their own moccasins so there's no shoe-leather to debit to the account, and the cheapest thing in the fur-country is Time."

Time is marked off in Fort Smith, not by days and nights, but by the cycle of the seasons. In the winter, the snow comes down, the river freezes, and the Indians begin to bring in their fur: it is cold and still, the daylight is short,



Title-page and sample hymn-book, printed in Cree syllabic on a hand-press by the women of the Church of England Mission at Athabasca Landing. Photographed by author.

meals and semi-occasional ablutions. This drama has been enacting for a hundred years or more.

A decade ago thousands of Klondike miners seeking a cross-country road to the Alaska gold fields intruded into this fur-country from the south and east. One of these Jason searchers for the Golden Fleece hailed a constable of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, "Why the dickens don't these Hudson's Bay chaps dig wells?" "Economy, my boy, economy; pays 'em better to hire Scotchmen in the Orkney Islands and bring 'em out here to tote the water up the bank;

and round the roaring fires the Hudson's Bay men eagerly await the mid-winter packet whose jingling dog-sleds carry in the Christmas mail from Le Grand Pays. Spring brings the loosened ice-barriers, the melted snow, the "honk" of the northward-trending wild-fowl, myriads of flowers, and the well-remembered canticle of the mosquito. In summer, the environs of Fort Smith are a bocage of redolent blossoms, violets and wild-strawberries at our feet, fragrant orchids at the river-brink, wild roses creeping over the graves in the little Roman Catholic cemetery, roses back of the te-

pees, roses on the trail, whole acres of eglantine. In summer, too, the pelican leads her brood from rocky islet to sheltered cove, threading her way in and out through the boiling waters of the cataracts in the Slave. Here is her habitat, and here she fears not man, for time has taught her that where she builds and broods in the rapids of the Slave, neither Indian nor white may safely linger.

Forty miles back to Fort Smith we come across the world's last remaining herd of wild buffalo. The wood-bison of Fort Smith are doubtless but an offshoot from the extinct buffalo of the plains, those splendid creatures that within the memory of living man roamed Prairie Canada in bands of solid thousands. Harried by wolves, hunted of the Indian, or seeking new succulent fields of herbage, this band of bison entered the edge of the wood-country, where, since that time they have, being unmolested, held their own. Every lover of animals, every patriotic Canadian, every true sportsman of whatever country or creed, will join efforts to preserve to perpetuity this last band of the wood-bison of America. With customary foresight the Canadian Government have recently placed at Smith's Landing a detachment of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police whose chief duty it is to conserve this herd.

We have the land of unusual things. The wood-buffalo of Fort Smith can lead their young to the edge of a salt-lick that is inexhaustible and has no compeer on this continent. Just sixteen miles from Fort Smith on the Salt River we reach this wonderful deposit. The salt lies on the surface of the ground, and requires neither mining nor refining before it is ready for man's use. For a hundred years this deposit has supplied the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company throughout the whole Mackenzie River and Peace River districts with their necessary salt. Captain Back, R.N., in the year 1834, replenished his larder from this storehouse. He says, "We filled our five large bags with pure and white salt in the short space of half an hour."

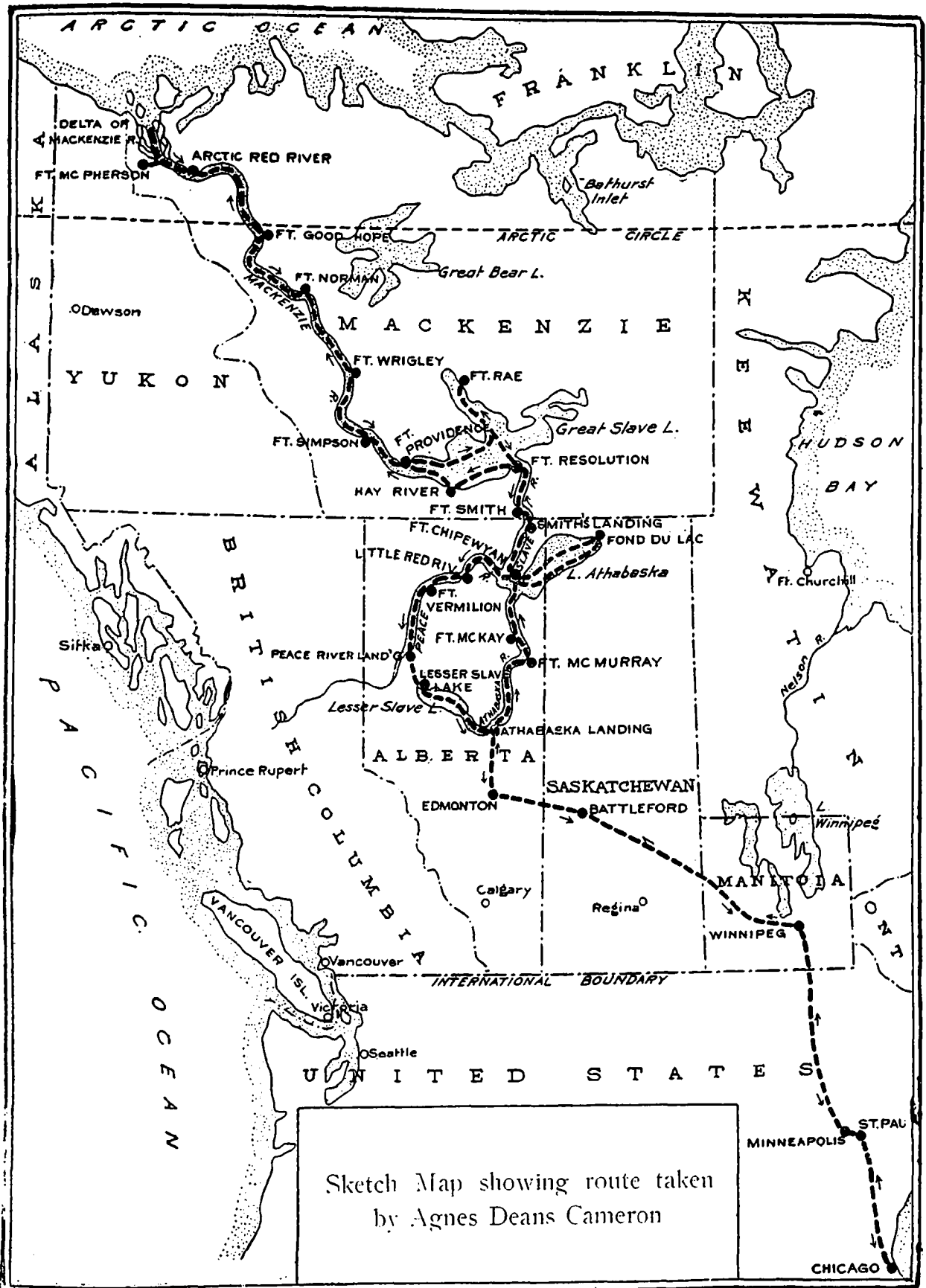
At Fort Smith we are on the northern boundary of the Province of Alberta, the

little post of the H. B. Company being cut through the centre by the parallel of 60 degrees North. Continuing this parallel eastward across a continent and an ocean we strike St. Petersburg. When we pick up a map of Europe and look at the Russian capital, we think of it as being up pretty nearly to the "top o' the world." But at Fort Smith in the Canadian Province of Alberta we are not nearly at the end of things. With our eyes still keening northward to our ultimate goal, the edge of the Arctic, we have stretching due north westward between us and that limit of our desires, a full twelve-hundred miles!

At Fort Smith we change our mode of travelling and embark on a splendid new steamer, the SS. "Mackenzie River." It is the initial voyage of this modern boat, the building of which is one of the constructional triumphs of Canadian enterprise during the last five years. The steamer was built just where we met her on the edge of the Slave River below the rapids at Fort Smith. The wood that entered into her make-up is spruce from the neighbouring forests, sawn by the H. B. Company's mill, while all the heavy iron-work of boiler and engines came in from "the outside," floating, as we had floated, down the Athabasca Rapids in open scows.

Eagerly was the advent of the new boat greeted as we entered each subsequent Northern post; the joyous interest of the people being about evenly divided among the attractions of the new steamer, the yearly mail, and the batch of polyglot passengers. Traversing this northern slice of Empire is like taking over again the journey with Pilgrim, the very names suggest his trials,—Fort Resolution, Fort Good Hope, Fort Reliance, Fort Confidence, Fort Providence, and even to the lugubrious may not be found wanting a passably—good substitute where the mosquitoes strew the way, for the Slough of Despond.

Fort Resolution we reach first, on the south shore of Great Slave Lake. Every person in this little village is an individual character-study. Two pictures linger in the memory, one of an old priest of the Roman Catholic faith, wandering up and done the village-street, moccasins on his feet, his face buried



in a book of devotions. What mattered it to him that new steamers might come bearing with them new faces and daily papers telling of the life in the great bustling world of emulation outside? Once a drummer-boy in the vine-clad hills of Alsace-Lorraine, long years ago the hot blood of fiery youth had burned

out all earthly passion, and to the service of the Dog-Ribbed Indians and the Yellow-Knives he had devoted the even years of mid-life and old age.

Very attractive are these cherubic kiddies of the Far North fastnesses. We saw them in gala attire, because of the coming of the steamer and the advent

from another quarter of the good Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church. Trim and sailor-like they looked in the holiday-uniform contrived for them by the nuns of the convent. In giving arithmetic problems to these climbers-upward on learning's ladder, the teachers have to discard all pertinent queries about apples and oranges and horses, substituting therefor such demands as, "If you had seventeen moose, and ate three, and the dog ran away with another, how much would there be left to make dried-meat of?" "If you trapped nineteen rabbits, and Striped-Skunk traps eleven more, how many rabbit-skins can you sell at the Fort?" The Indian boys here when they first saw an orange called it "the big yellow rose-tree seed," while the girls described their first glimpse of an umbrella as "the bat's wing what the lady carries." Life in missionary circles in the Far North is not unduly exciting. In the next post that we visited, Hay River, the old attache to the Protestant Mission wandered out to work each morning with his one ox, his diary, surreptitiously peeped into, revealed the record, "Monday, Bill balked": "Tuesday, Bill balked": "Wednesday, Bill balked": "Thursday, Bill didn't balk."

From Hay River we cross Great Slave Lake to Fort Providence, clinging to the shore just where the mighty Mackenzie proper begins its course toward the Arctic Sea. Great Slave Lake! What does the name convey to the people of busy centres? Whatever the conception of this inland sea may be, in one thing at least it falls short of adequate truth; the size of Great Slave Lake and its tributary river-ways has always been underestimated. This great fresh-water sea is exceeded in size by Lake Superior, and by no other fresh-water lake on the earth's surface, with perhaps the one exception of Lake Michigan.

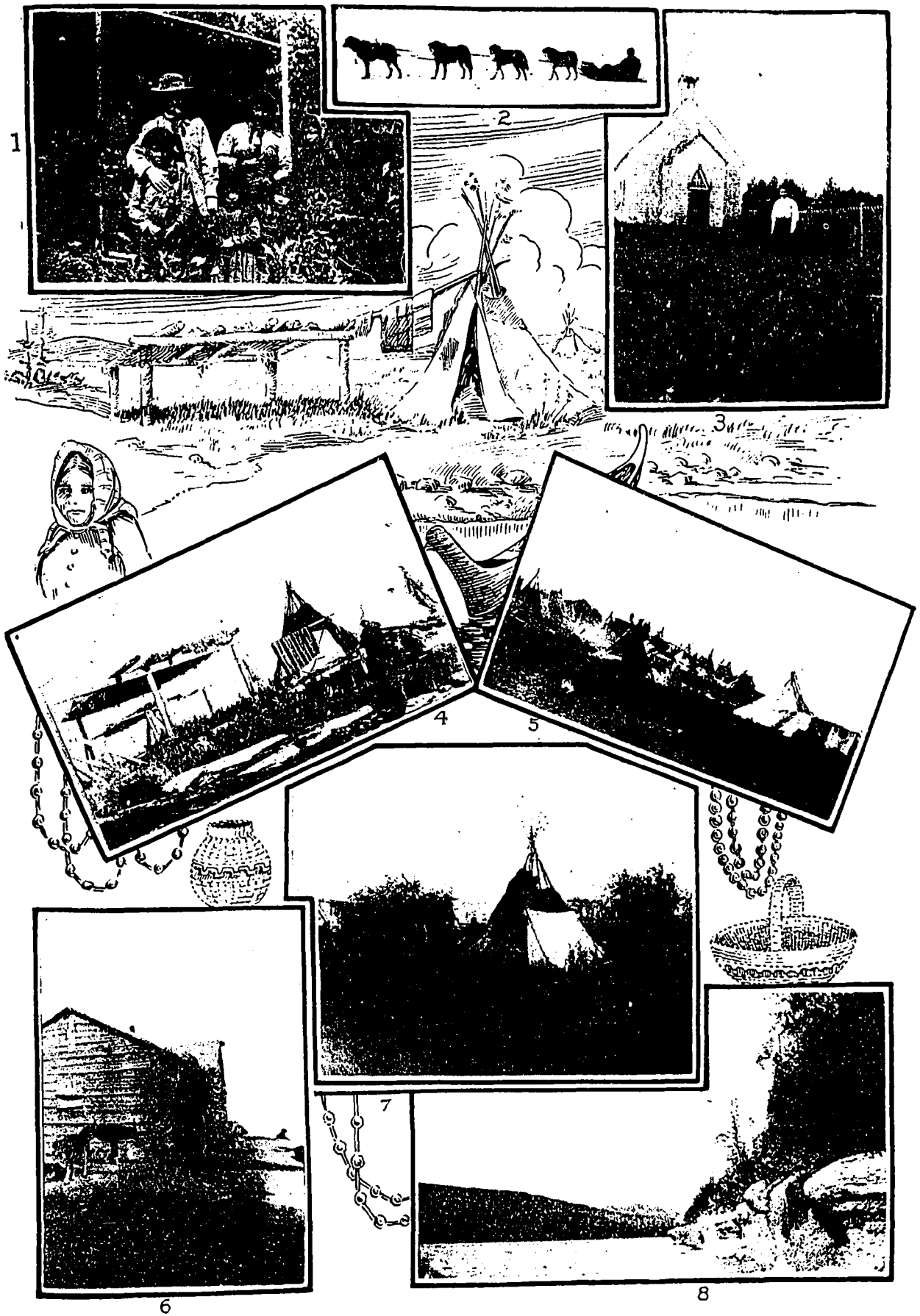
One striking figure greets us as we steam into Fort Providence, it is the figure of one-limbed David Villeneuve. Years ago, when David was a young hunter, his leg was crushed by the falling of a fish-stage. This was in the day of the late Bishop Bompas, that most wonderful scholar and intrepid Christian

worker of sub-Arctic Canada. David approached the little shack which stood as Rectory for the Apostle of the North and asked for surgical aid. The good Bishop decided that amputation was necessary, but North Canada boasts neither doctors nor drug-stores nor anesthetic. So Bishop Bompas removed David's limb, using as surgical instrument a meat-saw. The writer asked David if he had not suffered excruciating pain: "No," replied he, with a retrospective smile, "I took a drink of Painkiller before he started to saw, and when he had taken it off, I said, 'Bring me my fire-bag, I'll have a smoke.'"

Fort Simpson is the next post on our down-Mackenzie journey. Simpson until last year was the headquarters for the whole Mackenzie-region fur-country. The big houses, ample yards, and commodious store-rooms, now falling into decay, point back to a day of departed splendour. Just opposite Simpson the Liard River empties into the Mackenzie, and up this stream the parties of gold-seekers were towing their boats looking for treasure in the Nahanni Mountains or two young Americans with their Scottish brides, who were taking this most unique of all honeymoons. Down on the bench a grizzled miner who had tried every diggings from Ballarat to Cariboo, from Sacramento to the Klondike, was building a boat for prospecting purposes, aided in his work by his son, a lad of twelve.

Up in a loft above the Factor's living-rooms at Simpson we discovered the remains of America's Farthest North Library, original copies of the Spectator and the Tatler, bound volumes of Illustrated London News and the Graphic, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, and other treasure-trove of an old-time vintage.

But on we press toward the land of the Eskimo, Fort Wrigley is passed, and Fort Norman where the Bear River flows into the Mackenzie from Great Bear Lake, and then we reach The Ramparts. This is an incomparable canyon, the most wonderfully spectacular we had seen or were to see in our whole journey. West of us, the Rockies divide, with a branch range trending eastward



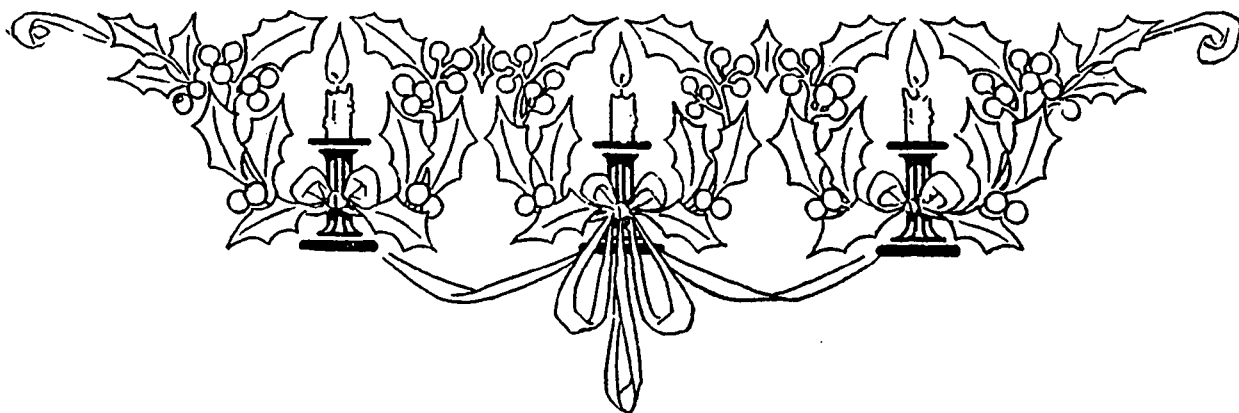
1—Miss Cameron and a group of Farthest North Indians. 2—The way the Eskimo covers the ground. 3—English Church at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River. 4—A Fish Camp at the Slavis, Great Slave Lake. 5—Chipewyan Indian Tepees, Fort Resolution, Great Slave Lake. 6—Primal man on the primal rock at Old Fort Rae, Great Slave Lake. 7—Drying Fish, Great Slave Lake. 8—On the Athabasca River.

towards the Barren Lands and Great Slave Lake. Through the peaks of this spur the Mackenzie River during by-gone aeons has cut its way to the sea, chiselling a canyon with pallisaded sides 200 to 400 feet in height for over eighty miles, compared to which the Pallisades of the Hudson are but pigmy imitations. For leagues the rock-work, duplicated on both sides of the river, is mathematically vertical, its stratic layers as clear-cut as if constructed by mason's trowel and chisel. This picture in God's gallery is worth crossing a continent to see, and will one day invite voyager and artist from the world's far corners. And every day and all the days we steam through sunlit starless nights, no sunrise, no sunset, no dark, all day, nothing but the brilliant effulgence of continuous day.

We had come to see the Midnight Sun. We saw it, we couldn't shut it out, we went to sleep in it, and rose next morning to it. Away the imagination stretched to the Arctic edge and beyond that to the dream-continents in Beaufort Sea with their wavy boundaries of uncertainty. Nature widens out, becomes ex-

tended and diffusive as we approach the edge of things.

A few miles beyond us is the Arctic Circle where little Fort Good Hope holds the portal of the North Frigid Zone. Indian scouts have been out waiting for us, eagerly scanning the water for the first sight of the new steamer, for several days, and now a roll of musketry and their watch-fires give us welcome. We steam into Fort Good Hope in broad daylight at night's noon, and the whole populace is out to meet us. The Arctic Circle! Forever we banish in this connection all thoughts of icebergs and never-ending snows. Here is the monotonous croon of the Indian chant, mignonne blooming in the home of the fur-trader, long, well-tilled fields of blossoming potatoes, the open door of the Roman Catholic Mission Church, and everywhere the well-remembered scent of wild-roses. Truly, we unlearned more than we learned in this journey to where the Eskimo dreams his dreams, eats in community-feasts, lives and loves after his kind, and inside his igloo writes on Canada's unfolding drama his kind and strongly-sane page.



# The Ghosts of Canada's Drama

By Robson Black

*"Paradise shall be situated in a rather prominent place and is to be hung all around with draperies and silk curtains to such a height that the persons who find themselves in Paradise are seen from the shoulders upward. There shall be sweet smelling flowers and foliage. There shall be different trees covered with fruit so that the place shall appear very agreeable."*—(Instructions to the stage director of "The Fall of Adam," produced in France in the fifth century).

**T**HE Stage is one of the world's friends. There were acted dramas before the time of the Christian Church, even before History jotted down its first phrases. To know the Old is to understand the New, and the want of true theatrical appreciation among the great mass of the public today is due precisely to the absence of intelligent perspective. The corner stones of all we have today were formed in the crude, unwieldy theatricals of Italy, France and England twenty generations ago, when it was accounted the climax of effective stage arrangement to issue such an order as this:

"THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL."

To represent the conversion of St. Paul, a chair representing Jerusalem shall be placed on a suitable spot. On this chair the High Priest shall stand. On another chair shall stand St. Paul. On the other side at some distance, there shall be two chairs representing Damascus. On one of them a man named Judas shall be seated. On the other the chief of the synagogue in Damascus, and between these two there shall be a bed on which a man named Ananias shall rest."

This concession to the instinctive passion of imaginative humans for acted biblical stories was maintained success-

fully for centuries, and it was only when the element of secular comedy and tragedy took the same vehicle of public presentation that ecclesiastical support of the theatre fell away. From that day the unfriendly relations of the two institutions have continued, with few serious efforts at abridgement.

As Canadians, however, our peculiar national hesitancy to endorse the playhouse comes not from a fifth, eighth, or tenth century example. Rather does it lie immediately in the dour mandates of our pioneer parents, and beyond, and yet beyond in the ruthless, indiscriminate, though religiously-colored onslaught upon dramatic and all other arts for which the age of the Puritans in England must accept responsibility.

In the matter of appreciating the Art of the Drama, the ghosts of these forefathers are yielding their place in public sentiment only with disturbing whispers of alarm. A strange antagonism has been preserved among our Canadian people, possibly because the pigeon-hole of "let well-enough alone" is the most convenient for a generation busied with the whirligigs of shops and stock markets and wheat fields. There isn't time for a revision of our family book of Notions. Let it alone.

Only by a revolution, only by throwing an annual bomb into the theatrical camp can we compel a serious, though ruffled interest from that body of outsiders who should be interested as a duty. Even then, our adventure into novel fields brings only indignant revilings and innumerable "I told you so's." No matter what our efforts to abridge the misunderstanding, the conscientious stage-hater sticks persistently to his castle.

There is no effort here to defend the mawkish display of New York brothels and Parisian clubs of "respectable" vice, or to wink at the present horde of dra-



matic aberrations as unharmful child's play. But at the same time, the recent individual rebellions against Puritan restriction should cause no serious alarm, until we know just how long it is destined to last. It is the way of Art to dynamite its respectability once in a while, fling rationalism to the winds and make the Old School fellows stand aghast.

Of course to switch things about is not always to improve. The rebel from precedent whether he compose dramatic plots or musical symphonies very naturally excites suspicion. We, in Canada, have that British stolidity, in degree, which dislikes volcanic upheaval. When the stage of the United States (which in the circumstances, means the stage of Canada) relaxed the clean standard of its presentations, gave License a free hand and bade it god-speed, sober minded theatre patrons all over the Dominion took a moment to muss their hair, and tell one another how shocking it all seemed. There is, however, no certainty that the unwelcome condition is a permanent one, any more than the periodic though always moral craze for stimulating novelties in music. In a year from now we shall know whether moral looseness in popular entertainment is for a day or a decade, whether it signifies a moral headache or a leprosy.

Just now it may be interesting to consider the Stage in this country as an engine for either good or evil, as a great public schoolmaster, content for a time to wear the coat of a rogue so long as his mission is being accomplished.

It must be apparent that the Stage in America has grown away from its former limitations as an institution of a particular class and is rapidly becoming the property of all the people. Not in fifty years, and that means the entire history of the American theatre, has there been such an awakening of general interest. If it argues one way more than another, it is that the "total abolition" attitude of many powerful sects and classes has been edged from its base. New understanding has made the old dogma indistinct; the masses have come over to a positive and supporting side. The movement however has been helter-

skelter. Education of a serious sort is needed, and at once, if there is to be any higher conception of the Stage than as a common plaything. The rudiments of the history of the Drama with something of its immense literary value and its essential dignity, should have the attention of all our schools and colleges. Today the subject is totally neglected. The church also, by all means the most potent factor in our social life, has so far failed to realize that the Stage will be either its bosom companion in the fight, or a most powerful and bitter enemy.

Today, even with its misnomer of a "public panderer," the Stage stands as the most potent teacher in the community, be its doctrines heretic or orthodox. To its doors in thousands come the public daily. There is no prick of conscience, no fear of penalties, no soothing drug of self-esteem to drive them until the sermon is past. He who goes to the theatre, goes willingly. No one sends him there; no one invites; no one prods or threatens. Your theatre-goer is the most receptive human material which circumstances could possibly create. And may one say for an instant that what is heard and seen is evanescent? that "it goes in one ear and out the other?" It would deny the very principle upon which even church attendance is generally advocated. It would say that the man who throws himself willingly into the fun or pathos of a play, who suffers with those who theatrically suffer, laughs aloud with the frolicksome spirits, endures the prick of conscience with the villain, and feels the spiritual uplift of the hero who can do no wrong, loves the picture of the home fireside, and loathes him who desecrates it—to say that the mind and heart which endures these thousand experiences comes forth from the furnace untouched, is to imply that susceptible brains and emotions are small improvement on a drain pipe. Emphatically is it true that the Stage, even in the most banal throes of melodrama, exerts an unconscious influence on men and women. You, Reader, may not be willing to admit it perhaps, but many a situation in your experience has been decided by your memory of a similar

crux in a favourite play. And though you were unconscious of it, you used the very words and gesture of the hero or heroine. And let me repeat, plays are preached six times a week, and from one side of the continent to the other, and to people who accept its doctrines without question, as meekly as little children. At the head of this mighty organization, called "The Stage," drawing to it more and more disciples as its branches spread,—whom have we? What moralist, proud in his castle of theory, offers to lead it? What educator, among the thousands who call themselves so, comes forward to be its lieutenant? What church proclaims its brotherhood with the Theatre, that unrecognized companion in social advancement? With a gross or more of creeds seeking sincerely and effectively to raise humanity to a sense of the glory of living and hoping, it is a profound pity that the Stage should come straggling along on the opposite side of the road.

It is not the Stage which will reach out the first hand, because it is in all its machinery, subjective. Rather had the Church take the initiative, for it is its peculiar and undisputed office to reach out for "the weak" and "the falling," whose principles, as in the present instance, have been relegated to the money-maker and the moral quack.

Clergymen may often be heard to remark: "Let the Theatre first show itself deserving of our alliance." As well tell the potter's clay to make itself ready for the wheel, e'er it may expect to be a useful vessel. Not in a thousand years will the Theatre be purified and ennobled, if Christian thought and action are not addressed to its reform. It is (and very fortunately) the product of exterior influences, for there is no more soul within it than lies between the board covers of a book. What comes out was first put in, and this ebb and flow is simple of control.

There is precedent, one hears very often, precedent for the ban of excommunication pronounced upon the horrible goblins of stage presentation. The sword of "Precedent" is two edged, and it very often is the foe to growth and new

knowledge. But let us take it at its full value; and what do we find?

We find the General Assembly of the Scottish Church about 1760 so far taking the Stage into its bosom as to demand the right of censorship. Thus by claiming the office of physician, it surely endorsed its own prescription. Again do we find this General Assembly so far "forgetting" the standpoint of posterity as to adjourn one of its evening sessions so that the clergymen in a body could attend Mrs. Siddons' play. Think of the Methodist Conference or their Presbyterian, Anglican or Baptist brethren postponing the 1910 meeting to form a procession to the playhouse! 'Tis enough to think!

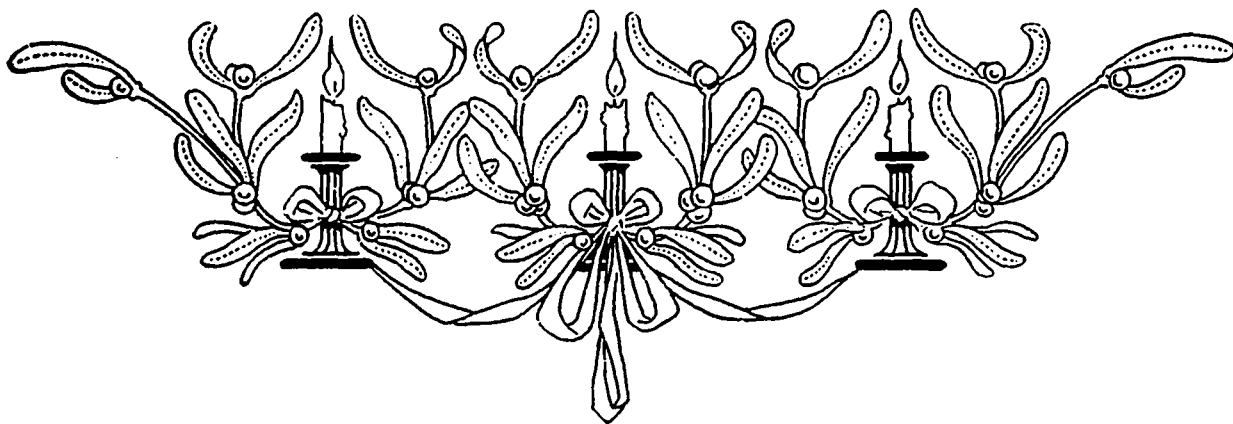
Almost harder of understanding is the inconsistency of beliefs in the Drama, as written Drama, and the Stage as a means of dramatic presentations. The first was made for the second. Were there no Stage, no Drama would ever have been written, and the English language despoiled of some of its chiefest treasures. They are absolutely inter-dependent, inseparable as the thought in the brain and the voice that expresses it. Regard given to one, automatically finds its level in the other.

The American Stage is the most willing and needy object of missionary work of all the great institutions working among the people. It needs champions first of all—champions even in its degradation—those who will look upon it even today as a great engine of Good, and will consider its future from the Idealist's standpoint. There are too many arm-chair champions already in the field, men who would like to see an open air Stadium and a weeping Antigone dumped into New York tomorrow. The true reformer keeps his idealism in the back of his head and his common sense in the front, using his hands upon the task nearest home.

It would be idle to discuss how the renovation of the American Stage could be carried on by the common citizen. Like all true participation in Christian charities, a Vision must preclude all else. With the imagination fired, the sense of duty keen, and faith in the future—these are the weapons of the striver in

any cause. At present, among lovers of their fellow men, the national theatre offers a magnificent opportunity for determined reformers. It is no man's part to abuse his local theatre, because he is, nine times out of ten, plainly responsible for its character. If good is demanded of it and made to pay, very seldom does it give the wrong answer. Moreover, abuse of the theatre is abuse of an im-

personal object incapable of self-defence or reply. To belabour it for vicious tendencies is but to make it the scape-goat for a community's own ignorance or demoralization. To be respectful toward it, to be its champion and aid in all its right moods, and a stern censor in its wrong, may sound theoretically-coloured, but it is the one practical method of lifting the theatre to its right estate.



## Via Crucis

High on the rocky mountain side there yawned  
 An awful cave where dwelt the dragon grim:  
 Near by a chapel, and within its walls  
 The wonder working relics lay  
     Beneath the altar rail.

And here in ancient days the sick were healed  
 At even when the sun was set. This was  
     Before the dragon dwelt thereby.

But now the bones of many a noble knight  
 Lay whitening in the dragon's cave of gloom  
 And few there were who sought to free the shrine  
 And few there were who ever from it came,  
 For all the mountain side was steep and high  
 And strewn with rolling stones and thorny shrubs:  
 And if they clomb, the dragon fierce above  
 Destroyed them ere they reached the holy spot.

Yet some there were who girt in Jesu's name  
 In fear and trembling and with awful toil  
 Had reached the altar and their prayers were heard  
 And there they were made whole or those they loved  
 Straightway were healed.

The pure knight James in quest of ventures came  
 And heard the tale with heart and face aglow—  
 "Our Virgin give me grace," he cried, "I go  
 To slay the dragon: shall God's sick and maimed  
 Wait for the healing touch because of this  
 Foul thing defying God?"

So forth he went, and calling on his God  
 To help him in his hour of need, he climbed  
 The rugged cliffs and passed the chapel by,  
 Out from the cave the dragon rolled his length  
 Of hideousness. And the brave knight James  
 Feared at the sight: but prayed unto his God  
 To nerve his arm and guide his steel.

Short was the battle for good James fought well.  
 He lured the foul beast to a chasm's edge  
 And rolling down a mighty rock he turned  
 Its senseless fury on the senseless stone.  
 Then plunged his sword beneath the armor scales  
 And its foul spirit fled.

Then from the mountain side with giant strength  
 He rolled the dangerous rocks and tore the thorns  
 And delving night and day he cut a stair  
 Of easy steps into the cliff's bare side  
 So that the sick might climb unto the shrine  
 In ease devoid of toil.

Up from the low and pleasant lands came men  
 And thronged the stair with eager selfish speed:  
 The poor and weak were crowded from the way  
 Or trampled under foot by stronger men.  
 And round the shrine they clamoured with the saint  
 To plead in their behalf with God above  
 And grant their prayers.

But from the shrine no healing virtue came.  
 The door of God was shut and opened not,  
 And many came from there and cursed the knight  
 Blaspheming God and all His ancient saints,  
 And saying in their hearts "There is no God."  
 They took the good knight James with reeking hands  
 "He hath deceived us, shall he scathless go?"  
 They tore him limb from limb to vent their spite  
 And then in mocking scorn they threw his bones  
 Beneath the altar rail.

Long years had passed. The stair was broken down  
 The thorns grew up again and choked the way.  
 A leper came that way and heard the tale,  
 He climbed the thorny path with pain and toil  
 He laid his hands upon the altar rail  
 He called upon the God of good St. James  
 And lo, his flesh was healed.

—George R. Belton.

# The Pacific War of 1910

By Charles H. Stuart Wade

## CHAPTER XI.

**T**HE devastating Yellow Peril which so suddenly became a real issue, and not merely a menace to the white populations of the world,—plunging hundreds of families on the Pacific seaboard into the lowest depths of poverty and distress, had not been without its effect upon the citizens of New Westminster. Hitherto, opportunity has not presented itself for a description of the stirring events which had been taking place in the “Royal City” itself, during the brief six days which had elapsed since the Provincial Government had been compelled, by stress of circumstances to undertake operations of a military character reminiscent of the ancient history of Greece and Rome: rather than of these modern times, when only kingdoms and sovereign states are called upon to defend themselves against foreign aggression. Situated in the midst of scenery so diversified in character that within a few hours the tourist may fancy himself to be amongst the fiords of Norway, the rocky peaks of Switzerland or the unknown fastnesses of an unexplored land, the city is the favourite resort of those few travellers, comparatively speaking, who spend their leisure in unadulterated enjoyment of a health establishing character.

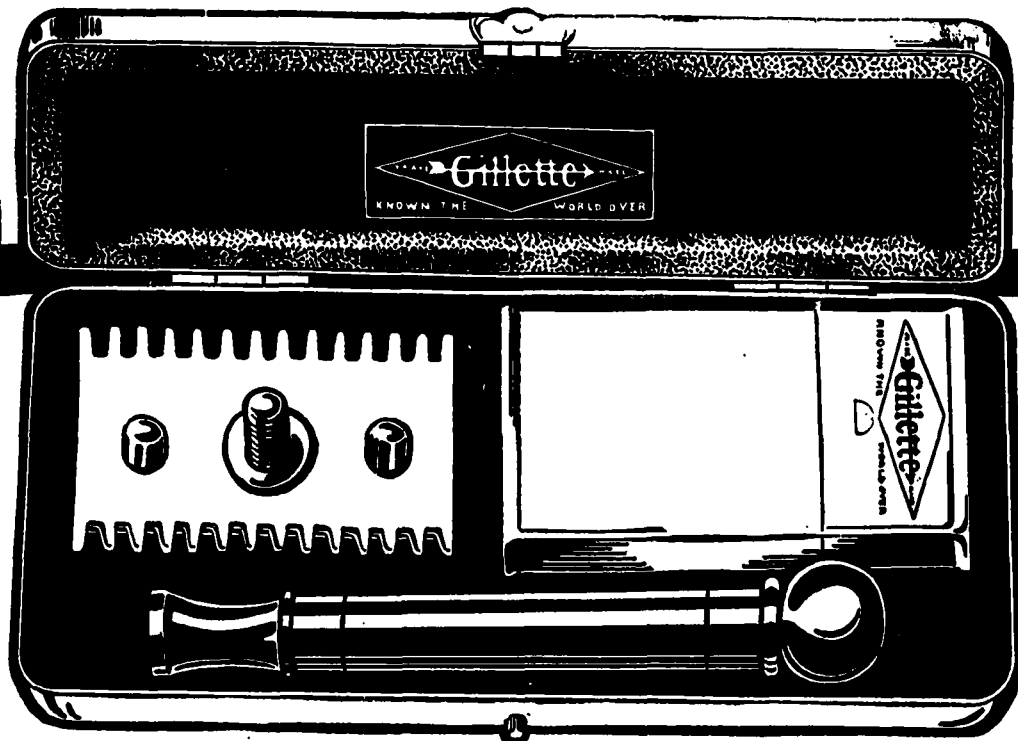
As the members of the Westminster Club were about to separate, there suddenly entered the Editor of the Westminster “Daily News” who, upon being chaffed regarding his anxious expression, confessed that he was deeply concerned regarding certain information he had just received from Victoria which seemed so unaccountable as to make him doubt its veracity. Eventually, he stated that a Cabinet Council was then sitting, summonses were being prepared calling

the Provincial Parliament together forthwith, the telegraphs had been monopolized by the Government, and the Mayor had been in constant telephonic communication with the Premier at Victoria during the last two hours; even as he spoke a staff-reporter brought information from Vancouver of the excitement existing there! He also informed Editor Paige, about 1 a.m., of the wreck of the cantilever bridge and eastbound train near Kanaka; which news caused the wildest excitement.

Further information proved so important from a journalistic view that the typographers and entire staff were hastily summoned, and at 5.30 on Sunday morning a special edition was issued descriptive of the disasters reported up to the last minute. By 9 a.m. it had become possible to announce, as a forecast that war loomed on the horizon, and specially threatened the Pacific seaboard.

Shortly after 1 o'clock His Worship in a stirring address delivered from the Fraser Memorial Pedestal at Crescent Park publicly announced the commencement of hostilities by Japan: He stated that communications had been sent to Victoria offering shelter to refugees from that city and requested every citizen who was willing, to open his doors to those who would shortly be compelled to fly from Vancouver Island.

Monday, found the 14,000 of its population quadrupled; the public schools being rapidly transformed into hospitals, the Agricultural Society buildings occupied by thousands of helpless women and children, who were being cared for by the various Ladies' Aid Associations—assisted by the Clergy of every denomination, and members of the Board of Trade. Amnesty had been granted (with few exceptions) to the prisoners confined in the Provincial Gaol and Penitentiary, and those buildings turned into



If you are 25 years old or over, you ought *to shave every morning.*

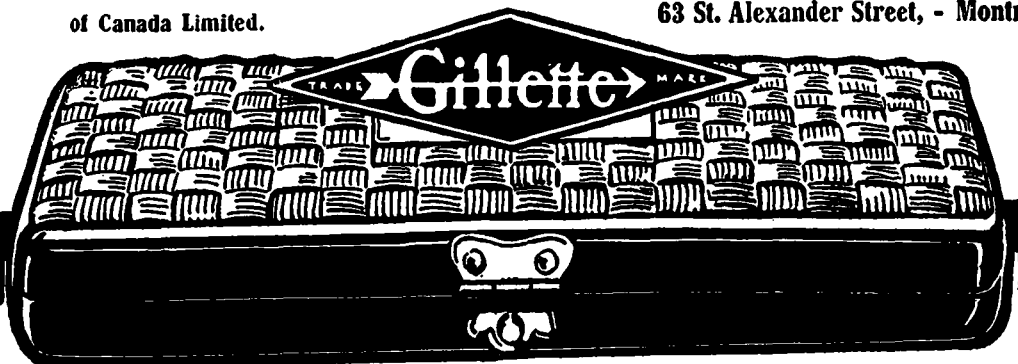
Perhaps your face will not stand an ordinary razor more than twice a week. It will stand the "Gillette" Safety Razor every day in the year. You will agree that you never knew shaving comfort until you used the "GILLETTE"—

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storehouses, whence rations were issued to the homeless victims of Oriental rapacity.

On Thursday, the arrival of Sir Frederick Ward and the members of the Provincial Government once again made New Westminster the seat of Government, as had been intended when Queen Victoria bestowed its present name upon the city in place of that of "Queensborough" by which it was formerly known. Later in the day Major-General Williams arrived from Nanaimo, to arrange for the defence of the city, and a Cabinet Council met on board the "Dolphin" at which the Lieutenant-Governor's guests (Hon. Miss Hilliard and Miss Everett) gave much valuable information obtained during the time they were prisoners in the Japanese squadron.

Whilst being escorted to the Russell Hotel by Major-General Williams, Miss Everett drew her companion's attention to three men who were talking in the shadow of the Free Library, whom both ladies recognized as having been on board one of the Japanese cruisers, and who, noticing that they were observed, immediately separated.

A strange foreboding oppressed Miss Hilliard, and being unable to sleep she drew the blind of her window which overlooked the harbours where the Dolphin lay at anchor. Peering through the darkness, she suddenly saw a light on the further side, appearing and disappearing in such a manner as to justify a suspicion which flashed across her mind, that some person was signalling in the Morse Code. Her friend being acquainted with this system she awoke her and found such to be the case; the light giving instructions for an immediate attack upon the "Dolphin," and the capture of the members of the Government thereon. Hastily dressing, they sped to the apartment of their late escort whom they luckily found in council with several officers of the 6th regiment. Immediately grasping the situation, Major-General Williams and two of the officers ran to the river-side with the intention of going on board the yacht and warning the Lieutenant-Governor. It was, however, already too late, for, from the

opposite shore two boats were seen heading for the "Dolphin," whilst a third, also loaded with men, was floating quietly down stream in the same direction. Williams remained to watch, whilst Major Johnson hastened to the Windsor Hotel for assistance and within a quarter of an hour, a hundred men were quietly embarked and speeding in different directions to intercept the enemy.

The following extract from the "Daily News" of the next day graphically describes the later episodes under the caption of:

GOVERNOR'S YACHT CAPTURED IN NEW WESTMINSTER HARBOUR!

Sir Frederick Ward and the Premier Made Prisoners by the Enemy in a Night Attack on the Dolphin.

The treacherous tactics of the Japanese invaders of Canadian soil has been brought forcibly into our notice by the actual capture of the Lieutenant-Governor and his advisors, whilst resting in supposed security on board his private yacht in what everyone believed to be a safe anchorage off this city.

Had it not been for the keen wit of a woman, and the bravery of a gallant Englishman, supported by the courage of a few citizens, hastily awakened from their sleep and led to the attack by three well-known officers of our own local companies the Province of British Columbia would have been deprived of every member of the Provincial Cabinet, as well as the representative of the Sovereign of this Dominion!

Plans of defence were being discussed in General Williams' room at the Russell Hotel, when, about midnight two ladies demanded admission intimating the discovery of a plot to abduct the men to whom power had been entrusted, by King and people, in all affairs connected with this Province: whilst Major Corbett and Captain Webber called up their men at the Armoury, Majors Johnson and Miller ran with the commandant to the Landing-slip. Evidently too late to warn, not an instant was lost in preparing to rescue.

A series of rapid orders sent the former to summon assistance from near by, whilst the latter was instructed to signal

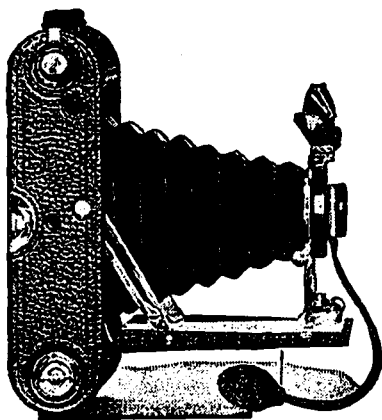
*If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak*

# PUT "KODAK"

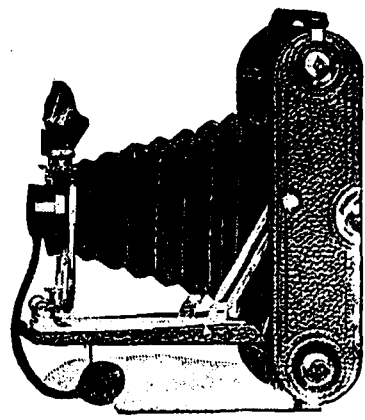
on that Christmas List

There's nothing, unless it be the after-delight in the pictures themselves, that more universally appeals to young and old than picture taking. And it's inexpensive now, for Kodak has made it so. There are Kodaks and Brownies for all people and purposes—but none more popular than the simple and compact

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by aceto-oxy light ordering several bodies of mounted men on the south side of the Fraser, and the Boys Brigade on Lulu Island, to keep careful watch and arrest every person attempting a landing or passage of the river. But a few minutes elapsed ere every fishing-boat was manned, and quietly forming a wide circle in the centre of which the Dolphin lay apparently unmolested.

So secure did the conspirators feel, that not even a boat-guard had been left, and the three officers were able to gain the deck undiscovered; for the enemy being engaged in ransacking the interior of the yacht for documents and plans was entirely unsuspecting of its recapture until too late. Sixteen men were made prisoners all of whom were found to be of Teutonic nationality, whilst another, who was threatening the Lieutenant-Governor as Major-General Williams burst into the cabin was shot on sight.

Unharmful, although firmly secured, the principal members of the Cabinet

were found in their respective state-rooms and speedily released, the document which their leader had been endeavouring to force the Lieutenant-Governor to sign, purported to be a Royal Proclamation sanctioned by His Majesty King Edward VII declaring hostilities suspended, and Vancouver Island ceded to the Mikado.

Old Parliamentarian, and of ripe experience in all diplomatic procedure; a man who had represented his country at Ottawa and London; one who had been called upon to guide and govern a great district at a time when lawlessness was not over-awed by military, or police-force, the Lieutenant-Governor was not the man to bend the knee, or affix his signature to a document laid before him by an enemy of his country, even though the penalty of refusal were death itself; a result which would undoubtedly have followed if the German's shot had not been forestalled, by the fraction of a second, when that of General Williams entered his brain.

(To be continued)

What Will You Give Her for Christmas  
 The Neat Little—Sweet Little Thing,  
 A Big Saucy Diamond—a Stylish Seal Coat  
 An Auto-go-mobile—a Gasoline Boat  
 A Necklace—a Bracelet—a Ring?  
 'Tis a Difficult Question—But Here's a Suggestion  
 For Making a Happy Selection:  
 Send a Nice Box  
 of

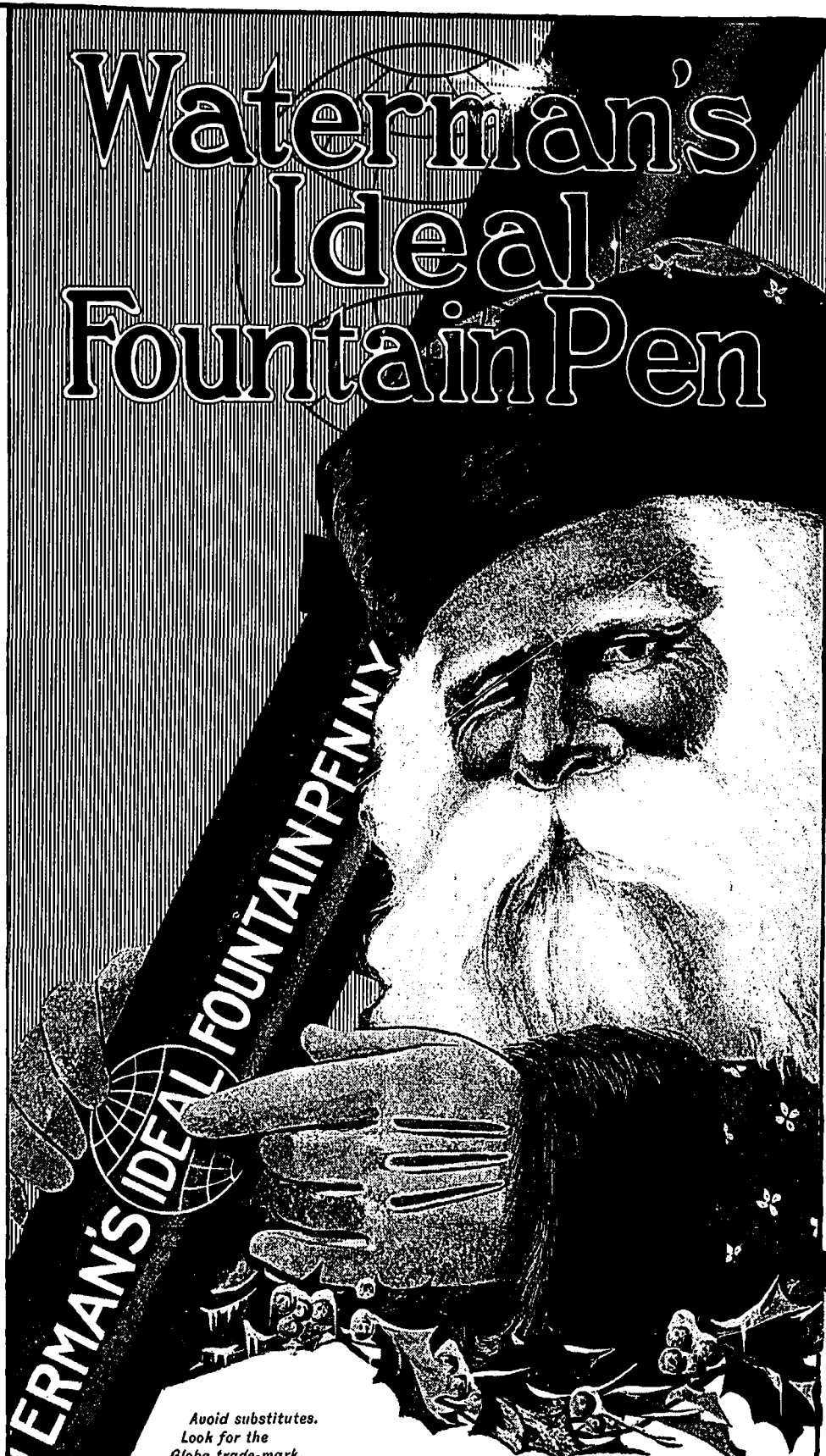
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 And Produces a Beautiful Complexion.

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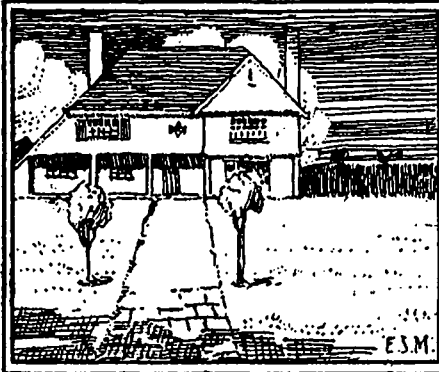
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# COUNTRY *and* SUBURBAN HOMES

*by*

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

## The Home Fireplace

**E**VER since Prometheus, the rogue, stole the first spark of fire from Heaven, man has been considerably perplexed as to the most efficient economical way of disposing of it to secure for himself the maximum amount of heat, comfort, and enjoyment.

It is only within the last half century, or so, that the problem has been brought within a measurable distance of solution. Our great-grandfathers, yes, and our grand-parents, too, were glad to seek the shelter of a feather bed, and the mild heat afforded by a warming pan, on cold winter nights. Roaring hail stoves could not do more than take the chill from the air, and Boreas, entering unhidden through the cracks around the windows and the doors sent many a shiver down the spines of the inmates, and caused many an exclamation of discomfort.

The advent of the hot air and hot water furnace changed all this. It is now a simple matter to keep every room in the house at an equable temperature all winter long. All you have to do is to watch the thermometer, and throw in a few shovels of coal every little while.

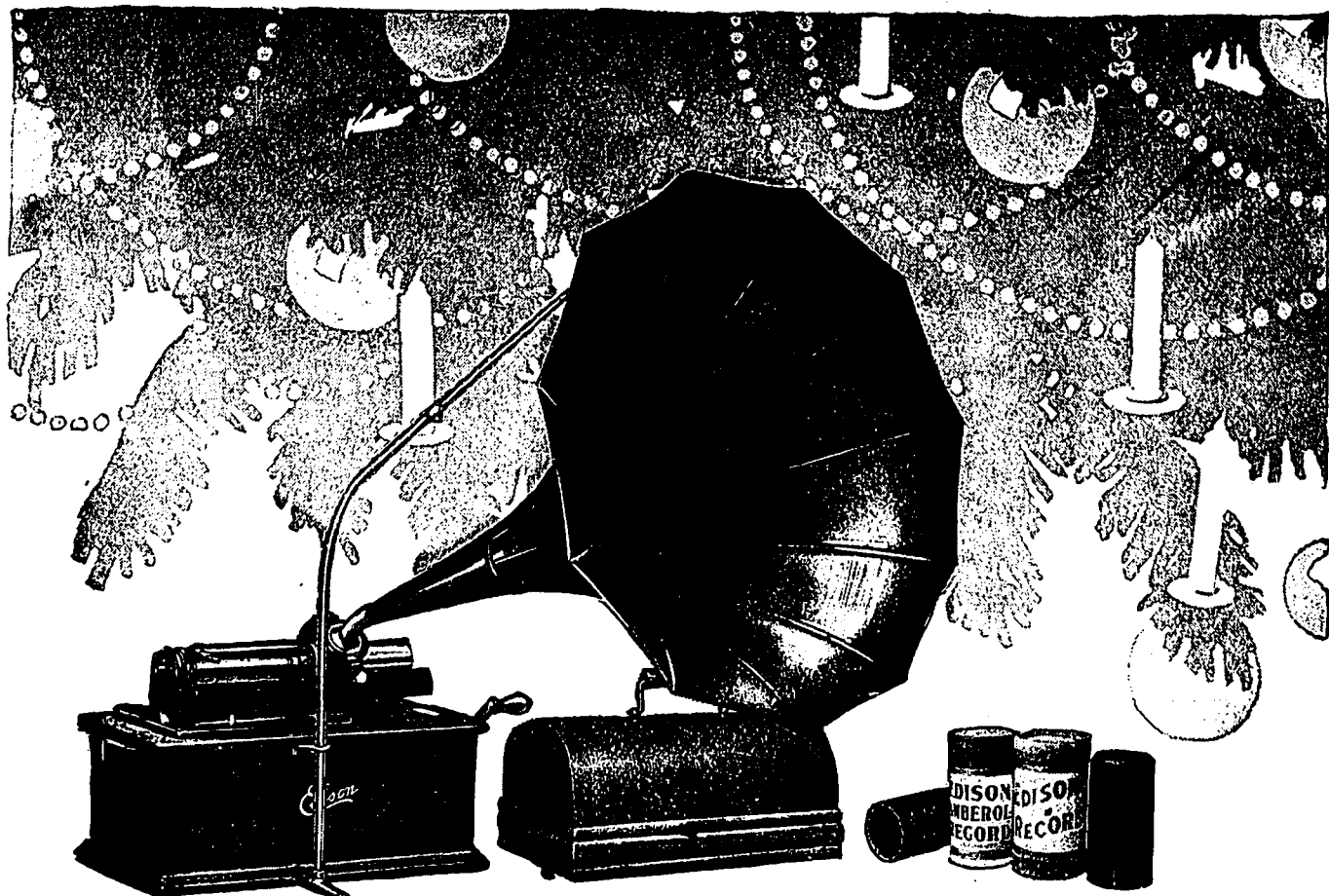
Many people are not content with a furnace as the sole means of heating, and rightly so. I contend that every home should have one or more fireplaces.

First, think how much an attractive mantle and fireplace adds to the appearance of any room; what an air of comfort and good cheer it imparts, even if empty and cold; second: how convenient it is, say on a chilly, raw, damp evening in early spring or late fall, when it seems premature to start the furnace going, to cluster around the glowing fuel in the grate; then, again, at Christmas time, when the children are enjoying the pleasures of the season, think of the pleasure you will get watching them popping corn or roasting chestnuts in the ruddy glow.

But these reasons are largely sentimental. From the standpoint of health, however, the open fireplace is equally worthy of consideration. It is a valuable adjunct to ventilation, and ensures a generous supply of fresh air at all times.

The small amount of heat units obtained from a given weight of coal, and the gross production of soot, must always condemn the open fire; but the average user invariably signifies a strong liking for the cheering effect that it produces.

Not a few people argue that radiant heat is superior to all else because it resembles the sun's heat. If this be so, why is the most agreeable and healthful



In every home  
 somebody ought to buy somebody an

# Edison Phonograph for Christmas this year

**T**HE one thing that brings joy to all the household, big and little, old and young, is an Edison Phonograph with a selection of Edison Amberol Records.

The best Christmas present is something all can enjoy. All can and do enjoy the Edison Phonograph.

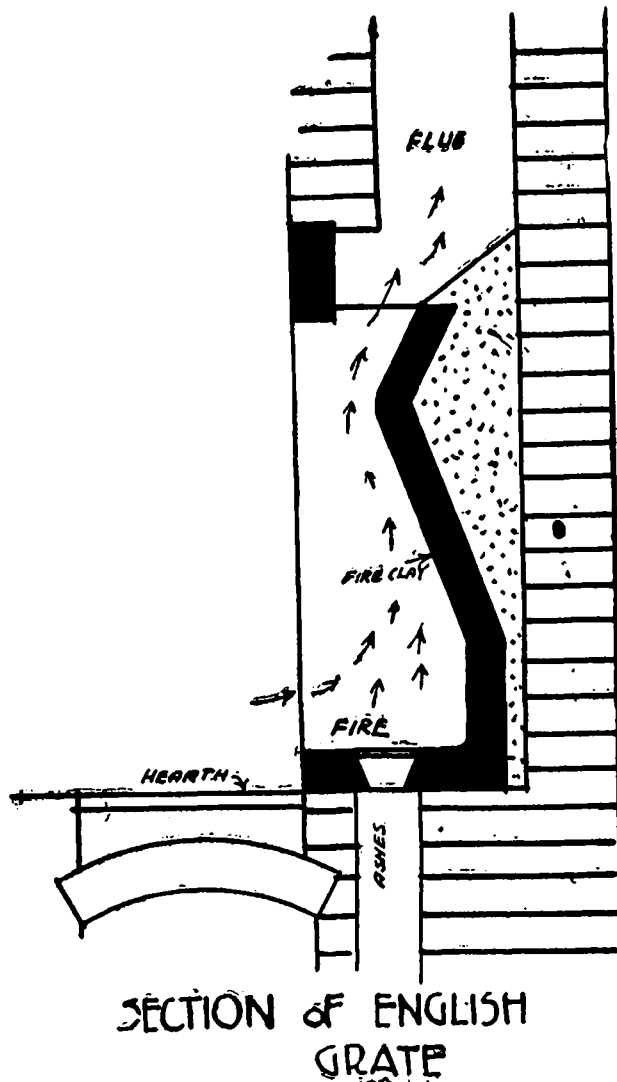
If every member of the family would take the money he or she expects to use to buy presents for the other members of the family, and put it together, there will be enough not only to buy an Edison Phonograph, but also a large supply of Records.

Edison Phonographs sold everywhere in Canada  
 at the same prices - - - \$16.50 to \$162.50  
 Edison Standard Records - - - 40c  
 Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) 65c  
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time a man knows of that of a summer evening, when radiant heat is absent? The pleasant warmth is then due to air that is warmed by the earth and objects which have been heated by the sun.



Radiant heat, however, is not quite so agreeable as is supposed. Were we to reply wholly on it we should most of us perish of cold. This is painfully evident to those who climb high mountains or ascend in balloons.

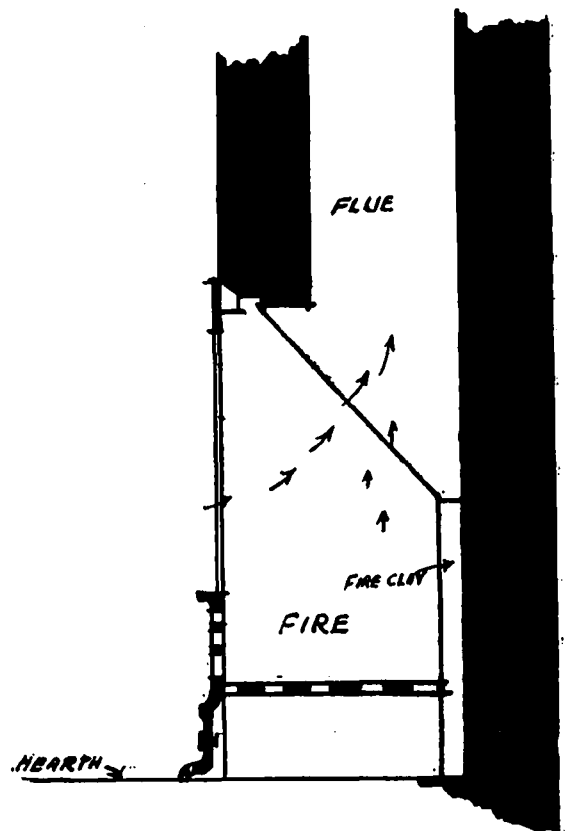
As it is now unnecessary for us to depend upon the fireplace solely for our heat supply this matter of radiant heat concerns us but little. Let us now consider for a moment its different forms:

1. The grate.
2. The open fireplace.
3. The ornamental fireplace.

The open grate is a development of the open hearth, which is the first form of fireplace, if it can be called such, with which a chimney was used. The heat given off is comparatively small, while

the draught induced by these huge chimney openings is such as to make the old-fashioned high-backed settles and chairs a real necessity, unless your architect understands his work. In that case he will see that the construction is such as to prevent as much heat as possible from escaping.

In tending a fire it ought to be borne in mind that when the fire cannot radiate light it cannot radiate heat, and that it is therefore absurd to hide the fire under opaque masses of coal; and secondly, that the products of distillation of coal ought not to be allowed to escape as black smoke, but should pass up through a bright portion of the fire and be perfectly burned. In special hearths it is possible, by means of false



### SECTION OF ORDINARY GRATE

bottoms, to introduce fresh charges of coal under the existing fire so that the outer surface of the fire is always clear and bright.

Even in ordinary grates it is possible to do a good deal towards minimising smoke and confining the active portion of the fire to the top and front; if, for example, a tile be fitted in the bottom of the grate; if a substantial amount of fuel be put in the grate and lit at the



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top; if this fuel contain some broken coke or cinder; if fresh fuel be added, not by throwing it on the top, but by raking the fire forward, throwing the fresh fuel at the hollow thus produced at the back of the fire, and then pushing the bright fire back upon it; if these things be done the fire is obviously brighter and more continuously cheerful and more nearly, smokeless.

Benjamin Franklin—that statesman, philosopher, journalist, and scientist—invented what is sometimes called the "Pennsylvania Fireplace." The name is in recognition of the source from which he received his suggestion, but his fireplace, with some modifications, is what we call the "Franklin Stove." Franklin's apparatus was much better than the type of stove that later became common throughout the Colonies, and it really was a wonderful invention. It applied the principles that are today used in the best furnaces, stoves, and fireplaces.

Franklin set the familiar German stove in a fireplace allowing space for an air chamber at the bottom, back and sides.

This heating chamber was connected with a cold air box or pipe from outdoors, allowing the introduction of pure warm air, thus making practically hot air furnace in the fireplace.

Franklin in a pamphlet of his, published to promote the sale of the stove, says: "In the northern colonies, the inhabitants keep fires to sit by, generally seven months of the year. As so much of the comfort of our lives depends on the article of fire, a proposal for saving wood and augmenting the benefit of fire may be worth considering. The use of these fireplaces in very many houses, both of this and the neighbouring colonies, has been, and is, a great saving of wood to the inhabitants. Some say it saves five-sixths, some say three-fourths, and others much less. I suppose two-thirds or one-half is saved; my room is twice as warm with one-fourth the wood as formerly used."

Those who love Colonial designs and furnishings, or those who have bungalows where the room or cost of a fireplace cannot well be afforded will still

find the modern reproductions of the Franklin stove desirable. These come with andirons, for burning wood, or with a grate for coal.

As for the so-called "ornamental fireplace, the only thing I can say is "don't." Overwhelmed with needless and unnatural design, they are not only ugly and meaningless in themselves, but can never be made to harmonize with the interior of any room.

If you have a grate or an open fireplace it is wise to remember that fire should always be bounded by firebricks behind and on each side, for iron chills and blackens it.

The fire gases should not be allowed to escape at once into the chimney up a sloping iron back; but the back of the grate should be fire-brick all the way up, and should overhang the fire so that the ascending fire gases impinge on it.

A very satisfactory grate for the average home is the English grate, with a back of two-inch fire-clay. This fire-clay stores heat, which it afterwards radiates into the room. The back is so

constructed as to prevent too much heat from going up the chimney, without interfering with the escape of gases and smoke. Another popular type is the ventilation grate, which in operation heats pipes which furnish a radiator in one of the rooms upstairs with hot water.

Coincident with the increase in public taste, and the demand for a larger measure of unity of effect, is the increase in the number of architects who realize the necessity of thoroughly thinking out every detail of their designs. That is, perhaps, why the design of the fireplace is receiving more attention. The conventional and hackneyed mantles, with their mirrors, brackets, and jig-saw work are no longer popular, even with the *hoi polloi*, who might reasonably be supposed not to know better. The fireplace is an important, perhaps the most important feature of any room, and there is plenty of scope for skilful devising and proper decorative treatment. Much of the beauty and comfort of a room depends on its successful arrangement and design.

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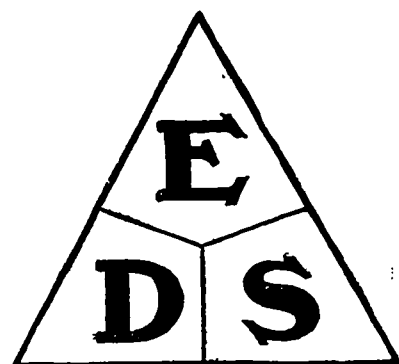
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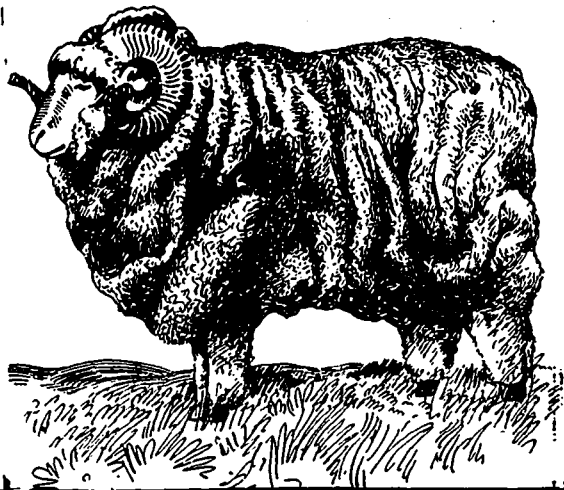


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From the time when the great halls were heated by a fire in the middle of the floor down to the present day, with its more scientific solution, the visible flame has been a fundamental requirement of the home. The plan of the actual fire, the hearth, the shaft, the breast, and the hole in the wall, are practically what they were in Elizabethan times; such modifications as have taken place being chiefly a more accurate gauging of the dimensions of the fire for a room of a given area, economy of fuel, and better radiation of the heat.

Herbert Spencer tells us that the necessities of one age become the luxuries of the next; the useful things of one period become the beautiful things of successive periods. Our grandfathers, for instance, probably took little enough pleasure from riding in stage coaches, and used them simply because they afforded the swiftest and most convenient method of locomotion. Yet to us, there is a world of romance in the old coaching days, and the mere name "stage-coach" makes the pulse beat faster. Prehistoric

man regarded the great forests which then covered the face of the world with no feeling of enjoyment; today, we conserve vast areas as parks and preserves, and take infinite joy in roaming in the woodlands. The feudal barons, ruins of whose castles remain still, very likely found confinement within their walls irksome enough; today, we journey many leagues to look upon these ruins with a feeling of veneration—they furnish inspiration for the novelist and the poet. It is contrast that makes the difference—contrast with the present that gives charm to the habits and customs of the past. Thus it is with fire, which Leigh Hunt has called "The most tangible of all visible mysteries." Primitive man was content to use it for culinary purposes, and to warm his body. But we, forsooth, must have it as an ornament in our homes to delight the eye, raise the spirits, and form the subject of countless speculation—the inspiration of idle dreams—on winter evenings, before the lamps are lit.





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The interest shown in the development of Western Canada's Oil Fields is spreading all over this continent, and no less a financial journal than "The Mercantile and Financial Times," of New York, has a forcible article on the subject. It says in speaking of the Alberta Oil Fields and its possibilities that they "all tend to indicate a new field which will far outclass those of the Golden State. This leads us to say that we recently have been in receipt of an inquiry from one of our Pennsylvania subscribers regarding an investment with the California-Alberta Oil Co., with head office in Vancouver, B.C. As the Eastern office of the fiscal agent and general manager of the company, Henshaw Maddock, is located in Toronto, we are including our report of this company in our Toronto correspondence at the present time. Mr. Maddock has prepared for distribution a number of extracts from evidence heard before a select committee of the Canadian Senate during the session of 1906-1907, in which will be found governmental recognition of the vast mineral wealth of Northern Alberta. It may be stated, however, that this report indicates that the senatorial committee was firmly convinced of the mineral wealth of Northern Alberta, and reported that 'there is no doubt petroleum will be found all through that country, from the Athabaska River to the Peace River.' Professor Macoun testified that he had been to Fort McMurray many times and going up the Athabaska River he saw en route

timber, coal, asphaltum and oil, 'the best oil he had ever seen. Some places you can see it leaking out of the bank. The banks are very high there. He had been right to the top of this bank, and it is all asphaltum. He could not figure out the extent of it. There are miles of it.'

"From the above indisputable authority it will be seen that much money is bound to be made out of the development of the magnificent natural resources of Northern Alberta. Only a short time ago a strike was made in the now famous Morinville Oil District, which is about twenty-three miles north of Edmonton, the metropolis of the northern half of the Province. This strike was made on fourteen wells, and at this writing these wells are producing forty barrels of oil per day. Referring specifically to the California-Alberta Oil Co., it should be said that this company owns 1,980 acres of the choicest land in the Morinville District, which comprises about forty-five square miles. Its holdings are very valuable and therefore the capitalization of \$2,500,000 is very moderate, and upon that figure should be able to return handsome dividends. That all-important feature in oil or mining companies—sound and experienced management—is very prominent in the California-Alberta Oil proposition: President, Fred L. King, of Seattle and San Francisco, having had life-long experience in the oil industry amounting to some thirty-five years. The Vice-President, Dr. A. H. Baker, is a prominent business man of Vancouver, while General Manager Henshaw Mad-

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dock of Vancouver, has been associated with President King for a considerable period, and for the past three years was manager of the Keystone Oil Company, in British Columbia, and recently promoted the British Columbia Oil Refining Co., Ltd., of Vancouver, which has been an unqualified success. Treasurer A. G. McGregor is widely and favourably known in Vancouver as the managing director of the Canadian Pipe Company, while Secretary W. P. Whitley is a well-known business man of Seattle and Treasurer of the Seattle Commercial Club. Mr. Robert Greer, of San Francisco, and Mr. W. W. Wilshire, of Seattle, are Directors of the company, and their high standing in business circles in their respective cities is such as to render any comment upon our part unnecessary."

## WESTERN SOAP CO., LIMITED.

With the gradual increase in population in Western Canada, there has come the very rapid development of the industrial life of the country. There are men who have scarcely yet reached middle life who can recall the time in Western Canada when practically every product or every necessity of life was imported either from the United States or from Eastern Canada. The time is not so very remote when even flour was brought from the East and South, while today we are shipping flour to the markets of the world. The same applies to cereal foods, to iron and steel work, and to the one hundred and one odds and ends which in one way or another form the industrial and commercial fabric of the country's life.

It is in the dawn of the industrial awakening of a country that the greatest fortunes are made, and nowhere is greater progress apparent than in the manufacture of household staples—products which are in everyday demand. The world has witnessed the growth of many fortunes founded in small beginnings in the manufacturing business—fortunes which have grown with the development of the country, and more than kept pace with its progress.

Among these might be mentioned the manufacture of Soap. Pears', Ivory,

and Sunlight, have become household words throughout the Anglo-Saxon world. The manufacturers of practically all well-known brands of soap have built immense fortunes.

If a soap is put upon the market which is superior even to a small extent to the other soaps which have hitherto found favor in the homes of the people, that soap will at once begin to have an enormous sale. Soap is such a staple article—such a common every-day necessity—that a vast amount is used every year, and once a brand becomes established in the homes of the people, the annual consumption is very great indeed. How great this consumption is may be gleaned from the fact that over a million dollars' worth of soaps and washing compounds are used in the province of B. C. every year.

It is with a full knowledge of these facts that a number of prominent business men of the city of Vancouver have associated themselves together for the purpose of enlarging and extending the business of an already successful organization—the Western Soap Co., now manufacturing Lighthouse Soap in the city of Vancouver. The factory has a capacity of thirty to forty cases per day, and as it is impossible to keep pace with the demand with a factory of this size, it is proposed upon the present grounds to erect a new and thoroughly modern factory, three stories high, and having a floor space of 15,000 feet, a thoroughly up-to-date plant in every respect, equipped with modern power machinery, operating upon the gravity system, and so arranged that great economy in the handling of the product will be assured.

Lighthouse Soap has been in the market for some little time, and "Lighthouse Soap for light housework," as the slogan reads, has been a favourite with the women of the west wherever introduced, and although only placed upon the market last spring, the present demand is equivalent to 100 cases per day. Lighthouse Soap is a new soap, made by a process entirely different from other soaps, and it does its work more thoroughly and with a greater saving of labour to the housekeeper. It is a vegetable soap, the basis being the finest im-

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ported coconut oil, a product which is used only in the manufacture of toilet soaps by most other manufacturers. It is pure white in colour, contains no resin or injurious chemicals as does much of the laundry soap of today, and as its colour is indicative of its purity, and as its name is one to conjure with in the markets of the world, Lighthouse Soap is coming to be known as the aristocrat of laundry soaps; it is winning its way more readily in the market than any other soap so far manufactured in Western Canada.

In view of the high cost of the materials used in the manufacture of this soap, it might be readily asked how the company can afford to manufacture and sell it at the same price as ordinary soaps and yet make a profit. It is due entirely to the secret process of manufacture and to the labour-saving methods which can be applied to its production.

In the ordinary way soap requires from five to nine days. By the new process—a discovery of the company's chemist—complete saponification takes

place in one and a half hours. This process of manufacture is not known to any other manufacturer of soap in the country, and it is the only method known in the world by which good soap can be made by this time-saving process. It will be readily seen that the great saving in factory expenses caused by this saving of time will enable the company to make larger profits on the investment than could otherwise be obtained.

It was to prove in a practical way the success of this demonstrated theory that the Western Soap Co. was established a few months ago—to manufacture by the new process Lighthouse Soap for light housework. So great has been the demand for this product that the present factory is inadequate for its purpose, and new equipment must be provided. For this purpose a company has been incorporated with a capital of \$250,000.00, divided into 250,000 shares of \$1.00 each, of which 100,000 shares are now offered to the public at par, and it is offered with every confidence that the enterprise will prove to be one of the most success-

ful business propositions ever organized in Western Canada.

### A NEW ORE KING

Do you know that Rockefeller, reputed to be the richest man on earth, has a young rival springing up? Reference is made to a man named Doheney of Los Angeles, California. Doheney is little, round-faced and sprightly, about 48 years of age, ruddy of complexion, with hair suggesting just a trace of sandy-colour, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, full of the fire and nervous force characteristic of the Scotch and Irish race of which he is a son.

Ten years ago Doheney was broke. As they say, colloquially, hadn't a bean. He had just come from Arizona and New Mexico where he had been prospecting for gold. Prior to that he was roaming the plains of Lower Arkansas, Indian Territory, and Northern Texas, trapping wolves and coyotes for their skins.

For a good many years Doheney had for a partner a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, named Kiowa Ahaka. The two used to trap together and Mr. Doheney refers to those days, even now, as the happiest of his career.

"Those certainly were the happy days," said Doheney, in Los Angeles recently.

This Rockefeller, Jr., as it were, was seated at a big mahogany desk in his office, Security Building, opposite the Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles, where

clerks, book-keepers, secretaries and helpers swarmed about him like ants into a hill, all leaning on their chief for direction.

Next door there were men representing probably one hundred million, who had gathered for a board meeting. All were waiting for Doheney. The meeting was called for three and it was then three-fifteen when Doheney was speaking.

"Oh, let them wait a while," said Doheney, impatiently as the secretary, Mr. Bennett, informed him that the gentlemen were awaiting.

"Doheney had gone back into the archives of his memory and the picture of his old pal, the Indian trapper, seemed to loom in life-like form before his eyes.

"Yes, those were the happy days. I shall remember them to my dying hour. I first went in to the Indian Territory with a surveying party, then staking out government land. I had left my home in Wisconsin, intending to make my own way in the world, and I had not been long in the western country till I saw there was money in trapping wolves and coyotes for their skins and selling them to the Trading Companies—more money than in working for the government on a per diem basis.

"The land swarmed with Indians at the time and the more progressive of the type seemed to be making a good living. So I put my checks in with theirs, as it were. I formed a partnership with Kiowa Ahaka and we started out

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together. By trapping game I do not mean we did so literally. What we were after was the skins. At nightfall we would get a bone from the carcass of a cow, horse or dog, poison it with arsenic and lay it out on the plains, so, when the coyote or wolf came along hungry he would eat the bone. The poison, burning their insides, they took off on a dead run for water. Usually we trapped in the fall and winter when the snow was on the ground and we could, therefore, trace the game. Sometimes it would reach the water and we would find the carcass, stiff and prone on the water-bank. But more often the wolves and coyotes would drop in their tracks before reaching the watering place.

"It is a rule of the country that all game belongs to the man from whose bone it has eaten. No matter how near another man's bone may be to the carcass, the skin belongs to the man whose bone the game's tracks show it has gnawed from first.

"For wolf skins we used to get \$2.50, as they were scarce. One day my Indian partner and myself were out exploring what success had the night before brought. Within about four hundred feet of my bait was a big silver-skin wolf, struggling in the last throes of death.

"'Skin mine,' said the Indian.

"'Mine,' said I.

"There was a dispute. Words followed—some angry.

"Neither of us had too much money and the matter of \$2.50 was some.

"The Indian thought he was right.

"I thought I was right.

"There was room for doubt on both sides.

"We quarrelled, dissolved partnership and I came on to Arizona and New Mexico and began prospecting for gold."

This was more than Doheny talked for publication ever before or since. He is a quiet, taciturn, little man and not given to braggadocio. After leaving

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Arizona he came into Southern California and went into the oil business with Mr. Canfield, who was then one of the pioneers of the industry. Canfield is easily worth \$10,000,000, and is apt to be worth \$25,000,000 before he dies.

If Doheny were to sell out today he would probably be able to realize \$50,000,000. He is head of the American Petroleum Company, the Mexican Petroleum Company, the Mexican Powder and Gas Co., and half a dozen other concerns and owns some of the best oil property in California. The Canadian Pacific Oil Company of British Columbia, Ltd., a western organization, of which Andrew Gray of Victoria is vice-president, Thomas Arnot Ker, a director, Mr. Frank Tuhten, president of the Royal Loan & Trust Co., president., George E. Macdonald, of Macdonald, Marpole & Co., of Vancouver, director, and Hugh E. Springer, Vancouver, Secretary and Treasurer, owns land in California near Doheny's property, and it looks like the men interested in this corporation are themselves on their way to make millions.





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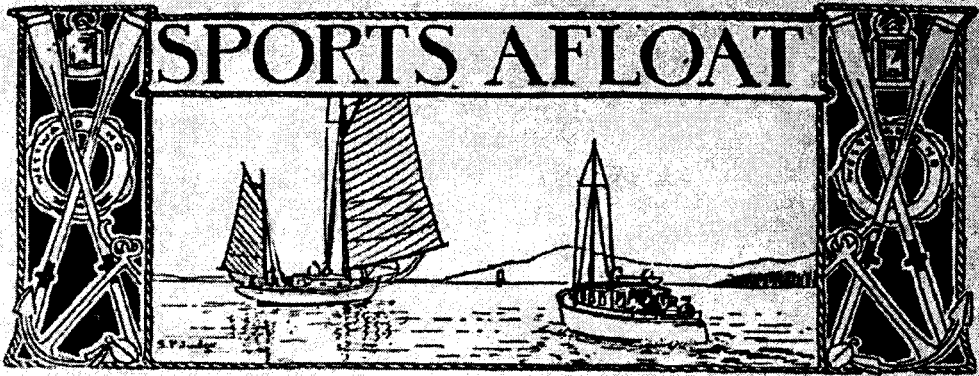
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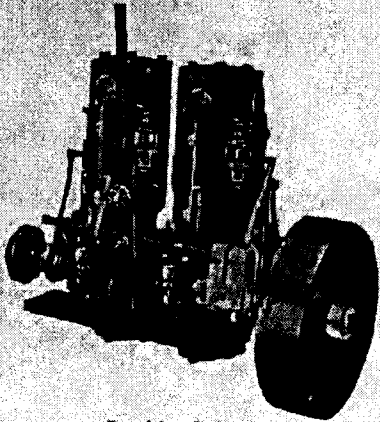
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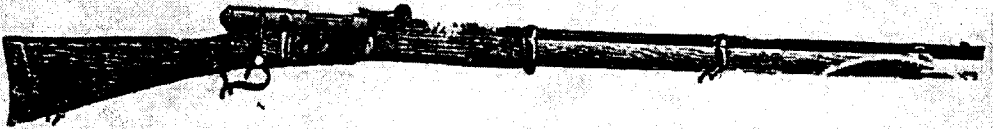
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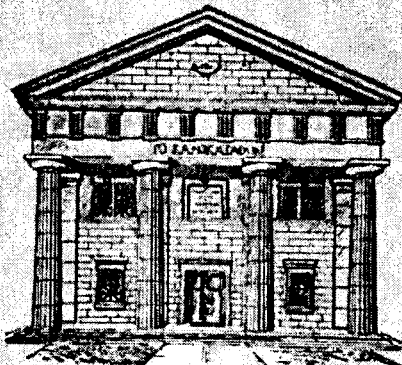
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**Literature and Expression**

English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Singing, Interpretation and Dramatic Art.

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Beginning with the January issue, Westward Ho! will commence a series of articles on the educational advantages afforded by the Private Schools and Colleges in Canada.

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Insurances issued . . . . .	8,690,944.00
Net Premium Income . . . . .	2,119,583.57
Total Income . . . . .	2,577,890.18
Payments to beneficiaries and policyholders . . . . .	963,047.22
Addition to Reserve for protection of policyholders . . . . .	1,170,882.00

### THE Manufacturers Life Insurance Company

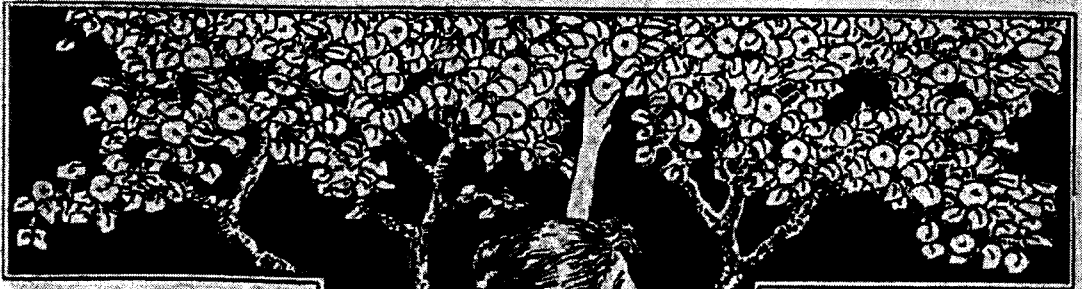
Major W. B. Barwis - District Mgr.  
H. D'A. Birmingham - - - Cashier  
Molson's Bank Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.

## Live Stock Insurance

The following is a list of losses paid by the British-American Live Stock Association, Limited, of Vancouver, B.C., in October, 1909:—

M. G. Connally, V.S., Vegreville, Alta.,	\$ 700.00
Geo. Silzer, Balgonie, Sask.,	100.00
N. G. Foster, Vancouver, B.C.,	100.00
Janse Bros., Stettler, Alta.,	125.00
Allister Pryce, Wawota, Sask.,	100.00
Jno. E. & Wm. W. Jones, Granum, Alta.,	1,000.00
C. W. McGillivray, Vancouver, B.C.,	500.00
W. L. Thompson, Esq., Spring Coulee, Alta.,	1,000.00
Karl Leibel, Pilot Butte, Sask.,	150.00
Y. Onagi, Vancouver, B.C.,	266.00
Joseph Thompson, Chilliwack, B.C.,	15.00
E. C. Eyke, Moosomin, Sask.,	100.00
Lynn Valley Lumber Co., Lynn Creek, B. C.,	250.00
John Butenschein, Fillmore, Sask.,	100.00
D. D. Roney, Swift Current, Sask.,	120.00
Wm. J. Wellwood, Rouleau, Sask.,	100.00
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The Gateway to the Camps of the Portland Canal and the Bear River District

STEWART, by reason of its commanding position at the head of the Portland Canal, can never have any serious competitor as the outfitting and supply point for the camps beyond. It is on tide water, and all travel must pass through the townsite. It is magnificently situated, and as level as a billiard table. Now that the rich mining camps of the district are receiving attention at the hands of practical men with ample capital, it is a foregone conclusion that Stewart will also receive an impetus in its permanent upbuilding.

## LOTS AT TO-DAY'S PRICES WILL PROVE A PAYING INVESTMENT

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FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS descriptive of the Gold, Silver, Lead and Copper Mines, and of the Townsite, write us; also tell us if you are looking for a business opening.

# The Stewart Land Co.

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Fifth Avenue - - STEWART, B.C.



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and buy a copy of the  
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The  
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It is going to be an extra  
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If you have a number of  
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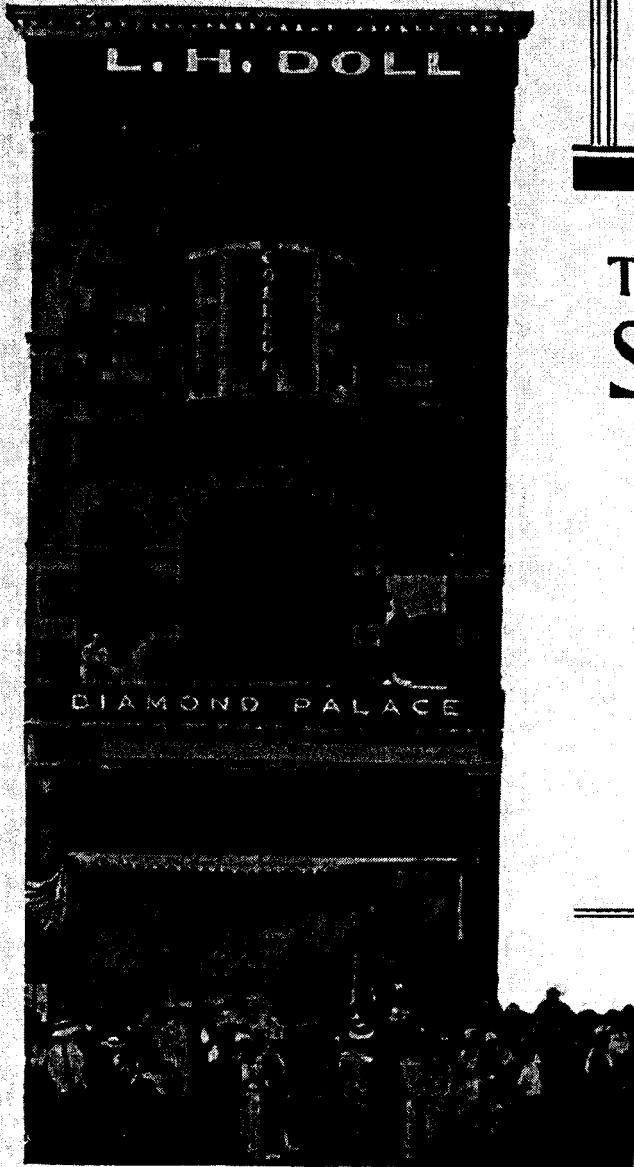
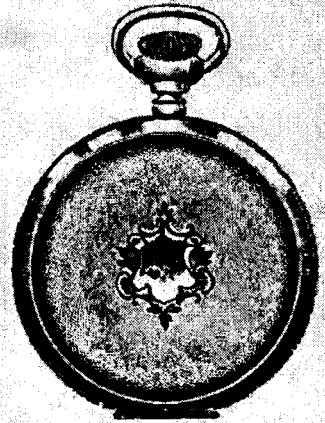
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Land 400 or 500 miles from Vancouver in the Kootenay or Okanagan Districts costs over \$300 an acre—just what we are asking for this Vancouver property. A few years ago acreage at Central Park could have been purchased at \$300 per acre. Now it is hard to secure at \$3,000.

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We are going to hold the balance for a year or two, but to the "right-now" investor who means business there is a big profit here. And just as proof of this fact we give you this straight guarantee: To every purchaser who mentions Westward Ho! and forwards a deposit of \$30 within the next thirty days, we give this guarantee:—

If you examine this property any time within one year, accompanied by one of our representatives, and are for any reason dissatisfied, we will give you your money back, together with 7 per cent. interest.

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**Lynn Park Gardens**





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Our numerous markets will be amply stocked with prime stall-fed beef and milk-fed **TURKEY, DUCK, GEESE and CHICKEN** superior to anything heretofore imported in the West.

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