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The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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THE
Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Wise Man's
 Four Wishes

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 Money—when I'm 'broke,'
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PUBLISHERS' TALK

WE believe that athletics and sports have a definite place in the life of every nation and that an illustrated national weekly such as the Canadian Courier should devote some attention to them. It will always be our purpose to encourage clean, high-class sport—not the kind which is based on the principle of "any method to win." Mr. Good, who is writing our special articles, is known as the best-informed Canadian on athletics and sports, past and present. Polo will be the subject of his next article.

THIS week's cover is by a new artist, a resident of London, Ontario. Like all the other artists who contribute covers to this journal, he is a Canadian. The quality of Mr. Nicolet's work speaks for itself.

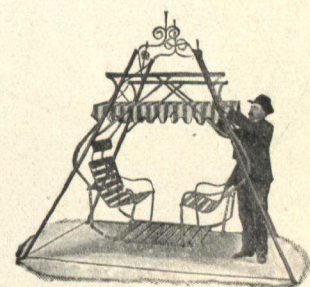
DURING the summer months, many people will be going on holidays. We hope they will all send us a change of address so that their favourite paper will reach them regularly. Every change in our mailing list costs us something, but we don't mind that.

THERE are others who could earn a little pocket-money taking subscriptions in the holiday season. We would be glad to hear from them. Our Special Three-Dollar-Cash-in-Advance Offer is still open. We are not satisfied that we have got to the four dollar standard yet, although last week's issue was close.

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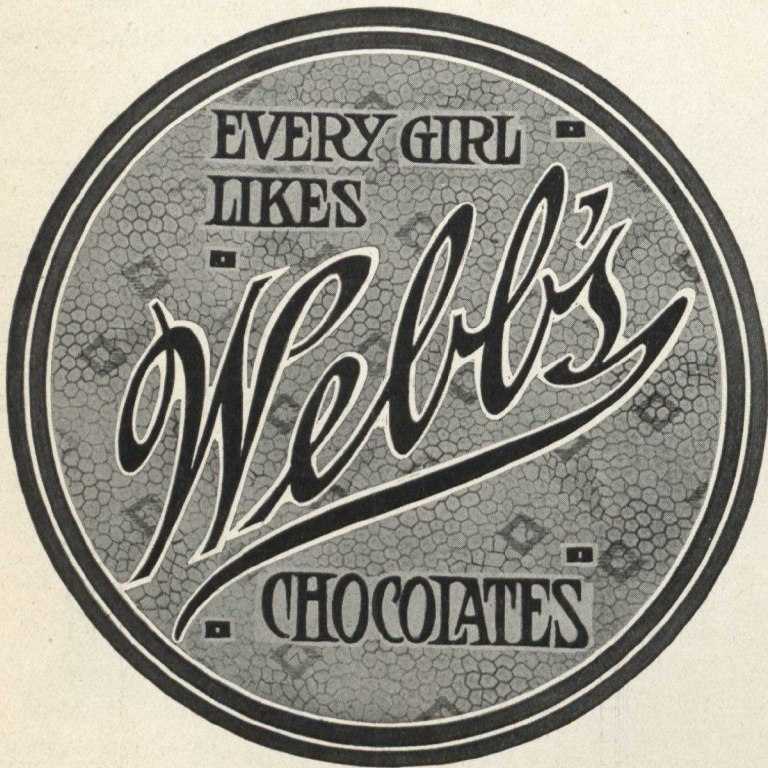
PURE OLIVE OIL

The King's Physician speaking to a well-known London Society lady, who had asked him "What shall I take for my complexion," replied, "Take Olive Oil—live on it, live in it, eat it, drink it, DON'T DO WITHOUT IT."

Samuel Rae & Company, (Established 1836), of Leghorn, Tuscany, Italy, are introducing their world famed Pure Olive Oil into Canada, and would like you to write for a sample bottle sent free on request by their Sole Canadian Agents, MESSRS. KYLE & HOOPER, 75 Front Street East, Toronto.

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THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

EASY.

"IT'S all right to be generous," said the big man, "that is, if you know how to be. Take me now, every time I obey the impulse to do good, I generally get the worst of it. Just the other afternoon, that cold, wet afternoon it was, as I stood waiting for a car, a little girl of about eight years of age came up to me and told me she was lost. Lost dogs and lost children always make for me, somehow. I found that the little girl lived about three miles from where we stood; luckily she knew her street and number. I told her not to cry and I would put her on a car and the 'Con' would do the rest. She said that if I'd kindly point out the way to her, she'd walk. Said she didn't have a car ticket. Think of it! That little child walking three miles through that cold rain, and her with hardly enough clothes on her to make one of you men a neck-scarf. I handed her a car ticket and do you know the dear little thing insisted, young as she was, on my giving her my address so that she might return it to me. Of course to humour her, I did it, and when I came to myself she was gone. As I stood hopefully awaiting that warm glow said to succeed a generous action, a boy came up and said his mother was dying and if I would please lend him the price of a car-fare, he would see I received her dying blessing. Incidentally he promised to return me the five cents if I would give him my address. I spoke a few words of sympathy and gave the lad ten cents. I felt pretty sure of the glow now. But just as it was beginning to tingle my veins, I saw the boy make across the street and join a little tow-headed girl. I rubbed my eyes. Yes, there was no mistaking her. It was the little girl who was lost. They passed away together down street and I stood sadly contemplating what I had done, or rather the way in which I had been done. Any man hates to think he's easy, when he knows he is and can't help being. So when a tall, red-headed fellow came up and told me a pitiful tale about his wife having been cut in two by something or another and he wanted enough money to get back to his sad fireside, I grabbed him by the neck and proceeded to clean the sidewalk with him.

"We were arrested for disorderly conduct. The judge told me I was a most inhuman being. I said I was too human and he fined me \$10 and costs."

"And the red-headed fellow?"

"Same, but I paid his fine. You see, he was the father of that little girl."

* * *

ON THE OLD CREEK.

OLD man Steel hobbled out to the drive-shed, through the early morning sunshine. "Bill, oh Bill!" he called lustily.

A jovial-faced man protruded his head from the shed door.

"Yes, daddy," he answered.

"I want you an' th' boys to take old Betsey down offin th' rafters an' calk her up. Then take her over t' th' crick an' put her in th' water. I want it done right away, d'ye hear?"

A grin spread across the face in the doorway.

"Well, of all things," chuckled Bill. "Put that old boat in the water after her hanging high and dry for nigh fifteen years. I wonder what's got into dad."

The old man limped over to the shed. "Me an' your uncle Tom are goin' fishin' to-morrow," he said.

"Uncle Tom! Why, daddy, he's in Europe, ain't he?"

The old man shoved a yellow slip of paper in his son's hand. "Read this 'ere telegram," he laughed.

Tom's grin distended as he spread out the paper and read:

"Montreal, June 14th.

"To Old Bill Steel,

"Talbotville.

"Coming home for a fish Thursday night. Have old Betsey and a can of bait ready.

"Brother Tom."

"Eh?" laughed Daddy Steel, "how's that? Now you boys get right t' work fixin' that ole boat up. I musn't forget t' get some new lines this arternoon. Say, Bill, ain't seen anything of th' spade, have you?"

Like a string of pearls on green plush, the creek lay. On either side the tall rushes swayed before the caress of soft south wind. Beyond the rushes, a fringe of great beech and maple trees stood, a high wall of dark green blending with the paler green of the marsh grass.

The whole place was pregnant with life. On the rush-tops red-winged blackbirds bent and swayed and teetered and trilled to nesting mates in the rush-clumps. A wood duck swam along a musk-rat run, her family of six downy balls in her wake. Now and again, from away across the marsh-lands, came the contented quack of nesting black and gray ducks.

Around the creek's bend there swam slowly an old, dun-coloured boat. In her stern, an old, white-haired man sat, dipping a paddle noiselessly. Another old man stood in her prow, a long bamboo fishing-pole in his hands.

Every now and again the long pole would bend and the line cut the water with a swishing sound. And when the black bass was landed safely, there would be much excited talk and laughter between the two aged men.

"Big feller, that, Bill."

"Yep. Not nigh the size of that 'un we caught in Teal Bay that time, though."

"Nope, you don't get many like that feller, I tell you, he—hello! another strike, Tom. Here, you'd best take the pole an' land this chap. My ole wrist's about whipped."

And so on, as down the old creek the two old men in an old boat passed. Twenty long years lay behind them. They were boys again; boys away back on the old playground, with Betsey, the flat-bottom boat.

THE DUET.

THE high soprano notes rang out
With penetrating tone,
A little solo first to sing
A dozen bars alone!

And soon the second voice began
A sad and plaintive song:
Pianissimo at first—and then
Crescendo all along!

Two voices next together rang
In accents clear and shrill,
And both of them *fortissimo*,
And more *crescendo* still!

Ah! none can faithfully describe,
For words would fail to tell,
What pow'r and passion came at last
In one long, thrilling yell!

Then mother rushed towards the
stair,

Her upward way to take,
And called aloud: "Where are you,
Nurse?"

The twins are both awake!"

—Constance M. Lowe.

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A National Weekly

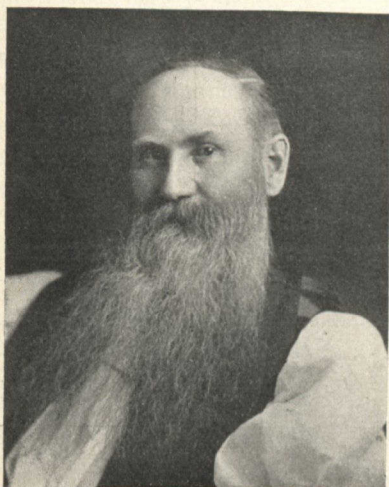
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IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

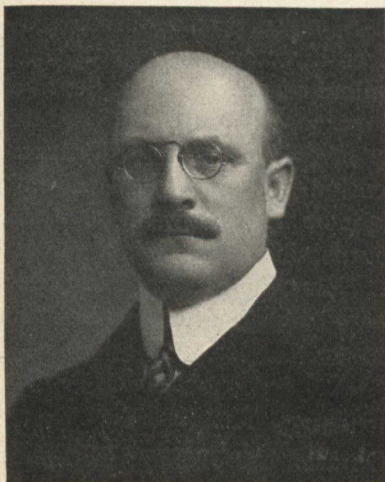


Archbishop Matheson,
Chancellor of University of Manitoba

HIS GRACE Archbishop Matheson, who is at present in Great Britain, was recently honoured by the Government of Manitoba, with the Chancellorship of the University of Manitoba. The office has been vacant since the death of Archbishop Machray, several years ago. The Reverend Samuel Pritchard Matheson is a descendant of one of the Selkirk settlers of 1812 and was born in Kildonan, Manitoba, in 1852. He has always been as much of an educationist as a cleric; he has taught in the Collegiate School and has lectured in St. John's College. He has held many offices in the Church and was chosen honorary clerical secretary of the Conference held in Winnipeg in 1890 for the union and consolidation of the Anglican Church of British North America. He was made a canon in 1882, and clerical secretary of the Synod of Rupert's Land in 1896. He was elected archbishop more recently. He is also a Provincial Past Grand Master of Freemasons. From this recital, it is evident that the new chancellor will be in a position to fulfil his office with an understanding born of full experience.

MAJOR GEORGE WASHINGTON STEPHENS, president of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners, has recently returned from a trip through Europe where he has been seeking information as to harbour management. He believes that Montreal may yet become the greatest port of entry on the Atlantic coast. This will require a considerable expenditure but the thing is possible. Liverpool has spent one hundred and twenty-five millions on its harbour, while Montreal has spent only ten millions. His report to the Minister of Marine will be published later.

Major Stephens has been prominent in the public life of Quebec for many years and has always been working for improved administration in that province. He was in the City Council for seventeen years, and for a time represented Montreal Centre in the Legislature. He was the founder of the Good Government Association in Montreal, and has been a governor of the General and other hospitals. He was originally a lawyer, but in recent years has been wholly occupied as manager of his father's estate. Montreal is to be congratulated on having a number of wealthy citizens who, like Major Stephens, have taken a broad, intelligent and active interest in everything which tends to the moral and commercial development of that great city.



Major Stephens

THE new Japanese Consul-General at Ottawa has already a wide knowledge of Canadian affairs. For nearly eight years Mr. Seizaburo Shimizu was in Vancouver representing his government. He has also seen service in Hong Kong, Honolulu and Chicago; and it was from the latter city that he came again to Canada. He has been in the Japanese consular service most of the time since he passed the civil service examination of Japan in 1890, although he has spent a couple of years in the Foreign Office at Tokio.

Mr. Shimizu's record has been a brilliant one, and Canada may look

confidently to him to preserve the pleasant relations which have always existed between this country and Japan.

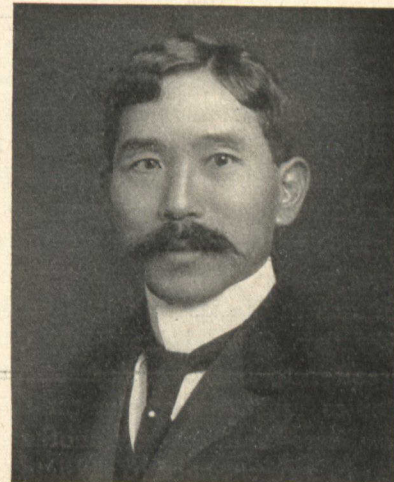
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HON. A. G. MACKAY contains more smiles to the minute than any other leader the Ontario Legislature ever had. He is the antipodes of Premier Whitney who smiles only when he is asleep. Mr. MacKay's smile is not mere good-humour; it is the expression of a lot of easy energy and force. On the benches he used to be called the "applauder-in-chief." Only a few months ago Mr. MacKay was touring the province as the new leader in succession to the Hon. G. P. Graham. Now he is out against Hon. J. P. Whitney. He will need less argument than the Premier; but in spite of his mobile face and easy good-humour, Mr. MacKay is not wanting in the elements of dispute. He is a lawyer and a Scotch-Canadian; born in Grey County of the sturdy old Caithness stock that loved disputes on the Scriptures.

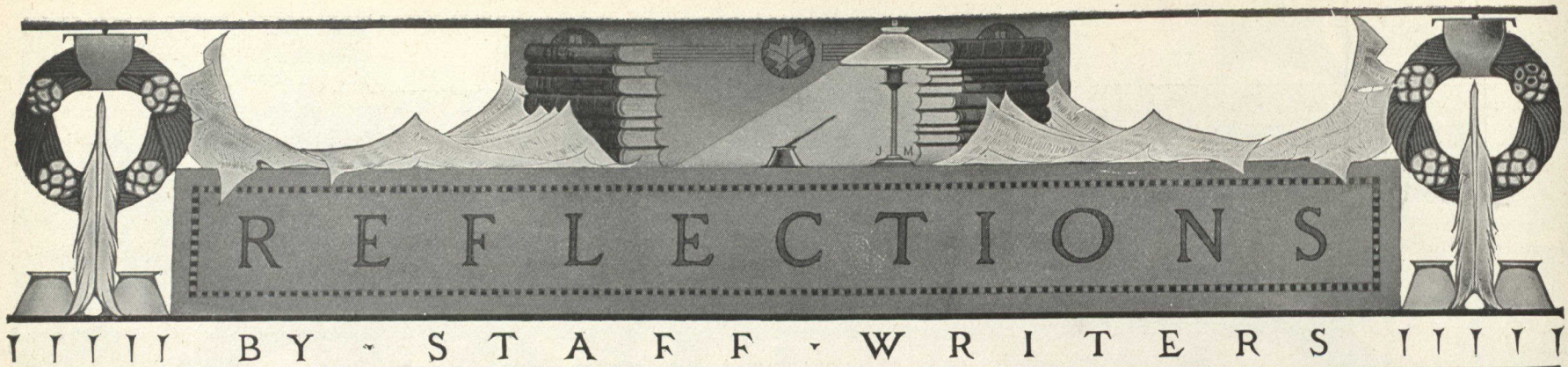
Owen Sound was the place where the Liberal leader got his early education. Like many other progressive parliamentarians and professional men, he became a school teacher. In 1883 he graduated from the University of Toronto, where he had as good a time with the boys as might be expected from one who may have had an occasional dream that one of these days he would be making a bid for the premiership of the first province in the Dominion. From 1883-1887 Mr. MacKay had his first term of leadership as principal of an Ontario High School, after which he entered law and in 1901 became County Crown Attorney for Grey. Four years of this and he entered politics through a bye-election in 1901, the year he succeeded in snatching North Grey, held by the Conservatives since Confederation. In the general elections in 1902 he was elected by a majority of five but was unseated; but in 1905, that cold day for the Ross Liberals and the birthday of Bobbie Burns, who came within an ace of being a Highlander also, Mr. MacKay got his majority up to 272. The rest is recent history. Few men have risen more rapidly in public office and popular esteem. Mr. MacKay owes a good deal of his success in both legal and parliamentary life as well as in mercantile connections, of which he has many, to the fact that he was a farmer's son. Politically he fell upon evil days in the dying moments of the Ross regime; but of all the thin red line that rallied after the smoke had cleared away from January 25th, 1905, A. G. MacKay was the most cheerful and optimistic. He is a magnetic sort of man who refuses to take politics all the time seriously. Whatever reduction may be made in the Whitney majority in the forthcoming election, much will be due to the personality of Mr. MacKay.



Hon. A. G. MacKay.



Japanese Consul-General Shimizu



THE EVE OF A GREAT BATTLE

CANADA is on the eve of one of the greatest political battles which we have ever seen. The events of the past few weeks have brought the battle closer—how close no one seems able to say. For twelve years the Liberals, under the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, have ruled at Ottawa and for eleven of that twelve years the Opposition has been weak and at times dispirited. During the past twelve months there has been a change. Rightly or wrongly, the Opposition have made up their minds that the next general election will be their opportunity. About a year ago they began to organise. In the House, they formed themselves into a number of committees, one for each department of government, and one for each great point of discussion. They instituted a systematic and persistent campaign against the Government in the House and outside. Events, commercial and political, have favoured them in a remarkable way and to-day they are almost haughty in their views as to the outcome of the great battle.

At the recent provincial elections in New Brunswick, a Liberal government was defeated and a Conservative government installed. On June 8th, there will be two other provincial elections. In Quebec, a Liberal government is going back for re-election. At the previous campaign in that province, the government of the day sprang a surprise on the Conservative Opposition and as a consequence there were only one or two Conservative candidates. Only seven of those elected were not direct supporters of the government. On this occasion, the Conservatives have been given a better opportunity and while Premier Gouin will be sustained, the Opposition will be considerably strengthened. No other result is to be anticipated. In Ontario, Premier Whitney's forces are in spirited fighting trim and his majority will not be dangerously impaired. The point in this recital is that anything which has occurred or is likely to occur in the provincial campaigns is in favour of the Conservative Opposition at Ottawa.

On the other hand, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the most experienced and most successful political leader that Canada has had since the death of Sir John A. Macdonald. His intellectual vigour has been well maintained in spite of his advancing years. He has a splendid fighting force behind him, though some of his former lieutenants have been gazetted out of the service and others have grown grey and rheumatic. It is not to be supposed that he will be much less brilliant than he has always been, or that he will allow his opponents full choice of weapons and position.

The battle will not be an unequal one. The advantages and disadvantages are fairly well balanced. The result will mainly rest upon whether or not the people think it is time for a change. This is almost the only point which the sluggish body politic ever seriously considers.

JUDGE LONGLEY AND INDEPENDENCE

FROM newspaper comment on the Canadian Club banquet in New York, one would conclude that His Honour, Judge Longley, formerly Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, had made a strong argument for Canadian independence. His remark was merely incidental to his main argument that Canada would never seek political union with the United States. He said that he thought the destiny of Canada was to be "an independent nation in alliance with the Empire." There is nothing so very startling in that. Canada is yearly coming closer to that position. Every move we have made in our Imperial relations in the last hundred years has tended in that direction. The other day, Great Britain laid down the principle that all treaties hereafter to be concluded, affecting any one of the self-governing colonies, must first receive the sanction of the colony whose interests are affected. Is this not another step in this direction?

In a recent speech, at Pictou Nova Scotia if we are not mistaken, Judge Longley went much farther and advocated independence for the Dominion. Yet nobody need take His Honour too seriously. He

has never shown himself a prominent leader, politically or socially. His views on a number of questions have always been exceptional. His attitude towards the larger public questions has been mainly academic, and his political career non-constructive. He represents no body of public opinion.

Yet it may be that Judge Longley, in the main, is more nearly right than some of those who shout imperialism from the house-tops. The French-Canadians are thoroughly opposed to any sort of legislative or administrative union with Great Britain, beyond what at present exists. So long as this element in our national life possesses influence—and that means another century at least—our tendency will be to acquire more and more of independence. It will, however, be an independence within the Empire, not without. In this Judge Longley and Ambassador Bryce are apparently in agreement. In this, both French and English Canadians are practically in agreement. Why, then, should we get excited if Judge Longley or any person else arises and says that the growing national spirit tends to make us an independent nation within the Empire or in alliance with the Empire? Are we so provincial that we are to be frightened by a particular word? Even Mr. Kipling noticed that tendency when he wrote:

A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne:
"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own."

THE COMMUNITY AND THE BOY

LAST week, Judge Piche of Montreal was called upon to try a boy for theft, the complainant being the boy's mother. It developed that the child had been sent to school before he was four years old and had a bad school record. The judge lectured the mother for sending him to school to get rid of him and for not taking proper care of him. He called the boy out of the witness box and asked him to promise to go home, behave properly and learn a trade on condition of being given another chance. The boy promised and the judge dismissed him. That judge has sense.

The problem of the boy we have with us always. The parents do not always take as much care of him as they should. When he goes to school, the teacher with her class of fifty or sixty pupils to look after is able to give him scant attention. Playgrounds are not numerous and no one seems to care what becomes of him. He runs wild, goes wrong morally, is neglected physically and too often turns out badly. Our system of education does not provide any remedy where the home training fails.

There is no easy solution of the problem. Yet it is one which every large city must face. In the village and township, children are not herded together so closely, and plenty of air and close contact with nature make life fairly wholesome. The boy raised in the fields has a better chance than the boy raised on a paved street. More playgrounds for the city boys and experienced directors of physical training and games are a necessity if the criminal classes are to be deprived of recruits. Open-air schools and excursions to parks and country might also be made a part of every city school programme. Teachers should be directed to give more attention to moral and physical development. To this end, classes might be taken in rotation to the city parks and open portions of the suburbs where the children would get fresh air and a glimpse of nature. Something along this line is being attempted in London and other large English cities and a similar system might be worked here to advantage.

THE MORBID MINORITY

SHERIFF CAMERON of London, Ontario, has displayed firmness and discretion in refusing to allow the slayer of Lloyd to be placed "on exhibition." Those who are well acquainted with the

county town of Middlesex cannot believe that any class of its inhabitants, save a morbid minority, is desirous of staring at the unfortunate and erring young man who has taken the life of another. However sorry all right-thinking citizens must feel over the deplorable tragedy, it would be a maudlin policy which would encourage idle and unhealthy curiosity regarding the captured Moir. By what freak of degenerate fancy certain women become passionately sympathetic over the offender in a murder case one can hardly understand. Yet the sheriff at London declares that a young girl of seventeen was eager to see a "real live murderer," while another feminine fool sent a bouquet of roses to the imprisoned man. Let us hope that this is merely a passing wave of hysteria which will leave all London citizens in a sane and sober frame of mind. Women who send flowers and fruit to criminals and wax sentimental over their plight are a menace to the general good. Such characters are not to be found among those who are quietly and sincerely ministering to the needy and the suffering. A woman who would lavish roses on the offender in such a case is quite incapable of feeding the hungry or helping the prosaic poor who live around the corner. True mercy is neither sensational nor hysterical. It shuns the limelight and seeks to blend with justice in a fashion far removed from the methods of the maiden who regards crime as cheap vaudeville.

THE MIDDLEMAN

MIDDLEMEN on the patronage list have been condemned by the Dominion Senate. In this country, a man who can go to a government and sell something at \$10 which is worth \$5 is supposed to be clever. To a greater or less extent, the practice is prevalent at Ottawa and all provincial capitals. It is not a question of Liberal or Conservative; it is a question of moral consciousness on the part of the general public.

There are some things we do better than our fathers did. We treat women better, we abhor slavery, we treat criminals as if they were human beings, but we do not demand nor expect government money to be spent to the best advantage. The member of parliament or the cabinet minister is expected to remember his friends and to forget his oath of office. Patronage is considered to be the legitimate reward of the party in office. Government appointments and contracts are awarded everywhere on the basis of party service. In this way, the people are badly served, money is wasted and immoral practices are countenanced.

The Senate is right. Middlemen should be abolished. The patronage list should go. Every cabinet minister should be as careful of his expenditures of public money as an official guardian or a trustee. This reform cannot come from above; it must originate below. The voter must demand it. Civil Service Reform will do something, but not all. The public must set up a new standard for public life and demand that every representative shall live up to it. The feeling that to the victor belong the spoils must be eradicated from the public mind before party representatives in legislatures or parliaments can be expected to abandon it.

WHITE COAL AND BLACK

THAT popular term "white coal" seems to have had its origin in Switzerland and France when the people began to recognise the value of the glaciers. In Ontario people speak of "the white coal of Niagara," meaning thereby the electricity which is developed from the water-powers at the Falls. This is a use of the term which is misleading. In Southern Italy, this hydro-electric energy is also called *carbone bianco*, although there are no glaciers there either. The phrase was first used, apparently, about 1900 in France, when the French government and people were investigating the hydro-electric possibilities of the Alps. A body was formed for this purpose and was known as the *Congress de la Houille Blanche*, and its two-volume report is the earliest exhaustive report on this form of energy. In Canada, the only place where the term really applies would be in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, for example, at Calgary.

Nevertheless, the term "white coal" being more picturesque than "hydro-electric energy" is likely to remain in general use in many districts where there are no glaciers. In Ontario, as in Switzerland and Southern France, where there is no supply of black coal, people are looking more and more to the white coal to supply them with the light and power which is necessary to industrial and commercial development.

America is really far behind Europe in its white coal development. As early as 1894, the city of Lyons in France began the

development of hydro-electric energy for its silk and other manufacturing establishments. About 14,000 horse-power is now generated on the Rhone and Lyons is enabled to produce about one hundred million dollars' worth of manufactures annually. Good steam-coal can be procured there at about \$4.25 a ton, yet the electric energy proves even cheaper. Motor-power sells at \$34 per horse-power on a twelve-hour basis and \$45 on a twenty-four hour basis. Smaller quantities cost about eleven cents per kilowatt hour. Lighting on the meter system runs from 13 to 16 cents.

Geneva has one of the few municipally-owned plants in Europe and gets its power at low rates. For example, a sixteen candle-power lamp, continuous service, costs \$4 per year, while motor-power costs \$32 to \$43 on a ten-hour basis, and from \$41 to \$56 on a twenty-four hour basis. There are many other plants in Switzerland, most of them small and mostly owned by private companies. They are most important in that country which is absolutely without coal and has only small quantities of wood.

Ontario has gone farther than any other province of Canada in attempting to develop hydro-electric energy on an extensive scale. The Hydro-Electric Commission, which is really a department of the provincial government, has been at work for three years and has published a great deal of information. It has drawn up a scheme for the transmission of power from Niagara Falls through the whole of the south-western portion of the province over a government-owned system of trunk lines. It has also published much information, compiled by experts, as to the hydro-electric possibilities of the water-powers in the other portions of the province. Great interest in its work has been taken by manufacturers and wage-earners, each class realising that much of Ontario's supremacy in the industrial world depends upon the cheap and efficient development and distribution of this form of energy.

The other provinces will ultimately follow Ontario's example and constitute a department for the investigation of this important subject. Nova Scotia is perhaps in least need of white coal, since its supply of black coal is most accessible and seemingly inexhaustible; yet even there there is talk of utilising the wonderful tides of Fundy for industrial purposes. It is too early to estimate what effect hydro-electric energy is to have upon national development, but it is safe to assume that no country in the world, with the possible exception of Switzerland, has greater or more numerous water-powers. If nature has not given us black coal in abundance, she has provided us with swiftly-flowing rivers in abundance. All that remains for us to do is to see that this great asset is turned to the best advantage. The subject should be given a premier position in all our technical schools and colleges. Each provincial government should see that the latest information is always available for the use of manufacturers, hydraulic and electrical engineers and the municipalities whose future depends upon cheap and abundant light and power.

THE MILITIA AND QUEBEC

LAST week it was pointed out in these columns that the Headquarters plans for the mobilisation at Quebec were weak and required revision. That revision has already been announced. The Minister of Militia has announced in the House that the training camps will be held as usual this year. This means that all the rural corps that expected to have a gala time in Quebec and an opportunity to see H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on his sixth visit to Canada will be disappointed. They are to have no such inspiring outing. It is rather unfortunate that so much hope should have been raised until the possibilities of realisation had been adequately considered.

As to the city corps, no definite announcement has been made at the time of writing. Undoubtedly some of these will go. The great mobilisation scheme has been abandoned and a smaller one will be substituted. As intimated last week, the first scheme was too ambitious, unless the Government were prepared to spend a very large sum of money upon the experiment. A smaller scheme may be equally efficacious in its experiences and will certainly be much less expensive.

With the celebration less than two months away, the details of the military part of it are thus entirely undecided. If the other features of this once-promising event are not more successfully handled, it may be found necessary to ask the Prince to invent some excuse for staying at home this year. Such a result would, however, be an ignominious ending to a plan which meant much for Canada's pride and reputation. Let us sincerely hope that no such exhibition of our national inefficiency shall be rendered possible or necessary.

Through a Monocle

I WONDER how many people will be kept away from the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec because they fear either that they will not be able to get accommodation at all or that they will be charged fancy prices for what they do get? I know of several of my own friends who would like to go, and who would commence at once to make their arrangements to go, if they were quite sure of being as well treated during that crowded week as they could be a week later or earlier. But everyone remembers that Quebec, though a picturesque and lovely city, is not a large one; and that its hotel accommodation does not much exceed the requirements of ordinary summer travel. What, then, is it going to do with the thousands who are expected for the Tercentenary? Already the wealthy who will attend in any case, knowing that the Prince of Wales is to be present and that fashion and distinction will go down to meet him, have arranged for rooms at the good hotels; but how much space is there likely to be left for the rest of us who would go if we could afford it, but who can afford—socially—to stay away?

* * *

THE display will be well worth some sacrifice to see. The Prince will come accompanied by quite a sizable fleet; and there will be French and American warships into the bargain. Canadians will seldom get such a chance to see the grim "sea-dogs" of war or to hear the thunder of their guns. Then the pageant in preparation is said to be something particularly fine. It ought to be spectacular, for it has about as striking a stretch of human history to work upon as this planet offers. There will all the mystery of discovery, all the inspiration of a first landing on the shores of a new continent, all the romance of Indian war, all the lure of exploration, all the magnificence of the representatives of the French court of three centuries ago, all the devotion of the religious life of an unskeptical age, all the thrill of the great drama of war. It will picture the stirring century and a half of our history which has far more of action and colour in it than the grayer and more peaceful century and a half which followed.

* * *

BUT what is the use of all this if the pilgrim must live out of a cracker-box and sleep on the cool pavement of the Terrace? Personal discomfort will spoil the finest spectacle that was ever put on the most majestic stage in the world. A draught in the back of the neck will make the man in the back seat of a theatre forget that Shakespeare is being played on the boards. Now it may be that Quebec is good and ready to entertain every one who will go to visit it during this period of festival; but, if so, the people of Canada do not know it. The facts have not been advertised. One enterprising railway man has certainly done his part by freely advertising a tent scheme on the

Plains of Abraham which sounds attractive if the weather is good and if the crowd is the right sort and if— But why look the only gift horse in the dental cavity? Still this is only one scheme and the greedy public would like a choice.

* * *

THE trip to Quebec is a delightful one. Nor should it be expensive. Thousands of Canadians would probably decide to take their holiday jaunt down in that direction, dropping off at the Citadel City for its celebration, if they could be assured early in the season that they would get comfortable and not too expensive accommodation. It really rests with the people of Quebec City and any others who propose to assist in catering to the public on that occasion, to decide how large a crowd the celebration will have. But every week which passes without an announcement of what will be done in this way, finally decides some hundreds to abandon the attractive idea of taking this run down to the Lower St. Lawrence. It is a pity, too, for a representation of all Canada ought to be there. We have far too few national celebrations which bring us together as a people, and which direct our attention to our really glorious past. Too many of us believe that Canadian history began with the birth of Sir John Macdonald.

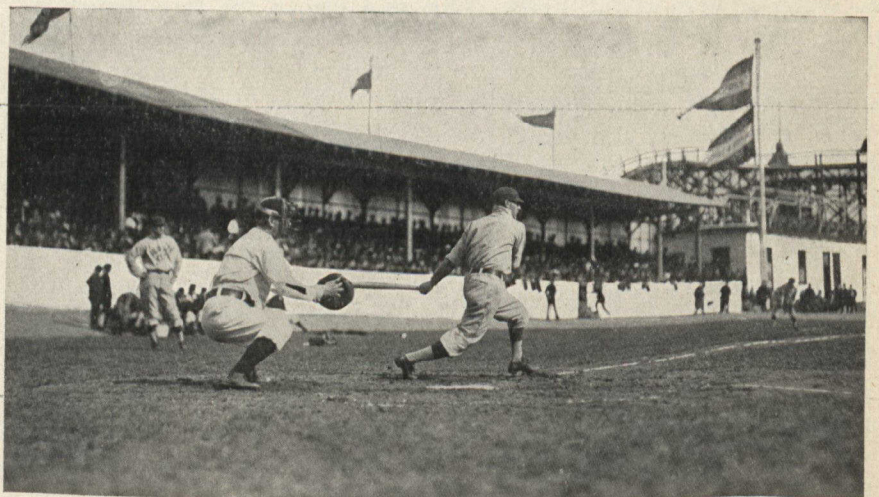
* * *

BUT it didn't—not by a very considerable majority. We now whirl in cushioned comfort along the shores of rivers up which anxious pioneers once pressed with their eyes searching the banks for the feather of the lurking Indian and their hearts steeled against the swift hiss of the arrow. Gray old Kingston seems to us to be one of the settled pillars of the world—an ancient city—but it was once Fort Frontenac where that intrepid explorer founded a trading post to meet the Iroquois. Men had died for Canada before a white man's foot ever pressed the soil on which Toronto now stands; and there was a time when the post at Montreal was our western frontier. The hardships of the United Empire Loyalists read to us now like a bad dream of the past—like a mediaeval legend—when we see the fat prosperity which lies over all the lands where they experienced their "hungry year"; and yet these sufferings came nearly two hundred years after Champlain had given his life in an endeavour to establish a permanent settlement in the Canada that he knew. It will pay us to look back into our splendid history in the light of this promised celebration at Quebec, whether we on that occasion visit the most European city on this continent or only read of the rejoicings in the papers.

Ni Importe



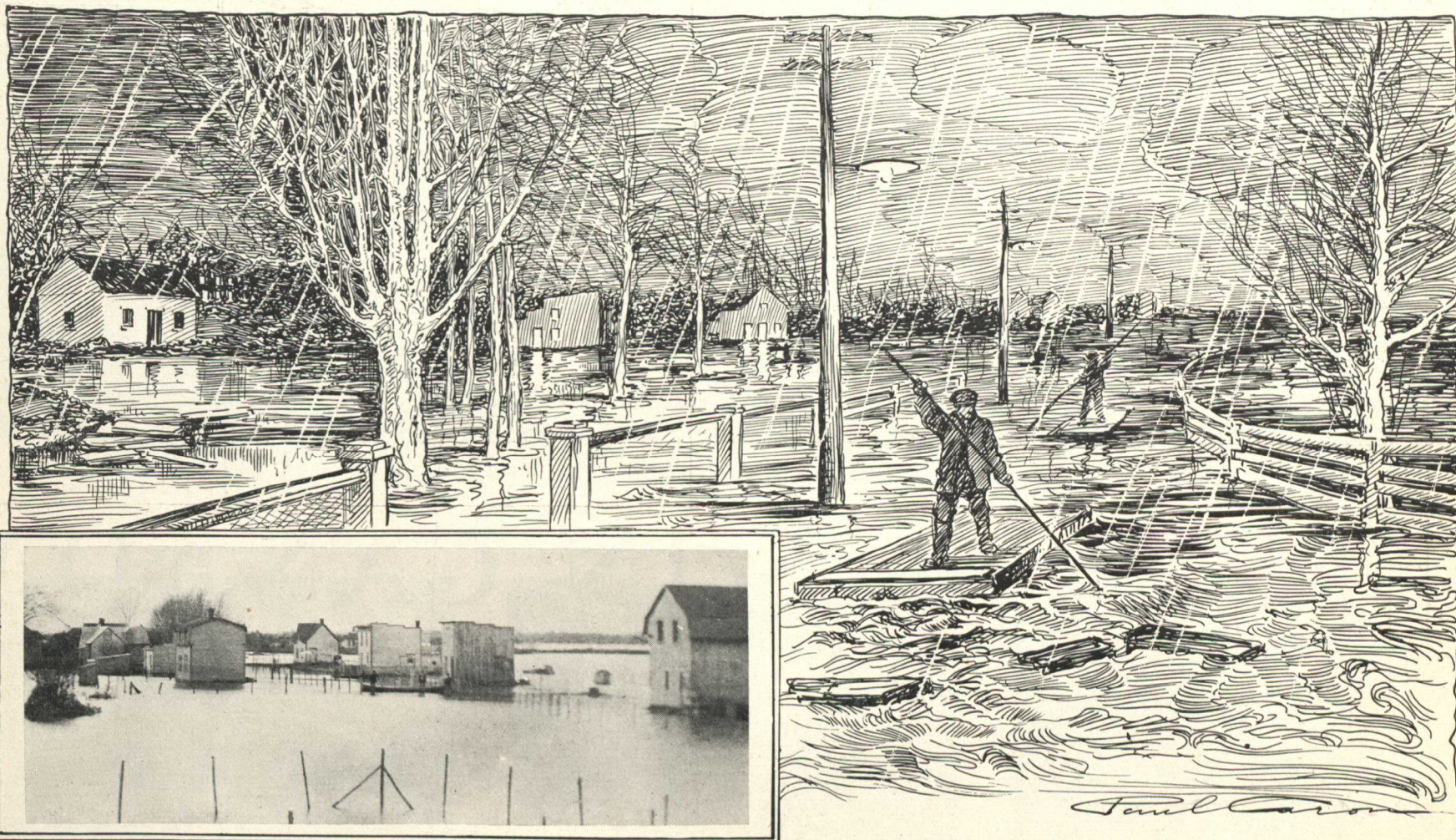
Inspector Hughes at the Bat and Hon. J. J. Foy as Catcher.



First Hit on the New Grounds at the Island.

THE OPENING OF THE BASEBALL SEASON—IN TORONTO

WHEN THE RAINS DESCENDED



Rain and Flood in the Valley of the Lower St. Lawrence.

Drawing by Paul Caron—By kindness *La Presse*, Montreal.

SIX IN THE SMOKER

How the Man from Montreal and Five Others Talked about the Times

THE Chicago express had left Minneapolis a good half-hour when the half-dozen occupants of the smoker began to take notice of their surroundings.

"Been travelling much this month?" said a Philadelphia traveller to a man who was endeavouring to make himself as comfortable as his six feet of healthy humanity would allow.

"Only three thousand miles in the last three weeks," was the reply.

"You *have* been about some. What d'you think of the next president?"

"Don't know. You see, I'm a Canadian—from Montreal."

Three of the five set up a trio of "so'm I," and it was discovered that four out of the six were natives of the country which holds first mortgage on the Twentieth Century. Having settled the matter of next tenant of the White House to their satisfaction and to the enlightenment of the Man from Montreal, the financial situation came up for revision.

"You seem to have been around the country lately, more than the rest of us," said the Philadelphia traveller to the Montrealer, "what is doing?"

"Well, I think I have listened to business men in nine states and three provinces since I left home and the talk has been of good crops and money to spend. You can't keep your ears open as you pass through Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Dakota, to say nothing of New York, Pennsylvania, Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba, without learning something about the 'times'. In the first place, people are travelling—and travelling means more than a necessity. I have met all professions during the last month—politicians, farmers, manufacturers and travelling men—and they are all hopeful of the financial situation."

"Light manufactures," interpolated a traveller from Boston, "are about as good as ever; heavy goods, the public are shy about."

"And luxuries," added a man who represented a large jewellery firm. "People are not investing in tiaras or ropes of pearls but the lighter trade is as firm as it was a year ago."

"You must remember," said the Philadelphian to the Man from Montreal, "that the citizens of the United States have been carefully hoarding their money since early last fall. They got a good scare and they've avoided spending their money lately—but they've got it all right. Now that the sun is shining once more they'll soon be induced to come out and spend it."

"Speaking of iron ore," said a man from Minneapolis, though no one had been mentioning the subject, "I have it on the best authority that the shipments of iron ore from the Masabi Range are expected to reach between sixty and seventy per cent. of last year's in spite of nothing doing for the last few months. So Duluth is looking up."

At this point the conductor made his appearance and the four Canadians discovered that he also had come from "across the line."

"Canada must be doing all right these days," he said reflectively, "for I take a lot of tickets every day from Canadians who are coming or going. There never was more travel between Winnipeg and Chicago than this spring and we're glad to see it."

"I suppose wheat is king in your country," said the Philadelphia traveller to the Man from Montreal. "What's the outlook?"

"Quebec is three weeks behind, but the West, where the big harvests come from, is a month ahead. Why, in Winnipeg the weather has almost reached summer warmth and it looks like golden fields for somebody. Indiana and the other western states have the same story to tell and the same promising acres to show."

"Seems as if the money that's been laid away for the last seven months will soon have a chance to be aired," remarked the Minnesota citizen with a sigh of satisfaction.

"There's a paramount condition in Canada," admitted the Man from Montreal. "Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal and Vancouver seem to agree that until our people get fair assurance of a bumper crop, money will continue to prefer a safe corner in a bank book. Just as soon as the Western farms look safe for a record yield, the money will begin to

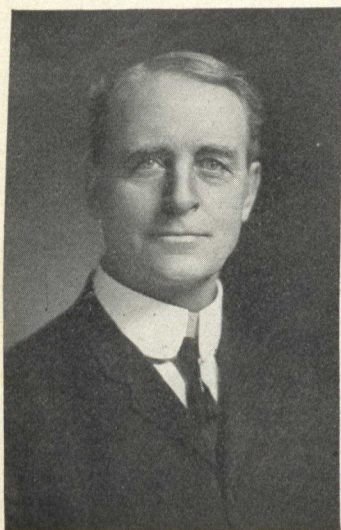
flow, in every province in the country. In fact, the stream of wheat sets everything else in motion."

"Here's hoping it'll be deep and broad in 1908," said the Philadelphia traveller, rising with a yawn. "Well, gentlemen, I come from a quiet town; so, it's an upper berth for Yours Truly. I didn't know that I'd struck a Sunshine Club but, judging from iron ore and western farms, this little old continent seems to be in a fair way to do business this summer. Think I'll take a run over to Muskoka myself in August and see what I can get out of the lakes. Nothing like fishing, after a year's work."

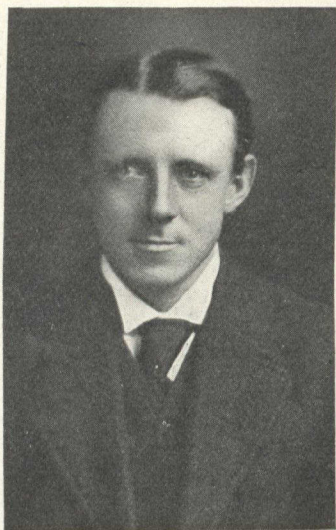
Rain and Flood

FLOODS from ice-jams are quite familiar to those who live along the St. Lawrence and its tributaries. This district is now having floods due to exceptional precipitation. In the lower lands in the Montreal district many villages are under water and people are living in their attics. Lake St. Louis is at the highest point it has reached in 34 years and the water is backing up into the rivers. There are many summer houses in the district which are not habitable. Along the Ottawa and the St. Maurice there is similar trouble. The Ontario side of the Ottawa is higher than the Quebec side, but there is trouble at many points since villages are usually built on the low, flat lands. Gatineau Point is under water and the Chaudiere Falls look like Niagara. The St. Maurice is so full that several miles of the new transcontinental are under water and the piers of some of the new bridges may be damaged. The parish of St. Barbe in the County of Huntingdon is completely flooded by the water of Lake St. Francis and farmers are selling their cattle because of loss of pasturage. The Maskinonge, Chateauguay and other rivers are doing much damage. The high water may continue for another week or more.

Some Members of C. A. A. U. Board of Governors



Inspector James L. Hughes,
Toronto.



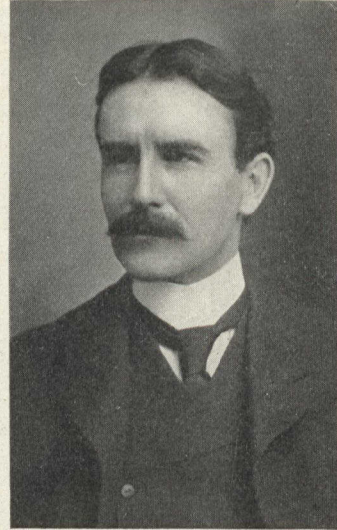
Mr. Stuart McCawley,
Pres. of Cape Breton A.A.U.



Mr. Percival J. Lee,
Y.M.C.A., Ottawa.



Mr. H. M. Lithgoe,
Pres. of Maritime Prov. Athletic Assn.



Principal D. Bruce Macdonald,
Member of Olympic Com.

ATHLETICS IN CANADA

By H. J. P. GOOD

WHATEVER question may exist as to the antiquity of other pastimes and sports, there can be no doubt that athletics started in close proximity to the creation. To America athletics probably came with the Pilgrim Fathers and to Canada there is no doubt that as soon as the English began to populate the country various forms of athletics were indulged in.

For many years Canadians have been compelled to play a second part, even in their own championships, to athletes from the United States. It is comforting to be able to see that, thanks mainly to the victory of Caffery first of all at Boston, and next to that of Sherring in the Olympic sports at Athens, there is at present a tremendous revival going on in our midst. Starting with long distance running it has naturally spread to other forms of athletic exercise until to-day we find that we have with us crack weight putters, first-class jumpers and specially good distance runners.

How far we may be successful in competition pretty well with the best the world can produce at the Olympic Games in London it is of course impossible to foretell, but there is excellent reason to believe that in some branches at least we shall make a respectable showing. And here let me say that the people of Canada do not appear to me to realise how much they owe to the recently formed Irish-Canadian Athletic Club of Toronto for the present status of affairs. There has never been a time when Canadian prowess has possessed a more hopeful aspect. We have never been without athletic organisations of some degree of rank and we have frequently sent good men abroad who have done us credit. But unfortunately owing to lack of sufficient support, instead of representing their own country in the various games in which they took part, they competed under an alien flag. I need hardly mention such men as Orton, the two Grants, George R. Gray, and others of less renown. However, even this is hardly entitled to be considered the worst of the situation, for our own championships have almost from their inception gone nearly in their entirety to visitors from the neighbouring Union.

Take any reliable books of chronicle and it will be found that from the year 1880 down to the present time the majority of the games conducted under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada, or the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association, as it was formerly termed, have been won by United States representatives. Prior to 1880 we did have some athletes who went abroad and conquered, as well as upholding the credit of their country at home, such as Roger and Harold Lamb, the present Sir Henry Pellatt, Charles C. McIvor, Charles H. Bigger, E. W. Johnston, D. C. Ross, and foremost of all the late "Rory" McLennan. The last two or three competed almost entirely as professionals at a time when no attempt was made to draw the lines as closely as they are drawn to-day. However, whether amateur or professional, these men showed

the world that we had as good stuff here in Canada as was to be found anywhere else.

As far back as 1877 McIvor, who then hailed from Montreal, won the 100-yard championship of the United States. Harold Lamb in the preceding year, representing the Argonaut Rowing Club, won the half-mile and the one-mile at the United States championship meeting in that year, doing the former in 2 minutes and 10 seconds, and the latter in 4 minutes and 51 1-5 seconds. It was in the year 1879 that the then Harry Pellatt, as he was known to his friends, won the mile championship in 4.43 2-5, the fastest time up to that date. Mr. Pellatt represented the Toronto Lacrosse Club on that occasion.

In the year 1878 took place the first Canadian championship meeting. The late "Tip" Arthurs won that year the furlong and mile runs, repeating the performance in each case in 1879. Mr. Pellatt won the mile run in 1878 and the late Powell Martin, in 1879, won all the weights, putting the 16-pound shot 35 feet 11 inches, throwing the hammer 82 feet 5 inches and the 56-pound weight 22 feet 4 inches. Then came the United States invasion, comprising such cracks as Lawrence E. Myers, Malcolm Ford, W. J. Duffy, H. Fredericks, E. Merrill and C. A. J. Queckberner; to be followed later by Owens, Wefers, Conneff, A. B. George, Ralph Rose, A. C. Kraenzlein and others of less but still effective renown. A. MacLean, of Hamilton, won the half-mile run in 1879 and George MacLaine, of the Montreal Lacrosse Club, the two-mile run, each repeating in 1880. Another good runner from Montreal who flourished about that time was D. D. McTaggart. In hurdle racing we continued to be fairly strong, L. S. Skaife, Montreal, the late E. W. Edwards, of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, whose demise we recently lamented, and W. R. Thompson of Montreal winning the 120-yard hurdle race in the years 1880, '81, '82 and '83. Thompson won in the last two years. Lewis Skaife again came to the front in 1884; but since that, even in our own games, Canadian victories have been few and far between. In 1885 George R. Gray, of Coldwater, Ontario, came out as a marvel in shot-putting. He won once more in 1887, as a member of the short-lived Toronto Athletic Club, but in the next four years he competed successfully under the colors of the New York Athletic Club. He repeated his prowess in 1894, 1895 and 1898, his brother Joseph being successful in 1896 and '97, but for the last half-score years both George and Joseph have been on the retired list.

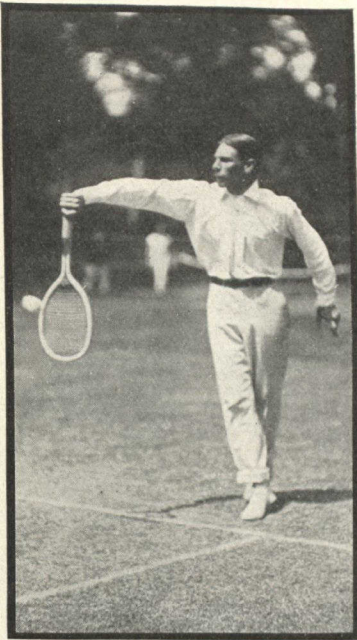
Other Canadian amateur athletes who have come like flashes and repelled the invading Yankees have been J. T. Belcher, of Kingston, who won the 100-yard run and the furlong run in 1884, B. Field of Woodstock, who won the 100-yard run in 1885, Thomas Moffatt, of Montreal, who won the quarter-mile in '84, and the half-mile run in '83 and '84; J. W. Moffatt, who won the half-mile run in '85, '86, '87, '88 and the mile run in '85 and '86; G. M. Gibbs, of the Toronto Athletic Club, who won the mile run

in a memorable contest beating T. P. Conneff and A. B. George in 1887, and the aforementioned George W. Orton, who started his career in 1892, representing the Toronto Lacrosse Club, by winning the mile run in the excessively fast time of 4 minutes, 21 1-5 seconds, then the fastest time for the distance in America, and still the fastest for Canada. In '93 Orton repeated and added the two-mile run; in '94 he joined the forces of the New York Athletic Club, and, later, those of the University of Pennsylvania, and as a representative of Canada was heard of no more. D. C. Little, of Toronto University, in '84 and '85 won the pole vault.

The foregoing pretty well tells the story of athletics in Canada up to the end of the last century. It was the fashion in those days to encourage the semi-professionals of the United States to come over here, for such was the lax interest taken in athletics in Canada after the decline of the Caledonian games in the middle seventies, that but for the attraction furnished by the representatives of those two rival New York clubs, the Manhattan and the New York Athletic Club, there would have been no gate money and consequently nothing doing in athletics in the Dominion. The story also shows that while national in intent as the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association aimed to be, their success, so far as native performances were concerned, was somewhat dismal. They had, however, many successful meetings from a financial point of view and were thus able to keep the pot boiling. It now looks, thanks to the renewed energy and the consequent vigorous rivalry that has cropped up between the various athletic organisations of Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg and Halifax, as if Canada was in for a period of athletic prosperity, not only on her own fields but on the fields of other countries.

It is interesting to note as an indication of the good times at hand that while up to last year, Canadians could boast of owning but few records in their own country, they can now lay claim to at least half a dozen, including the 100-yards, belonging to Robert Kerr, of Hamilton, at 9.4-5 seconds; the mile, made by George W. Orton, as before stated, as far back as 1892, in 4.21 1-5; the three miles, four miles, five miles and ten miles, all made by Thomas Longboat, the three miles at Toronto in 15.09, the four miles at Ottawa in 20.35, the five miles at Ottawa in 25.55, the ten miles at Hamilton in 54.50; the 56-pound weight, by Con Walsh, Woodstock, 37 feet 5 inches; and the pole vault, made by E. Archibald, of Toronto, at 11 feet 6 1-2 inches. So far, however, as I have been able to trace only one Canadian holds a world's record, and that is George R. Gray, who is credited with having put the 14-pound shot 52 feet 10 inches.

An article referring to the progress and present status of athletics in Canada would hardly be complete without a reference to the good work done by the Y.M.C.A.'s of the country. Several years ago these organisations, following an example set by those of the United States, recognised that not



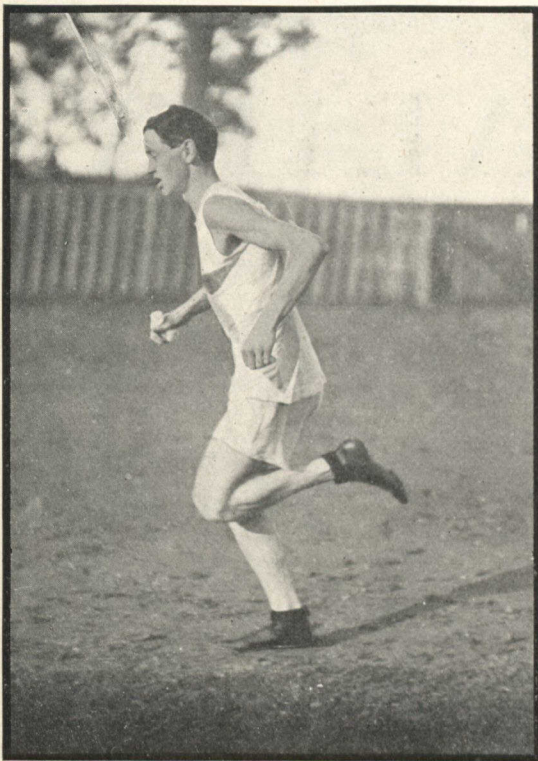
Ralph Burns, Toronto, Tennis Champion.



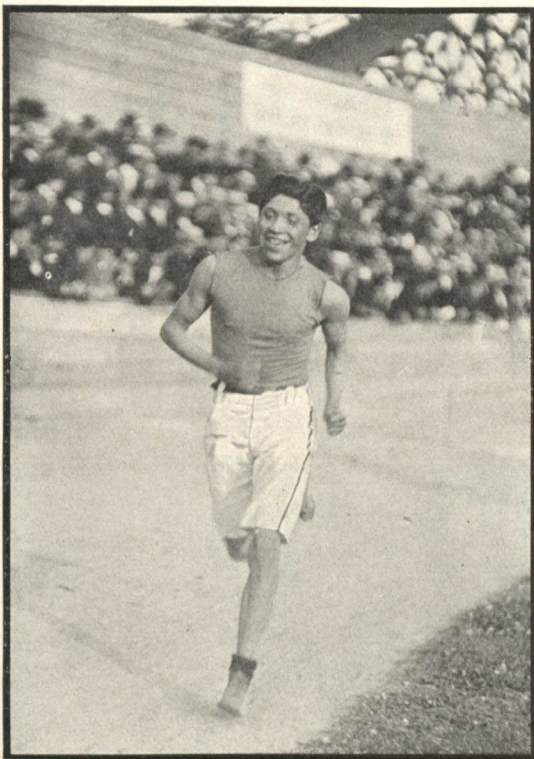
The Argonaut Four, Taylor, Riddy, Davidson and Balfour.



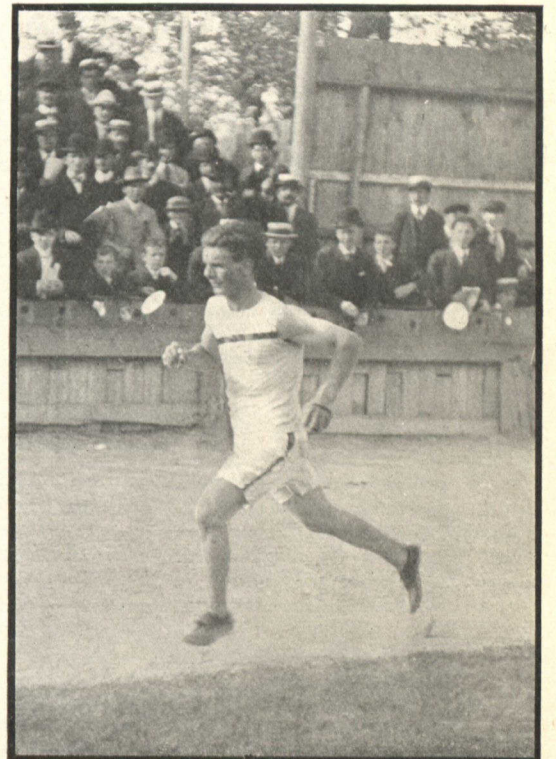
G. S. Lyon, Golf Champion.



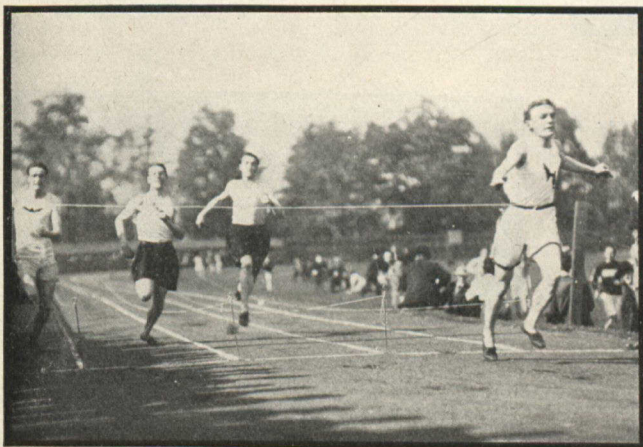
Jack Tait, W.Y.M.C.A., Five Mile.



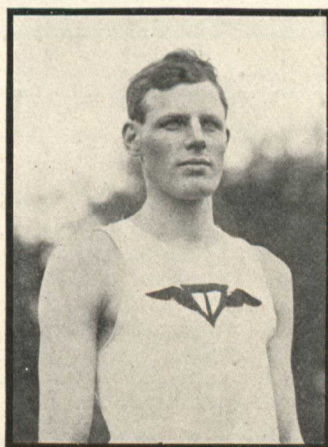
Thomas Longboat, I.C.A.C.



Thomas Coley, Hamilton, Five Mile.



Robert Kerr, Hamilton Y.M.C.A., Sprinter.



Barber, Central Y.M.C.A., High Jumper.



Parks, W.Y.M.C.A. and Haddleton, I.C.A.C.

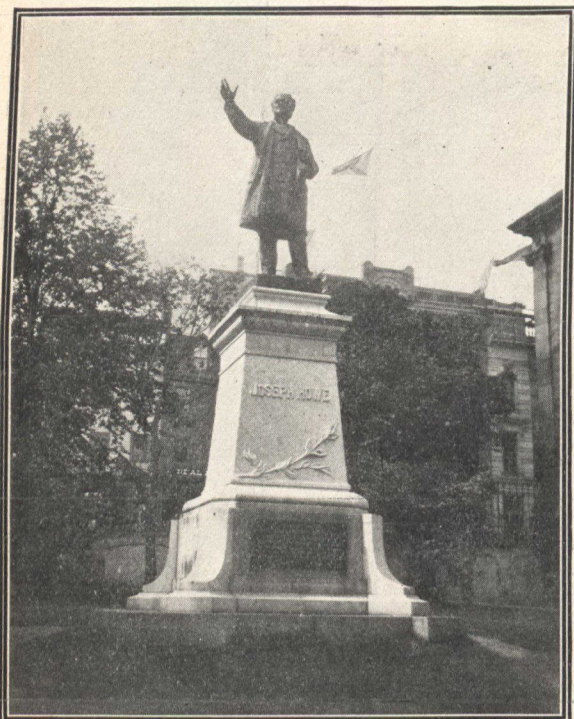
SOME ONTARIO OLYMPIC CANDIDATES

only a sound mind but sound religion went with a sound body. They also recognised that the best way to surround these young men with good influences was to give them something in which they could take pleasure and pride during their leisure hours. Consequently there are few Young Men's Christian Associations that at the present time do not possess a physical instructor, a well-equipped gymnasium, a swimming and plunge bath, shower bath and all the accessories needed for the develop-

ment of body and limbs and the maintenance of a clear head. To these institutions, especially in Canada, athletics owe much. They have successfully accomplished the work that in other countries clubs and more worldly establishments perform.

As I have said, with so much interest in athletics as is at present being taken all over the country, the prospects favour our being able in the very near future to show that in several branches we are the

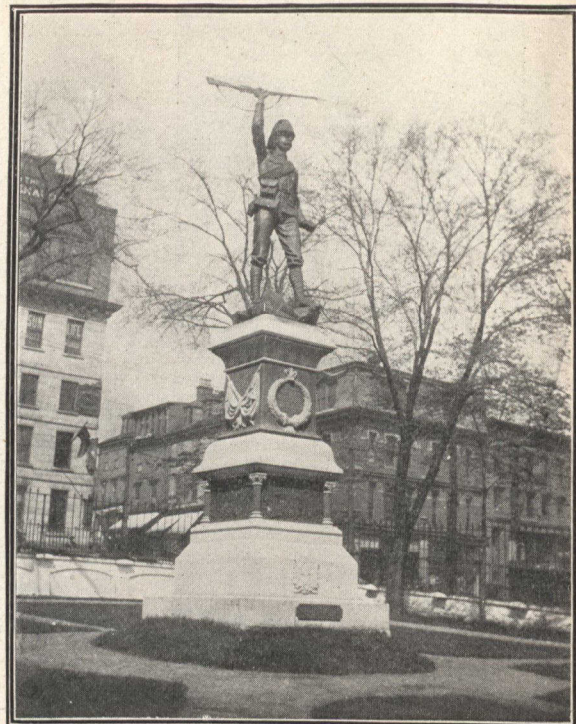
peers of the world. It will, however, be no picnic that the representatives of Canada will enter upon in the forthcoming Olympic Games at Shepherd's Bush, London. With the rights or wrongs of the standing of sundry individuals as amateurs I have no wish to deal, my one desire being to see Canadians on top, and I have every hope that if prejudice does not intervene, and they are given a fair chance, they will be there, or thereabouts, during the approaching summer.



Joseph Howe Monument in Parliament Square, Halifax



Queen Victoria Diamond Jubilee Fountain, in Public Gardens, Halifax



South African Soldiers Monument in Parliament House Square, Halifax

IN HISTORIC HALIFAX

By C. E. SMITH

THE city of Halifax, which has seen many changes since the days of New France, keeps in faithful remembrance her gallant sons and great statesmen and the bronze and marble memorials in their honour are such as any city of the Empire might desire.

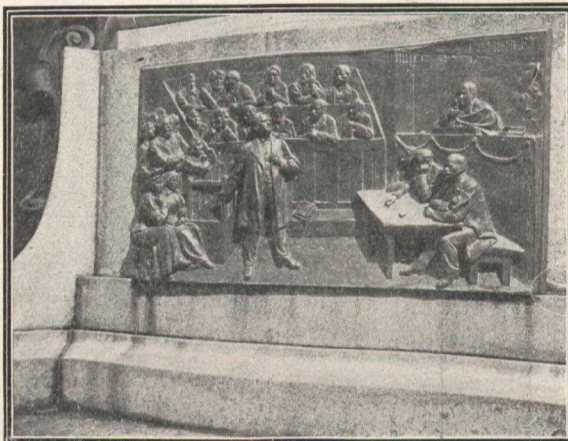
The oldest of them, the Welsford-Parker monument in old St. Paul's Cemetery, facing the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, recalls to one's mind the old-time Roman arches of triumph, and was erected for two of Nova Scotia's sons, serving in the Queen's army, during the British-Russian war of 1855. The inscriptions on the monument are short, but to the student of history convey a deep meaning, and are as follows: "Sebastopol, Alma, Redan, Welsford 97th Regiment, Parker 77th Regiment." Thus we see Canadians were fighting the Empire's battles over fifty years ago. Around the base of this monument are headstones and graves of the middies and sailors who died at Halifax from wounds received in the famous fight between the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* off Boston harbour, June 18th, 1812.

The second in age is the South African monu-

ment, erected at the close of the Boer war. The necessary funds for its erection were raised by public subscription (some \$25,000) through the energy of a leading local newspaper, the *Halifax Herald*. The figure of the man (eight feet) holding aloft his rifle as signal to his comrades, "The enemy in sight," calls to mind to the thousands who daily pass by

orator, poet, statesman, prophet, patriot, Briton. Born at Halifax, December 13th, 1804; died in Government House, June 1st, 1873. I wish to live and die a British subject, but not a Briton only in name; give me, give my country the blessed privilege of her Constitution and her laws, let us be content with nothing less." His body lies buried in Camp Hill cemetery, hidden among shading trees, just aside from the main road, with a simple granite shaft to mark his resting place. A few lots farther on, another of Nova Scotia's famous men, Sir Adam G. Archibald, lies buried.

In the far-famed Public Garden, there are two pretty fountains, erected by the Garden Commissioners and paid for by the receipts from Garden concerts, which though a little different from usual public monuments, are such as deserve mention in this article. The oldest and largest, the Victoria Diamond Jubilee fountain, erected in 1897, is a gem in a perfect setting of floral beauty, when summer is at its best. The other, erected in memory of our South African heroes, is also picturesque and suggestive of a heroic past. These gardens are only some 15 acres in extent, and are a monument to a wise civic government and to citizens who encourage its efforts.



Bas-relief, Joseph Howe Monument, showing his famous trial and successful defence.

that Nova Scotians, or rather we Canadians, helped to do our share in Imperial defence. The reading on the front is as follows:

"Erected by the people of Nova Scotia in honour of those who served, and in memory of those who fell in the South African campaign, 1899-1902."

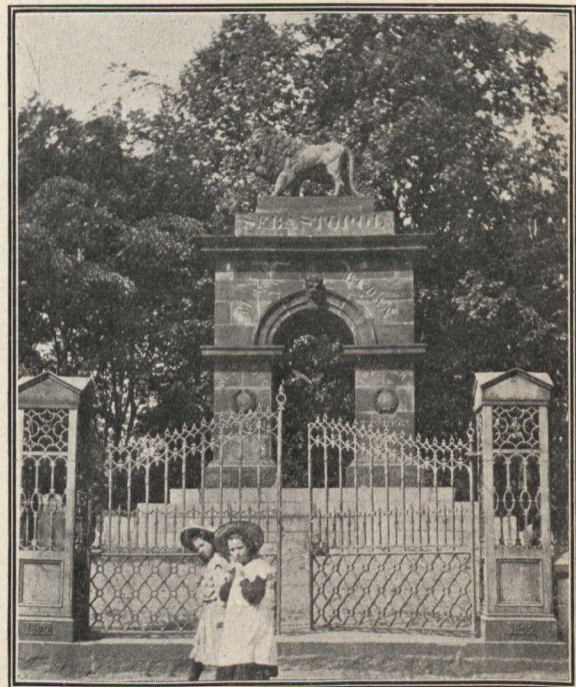
The bas-relief pictures the departure of the troops from the wharf at Halifax. The rear shows a picture of the gunners at Mafeking, and has the names of the following officers: Captain Chas. A. Hensley, John H. Laurie, Lieutenant Harold Borden (son of Sir Frederick), Lieutenant M. G. Blanchard, Lieutenant B. Webster, Sergeant J. E. Pemberton, Sergeant J. R. Margerson, Corporal H. R. Williston.

To the north or right side, the relief work pictures Witport, and has the names of Privates J. G. Sievert, G. Johnston, J. H. Macdonald, E. S. Purcell, E. Long and J. J. Purcell. To the south or left side, the picture of the last great battle, Paardeberg, is reproduced, and the names of E. S. Banfield, D. G. Macgillivray, A. McVicar and G. Orman are engraved.

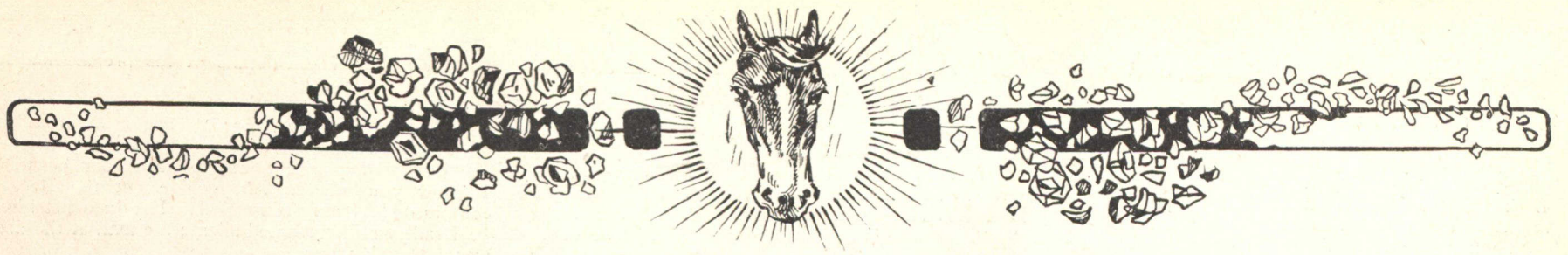
Within 200 feet of this monument, the Parliament Buildings of Nova Scotia separating, is the statue of Nova Scotia's greatest son—Joseph Howe. This striking figure of the man, with arm extended, is said to be a good portrait or model of the famous statesman. The visitor or citizen may read on the base the following, which covers well in small compass his successful life: "Joseph Howe, journalist,



South African Soldiers Fountain, Public Gardens, Halifax



Welsford-Parker Monument in Old St. Paul's Cemetery, Halifax



NAT BRADLEY'S LAST RACE

A Story of The Royal Cup

By CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN



HERE'S no doubt about her; the mare's all right. Yes, I always likes to have a look at 'em on the morning of the race; and, as I say, the mare's all right."

He was a garrulous old chap, except when questioned about anything in connection with the thoroughbreds he had ridden so oft and well for—oh, well, it doesn't matter—but it was a good long time, anyway.

Not that he was what would be called old, as men generally go, but he was old so far as he certainly could give a score of years, and likely enough a good beating, to any of his contemporaries of the saddle. It was only once and again, however, that he rode at all now. But when especially "fancying" any particular mount, the owner was only too delighted to indulge "good old Nat Bradley" in his preference.

This morning Nat looked particularly smart and workmanlike in his well-made corduroy breeches and leggings, tweed cap, crammed tight down about his ears, and especially rakish-looking pair of tan boots.

The glow of vigorous health was upon the wind-roughened cheeks as he entered his cottage, on the borders of the popular Northern race-course; and an observer would have noticed how evidently satisfied he was with his morning visit to his friend Beckett's stables at the adjoining Old Glebe Farm.

"Yes," he muttered on; "if everything and everybody else is all fair and square and above-board, Ladybird will want a lot of beating for the Royal Cup."

He glanced through the wide-open door at the vista of sweeping down-land, and to where, away in the hollow, gleamed the white tops of the stands; beyond these again, following with his keen eyes the serpentine bends of the course, distinctly defined by the "rails" that glistened here and there in the sunlight as the noontide rays fell upon them with their dazzling glare.

"She'll win; that's Nat Bradley's opinion, anyway—and if he don't know what he's a-talking about where 'osses is concerned, then I don't know nothin', that's all."

A big shadow fell upon the threshold, and a rather big man entered the room.

He had a big blustering way with him, doubtless meant to be taken for an abounding honesty of purpose.

"Good morning, Bradley," said the big voice. "Nice weather for the Cup day. You look well and saucy yourself. Going to ride Ladybird, I hear?"

It was an assertion more than a question, and there was a note in it that did not ring so pleasantly as the speaker's opening salutation.

"Musn't believe all ye hear, Mr. Crafton. On-looking's the best game for old 'uns like me."

The old jockey continued pulling at his pipe, his eyes still upon the distant gleaming rails.

Mr. Richard Crafton gave a curious little laugh.

"Ha! ha! The same wily old fox as ever. But you do intend riding Beckett's filly to-day, and that's why I came to see you."

"Perhaps to congratulate me on the fact of my getting a mount at all, Mr. Crafton. Oh, I've still got my license, you see."

He spoke with a touch both of feeling and meaning.

He gave one or two more strenuous pulls at his clay, then put it down. Enough pipe was all very well—too much, bad for the "hands."

"Certainly—and why not keep on your license: you're as hale as ever. And you know the old saying?" added the other cleverly: "Let the dead past bury its dead—if it can be buried."

"A man can always profit by the experience of his past, at any rate, Mr. Crafton, and make up his mind never to be led into temptation again. Ah, thank God, he can always do that."

Dick Crafton touched him familiarly on the shoulder. Almost imperceptibly the jockey resented the little action, and with something like a shudder.

"Come, come, Nat! Don't get so mighty serious. I haven't come to rake up the past, but to talk business about the present. Make the best of *that*, say I; and the past and the future will look after themselves."

Bradley glanced uneasily at the clock.

"So ye say, Mr. Crafton; so ye say. The time is getting on, sir. I promised to go down to the Farm."

He took up his cap.

"The Old Glebe Farm, eh? Harry Beckett's place? Going to have a look at your mount, eh—Ladybird?"

"To Mr. Beckett's—yes. I promised to go back again soon as I could. I'm afraid I can't wait any longer."

"I see. You've been to see Ladybird and her owner already this morning. Gave the filly an early gallop, perhaps?"

The man's tone was changing very notably, though by easy gradations.

Nat Bradley remained silent. He knew his business and his temporary employer's.

"And you've promised to ride Beckett's mare? Don't be in *quite* such a hurry, my dear fellow." Nat was on the threshold of the door. "I've a word or two more to say to you, Mr. Bradley—and it's always just as well to guard against eavesdroppers."

By a curiously sudden movement he had managed to shove the door to with a bang.

The jockey started, but pulled himself together again immediately.

"There are no eavesdroppers here, and I have no secrets; and I'm in a hurry, Mr. Crafton."

He moved to reopen the door.

"Not so fast," said the other, throwing his bulky body in the way. "You may not have any secrets—though I was under the impression you had *one*. But I have, and I want you to share it with me."

"Mr. Crafton," said Bradley, squaring his strong shoulders, "I wish to hear nothing of any man's private business. Now and for the future Nat Bradley's actions should be such as will bear the full light of day."

"A very excellent resolve, my dear sir. But it can scarcely apply to stable secrets, can it now?"

"I don't know any stable secrets. They're mostly things as is invented by the low-class sporting papers."

"You're very innocent," sneered Mr. Crafton: "but I'm going to tell you one."

"I'd much rather you wouldn't, sir. It can't concern me."

"It does—very much, Bradley."

He went close up to the man to fix him with his own blinking, unsteady eyes.

"Listen, Nat Bradley—Nat Bradley, who rode in the notorious race when Gadfly II., which you rode, was so unexpectedly beaten two years ago."

"Gadfly II.," murmured the jockey.

He was like one still dazed by sleep awaked from a dream.

"Mr. Crafton, you're not going to bring that up again? Remember the circumstances—the temptation—what I had gone through."

"I see. You're beginning to refresh your memory, and to remember the inconvenient fact that the two men still live, and will be present at the race to-day, who can bear witness on oath that you 'stopped,' purposely and by criminal means, Colonel Pleydell's horse, Gadfly II., which, as I say, you

rode, from winning the Ascot Plate two years ago."

"Mr. Crafton," said the old man very quietly, "this race to-day is the last one I shall ever ride in my life. Mine has been a long service in the saddle, and all but once, when led away by temptation, it has been an honourable one."

"Exactly," said his inquisitor sleekily; "and I, as your old friend and confidant, Bradley, should like you to leave the turf with that good name still untarnished."

"Thank you, Mr. Crafton—thank you," cried Nat; "for my little girl Hettie—my granddaughter's sake—I'd like to remain clean, sir."

"Then, for your little girl's sake, my good man, I think you had better take my advice."

He went on relentlessly: "In the big race to-day you have promised to ride Mr. Beckett's Ladybird?"

"But I don't see how anyone could have known that," said Bradley. "I only made up my mind this morning."

The other laughed.

"Ah! we of the 'clever division' are shrewd enough to *guess* some things, Nat; and I knew you'd be up on Ladybird if they could get you."

"Well, you see, she goes better for me than for anyone else."

"Precisely; they want you to ride to make certain of winning."

"The filly wants careful riding by one who knows her," said Nat, in the same quiet tones.

"Don't I know it? Haven't I seen her at the 'gate'? She'd never get away at all if anyone else was to ride her." He looked suspiciously around, lowering his voice. "Well, I don't want her to get away. It wouldn't suit my book for Ladybird to win; and now you know my little secret."

Nat Bradley winced as though under the sharp cut of a whip.

"Good God! what do you mean? You haven't come here to tempt me again, Mr. Crafton? You're my evil spirit, seeking to destroy my living soul."

"On the contrary, my dear man—your good fairy." The voice was silky and insinuating, then rose, note by note, to the very limit of craft and cruelty. "Your good fairy, who would keep your good name spotless to the last. If I and another care to whisper but one word to the stewards here to-day, next week Nat Bradley, the well-known and hitherto highly-respected jockey, would be warned off the turf as a rogue."

The old man was at the open casement of the window, looking with half-blinded eyes out on to the wide rolling downs.

"And now what are you going to do?" asked the other. "Remember your granddaughter. Don't be selfish, and think only of what the scandal would mean to you personally."

"Mr. Crafton—stop! I—I see things in a new light now."

"Be quick, Bradley. It's not long to the race now. What are you going to do? Once and for all: Ladybird must not win."

The jockey turned slowly away from the window, catching sight as he did so of a string of horses making their way down to the paddock.

"You—you don't want me to 'pull' her? Not that?" he said in a thick voice.

"I simply don't want you to ride her. Quick! Do you promise me that you won't? You know the consequences!"

"I promise, Mr. Crafton; it's for the little girl's sake. I'll tell them that I cannot ride Ladybird."

"Then I won't bother you any longer. I can depend on you, I know. Good-day for the present, Bradley."

Richard Crafton considered he had brought to a close a good morning's work, so strolled on to the downs to watch developments in connection with Mr. Beckett's change of jockeys.

II.

"So that means that Ladybird won't win." Nat, left alone, was soliloquising.

"He was quite right; nobody else but me can make her face the 'gate' quietly. You scoundrel, Dick Crafton! It's men like you who spoil what might be one of the noblest sports in the world."

Then he made ready to go down to the Farm. But there was another interruption in store for him.

"Here you are, Gran'dad!" cried the sweet voice of his granddaughter, as she ran excitedly forward, up with the lark, and full of the hereditary enthusiasm for the horse. She had been away over the downs watching Ladybird at her work.

"My little girl! Why, where did you spring from?" asked Nat. "I've been out, too, but didn't see you."

She avoided his keen, questioning gaze.

"Isn't it a lovely day for the race?" She put her arm affectionately through his. They stood together thus, watching the racegoers straggling across the course. "Oh, Grandad, I hope Ladybird will win!"

"Hillo! What has my little one got to do with horses and racing, I wonder! Why, you haven't backed Ladybird to win you a fortune, have you?"

"Oh, no; but then, you see, Ladybird has such a pretty name, for one thing; and then—"

"And then what? Don't you trouble your little head about 'osses, Hettie."

"But I must trouble about Ladybird—not for myself, but because I know someone who wants her to win—awfully."

The shaggy eyebrows of the man went up with a jerk.

"You mean young Harry Beckett, of the Old Glebe Farm? I don't see why you should be so much interested in him, my dear. He's a good-hearted, handsome young fellow enough—"

"Do you think him handsome, too, Grandad?"

"What d'ye mean by do I 'think him 'andsome, too? What does it matter to you?"

He looked at her from the winking corner of one eye.

"Well, you know, I've seen him—er—pretty often, Gran'dad; and he seems very nice."

"I daresay. But he's been led away, lassie, led away by them as is a good deal cleverer than himself; and I don't think it was a good day for him when his old father died and left that thoroughbred filly to him."

"You mean Ladybird!" cried the girl. "Oh, she's such a beautiful darling; and she never goes better than for you. You will ride her in the Royal Cup to-day—won't you?"

He awoke again as from a dream, startled by her words, nonplussed for any answer.

He felt what an unfavourable one would mean to her.

"It depends, Hettie—it depends. But I don't see how I can, girl. In fact, now you're here, perhaps you wouldn't mind running to the Farm and telling Harry Beckett—"

"That you won't ride? No, that I'm sure I sha'n't—so there!"

There was a blaze of determination in her brown, fawn-like eyes, a ring of rebellion in her voice.

"Ye see, I'm a bit past ridin' in these big races now, Hettie. Besides, perhaps—perhaps—" He paused as though something was sticking in his throat. "Maybe Ladybird will take it into her head to-day to go off as well for—for—someone else."

Her next words were a rebuke.

"Oh, how can you say it? You know she won't. And just think what it means to Mr. Beckett; if she loses—he will have to sell up and leave the Old Farm."

"I know—I know, my girl; he's backed her to win him a good stake. And I knew his old father before him—well, I did. I'd do all I know to keep him in the Farm, but—"

"You must ride, Gran'dad! It would break his heart to have to leave it."

The old man was still somewhat puzzled by her vehemence in championing the young owner's cause. But certain little birds were beginning to twitter about his ears.

"But what do you know about it, Hettie? You're precious anxious about the young gentleman. You know, likeable as he is, he's been a reckless young beggar, and been a-giving his mind far too much to this nice filly of his. He should leave racin' to them millionaire chaps, who, if thy wins they wins, and if they loses it don't make no odds. You go and think of something else, Hettie."

"But there's Ladybird to think of, too, Gran'dad. She wants so much to win this race. She told me so, as well as she could, while I was patting her this very morning."

"Oh, indeed. She did, did she? Well, she's a young lady, and you're a young lady; and when

gals gets together there's sure to be a bit of talking. But how did you manage to come across her? I saw her in the stable myself. What were you doing near the gallops? And was the owner there, too?—eh—eh? Come, now."

A faint blush stole over the girl's bright, sun-browned face. She knew she was being found out, and was unconcernedly ready for capitulation.

"I was there quite accidentally. Not at the stables," she explained; "at the turn where the straight five-furlong course begins. And you see, Harry—"

Metaphorically she drew rein here, and laughed aloud.

"Harry—eh? Christian names—eh?" grunted Nat. "And what about Harry?"

"He said it all depended on you, Gran'dad, whether Ladybird won or lost; that you understood her as no one else did; that you alone could save him from ruin."

All the childish laughter was gone now; she was a woman fighting for the man she loved best in the world.

"Ruin's an ugly word, Hettie; and it's an ugly thing for them as wants to keep their heads up."

He was not thinking alone of Harry Beckett.

She knew there was no time to lose. She had purposely kept him so that no other jockey could be secured; she must drive her argument home.

"Ah, but you will ride Ladybird in the Cup to-day and save your old friend's son, and—"

The tears stole out from her eyes—a dramatic little touch that was to work wonders.

"And what, child? Speak out, if you've anything more to say—to tell me," demanded Nat. Then suddenly, with a kind of choking spasm of fear. "Hettie—quick, child! Go through the house and out the back way. Go!" he cried sternly.

"Why, Gran'dad? What's the matter?"

He waved her away from the window. There was a look in his face she had never seen there before.

"Do as I bid you, Hettie. There's someone coming here I must meet alone."

"No one that may do harm, Gran'dad?"

"I'll see to that. Oh, no, nothing of that. His sort are all cowards." The latter remark was to himself. "Go!" he cried again, his eyes taking on a glitter that looked cold as ice. "Don't ask any questions, and tell Harry Beckett that, bar accidents, Nat Bradley will ride Ladybird in the Royal Cup to-day, and, what's more, win. And now it's time I was getting ready."

He disappeared into a small inner room.

The girl made to go out at the back; the catch of the gate clicked out of its socket, and a man strode quickly up the path.

III.

Hettie had not quite liked her grandfather's tones and manner. She had never seen him anything like it before. He was an unusually equable and unemotional man. The click of the gate brought her back into the room ere she had well left it.

"Good morning, Miss Hettie. Is your grandfather about? I want to see him immediately."

Mr. Richard Crafton was evidently in a great hurry. His voice struck the girl as conveying the idea of intimidation.

"Oh, I'm sure he is too busy just this minute to see anyone. And I must be off too."

"You all of you seem to be in a great hurry."

"And you, too, evidently, sir. We all have to be smart on a Royal Cup day, you know. Gran'dad's dressing to ride Ladybird. Expect you'll see him in the paddock presently. Good-day, sir."

Mr. Crafton watched the pretty retreating figure with a sigh—and an oath. She had made him feel curiously sentimental on the one side, most confidently savage on the other.

"Oh, goo—good-bye—ta! ta!—little Miss Cocksure!" he called after her. "So the old man's going to ride Ladybird, after all, is he? I watched you come in, my pretty one, and, knowing what I do know, thought you might persuade him to make a fool of himself. That's why I came back."

He put his right hand to the back of him, where was hidden a leather-lined pocket.

As he did so, something seemed to occur to take away the support usually supplied by his stalwart limbs.

The sun, streaming through the open door at its noontide zenith, flashed blindingly upon something and somebody standing before him.

It was Nat Bradley in all the glory of Mr. Harry Beckett's colours.

"Nat Bradley!" gasped the astonished man, steadying himself. "So you *have* changed your mind? You're going to defy me. Right you are; then I'm going to play my trump card."

The jockey said nothing—simply went on with

some of the smaller details of his preparation for the race.

While Richard Crafton stood, as it were, on guard over the door, Hettie rushed in from the back and straight up to the old man.

"Gran'dad, you're going to keep your promise! I knew you would. Ah, you've got the Beckett colours on! Harry is so glad! I've just met him."

Bradley still remained silent; the man at the door was biting his lips.

"Yes, I'm going to keep my word, little one," said Nat, after a pause that seemed interminable.

"I saw the lad with the mare just now, Gran'dad. She's so restless, waiting for you; they're leading her up and down outside."

Richard Crafton had not gone. He was still guarding the door from without, and watching the waiting mare at the same time.

"Do you know, Gran'dad," continued the girl excitedly, "I can see all the grand ladies walking about the lawn from here."

"Yes, and the old racin' blood is up in me, little one!" cried Nat. "I feels it a-tingling all through me. There's nothing like it in the world: to feel 'em gallopin' under ye with them long, level strides—goin' that quick they cuts the daisies with their plates clean as a scythe through a thistle. And so ye think Ladybird looks beautiful, do ye? Trained to the hour, and fit to run for a kingdom?"

"Never mind the kingdom, Gran'dad. I hope she'll win for Harry Beckett."

"Ha, ha! Well, I suppose he's your king, my dear—your King Harry, eh? Ye don't think I'm an old fool, do 'ee, as don't see how the land lies?"

A swift gleam of the light that is never seen except in a woman's eyes when she is in love illuminated the bright young face.

"Yes, Gran'dad; I can't help it! I do love him, and he—he loves me. I don't know why; I'm not half good enough for him."

"Ain't ye, indeed? All I know is, if Master Harry Beckett gets you, he gets the best little girl in the world—bar none; that's Nat Bradley's opinion—bar none! But I musn't stop here jawin'."

She gave him a hurried kiss.

"Gran'dad—it is so good of you. Oh, yes, I remember you said you'd never ride racing again; and you're doing it for Harry's sake."

"And yours, little one—mostly yours. Yes; when Nat Bradley makes a promise he likes to keep it." The strong, nimble fingers gave the whip a tighter grip. "And it ain't blackguards like Dick Crafton as can stop him, neither. Ah, there's Ladybird coming to fetch her jockey—to keep him up to time. D'ye think I'd disappoint her? There she is—proud as Punch and pretty as a picture; and she's goin' to run for my little girl's heart, and, bar accidents, win. For Nat Bradley's last race is goin' to be the best he ever rode in his life."

As he hurried to the door he found his way barred by the bulky form of Dick Crafton.

"Stop, Nat Bradley! You've ridden your last race already, unless you keep your promise to me, and get out of those colours."

Hettie had run to her room to complete her toilet for the grand stand. So the two were alone.

Bradley eyed his man for a moment with a look that conveyed his answer better than any mere words could have done.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Crafton. "The girl will be back in a minute to ask what it's all about. Am I to tell her about Gadfly II.?"

The jockey smiled an amazing smile, that went out suddenly like a snuffed candle.

"The deuce take Gadfly II., and you too, Dick Crafton! I shall not take off these colours, and I'm going to ride Ladybird in the Royal Cup, and win on her. And I've got to go—now."

He gave a step forward, his whip raised above his head. Crafton felt the swishing breath of it as if flew upwards in the strong hands.

"There's the bell. They're clearing the course. Let me go!"

The huge bulk of Dick Crafton had its weight against the open door. With a rapid, tricky movement of the body—a low dodge of the minor wrestling rings—he shut the door and got on the other side of the jockey, into the room.

"Turning awkward, Mr. Bradley, are you?" he snarled. "Put a hand on that door, and I'll riddle that right wing of yours."

"Bah!" laughed Bradley. "Frightened by a coward like you? You and your toy revolver!"

Hettie was in the room again, dressed in her simple finery for the races. She ran towards her grandfather instantly.

"Stand back, you girl there!" shouted the infuriated bully. He stood now with his back to the further wall of the room.

"Take that, Nat Bradley—you fool; and thank yourself for it."

(Continued on page 19)

THE YELLOW GOD

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "The Witch's Head," Etc.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Champers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Champers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal. Alan and Jeeki set out for Africa in search of treasure from the worshippers of the Yellow God, "Little Bona." In their African adventures, Major Vernon and Jeeki are attacked by dwarfs, armed with poisoned arrows, who are driven off by a cannibal tribe, the Ogula, who take Alan and Jeeki prisoners but treat them kindly on account of the Yellow God. Alan falls sick but the Ogula take him and Jeeki up the river. They reach the Gold House where the Yellow God is placed and meet the wonderful priestess, Asika, who takes them through the treasure house. The Gold House is a great revelation of riches but Alan and Jeeki become anxious when they observe Asika's determination to make the former her husband. At the feast of Little Bona, Alan is disgusted by the slaughter and heathen orgies. Alan is given a store of gold which he sends to coast by Jeeki's mother and some of the Ogula whose chief, Fahni, is anxious to be rescued.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TREASURE HOUSE.



ALAN'S recovery was rapid, since, as the Asika told him, if a patient lived through it, the kind of fever that he had taken did not last long enough to exhaust his vital forces. When she asked him if he needed anything to make him well, he answered: "Yes, air and exercise." She replied that he should

have both, and next morning his hated mask was put upon his face and he was supported by priests to a door where a litter, or rather litters, were waiting, one for himself and another for Jeeki, who, although in robust health, was still supposed to be officially ill and not allowed to walk upon his own legs. They entered these litters and were borne off, till presently they met a third litter, of particularly gorgeous design, carried by masked bearers, wherein was the Asika herself, wearing her coronet and a splendid robe.

Into this litter, which was fitted with a second seat, Alan was transferred. They went up the mountain side and to the edge of the great fall, and watched the waters thunder down, though the crest of them they could not reach.

This journey was the first of many. Every day the litters were waiting, and they visited some new place, although into the town itself they never went. Moreover, if they passed through outlying villages, although Alan was forced to wear his mask, their inhabitants had been warned to absent themselves, so that they saw no one. On certain days, at Alan's request, they were taken to the spots where the gold was found, in the gravel bed of an almost dry stream that during the rains was a torrent.

He descended from the litter, and with the help of the Asika and Jeeki, dug a little in this gravel, not without reward, for in it they found several nuggets. Above, too, where they went afterwards, was a huge quartz reef denuded by water, which evidently had been worked in past ages, and was still so rich that in it they saw plenty of visible gold.

Not wishing to drift into discussion on the matter of love, Alan once asked the Asika to define "her soul," whence it came and whither she believed it to be going.

"My soul is I, Vernoon," she answered, "and already very, very old. Thus it has ruled amongst this people for thousands of years."

"How is that?" he asked, "seeing that the Asika dies?"

"Oh! no, Vernoon, she does not die, she only changes. The old body dies, the spirit enters into another body which is waiting. Thus, until I was fourteen, I was but a common girl, the daughter of a headman of that village yonder, at least so they tell me, for of this time I have no memory. Then the Asika died, and as I had the secret marks and the beauty that is hers, the priests burnt her body before Big Bona, and suffocated me, the child, in the smoke of the burning. But I awoke again, and when I awoke the past was gone and the soul of the Asika filled me, bringing with it its awful memories, its gathered wisdom, its passion of love and hate, and its power to look backward and before."

"Do you ever do these things?" asked Alan.

"Backward, yes; before, very little; since you come, not at all, because my heart is a coward and I fear what I might see. Oh! Vernoon, Vernoon, I know you and your thoughts. You think me the beautiful beast who loves like a beast, who loves you because you are white and different from our men. Well, what there is of the beast in me the gods of my people gave, for they are devils and I am their servant. But there is more than that, there is good also which I have won for myself. I knew you would come, I knew you would come," she went on passionately. "You do not believe me, Vernoon. Very well, this night you shall see, you and that black dog of yours, that you may know I do not trick you, and he shall tell me what you see, for he, being but a low-born beast, will speak the truth."

Now Alan was more frightened that he had been since he set foot in Asiki-land, for of a sudden this woman became terrible to him. He felt that she knew things which were hidden from him. For the first time he believed in her, believed that she was more than a mere passionate savage set by chance to rule over a bloodthirsty tribe; that she was one who had a part in his destiny.

"Felt the hook?" he muttered. "I do not understand."

"You are very forgetful," she answered. "Vernoon, we have lived and loved before, who were twin souls from the first. That man now, whom I told you lived once on the great river called the Nile, have you no memory of him? Well, well, let it be. I will tell you afterwards. Here we are at the Gold House again; to-night, when I am ready, I will send for you, and this I promise, you shall leave me wiser than you were."

When they were alone in their private room, Alan told Jeeki of the expected entertainment of crystal gazing, or whatever it might be, and the part that he was to play in it.

"You say that again, Major," said Jeeki.

Alan repeated the information, giving every detail that he could remember.

"Oh!" said Jeeki, "I see. Asika show us things, 'cause she afraid to look at them herself or take oath, or can't, or something. She no ask you tell her what she see, because you too kind hurt her feeling, if happen to be something beastly. But Jeeki must tell her because he so truthful and not care curse about her feeling. Well, that all right, Jeeki tell her sure enough. Only, Major, don't you interrupt. Quite possible, these magic things, I see one show you see another. So don't you go say 'Jeeki, that a lie,' and give me away to Asika just because you think you see different, 'cause if so you put me into dirty hole, and of course I catch it afterwards. You promise, Major?"

"Oh, yes, I promise. But, Jeeki, do you really think we are going to see anything?"

"Can't say, Major," and he shook his head gloomily. "P'raps all put-up job. But lots of rum things in world, Major, specially among beastly African savage, who very curious, and always ready to pay blood to bad spirit. Hope Asika not get this into her head, because no one know what happen. P'raps we see too much and scared all our lives; but p'raps all tommy rot."

"That's it—tommy rot," answered Alan, who was not superstitious. "Well, I suppose that we must go through with it. But, oh! Jeeki, I wish you would tell me how to get out of this."

"Don't know, Major; p'raps never get out; p'raps learn something to-night. Have to do something soon if want to go. The Mungana's time nearly up, and then—oh, my eye!"

It was night, about ten o'clock indeed, the hour at which Alan generally went to bed. No message had come, and he began to hope that the Asika had

forgotten, or changed her mind, and was just going to say so to Jeeki when a light coming from behind him attracted his attention and he turned, to see her standing in a corner of the great room holding a lamp in her hand and looking towards him. Her gold breastplate and crown were gone, with every other ornament, and she was clad, or rather muffled, in robes of pure white fitted with a kind of nun's hood, which lay back upon her shoulders. Also on her arm she carried a shawl or veil. Standing thus, all undecked, with her long hair fastened in a simple knot, she still looked very beautiful, more so than she had ever been, thought Alan, for the cruelty of her face had faded and was replaced by a mystery very strange to see. She did not look quite like a woman, and that was the reason, perhaps, that Alan, for the first time, felt attracted by her. Hitherto she had always repelled him, but this night it was otherwise.

"How did you come here?" he asked in a more gentle voice than he generally used towards her.

Noting the change in his tone, she smiled shyly and even coloured a little, then answered:

"This house has many secrets, Vernoon. When you are lord of it you shall learn them all, till then I may not tell them to you. But, come, there are other secrets which I hope you shall see to-night, and Jeeki, come you also, for you shall be the mouth of your lord, so that you may tell me what perhaps he would hide."

"I will tell you everything, everything, O Asika," answered Jeeki, stretching out his hands and bowing almost to the ground.

Then they started and following many long passages as before, although whether they were the same or others Alan could not tell, came at last to a door that he recognised, that of the Treasure House. As they approached this door it opened, and through it, like a hunted thing, ran the bedizened Mungana, husband of the Asika, terror, or madness, shining in his eyes. Catching sight of his wife, who bore the lamp, he threw himself upon his knees, and snatching at her robe, addressed some petition to her, speaking so rapidly that Alan could not follow his words.

For a moment she listened, then dragged her dress from his hand and spurned him with her foot.

With a groan or a sob, it was difficult to say which, the poor man rose and perceived Alan, whose face he now beheld for the first time, since the Asika had told him not to mask himself, as they would meet no one. The sight of it seemed to fill him with jealous fury; at any rate he leapt at his rival, intending, apparently, to catch him by the throat. Alan, who was watching him, stepped aside, so that he came into violent contact with the wall of the passage, and, half-stunned by the shock, reeled onwards into the darkness.

Alan, who wished for no confidences, asked what the Mungana was doing in the Treasure House; to which she answered that the spirits who dwelt there were eating up his soul, and when they had devoured it all, he would go mad and kill himself.

Then she led the way into the hall and up it, passing between the heaps of gold.

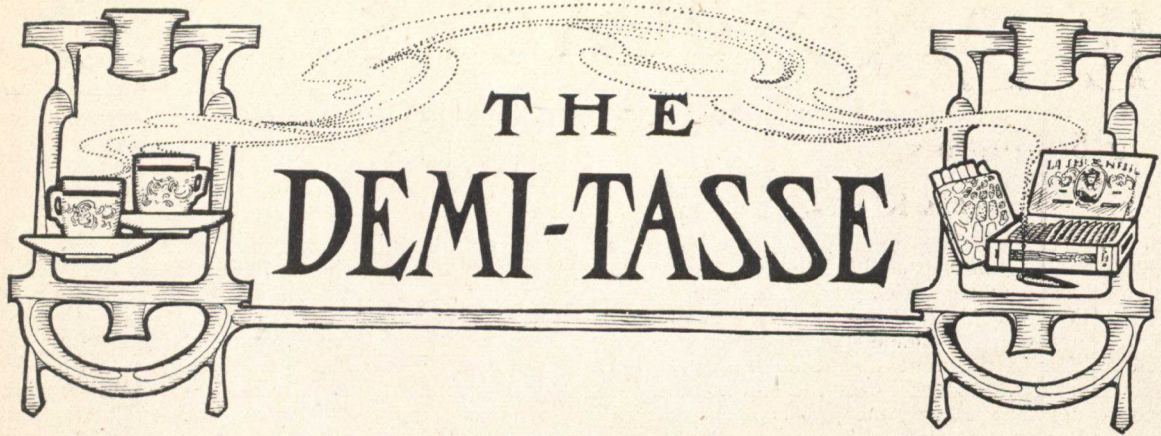
On the table where lay the necklaces of gems she set down her lamp, whereof the light, all there was in that great place, flickered feebly upon the mask of Little Bona, which had been moved there, apparently for some ceremonial purpose; and still more feebly upon the hideous, golden countenances and winding sheets of the ancient, yellow dead.

"Sit here in front of me," the Asika said to Alan, "and you, Jeeki, sit at your lord's side, and be silent till I bid you speak."

Then she crouched down in a heap behind them, threw the cloth or veil she carried over her head, and in some way that they did not see, suddenly extinguished the lamp.

Now they were in deep darkness, the darkness of death, and in utter silence, the silence of the dead. No glimmer of light, and yet to Alan it seemed as though he could feel the flash of the crystal eyes of Little Bona, and of all the other eyes set in the masks of those departed men who had once been the husbands of the bloodstained priestess of the Asiki, till one by one, as she wearied of them, they were bewitched to madness and to doom. In that utter quiet he thought even that he could hear them stir within their winding sheets, or it may have been that the Asika had risen and moved among them

(Continued on page 21)



THE UNDERSTANDING.

AN Ontario cabinet minister gazed pensively at an invitation to speak in his official capacity at a picnic on the first of July. Then he dictated an acceptance with the initials P. P. in parenthesis.

"What are the initials for?" asked a curious visitor.

"They mean either Province or Providence permitting," replied the philosophic politician.

* * *

THE CADDIE'S LAMENT.

DURING a game of golf in Scotland, says M.A.P., Mr. Balfour once drove a ball into some long grass. Turning to his caddie, he asked him what he should do to get it out in one stroke. "Try an' drive to the farthest sky-line ye can see, sir," replied the lad. Mr. Balfour did as he was bid, and with a magnificent drive sent the ball fair and square on the putting-green. Amazed at his own cleverness, he looked at the caddie for approval. "Ah, sir," exclaimed that worthy, with a sorrowful shake of his head, "if Ah'd your strength, and ye'd ma brains, what a capital pair for a foursome we shud make."

* * *

ELECTION REPARTEE.

SOME years ago, it was rumoured that the Duke of Leeds was to be Governor-General of Canada. but the report was quickly discredited. In 1887 the Duke of Leeds contested Brixton as the Marquis of Carmarthen, when his youthful appearance led to much heckling. At one meeting held the week before the poll, the candidate was interrupted by a member of the audience who shouted, "Does your mother know you're out?"

"Indeed she does," came the candidate's prompt reply; "and next week she'll know I'm in—for Brixton." He was elected in the following week by a majority of nearly a thousand votes.

* * *

LUM'S VIEWS.

IN a certain Canadian city last January a municipal candidate approached the Mongolian gentleman who runs the laundry on the corner and asked him about his political leaning.

"Oh!" said Lum Lin with a cheerful smile, "me no vote! Me no glaft—only washee!"

* * *



Retired Huntsman (who has taken to fishing). "I'll have to chuck it, Sam. I think they're all t'other side, where I can't reach 'em."
New Huntsman (passing with hounds). "Hold on a bit. I'll slip over the bridge, and turn 'em to you!"—Punch.

* * *

ON THE RUN.

THE judge listened intently to the man's story, says a writer in the Indianapolis News. The man was the plaintiff, and had charged his wife with

cruel and abusive treatment. He was a small man, and his wife—well, it was at least evident that the charge rested on a basis of possibility.

After the plaintiff had finished his testimony the judge decided to ask a question.

"Mr. Frouble," said he, "where did you meet your wife, who has treated you this way?"

"Well, judge," returned the man, somewhat meekly, "you see it's this way. I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

* * *

THE WRONG WIDOW.

"RUDYARD KIPLING, when he dined with me," said a literary Chicagoan, "told me about Simla. It seems that Simla is up in the mountains—the hills, as they say in India—and the ladies go there in the hot weather to escape the heat of the low country.

"Well, Kipling said that one lovely cool morning at Simla, he was presented to a 'grass widow.' They call those ladies 'grass widows' whose husbands are detained by work in the hot cities of the plains.

"She was awfully pretty and charming, and as they talked together in the pleasant coolness, Kipling said:

"I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband, grilling down below?"

"The lady gave him a strange look, and he learnt afterwards that she was a real widow."

* * *

THE SOUTH GOING DRY.

LAY the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last,

For the miracle has happened and the olden days are past.

That which made Milwaukee famous doesn't foam in Tennessee,

And the lid in Alabama is as tight locked as can be; And the comic paper Colonel and his cronies well may sigh,

For the mint is waving gaily, and the South is going dry.

By the stillside on the hillside in Kentucky, all is still,

And the only damp refreshment must be dipped up from the rill.

North Car'lina's stately Governor gives his soda glass a shove,

And discusses local option with the South Car'lina Gov.

It is useless at the fountain to be winkful of the eye, For the cocktail glass is dusty and the South is going dry.

It is water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink,

We no longer hear the music of the mellow crystal clink

When the Colonel and the General and the Major and the Jedge

Meet to have a little nip to give the appetite an edge—

For the eggnog now is nogless and the rye has gone awry,

And the punchbowl holds carnations and the South is going dry.

—The Voice.

* * *

MIXED METAPHORS.

THE Manchester Guardian reports that Bishop Knox explained at a meeting at Halesowen that Mr. McKenna's sword was an overloaded pistol which, being hung up in a tight corner lest it should burst, pretended to be dead until it got up and trotted home on the friendly back of the Bishop of St. Asaph.

In the British House of Commons, several speakers have recently indulged in metaphors of serious entanglements. One declared that the floodgates of irreligion and intemperance are stalking through the

land arm in arm. Another asserts that a certain bill effects such a change "that the last leap in the dark was a mere flea-bite." A third is of the opinion that Mr. Balfour is a mere figure-head with his hand on the rudder—an insinuation that the Conservative leader is a contortionist indeed. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is credited with the remark that the present Government has sown a harvest which is coming home to roost.

* * *
WHICH?

IT was a fashionable concert, and the audience was anticipating selections from Wagner. As was usual, the leading performers were met with enthusiastic applause, the climax being reached with the appearance of the conductor. A well-dressed woman, seated quite near the front, turned to the woman beside her and said in an audible voice: "Pardon me, but would you kindly tell me which is Wagner?"—Windsor Magazine.

* * *

THE MODERN WAY.

"ADVERTISEMENTS on the scenery!" exclaimed the star. "That's carrying commercialism really too far."

"It isn't commercialism," exclaimed the manager. "We want the scene to look like a real meadow. don't we?"—Tit-Bits.

* * *



Man: "Why don't you offer the Lady a seat?"
Boy: "Why don't you get up and let 'em both sit down?"

* * *

BETTER WORTH KNOWING.

A GENTLEMAN in an address to a graduating class told the following story of the president of an ocean steamship company who was taking a journey across the water.

When the ship was in a dangerous channel he became engaged in conversation with the pilot, an elderly man, who had spent most of his life on the water. The president of the company remarked:

"I suppose you know all about the dangerous places in this channel?"

"Nope," replied the pilot.

"You don't!" exclaimed the president. "Then why are you in charge of that wheel?"

"Because I know where the bad places ain't."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

* * *

HIS PART IN THE PLAY.

"WILLIE" COLLIER was once a member of a stock company in an Iowa town whose repertoire ranged from the heaviest tragedy to the lightest farce.

It was pretty hard work, says Collier, and the roles assigned him did not always meet his ideas of what he should have had.

One day the manager announced that the bill for the following week would be "Julius Caesar," and ran over the list of characters—Caesar, Antony, Brutus, Cassius—without mentioning the name of Collier.

The latter waxed wroth. "Look here," he exclaimed, "you're not going to cast me down for Casca, or something like that, are you? I'll be hanged if I do Casca!"

"Easy, my boy, easy," responded the manager, with a grim smile. "I ain't going to do anything of the sort. Your forte ain't tragedy, Collier. You're going to do the voices outside!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

* * *

CONFUSED.

Knicker—"Did Jones get excuses confused?"
Bocker—"Yes; told his boss that he had been detained at the office and his wife that he had been up with the baby."

PEOPLE AND PLACES

NEW YORK has news of a find of diamonds in Quebec at the Mottaway River near Lake Metagami. Pockets of rare stones are found scattered over the blue clay. This is a revival of a story concerning diamonds that were once found in Northern Ontario as far west as Mine Centre. The new fields were located by a young United Stateser named John A. Mackenzie and an Indian guide.

* * *

CAFE cars will soon be running on the railway from Regina to Prince Albert. This is a parallel to the diners on the C.P.R. from Calgary to Edmonton. Merely getting back to the days, however, when between Regina and Prince Albert and between Calgary and Edmonton there were all sorts of stopping places and half-way houses where four-horse stages hauled up for over-night. The new service on the line from Regina will be finely appreciated—for that journey of two hundred and fifty miles in the former days on one of the slowest trains in the West was as dreary a ride as could be found in that country.

* * *

VICTORIA has lost the tallest totem-pole in the world. In three pieces, this pole has been packed from the English city on Vancouver Island to Trinity College, Cambridge. This pole is a relic of the Haida Indians on the Queen Charlotte Islands and has been standing for many years before the residence of one of the citizens—the property of the city government, by whom it was sold to Cambridge.

* * *

A STEAM motor car is to be tested on the Intercolonial for probable use both on Prince Edward Island and for suburban traffic about St. John, N.B. The car will seat forty passengers and will be propelled by a steam motor mounted on the forward truck and driving on the rear axle.

* * *

THE ancient and honourable name of Hudson's Bay has lately been under discussion in the Saskatchewan Legislature. A company known as the Hudson's Bay Insurance Company made application in the House for an increase of capital. Two members representing the Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg opposed the motion on the ground that the name "Hudson's Bay" belonged by patent to the ancient and honourable company.

* * *

THE movements of population from the Maritime Provinces westward is commented upon by a writer in the *Sydney Record*. He says: "We know a man in the farthest west who longs to be back on a Nova Scotia farm, where he could make more money. There was a time when Ontario took all the best youth from this province of Quebec. Then came a time when there was a backwater of population. The Northwest was unknown and out of reach. At that time almost every vacancy at Montreal desks was filled by a youth from Ontario. The opening of the West completely changed all that. The time will come when the boom of the West will be less resonant; when men in the older provinces shall have learned to renew their old farms and by tidy and mixed husbandry to make large profits where now there are losses."

* * *

THE cache keeper on the new northern and western railroad lines is one of the most useful factors in development and often one of the most peculiar in character. He keeps the store. He is the commissariat. To him all hands look for camp



Cache-Keeper's Shack, along the route of the T. & N. O. Railway.

supplies. His cabin or "cache" is pitched in one of the loneliest spots along the line of construction. But if he is an easterner or a university man—which is very often the case—he gets a love for outpost life that eventually makes him forget books

and telephones and causes him to drive stakes in the country.

* * *

THE tribulations of a British Columbia mail carrier are graphically told by one of the out-posters who has the job of carrying His Majesty's mail from Log Cabin to Atlin, which is only forty miles by geography, but measured by experiences would make a great deal over four hundred. An



A voyageur drying out money wet by the rapids along the Peace River.

extract from this western Postie's story reads very much like romance. He says:

"We found the ice was not strong, but we put the canoe on a sleigh expecting to meet open water higher up. In this, however, we were disappointed and had to take the shore ice, and went on one mile farther, when suddenly the load broke through into the water, carrying the mail with it. At this point I was forced to jump into the water to rescue the mail and throw it ashore into the snow so that it would freeze before it got soaked. I found it cold, as the temperature was then between twenty and thirty below zero. We decided to leave part of the mail here, and continue with a lighter load, until we came on the opposite shore to Butler's roadhouse. Here we found it impossible to cross the lake as the ice was too thin. There was a cabin there where we got shelter and blankets, and decided to camp till moonlight and then return for the balance of the mail which we had left eight miles farther back. So far we had had one meal since breakfast, which we brought with us from Kirklands, and the poor dogs had to go hungry. We were both wet through and frozen, and decided to see what difference a fire would make to us. In building the fire we had the misfortune to break the axe handle, and had then to break limbs off the trees with our hands and dig in the snow for dry wood to keep the fire alight. We still suffered from the cold which was intense, and we found in drying our clothing that they would freeze on the side away from the fire and burn on the other. When we turned we achieved a like result. As soon as the moon came up, we commenced our return journey and got the balance of the mail from eight miles away and returned with it by 4 a.m., still without food and with very tired and hungry dogs, and the thermometer still about thirty below."

* * *

THE Ottawa River is on the rampage, with danger that another foot rise will close down lumber mills along the shore. The present height of nearly twenty-four feet above normal is the highest in thirty years except that of 1904.

* * *

ONE of the most traditional quarrels in Canada was revived the other day near St. Thomas, Ont., when at the little old red schoolhouse of Yarmouth on Talbot Road there was a wordy fight among the ratepayers concerning whether or not a new central school should be built to replace three schools now controlled in School Section No. 18. A writer in a St. Thomas paper thus hits off the

situation, which may have suggestive memories for not a few who know what rural schools in Ontario are like:

"Never before in its over half a century of existence had the sober little red schoolhouse on Talbot Street, west of Yarmouth Centre, experienced a more exciting meeting. Generations of Yarmouth citizens had therein acquired the rudiments of knowledge; fond parents had assembled to applaud their offspring as they 'said their piece' at examination time; political speakers have thundered forth fervid campaign ammunition from its blackboard end, until the very chalk turned pale; but none of it was a patch on the scenes of excitement enacted within those tradition-haunted portals on the occasion of the memorable battle between the East and West on May 11, 1908."

* * *

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR FRASER of Nova Scotia has been the guest of honour in Boston, where he was entertained by the Intercolonial Club, the leading Canadian club of that city. Meanwhile the Canadian Club of New York has had a banquet in the metropolis at which several orators from Canada delivered speeches, including Hon. Justice Longley of Halifax, Mr. George T. Blackstock of Toronto, Mr. Hugh Guthrie from Guelph, and Honourables R. L. Borden and Rodolphe Lemieux.

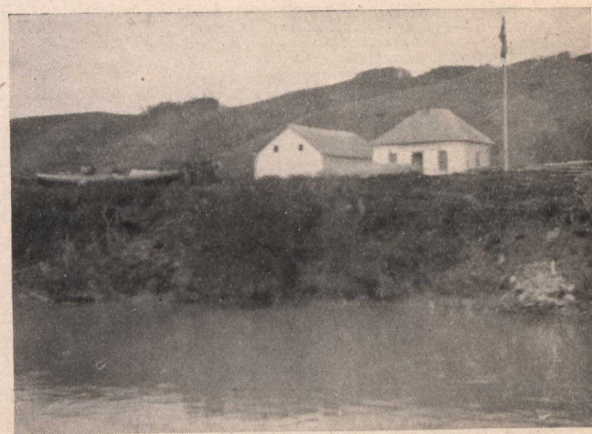
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S T. JOHN River steamers are indulging in the good old-fashioned game of racing such as used to be all the rage on the Mississippi. On Washade-moak Lake two of the regulars, the *Sincennes* and the *Aberdeen*, that leave Indiatown for Cole Island at precisely the same minute, invariably get into a race on the wide water. As the boats are nearly even match for speed, there is a great deal of rivalry among land lubbers, each of whom has his favourite. The people enjoy the sport and the passengers get quick service—but the companies lose money.

* * *

JOHN NORRIS, of New York, representing the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, charges before Congress that American papermakers have bought up large tracts of Canadian pulp woods and have artificially inflated prices of pulp, in order to command a high price for paper. He says that nearly half the paper used in the Eastern States comes from Canadian pulp. In the year 1906 the exports of pulp wood from Canada to the United States amounted to 614,646 cords at an average value of \$4.31 per cord.

* * *



The old fur-trading post of Dunvegan, on the Peace River, the best-known town in the great valley, to which so many people will be trekking this summer.

* * *

EDMONTON has held a music festival. This is a new thing in the West; somewhat after the fashion of the Welsh Eistedfodds—competitions of all sorts conducted by a musician from Winnipeg and winding up with a grand outburst of musical joy in the skating rink. Edmonton has always had a great deal of musical talent; for years used to consider itself ahead of anything western outside of Winnipeg; travelling choirs and quartettes from Edmonton used to tour as far out as Banff, which is nearly three hundred miles from Edmonton. Much Old Country talent is to be found in this city of the furs. There are many Cornishmen and they have formed a choral society. Always ambitious, Edmonton was the first town in the Saskatchewan valley to hear Albani; this was in the spring of 1901 when the faded old queen with a fine company went up there and gave a concert to a thousand-dollar house. Last summer, still ambitious, Edmonton included as one of its three-days-fair attractions an engagement of Mrs. Fiske in the skating rink. The "props" were late in arriving so that the show began at peep of dark and ended at peep of day.

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What Canadian Editors Think

REPATRIATE CANADIANS.

THE Maritime Provinces are much interested in the growth of Canadian and British population in the United States, and the possible repatriation of Canadians in preference to indiscriminate immigration from Europe.

(St. John Telegraph.)

There are in the six New England States 504,000 persons who were born in Canada, 139,000 who were born in England or Wales, 42,000 who were born in Scotland, and 375,000 who were born in Ireland—more than a million, many of whom have raised families in the country of their adoption. In Massachusetts alone the English, Irish, Scots, and Canadians born number 649,000. In Boston alone there are 50,000 persons who were born in Canada. These figures should serve to impress upon Canadians the size of the army of our own people who are living just over the border. During the last few years, thousands have recrossed into Canada, chiefly in the West, and thousands more will come. But while we are reaching out after settlers and spending great sums upon immigration, it might be well to compare the amount spent in an endeavour to recover our friends from the United States with the sum expended in fishing for settlers in Europe. For Canada, for its development, for its every need, there are no folk like our own folk.

* * *

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WHILE the Canadian Government and the National Battlefields Commission are at variance over the number of troops to be drafted for the Tercentenary at Quebec, the people in the East are profoundly interested in the visit of the Prince of Wales.

(Montreal Standard.)

The coming of His Royal Highness in connection with the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec will prove to be an event of extraordinary moment and significance. While the present King was Prince of Wales, regret was frequently expressed that by the exigencies of his position he was unable to impress himself upon the public with the distinction which seemed desirable to one so highly placed. It is an anomalous feature of the Constitution that the Heir Apparent must remain in comparative obscurity; but this can be said for the Prince of Wales, that from the beginning he has sought to realise his responsibility. He has taken his position, his life, with proper seriousness.

* * *

THE EAST IS SOLID.

MARITIMERS have stood a good deal of sidetracking in the westward ho! movements of population. There is, however, something to crow over in the financial situation by the sea.

(St. John Sun.)

The statement that the Maritime Provinces had stood the recent financial depression better than any other section of North America, coming from a man so well qualified to speak with authority as Mr. R. B. Kessen, manager of the Bank of New Brunswick, is ground for just pride on the part of all of us down here by the sea. We are not spectacular by nature, are characterised rather by caution than by enterprise; we have not been realising upon our resources as rapidly as the people in the farther western provinces; but what we have built is well built. We have seen that our foundations were sound and not overloaded, so, when the storm came

and beat upon our house of commerce and industry it stood, while many more pretentious structures shook and many fell.

* * *

A NAUGHTY LITTLE TALE.

(Montreal Gazette.)

IT is intimated in government papers that Sir Richard Cartwright can have the lieutenant-governorship of Ontario if he desires it. The chances are he will not take the hint. There is a story that the delight of his old age is to worry the other humbugs who sit round the national council table with him.

* * *

A FUNNY OLD SYSTEM.

(Woodstock Sentinel-Review.)

THE *Canadian Courier* wants to know why it is that the politicians at Ottawa cannot come to some understanding in accordance with which much of the time that is now devoted to calumny would be used for promoting the necessary business of the country. "Why should the good name of Canada's administration be continually trailed in the dust? Why should one set of public men be continually trying to prove another set carping critics or corrupt administrators? We should have neither of these classes, and if either exists, parliament as a whole is disgraced."

The probable explanation is that the politicians find it necessary to keep up appearance. Some of them would have a pretty poor excuse for occupying space at Ottawa at all if their performances were judged on their merits. They realise this and so the play is kept up for the purpose of detracting the attention of the intelligent electors from more serious matters.

In keeping up such a stage performance the politicians are not paying a very high compliment to the electors; but the play seems to serve the purpose. If a farmer had two hired men who spent their time in wrangling and calling each other names he would be tempted to take a club to both of them. But we have scarcely begun to treat the problem of popular government as a serious business proposition yet. That is the people's business, however. They pay the piper, and they have a right to call the tune.

* * *

A MISDIRECTED NATION.

(Toronto News)

IT would be worth while for a joint committee of Parliament to consider our whole system of expenditure. It does seem that we are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars on huge drill sheds in local centres, where the buildings are seldom if ever used, except for political meetings, erecting custom houses and post offices at three times the necessary cost, and in places where a neat, modest structure is all that is required, and wasting millions in an unbusinesslike method of purchasing supplies, and an unscientific contract system. We have got into wasteful and slovenly habits of spending the public money, and if the system is not changed the burden will become intolerable. We are running after the catchwords of cranks and faddists, manufacturing grievances where none exist, railing at every form of private enterprise, holding our ears to the ground to catch every passing clamour in American politics, and neglecting the sober maxims of government, the sound economies, and the eternal laws which make a nation powerful, give solidity to its institutions and character and prosperity to its people.

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Hither and Thither

MADAME PAULINE DONALDA, the Montreal singer who continues to win London triumphs, has written an article for *The Girl's Realm* on "How to Succeed as a Singer." The list of qualifications is somewhat



Mme. Donalda.

frequently forgotten by youthful aspirants and, according to Madame Donalda's estimate, the exactions of such preparation are a very serious consideration, about three hundred dollars a month being the sum to be expended. This includes the expense of board and lodging, vocal lessons, dramatic, dancing and language instruction. The expense of dress is also an important item for the singer who is yet to win popular favour. Madame Donalda writes an entertaining and thoroughly practical letter, expressing a preference for the Italian method of producing the voice.

Nat Bradley's Last Race

(Continued from page 14)

With scarcely any report the revolver's small, glittering cylinder spat out its tiny shot, and the jockey's right arm, flecked with blood, fell to his side.

"That's how to win on the post, Nat Bradley!" And the next moment Dick Crafton had scuttled out by the back way.

IV.

The jockey was on a chair in the room, the girl by his side binding the wounded arm.

"Is it easier, Gran'dad?" asked the weeping, overwrought child.

"Ain't she 'on her toes,' Hettie!" He smiled; his pale face all lit up. "She won't want much riding, and—"

"Gran'dad, you're never going to—? You musn't!"

"You're hurting my—right wing, dearie," he said, smiling again. They were at the gate now. "Oh, yes, they'll let me. I'll try so as they sha'n't know."

Light as a spider on its web, Ladybird felt the touch of her jockey's hands on the rein, and, leaping from the lad's hold, broke into an easy canter.

Although some of the closer observers of the start had noticed that old Nat Bradley was at last beginning—and very visibly, too—to show signs that his long service as a rider was drawing to a close; yet Ladybird in herself had given him no trouble whatever.

The horses were coming over the slight hill now, Fairy Light rushing down it pell mell—a youngster on her three-year-old back riding for all he was worth. Bellman, the topweight, was second; Ladybird—sweeping along, Bradley steady as a rock, his white face set as in a mask—a handy third.

"He's got such a pull in the weights, dash him!" murmured Ladybird's owner.

Somebody lower down the course

SIR HENRY FOWLER, a veteran politician in the British House of Commons, has recently been elevated to the peerage with the title Viscount Wolverhampton. Sir Henry is a Liberal of the old school and enjoyed the warm friendship of Mr. Gladstone. For some years the former was Lord Mayor of Wolverhampton, the city from which he now takes his title. His daughter, Mrs. Felkin (Ellen Thorneycroft-Fowler), is well-known as a popular novelist, her first publication *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*, achieving swift success about nine years ago. The new peer is a strong Methodist and is said to be the first member of that church to receive such a distinction. Dr. Charles Fowler, a brother of the viscount and a minister of the Methodist church, came to Canada many years ago, where he married and continued in the service of his church until his death at London, Ontario, where his widow and a daughter now reside, while a son, Mr. Joseph Fowler, is practising law at Sudbury.

THE new company at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, has been pleasing the public greatly by producing English musical comedies of the better class, *Dolly Varden* being this week's attraction. During the races, *The Country Girl* and *The Runaway Girl*, both full of sparkling songs and mirthful situations will be the programme. *The Runaway Girl* has not been heard for some time in Toronto, which has almost had time to forget *Listen to the Band* and other stirring lyrics. At the Princess Theatre, Miss Roselle Knott, the Canadian actress, is to play during race week.

certainly did remark: "Old Bradley can't ride for nuts now. Why don't he bring the mare along? He's got Bellman beaten as it is."

Half-way up Nat was seen to raise his whip.

The onlookers expected now to see the mare shoot forward to win her race under its sharp reminder.

But Nat Bradley's whip-hand fell lifelessly at his side; his body seemed to twist curiously in the saddle. And Ladybird's young owner gave a wild shout of alarm.

"What's that old fool Bradley doing?"

The girl stood for a moment, bound in a spell of torture, watching Ladybird dragging herself with her splendid stride up to the feather-weighted three-year-old's quarters.

Then with a wild laugh she ran from her lover's side, fast as her quivering limbs would carry her.

"Hettie!" he shouted, moving after her.

But she only looked back at him to laugh again and run faster!

"She's a-laughin' when she wants to cry," said a woman in charge of a stewed-eel stall. "Pore thing's got the hystrikes."

A moment more, and they had forgotten all about her.

Their eyes were fixed on the great white number-board, which was telling them what Hettie Bradley had known when she flew past them to clasp her grandfather in her arms, to drag him home—to kiss him and nurse him till he was well.

This is what the woman at the eel-stall read on the big, glaring board:

Ladybird 1
Fairy Light 2
Bellman 3

Half a length. Bad third.

Mr. Richard Crafton read it too, and knew that his luck was out, and that the order of things would now have to be reversed.

He would have to ask Nat Bradley to keep silent about that sharp little scene in his cottage previous to the race, and to let bygones be bygones.

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For the Children

THE FIRST HEPATICAS.

"AREN'T they lovely, lovely?" exclaimed Leila, rapturously, gazing at the bank of flowers she and her sorority sister, Julie, had discovered deep in the woods. "Is there any joy quite like that of gathering the early blossoms of spring?" She sank down on the mossy ground and gently plucked a bunch of the tender flowers.

"It's worth walking two miles beyond the end of the car line and scrambling over a high board fence, isn't it, to find such little beauties as these?" said Julie, as she, too, made a bouquet. "Won't the luncheon-table be charming decorated with these sweet things? They are much better than the hothouse flowers we usually have at sorority lunches."

"Of course they will, and they are expecting something novel, for I said we should have a surprise for them."

When at last the girls, with their soft hair blowing round their prettily flushed faces, again scaled the fence, carefully guarding their precious flowers, they were surprised to see in such a lonely place two rather shabbily dressed old people—a frail little woman and a lame man—sitting on a log, gazing disconsolately at the high barrier to the delectable woodland.

With deprecating glances downward at their disheveled clothes, Leila and Julie smiled with bright friendliness at the elderly couple.

"Oh, you have the first hepaticas?" said the lady. "Could you spare me just one? We have come here every spring for years to welcome the early flowers, but this time we find ourselves barred out by this new fence."

"She might have climbed it, but she wouldn't leave me." The pathetic glance that the old man cast upon his crutches as he spoke went straight to Leila's heart, and she hastily replaced the few flowers she had begun to separate from her large bunch, and laid them all in the lady's lap, where Julie's, too, were quickly placed.

"But, my dears, you musn't give me all your posies."

"We wish you to have them," answered Leila. "We had the joy of gathering them, and you must have the pleasure of keeping them as long as they will last."

A moment later Julie said, as she and Leila walked away, "We haven't any wild flowers for the sorority lunch, after all."

"No, we have something better, though, a happy memory, and we can tell the girls about those dear old people," replied Leila. She turned and waved her hand to the two still sitting on the log.

"Deary," said the old man, replacing the hat he had doffed, and bringing his gentle eyes from the girlish figures in the distance to the little woman beside him, "what a taste of spring-time we have had!"—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

GROWING.

By Annie Isabel Willis.

A little rain, and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about;
Ah, that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

A little work, and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart, and a sunny face,
And lessons learned, and things in place;
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?

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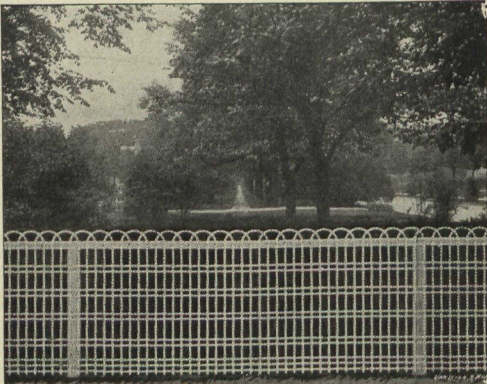
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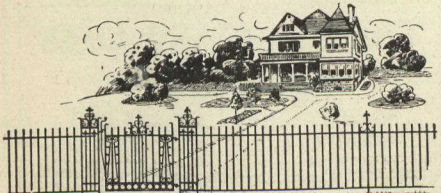
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The Yellow God

Continued from page 15)

on some errand of her own. Far away something fell to the floor, a very light object, such as a flake of rock or a scale of gold. Yet the noise of it struck his nerves loud as a clap of thunder, and those of Jeeki also, for he felt him start at his side and heard the sudden hammerlike beat of his heart. What was the woman doing in this dreadful place, he wondered? Well, it was easy to guess. Doubtless she had brought them there to scare and impress them. Presently a voice, that of some hidden priest, would speak to them, and they would be asked to believe it a message from the spirit world, or a spirit itself might be arranged—what could be easier in their mood and these surroundings?

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT THE ASIKA SHOWED TO ALAN.

It seemed to Alan that he went to sleep and dreamed.

He dreamed that it was late autumn in England. Leaves drifted down from the trees beneath the breath of a strong, damp wind and ran or floated along the road till they vanished into a ditch, or caught against a pile of stones that had been laid ready for its repair. He knew the road well enough; he even knew the elm tree beneath which he seemed to stand on the crest of a hill. It was that which ran from Mr. Champers-Haswell's splendid house, The Court, to the church; he could see them both, the house to the right and the church to the left, and his eyesight seemed to have improved since he was able to observe that at either place there was bustle and preparation as though for some ceremony.

Now the big gates of The Court opened, and through came a funeral. It advanced towards him with unnatural swiftness as though it floated upon air, the whole melancholy procession of it. In a few seconds it had come and gone, and yet during those seconds he suffered agony, for there arose in his mind a horrible terror that this was Barbara's burying. He could not have endured it for another moment; he would have cried out or died, only now the mourners passed him following the coffin, and in the first carriage he saw Barbara seated, looking sad and somewhat troubled, but well. A little farther down the line came another carriage, and in it was Sir Robert Aylward, staring before him with cold, impassive face.

In his dream Alan thought to himself that he must have borrowed this carriage, which would not be strange, as he generally used motors, for there was a peer's coronet upon the panels and the silver-mounted harness.

The funeral passed and suddenly vanished into the churchyard gates, leaving Alan wondering why his cousin Haswell was not seated at Barbara's side. Then it occurred to him that it might be because he was in the coffin, and at that moment in his dream he heard the Asika asking Jeeki what he saw; heard Jeeki answer also, "A burying in the land called England."

"Of whom, Jeeki?" Then, after some hesitation, the answer:

"Of a lady whom my lord loves very much. They bury her."

"What was her name, Jeeki?"

"Her name was Barbara."

"Bar-bara, why that you told me was the name of his mother and his sister. Which of them is buried?"

"Neither, O Asika! It was another lady who loved him very much and wanted to marry him, and that was why he ran away to Africa. But now she is dead and buried."

"Are all women in England called Barbara, Jeeki?"

"Yes, O Asika, Barbara means woman."

"If your lord loved this Barbara, why then did he run away from her? Well, it matters not since she is dead and buried, for whatever their spirits may feel, no man cares for a woman that is dead until she clothes herself in flesh again."

"I have earned nothing, O Asika," answered Jeeki modestly, "who only tell you what I see as I must. Yet, O Asika," he added, with a note of anxiety in his voice, "why do you not read these writings for yourself?"

"Because I dare not, or rather because I cannot," she answered fiercely.

The dream went on. A great forest appeared, such a forest as they had passed before they met the cannibals, and set beneath one of the trees, a tent, and in that tent Barbara, Barbara weeping. Someone began to lift the flap of the tent. She sprang up, snatching at a pistol that lay beside her, turning its muzzle towards her breast. A man entered the tent. Alan saw his face, it was his own. Barbara let fall the pistol and fell backwards as though a bullet from it had pierced her heart. He leapt towards her, but before he came to where she lay everything had vanished, and he heard Jeeki droning out his lies to the Asika.

A third time the dream descended on Alan like a cloud. It seemed to him that he was borne beyond the flaming borders of the world. Everything around was new and unfamiliar, vast, changing, lovely, terrible. He stood alone upon a pearly plain and the sky above him was lit with rosy moons, many and many of them, that hung there like lamps. Spirits began to pass him. It was the Asika, only a thousand times more splendid, clothed in all the glory of hell.

"Through many a life, through many a life," she said, "bought with much blood, paid for with a million tears, but mine at last, the soul that I have won to comfort my soul through the eternal day."

So she spoke, and though all his soul revolted, yet the fearful strength that was in her seemed to draw him onward whither she would go. Then a light shone and that light was the face of Barbara, and with a suddenness that was almost awful, the dream came to an end.

Alan was in his own room again, though how he got there he did not recollect.

"Jeeki, he said, "what has happened? I seem to have had a very curious dream, there in the Treasure Place, and to have heard you telling the Asika a string of incredible falsehoods."

"Oh, no, Major, Jeeki too good Christian; he tell her what he see, or what he think she see if she look, 'cause p'raps he see nothing, she never believe that."

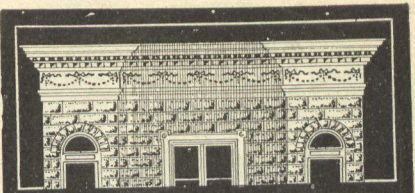
"Quite so, Jeeki, quite so; only I should advise you not to play too many tricks upon the Asika, lest she should happen to find you out. How did I get back here?"

"Like man that walk in his sleep, Major. She go first, you follow, just as little lamb after Mary in hymn."

"Jeeki, did you really see anything at all?"

"No, Major, nothing partic'lar, except ghost of Mrs. Jeeki and of your reverend uncle, both of them very angry. That magic all stuff, Major. Asika put something in your grub make you drunk, so that you think her very wise."

Fifteen more days had gone by, and it was the eve of the night of the second full moon, the night when Alan was destined to become the husband of Asika. She had sent for him that morning, and he found her radiant with happiness. Whether or



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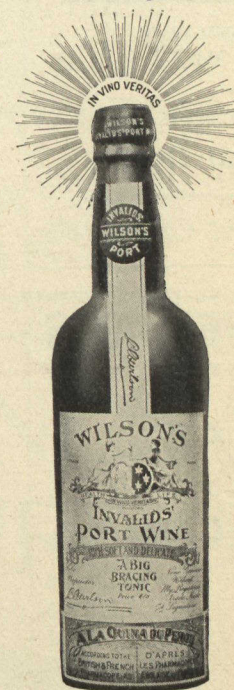
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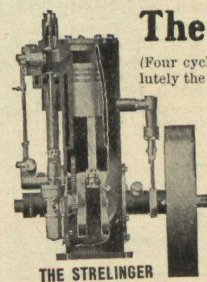


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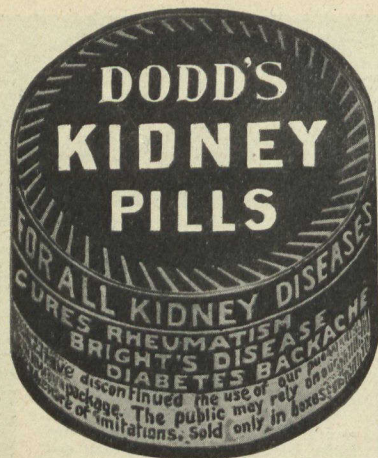
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no she believed Jeeki's interpretation of the visions, it seemed quite certain that her mind was void of fears or doubts. She was sure that Alan was about to become her husband, and had summoned all the people of the Asiki to be present at the ceremony of their marriage, and incidentally of the death of the Mungana, who, poor wretch, was to be forced to kill himself upon that occasion.

Before they parted she had spoken to Alan sweetly enough.

"Vernoon," she said, "I know that you do not love me as I love you, but the love will come, since for your sake I will change myself. I will become gentle; I will shed no more blood; that of the Mungana shall be the last, and even him I would spare if I could, only while he lives I may not marry you; it is the one law that is stronger than I am, and if I broke it you would be murdered. You shall even teach me your faith, if you will, for what is good to you is henceforth good to me. Ask what you wish of me, and as an earnest I will do it if I can."

Now Alan looked at her. There was one thing that he wished above all others—that she would let him go. But this he did not dare to ask; moreover, it would have been utterly useless. After all, if the Asika's love was terrible, what would be the appearance of her outraged hate? What could he ask? More gold? He hated the very name of the stuff, for it had brought him here. He remembered the old cannibal chief, Fahni, who like himself languished a prisoner, daily expecting death. Only that morning he had implored him to obtain his liberty.

"I thank you, Asika," he said. "Now, if your words are true, set Fahni free, and let him return to his own country, for if he stays here he will die."

"Surely, Vernoon, that is a very small thing," she answered smiling, "though it is true that when he gets there he will probably make war upon us. Well, let him, let him." Then she clapped her hands and summoned priests, whom she bade go at once and conduct Fahni out of Bonsa-Town. Also she bade them loose certain slaves who were of the Ogula tribe, that they might accompany him laden with provisions, and send on orders to the outposts that Fahni and his party should pass unmolested from the land.

This done, she began to talk to Alan about many matters, however little he might answer her. Indeed, it seemed almost as though she feared to let him leave her; as though some presentiment of loss oppressed her.

At length, to Alan's great relief, the time came when they must part, since it was necessary for her to attend a secret ceremony of preparation or purification, that was called "The Putting Off of the Past." Although she had been thrice summoned still she would not let him go.

"They call you, Asika," said Alan. "Yes, yes, they call me," she replied, springing up. "Leave me, Vernoon, till we meet to-morrow to part no more. Oh! why is my heart so heavy in me? That black dog of yours read the visions that I summoned, but might not look on, and they were good visions. They showed that the woman who loved you is dead; they showed us wedded, and other deeper things. Surely he would not dare to lie to me, knowing that if he did, I would flay him living and throw him to the vultures. Why, then, is my heart so heavy in me? Would you escape me, Vernoon? Nay, you are not so cruel, nor could you do it, except by death. Moreover, Man, know that even in death you cannot escape me, for there I shall follow you and claim you, to whose side my spirit has toiled for ages, and

what is there so strong that it can snatch you from my hand?"

She looked at him for a moment, then, of a sudden, burst into a flood of tears, and seizing his hand, threw herself upon his knees and kissed it again and again.

"Go, now," she said, "go, and let my love go with you, through lives and deaths, and all the dreams beyond, oh! let my love go with you, as it shall, Vernoon."

So Alan went, leaving her there weeping on her knees.

During the dark hours that followed, Alan and madness were not far apart. What could he do? Escape was utterly impossible. For weeks he and Jeeki had considered it in vain. Even if they could win out of the Gold House fortress, what hope had they of making their way through the crowded, tortuous town where, after the African fashion, people walked about all night, everyone of whom would recognise the white man of whom all were talking, whether he was masked or no? Besides, beyond the town were the river and the guarded walls and gates, and beyond them open country, where they would be cut off or run down. No, to attempt escape was suicide. Suicide! That gave him an idea; why should he not kill himself?

Alan paused in his walk up and down the room, and looked at Jeeki, who sat upon the floor with his back resting against the stone altar.

"Jeeki," he said, "time's up. What am I to do?"

"Do, Major?" he replied with affected cheerfulness. "Oh! that quite simple. Jeeki arrange everything. You marry Asika, and by and by, when you master here and tired of her, you give her slip."

"Look here, Jeeki, you old scamp, I am sorry for you, for you have been a good friend to me and we are fond of each other. But just understand this, I am not going to marry that woman if I can help it. It's against my principles. So I shall wait till to-morrow, and then I shall walk out of this place. If the guards try to stop me, I shall shoot them while I have any cartridges. Then I shall go on until they kill me."

(To be continued.)

THE INDIAN AND HIS HORSE.

A SPANIARD was riding a tired old horse in a lonely part of Mexico. By and by he met an Indian mounted on a fresh, strong, young horse.

"Let us exchange horses," said the Spaniard.

"Certainly not," replied the Indian, "for yours is not nearly so good as mine."

The Spaniard, who was armed, then seized the Indian's horse by force, and rode away on it. The poor Indian followed, and, as he was a capital runner, managed to keep up with the thief. They reached the next village together, and there the Indian loudly complained to the chief magistrate of the shameful way in which he had been treated. Whereupon the Spaniard coolly said that the horse was his own.

As there was no witness to prove which claimant was right, the magistrate was about to dismiss the case when the Indian said, "The horse is mine, and I can prove it."

He took off his cloak and threw it over the horse's head. "Now," said he, "which eye is he blind in, the right or the left?"

"The right eye, to be sure," replied the Spaniard.

"Then you are wrong," said the Indian, withdrawing the cloak, "for he is blind in neither."

On this the magistrate decided that the horse belonged to the Indian, and severely punished the wicked Spaniard.—*Little Folks.*



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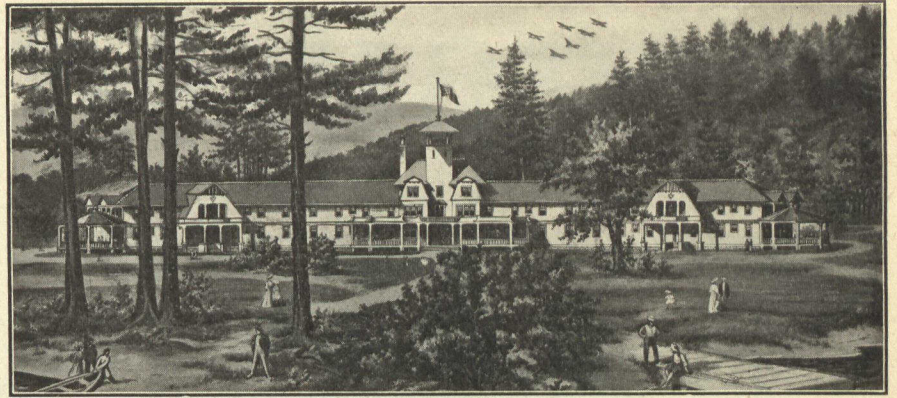
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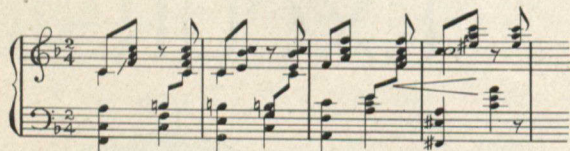
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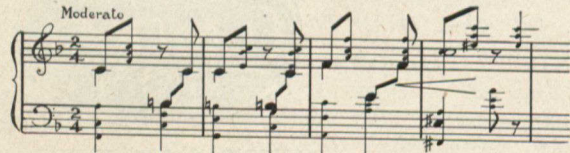
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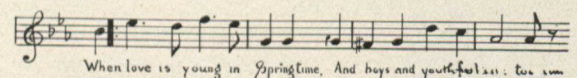


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