

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

WESTERN SPORTS. } Illustrated. IAN MACLAREN, W. W. JACOBS,
THE GALICIANS. } JOHN J. GUNNE, JR.
CHRISTMAS STORIES, POEMS, ETC.



Royal Crown

SOAP

For
HARD WATER OR
SOFT WATER
THE
BEST SOAP MADE

FREE BOOKS AND PICTURES
FOR 25 WRAPPERS

SEND FOR A LIST

THE ROYAL SOAP CO.
WINNIPEG, MAN

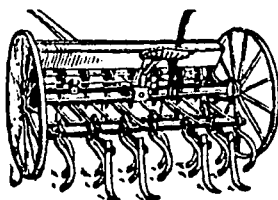
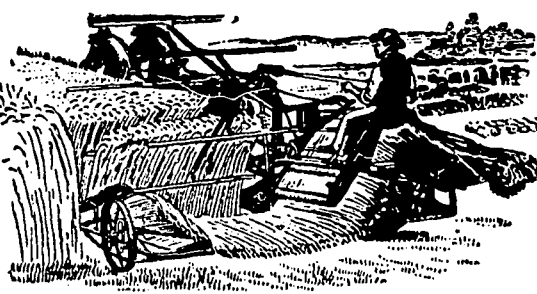
SHOPPING BY MAIL



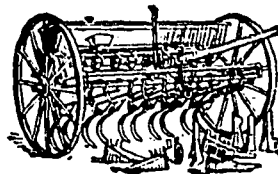
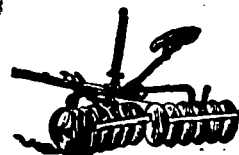
Is made easy by
writing for what
is required to the

Hudson's Bay Stores.

Massey-Harris Company, Ltd.

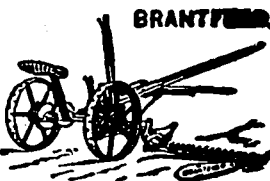


Largest manu-
facturers under
the British
Flag of



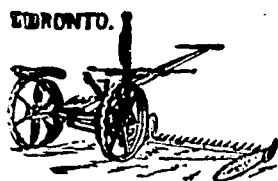
FARM IMPLEMENTS

Factories: Toronto, Brantford and Woodstock.

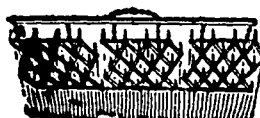
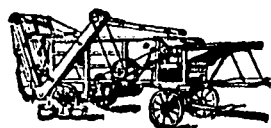


HEADQUARTERS FOR NORTHWEST BRANCH: WINNIPEG.

Responsible Agents and Warehouses at
all important points.



Catalogue Mailed on Application.



Mrs. R. E. CARR
OF
The American
Art Gallery



Will be pleased to see all
her old patrons, and many
new ones, for their Xmas
Photos



Don't forget the Address—

284 Main Street

Corner Graham Avenue

OPPOSITE HOTEL MANITOBA

Suggestions for **Xmas Presents**

Set Carvers in Case

- * Children's Sets
- * Bissell Carpet Sweeper
- * Pair Razors

Library Lamp



- * * N. O. Skates
- * * * Table Cutlery
- * * * * Silver Mugs

FULL STOCK AT VERY LOW PRICES.

HARDWARE.

CAMPBELL BROS., 538 Main Street



Hotel Leland

THE PALACE FAMILY AND
COMMERCIAL HOTEL

Rates - \$2.00 to \$4.00 a Day

Second to nothing in Canada

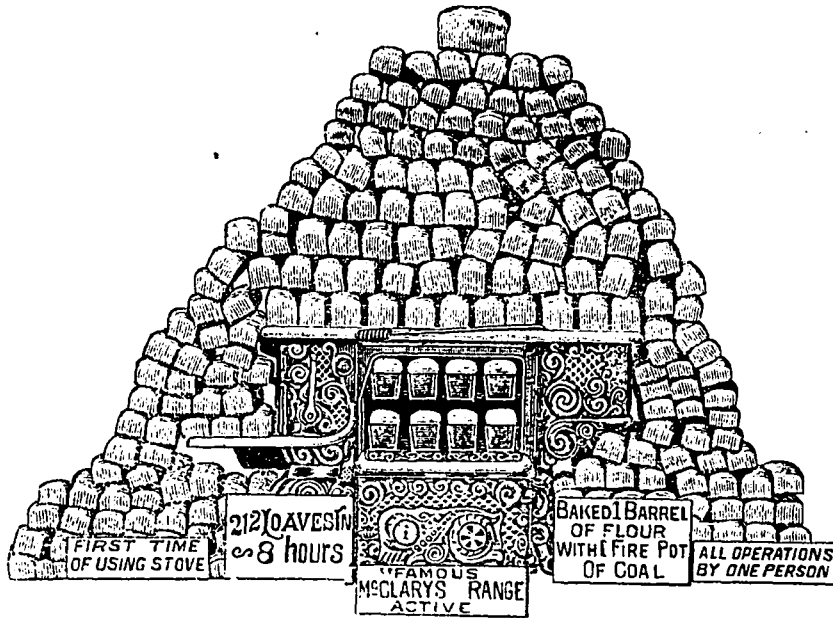
W. D. DOUGLAS, Manager

City Hall Square, Winnipeg

Wide awake dealers sell our Goods. If your local dealer does not, write us for information

THE NEW "FAMOUS ACTIVE" DID IT.

Bakes a
Barrel of
Flour into
Better Bread
Using Less
Fuel and in
Less Time
Than any
Other Range
in the World



This Baking
Record has
never been
Equalled.
Results of a
Test made with
a 9-20
"FAMOUS
ACTIVE"
RANGE
Baked one
Barrel of Flour
Into 212 Loaves
in 8 hours.

The McClary Manufacturing Co.,

192 Bannatyne Ave., WINNIPEG.

MONTREAL.

VANCOUVER.

LONDON.

TORONTO.

MANITOBA.

Population, 200,000.

Number of Farmers, 27,000.

LOOK UP ITS ADVANTAGES BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE!

A FAVORABLE SEASON—

CROP OF 1895.

	AVERAGE YIELD PER ACRE.
WHEAT	27.86 bushels
OATS	46.73 "
BARLEY	36.69 "
FLAX	16.08 "

AN UNFAVORABLE SEASON--

CROP OF 1896.

	AVERAGE YIELD PER ACRE.
WHEAT	14.33 bushels
OATS	28.25 "
BARLEY	24.80 "
FLAX	12.30 "

Over 10,000,000 Acres in Manitoba have never been cultivated. Price of
Land from \$3.50 to \$6.00 per Acre. Easy Terms.

FREE HOMESTEADS can still be obtained in many parts of the Province. For latest information and maps—all free—address:

HON. THOS. GREENWAY,

Minister of Agriculture and Immigration, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Or to W. D. SCOTT, Manitoba Immigration Agent, 30 York St. TORONTO, ONT.

Sun Life Assurance Co.

of Canada.

Policies in force in 1872.....	\$ 1,065,000.
“ “ “ 1897.....	44,983,000, an increase of 4100 per cent.
Annual Income in 1872	48,000.
“ “ “ 1897.....	2,239,000, an increase of 4600 per cent.
Net Assets in 1872.....	96,500.
“ “ “ 1897	7,322,000, an increase of 7600 per cent.

In actual result to policy holders it has no superior on the continent.

Its policy reserves are held on the most stringent basis used in Canadian Actuarial calculations.

Its policies are automatically continued in force after two years premiums have been paid, for such time as the whole reserve is sufficient to pay the premiums.

MANAGERS FOR MANITOBA AND THE N.W.T. :

GILROY & BAKER,

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

ALCOHOLISM CURED.

EVANS GOLD CURE INSTITUTE

58 ADELAIDE STREET, WINNIPEG.

ESTABLISHED 1895.



OVER 500 men and women have been permanently cured of the Liquor, Morphine and other drug addictions at this Institute. Endorsed in open letters by three Mayors of Winnipeg, the Mayor of Montreal, Mayors of Carberry, Minnedosa, Man., Hon. Hugh J. Macdonald, Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, Father Drummond and twenty-one leading clergymen of every denomination. Treatment and Board, one hundred dollars. Send for our interesting work on Inebriety and book of testimonials from cured. Sent free (sealed in plain envelope).

LAND FOR SALE!

County of Provencher, Province of Manitoba.

240 acres. N.E. qr. and E. hf. of the N. W. qr. of Section 27, Township 9, Range 2 East of the Principal Meridian, except small part taken by Canadian Pacific Railway.

County of Provencher, Province of Manitoba.

240 acres S. hf. of N.E. qr of Section 21, Township 9, Range 1 East of the Principal Meridian.

County of Lisgar, Province of Manitoba.

240 acres. S.W. qr and S. hf of the N.W. qr. of Section 12, Township 13, Range 7 East of the Principal Meridian.

County of Morris, Province of Manitoba.

240 acres. N.E. qr and N. hf of S.E. qr of Section 32, Township 4, Range 5 East of the Principal Meridian.

☛ Would be sold leaving part of the money on Mortgage.

Apply to the owners,

CRAGGS, TURKETINE & CO. 52 Coleman St., LONDON, Eng.



Your House on Fire

This may be the warning cry to you some night.

Whether it refers to your Store, Factory, Mill, Office or residence, it means that all your valuable account books, securities, deeds, insurance policies, notes, receipts, mortgages, etc., will be destroyed if you have not a **Fire Proof Safe**, therefore get a

VICTOR SAFE

at once, and be prepared for the Fire Fiend.

HOUSEHOLD SAFES only - \$12.00
A splendid Christmas present.

MERCHANTS' SAFES only - \$30.00

Special prices during December. Cash or easy term payments. Call or write for particulars and price list.

KARL K. ALBERT,

General Agent,

407 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG, MAN.

Next door to P. O.

Dick, Banning & Co.

DEALERS IN

Pine, Cedar, Fir,
Spruce, Oak and Basswood

Picture Packing
and Sash Packing **Lumber**

Pine and Cedar Shingles,
Lath, Sash, Doors, etc.

Office and Yard: OPPOSITE
C. P. R. STATION
Telephone 239. P. O. Box 1230.

WINNIPEG.

Several Good Farms for Sale

AT REASONABLE TERMS

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Capital Paid Up - - - \$2,000,000
Reserve - - - \$1,200,000

DIRECTORS:

H. S. Howland, Pres. T. R. Merritt, Vice-Pres.
Wm. Ramsay, Robt. Jaffray (St. Catharines.)
Hugh Ryan T. Sutherland Staynor.
Elias Rogers. D. R. Wilkie, Gen. Mgr.

BRANCHES IN NORTHWEST & BRITISH COLUMBIA:
Winnipeg, Man. C. S. Hoare, Manager
Brandon, Man. N. G. Leslie, Manager
Portage la Prairie, Man. W. Bell, Manager
Calgary, Alta. M. Morris, Manager
Prince, Albert, Sask. R. Davidson, Manager
Edmonton, Alta. ; South Edmonton, Alta.
..... G. R. F. Kirkpatrick, Manager
Vancouver, B. C. A. Jukes, Manager
Revelstoke, B. C. A. R. B. Hearn, Manager

BRANCHES IN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

Essex, Ingersoll, Galt, Niagara Falls, Rat
Portage, Port Colborne, St. Catharines, Sault
Ste. Marie, Welland, St. Thomas, Fergus, Wood-
stock, Montreal, Que.

Toronto Branches—Corner Wellington St. and
Leader Lane ; Corner Yonge and Queen Sts. ;
Corner Yonge and Bloor Sts.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT—Deposits of
\$1 and upwards received and interest allowed.

DEBENTURES—Municipal and other Debentures
purchased.

AGENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN—Lloyd's Bank,
Ltd., 72 Lombard St., London, with whom
money may be deposited for transfer by let-
ter, or cable, to any of the above branches.

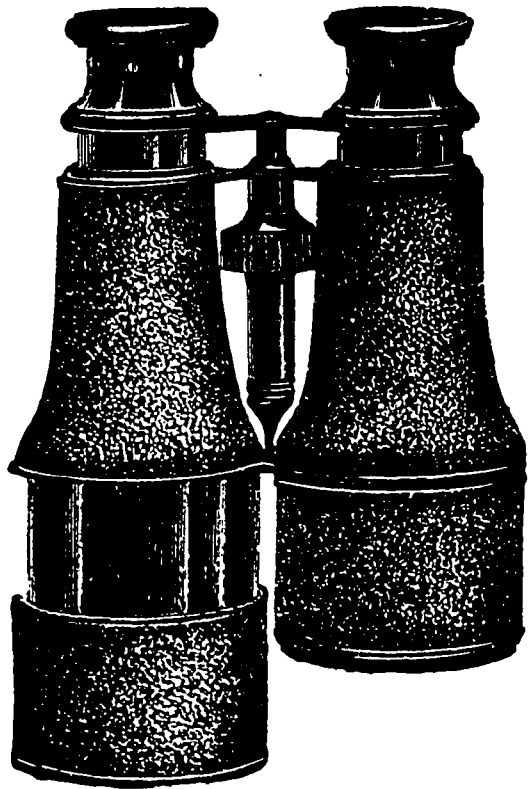
Letters of Credit issued payable at St. Michael,
Alaska, and Dawson City, also Special Deposit
Receipts issued negotiable without charge at
any of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s posts in goods
or in cash if available.

Winnipeg Branch.

DRAFTS SOLD, available at all points in Can-
ada, United States and Europe.

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in
any part of the world.

C. S. HOARE, Manager.



All kinds of OPTICAL GOODS
For all kinds of people
at

W. R. INMAN & CO.,
WINNIPEG.

**Howard's
Hard Water
Toilet Soap**

Is the only Toilet Soap that
will make a good free lather
in the hard alkali water of
this country, equally as
good as in the freshest
rain water.

John F. Howard & Co.,

**DISPENSING CHEMISTS,
WINNIPEG, MAN.**

**All
Wool .. THE GENUINE
MICA
ROOFING.**

NOT AFFECTED BY HEAT OR COLD.

Home Industry. Encourage it.

For samples and testimonials write

W. G. FONSECA.

705 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

MINERS

are using Dr. Warnock's

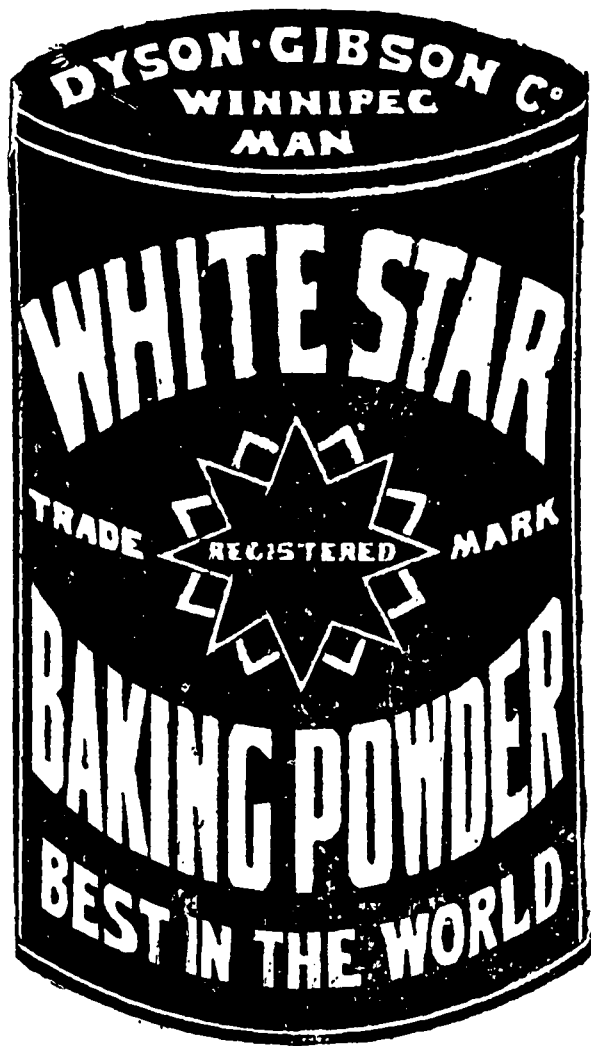
ULCERKURE

for the speedy and safe cure of wounds
and sores. It is the safest and quickest
healing Medicine known to science.
Used for both man and beast. Send a 3
cent stamp to

WESTERN VETERINARY CO.,

P. O. Box 478, WINNIPEG,

and we will mail you a free trial bottle



Home Productions

That are second to none !

No. 1 Hard Wheat makes the best flour, when used with

White Star Baking Powder

makes the best bread in the world ; makes the best pastry in the world.

Have you tried our delicious "HEALTH COFFEY ?" Ask your grocer for it.

THE DYSON-GIBSON CO.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

ESTABLISHED 1874.

G. F. Carruthers J. H. Brock
J. M. Johnston

Carruthers. Brock & Johnston.

**FIRE and MARINE
INSURANCE**

Insurance,

British America, Toronto
Phoenix, London, Eng.
Queen, of America
Western, Toronto
Phenix, Brooklyn

**Financial
Real Estate &
Commission
Agents.**

**Plate Glass, Accident and Guarantee
Insurance.**

Rents Collected and Estates Managed.

J. & J. TAYLOR, TORONTO SAFE
WORKS

Safe and Vault Doors kept in stock

Agent for British Canadian Loan and
Investment Co., and Imperial
Trusts Co.

453 Main Street, Winnipeg.

Farming Lands for Sale.

**The Scottish Ontario and Manitoba
Land Co., Limited,**

HAVE

100,000 ACRES

In most of the best districts in Mani-
toba, for sale at prices ranging from
\$2.50 per acre upwards—Easy terms
of payment.

A few Improved Farms for Sale

SEND FOR LISTS TO

A. BAIN,

193 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Great West Magazine

Contents for December, 1898

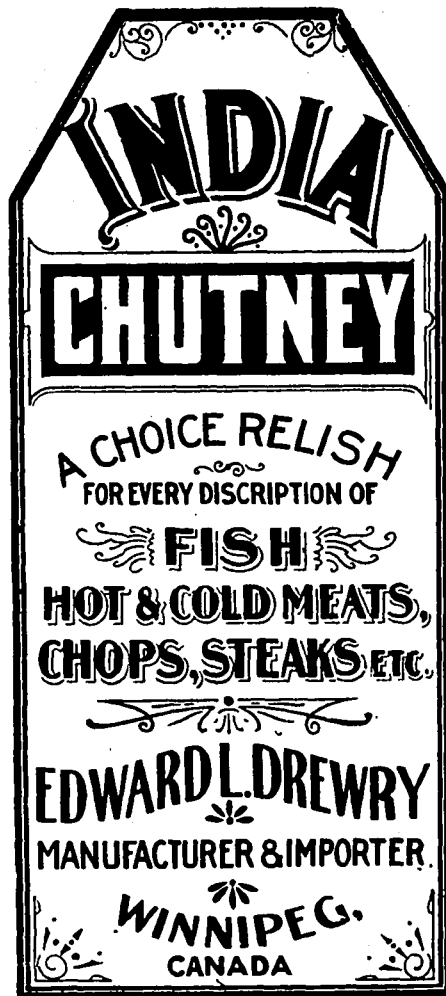
Cover.	Designed and modelled in clay, by Lilian Josephine Clarke.
The First Christmas	Frontispiece
Western Sports. Illustrated	The Editor
The Old Pine Tree	Dr. William Henry Drummond
Our New Immigrants—"The Galicians." Illustrated	
A New Game. Illustrated	Frances Gould
The Mound Builders	Charles N. Bell
Peace on Earth	John J. Gunne, jr.
Uncle's Christmas Story. Illustrated	A. Evelyn Gunne
The Old Fashioned Virtue of Kindness	Ian Maclaren
Possibilities of the Camera. Illustrated	Viewfinder
Jerry Bundler	W. W. Jacobs
In the Day of Temptation (continued)	William Le Queux
The Christmas Angel	
The World Moves	
Publishers' Notes	

THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly published at Winnipeg, Canada

Subscription \$1.00 a year. Single copies 10 cents.

Two
Choice
Table
Relishes



India Chutney

..

A MOST tasty and delicious Table Relish for use with fish, hot and cold meats, game, etc. The appetizing properties of

India Chutney

make it peculiarly valuable to persons whose appetites require gentle stimulation.

For sale by grocers,
25c per bottle.

Edward L. Drewry, Manufacturer & Importer,
WINNIPEG

Mason & Risch PIANOS

ARE...
...THE Instruments of the Cultured

For over twenty-five years they have been without an equal in the favor of those best qualified to judge of the musical merit of an instrument. There are other points beyond musical excellence, however, which have combined to give the Mason & Risch Pianos their peculiar pre-eminence.

They are Durable beyond all comparison!

That is what secures for them the preference in all colleges and schools. Mount Allison Ladies' College has just purchased its 25th Mason & Risch Piano. This is but one instance among many.

They are Moderate in Price!

By selling direct to the public we are enabled to quote much lower prices than by selling through Agents, who require large profits.

Their Terms are Easy!

One of the great advantages which Capital enables our Company to afford its Customers is Easy Terms of Payment. Write us on this point. Also please write us for our new Illustrated Catalogue. Mailed free.

The MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., Ltd.,
498 Main Street, Winnipeg.



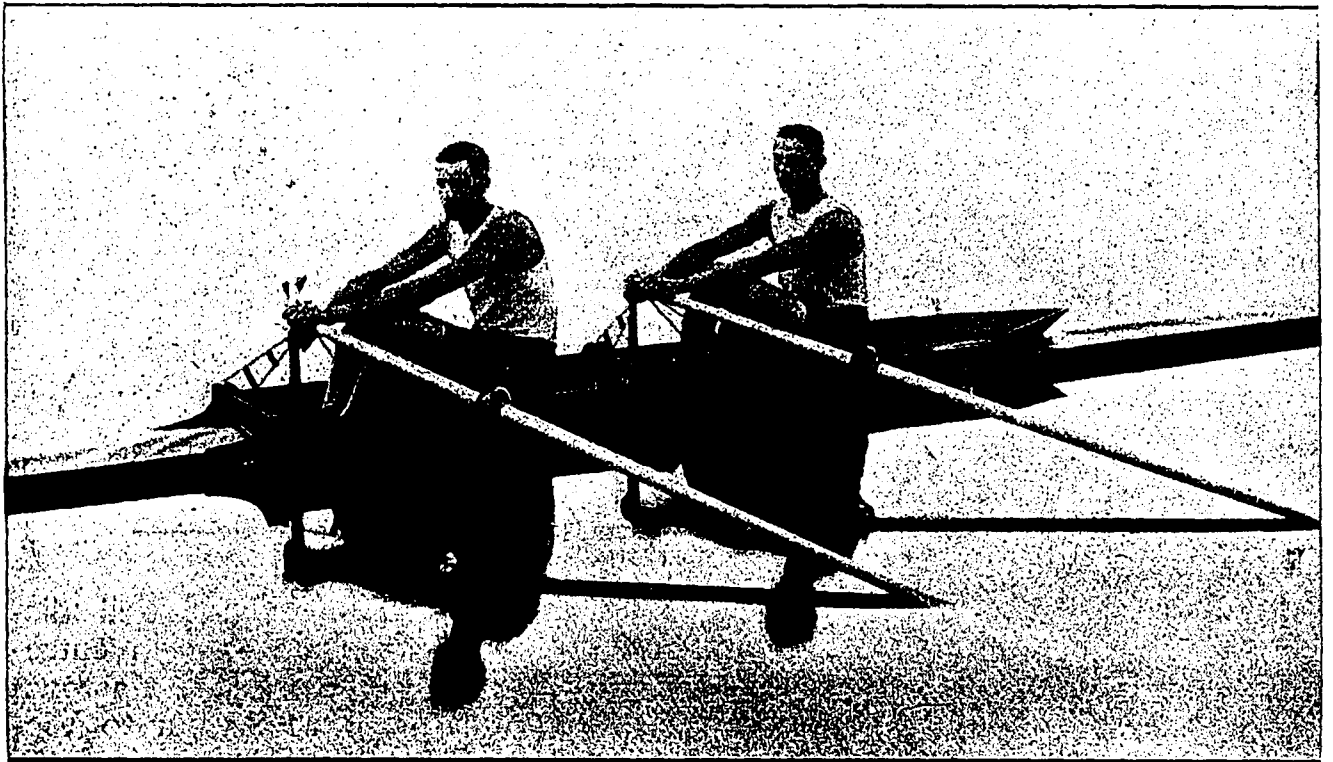
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

The Great West Magazine.

VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No 4.



WESTERN SPORTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

YOUNG Canadians take to outdoor sports as naturally as a newly-hatched duckling waddles to the water. The taste is not acquired, it is born in them, a heritage from generations of sturdy ancestors — Celts, Angles, Saxons and Normans — whose restless blood in the “poor piping time of peace,” in the intervals of those wars that were to them the spice of life, sought the milder excitement of games in which a happy combination of muscle and skill won victories. To this inherent love of manly sports is due the splendid achievements of the British arms in every quarter of the globe. The muscles, eyes and limbs trained on

the cricket or football field, or capable of responding to the emergencies of hockey or lacrosse, will surely stand their possessor in good stead in the great game of life and death which we call war. We, who are contently proud to be classed as Anglo-Saxon, as a distinctive generic title, although the Celt predominates, do not, nor should we, plume ourselves as the possessors of courage superior to the rest of mankind. We have fought and conquered races as brave, as self-sacrificing, and as patriotic as ourselves, but in every case our adversaries lacked the stamina that results from a long course of muscular education in our national sports. The



A MANITOBA CRICKET TEAM.

courage was there, but the staying power, the quality we call pluck, which never anticipates the possibility of failure and fails to recognize defeat when face to face with death, was wanting, and they fled before us or fell fighting to the last when hope had deserted them. It was this attribute of the race that inspired Napoleon when he exclaimed, "Give me such soldiers and I would conquer the world."

Western Canadians have not forgotten the traditions of their fathers, for scarcely was Manitoba created a province when cricket, lacrosse and snowshoe clubs were formed, and the young pioneers of the west went on playing the old games with a zest accentuated by the clear, bracing climate. A new generation has sprung up since then, and to-day Winnipeg possesses more athletic clubs and more crack players than any city of its size on this continent. This is not an empty boast, as the records of many a well-earned victory and the captured trophies will attest. Win-

nipeg justly claims the proud distinction of being the western entrepot of sport, but there is not a town or hamlet from Port Arthur to Victoria that does not possess its athletic clubs, lacrosse, cricket, football, baseball, hockey, curling, etc.

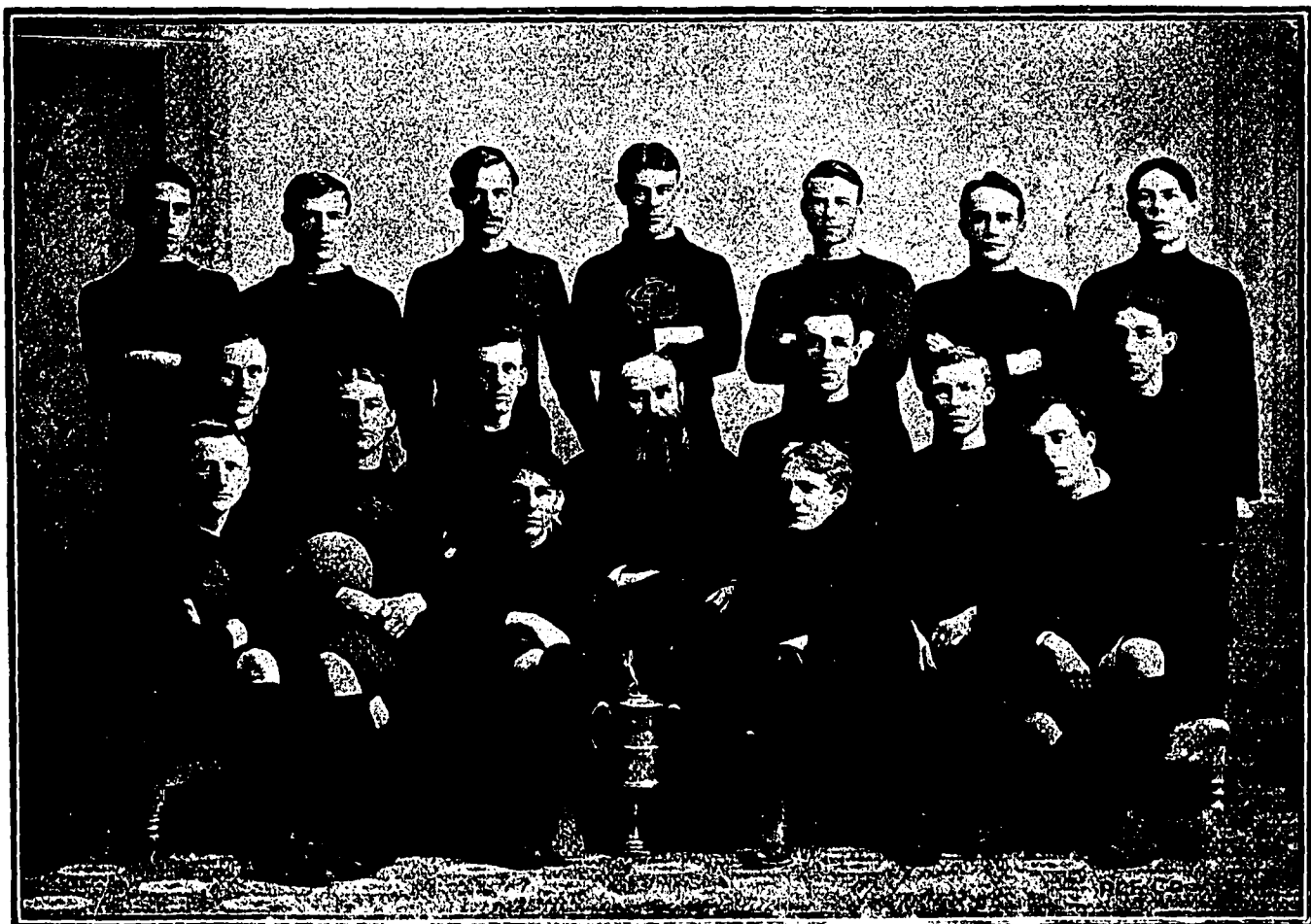
Although most of our outdoor sports are imported, we have four that are distinctly Canadian—lacrosse, hockey, snowshoeing and tobogganning. The first was played by the Indians long before Cabot set foot on the soil of Canada. Champlain, Cartier, and their contemporaries describe it, and although the Indians continued to play it, it was only in the middle of the present century—about 1848-9—that the white boys of Montreal adopted and made it the national game. Snowshoeing can scarcely be classed as a game; it is a recreation, like tobogganning, but it has been made a sport, which, before the introduction of hockey, was the principal and favorite winter amusement. The St. George's Snowshoe Club, of Montreal, (successor to

the old Montreal Club, *Les Tuques Bleu*), is one of the institutions of the city, and those who can remember it in the days of Nick Hughes, Tom Ccain, Charley Radiger, Frank Doud and other immortals, will attest that it was a glorious one.

It was the intention when this article was planned to make it more general in its scope, but circumstances prevented, and it must be confined to brief mention of some of our western sports. This little digression is made for the reason that the writer was nearly allowing his pen to wander off into the bygone in memory of the veterans of the *Tuque Bleu* when it was clearly his duty to stick by the material at hand. Several gentlemen connected with the various athletic clubs of Winnipeg have kindly furnished data for this article, and to all these the writer presents his apologies that the space at his disposal permits of only passing mention of their organizations.

The first lacrosse club formed west of the Great Lakes was organized in Winnipeg in 1871 by ex-members of the Montreal, Dominion, Toronto and Ottawa clubs. The game flourished for many years; some famous teams were created, some of whom carried their flags triumphantly to the far east and struggled bravely with the veterans of Montreal and Toronto. From various causes the game languished for a while, but the season just closed witnessed a decided revival, which promises to bring this distinctly national game once more to the fore where its merits should secure it an honorable and permanent position.

The Winnipeg Snowshoe Club was organized in 1878, but its career was short, though brilliant. In 1881 some ex-members of the St. George's Snowshoe Club, of Montreal, founded a branch of the mother club in Winnipeg, and snowshoeing leaped into popularity. In that first year



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE SENIOR FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS.



CHAMPION FOUR OF AMERICA.

the club had over two hundred members, and the jolly tramps and impromptu entertainments at the rendezvous are among the most pleasant memories of the old-timers. The club's annual race meetings, cross country runs and bonnet hops are among the important events of every winter. Les Voyageurs, of St. Boniface, is another flourishing snowshoe club, which of late years has joined with the St. George in the weekly tramp and entertainment, much to the enjoyment of the members of both. Of all our winter amusements none is more healthful and inspiring than snowshoeing. The tramp over the crisp, diamond-dotted snow carpet of the prairie, or through the winter twilight of the woods, where the moonbeams play at hide and seek among the trees, must suggest to the least imaginative those romantic days of *les coureurs des bois*, when the snowshoe was the only vehicle of travel in the wilds of Canada, when the *raquette* of the hardy pioneer was as indispensable to him as the carriage or sleigh of a later generation.

"All Hail to a night, when the stars stand
bright
Like gold dust in the skye,
And the crisp track long, and the old time
song,
And the old time companie.

"All Hail to a night when the Northern
light
A welcome to us waves,
Then the Snowshoers go o'er the frost and
the snow,
And the storm and the tempest braves."

Cricket, a favorite wherever the Union Jack waves, is one of the games played everywhere in Canada. The west possesses many good clubs, chief of which are those of Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie. Cricket was played at Fort Garry in the ante-rebellion days by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and as early as 1870 a regular club was formed. Much could be written of the splendid successes of Winnipeg cricket, but space forbids. Some years ago

the Manitoba Cricket Association was organized, the province divided into districts, and a regular schedule of games established. The result has been an added stimulus to the grand old game, the formation of clubs in the schools and in the smaller towns. During the past season Portage la Prairie captured the championship for the second time, after a



CHAMPION RIDDLE.

gallant struggle. During the summer a picked team of the Manitoba Association went to Omaha to measure skill with the Northwestern Cricket Association of the United States, and succeeded in bearing their willows to victory.

Aquatic sports have ever held a foremost place in the esteem of Britons, their geographical surroundings and love for the sea have made them



WINNIPEG RIDING CLUB.

the great marine power of the world, and it is not, therefore, much wonder that Canada has taken a position as the fifth maritime country among the nations. But a remarkable fact, when we speak of aquatics, is that Manitoba, an inland province, whose principal water artery is the muddy Red River—an insignificant stream compared with the St. Lawrence, Ottawa, and other Canadian rivers—should produce champion oarsmen who have wrested their laurels from the famous crews of Eastern Canada and the United States, and even made a formidable showing at Henley, the centre of the art aquatic. The Winnipeg Rowing Club needs no introduction in these pages; its fame is world-wide and envied by the brethren of the oar everywhere. The club was organized in 1883, mainly through the efforts of Mr. George F. Galt, and has won such distinction in the intervening years as may well gratify him with the good work accomplished. The club has acquired its reputation by the conscientious work and loyalty of its members, who have always practised at the disadvantage of a narrow and far from straight course and a treacherous and varying current, but despite draw-

backs—nay, possibly just on that account—their British-Canadian pluck has stimulated them to overcome conditions which might have discouraged hearts less stout or minds less determined. During the past summer a British Columbia crew visited Winnipeg and engaged in an interesting race with Toronto and Winnipeg fours. The men from the Pacific worsted the Winnipeggers and were in turn defeated by the Toronto four, but all were well pleased over the result, as it brought together for the first time, at the half-way house of the Dominion, representative oarsmen from east and west. It should be the ambition of the Winnipeg Rowing Club, assisted by the citizens of Winnipeg, to make the city the amateur rowing centre of Canada, where crews from every province may meet and measure prowess, and doubtless this will be done.

Canoeing, like snowshoeing, was adapted by the early settlers of Canada from the Indians, and from being a principal medium of travel has become in course of time a healthful pastime. The canoe clubs of Eastern Canada and the border States have long been recognized as important factors in the promotion of sum-

mer outings amid those scenes of sylvan beauty afforded by the myriad lakes and streams which dot our broad Dominion. In the west the canoeist has a wide field for the exercise of his hobby, and although the Red River and the Assiniboine offer but little charm compared with the more picturesque waters of the Laurentian region, a flourishing canoe club has its headquarters at Winnipeg. Its members disport themselves on the "muddy Red," but—and they will confess it—their paradise is the beautiful Lake of the Woods, where a majority of them spend a mid-summer holiday every year.

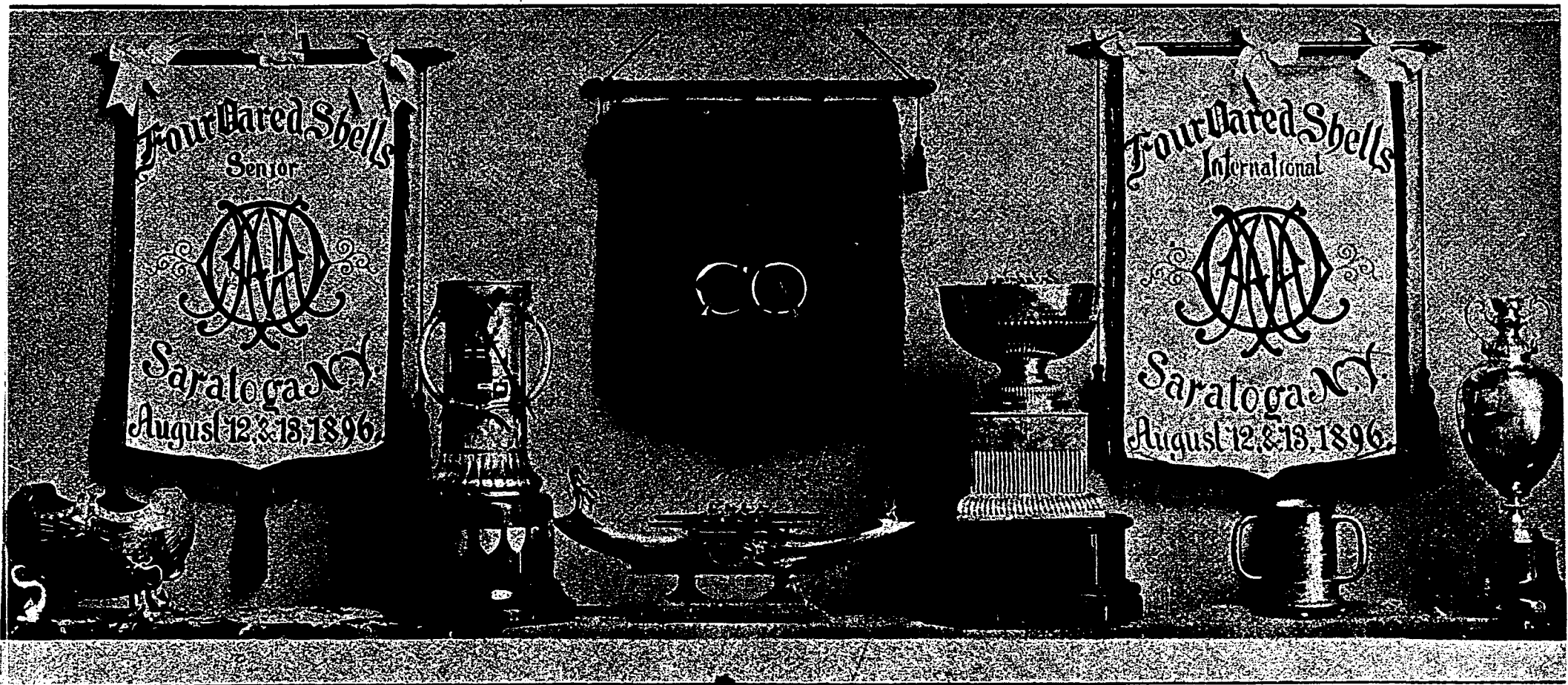
Yachting is the one Canadian sport which Winnipeg's land-bound position precludes her people from enjoying, but here, again, they seek the Lake of the Woods, which affords an ample field for this royal sport, which

is yet in its infancy so far as the West is concerned. Fired by the echoes of victory wafted to us by the east wind, however, we are inclined to emulate the triumphs of our brother sailors of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and before long hope to have a yacht club established on the Lake of the Woods that will be second to none in Canada.

Hunting was at one time not only the principal amusement, but the chief industry of Western Canada. In the days of the buffalo practically the whole population of the Red River settlement took to the great plains in the spring, and from that to autumn enjoyed a series of the most exciting cross-country runs that ever gladdened the heart of a huntsman. With the disappearance of the buffalo, hunting as a regular occupation ceased, but the love of the chase still



PATRONS OF SPORTS.

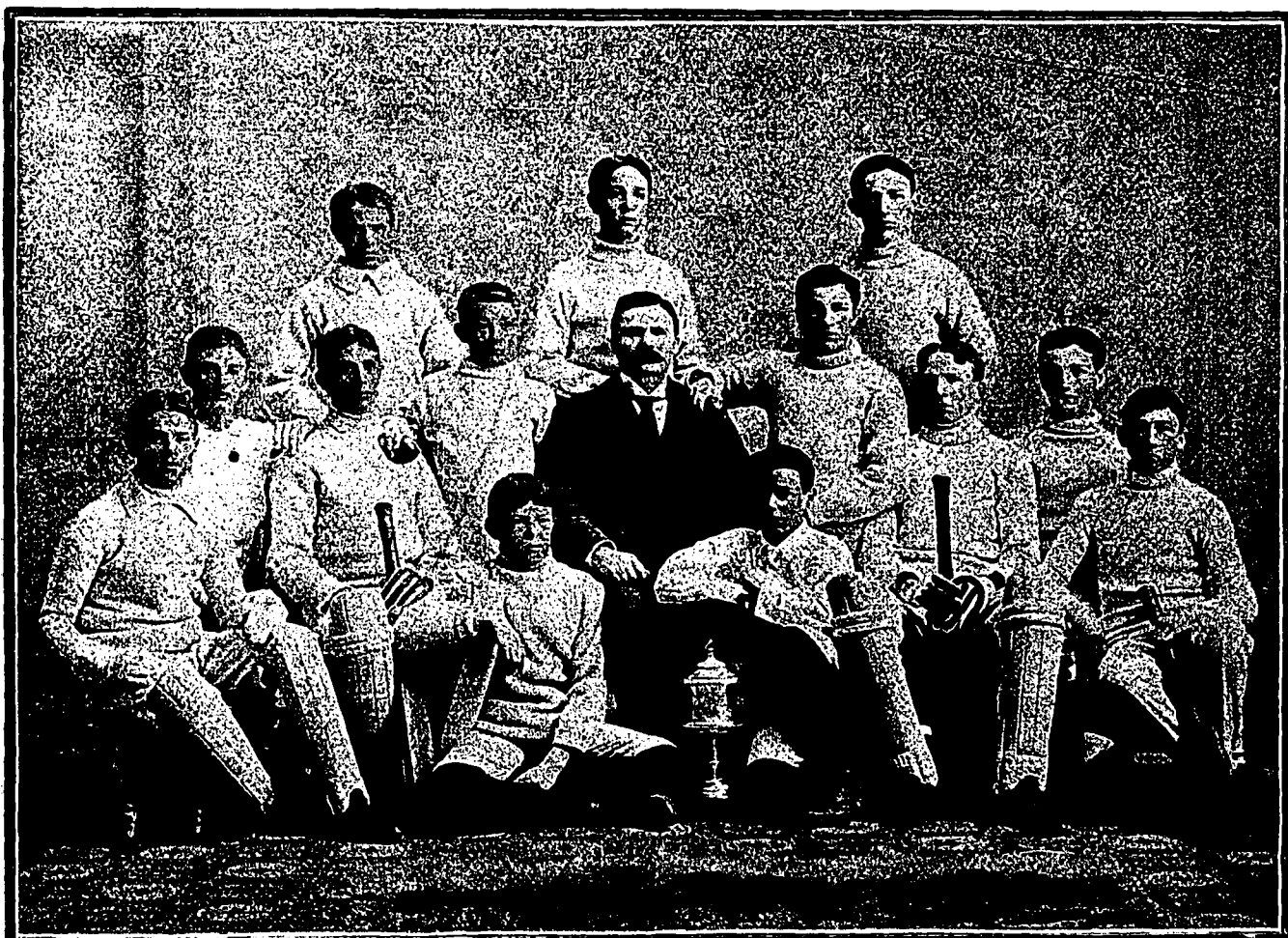


TROPHIES AND BANNERS WON BY THE WINNIPEG ROWING CLUB,

engaged the attention of sportsmen, and winter rides after wolves became a favorite amusement. Dogs were not used in these hunts, the riders just scouted around till a coyote was sighted, and then proceeded to run him to exhaustion in the snow. Gradually, as settlement advanced, wolf-hunting fell into disuse, not from lack of enthusiasm, but for the same reason that regular hunting with hounds, which came into vogue in Manitoba

race meetings and balls are among the most popular social events. There are several polo clubs in the west; Moosomin has a pack of hounds and Cannington Manor, Calgary, Macleod and several other towns are famed for their horses and riders.

The Manitoba Turf Club is one of the oldest sporting organizations of the west. It has held annual meetings



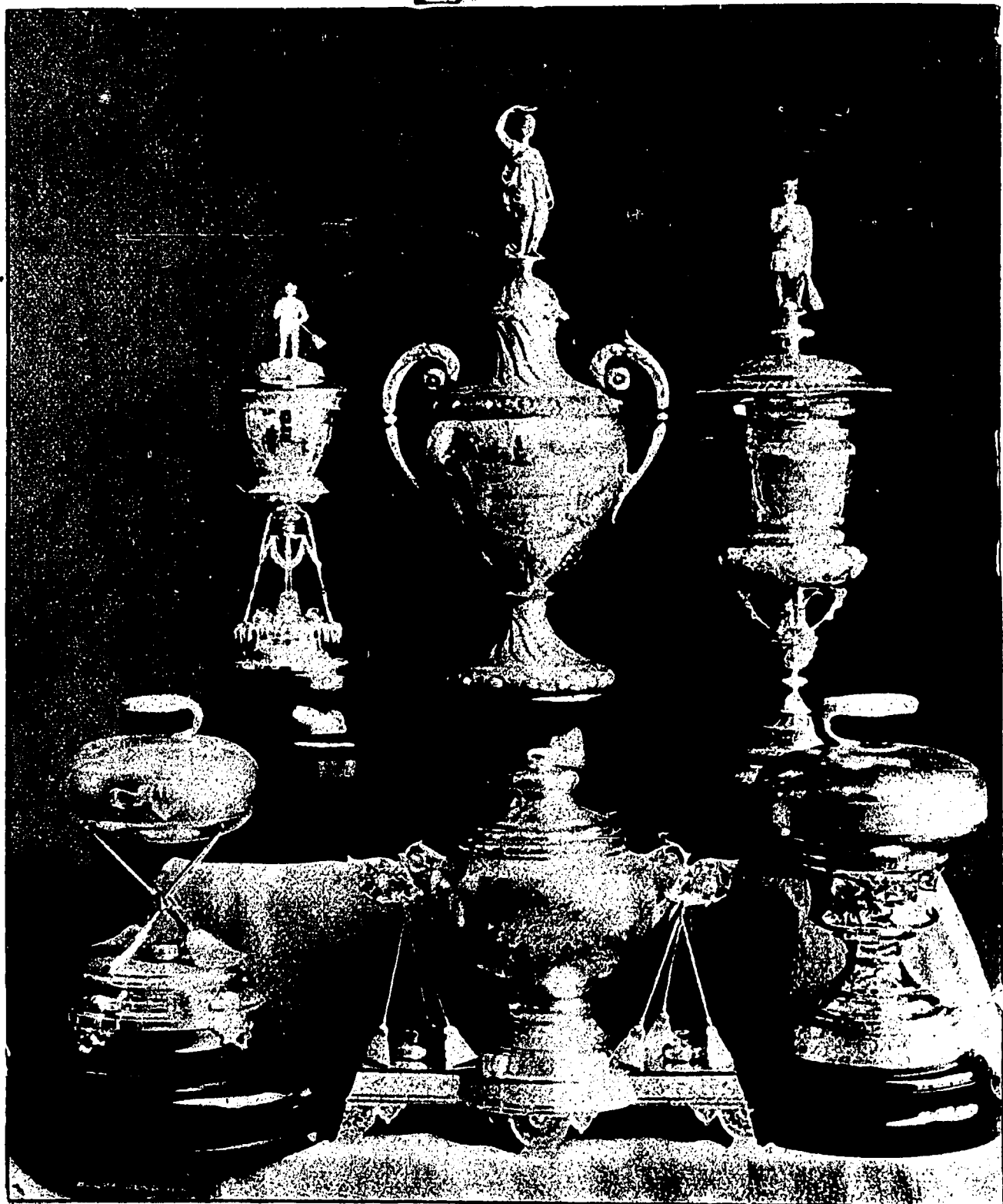
CARLETON CRICKET CLUB, SCHOOL CHAMPIONS.

in the eighties, had to be abandoned, viz., the presence in every direction of the barbarous barb-wire fence. In 1895 a Winnipeg Riding Club was formed, and paper chases were substituted for the more enlivening, but dangerous, helter-skelter runs cross-country wheresoever the fox and hounds might lead. The club has a good membership, and has developed several excellent gentlemen and lady riders. Its occasional gymkhanas,

for many years, at which generous purses were offered for trotting and running events, and has established a splendid record as a promoter and encourager of horse breeding. Turf clubs and trotting associations are institutions in every district of the west, regular race circuits are established and the rivalry between breeders is so keen that excellent strains of horses are the rule throughout the country.

Curling, like skating and hockey, has come to be reckoned as one of the great Canadian winter pastimes. It had its origin in Scotland at some remote period, and in time became

result it has gained a foothold in many of those places. The game is one that comes readily under the head of athletic sports, and can be played by both young and old. It is



SOME CURLING TROPHIES.

the great winter sport of that country. As Scotsmen migrated to other countries and the colonies, where ice was available, they carried with them the love of the roarin' game, and as a

invigorating without being exhaustive, and has a wonderful fascination for any person who indulges in the pastime. The outfit necessary to equip a curler for work is a pair of

curling stones and a good broom, and such apparel as may adapt itself to the circumstances of the place and taste of the player. The Tam O'Shanter head gear is considered to be the correct hing and classic while on the ice.

The date at which curling began in the Canadian West is uncertain, but in 1876 and 1877 the game is supposed to have been inaugurated in both Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie. Sir Donald A. Smith, G.C.M.G., (now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal), was one of the first patrons of the game in this country. The Winnipeg Granite Club was organized in 1879. In addition to the clubs at Winnipeg and Portage, clubs were formed at Stonewall, Stony Mountain and Emerson. Irons were used in the early history of curling in this country, they being in use in the Province of Quebec and City of Ottawa, from whence the first curlers here originally came. Just why they should have been used can hardly be explained, except that in the early days of the century in Quebec granite stones were not available except at considerable cost, and irons were used from a matter of economy and expediency. When curling was organized in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces and in the United States, nothing but granite was used, and stones were directly imported from Scotland. The hope is general among members of the curling fraternity that the Canadian or Quebec branch will do away with irons, and thus create uniformity throughout the world in the matter of curling stones.

A great impulse was given to curling in this country with the formation of the Manitoba Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland, on the 6th day of December, 1888, with the late John B. Mather as its first President, and J. P. Robertson as Secretary-Treasurer. In the first year there were but seven clubs in affiliation, with an aggregate

of some 300 members. In the following year clubs affiliated from Brandon, Virden and Calgary, also later on Edmonton, Indian Head, Prince Albert, Keewatin and Port Arthur. Through the indefatigable exertions of the Secretary the foundation was laid good and strong, and success has been assured ever since. It is now just ten years since the Branch was first organized, and today there are some 70 clubs in the organization, with an aggregate of nearly 2,000 curlers upon the ice. The territory under the supervision of the Branch extends from Lake Superior in Ontario, to the Kootenay in British Columbia, and embraces the Provinces of Northwestern Ontario, Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia. This vast area is sub-divided into twenty-two districts to facilitate inter-club play for the District Medals and primary competitions leading up to the annual bonspiel, which is held at Winnipeg every year in the early part of February.

This curling bonspiel is now one of the established annual gatherings of Winnipeg, and ranks next in importance to the Industrial Fair, on account of the interest and commotion it creates throughout Canada and the United States. There is an attendance of some four or five hundred curlers from Ontario, the United States, Manitoba and adjoining territories, and it is recognized as one of the largest curling events in the world. The character of this game can be best judged from the zeal with which its devotees are enraptured with it. They come thousands of miles to take part in this bonspiel from a pure love of the game, and therefore in the true spirit of genuine amateur sport. The prize list is not only costly, but attractive, and well worthy the competition it annually ensures. The trophies, tankards, cups, medals and other souvenirs are admired as marvels of art, and

evoke much enthusiasm and wholesome rivalry in the struggle for them. The social feature, too, is strongly linked in with curling; there are no class distinctions, all are equal upon the ice. The banquet to visiting curl-

“shinny” of our childhood, has taken a firm hold, and is, next to curling, the most popular of our winter sports. Hockey on ice, the present popular craze, was evolved from the ancient shinny and the summer game



ROCHON'S FORT WILLIAM RINK.

ers last year in the Manitoba Hotel, was one of the largest and most successful social events ever held in Winnipeg.

Though comparatively a modern game, hockey, the idealization of the

of hockey as played in the British Isles, at Montreal some fifteen years ago and quickly won favor among the athletes of that centre of manly sport. It was like all good things, quickly imported into the West,

and our tiros mastered the intricacies of the game in a surprisingly short time, and ere long a team from Winnipeg journeyed to Montreal and captured the much-coveted Stanley Cup. True, they lost it again to the Victorias of Montreal, but the struggle for its possession will be renewed this season, and the Winnipeg Victorias have registered a vow to once more bear it in triumph to their western home.

No athletic game, of the many in which Canadians have learned to excel, has had as lengthy a reign of popularity as Association Football. There never was a time when it absorbed public attention as lacrosse has done, but it has steadily grown in favor from year to year and still holds a firm place in the hearts of sport-loving citizens. The cause of its popularity in the West is not far to seek. It is a game especially adapted to the Manitoba winter weather and fields covered with snow. To those who have played the game only on the turf the snow seems entirely incompatible with its enjoyment, but to Manitobans nothing excels the charm of a well-contested game in an atmosphere that makes the blood tingle and a temperature that renders exertion additionally enjoyable. How close the contests in the Intercollegiate Association were can be deduced from the fact that until the present year no club succeeded in winning the cup two years in succession. The memory of the heroes of the game in the early days is still cherished in college halls, though the

men themselves are widely scattered.

The Manitoba Football Association was formed in 1896 with over 30 clubs and the championship won by the Maple Leafs, of Carberry. This year the Carberry team did not play, and Neepawa were the winners. The Maple Leafs, strengthened by two or three outside players, went east last summer and were defeated only by the historical Berlin Rangers.

Rugby Football, although not so generally played, has a faithful following of devotees in the West. Winnipeg alone has four good clubs, which are building up a glorious record, and interest in the game increases with every year.

The cycle mania possesses the people of the West as it does those of all the habitable Globe. Men, women and children wheel assiduously all summer long and a few enthusiasts continue the exercise through the winter whenever the state of the roads permits them. Bicycle clubs flourish in Winnipeg and other western towns, and race meetings and road races are among the regular sporting events of every season. Last summer the Canadian Wheelmen's Association held a successful meeting at Winnipeg, at which representative amateur and professional riders contested. Wheeling, thus far in Canada, has been preserved as a recreation and a legitimate sport, and its popularity is rapidly increasing. It is to be wished, therefore, that our wheelmen will never allow the sport to be degraded as it has been in the United States by the so-called six days' racing horror.





ST. GEORGE'S SNOWSHOE CLUB, WINNIPEG.

THE OLD PINE TREE.

Dedicated to the Saint George Snow Shoe Club, Montreal.

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

“Listen, my child,” said the old pine tree, to the little one nestling near,
“For the storm clouds troop together to-night, and the wind of the North I hear,
And perchance there may come some echo of the music of long ago,
The music that rang when the White Host sang, marching across the snow.”

“‘Up and away Saint George! up thro’ the mountain gorge!
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and the great white flakes are flying,
Down the long narrow glen, faster my merry men,
Follow the trail, tho’ the shy moon hides and deeply the drifts are lying.’”

“Ah! Mother!” the little pine tree replied, “you are dreaming again to-night
Of ghostly visions and phantom forms, forever that haunt your sight.
’Tis true that the moan of the winter wind comes to my listening ear,
But the White Host marching, I cannot see, and their music I cannot hear.”

“When the Northern skies were all aflame where the trembling banners swung,
When up in the vaulted heavens, the Moon of the Snow Shoe hung,
When the hurricane swept the hillside, and the crested drifts ran high—
Those were the nights,” said the old pine tree, “the Great White Host marched by.”

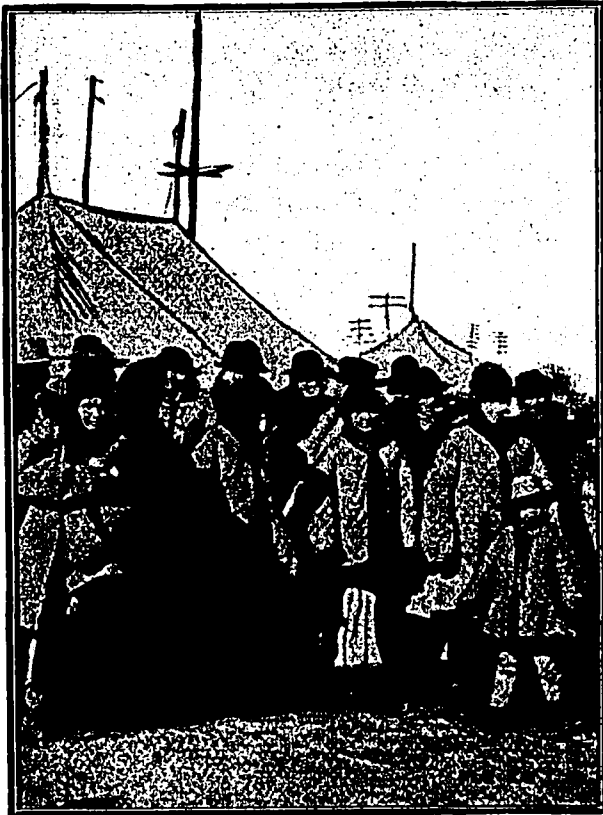
And the storm grew fiercer, fiercer, and the snow went hissing past,
But the little pine tree still listened, till she heard above the blast,
The music her mother loved to hear in the nights of the long ago,
And saw in the forest, the White-clad Host marching across the snow.

And loud they sang, as they tramped along, of the glorious by-gone days
When valley and hill re-echoed the Snowshoer’s hymn of praise,
Till the shy moon gazed down smiling, and the North wind paused to hear,
And the old pine tree felt young again, as the little one nestling near.

“Up and away, Saint George! up thro’ the mountain gorge!
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and the great white flakes are flying,
Down the long narrow glen, faster my merry men,
Follow the trail tho’ the shy moon hides, and deeply the drifts are lying.”



OUR NEW IMMIGRANTS—"THE GALICIANS."



NEW ARRIVALS.

THERE is, perhaps, no question of late which has been more freely handled in the spirit of controversy than "The Galicians." Numbers of people, misinformed, and prejudiced to begin with, have described them, time and again, in terms which would require some limitation if applied to bands of wandering Gypsies or to the scum of an Eastern city, whilst others grant their adaptability to our farming life and methods, but question the discretion of admitting so large a foreign element into the fertile heritage of the Briton.

Without claiming for them more than the average virtues of the average immigrant, it may be of interest to the readers of *The Great West* to know something of the national characteristics of the so-called "Galicians," and of the circumstances which led to their immigration to this country.

Galicia is the most northern Prov-

ince of the many-tongued Austro-Hungarian Empire, bounded on the south, and divided from Hungary, by the Carpathian Mountains, and on the north by the irregular frontiers of Silesia and Russia. The western extremity of the Province, namely, from Cracow to about east longitude 23—a portion of unhappy Poland which fell to Austria at the Partition—is mainly peopled by Poles. At the south-eastern extremity is the small Province of Bukovina, both Provinces forming a part of what is known in Northern Europe as Little Russia. There are many Poles, Germans and Jews scattered throughout Galicia, some of whom have emigrated to Canada, but the people referred to in ordinary conversation here as "Galicians" and in Austria itself as Ruthenians through the Government's aversion to calling them Russians, are in reality Slavic Russians, and speak the Russian language, or a dialect of it, called Low Russian, in common use on the borders of both countries. Many generations ago they belonged to the Orthodox Greek Church, but breaking away from it, formed a communion of their own, under the ægis of Rome, and which they call the Greek Catholic Church, but as their service is held in the secular tongue, and the clergy are allowed to marry, the authority of the Roman Pontiff seems to be little more than nominal.

The Little Russians of Bukovina, on the other hand, have clung to their orthodox forms, and are still in full communion with the Greek Church. In Galicia proper, aside from the Polish section of that Province, there are about 3,000,000 Little Russians, and in Bukovina about 600,000. The people all live in villages, whose population varies from 2,000 to 8,000 souls. Their social life is of a very practical character, even courtship and marriage having a cautious and pru-

dent turn, begot, no doubt, of the narrowness of the people's circumstances. The suitor asks the consent of his *fiancee's* parents, visiting them and her in company with his own or a few elderly people of the village to discuss the important problem of dowry, which is generally settled by the son getting a share of his father's small patrimony, and the girl a like share from her own parents, each remaining sole owner of their respective portions. The marriage ceremony is then performed by a regularly ordained priest, and not secularly as is often the case in Hungary. Baptism is also a religious ceremony, but in exceptional cases, such as illness, etc., the infant may be, and often is, baptized by the mid-wife. Burial, too, is after the ordinances of the Church, and is sometimes preceded by something like an Irish wake; that is to say, the friends of the deceased visit the family and sit up around the corpse for a couple of nights, whilst the young people of both sexes indulge in a sort of game in the adjoining room.

The people are not devoid of musical talent, and many play the violin, which is their favorite instrument, with taste and skill. But the passion for sports is unknown in Galicia among the common people. There is no football or cricket, no skating, snowshoeing or hockey, as with us. In the evening mothers and daughters knit and spin, whilst the men play cards, tell stories, and frequently wind up the evening with an impromptu dance. In a word, though gregarious, the roots of their affections are around their ovens; a simple people, homely, and uncouth only in their national garb, easily elated, and easily depressed.

Each village is governed by a *Veet*, whose functions resemble those of our Mayors, and by a number of Councilors, in proportion to the population of the village, and the whole body, known as the *Radnay*, holds office for six years, the Council being elected by the heads of families, and the *Veet* by the Council. These bodies seem to possess all the powers necessary to the good government of the village community, and have proprietary rights over game on their lands, the shootings being annually sold at public auction, though the authority to carry weapons must be obtained from the general Government.

The public domain is almost entirely confined to mountain lands, the great body of the Province being divided between the Nobles and the village families, whose farms, minutely sub divided for generations, now run from two to ten acres only in extent. At every village there is a resident Noble whose land exceeds in area that of all the villagers combined, and whose boundaries frequently cut them off from their own small hold-



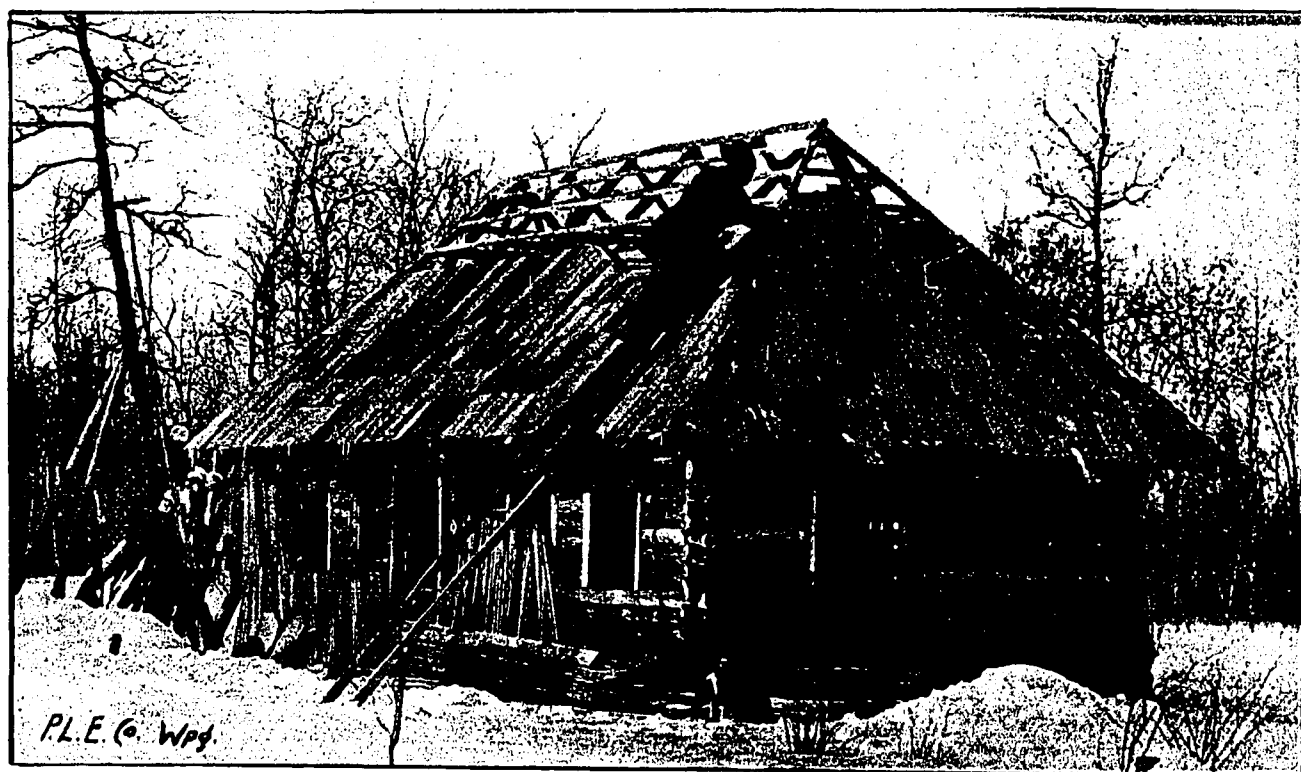
THE "UNCOUTH GARB."

ings, so that to reach them the villagers have to travel, in many cases, four or five miles.

The encouragement given by the Nobles to the Jews, who remorselessly exploit the Little Russians generation after generation, and the continual sub-division of their lands, have at last made it impossible, even by the most untiring labor and pinching economy, to make a living, and hence the strong desire now exhibited by the surplusage of the people to ameliorate their lot in other lands.

About the year 1892, agents visited Galicia from Brazil, and by liberal

favorable report. Dr. Oleskow, also, a notable teacher in the Galician Province, visited the North-West in 1895, and after examining the whole country returned with a similarly good report, and, upon the dissemination of these favorable opinions, the movement began at once. It took shape as follows: The intending emigrant, say, with five acres, scattered here and there amongst the acres of others, would offer, and generally sell, his holdings to the adjoining land-owners, who, with some money to spare, were naturally anxious to increase their own small acres. These sales, though



BUILDING THE NEW HOME.

promises and exaggerated statements induced no less than fifteen thousand of them to emigrate. After some experience, however, they realized not only that the climate of Brazil was unsuited to them, but that their condition in other respects was anything but satisfactory, and a strong note of warning was, in consequence, addressed to their friends at home against any further emigration to that country.

In the meantime, a number of Little Russians had made their way to Western Canada and returned with a

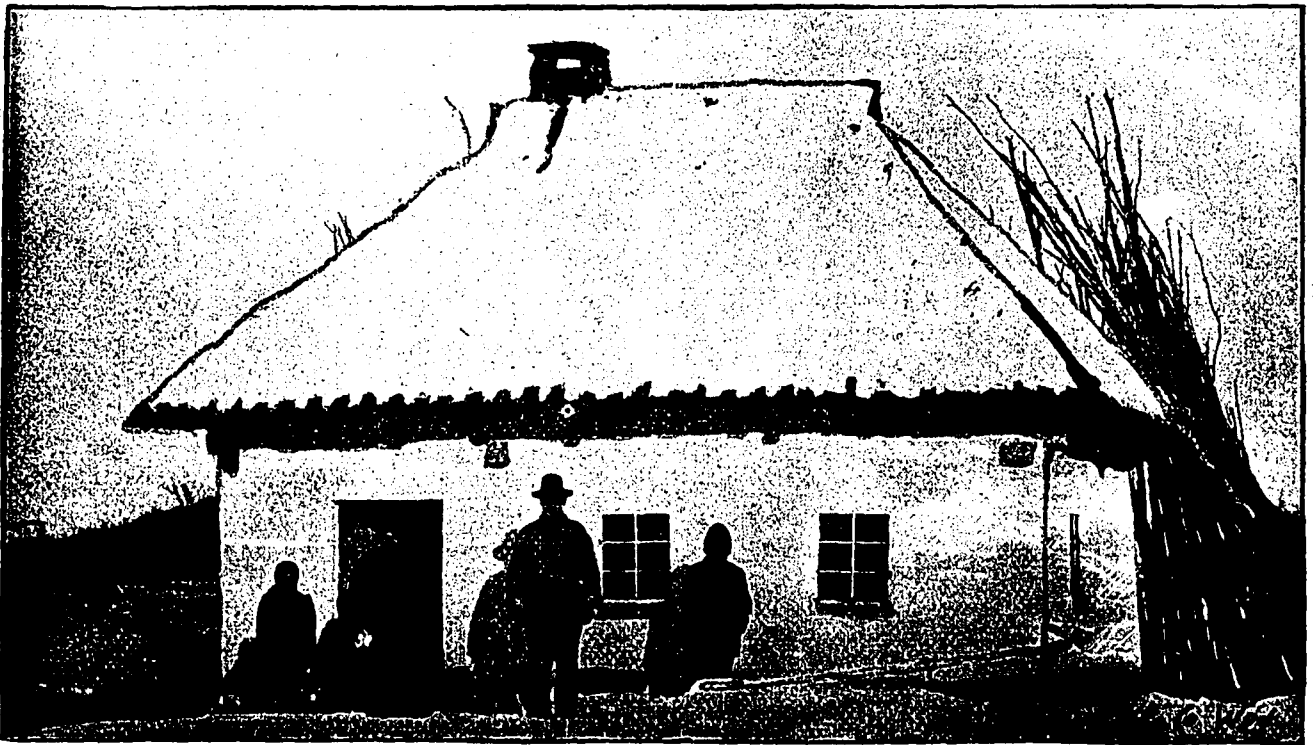
in a manner forced, were not sacrifices in the ordinary sense, since the purchaser, eager to augment his narrow fields, and sympathizing with his fellow man's necessities, paid good prices for what he bought. In general, these small holdings sold for \$300 per acre, and higher prices still were often obtained, though, owing to the increasing desire to emigrate, it is becoming more difficult now to sell at high figures. Their village houses the emigrants disposed of to young married people, or others desiring to purchase, and remain in the country,

and, in this manner, their belongings were, without much difficulty, converted into cash.

It has been stated that the permission of the Crown Prince had to be specially obtained before the emigrants could leave, but this is not the case. The people had no particular complaint against the Austrian Government. They left to relieve congestion at home, and to better their condition, and finding that Western Canada was a good place for them, the Austrian Government placed no restriction upon their coming here, but did

but the domain which is lacking in the United States.

We have seen that the first incoming of Little Russians was in 1892, and, ever since, a thin stream has continued to flow, until 1896, after which its volume swelled to large proportions amounting to nearly five thousand souls yearly. There are now over ten thousand Little Russians settled in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. The Province has received as many families as the Territories put together, the largest settlements being at Stuartburn, Dauphin and Pleasant Home, with smaller



THE HOME COMPLETED.

object strongly to any further emigration to Brazil.

It has also been stated that the United States do not desire these people and has forbidden their immigration; a statement contrary to the facts. The United States has received a much larger number of Galicians than we have and their agents even induced a body of them who had come to Manitoba to go to Dakota, of which they speedily tired, and the majority of them gladly returned to this country, as they had left it—in a body. It is not the desire to get them,

communities at Gonor, Brokenhead and St. Norbert, in all 1,120 families. In Assiniboia the three Yorkton colonies number four hundred families, and at Grenfell there is a small colony of fifty families, whilst in Alberta the Edna Colony, forty miles from Fort Saskatchewan, numbers five hundred families, or about 2,500 souls.

The eleemosynary method of distribution and settlement, where help was given at all, was as follows: Having first appointed three or four delegates who, accompanied by a Canadian official, inspected the country, and se-



A HOMESTEAD NEAR GONOR.

lected their locations, the immigrants were then forwarded at once to their reserves, occupying a good shelter furnished by the Government until each head of a family had erected a house of his own. Provisions were given to the poorest, cows to families with small children, and work found for the needy by an official who also kept an eye upon the family when its head was at work on the railway grade, or at any other employment which kept him from home. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Galicians must make good these charges in the same way that the Mennonites did, and as the average outlay per family is not large, it is no very formidable task for an industrious people to recoup the Government's expenditure.

Their houses, though built of rough logs and wattle, with sod roofs and earthen floors, are made very tight by a thorough coating of clay inside and out; and, as each is provided with a cheaply constructed Russian clay oven, in which they also bake their bread, they are generally warm and comfortable.

Their lands are all held in severalty, and, unlike their old estate in Austria, each family lives upon its own quarter section. They are em-

phatically mixed farmers, fond of cattle, sheep and poultry, and great raisers of coarse grains, particularly of rye from which they make their bread. A minute and painstaking industry is, in fact, the chief characteristic of these people which is already, in a marked degree, bearing fruit in the older settlements in improved dwellings, outbuildings and farms. Accustomed in their own land to spade industry, the women work diligently in the fields at home whilst the husband is earning wages abroad. It is enough to examine their good fences, buildings and clean land at Gonor on the Red River, where even the worst weeds have been eradicated by persistent hand-pulling and burning on the part of women and children, to forecast their ultimate success and value to the country.

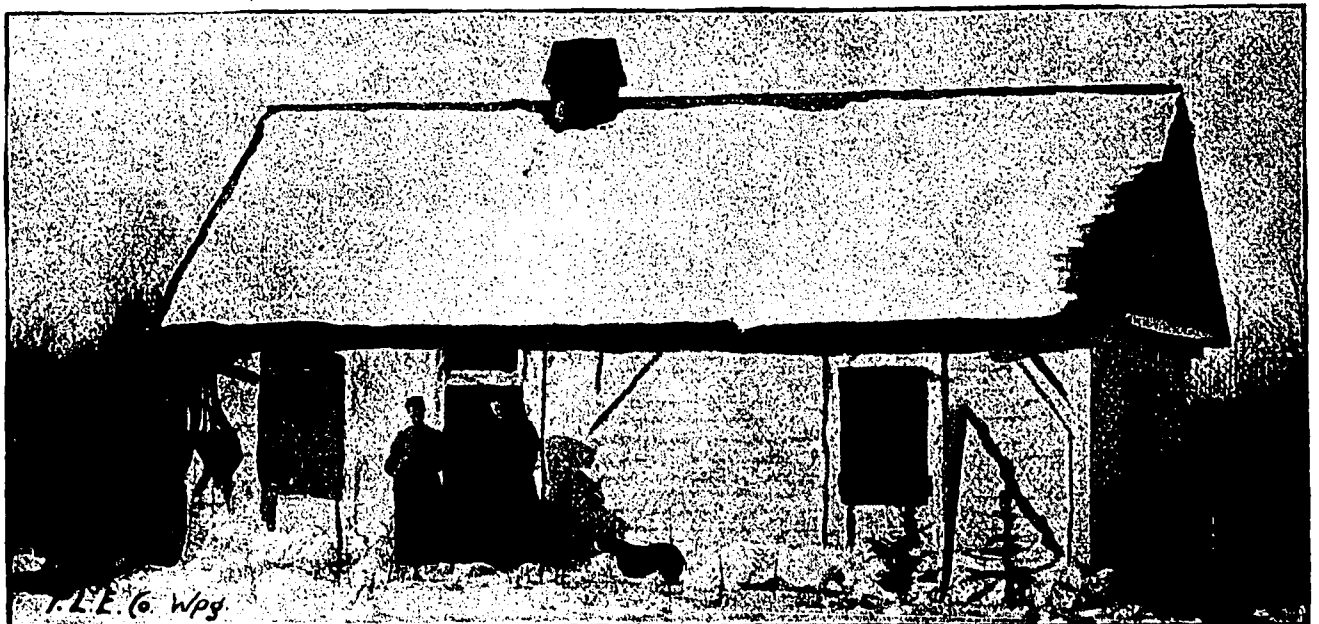
Their morality has been called in question without reason; also their sobriety, in which respect they are neither better nor worse than our own people, for, though by no means total abstainers and occasionally perhaps a little quarrelsome in their cups, they are, in the main, a well-conducted people, and give little trouble.

Perhaps their most noticeable characteristic is their adaptability to our ways and methods. They learn our

language readily, like to call themselves Canadians, and their greatest delight is to discard their uncouth national garb, and adopt Canadian clothing. They are accustomed to a cold climate, are blessed with good constitutions, and their readiness to undertake any labour that offers, together with their undoubted experience in agricultural pursuits, alike qualify them for a degree of success which we can scarcely estimate at present. Already their young men and women are taking service in hundreds of Canadian houses, and are giving general satisfaction to their employers. The prejudices against them, strengthened and deepened by their increasing numbers, are now slowly but surely giving way, and sympathy and respect are taking their places in every community around them. Even Canadian intermarriage has already taken place, and, in this connection, it must be remembered that, though a portion of the Bukovinian "Little Russians" have Tartar blood in their veins, the Galicians are a white race, and possess the physical features, both in form and colour, of our own people. Placed in school in Canadian clothes, it is difficult to discriminate their children from others, and with their remarkable adaptability, it is safe to predict that in a generation their distinctive nationality will have become merged and lost in our own.

But with this great end in view, it becomes of the last importance both to them and to us that the benefits of an English education should be extended to every Galician settlement at once, or, at all events, with as little delay as possible. The great object is to break up the old habits and prejudices begot of centuries of oppressive darkness, and to assimilate them as soon as may be, not only in language but in all other respects, with our own people. Freedom they will surely have, but enlightenment is as necessary as freedom, and without this, however laborious, they cannot advance much beyond their present primitive condition. It is the duty of our educationists to take this important question at once into serious consideration, and to place these people at the earliest possible moment in possession of schools where the customary English education can be obtained.

There remains now but one point to touch upon, namely, the vexed question of alien immigration. If the emigrating classes in the British islands affected our country, and settled here instead of in the "warm climates," or in the United States, or, if the Eastern Provinces were populous enough to fill even a considerable portion of our Western Wilderness, though the latter is not a real advancement in population of the Dominion, it would be unnecessary to seek for agricultur-



TYPE OF GALICIAN HOUSE

ists in Northern Europe. But instead of this, we know that an unreasoning prejudice exists in Great Britain against this country on account of its supposed severity of climate, its emigrants actually settling by preference in American States whose winter is notoriously severer than our own, or seeking the malarial wastes of Africa for homes. When a Secretary of the North of Scotland Ploughman's Association a few months ago could visit and examine the best portions of Western Canada only to return and revile them, it is manifest that not even a personal examination can discharge from some minds this unreasonable predilection. During the long

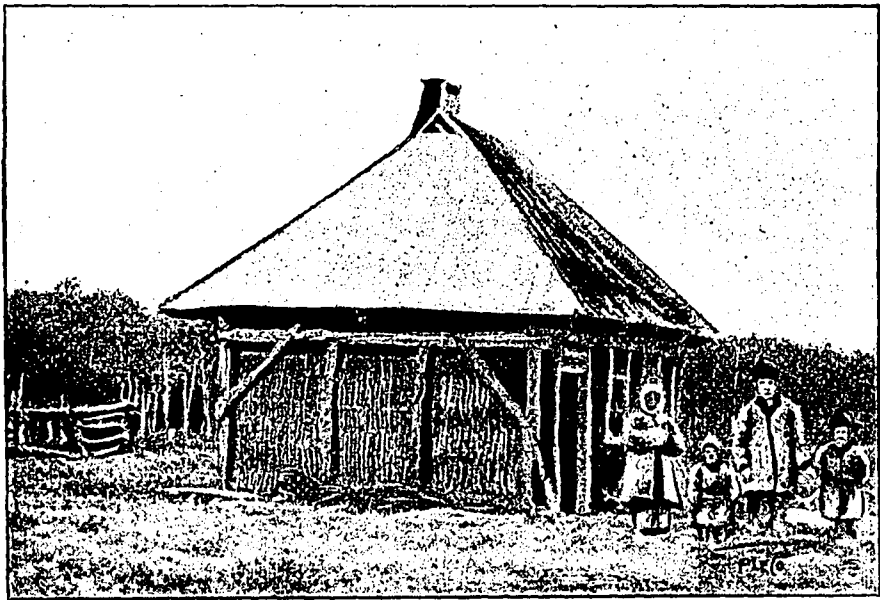
failed, as yet, to place half a million of souls within its borders, it rather startles us to think of our own blunders, supineness and indifference, and of the inveterate prejudices which have stood in the way of our advancement in population. It is simply a disgrace to our country to find at every decennial census the same story—a stationary population—as stagnant almost as that of France—whilst we possess half a continent of unused lands and resources. In the face of this fact, why should we deny our homesteads to the experienced agriculturalists of Northern Europe who are eager to adopt our methods, and to loyally and indeed, joyfully em-



BRINGING IN THE HAY.

period since the Transfer, it is true, we have received a goodly number of immigrants from the British Islands, and the Eastern Provinces have sent their sons until a bitter outcry is raised against further depletion. These accessions have undoubtedly formed a thin but wide-spread and compact layer of Canadian nationalist and Imperial sentiment throughout the whole country, which will be of the highest value hereafter in absorbing and assimilating the people of Northern Europe now turning with eager hope and outlook to our liberties and shores. But when we reflect that we have had possession of this vast country for nearly thirty years and have

brace our political system, when we have been offering in vain the best soil on the continent to our own race? Our internal economies, trades and values are all contracted by this state of things. Our food surplus, which should be increasing by leaps and bounds, fluctuates from year to year with a slowly increasing output dependent upon the raids of wind and weather. The Imperial sentiment which rules to-day throughout all the policies of the Empire, points to the food supply of the mother country by the colonies as essential to our common safety, and we, the nearest to her, who count as our possession half a continent, and justly speak of it as



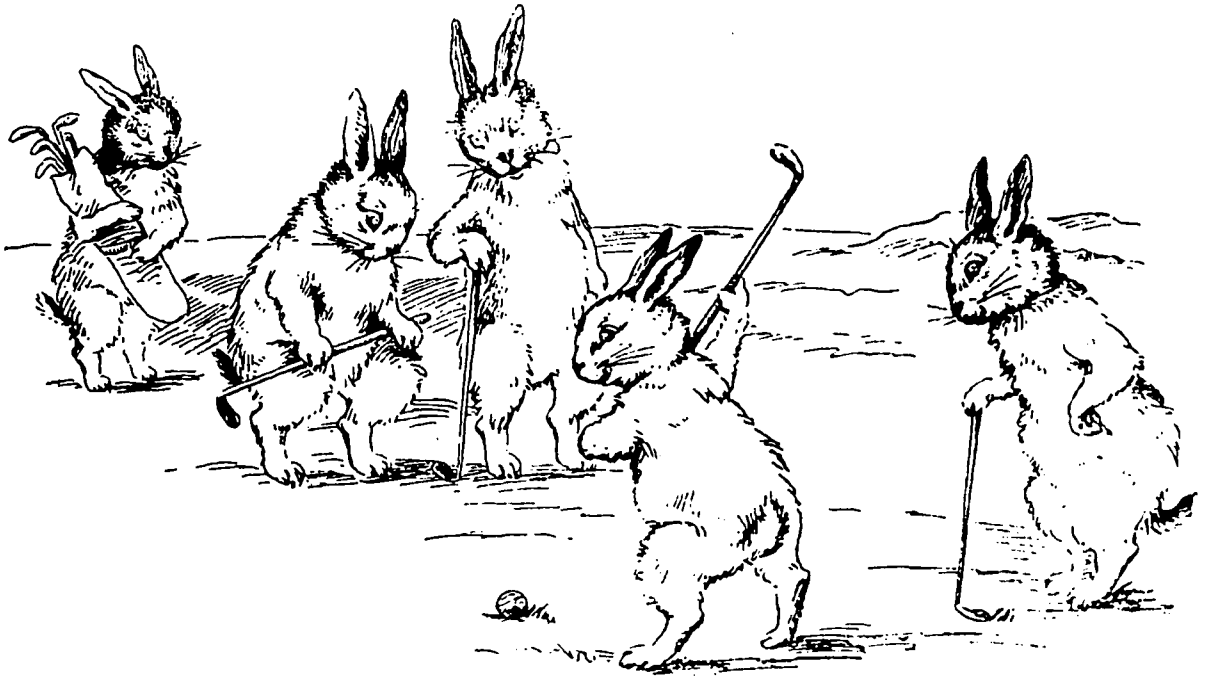
GALICIAN COTTAGE AT GONOR, MANITOBA.

capable of producing all the food requirements of Great Britain, lag humiliatingly behind. Without agriculturalists we can never fulfil our duty in this respect, be our soil ever so fertile; and, if we cannot get them of our own race from our own old Provinces, from the mother country, or from the Western States, we must seek them amongst peoples inured to a like climate, who prefer agriculture to the town, and who find in our liberties and generous treatment a revelation and a spur to all their energies.

There are now, however, manifest signs of a great movement towards

this country on the part of the immense number of Canadian farmers settled in the Western States, and of the vast class of kindred American tenant farmers there. The vigorous efforts now being made are bearing fruit, and should this movement take shape in an exodus thence of desirable classes of our own race to this country, or should an organized, patriotic movement in Great Britain direct her yearly stream of emigration to Western Canada, it might then be desirable to discuss the relative merits of alien immigration, and to set a reasonable limit to its volume.





THE NEW GAME.

By FRANCES GOULD.

"It's my belief," said Bunny,
 "A new game is required,
 Of croquet and of cricket
 We all are getting tired.

"Though some may think it funny,
 And other folks may scoff,
 Come on, my brother Bunnies,
 We'll have a game of golf.

"You take a ball," said Bunny,
 "You take a stick and hit :
 Away the ball goes flying,
 Then you walk after it.

"The game is very easy ;
 You quickly learn the way.
 I watched three big men play it
 Upon the moors to-day.

"I'll show you first," said Bunny ;
 "You place the ball just so—
 Then take your stick and hit it
 As far as it will go !

"Like this, you see," said Bunny ;
 Then hit with all his might.
 'Twas such a master stroke, the ball
 Clean vanished out of sight.



MOUNDS IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

BY CHARLES N. BELL.

WHILE it is a matter of much discussion at the present time as to who the Mound Builders were and from whence they came, it is passing strange that no systematic attempts have been made to definitely locate the range or limit of the mounds to the north of the great valley of the Mississippi River.

Though not a small number of persons strenuously claim that the builders—whether they were the ancestors of our historic Indian tribes, or a distinct people or aggregate of peoples—came from the North, no extensive effort has been made to follow up this theoretical migratory path by explorations and search for mounds or the other peculiar forms of earthworks credited to the labors of this much sought after people. Any information which will enlarge the known areas of mound districts, especially towards the North, should prove interesting.

It has been known for years that mounds existed in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, though little is even yet generally known as to their numbers and widespread distribution, for slight attention has been given to this archaeological field.

Leaving the mound districts of the Northern States, I desire to show that the mound system of the Mississippi extends not only to its headwaters, but can be identified as carried far to the North, merging into what may be denominated the Red River and Rainy River systems.

In 1867, two of the ordinary burial mounds were discovered on the right bank of the Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, then known as the Red River and Selkirk settlement. Some interesting remains were taken from them, including human and ani-

mal bones, ornaments of shell and bone, implements of stone, and pottery, which were all sent to the Smithsonian Institute by Hon. D. Gunn. Little interest was taken for a number of years, and it is only within the past few years that investigation has been made as to the existence of other mounds within the bounds of the province. It is now known that earthworks of various forms are grouped on many of the streams falling into the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, and an announcement was lately made that at least one mound is situated at the north end of Lake Winnipeg, in about N. lat. 54°, W. long. 98°.

The Red River of the North takes its rise in Lake Traverse, in, roughly speaking, N. lat. 46°, W. long. 97°, and flowing north falls into the southern end of Lake Winnipeg. There is a continuous connected line of mounds from Lake Traverse to Lake Winnipeg.

Lake Traverse is connected by a sluggish creek with Big Stone Lake, which is drained to the south by the Minnesota River, which empties into the Mississippi near St. Paul, Minnesota. Mounds are found in numbers on the banks of the Minnesota from the Mississippi to Big Stone Lake, and there are several groups with an earthwork "fortification" at the valley situated between Big Stone and Traverse. It will thus be seen that there is a connected line of mounds from the navigable Mississippi to Lake Winnipeg, following that line of water-courses from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay, which divides the North American Continent into two great halves — East and West.

A brief description of a group of mounds at St. Andrews, Manitoba,

18 miles north of the City of Winnipeg, will serve to show that in general character they are almost identical with those of the Ohio and Mississippi, as reported on by Messrs. Squier and Davis, and other archaeologists of the United States.

One mound, elliptical in form, was 8 feet high, 75 feet long and 65 feet wide. It was covered with a growth of oak trees up to $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference. Under my personal supervision, a trench was dug from the top to the level of the surrounding ground and running round the centre in a crescent shape, with the following result :

A layer of decaying vegetable matter, matted with the roots of the small underbrush which covered the mound, extended downward for several inches. Below this, and reaching to the bottom or level of the surrounding land, the earth principally was pure black loam gathered from the land in the vicinity. At intervals, patches of charcoal, ashes, and burnt clay-like fragments of brick, appeared mixed irregularly throughout the loam to a depth of about 4 feet. Below this level the ashes were more regularly disposed in streaks, with the earth in contact quite hard and apparently burned. At this level also, the remains of oak logs appeared at the west end of the mound, covering the remains of a skeleton interred in a sitting position. The wood was in such a state of decay that, though often showing the lines of fibre and growth, the fragments crumbled to pieces in the hand, leaving a dry powder of a bright vermilion color.

Down to the level of four feet, amongst the loamy earth where the charcoal and ashes were irregularly disposed, were found a number of "intrusive" interments, all of the skeletons lying at full length, faces upward, and unaccompanied by ornaments or manufactured articles. Some of these "intrusives" were in a fair state of preservation, only the

smaller bones having disappeared. There is recorded the fact that during an epidemic of smallpox, about the year 1780, the Indians along the Red River buried their dead in these mounds, which had been found there by the Indians when they took possession of the country. Without doubt, the "intrusives" found by me are the bodies of the smallpox victims, the Indians departing from their usual mode of scaffold burial to avoid contagion. Below the 4-foot level, the earth appeared to be packed very hard and burnt. On the level of the natural surface, a platform of round boulder stones was found beneath a smooth, burnt-clay floor, dipping towards the centre. As it was not all uncovered, it will be impossible to state accurately the dimensions and shape of this clay floor, which answers the description of the clay "altars" of Ohio.

To the west of this platform was uncovered the skeleton of a man of above the ordinary size, interred in a sitting position and surrounded by six or seven small piles of bones, each surmounted by a skull. These remains were very much decomposed, each pile containing the main bones and skull of a single individual. From the appearance and position of these bones, I am positive that they were re-burials, having been bunched together in piles about the central figure. Some of the bones of the right foot of the large skeleton were found embedded in a lump of white clay, but those of the left foot were gone. The skull and main bones of the legs and arms of the upright interment were recovered, though they were much decomposed. The skull was sent to Dr. Daniel Wilson, of Toronto, Canada, who supplied me with the following measurements of it :—

	Inches.
Longitudinal diameter	7.2
Parietal diameter	5.6
Vertical diameter	5.3
Frontal diameter	3.7

Intermastoid Arch	15.3
Intermastoid Line	14.2
Occipito Frontal Arch	14.9
Horizontal Circumference ...	20.8

About the remains of the central skeleton were found a number of ornaments, etc., consisting of a polished seashell gorget, likely cut from the *Buscyon perversum*. It is 4 inches in diameter, with a circular hole in the centre of one and one-half inch diameter and two small holes in the rim for suspension purposes. Like the skull, the gorget is stained with a red mineral paint, but no attempt has been made to engrave designs upon its beautifully polished surface. Two well finished tubes of steatite, each having a raised rim or mouthpiece at one end, were taken from the earth about the waist of the skeleton, and a tiny, earthenware pot or vase found a little lower down, went into fragments when exposed to the atmosphere. A few shell beads were found scattered here and there but in no great quantity; those recovered were very much decomposed and split into thin scales or crumbled into chalky lime when exposed.

The shells of the common river mussel, taken from the Red River close by, were disclosed in different parts of the mound, most of them being soft and chalky.

Within 400 yards of the above mound there is another, which has been opened and found to contain human remains, earthen pots, rough stone mauls, deer horns and a "pin" or hanging ornament, $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches long and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter, formed from the columella of a seashell (likely of the *Buscyon perversum*), which is identical with several in the Smithsonian Institution — notably of one found in a Tennessee mound. There was also taken from this mound a gorget or breastplate, $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and 3 inches wide, curved at the ends, I feel assured that it is manufactured from the shell of a turtle, though the

material is very light, dry and brittle from age, and not to be easily recognized. The marks of the scarper are plainly seen on the concave side, while the convex is polished smooth and ornamented by several straight lines indented or scraped into it.

A peculiarity in the structure of this mound was, that a double layer of limestone flags, separated by a few inches of fire-baked earth, were found about 4 feet from the top or half way down, and covering the lower original interments. Much burnt earth, ashes and charcoal were discovered, as in the case of the first described mound.

In the vicinity of these mounds, which are situated on a ridge about 500 yards back from the Red River, I found an old camp site, with quantities of "kitchen-midden" containing fragments of pottery, shell and stone beads partially worked and finished, flint arrowheads, scrapers, etc., hammering stones, beaver, buffalo, and deer bones, etc.

The markings on the pottery were likely made by indentation, being varied in character, with combinations of lines and dots principally, though the finger-nail marks are plainly distinguished on specimens. On comparing the marking on one fragment with that on a complete cup taken from a mound within the present limits of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, I saw that they were identical as to pattern and manufacture. The materials used in making the earthenware were clay and decomposed granite, both of which are found in the immediate vicinity of the St. Andrew's mounds. A ridge of limestone, topped with drift gravel and boulders, here crosses the Red River, and supplied material for the manufacture of flint implements and weapons.

No article of European manufacture has been found in the mounds of Manitoba so far as I can learn.

What strikes me as strange is the fact that no articles of copper come to light from the mounds of the Red River or its feeders in the Canadian Northwest, while at a distance eastward of 200 miles, on the Rainy River, where a number of mounds have been opened, a majority of the articles obtained have been of native copper, evidently obtained at Lake Superior, entering the latter opposite Isle Royal here many aboriginal copper mines have lately been re-opened. One of the Rainy River mounds, situated on the south bank (within the territory of the United States), is 45 feet in height, and is, probably, the largest of the whole upper Mississippi system. Communication is had from this mound to the Mississippi River by water, following up the Big American and making a few short portages. No explorations for mounds have been made to the direct north of the Rainy River, but the character of the country (which is Laurentian in formation and very rough), seems to indicate that from the known custom of the mound-builders in seeking the best agricultural districts, they did not inhabit the country immediately north of this river. However, a thorough search may reveal some unlooked for results.

Lead, mica, asbestos, gold and silver are found in the rocks of the Lake of the Woods close at hand to the Rainy River, but I am not aware of any of these minerals having been unearthed from the mounds.

Groups of tumuli exist on some of the streams flowing into the Red River from the west, and within the Province of Manitoba I have located a large number with but a limited search. One extensive group of embankments has been located on the banks of the Souris River, on the line of the old Missouri trail, which was the great highway followed by the Indians and half-breed buffalo hunters from the Red River settlement to the Missouri River. It is worthy of

note that the mounds of the Red River and Missouri occur in such close proximity, for it becomes a question whether or not the builders from the Missouri passed over to the Red River and occupied that territory or vice versa.

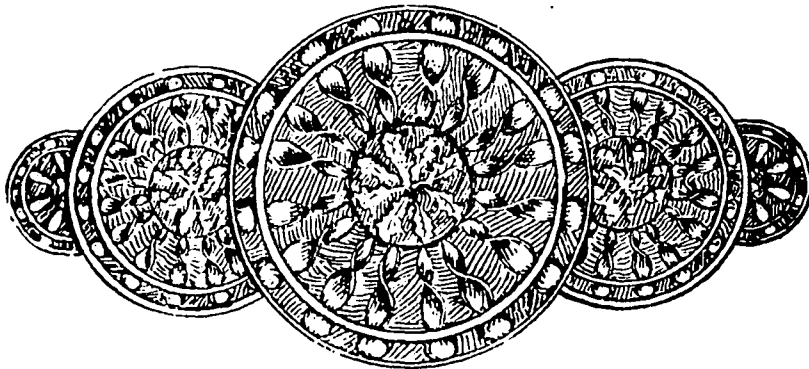
Leading archaeologists admit that the remains of the mound builders vary in character and structure in different recognized geographical areas, as for instance, the pyramidal mounds of the southern Mississippi, the embankments of the Ohio, the stone graves of Tennessee and the effigies of Wisconsin. It may be taken for granted that even if one race of people and their customs in the main identical, climatic influences alone would modify and alter the habits of the mound builders. The presence of manufactured sea shells in the Manitoba mounds, and which probably came from Southern California or the Gulf of Mexico, will give a clue to the range of trade carried on. Not only have specimens of the *Buscyon perversum* been taken from the Red River mounds, but several shells of the *Notica* and *Marginella* appeared in a mound on the Rainy River, a distance of fully 1,500 miles, in a straight line, from their native waters. The absence of articles of copper in the Manitoba mounds seems to point out that the builders of them must have had some other medium of exchange to offer for the sea shells of the south. The country produced an abundance of fine fur-bearing animals, the pelts of which must have been in demand by the people living in regions further south, possessed of a climate, though comparatively milder, was subject to variations, necessitating the wearing of warm clothing during the winter season.

While agriculture may have been engaged in (and the sites of the ancient camp-grounds and the mounds in the midst of the finest districts would suggest this idea) no traces of

it have yet been discovered, or, at least, recorded. The absence of stone spades would not necessarily prove that the people who erected the northern mounds did not cultivate the soil. Like the Mandans, they may have utilized buffalo shoulder-blades for turning over the rich loam, which is easily worked. More careful exploration may reveal the presence in Manitoba of furrowed patches and agricultural implements.

In conclusion, it is well to point out (it now being an ascertained fact

that the Mound Builders lived about Lake Winnipeg) that they were comparatively close to tide water in Hudson Bay, and had access to it, via the Nelson or Churchill rivers. Also that the great Saskatchewan river—whose feeders interlock with the streams flowing into the Mackenzie—falls into Lake Winnipeg, and afforded a means of reaching Alaska and the theoretical crossing place from Asia, by which in the opinion of many, came the stream of settlers to populate America.



PEACE ON EARTH.

BY JOHN. J. GUNNE, JR.

I.—IN THE STREET.

“SACRE!”
That is what it sounded like. But it may have been something else, for it came through clenched teeth; clenched, likely enough, for the same reason that the speaker pulled his tattered coat so tightly about him. And yet, in truth, for Christmas eve in Manitoba it was far from cold.

Merry parties, driving or walking, passed, gay with laughter and chat. No one seemed to have a care, save the one aged pedestrian from whose lips the above exclamation came. And he, feeble and clad in rags, might easily have been supposed to have that whole street's allotment of care and suffering for his portion.

On one hand of the curving street lay the frozen Assiniboine; on the other rose the stately mansions of Winnipeg's wealthiest and most fashionable citizens. In summer, when the listless river glanced between its fringing trees, dividing with the more cultured loveliness of the gardens the admiration of passers, this street was a paradise of beauty and song; and even in winter its architectural splendor borrowed much from its wild-wood associations.

The beggar had moved along slowly but without a pause, till he came to one of the most costly residences on the street. There he paused and gazed on the home of wealth. He stood in the open gate as though about to enter. But one of those merry parties passing, in, jostled him, and he turned away, and muttering to himself, tottered on and disappeared.

Busy men returning from business, idle pleasure-seekers, all have left the street. The soft snow falls silently and fast, dulling the keen glitter of the electric lights, and mantling pavement and curb and lawn in purest white. For an hour the street will be empty of human life. Then will come a rush; some to places of amusement, some to worship, others to business, perhaps; but in the meantime there is nothing in the street but the falling snow and silence and peace.

II.—IN A MANSION.

Mr. Verner and his family belonged, as the phrase is, to a church whose bells began to chime, whose organ to blow, and

whose choir to chant with mechanical precision, each Christmas Eve, on the first stroke of the midnight hour. They were musical and took an active part in the services; and no member contributed more liberally to its finances than Mr. Verner.

On the evening of which we write Mr. Verner and perhaps ten others were ranged about a grand organ singing over and over again an anthem in which the unpractised ear might detect few other words than “peace” and “good-will.” They were practising for the grand midnight service.

In that brilliantly lighted mansion the singing of such a song might at any time have had the appearance of appropriateness and spontaneity—there where wealth had done all that was possible; where education and taste were in evidence on every hand. There, at least, were all the comfort and happiness and freedom from care that such can ensure. Of the many many faces there not one but glowed with pleasure—father and mother, sons and daughters and friends.

At length all were satisfied that further practise was needless. Then, as she threw herself into an easy chair, the young lady who presided at the organ said:

“Now, then, Uncle, the history of that ridiculous side entrance, please. And mind, unless you can show some good reason for the existence of such an architectural absurdity, I shall be tempted to set fire to it. Why, do you know, I am not so very tall, and yet I knocked my hat off in coming through it to-day. The doors are so low, one has to stoop to save one's head.”

The entrance referred to was an absurdity, indeed. It could as well have been called a wing. And such a wing. It lay off from the side of the mansion, and was in full view from the street in front—a log cabin of the most primitive type. Its low walls were of logs chinked with clay. The roof was of like construction, with the addition of an outer coating of thatch. In the first room, for the cabin had two, there was one small window, in which a tightly-stretched parchment did service for glass. In one corner a fireplace made of clay rose through the roof. This room was a receptacle for tobaggans, snowshoes, skates, and all sorts of implements for out-door sports. The second room had neither floor nor window; and its entire furniture consisted of three boards laid on blocks, so as to form a low bench about six feet long and less than half as wide. Mr. Verner

said, in answer to the request of his niece:

"Yes, Lillian, I will gladly employ the time yet at our disposal in redeeming my promise to relieve your curiosity in regard to that side entrance, by relating the story connected with it. The more gladly because all the circumstances of it have been brought to my mind within the last few days in a most distressing manner; so that the telling of it will, I expect, be something of a relief to myself."

III.—THE TALE.

It was in the summer of 1859 that I first set foot in what was shortly to become the Province of Manitoba. A young man, with no very decided aversion to excitement and adventure, I considered my advent well-timed; for the feelings of distrust and dissatisfaction at the assumption of the government of the country by the Dominion authorities were even then taking the shape of open and armed resistance. Like many others, I looked upon the incipient rebellion as something of a joke. But my views underwent a radical change when, with almost the entire population of the village of Winnipeg, I found myself incarcerated in the prisons of old Fort Garry.

How those prisoners were treated is pretty well known. The building in which I was confined with perhaps twenty others had never been intended for anything but the storage of furs and pemican. It was littered with rubbish, and had not been cleaned for an age. We were without beds or fire; and the snow drifted through the grated windows and rickety but strongly barred doors. Of course, we wished to escape; and how to do so was a question which occupied our minds with little interruption for several weeks.

At length one night we succeeded in getting out of our prison. But in attempting to scale the wall we were discovered, and all but a few taken. For myself, the immediate result of the attempt was a more secure, though at the same time more comfortable, prison. But my comfort was not an object with my captors, and to reduce it as much as possible I was shackled, hand and foot, and informed that I was to be shot like a dog as soon as one of their number, whom I had struck over the head with a stick, was sufficiently recovered to take part in the proceeding. When, a few days later, a huge Halibreed entered my room with his head bandaged I concluded my span of life was about complete. I recognized in him a man whose son I had treated for consumption. For, as you know, I was something of a doctor in those days, and was accompanying the surveyors in that capacity. This boy, a lad of fourteen, was my first patient in this country, I believe. He was

the last of several children, the others of whom had already succumbed to the disease with which he was just commencing. Fortunately, I had got him in time and was enabled to restore him to health. But I built no hope on that. My experience with them thus far had not led me to look for gratitude or generosity in the make-up of a Halibreed. I was not a little surprised, therefore, when he greeted me quite respectfully, and asked about my health with every appearance of friendliness. In return I enquired after his boy, and so the conversation went on easily enough for a time, without anything being said to relieve my anxiety as to the object of his visit. At length I asked why his head was bandaged. He shrugged his shoulders, and said, with a smile, "Ah, Monsieur knows how I got that. If I had been in Monsieur's place I would have hit harder. Besides it has made me a captain, and I have charge of this prison now."

That was indeed the truth. Andre Dubois, the man I had wounded, was my gaoler. His friendliness continued. I saw him almost every day, but nothing was ever said by him about the execution which I was awaiting in fear and trembling. On the contrary, my shackles were removed and my room was kept clean and warm. This went on for perhaps a fortnight. One evening I heard voices in angry altercation not far from my room. One I recognized as that of my gaoler, the other I judged from what passed was that of the brutal coward who was the head of the rebel government. The quarrel was about the carrying out of a death sentence which the chief said had been passed on some "Canadian dog." The last words I heard spoken were by Andre. They were these: "You may do as you please to-morrow; you may shoot a dozen, if you like, but I will have no hand in it. This is my last day in the Fort."

The next hour was perhaps the gloomiest of my life. I was in the midst of a dismal reverie, when the door opened and Andre Dubois entered. He brought with him a lighted candle and an iron bar. After locking the door, he unwound from his waist a gaudy sash and took off a blue "capote," revealing a similar dress beneath. "Put these on," he said. Something in his tone and manner forbade questioning and put resistance out of court. I obeyed in silence; and while I did so, he produced a pair of moccasins, which he also directed me to wear. Then, with the iron bar, he pried off the fastenings of the window and wrenched the grating from its place. This he forced outward, so that a man might have got through without much difficulty. But that was not his plan. He merely tossed the bar through the opening, and, turning to me, said: "Come; we have both had enough of this." He drew the hood of his

coat over his head, and directed me to do the same with mine. We were now clad exactly alike, in clothes worn almost exclusively by the natives, and never at all among the "new element." The disguise was good, though scarcely necessary; for, when the outer door was locked behind us, we found ourselves in such a blinding storm of wind and snow as few people were likely to be abroad in. Andre took me by the arm and we proceeded direct to the gate, which opened to us without a challenge.

How long we stumbled and groped through that blizzard I cannot tell. Perhaps less than an hour. But to me, weakened by confinement and lack of proper food, and every moment expecting to be captured and shot, it seemed an age. At length, half dragged, half carried, by Andre. I reached his home and entered for the first time that door which you, my dear niece, are shocked to find was not built with a view to accommodating the hat of a Toronto belle. I passed into the inner room, which, as you see, has neither window nor floor, which then had no other door than that through which I entered. That room as you see it to-day was for the next three months my home, dining-room, bed-room, parlor. Call it a prison, if you like, but it was, at least, one in which my life was safe.

Yet many were the anxious hours I had. For fully a month daily visits, almost, were made from the Fort for the professed purpose of inducing Andre to return to his duties there, or to seek his advice on matters connected with the rebellion. From the first I could see that the real object of these visits was to obtain, if possible, some clue to my whereabouts. Yet, while they spoke of my mysterious disappearance and the desirability of my recapture, even going so far as to mention large rewards which awaited him who should discover my hiding-place, not one dared make a direct proposal, or, except in thought, connect him with my escape. That same mental force which made me obey him in executing that escape without even the idea of questioning occurring to my mind kept them from entering on what they felt to be forbidden ground.

At length, one day the "President" came. He was accompanied by several others, and, as usual, was drunk, or nearly enough so to be bold. He was abusive and overbearing. He called Andre a deserter and traitor at the very start, and charged him with aiding my escape. Andre endeavored to evade that subject for a while; but the President returned to it. He said it was known that Andre was hiding me, and dared him to deny it. Without waiting for an answer, he continued, "We will see what is beyond this door." As he spoke, I heard his heavy

step approach my hiding-place. But Andre answered in a voice, the first tones of which allayed my fears, "Monsieur Poltron, you are in my house; if you pass through any door without my invitation, it shall be because I fling you through it."

There was a brief scuffle, and I knew that Mr. President had been thrown from the cabin. To my surprise, as well as relief, his friends followed him. That was the last visit we had from the Fort. Time will not permit me to tell one-half that came to my ears that weary winter. Suffice it to say that it was to me a time of uninterrupted suspense and anxiety. And as the weather grew milder towards spring I gladly placed myself under Andre's guidance and made my way to Portage la Prairie, where safety and freedom could still be found.

When I next saw Winnipeg it was teeming with a new population. The rebel horde had been scattered, and Fort Garry was in possession of the Canadian militia. I visited Andre, and found him despondent. He said but little on the subject, but I could see that he was far from pleased at the end the rebellion had made. He predicted the extinction of his race on the Red River, and pointed to the valley of the Saskatchewan, with its wild herds innumerable as its only hope for the future. We were seated at the door of his cabin—that same side entrance—during this conversation; and looking on the lovely winding river, with its wild-wood beauty so little marred as yet despite the long occupancy of the rude race he represented, I could not but foresee an advantage for both in the change he referred to with such gloomy forecast. And I seized the opportunity to help him to a happier location, and lay the foundation of my fortune as well, by negotiating there and then for the purchase of his place. The price I paid was small, but it left me without a dollar. And it was not until within the last ten years that the grand residences you see along this street began to be built. But the natural beauty of the situation attracted the wealthy of the city, as I knew it must; and, as you know, after many years of precarious struggle and speculations, we now reap the fruit of my foresight.

And now that you know what we owe to the cabin of Andre Dubois, do you think it any wonder that we preserve it as I first saw it?

As for Andre, he made little use of what I gave him. He went west, but returned at intervals, and never failed to make known the fact by calling on me and spinning a doleful tale of hardships entailed on his people by the changed conditions. Civilization and enterprise marched westward at a pace he never counted on, surged over his new Eden and destroyed forever the hopes which had

drawn him thither. Since the summer previous to the uprising in the West, I had not seen him until, about a week ago, he tottered into my office, the picture of poverty and wretchedness. His age cannot be more than sixty years, yet he seemed every day of eighty. And, oh, the sorrowful tale! It made me sad to think of the depth he had fallen, from the man of firm and commanding will I had once known him, to the professional mendicant. He had just arrived, he said, from the West, accompanied by his son, the same whose life when a boy I had been instrumental in saving. He was sorry I had quit the practice of medicine. His son had received a bullet at the battle of Cut-Knife Hill, which he had carried ever since, because, although they were loyal—of course, they were loyal!—the troops had destroyed or carried away all their property, leaving them without the means of paying for the necessary operation. They had walked almost the whole distance, and his son had hardly survived the journey, and was now dying, he believed. And now that I had quit medicine, he supposed he would have to die, as they had not a cent. It was a piteous tale, and lost nothing by the manner of its telling. He would have spoken all day, I believe, had I not given him some money and sent him away. The next day he returned with the same story: his son sick, starving, dying. I was too busy to hear, so I gave him some more money. That kept him away till this afternoon, when he came again. I was putting on my overcoat to go to the bank when he entered. I felt in my pocket and found only a fifty-cent piece. I gave it, feeling that for him perhaps less had been better. He staggered to a chair as he took it. He was not going to be put off with so little. But before he could resume his woeful recital I hurried away. When I returned he was gone; but on the seat he had occupied lay the silver I had given him. It had fallen through his tattered clothes, no doubt; so his next call will not be long delayed.

But we have little time to spare if we are to be in time for the service. It is but half an hour to midnight now."

IV.—IN THE SNOW.

A few minutes later all were again assembled, clad in silk and velvet and fur, ready to walk the few paces which lay between them and the gorgeous church, where they worshipped. Lillian proposed to go out by the side door, and the rest agreed. Electric lights were swinging from the rafters of the old cabin. In each room they paused and looked around. As they were about going out, Mr. Verner said, "It is twenty years to-night since I

first entered this room and learned by memorable experience from what desperate straits the hand of God can rescue those who love and serve Him."

He opened the door as he spoke, and Lillian, stooping extravagantly low, darted through, singing, as she went, in clear, rich, joyous tones, "On the earth peace, in heaven good-will towards men."

The stars were out and a flood of moonlight streamed down on the new fallen mantle of white that covered pavement and shrub and lawn; and covered something else, too, over which Lillian stumbled before she had well got through the door. Her singing stopped abruptly, and she uttered a cry of alarm, as, turning, she saw a man's hand move where her feet had been. There was a scene of excitement then. The snow was brushed from the prostrate form. Mr. Verner bent close to the face, and exclaimed:

"On my life, Andre Dubois! Drunk, of course!"

"What shall we do for him, Uncle?" asked Lillian.

"What can we do but send him to the lock-up? Yes, hurry along. Time is passing. I'll telephone the police, and be after you in a minute."

And so they did. And from down the Assiniboine and across the Red came tremblingly the first notes of the midnight chime of the bells of St. Boniface. Long ago familiar to the pauper's ear, that chime rang for him a message of peace unspeakable. It was the last sound he heard on earth.

V.—IN A HOVEL.

And from every quarter of the city other chimes took up the strain. How joyously they rang! And choirs sang, and mighty organs pealed once more the old-new song of Peace.

* * * * *

Only a hovel—a deserted lime-shed on the flats. Yet even here it is. No wonder all the city sings of it. A policeman's lantern shows it to us. Those who sing and preach so loudly about it know it, doubtless, well enough; let those who don't look here: On some straw, and covered with a threadbare blanket, lies a human form. Across it the fine snow, sifted through the chinks, lies in driftlets sharp and smooth. Can passion or pain be there? There, surely, is no unrest! The policeman turns down the blanket. On the bearded face is death's seal. On the breast lies a Northwest rebellion medal. There is nothing by which his identity may be learned. He must go to a nameless grave.

The following spring, when the shed was put to its proper use, a plug of paper

was pulled from a knot-hole. When smoothed out, it revealed the following, which was signed by a priest and dated on the banks of the Saskatchewan: "This is to solicit the Christian charity of all to whom it may come, in behalf of the bearers, Andre Dubois and his son, Louis. The latter having been grievously wound-

ed while fighting for his country during the late rebellion, has ever since been unable to work, and is a burden instead of a support to his infirm and aged father.

"Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."



UNCLE'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY A. EVELYN GUNNE.

"You want a story, chickens mine. A tale that must be true,
A tale of little children, and a Christmas flavor too?
My poor old brain will reel, I fear, attempting deeds like this:
You would not like to see. I'm sure, your Uncle crazy, Miss!
You doubt my word! You saucy scamps! Oh well! Oh well! You'll see
When growling like a bear I come and eat you all for tea!
Don't fool so much! Be sensible! Come now, I do like that;
If I've no sense in my old age, I'll eat my Sunday hat.

I see there's no escape, so, in the good old-fashioned way:
'Once on a time' far, far from here, and at a distant day,
I went—a missionary—to preach to flocks so sparse and thin,
It took me weeks to gather half my congregation in.
My Sundays were expended, nearly all the livelong day,
In driving to my 'stations' with my span of ponies gray,
Jehu, the son of Nimshi, wasn't in it, not at all,
When I my bronchos speeded, like a North-wind in the fall.

A service short I held at ten, then off to Holland's Bluff
To meet a congregation there, of diamonds in the rough:
Then on ten miles, and evening prayer refreshed the heart like dew.
Sweethearts, a prairie preacher's lot has compensations too.
Then pastoral calls at distant homes filled up my busy week
With here a word, and there a pray'r, I tried to fitly speak.
I often think of that vast plain whose circle made me feel
The centre of the universe—the hub of all the wheel.

One winter in my visiting (the story's coming now)
I reached a dreary-wind-swept hut—a jolly 'bow-wow-wow'
Saluted me from friendly throats, while tumbling thro' the
snow,

Two little tots came floundering as fast as they could go.
But firstly let me tell you dears, the happy Christmas tide
Was coming soon to glad with gifts the children far and wide,
But Oh! This little prairie home half buried in the snow
Was poverty's own haunt, so drear and bare was it, you know.

But Ah! how large the kindly hearts beneath that homestead
roof!

How sweet the gentle mother's voice when raised in soft
reproof.

For e'en the best of little ones a mother must subdue
When they upon the war-path go—a fearsome band of two.
I coaxed the doughty braves at last, to sit upon my knee,
And as you stare to-night, you scamps! just so they stared at me,
For stranger-people in that land a luxury was deemed,
And like a 'Punch and Judy' show to them I doubtless seemed.

I told them all about the elves and fairies I had known,
Of giant-killers, great and tall—of Mother Hubbard's bone;
Of wondrous bean-stalks growing up—of Jacks so great and
wise

Who climbed those bean-stalks in a night right up to the skies;
I told them all the tales I knew, and last, 'The Bethlehem Star'
And how the wond'ring shepherds heard the songs of heav'n
afar.

But when their sleepy eyelids fell beneath the Dustman's arts
We knelt—a humble roof-tree shelt'ring happy peaceful hearts.

Before the dawn I wakened, bearing voices in the night;
My little friends were talking fast but hidden from my sight,
Not far from where I rested, raising cautiously my head
And drawing back the drapery, I saw the moonlight shed
A radiance like silver over two small saints in white [might.
Where quaintly kneeling side by side they prayed with all their
"Please, God, the preacher man what comed, said you knew
every thing,

And ownded all that's in the world, so please, Sir, won't You bring

At Chris'mus time a drum fer Fred—fer Favver nice mince pies,
A chiny set for Muvver, an' I'd like a doll what cries.

An' him what told us stories here *an's sleepin' in our bed*,
Say, can't you help him so's his hair won't be so awful red?
Amen! 'Hold on a bit' said Fred, 'I want to have my gun.'
The small maid said, 'I guess He knows, I'm cold, Oh! Fred-
die, come'

They cuddled down, the moonlight fair baptized each golden
head;

The 'preacher man' he laughed and groaned because his hair
was red.

I think that's nearly all. Oh! did the children get their toys?
Dear me, how you do tease! Were ever seen such girls and boys!
I think perhaps they did, you know, for when I called once more,
The babes came tumbling o'er the snow just as they did before.
And I am sure Fred had a drum and my sweet maid a doll,
A gift had come for everyone—Santa remembered all.
And 'bout my hair, that funny thing? "Yes, pets, now say 'Good night,'
God answered that in years of pain by bleaching it snow-white."



THE OLD FASHIONED VIRTUE OF KINDNESS.

BY REV. JOHN WATSON, D. D. ("IAN MACLAREN")

[Published by special arrangement.]

THERE is a fashion in character as much as in clothes, and the favorite type at the end of this century is very different from that dear to our fathers of the fifties. We speak of a person as "quite modern," or "so interesting," or "delightfully intense," and by these amazing descriptions we mean an elderly woman of unprepossessing appearance who rails against marriage, or a young woman who could not cook a dinner to save her life and yet teaches artisans' wives to keep house, or an artist who will look at no picture whose drawing is not execrable and whose subject is not unintelligible.

Of course, there are irreverent people who laugh at these products of latter-day society or are frankly bored by them, but the products take the situation very seriously, and give themselves airs. And a large number of quite sensible people are so brow-beaten by the fashion for newness that they dare not say what they think of all this posing and foolery, lest they should prove themselves out of date and be called Philistines, which is a hopeless condemnation. Besides, there is the Secret Society of the Meredithians, made up of persons who have read and understood the works of Mr. Meredith, and who number, according to reliable information, one hundred and twenty-three members, which holds reading circles in such terror that only the most courageous dare confess that they have not read "An Amazing Marriage" with exhilaration.

We have indeed come to make such a god of cleverness nowadays that shallow people compound with socie-

ty by being eccentric, and dull people cannot justify their existence. Among the many new societies which are starting every day, and afford a comfortable living to their officials, another is imperatively called for, a "Society for the Protection of Ordinary People."

By an ordinary person is intended one who venerates old institutions such as Christianity and the Family, who retains the former manner of courtesy and would keep women apart from the strife of public life, who does not meddle with unpleasant questions, and has not read the problem literature, who does not sparkle in conversation and is weak in epigrams. This person is now given to understand that he is quite out of date in society—a survival not of the fittest—and is lectured by his children, who desire to do their best for him. It is explained that he need not be shocked by a certain want of reserve in conversation, because everybody talks of things their parents did not refer to in public—social "workers" taking a lead in this unsavory line; and that he must not do this and that because such ways are antiquated—generally some way of simplicity and kindness. So this old-fashioned person begins to feel that he has no place in our bright, "brainy," emancipated life.

One plea may be made for him, and that is that in nine cases out of ten he illustrates a dying virtue, for after his modesty the distinguishing feature in this poor foreigner who has drifted out of his time, is the kindliness of the man. He has not forgotten how to shake hands, but

has the power of a friendly grip, and will even hold your hands for five seconds on occasion ; he allows you to see that he is pleased to meet you, and he has an unaffected interest in your welfare — physical and spiritual — and in that of all your family. If any one be ill in his circle—and really it is wonderful how many friends he has in spite of his obsolescence—he finds time that very day to call, not having to assist at so many functions as his neighbors ; and he has an absurd habit of bringing flowers in his own hand, to say nothing of hot-house grapes in a brown paper bag. Very likely his friends could have purchased the flowers and the grapes, but the mother and father appreciate the personal kindness, and Tommy never can see why their giver is called an old fogey.

People say that Barnabas is tiresome, and, placed in the witness box, I could not swear that I ever heard him say a smart thing either on a book or a friend, but he has an absolute genius for doing kind things. No man can give his friends' children such royal good times as Barnabas, and there is a certain poor district where any "modern" gibing at Barnabas would be stoned. He cannot endure a formal dinner party — with falsetto talk and French dishes—but he dearly loves to have half a dozen honest souls to spend the evening with him. His family have got into the way of apologizing for him, and Barnabas always speaks of himself as a man who cannot now change and must just be tolerated. Sometimes I have thought that he felt this depreciation, but in the afternoon I met him coming from a poor street, himself again, and I knew he had found consolation in some good work. "Worthy man," a modern was saying yesterday of him with much condescension. "but quite impossible nowadays." One wonders what the angels think of Barnabas.

Perhaps the people of the last generation were not so well read as we are—although they knew their Shakespeare and their Scott ; perhaps they were not so clever—although the women were excellent housewives and the men kept British commerce to the front ; but with all their shortcomings they knew how to be kind and were not ashamed to have a heart.

The matrons were motherly then—gentle, wise, reposeful—to whom one went in trouble, certain of sympathy ; the young women were simple and unaffected, without "missions" and without mannishness. People knew how to be hospitable, making you welcome when you came and letting you go with regret. And they had not reached that fine point of culture when one is ashamed to show any emotion—even a mother for the death of her child—but made merry with a will at a marriage and mourned over a death openly. Nor did they sneer at Christmas and vote it a bore ; but laid themselves out to make the young folk glad and also the poor, and, forgetting grey hairs, became young themselves after a very taking fashion.

There is a rivalry nowadays between the head and the heart, and it does seem as if culture carried beyond a certain point was against love. Are not highly-educated people—people at least of the class given to "preciosity" in letters and impressionism in art, who are distressed by Sir Walter's style because he was unself-conscious, and consider Millais little better than a Philistine, because he was conscientious—apt to be cold-blooded and detached from the elemental human interests. Husbands of this kind may love their wives and parents their children, but any emotion in this rarefied atmosphere will be so delicate as to defy detection, and will shrink from visible demonstration.

May it not be urged that culture is

decadent when it ceases to be kind, and that the great gods of literature were intensely human ; and it might even be remarked that if a comparison were made between the chief novelists of yesterday and to-day the men of the past were both kinder and greater. No one can estimate how much tenderness and gladness together Dickens infused into English life, but it may be said that his Christmas Carol did more than many sermons to teach the commandment of love. It is no doubt matter of regret that his favorite characters had such an insatiable taste for brandy and water — although everybody knows Sam Weller never could have taken so much and lived—and every one is not equally moved over Little Nell, yet it remains that Dickens could affect the heart by pure and kindly sentiment and move his readers to generous deeds.

Thackeray pretended to be a cynic and talked about his puppets—but who has not seen the tear in his eye, and loved him who gave us so many kind simple hearts—Henry Esmond and William Dobbin and Colonel Newcome, and even Rawdon Crawley, whom love redeemed.

We all admire Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy for their different qualities, but I suppose their most ardent admirers would hardly claim that they were kind writers or that they left their readers more in love with ordinary human nature. And while among the younger men Mr. Swift has shown much power in producing "Tormentors," and Mr. Wells has given us a masterpiece of horror in his Martian nightmares, yet both these brilliant authors have failed somewhat in kindness. Our modern novelists are very clever, but they have little human feeling, and so they have no hold on the heart of the people.

The appreciation of kindness is very largely a question of years ; it

comes with experience and wisdom. So long as we are young and energetic, and impulsive and enthusiastic, we are vastly tickled by intellectual smartness, and are intoxicated with the favor of a wit. We count his paper money to be a fortune, and his gay sayings as great treasure. Here is company for life—a friend before whose delicate persiflage sorrow and disappointment will flee. As the years come and go we find this cynic out, and the thin plating of culture shows the common metal beneath.

What one longs for, as trial follows trial, is sympathy, faithfulness, honesty—in fact, kindness. Words, however well-turned and felicitous, count less every day ; and deeds, however simple, if they be true, count more. This silent, awkward, commonplace man, what can we find behind such an unpromising mask that to him we turn in hours of trouble ? The public does not understand. Silent ? Yes, amid empty, heartless chatter, but he can speak upon occasion, and then his words are like gold tried in the fire. Did you say awkward ? Granted—where people pose as before mirrors he faileth somewhat in grace, but he has a very fine manner in a room where the blinds are down. And commonplace ? Well, my wife has a letter which he wrote to us in our sorrow that is the most perfectly composed I ever read. When it cometh to deeds he is original, heroic, knightly ; I declare it on my word, for I have seen it. Oh, the kind hearts are the true hearts, and God give us a few such for our friends as the sun begins to sink.

'Tis kindness, not cleverness, which affects nations and gaineth the victory. Two years ago I saw many wonderful things in America, but the most beautiful I heard of was at Concord. It was there that the Colonists fired their first shot for liberty, and the spot is marked by a statue. Year by year it is crowned with flow-

ers and the beginning of a new nation is celebrated. Across the little river is a grave where two English soldiers lie, who fell that day obeying orders and doing their duty. No one thought of their nameless grave, who were aliens and enemies, till a kind heart took pity and laid a wreath there also, so that on both sides the flowers now lie where brave men fought and died.

When our Queen, who never hears of sorrow but she wishes to comfort, sent her messages of sympathy to Mrs. Lincoln and the widow of President Garfield she touched a human chord and did more than many treaties to unite two nations.

And when our day's work is over and each servant comes home in the evening, when he stands before the Judge and waits His word, what is to be the law by which you and I shall be approved or condemned? It will not be our knowledge nor our cleverness, nor shall it be our creeds nor our professions; for none of these things shall be once mentioned then. As the Judge, who cares for no favor and sees through all pretences, considers each life, He bids glad, full, welcome to those who in this lower life, amid all their mistakes and failings, have cherished a warm heart, and so at last the crown is placed on the brow of kindness.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE CAMERA.

BY VIEWFINDER.

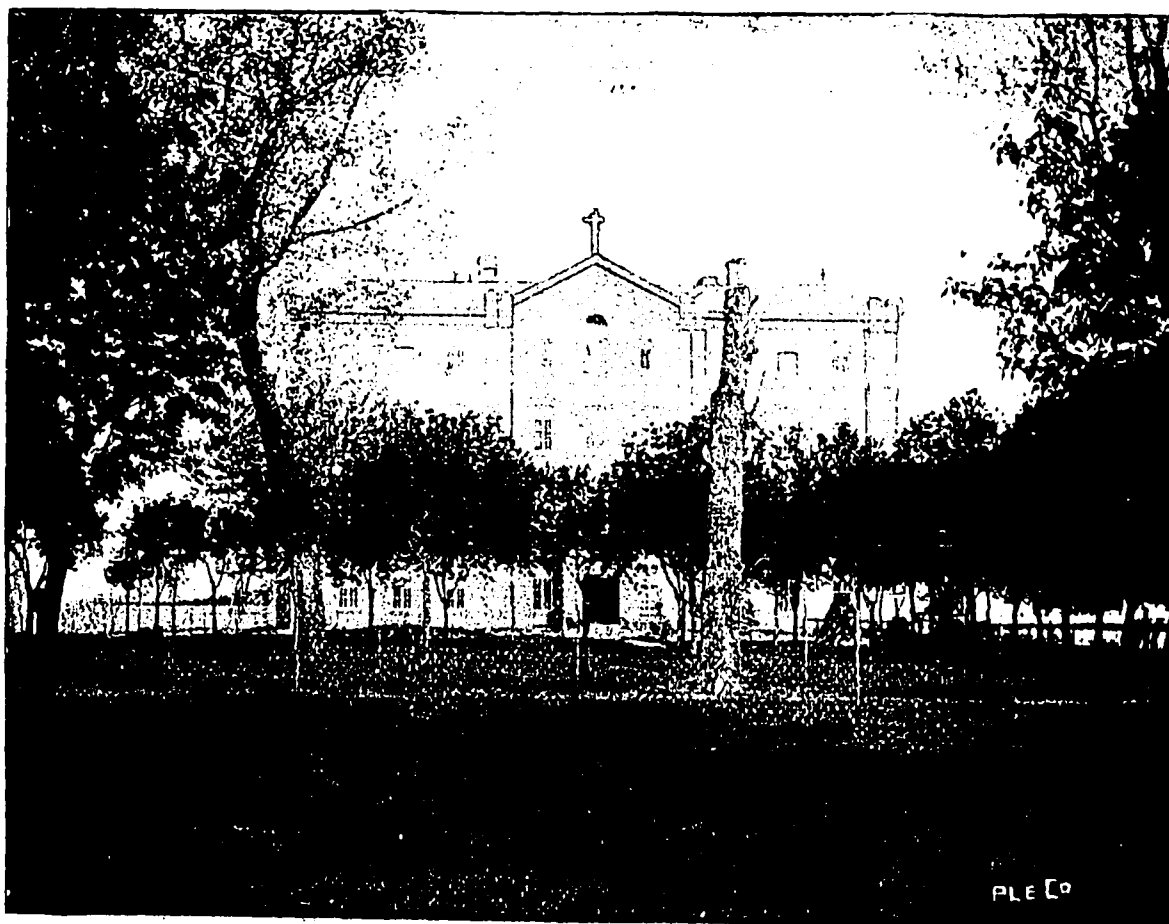
THERE is a popular notion abroad that the art of photography cannot tell a lie. The wider knowledge of the art, due to its adoption by hundreds of amateurs as a hobby, has largely shown the fallaciousness of this belief. Yet photographic fakes of a most absurdly simple nature still continue to impose upon the credulity of thousands of people, among the number being many who have gone so far as to accept such inventions as irrefutable evidence, in their ignorance of the possibilities of this, perhaps, the most elastic of arts. The faking can be carried on almost to any extent, figures may be included in the picture which were not there in the flesh when the picture was taken and who were at an entirely different part of the globe when their picture was registered on the sensitised plate. If a photographer wished to show that you were in a certain street at a certain time, he could do it with the greatest ease, notwithstanding that you were a thousand miles away at the moment

in question. If he wished to show that your dog or your horse had trespassed on his flower beds, it would be a simple matter to do so, and if cleverly done I doubt if the "fake" could be detected. It would be quite possible to show the C. P. R. tracks running up Main Street if so desired, and it has occurred to me that it would be an interesting study for the amateurs of our City to take up, now that they are looking for novelty in their productions. All that would be necessary to show the railway tracks on the street, mentioned above, would be to take first a picture of the railway, and then to get a picture of the street, being careful that both are on the same scale. Now place the picture of the street in the printing frame with the roadway carefully masked, and when the picture is sufficiently printed place the railway picture in the frame and print on the same picture, having a mask that will carefully cover the first impression. The result will be—Main Street with the railway



C. P. R. PACIFIC EXPRESS APPROACHING THE TUNNEL.

Photo by Richard Walsh.



ST. BONIFACE ACADEMY.

Photo by J. A. Echlin.

tracks running up the centre. Very little has been done up to the present in the way of double printing, or "faking" photographs. It is an amusement that I can recommend to every devotee of the art; for there are few pastimes more completely fascinating. Another very funny picture may be obtained by seating a person in a chair and focusing them sharp on the ground glass; after this has been done place another chair between

figures on the same scale, taking care also that there is the same lighting on the figures. If this is neatly done many absurd possibilities are opened up; for instance, "Laughing Joe" may be shaking hands with some of our most respected citizens, or any other combination that may suggest itself. Such pictures require a whole lot of care, but the amateur, who is intent on doing himself justice, and who is after knowledge, will not be-



INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WINNIPEG.

Photo by J. A. Echlin, Winnipeg.

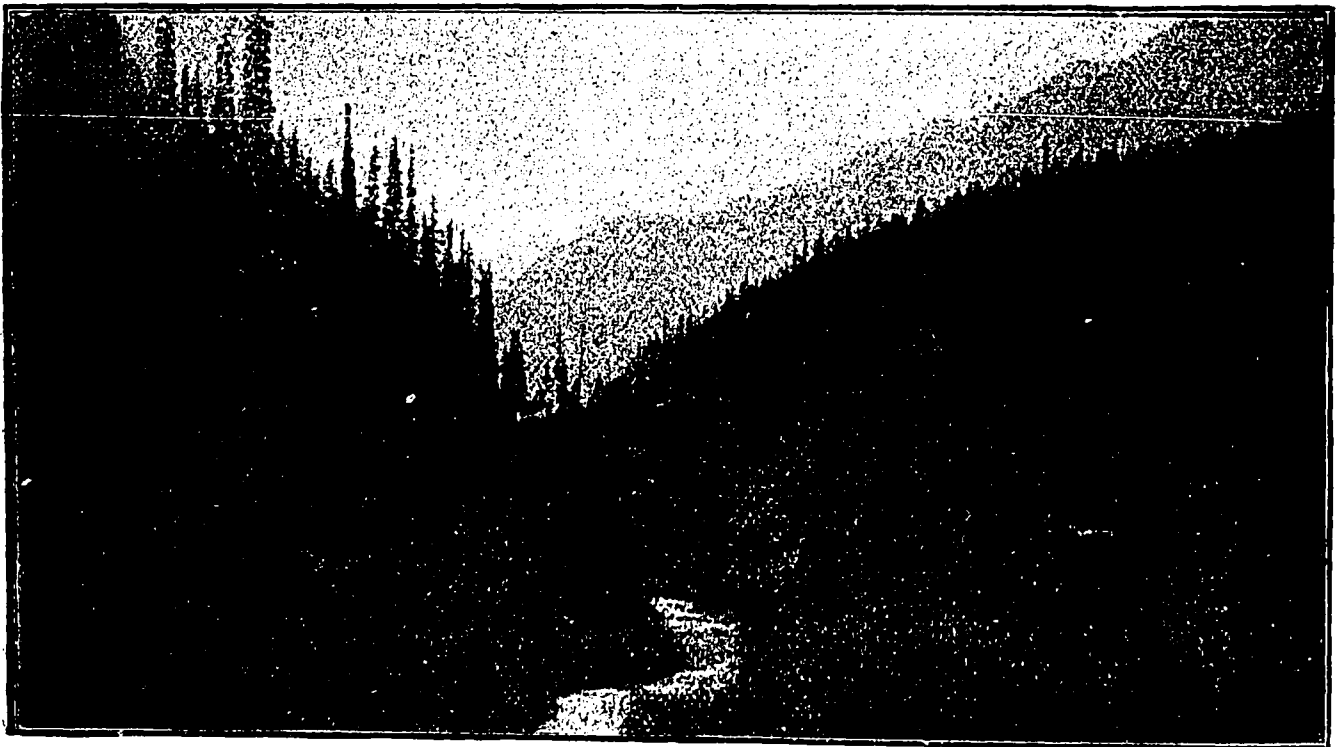
them and the camera and get them to raise their feet on to the top of the chair until only their face can be seen between the boots. The boots, of course, will be out of focus and will be greatly exaggerated by being so much closer to the lense than the face of the subject. Another is to take a good negative of a street scene and include in it people who were not in the original; these, of course, must be printed from another negative with

grudge the time spent upon pictures of this description. Then again, some excellent examples of pictures taken by lightning may be secured; all that is required is a thunder storm, the lense is opened and when the "flash" comes the trick is done. Such pictures, of course, cannot be secured in Winter, but they are apt to be forgotten even in the Summer time when the means is at hand. The possibilities of the Camera are so numerous



AN EVENING SCENE.

Photo by C. Driver.



TAKEN AT MIDNIGHT BY LIGHTNING FLASH.

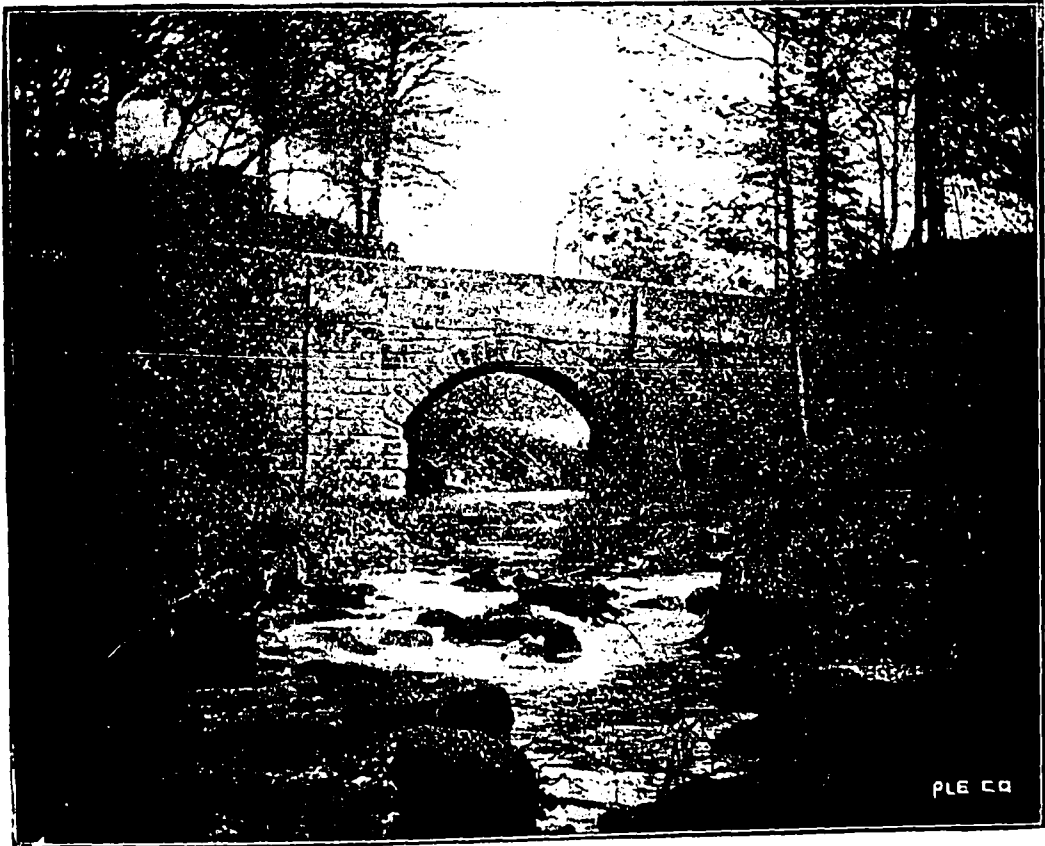
Photo by C. Driver.

that many ideas will suggest themselves to any energetic amateur who carries out such experiments as I have named.

Much at the present day has been written and said about "spirit photography," but perhaps it may be of interest to know that a negative can be secured showing a "real" ghost. I tried one some time ago and it was produced in the following way: An assistant, clad from head to foot in a white sheet, was posed as the ghost and a child placed a few feet from it exhibiting all the signs of fright at the "hobgoblin." Two exposures were then made on the same plate, one with the picture as I have stated

and the other after the "spirit" had assumed his place behind the camera. Of course it is essential that neither the child nor the camera be moved during the two exposures. The object of the second exposure is to give the impression of the foliage or other background behind the "ghost," which will be shown on the negative as if it were seen through the white object.

I cannot too strongly recommend these freak experiments to our amateurs who are looking for something fresh, as they will get a lot of useful information whilst engaged in the production of such as I have named.



A YORKSHIRE STREAM.

Photo by Fred W. Gill, Winnipeg.

JERRY BUNDLER.

BY W. W. JACOBS.

(Published by Special Arrangement.)

IT wanted a few nights to Christmas, a festival for which the small market town of Torchester was making extensive preparations. The narrow streets, which had been thronged with people, were now almost deserted, the cheap Jack from London, with the remnant of breath left him after his evening's exertions, was making feeble attempts to blow out his naphtha lamp, and the last shops open were rapidly closing for the night.

In the comfortable coffee room of the old Boar's Head, half a dozen guests, principally commercial travellers sat talking by the light of the fire. The talk had drifted from trade to politics, from politics to religion, and so by easy stages to the supernatural. Three ghost stories, never known to fail before, had fallen flat, there was too much noise outside, too much light within. The fourth story was told by an old hand with more success, the streets were quieter and he had turned the gas out. In the flickering light of the fire, as it shone on the glasses and danced with shadows on the walls, the story proved so enthralling that George, the waiter, whose presence had been forgotten, created a very disagreeable sensation by suddenly starting up from a dark corner and gliding silently from the room.

"That's what I call a good story," said one of the men, sipping his hot whisky. "Of course, it's an old idea that spirits like to get into the company of human beings. A man told me once that he traveled down the Great Western with a ghost, and hadn't the slightest suspicion of it until the inspector came for tickets. My friend said the way that ghost tried to keep up appearances by feeling for it in all its pockets and looking on the floor was quite touching. Ultimately it gave it up, and with a faint groan vanished through the ventilator.

"That'll do, Hirst," said another man.

"It's not a subject for jesting," said a little old gentleman, who had been an attentive listener. "I've never seen an apparition myself, but I know people who have, and I consider that they form a very interesting link between us and the after life. There's a ghost story connected with this house, you know."

"Never heard of it," said another speaker, "and I've been here some years now."

"It dates back a long time now," said

the old gentleman. "You've heard about Jerry Bundler, George?"

"Well, I've just heard odds and ends, sir," said the old waiter, "but I never put much count to 'em. There was one chap 'ere what said he saw it, and the go-ner sacked him prompt."

"My father was a native of this town," said the old gentleman, "and knew the story well. He was a truthful man and a steady church-goer, but I've heard him declare that once in his life he saw the appearance of Jerry Bundler in this house."

"And who was this Bundler?" inquired a voice.

"A London thief, pickpocket, highwayman, anything he could turn his dishonest hand to," replied the old gentleman, "and he was run to earth in this house one Christmas week some 80 years ago. He took his last supper in this very room, and after he had gone to bed a couple of Bow Street runners, who had followed him from London, but lost the scent a bit, went upstairs with the landlord and tried the door. It was stout oak and fast, so one went into the yard and by means of a short ladder got on to the window sill, while the other stayed outside the door. Those below in the yard saw the man crouching on the sill, and then there was a sudden crash of glass, and with a cry he fell in a heap on the stones at their feet. Then in the moonlight they saw the white face of the pickpocket peeping over the sill, and while some stayed in the yard, others ran into the house and helped the other man to break the door in. It was difficult to obtain an entrance even then, for the door was barred with heavy furniture, but they got in at last, and the first thing that met their eyes was the body of Jerry dangling from the top of the bed by his own handkerchief.

"Which bedroom was it?" asked two or three voices together.

The narrator shook his head. "That I can't tell you. But the story goes that Jerry still haunts this house, and my father used to declare positively that the last time he slept here the ghost of Jerry Bundler lowered itself from the top of his bed, and tried to strangle him."

"That'll do," said an uneasy voice. "I wish you'd thought to ask your father which bedroom it was."

"What for?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Well, I should take care not to sleep in it, that's all," said the voice, shortly.

"There's nothing to fear," said the other. "I don't believe for a moment that ghosts could really hurt one. In fact, my father used to confess that it was only the unpleasantness of the thing that upset him, and that, for all practical purposes, Jerry's fingers might have been made of cot-

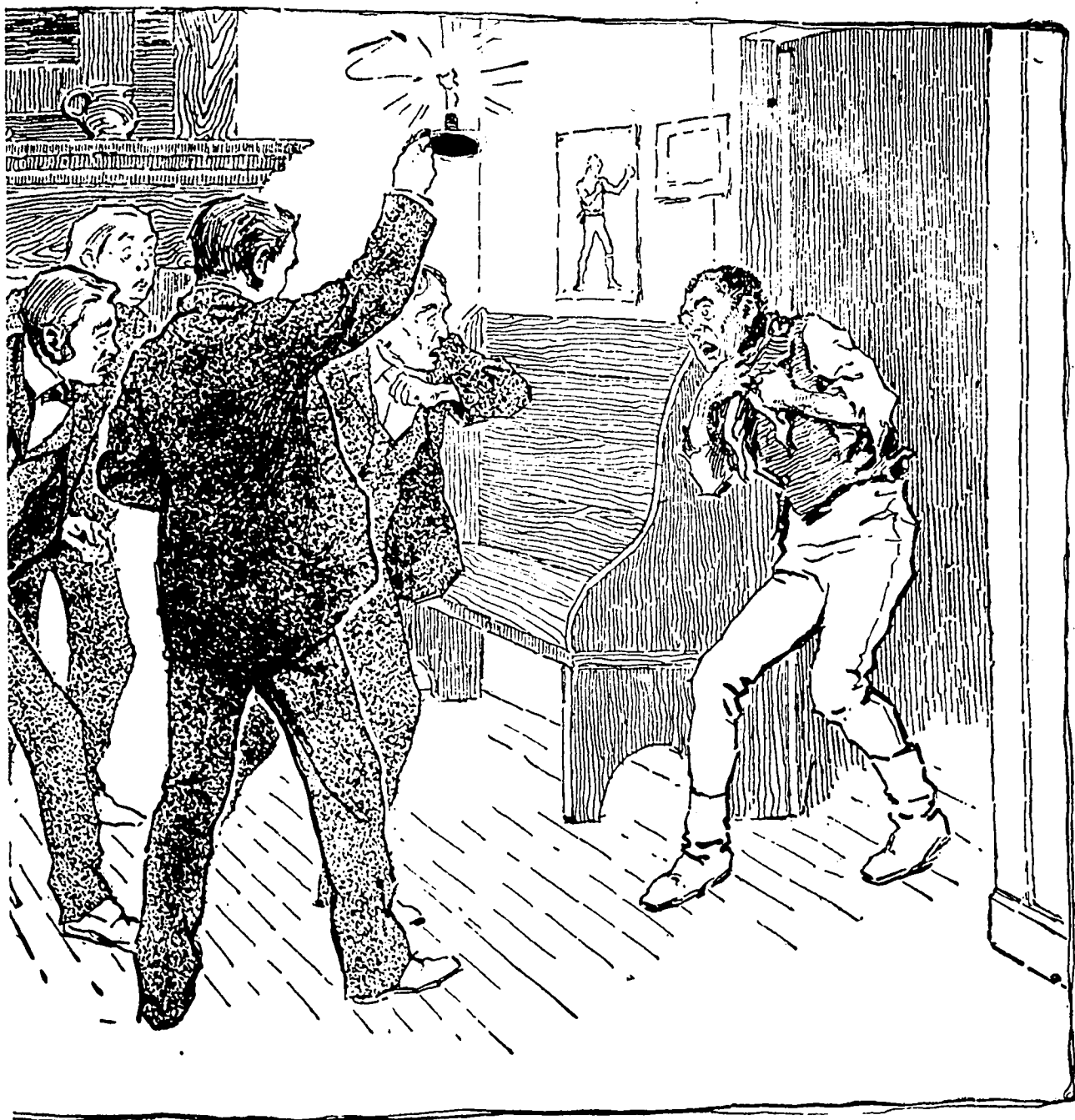
see one. Good night, gentlemen."

"Good night," said the others. "And I only hope Jerry'll pay you a visit," added the nervous man as the door closed.

"Bring some more whisky, George," said a stout commercial. "I want keeping up when the talk turns this way."

"Shall I light the gas, Mr. Malcolm?" said George.

"No, the fire's very comfortable," said the traveler; "now gentlemen, any of



ton wool, for all the harm they could do."

"That's all very fine," said the last speaker again. "A ghost story is a ghost story, sir, but when a gentleman tells a tale of a ghost in the house in which one is going to sleep I call it damned ungentlemanly."

"Pooh! Nonsense!" said the old gentleman, rising. "Ghosts can't hurt you. For my own part, I should rather like to

you know any more?"

"I think we've had enough," said another man: "we shall be thinking we see spirits next, and we're not all like the old gentleman who has just gone."

"Old humbug," said Hirst. "I should like to put him to the test. Suppose I dress up as Jerry Bundler and go and give him a chance of displaying his courage."

"Bravo!" said Malcolm, huskily, drowning one or two faint "noes." "Just for the joke, gentlemen."

"No, no; drop it, Hirst," said another man.

"Only for the joke," said Hirst, somewhat eagerly. "I've got some things upstairs in which I am going to play in 'The Rivals'—knee breeches, buckles, and all that sort of thing. It's a rare chance. If you'll wait a bit I'll give you a full-dress rehearsal, entitled 'Jerry Bundler,' or the Nocturnal Strangler."

"You won't frighten us," said the commercial, with a husky laugh.

"I don't know that," said Hirst sharply; "it's a question of acting, that's all—I'm pretty good, ain't I Somers?"

"O, you're all right—for an amateur," said his friend, with a laugh.

"I bet you a level sov. you don't frighten me," said the stout traveller.

"Done," said Hirst; "I take the bet; to frighten you first and the old gentleman afterward. These gentlemen shall be the judges."

"You won't frighten us, sir," said another man, "because we're prepared for you; but you'd better leave the old man alone. It's dangerous play."

"Well, I'll try you first," said Hirst, springing up. "No gas, mind."

He ran lightly upstairs to his room, leaving the others, most of whom had been drinking somewhat freely, to wrangle about his proceedings. It ended in two of them going to bed.

"He's crazy on acting," said Somers, lighting his pipe; "thinks he's the equal of anybody almost. It doesn't matter with us, but I won't let him go to the old man. And he won't mind so long as he gets an opportunity of acting on us."

"Well, I hope he'll hurry up," said Malcolm, yawning; "it's after 12 now."

Nearly half an hour passed. Malcolm drew his watch from his pocket and was winding it for the night when George, the waiter, who had been sent on an errand to the bar, burst suddenly into the room and rushed toward them.

"E's coming, gentlemen," he said breathlessly.

"Why, you're frightened, George," said the stout commercial, with a chuckle.

"It was the suddenness of it," said George, sheepishly, "and besides I didn't look for seeing 'im in the bar. There's only a glimmer of light there, and 'e was sitting on the floor behind the bar. I nearly trod on 'im."

"O, you'll never make a man, George," said Malcolm.

"Well, it took me unawares," said the waiter. "Not that I'd have gone to the bar by myself if I'd known it was there, and I don't believe you would, either, sir."

"Nonsense," said Malcolm. "I'll go and fetch him in."

"You don't know what it's like, sir," said George, catching him by the sleeve. "It ain't fit to look at by yourself, it ain't, indeed. It's got the—what's that?"

They all started at the sound of a smothered cry from the staircase, and the sound of somebody running hurriedly along the passage. Before anybody could speak the door flew open and a figure bursting into the room flung itself gasping and shivering upon them.

"What is it? What's the matter?" demanded Malcolm. "Why, it's Mr. Hirst." He shook him roughly, and then held some spirits to his lips. Hirst drank it greedily, and with a sharp intake of his breath gripped him by the arm.

"Light the gas, George," said Malcolm.

The waiter obeyed hastily. Hirst, a ludicrous, but pitiable, figure in knee breeches and coat, a large wig all awry, and his face a mess of grease paint, clung to him trembling.

"Now, what's the matter?" asked Malcolm.

"I've seen it!" said Hirst, with a hysterical sob. "O, Lord, I'll never play the fool again—never."

"Seen what?" said the other.

"Him—it—the ghost, anything," said Hirst, wildly.

"Rot," said Malcolm, uneasily.

"I was coming down the stairs," said Hirst. "Just capering down—as I thought I ought to do. I felt a tap—"

He broke off suddenly and peered nervously through the open door into the passage.

"I thought I saw it again," he whispered. "Look at the foot of the stairs. Can you see anything?"

"No, there's nothing there," said Malcolm, whose own voice shook a little, "go on, you felt a tap on your shoulder—"

"I turned round and saw it. A little wicked head and a white dead face—pah."

"That's what I saw in the bar," said George. "Horrid it was—devilish."

Hirst shuddered, and, still retaining his nervous grip of Malcolm's sleeve, dropped into a chair.

"Well, it's a most unaccountable thing," said the dumfounded Malcolm, turning round to the others. "It's the last time I come to this house."

"I leave to-morrow," said George. "I wouldn't go down to that bar again by myself; no, not for £50."

"It's talking about the thing that's caused it, I expect," said one of the men. "We've all been talking about this, and having it in our minds. Practically we've been forming a spiritualistic circle, without knowing it."

"Damn the old gentleman," said Malcolm, heartily. "Upon my soul, I'm half afraid to go to bed. It's odd they should both think they saw something."

"I saw it as plain as I see you, sir," said George, solemnly. "P'raps, if you keep your eyes turned up the passage, you'll see it for yourself."

They followed the direction of his finger, but saw nothing, although one of them fancied that a head peeped round the corner of the wall.

"Who'll come down to the bar," said Malcolm, looking round.

"You can go if you like," said one of the others, with a faint laugh. "We'll wait here for you."

The stout traveler walked towards the door and took a few steps up the passage. Then he stopped. All was quite silent, and he walked slowly to the end and looked down fearfully towards the glass partition which shut off the bar. Three times he made as though to go to it, then he turned back, and glancing over his shoulder, came hurriedly back to the room.

"Did you see it, sir?" whispered George.

"Don't know," said Malcolm, shortly. "I fancied I saw something, but it might have been fancy. I'm in the mood to see anything just now. How are you feeling now, sir?"

"O! I feel a bit better now," said Hirst, somewhat brusquely, as all eyes were turned upon him. "I daresay you think I'm easily scared, but you didn't see it."

"Not at all," said Malcolm, smiling faintly despite himself.

"I'm going to bed," said Hirst, noticing the smile, and resenting it. "Will you share my room with me, Somers?"

"I will with pleasure," said his friend, "provided you don't mind sleeping with the gas on full all night."

He rose from his seat, and bidding the company a friendly good night, left the room with his crestfallen friend. The others saw them to the foot of the stairs, and having heard their door close, returned to the coffee room.

"Well, I suppose the bet's off," said the stout commercial, poking the fire and standing with his legs apart on the hearth rug, "though as far as I can see I won it. I never saw a man so scared in all my life. Sort of poetic justice about it, isn't there?"

"Never mind about poetry or justice," said one of his listeners. "who's going to sleep with me?"

"I will," said Malcolm, affably.

"And I suppose we share a room together, Mr. Leek?" said the third man, turning to the fourth.

"No, thank you," said the other, briskly. "I don't believe in ghosts. If anything comes into my room I shall shoot it."

"That won't hurt a spirit, Leek," said Malcolm, decisively.

"Well, the noise'll be like company to me," said Leek, "and it'll wake the house, too. But, if you're nervous, sir,"

he added, with a grin to the man who had suggested sharing his room. "George'll be only too pleased to sleep on the door-mat inside your room, I know."

"That I will, sir," said George, fervently, "and if you gentlemen would only come down with me to the bar to put the gas out I could never be sufficiently grateful."

"Come on," said Malcolm, taking a candle from the fireplace and lighting it, "we'll take this to come back with."

They went out in a body, with the exception of Leek, peering carefully before them as they went. The bar looked uninviting enough in the light of the small jet, and the billiard room, with the table shrouded in white holland, looked so gruesome that Malcolm hastily shut the door as they passed it. Then George turned the light out in the bar and they returned unmolested to the coffee room and avoiding the sardonic smile of Leek, prepared to separate for the night.

"Give me the candle while you put the gas out, George," said the traveler.

The waiter handed it to him and extinguished the gas, and at the same moment all distinctly heard a step in the passage outside. It stopped at the door, and as they watched with bated breath, the door creaked and slowly opened. Malcolm, with the candle extended, fell back open-mouthed, as a white, leering face, with sunken eyeballs and close-cropped bullet head, appeared at the opening. Leek, with a faint scream, sprang from his chair and stood by the others, breathing heavily.

For a few seconds the creature stood regarding them, blinking in a strange fashion at the candle. Then, with a sliding movement it came a little way into the room, and stood there as if bewildered.

Not a man spoke or moved, but all watched with a horrible fascination as the creature removed its dirty neck-cloth and its head rolled on its shoulder. For a minute it paused, and then holding the rag before it, moved towards Malcolm.

The candle went out suddenly with a flash and a bang. There was a smell of powder and something writhing in the darkness on the floor. A faint choking cough, and then silence.

Malcolm was the first to speak. "Matches," he said, in a strange voice. He took a box from his pocket and rattled them insanely. George, who had put his foot on something on the floor, took them from him and struck one. Then he leaped at the gas and a burner flamed from the match. Malcolm touched the thing on the floor with his foot and found it soft.

He looked at his companions. They mouthed inquiries at him, but he shook his head. He lit the candle, and kneel-

ing down, examined the silent thing on the floor. Then he rose swiftly, and, dipping his handkerchief in the water jug, bent down again and grimly wiped the white face. Then he sprang back with a cry of incredulous horror, pointing at it. Leek's pistol fell to the floor and he shut out the sight with his hands, but the others, crowding forward, gazed spell-bound at the dead face of Hirst.

Before a word was spoken the door opened, and Somers hastily entered the room. His eyes fell on the floor. "Good God!" he cried, "you didn't—"

Nobody spoke.

"I told him not to," he said, in a suffocating voice. "I told him not to. I told him—"

He leaned against the wall deathly sick, put his arms out feebly and fell fainting into the traveler's arms.

THE DAY OF TEMPTATION;

A STORY OF TWO CITIES,

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Author of "The Earl of Istar," "Zoraida," "Whoso Findeth a Wife," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued).

HE glanced at the stream of bustling humanity and smiled. She had pointed out to him what he had never before noticed, namely, that nearly every one of those thousand of pre-occupied business men wore his hat crushed or carried at an angle.

They returned by way of Cannon Street, where he pointed out the great warehouses whence emanated those objects so dear to the feminine heart, hats and dresses; past the Post Office, with its lines of red mail-carts ready to start for the various termini, along Newgate Street with its grim prison, across the Holborn Viaduct, and thence along Oxford and Regent Streets to the hotel.

"How busy and self-absorbed everyone seems," she again remarked. "How gigantic this city seems. Its streets bewilder me."

"Ah, *piccina mia*," he answered, "you've only seen a very tiny portion of London. There are more people in a single parish here than in the whole of Florence."

"And they all talk English, while I don't understand a word!" she said, pouting prettily. "I do so wish I could speak English."

"You will learn very soon," he answered. "In a couple of months or so you'll be able to go out alone and make yourself understood."

"Ah, no," she declared with a slight sigh. "Your English is so difficult—oh, so very difficult—that I shall never be able to speak it."

"Wait and see," he urged. "When we are married I shall speak English to you

always, and then you'll be compelled to learn," he laughed.

"But, Nino," she said, her eyes still fixed upon the crowd of persons passing and re-passing, "why are all these people in such a dreadful hurry? Surely there's no reason for it?"

"It is business, dearest," he answered. "Here, in London, men are bent on money-making. Nine-tenths of these men you see are struggling fiercely to live, notwithstanding the creases in their trousers, and the glossiness of their silk hats; the other tenth are still discontented, although good fortune has placed them beyond the necessity of earning their living. In London no man is contented with the lot, even if he's a millionaire; whereas in your country if a man has a paltry ten thousand lire a year he considers himself very lucky, takes life easy, and enjoys himself."

"Ah," she said, just as the cab pulled up before the hotel entrance, where half-a-dozen Americans, men and women, lounging in wicker chairs began to comment upon her extreme beauty, "in London everyone is so rich."

"No, not everyone," he answered, laughing. "Very soon your views of London will become modified," and he sprang out, while the grey-haired porter, resplendent in gilt livery, assisted her to alight.

An incident had, however, occurred during the drive which had passed unnoticed by both Gemma and her companion.

While they were crossing Trafalgar Square, a man standing upon the kerb glanced up at her in quick surprise, and by the expression on his face it was evident that he recognized her.

For a few moments his eyes followed the vehicle, and seeing it enter Northumberland Avenue, hurried swiftly across the Square, and halted at a respectable distance, watching her ascend the hotel steps with Armytage.

Then, with a muttered imprecation, the man turned on his heel and strode quickly away towards St. Martin's Lane.

When, a quarter of an hour later, Armytage was seated with her at luncheon in the great table d'hôte room, with its heavy gilding, its flowers and orchestral music, she, unconscious of the sensation her beauty was causing among those in her vicinity, expressed fear of London. It was too enormous, too feverish, too excited for her ever to venture out alone, she declared. But he laughed merrily at her misgivings, and assured her that very soon she would be quite at home among her new surroundings.

"Would you think very ill of me, *piccina*, if I left you alone all day to-morrow?" he asked presently, not without considerable hesitation.

"Why?" she inquired, with a quick look of suspicion.

"No, no," he smiled, not failing to notice the expression on her face. "I'm not going to call on any ladies, *piccina*. The fact is, I've had a pressing invitation for a day's shooting from an uncle in the country, and it is rather necessary, from a financial point of view, that I should keep in with the old boy. You understand?"

But Gemma did not understand, and he was compelled to make further explanations ere she consented to his absence.

"I'll go down by the early train," he said, "and I'll be back again here by nine to dine with you." Then, turning to the waiter standing behind his chair, he inquired whether he spoke Italian.

"I am Italian, *Signore*," the man answered.

"Then, if the *Signorina* is in any difficulty to-morrow you will assist her?"

"Certainly, *Signore*, my number is 42," the man said, whisking off the empty plates and re-arranging the knives.

"I wouldn't go, only it is imperative for one or two reasons," he explained to her. "In the morning you can take a cab, and the waiter will explain to the driver that you want to go for an hour or so in the West—remember, the West End. Not the East End. Then you will return to lunch and have a rest in the afternoon. You know well that I'll hasten back to you, dearest, at the earliest possible moment."

"Yes," she said, "go, by all means. You've often told me you like a day's shooting, and I certainly do not begrudge my poor Nino any little pleasure."

"But I'm afraid you'll be so dull, *piccina*."

"Oh, no. I find so much in the streets to interest me," she declared. "If I'm at all melancholy I shall simply go out in a cab."

"Then you are sure you don't object to being left alone?"

"Not in the least," she laughed, as with that chic which was so charming she raised her wine-glass to her pretty lips.

When they had finished luncheon she went to her room, while he smoked a cigarette; then, when she re-appeared, he drove her to his own chambers in Ebury Street.

"My place is a bit gloomy, I'm afraid," he explained on the way. "But we can chat there without interruption. In the hotel it is impossible."

"No place is gloomy with my Nino," she answered.

His arm stole around her slim waist, and he pressed her to him more closely.

"And you must not mind my servant," he exclaimed. "She's been in our family for twenty years, and will naturally regard you with considerable suspicion, especially as you are a foreigner, and she can't speak to you."

"Very well," she laughed. "I quite understand. Women servants never like the advent of a wife."

Presently they alighted, and he opened the door of the flat with his latch-key.

"Welcome to my quarters, *piccina*," he exclaimed as she entered the tiny dimly-lit hall, and glanced round admiringly.

"How pretty!" she exclaimed. "Why, it is all Moorish!" looking up at the silk embroidered texts from the Koran with which the walls were draped.

"I'm glad you like it," he said happily, and together they passed on into his sitting-room, a spacious apartment, the window of which were filled with wooden lattices, the walls draped with embroidered fabrics, the carpet the thickest from an Eastern loom, the stools, lounges and cosy-corners low and comfortable, and the ceiling hidden by a kind of dome-shaped canopy of yellow silk. The panelling was of cedar-wood, which diffused a pleasant odor combined with that of burning pastilles, and every where the eye rested there was nothing inartistic or incongruous. It was entirely Eastern, even to the small alcove tiled in blue and white where a tiny fountain plashed musically among the moss and ferns.

Slowly she gazed around in rapt admiration.

"I delight in a Moorish room, and this is the prettiest and most complete I have ever seen," she declared. "My Nino has excellent taste in everything."

"Even in the choice of a wife—eh?" he exclaimed, laughing as he bent swiftly and kissed her ere she could draw away.

She raised her laughing eyes to his and shrugged her shoulders.

"Don't you find the place gloomy?" he asked. "My friends generally go in for old oak furniture or imitation Chippendale. I hate both."

"So do I," she answered him. "When we are married, Nino, I should like to have a room just like this for myself—only I'd want a piano," she added, with a smile.

"A piano in a Moorish room! he exclaimed. "Wouldn't that be somewhat out of place? Long pipes and a darbouka or two, like these, would be more in keeping with Moorish ideas," and he indicated a couple of drums of earthenware covered with skin, to the monotonous music of which the Arab and Moorish women are in the habit of dancing.

"But you have an English table here," she exclaimed, crossing to it, "and there are photographs on it. Arabs never tolerate portraits. It's entirely against their creed."

"Yes," he admitted. "That's true. I've never thought of it before."

At that instant she bent quickly over one of the half-dozen photographs in fancy frames.

Then, taking it in her hand, she advanced swiftly to the window, and examined it more closely in the light.

"Who is this?" she demanded, in a fierce, harsh voice.

"A friend of mine," he replied, stepping up to her and glancing over her shoulder at the portrait. "He's an army officer—Major Gordon Maitland."

"Maitland!" she cried, her face in an instant pale to the lips. "And he is a friend of yours, Nino—you know him?"

"Yes, he is a friend of mine," Armytage replied, sorely puzzled at her sudden change of manner. "But why? Do you also know him?"

She held her breath, her face had in that instant become drawn and haggard, her pointed chin sank upon her breast in an attitude of hopeless despair. Her clear blue eyes were downcast, but no answer passed her trembling lips.

This sudden, unexpected discovery that the Major was acquainted with the man she loved held her dumb in shame, terror and dismay. It had crushed from her heart all hope of love, of life, of happiness.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

Doctor Malvano, in a stout shooting-suit of dark tweed, his gun over his shoulder, his golf cap pulled over his eyes to shade them, was tramping jauntily along across the rich meadow-land, cigar in mouth and chatting merrily with his host, a company promoter of the most pronounced Broad Street type named Mabie,

who had taken Aldworth Court, in Berkshire, on a long lease, and who, like many of his class, considered it the best of form to shoot. The ideal of most men who make money and spend it in London city is to have "a place in the country," and in this case the "place" was a great, old, time-mellowed, red-brick mansion, inartistic as was architecture in the early Georgian days, but nevertheless roomy, comfortable, and picturesque in its ivy mantle and surrounded by its spacious work.

The party with whom he was shooting was a decidedly mixed one. At a country house Malvano was always a welcome guest on account of his good humor, his easy temperament, and his happy knack of being able to entertain all and sundry. Ladies liked him because of his exquisite Italian courtesy, and perhaps also because he was a merry, careless bachelor, while among the men, of a house-party, he was voted good company, and the excellence of his billiard-playing and shooting always excited envy and admiration. In the hours between breakfast and luncheon few birds had that day escaped his gun. To his credit he had placed a good many brace of partridges and pheasants, half-a-dozen snipe, a hare or two, and held the honors of the morning by bringing down the single woodcock which the beaters had sent up.

They had lunched well at an old farm house on his host's estate, a table being well spread in the great oak-beamed living room with its tiny windows and a fire on the wide hearth, and in the enjoyment of an unusually good cigar the Doctor felt disinclined to continue his feats of marksmanship. Indeed he would have much preferred the single hour's rest in an easy chair to which he had always been accustomed in Italy than to be compelled to tramp along those high hedgerows. Yet he was a guest, and could make no complaint. The shooting was certainly above the average for a city man, who handled his gun as if afraid of it, and who seldom shot until the bird was out of range. To Malvano, who had hunted big game on the banks of the Zambesi, and who was well-known as a chamois-hunter in the Tyrol, sport with such an amateur party was a trifle tame. Still he was one of those men who could adapt himself to any circumstance, and when the guest of a man who was genial and not egotistical, he could maintain his usual high spirits, even though his inmost thoughts were far from his surroundings.

Malvano possessed a very curious personality. Keen-eyed and far-sighted, nothing escaped him. He had a deep, profound knowledge of human nature, and could gauge a man accurately at a glance. His merry, careless manner, thoughtless, humorous and given to laughing immoder-

ately, caused those about him to consider him rather too frivolous for one of his profession, and too much given to pleasure and enjoyment. The popular mind demands the doctor to be a person who, grave-faced and care-lined, should study the "Lancet" weekly and carefully note every new-fangled idea therein propounded, should be able to diagnose any disease by looking into a patient's mouth, and who should take no pleasure outside that morbid one derived from watching the growth or decline of the maladies in persons he attended. Malvano, however, was not of that type. Without doubt he was an exceedingly clever doctor, well acquainted with all the most recent Continental treatments, and whose experience had been a long and varied one. He could chatter upon abstruse pathological subjects as easily as he could relate a story in the smoking-room, and could dance attendance upon the ladies and amuse them by his light brilliant chatter with that graceful manner which is born in every Italian, be he peasant or prince. Within twenty miles or so of Lyddington no house-party was complete without the jovial doctor, who delighted the younger men with his marvellous collection of humorous tales, and whom even the elder and grumpy admired on account of his perfect play at whist. Legend had it that the doctor could repeat Cavendish from cover to cover. At any rate, his play was marvellously correct, and upon any point in dispute his opinion was always considered unimpeachable.

But Filippo Malvano was not in the best spirits this autumn afternoon, tramping across the meadows from Manstone Farm, at the Pangbourne and Hampstead Norris cross-roads, towards Clack's Copse, where good sport had been promised by the keeper. He was careful enough not to betray to his host the fact that he was bored, but as he strode along, his heavy boots clogged with mud, he was thinking deeply of a curious incident that had occurred half an hour before, while they had been lunching up at the farm.

The remainder of the party, half-a-dozen guns, were on ahead, piloted by the keeper, the beaters were before them on either side of the tall hazel hedge, but beyond one or two rabbits the spot seemed utterly destitute of game.

"What kind of sport have you this season up in Rutland?" the City merchant was asking, with the air of wide experience which the Cockney sportsman is so fond of assuming.

"Fair—very fair," Malvano replied, mechanically. "Just now I'm shooting somewhere or other two or three days each week, and everywhere pheasants seem plentiful." His dark eyes were fixed upon the moving figures before him, and especially upon one, that of a lithe athletic man

in a suit of grey homespun, who walked upright notwithstanding the uneven nature of the ground, and who carried his gun with that apparent carelessness which showed him to be a practical sportsman.

It was this man who was occupying all the Doctor's attention. To his host he chattered on merrily, joking and laughing from time to time, but, truth to tell, he was sorely puzzled. While sitting around the farmer's table his host Mabie, turning to him, had made some observation regarding the autumn climate in Tuscany, whereupon the young man now striding on before him had looked up quickly, asking:

"Do you know Tuscany?"

"Quite well," the Doctor had answered, explained how for some years he had practised in Florence.

"I know Florence well," his fellow guest had said. "While there I made many friends." Then, after a second's hesitation, he gazed full into the Doctor's face and asked: "Do you happen to know any people named Fanetti there?"

This unexpected inquiry had caused the Doctor to start; but he had been sufficiently self-possessed to repeat the name and calmly reply that he had never heard of it. He made some blind inquiry as to who and what the family were, and in which quarter they resided, and then, with that tactful ingenuity which was one of his most remarkable characteristics, he turned the conversation into an entirely different channel.

This incident, however, caused the jovial, careless Malvano considerable anxiety, for here in the heart of rural England, across the homely board of the simple broad-faced farmer, a direct question of the most extraordinary kind had been put to him. He did not fail to recollect the keen, earnest look upon the man's face as he uttered the name of Fanetti—a name he had cause to well remember—and when he recalled it he became seized with fear that this man, his fellow guest, knew the truth. Having for the past half-hour debated within himself what course was the best to pursue, he had at last decided upon acting with discretion, and endeavoring to ascertain how far this stranger's knowledge extended.

Turning to his host as they walked on side by side, he removed his cigar, and said in his habitual tone of carelessness—

"I unfortunately didn't catch the name of the young man to whom you introduced me this morning—the one in the light suit yonder."

"Oh, my nephew, you mean," Mabie answered. "A' good fellow—very good fellow. His name's Armytage—Charles Armytage."

"Armytage!" gasped the Doctor. In an instant he remembered his conversation with Lady Marshfield. She had said

that she knew a certain Charles Armytage. But Malvano betrayed no sign, and remained quite calm. "Yes," he continued. "He seems a very decent fellow. He's a good shot, too. Several times this morning I've—"

At that instant a partridge rose before them and Malvano raised his gun swift as lightning and brought it down before the others had noticed it.

"Several times to-day I've admired his shooting," continued the Doctor, at the same time re-loading.

"He's only just back from the Continent," his host explained, "and I asked him to run down from town to-day, thinking a little English sport would be pleasant after the idleness of a summer in Italy."

"A summer in Italy!" Malvano exclaimed in surprise. "He was rather ill-advised to go there during the hot weather. Everyone strives to get away during summer. Where has he been?"

"In Florence, and afterwards at Leghorn, I believe. He's been away all this year."

"He has no profession?"

"None," Mabie answered. "His father died and left him comfortably off. For a couple of years he led a rather wild life in Brussels and Paris, sowed the usual wild oats, and afterwards took to travelling. On an average he's in England about a couple of months in the year. He says he only comes home to buy his clothes, as he can't find a decent tailor on the Continent."

"I well understand that," Malvano laughed. "When I lived in Florence I had all my things made in London. Italian tailors have no style, and can't fit a nine-gallon barrel with a suit."

His host smiled.

"Is he making a long stay at home this time?"

"I believe so. He told me this morning that he was tired of travelling, and had come back to remain."

Malvano smiled a trifle sarcastically. It was evident that his host did not know the true story of his nephew's fascination, or he would have mentioned it, and perhaps sought the doctor's opinion. Therefore, after some further ingenious questions regarding his nephew's past and his present address, he dropped the subject.

An hour later he found himself alone with Armytage. They had passed through Clack's Copse, and, after some splendid sport, had gained the road which cuts through the wood from Stanford Dingley to Ashampstead, where they were waiting for the remainder of the party, who, from the repeated shots, were in the vicinity finding plenty of birds.

"Your uncle tells me you know Italy well," Malvano observed, after watching

his companion pot a brace of pheasants that came sailing towards them.

"I don't know it well," Armytage replied, looking the picture of good health and good humor as he stood astride in his well-worn breeches and gaiters and his gun across his arm. "I've been in Tuscany once or twice, at Florence, Pisa, Viareggio, Lucca, Leghorn, and Monte Catini. I'm very fond of it. The country is lovely, the garden of Italy, and the people are extremely interesting, and of such diverse types. Nowhere in the world perhaps is there such pride among the lower classes as in Tuscany."

"And nowhere in the world are the people more ready to charge the travelling Englishman excessively — if they can," added Malvano, laughing. "I'm Italian born, you know, but I never hesitate to condemn the shortcomings of my fellow-countrymen. The honest Italian is the most devoted friend in the world; the dishonest one is the brother of the very Devil himself. You asked me at lunch whether I knew anyone named Fanetti—was Fanetti the name?—in Florence," said the Doctor, after a pause, watching the younger man's face narrowly. "At the time I didn't recollect. Since lunch I have remembered being called professionally to a family of that name on one occasion."

"You were!" cried Armytage, immediately interested. He felt that perhaps from this careless easy-going doctor he might obtain some clue which would lead him to the truth regarding Gemma's past.

Malvano recalled Lady Marshfield's words, and with his keen dark eyes looked gravely into the face of the tall, broad-shouldered young Englishman.

"Yes," he said. "There was a mother and two daughters, if I remember aright, and they lived in a small flat in the Via Ricasoli, a few doors from the Gerini Palace. I was summoned there in the night under somewhat mysterious circumstances, for I found, on arrival, that one of the daughters had a deep incised wound in the neck, evidently inflicted with a knife. I made inquiry how it occurred, but received no satisfactory reply. One thing was evident, namely, that the wound could not have been self-inflicted. There had been an attempt to murder the girl."

"To murder her!" Armytage cried.

"No doubt," the Doctor answered. "The wound had nearly proved fatal, therefore the girl was in too collapsed condition to speak for herself. I dressed the wound, and advising them to call their own doctor, went away."

"Didn't you see the girl again?" asked Armytage.

"No. There was something exceedingly suspicious about the whole affair, and I had no desire to imperil my professional reputation by being party at hushing up

an attempted murder. Besides, from what I heard later, I believe they were decidedly a family to avoid."

"To avoid! What do you mean?" the young man cried, dismayed.

Malvano saw that his words were producing the effect he desired, namely to increase suspicion and mistrust in his companion's heart, and therefore resolved to go even further.

"The family of whom I speak held a very unenviable reputation in Florence. Some mystery was connected with the father, who was said to be undergoing a long term of imprisonment. They were altogether beyond the pale of society. But, of course," he added carelessly, "they cannot be the same family as those of whom you speak. Where did you say your friends live?"

"They no longer live in Florence," he answered, hoarsely, his brow darkened, and his eyes downcast in deep thought. All that he learnt regarding Gemma seemed to be to her detriment. None had ever spoken generously of her. It was, true, as she had told him, she had many enemies who sought her disgrace and ruin. Then, after a pause, he asked—

"Do you know the names of the girls?"

"Only that of the one I attended," Malvano answered, his searching eyes on the face of young Armytage. "Her name was Gemma."

"Gemma!" he gasped. His trembling lips moved, but the words he uttered were lost in the two rapid barrels which the Doctor discharged at a couple of cock pheasants at that instant passing over their heads.

CHAPTER XV. THE SHADOW.

In an old and easy dressing-gown Gemma was idling over her tea and toast in her room on the morning after her lover had been shooting down in Berkshire, when one of the precocious messenger-lads delivered a note to her.

At first she believed it to be from Armytage, but on opening it found scribbled in pencil on a piece of paper the address "73 St. James's-st., second floor," while enclosed were a few words in Italian inviting her to call at that address on the first opportunity she could do so secretly, without the knowledge of her lover. The note was from Tristram.

With a cry of anger that he should have already discovered her presence in London, she cast the letter from her and stamped her tiny foot, crying in her own tongue—

"Diavolo! Then ill luck has followed me—even here!"

For a long time she sat, stirring her tea

thoughtfully, and gazing blankly at her rings.

"No," she murmured aloud, in a harsh broken voice. "I won't see this man. Let him act as he thinks fit. He cannot wreck my happiness more completely than it is already. Major Maitland is a friend of the man I love. Is not that fact in itself sufficient to show me that happiness can never be mine; that it is sheer madness to anticipate a calm, peaceful life with Charles Armytage as my husband? But Dio! Was it not always so?" she sighed, as hot tears rose in her clear, blue eyes and slowly coursed down her cheeks. "I have sinned, and this, alas! is my punishment."

Again she was silent. Her breast heaved and fell convulsively, and with hair disordered and unbound she presented an utterly forlorn appearance. Her small white hands were clenched, her lips tightly compressed, and in her eyes was an intense expression as if before her had arisen some scene so terrible that it froze her sense.

At last the striking of the clock aroused her, and she slowly commenced to dress. She looked at herself long and earnestly in the mirror, and saw how deathly pale she had become, and how red were her eyes.

Presently, as she crossed the room she noticed the letter, and snatching it up slipped the paper with the address into her purse, tearing up the note into tiny fragments.

It was past eleven when she descended to the great hall, and there found her lover seated on one of the lounges, smoking and patiently awaiting her.

They sat together in the hall for a few minutes, then took a cab and drove about the West End. Armytage did not fail to observe how Gemma's beauty and foreign chic were everywhere remarked. In the streets men stared at her admiringly, and women scanned her handsome dresses with envious eyes, while in the hotel there were many low whisperings of admiration. Yet, he could not conceal from himself the fact that she was as mysterious as she was beautiful.

That bright sunny autumn morning they drove along Piccadilly and across the Park, where the brown leaves were fast falling and the smoke-blackened branches stood forth as harbingers of the coming winter; then along Bayswater Road, through Kensington Palace Gardens and round Kensington, returning by way of the Gore and Knightsbridge. The Marble Arch, Kensington Palace, the Albert Memorial, and the Imperial Institute were among the objects which he pointed out to her, and in all she evinced a keen interest. But after the great and ponderous palaces of Florence she was much struck with the smallness and meanness of the

houses of the wealthy. Park Lane and Grosvenor Square residences disappointed her, and she was compelled to admit that the Park itself, grey in the autumn mists, was not half so pretty as her own leafy Cascine, along the level, well-kept roads of which they had cycled together.

While passing through Grosvenor Square she had been suddenly seized with excitement, for her quick eyes caught sight of a red, white and green flag, hanging limp and motionless from a flagstaff upon one of the largest houses.

"Look! There's our Italian flag! Why is it there?" she cried, thrilled at sight of her own national colors.

"That is the Embassy," he replied. "I suppose to-day is some anniversary or other in Italy."

"The Embassy!" she repeated, turning again to look at it. "Is that where Count Castellani lives?"

"Yes. He's your Ambassador. Do you know him?"

"I met him once in Florence. He was at a ball at the Strossi Palace."

"Then you know Prince Strossi?" he exclaimed.

"Quite well," she answered. "The Strossis and my family have long been acquainted."

Her prompt reply made it apparent to him that she had moved in the most exclusive set in Florence. She had never before mentioned that she was acquainted with people of note. But next instant he recollected the strange story which the Florentine doctor had told him on the previous afternoon. Had not Malvano declared that her family was an undesirable one to know? What, he wondered, was the reason of this curious denunciation?

Again she fixed her eyes upon the Embassy, and seemed as if she were taking careful observation of its appearance and position.

"Did you go much into society in Florence?" he inquired presently.

"Only when I was forced to," she answered ambiguously. "I do not care for it."

"Then you will not fret even if, after our marriage, you know only a few people?"

The word "marriage" caused her to start. It brought back to her the hideous truth that even now, after he had brought her to England, their union was impossible.

"No," she answered, glancing at him with eyes full of love and tenderness. "I should always be happy with you alone, Nino. I should want no other companion."

"You would soon grow dull, I fear," he said, taking her hand in his.

"No, never—never," she declared. "You know how well I love you, Nino."

"And I adore you, darling," he answered. Then, after looking at her in hesitation for a moment, he added: "But you speak as though you still fear that we shall not marry. Why is that?" He had not failed to notice her sudden change of manner when he had spoken of marriage.

"I really don't know," she answered, with a forced laugh. "I suppose it is but a foolish fancy, yet sometimes I think that this happiness is too complete to be lasting."

"What causes you to fear this?" he asked earnestly.

"When I reflect upon the unhappiness of the past," she said with a sigh, "when I remember how bitter was my life, how utterly blank and hopeless was the world prior to our meeting I cannot rid myself of the apprehension that my plans, like all my others, will be thwarted by the one great secret of my past; that all my castles are merely air-built, that your love for me, Nino, will soon wane, and we shall part."

"No, no, *piccina*," he cried, placing his arm around her waist, beneath the warm cape she wore. "It is foolish—very foolish to speak like that. You surely have no reason to doubt me."

"I do not doubt your love, Nino. I doubt, however, whether you have sufficient confidence in me to await the elucidation of the strange mystery which envelops me—a mystery which even I, myself, cannot penetrate."

"Have I not already shown myself patient?" he asked with a reproachful look.

"Yes, yes, *mio adorato*," she hastened to reassure him. "You are good and kind and generous, and I love you. Only—only I fear the future. I fear you—I fear myself."

"Why do you fear me, little one?" he asked. "Surely I'm not so monstrous, eh?"

The hand he held trembled.

"I distrust the future, because I know the fate, cruel and terrible, which, sooner or later, must befall me," she exclaimed, with heart sinking.

"You steadily decline to tell me anything," he said. "If you would only confide in me we might together find some means to combat this mysterious catastrophe."

"I cannot. I dare not."

"But you must," he cried. "You shall!"

"I refuse," she answered fiercely, a strange light suddenly shining in her eyes.

"You shall not suffer this constant terror merely because of a foolish determination to preserve your secret. After all, I suppose it is only some curious and unfounded dread which holds you awe-stricken when you could afford to laugh it all to scorn."

"You will never wring confession from me, Nino—never."

Her eyes met his, fixedly, determinedly. On her countenance was an expression as if she were haunted by a shadow of evil, as if even then she saw before her the dire disaster which she had declared must ere long wreck her life, and extinguish all hope and happiness. No further word passed her lips, and a silence fell between them until the cab drew up at the hotel.

The afternoon being bright and sunny they went down to the Crystal Palace. She had heard of it from friends who had visited England, and expressed a desire to see it. To a world-weary man about town like Charles Armytage the Sydenham glass-house is too reminiscent of childhood days — of screeching parrots, lazy goldfish and chattering nurse-maids. The clubman never visits the Crystal Palace, save perhaps to take some little milliner to see the fireworks on a summer's evening. Like most men of his class Armytage turned up his eyes at mention of the Crystal Palace, but in order to please her he accompanied her there, pointed out the objects of interest in the Centre Transept with the accuracy of a Cook's guide, visited the zoological collection, ascended the Tower, and did the usual round of mild gaiety which used to delight him before he had reached his teens.

To Gemma all was fresh and full of interest; she even found in the plaster imitations of well-known statues something to criticise and admire, although she admitted that, living within a stone's throw of the world-famous Uffizi Gallery, she had never entered the Tribuna there, nor seen the Satyr, the Wrestlers, or the Medici Venus.

After spending an hour in the Palace they emerged into the grounds, and descending the many flights of steps passed the great fountains and strolled down the long broad walks towards Penge, it being their intention to return to town from that station. The sun was going down, a grey mist was rising, and the chill wind of evening whisked the dead leaves in their path. The spacious grounds were silent, deserted, cheerless.

She had taken his arm, and they were walking in silence beneath the fast-baring branches through the half-light of the fading day, when suddenly he turned to her, saying:

"I've been thinking, Gemma—thinking very deeply upon all you told me this morning. I must tell you the truth—the truth that it is impossible for me to have complete confidence in you if you have none in me. The more I reflect upon this strange secret, the more am I filled with suspicion. I cannot help it. I have struggled against all my doubts and fears, but—"

"You do not trust me?" she cried harshly. "Did I not express fear only this morning that you would be impatient, and grow tired of the steady refusals I am

compelled to give you when you demand the truth?"

"Having carefully considered all the facts, I can see no reason, absolutely none, why you should not explain the whole truth," he said, rather brusquely.

"The facts you have considered are those only within your knowledge," she observed. "There are others which you can never know. If you could only understand the situation aright you would at once see plainly the reason that I am prepared for any sacrifice—even to lose your love, the most precious gift that Heaven has accorded me—in order to preserve my secret."

"Then you are ready to wish me farewell if I still press for the truth?" he cried, dismayed, for the earnestness of her words impressed him forcibly.

"I am," she answered, in a low, intense voice.

They had halted in the broad gravelled walk, and were alone. The autumn twilight had deepened, the chill wind swept through the trees, bringing down showers of dead leaves at every gust, and in those forsaken pleasure-grounds, with their gaunt white statues, stained by the recent rains, the scene was everywhere one of desolation.

"Listen!" he cried, fiercely, as a sudden resolve seized him. "This cannot go on longer, Gemma. I have brought you here, to London, because I love you; because I hope to make you my wife. But you seem determined not to allow me to do so; you are determined to keep all the story of your past from me." Then, recollecting Malvano's words when they had been shooting together, he added, "If you still refuse to tell me anything, then, much as it grieves me, we must part."

"Part!" she echoed, wildly. "Ah, yes, Nino! I knew you would say that. Did I not tell you long, long ago, that it would be impossible for us to marry in the present circumstances? You doubt me? Well, I am scarcely surprised!" and she shuddered, pale as death.

"I doubt you, because you are never frank with me," he said.

"I love you, Nino," she protested, with all the ardor of her hot Italian blood, as she caught his hand suddenly and raised it to her fevered lips. "You are my very life, for I have no other friend in the world; surely you have been convinced that my affection is genuine; that I have not deceived you in this!"

"I believe you love me," he answered coldly, in a half-dubious tone nevertheless.

"Ah! no, caro," she lisped softly, reproachfully, in her soft Tuscan. "Do not speak like that. I cannot bear it. I—I will go back to Italy again." And she burst into a torrent of hot tears.

"You'll go back and face the mysterious charge against you?" he asked, with

a twinge of sarcasm in his voice as he drew his hand firmly from hers.

His words caused her to start. She looked him fiercely in the face for an instant, a strange light in her beautiful tearful eyes, then cried huskily—

"Yes if you cast me from you, Nino, I care no longer to live. I cannot live without your love."

CHAPTER XVI.

"TRAITORS DIE SLOWLY."

They had returned to the hotel, and Arnstige had dined with her, but the meal had been a very dismal one. Gemma, with woman's instinct, knew that she looked horribly untidy, and that her eyes betrayed unmistakable signs of recent tears, therefore she was glad when the meal concluded, and she could escape from the staring crowd of diners.

From her lover's manner it was also plain that, notwithstanding his protestations of blind affection in Leghorn, he had suddenly awakened to the fact that some deep mystery lay behind her, and that he was disinclined to carry on their acquaintance much further without some explanation. Time after time, as she sat opposite him at the table she had watched him narrowly, looking into his dark serious eyes in silence, and trying to divine his thoughts. She wondered whether, if he left her, his love for her would be sufficient to cause him to return to her side. Or had he met, as she once feared he would, some other woman—a woman of his own people, a woman perhaps that he had loved long ago? This thought sank deeply into her mind. As she watched him and listened to his low, jerky speech, it seemed plain to her that she had guessed the truth. He had grown tired of her, and was making her enforced silence an excuse for parting. When this thought crossed her mind her bright, clear eyes grew luminous with unshed tears.

He told her that to meet next morning was impossible, as he had business to transact. This, she knew, to be a shallow excuse, as only that morning he had told her that his time was completely at her disposal. Yes, there was no disguising the truth that he had grown weary of her, and now meant to discard her. Yet she loved him.

When an Italian woman loves, it is with a fierce, uncontrollable passion, not with that too often sickly admiration for a man's good looks which is so characteristic of love among the more northern nations. In no country is love so ardent, so passionate, so enduring as in the sunny garden of Europe. The Italian woman is slow to develop affection, or even to flirt with the sterner sex; but when she loves

it is with all the strength of her being; she is the devoted slave of her lover, and is his for life, for death. Neither the strength of Italian affection nor the bitterness of Italian jealousy can be understood in England unless by those who have lived among the hot-blooded Tuscans in that country, where the sparkle of dark eyes electrify, and where the knives are cheap, and do their work swiftly and well.

They passed out of the table d'hôte room into the hall, where the gilt and marble shone beneath the glare of electricity, where mountains of luggage were continually passing in and out, where uniformed boys shouted cabalistic numbers, and gaudily-dressed porters opened and closed the great swing-doors every moment. Then she stretched for his hand.

"You are not coming to see me tomorrow, Nino," she asked, in a low, despondent voice.

"No," he replied. "I have an appointment."

"But you can surely dine here?"

"I am not quite certain," he answered. "If I can, I will send you a telegram."

"You are impatient—you, who promised me to wait until I could give you some satisfactory explanation. It is cruel of you, very cruel, Nino," she said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"You are never straightforward," he replied, quickly. "If you confessed to me all this anxiety would at once cease."

"I cannot."

"No," he said, meaningly. "You will not. You dare not, because your past has not been what it should have been! Buona sera!" and with this parting allegation he lifted his hat and bowed stiffly.

"Felicissima notte, Nino," she answered so low as to be almost inaudible.

Then he turned and passed out of the great glass doors which the porters held open for him, and, descending the steps, was lost sight of.

Gemma went to her room, and bursting into tears sat for a long time alone, despairing, plunged in grief. She knew by her lover's manner that he had forsaken her, and she felt herself alone in gigantic London, where the language, the people, the streets, all were strange to her. As she sat in her low, easy chair, a slim, graceful figure in her pale-blue dinner-dress, she clenched her tiny white hands till the nails embedded themselves in the palms as she uttered with wild abandon the name of the man she so fondly loved.

"Ah!" she cried aloud. "You, Nino, who have treated me with suspicion and contempt, you who have brought me here among your people and deserted me, can never know how much I have sacrificed for your sake. Nor can you ever know how fondly I love you. Why I have acted with all the secrecy must ever remain a mystery. You have left me," she

added, in a hoarse, strained voice, half inaudible on account of her sobs. "You have left me now, but some day when I am free—when I can show you things in their true light—you will regret that to-night you have broken a woman's heart."

And she bent forward and gave way to a flood of hot, passionate tears.

Fully half an hour she sat, plunged in a deep melancholy, but at last she rose and crossed the room unsteadily. Her fair brow bore a look of determination, her face was hard set, and in her tear-stained eyes was an expression of strength of will.

"Yes," she murmured, "I'll risk all. My life cannot be rendered more hopeless, more wretched than it now is in this atmosphere of doubt and suspicion." Then she bathed her face in eau-de-Cologne, sniffed her smelling-salts, rubbed her cheeks with a towel to take away their ghastly pallor, and assuming her travelling-coat, with its wide fur collar and cuffs, which, being long, hid her dress, she put on her hat and went out.

She went up to one of the porters in the hall hastily and said:

"Prendetemi una vettura."

The man looked at her in surprise, unable to understand her. She pointed outside to where several hansoms were passing.

"Oh! a cab you want, miss," he cried, the fact suddenly dawning upon him, and as he touched the electric bell which calls cabs from the rank she handed him the slip of paper she had that morning received.

The porter read it, descended the steps with her, handed her into the cab, and having shouted the address to the man, she was driven rapidly away to St. James's Street, where she ascended to the second floor and found upon a door a brass plate bearing Captain Tristram's name.

She rang the bell, and in response the smart, soldier-servant, Smayle, appeared and looked at her in surprise.

"The Signor Capitano Tristram?" she inquired.

"Yes, Miss," the man answered, and she entered the hall and glanced around her while he closed the door.

At that moment Tristram's voice, from one of the rooms beyond, cried:

"Show the lady in, Smayle."

She followed the servant into the cosy sitting-room redolent of cigars. A bright fire was burning, for the night was chilly, and on the table stood a man's comforter in the shape of a tantalus stand and glasses. She was gazing around the apartment, noting how comfortable it was, when suddenly the door re-opened and Tristram entered. He had evidently been dining out, or to a theatre, and had now discarded his dress-coat for an easy velvet lounge-jacket. When he had closed the

door he stood for a moment regarding her in silence.

"Well," he said, at length, in Italian. "So you have come, eh?" His welcome was certainly the reverse of cordial.

"Yes," she faltered, "I have come. How did you know I was in London?"

Certain furrows on Tristram's brow revealed profound thought. He was essentially a contemplative man; yet the firmness and contour of his mouth, the carriage of the head somewhat bold and imperious, betrayed the man of action, whose physical force and courage would always exercise on the multitude an irresistible ascendancy.

"A woman who is wanted by the police always has some difficulty in concealing her whereabouts," he answered, meaningly. His countenance was hard and vengeful; his features expressed so much disdain and cruelty at that moment that one would scarcely believe they could ever be susceptible of any gentle emotion.

"Why do you throw that in my face?" she asked, angrily.

"My dear Signorina," he answered, crossing the room, "come here to this chair and sit down. I want to talk to you very seriously, if you'll allow me."

She moved slowly across, and sinking into the arm chair near the fire, unbuttoned her long coat.

"No," he said, "it's hot in this room; take it off, or you won't find the benefit of it when you leave. See how solicitous I am after your health;" and he laughed.

In silence she rose and allowed him to help her divest herself of the heavy garment.

"How charming you look," he said. "I really don't wonder that you captivate the hearts of men—those who don't know you."

"It seems that you've invited me here for the purpose of raking up all my past," she cried, darting at him a fierce look. "I have accepted your invitation because you and I are old friends; because our interests are identical."

"How?" he asked, puzzled.

"There is a certain episode in my career that must forever remain a profound secret," she said in a low but distinct tone. "And there is one in yours which, if revealed, would bring you to disgrace, to ruin, nay, to death."

He started, and his dark face paled beneath its bronze of travel.

"What do you mean?" he cried, standing astride before her, his back to the fire, his arms folded resolutely.

"What I have said!"

"And you are foolish enough to think that I fear you!" he cried, with biting sarcasm.

"I think nothing, caro," she answered, in a voice of the same intense disdain.

"The truth is quite obvious. We fear each other."

"I fear you!" and he laughed, as if the absurdity of the idea were humorous.

"Yes," she said, fiercely. "I am no longer powerless in your hands. You know well my character, Signor—you know what kind of woman I am."

"Yes, I do, unfortunately," he answered. "And what, pray, does all this extraordinary exhibition of bitterness imply?" he asked, at once assuming all his *sang froid*, notwithstanding the position, so strange and dangerous for him.

"You force me to speak plainly," she said, her eyes flashing angrily as only those of an Italian woman can flash. "Well, then, reflect upon the strange death of Vittorina, and bear in mind by whom was her death so ingeniously compassed."

He sprang towards her suddenly in a fierce ebullition of indignation, his hand uplifted as if he intended to strike her.

"Enough! curse you!" he muttered.

"Take care," she said, calmly, without stirring from her seat. "If you touch me it is at your own peril."

"Threats?"

"Threats! And to prove to you that they are not in vain," she said, "learn, in the first place, that the police have discovered the identity of the Major, and that a warrant is already issued for his arrest."

"I don't believe it," he cried. "You have no proof."

"Inquire of your friend at the Embassy," she replied, ambiguously. "You will there learn the truth."

"Listen!" he cried, wildly, grasping her roughly by the wrist. "What allegation do you make against me? Come, speak!"

"You have shown yourself at enmity with me, therefore, it will remain for you to discover that afterwards," she answered, shaking him off. "One does not show one's hand to one's adversaries."

"You mentioned the death of your friend Vittorina—well?"

"Well?" she repeated, still coldly and calmly. "It is of no use to further refer to that tragic circumstance, except to say that I am aware of the truth."

"The truth!" he cried, blankly. "Then who killed her?"

"You know well enough with what devious ingenuity her young life was taken; how at the moment when she least expected danger she was cut off by a means so curious and with such swiftness as to baffle even the cleverest doctors in London. You know the truth, Signor Capitano—so do I."

"You would explain how her life was taken; you would tell the world the strange secret by which she was held in bondage. But you shan't," he cried, standing before her with clenched fists. "By Heaven! you shan't!"

"Traitors die slowly in London, but they do die," she said slowly, with deep meaning.

"Curse you!" he cried. "What do you intend to do?"

"Listen!" she answered, rising slowly from her chair and standing before him resolute, desperate and defiant. "I came her to-night for one purpose, to make a proposal to you."

"A proposal! To marry me, eh?" he laughed.

"This is no time for weak jokes, Signor," she answered, angrily. "Silence is best in the interests of us both, is it not?"

He paused, his eyes fixed on the hearth-rug.

"I suppose it is," he admitted at last.

"Think," she urged, "what would be the result were the whole of those strange facts exposed. Who would suffer?"

He nodded, but no word passed his hard lips. She noticed that what she uttered now impressed him.

"Our acquaintance," she went on, in a more sympathetic tone, "was formed in curious circumstances, and it has only been fraught with unhappiness, sorrow and despair. I come to you to-night, Frank," she added, in a low despondent voice, "to ask you to help me to regain my freedom."

He laughed aloud a harsh, cruel laugh, saying—

"You have already your freedom. I hope you are enjoying it. No doubt Armytage loves you, and London is a change after Tuscany."

His laugh aroused within her a veritable tumult of hatred.

"You speak as if I were not an honest woman," she cried, her eyes glistening. "Even you shall not brand me as an adventuress."

"Well, I think your adventures in Florence and Milan were curious enough," he said, "even if we do not mention that night in Livorno when Vittorina——"

"Ah! no," she exclaimed, interrupting him. "Why should you cast that into my face? Now that we are friends no longer you seek to heap disgrace upon me by recalling all that has gone by. In this conversation I have not sought to bring back to your memory any of the many recollections which must be painful. My object in coming to you is plain enough. I am perfectly straightforward—"

"For the first time in your life."

She took no heed of his interruption, but went on, saying:

"Charles Armytage has promised me marriage."

"He's a fool!" was the abrupt rejoinder. "When he knows the truth he'll hate you just as much as I do."

"You certainly pay me delicate compliments," she said, drawing herself up haughtily. "Your hatred is reciprocated,

I assure you. But surely this is not a matter of either love or hatred between us. It is a mere arrangement for our mutual protection and benefit."

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, leaning back upon the mantleshelf in affected laziness. Then, regarding her critically, he added, "You are a pretty woman, Gemma. It is your devilish good looks which have given you power to hold people within your toils."

"I know I'm good-looking," she said, petulantly. "Every woman forms an exact estimate of her beauty by the aid of her mirror. I don't come here to fascinate you by face and smiles. I come to make some satisfactory arrangement for the preservation of our secret."

"In brief, you want my silence."

"Yes," she answered eagerly, looking straight into his dark countenance.

"You're afraid that if you marry Charlie Armytage I may expose you—eh?"

She nodded, with downcast eyes.

He was silent for a few moments.

"No," he answered at last in a deep, determined voice. "Understand, once and for all, that Armytage is a friend of mine. He shall never marry you."

She knit her brows, and her pale lips twitched nervously.

"Then, you are still bent upon wrecking my life?" she said, slowly and distinctly, as she faced him. "I offer you silence in exchange for my freedom, for it is you alone who can give me that. Yet you refuse."

"Yes," he said. "I refuse absolutely."

"Then you would debar me from happiness with the man I love?" she said, in a low deep whisper. "You, the man to whose machinations I owe my present wretchedness, refuse to free me from the trammels you yourself have cast about me, you refuse to tell truth in exchange for my silence."

He looked at her calmly with withering contempt.

"I have no desire for the silence of such as you," he answered, quickly. "I fear nothing that you may say. Threats from you are mere empty words, cara."

"Then listen!" she cried, her brilliant eyes again flashing in desperation. "Tomorrow I shall call upon Castellani at the Embassy, and tell him the truth."

"You dare not!" he gasped fiercely. His face had blanched instantly as, advancing a couple of steps towards her with clenched hands, he gazed threateningly into her eyes.

"I have given you an alternative which you have rejected, Signor Capitano," she said, taking up her fur-trimmed coat. "You defy me, and I wish you good-night."

"You intend to expose the whole of the facts?" he cried in dismay. "You will incriminate yourself!"

"I care nothing for that. My happiness

is now at an end. For the future I have no thought, no care, now that you and I are enemies. As I have already said, traitors die slowly in London, but they do die."

"You shall not go to Castellani," the Captain muttered between his set teeth, and with a cry of uncurbed, uncontrollable rage, he prang upon her before she could defend herself or raise an alarm, and seizing her, he compressed his strong sinewy fingers upon her slim, white throat. "You shan't go!" he cried. "No further word shall pass your pretty lips, curse you! I'll—I'll kill you!"

CHAPTER XVII.

SMAYLE'S DILEMMA.

Tristram's sinewy fingers tightened upon the slender white throat of the helpless woman until her breath was crushed from her, her face became crimson, and in her wild staring eyes was a ghastly expression of suffering and despair.

"Mercy!" she managed to gasp with difficulty. "Ah, no! Let me go! Let me go!"

"Your evil tongue can ruin me. But you shall not!" he cried, in a frenzy of anger, his face suffused by a fierce murderous passion. "By heaven, you shall die!"

"If—if you kill me," she shrieked, "you will suffer, for even though I'm an outcast, there is a law here, in your England, to deal with murderers."

"Outcast!" he echoed, wildly, with an imprecation. "Yes, curse you! Is there any wonder that you are hounded out of Italy, after all that has occurred? Is there any wonder, after what took place in Tuscany, that I now hold you within my hands, eager to extinguish the remaining spark of your life?"

"You're a brute!" she cried, in a hoarse, gurgling voice. "Release me! I—I can't breathe!"

"No, by Heaven, you shall die!" he declared, his strong muscular hands trembling with uncurbed passion. "Your infernal tongue shall utter no more foul slanders, for to-night, now—this moment—I'll silence you!"

She uttered a low agonized cry, then fainting, panting, breathless, sank upon her knees, unable any longer to resist the frightful pressure upon her throat. At that instant, however, Smayle, hearing an unusual noise, dashed in, and taking in the situation at a glance, seized him masterfully.

"Good heavens, sir, what's the matter?" he cried. "Why, you're killing the lady!"

"Get out!" cried the Captain, with an oath, shaking himself free, and still holding the fainting woman at his feet. "Get

out quickly. Leave the house, and—and don't come back."

"But you're killing her!" he cried.

"See, there's blood in her mouth!"

"Obey me this instant," he roared. "Leave me!"

"No," Smayle answered, "I won't!" And springing upon his master he managed, after a desperate struggle, to drag his hands free of the kneeling woman's throat and fling him back with a smothered oath. "I won't see a woman murdered in that cowardly way," he declared, vehemently, "even if you are my master!"

"What the devil do my affairs concern you, Trooper Smayle?" Tristram demanded fiercely, glaring at his servant, and glancing at Gemma, now fallen back prostrate on the floor, her hat crushed beneath her, her fair hair escaping from its pins.

"They concern me so far as this, sir, that you shall leave this room at once. If the lady is dead, then you've committed murder, and I am witness of it!"

"You'd denounce me, would you?" the Captain shrieked with rage, his hands still clenched in a fierce paroxysm of anger. Then, next instant he sprang at him.

But Smayle was a slim, athletic fellow, and like most of the genus Tommy Atkins knew how to use his fists when occasion required. He jumped aside, nimbly evaded the blow his master aimed at him, and cleverly tripped up his adversary, so that he fell headlong to the ground, bringing down from its pedestal a pretty Neapolitan statuette, which was smashed to atoms.

Tristram quickly rose, with an imprecation, but Smayle again grappling with him, succeeded at length, after an encounter long and fierce, in flinging him out of the room and locking the door.

Then instantly he turned towards the white-faced woman, and kneeling beside her, endeavored to restore her to consciousness. With his handkerchief he stanchd the blood slowly trickling from the corners of her pale lips, placed a cushion beneath her head, and snatching some flowers from a bowl sprinkled her face with the water. Her white, delicate throat was dark and discolored where his master's rough hands had pressed it in his violent attempt to strangle her, her dress wa torn open at the neck, and the gold necklet she had worn with its tiny enamelled medallion lay upon the ground, broken by the sudden, frantic attack. Tenderly the soldier-servant stroked her hair, chafed her hands, and endeavored to restore her to consciousness, but all in vain. Inert and helpless she remained, while he held her head, gazing upon her admiringly, but unable to determine the best course to pursue.

The outer door banged suddenly, and he knew his master had fled.

With every appearance of one dead,

Gemma lay upon the carpet where she had sunk from the cruel murderous hands of the man who had attempted to kill her, while Smayle again rose, and obtaining some brandy from the liquor-stand, succeeded in forcing a small quantity of it down her throat.

This revived her slightly, for she opened her great clear eyes, gazing into Smayle's with an expression of fear and wonder.

"Drink a little more of this, miss," the man said, eagerly, holding the glass to her lips, delighted to find that she was not after all dead, as he had at first feared.

Unable to understand what he said she nevertheless allowed him to pour a few more drops of the spirit down her dry, parched throat, but it caused her to cough violently, and she made a gesture that to take more was impossible.

For fully ten minutes she remained silent, motionless, her head lying heavily upon Smayle's arm, breathing slowly, but each moment more regularly. The deathly pallor gradually disappeared as the blood came back to her cheeks, but the dark rings about her eyes and the marks upon her throat still remained as evidence how near she had been to an agonizing and most terrible death.

Uttering no word, Smayle, kneeling at her side and holding her tenderly, watched her breast heave and fall, content in the knowledge that life, so near becoming extinct, was actually returning, and filled with wonderment as to who she was. It was evident that his master had quarrelled with her, but why he had sought to kill her he could not imagine. Smayle understood no word of Italian, and although he had listened at the door he could form no idea of what had caused the violent scene. He suspected it to be jealousy.

At last Gemma again opened her eyes and uttered some words faintly, making a frantic gesture with her hands. The man who had rescued her understood that she wished to rise, and grasping her beneath the arms gradually lifted her into the Captain's great leather-covered arm-chair, in which she reclined, a frail, beautiful figure, with eyes half-closed and breast panting violently after the exertion.

Smayle, eager to do her bidding, stood by and watched.

"Can I get you anything, miss?" he inquired in a low whisper, as she turned her fine eyes upon him with a mute expression of thanks.

She did not understand what he said, therefore shook her head.

Then again she closed her eyes, her tiny hands, cold and feeble, trembled, and in a few minutes her regular breathing made it apparent to the Captain's man that, exhausted, she had sunk into a deep and peaceful sleep.

He left her side, and creeping from the room noiselessly, searched all the other

apartments. His master had gone. He had taken with him his two travelling bags, a sign that he set out upon a long journey. As far as Constantinople one bag always sufficed; to Teheran he always took both. The fact that the two bags were taken made it plain that his absence would be a long one—probably some weeks, if not more.

Smale stole back to the sitting-room and saw that the blue official ribbon, with its silver greyhound, hung no longer upon its nail, and that his revolver was gone. He returned to the Captain's bedroom, and upon the dressing-table found a ten-pound note lying open. Across its face had been scribbled hastily in pencil the words "For Smayle." Upon the floor were some scraps of paper, letters that had been hurriedly destroyed, while in the empty grate lay a piece of tinder and a half-consumed wax vesta, showing that some letters of more importance than the others had been burnt.

The man, mystified, gathered the scraps together, examined them closely and placed them in a small drawer in the dressing-table. Then, putting the bank-note in his pocket, exclaimed to himself:

"This is curious, and no kid. The Captain ain't often so generous as to give me a tenner, especially when he only paid me yesterday. I wonder who the lady is? I wish I could speak to her. She's somebody he's met, I suppose, when abroad."

He went to the hall and noted what coats his master had taken, when suddenly it occurred to him that without assistance it was impossible that he could have carried all downstairs; somebody must have helped him.

Into the small bachelor's kitchen he passed, pondering deeply over the strange occurrence. Only an hour before his master had arrived home from dining at the club, and putting on his well-worn velvet lounge-coat, had announced his intention of remaining at home and smoking. Smayle had asked him whether he was under orders to leave with dispatches, when he had answered that it was not yet his turn, and that he expected to have a fortnight in London. Three days ago he had returned from St. Petersburg, tired, hungry, irritable, as he always was after that tedious journey. A run home from Brussels, Paris, or even Berlin, never made him short-tempered, but always when he arrived from St. Petersburg, Madrid, or "Constant," he grumbled at everything: always declared that Smayle had been drinking his whiskey; that the place was dirty; that the weather in London was brutal; and that ten thousand a year wouldn't repay him for the loss of nerve power on "those infernal gridirons they call railways."

Yet within an hour he had made a serious attempt upon the life of a strange lady

who had called, and had left hurriedly with sufficient kit to last him six months.

He was reflecting deeply, wondering what he should do with the lady, when suddenly he was startled by the door-bell ringing. With military promptness he answered it, and found his master's new acquaintance, Arnaldo Romanelli. The latter had spent several evenings at Tristram's chambers since the night they had dined together at Bonciani's, therefore Smayle knew him well.

"The Captain's not at home, sir," he answered, in reply to the visitor's inquiry.

"Is he away?"

"He left this evening suddenly."

"On important business, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," Smayle answered. Then he added, "Excuse me, sir, but you are Italian, aren't you?"

"Yes, why?" Arnaldo asked in surprise.

Smayle hesitated, fidgetted a moment; and then answered:

"Well, sir, there's a lady there in the Captain's sitting-room, and she's not well, and she can't speak English."

"A lady?" cried Romanelli, suddenly interested. "Young, or old?"

"Young, sir. She's Italian, I believe. And I thought, sir, that perhaps you wouldn't mind assisting a friend of my master's."

"Of course not. Take me to her at once," he said. "Is she very ill?"

"She had a bad fainting fit," answered the servant, as he led the way into the sitting-room. She was still lying back in the chair, now quite conscious, but dull pale, dishevelled, and so exhausted as to be scarcely able to move her limbs. They seemed paralyzed by the excruciating torture she had undergone.

The opening of the door aroused her, and, looking up, her eyes met those of the young Italian.

"You—Gemma!" he cried in profound surprise, rushing forward. "Why are you here—in London? And in Tristram's rooms?"

She held her breath in amazement at this unexpected meeting. "I—I called here," she explained, in a low weak voice, "and became seized with a sudden faintness. I—I think I fell."

"I trust you're not hurt," he said quickly. "You are pale and trembling. Shall I call a doctor?"

"No, no," she answered. "In a few minutes I shall be quite right again."

Romanelli noticed her necklet at his feet and picked it up. Then he glanced at his room and saw the broken statuette, and his quick dark eyes detected signs of a struggle in the disarranged hearth-rug and the chairs pushed out of place.

"Merely fainting did not break this," he said, gravely, holding up the chain and picking up the tiny medallion enamelled with a picture of a dog's head with the

words beneath, 'Toujours Fidele.' The chain and its pendant were simple and old-fashioned, the one remaining link of her girlhood days at the Convent of San Paolo della Croce. Often when she had looked at it she remembered what the grave-eyed Mother Superior had told her about personal vanity, and how she had been more than once disgraced because she preferred to wear the simple medallion instead of her little gold crucifix.

She held out her hand in silence, and the young man placed both chain and medallion in her palm. Then, with her great pain-darkened eyes fixed upon him she kissed the tiny chain reverently, afterwards slipping both into her glove, and sighing.

"Gemma," continued Romanelli, bending beside her chair, "what does this mean? Tell me. Why have you come to London?"

She shook her head.

"This man can't speak Italian," he explained, glancing at Smayle, who stood beside wondering. "We can talk quite freely. Come, tell me what has happened."

"Nothing," she assured him in a low tone.

"But why are you in London? Were you not afraid?"

"Afraid?" she echoed. "Why should I be? I am just as safe here in England as I was in Florence, or Livorno."

"Vittorina died within the first hour she set foot in London," he observed with a grave, meaning look.

"You loved her," she said. "You have all my sympathy, Arnaldo. Some day we shall know the truth, then those responsible for her death shall receive no mercy at our hands."

"That chapter of my life is closed," the young Italian said, with a touch of sorrow in his voice. "She has been murdered, but by whom we cannot yet tell." He paused, then added, "What object had you, Gemma, in leaving Italy, and why have you come here? Surely you have enemies in London, enemies as cruel, as unrelenting, as cunning as those who killed poor Vittorina."

"I am well aware of that," she answered, stirring uneasily in her chair, and putting up her hand to her bruised throat. "I know I have enemies. To one person at least my death would be welcome," she added, remembering the fierce struggle in that room an hour before.

"Then why have you risked everything and come here? You were far safer in Italy," he said.

"I was not safer there. I am safe nowhere," she replied. "The police have discovered some of the facts, and——"

"The police!" he gasped, in alarm. "Our secret is out, then?"

"Not entirely. I was warned to leave Livorno within twenty-four hours, and ad-

vised to leave Italy altogether. Then—well, I came here."

"With your lover, eh?"

She nodded.

"And you will marry him?" the young Italian observed, slowly. "You do not fear the exposure which afterwards must come? These English are fond of looking closely into a woman's past, you know."

She shrugged her shoulders, answering, "My past is a secret. Fortunately, the one person who knows the truth dare not speak."

"Then, what I know is of no account" he said, somewhat surprised.

She laughed.

"If you and I ever flirted, or even exchanged foolish letters, it was long ago, when we had not the experience of the world we now have. I do not dread exposure of your knowledge of my past."

"But this lover of yours, this Englishman, why does he believe in you so blindly?" Romanelli inquired. "Is he so utterly infatuated that he thinks you absolutely innocent of the world and its ways?"

"My affairs of the heart are of no concern to you now, Arnaldo," she answered a trifle coquettishly.

"But I come here, to a man's rooms, and find you in his sitting-room, in a half-conscious state, trembling and afraid, with every sign of a desperate struggle in your dress and in the room, and therefore I, once your boy-lover, seek an explanation," he said. "True, the affection between us is dead long, long ago, but remember that you and I both have interests in common, and that by uniting we may effect the overthrow of our enemies. If we do not—well, you know the fate that awaits us."

"Yes," she answered, in a voice that sounded low and distant. "I know, alas! too well—too well."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT LADY MARSHFIELD KNEW

Some days passed. Charles Armytage had not called again at the hotel, having resolved to end the acquaintance. He regretted deeply that he had brought Gemma to London, yet when he pondered over it in the silence of his own room, in Ebury Street, he told himself that he still loved her, that she was chic, beautiful, and even this mystery surrounding her might one day be elucidated.

The action of the authorities in Leghorn puzzled him. Gemma's secret was, without doubt, of a character which would not bear the light of day. Still, as days went on and he heard nothing of her, he began to wonder whether she were at the hotel, or whether she had carried out her



THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.

intention of returning to Italy.

He loved her. The brief parting had increased the affection to such an extent that he thought of her hourly, remembering her sweet musical voice, her pretty broken English, her happy smiles whenever he was at her side. Her face, as it rose before him in his day-dreams, was not that of an adventuress, but of a sweet, loving woman, who existed in mortal terror of some terrible catastrophe; its child-like innocence was not assumed, those blue eyes had the genuine clearness of those of an honest woman.

Thoughts such as these filled his mind daily. He passed his hours at the rooms of friends, at the club, at the theatres, anywhere where he could obtain distraction, but in all he saw the same face, with the same calm look of reproach, the same glistening eyes with tears as had been before him in the hall of the Victoria on that well-remembered evening when they had parted.

At last, one morning, he could bear the suspense no longer. Bitterly reproaching himself for having acted so harshly as to leave her alone in a country where she was strange and did not know the language, he took a cab and drove down to Northumberland Avenue.

He inquired at the bureau of the hotel, and was informed that the Signorina Fanetti had left three days ago, and that she had given no address to which letters might be forwarded. He thanked the clerk, turned, and went blindly down the steps into the street, crushed, grief-stricken, the sun of his existence blotted out.

He remembered his protestations in Livorno; he remembered all that had passed between them, and saw that he had acted as a coward and a cad. That she loved him he had no doubt, and it was also plain to him that she had left London heart-broken.

Armytage was very well known in London, and as soon as his friends knew he was back again the usual flow of invitations poured in upon him. In his endeavor to divert his thought he accepted all and sundry, and one evening went to old Lady Marshfield's, whose receptions were always a feature of London life.

The eccentric old lady had long been his friend. Like so many other young and good-looking men, he had been "taken up" by her ladyship, flattered, petted, and feted, utterly unconscious that by allowing this to be done he was making himself the laughing-stock of the whole set in which he moved. But the ugly old woman's attentions had at last nauseated him as they had done every other young man, and his absence abroad had for a long time prevented him calling at Sussex Square.

But to the card for this particular evening was added, in her ladyship's own an-

tiquated handwriting, a few words expressing pleasure at his return to London, and a hope that he would call and see her.

"Ugly as sin, and still fancies herself a girl," he exclaimed, petulantly, when he had opened the letter at the club. "And that false hair—bah!" And thrusting the card into the pocket of his dining-jacket he did not recollect it until the afternoon of the day for which he was invited.

Lady Marshfield's junketings were distinctly brilliant on account of the large number of the Diplomatic Corps which she always gathered about her, and this evening there was a particularly noteworthy crowd. There were many young attaches, many pretty girls, a few elderly diplomats, a fair sprinkling of members of Parliament, and a large gathering of the exclusive set in which her ladyship moved. The rooms were well lit, the electricity bringing joy to every feminine heart, as it always does, because it shows their jewels to perfection; the flowers were choice and abundant, and the music was by one of the most popular orchestras in London. But it was always so. If one went to Lady Marshfield's one could always rely upon meeting a host of interesting people, the latest traveller, the latest novelist, the latest painter, and passing an evening without being bored.

When Charles Armytage shook the old lady's hand at the head of the stairs her thin blue lips parted in what she considered her sweetest smile, and she said:

"You have quite deserted me, Charlie. I hear you've been in London a whole fortnight, and yet this is your first visit!"

"I've been busy," he answered. "I was away so long that I found such lots of things wanting my attention when I came back."

"Ah! no excuses, no excuses," the old lady croaked. "You young men are always full of excellent reasons for not calling. Well, go in, you're sure to find some people you know. When I can I want to have a serious chat with you, so don't leave before I've seen you again. Promise me?"

"Certainly," he said, amused at her senile coquetry, as with a smile she bowed, and he passed on into the great apartment, filled to overflowing with its distinguished crowd.

Careless of all about him, he wandered on through the great salons until he met several people he knew, and then the evening passed quite gaily.

At last, an hour past midnight, he found himself again at Lady Marshfield's side.

"Well," she said, as they passed into one of the smaller rooms then unoccupied, for the guesets were already departing. "Well, why have you been so long away?"

"I had no incentive to stay in England," he said. "I find life much more amusing

on the Continent, and I'm a bit of a Bohemian, you know."

"When you are in love—eh?" she laughed.

Her words stabbed him and he frowned.

"If I want a wife I suppose I can find one in London," he snapped, rather annoyed.

"But it was love which kept you in Tuscany so long," she observed, with sarcasm. "Because you love Gemma Fantini."

He started in surprise.

"How did you know?" he inquired.

"News of that sort travels quickly," the old lady answered, glancing at him craftily. "It is to be regretted."

"Why?"

"Because a woman of her character could never become your wife, Charles," she replied, after a moment's hesitation. "Take my advice; think no more of her."

Strange, he pondered, how everyone agreed that her past would not bear investigation, yet all seemed to conspire against him to preserve the secret.

"We have already parted," he said, in a low voice. On many previous occasions they had spoken together confidentially.

At that moment a man-servant entered, glanced quickly across the room, and noticing with whom his mistress was conversing, turned and rapidly made his exit. Armytage was seated with his back to the door, therefore did not notice that the eminently respectable servant was none other than the man in whose company he had shot down in Berkshire, the jovial Malvano.

That evening the movements of the village doctor of Lyddington had been somewhat mysterious. He had arrived about dinner-time as an extra hand, and had served refreshments in the shape of champagne-cup, coffee, sandwiches and biscuits to the hungry ones—and it is astonishing how hungry and thirsty people always are at other people's houses, even if they have only finished dinner half an hour before. His face was imperturbable, his manner stiff, and the style in which he handled plates and glass perfect.

One incident at least would have struck the onlooker as curious. While standing behind the improvised buffet, serving champagne, Count Castellani, the Italian Ambassador, a tall striking figure with his dozen or so orders strung upon a tiny golden chain in his lappel, approached and demanded some wine. Malvano opened a fresh bottle, and while pouring it out his Excellency exclaimed, in a low half-whisper in Italian—

"To-morrow at twelve at the Embassy."

"Si, signore," the other answered without raising his head, apparently still engrossed in pouring out the wine.

"You're still on the alert?" asked the Ambassador in an undertone.

"Si, signore."

"Good. To-morrow I must have a consultation with you," answered his Excellency, tossing off the wine and moving slowly away down the room to greet the French naval attache, a short elegant man, who was at that moment approaching.

By the secret confidence thus exchanged it was evident that Count Castellani and Doctor Malvano thoroughly understood each other, and further, it was plain that upon some person in that assembly Filippo, head-waiter at the Bonciani, was keeping careful observation. Yet, he apparently attended to his work as a well-trained servant should, and even when he discovered Armytage with her ladyship he was in no way confused, but retreated quietly, without attracting the young man's attention.

"Why have you parted from Gemma?" the Countess asked, as she leant back in her chair after a pause.

"Well," answered Armytage, hesitating, "have you not said that she's an impossible person?"

"Of course. But when a man's in love —"

"He alters his mind sometimes," he interrupted, determined not to tell this woman the truth.

"So you've altered your mind," she said. "You ought really to congratulate yourself that you've been able to do so."

"Why?"

Lady Marshfield regarded her visitor gravely, fanned herself slowly in silence for some moments, then answered—

"Because it is not wise for a man to take as wife a woman of such an evil reputation."

"Evil reputation!" he echoed. "What do you mean by evil?"

"Her reputation is wide enough in Italy. I wonder you did not hear of her long ago," her ladyship answered.

"You speak as if she were notorious."

"Ask anyone in Turin, in Milan or Florence. They will tell you the truth," she replied. "Your idol is without doubt the most notorious person in the whole of Italy."

"The most notorious!" he cried. "You speak in enigmas. I won't have Gemma maligned in this way," he added, fiercely.

She smiled. It was a smile of triumph. She was happy that they were already parted, and she sought now to embitter him against her, in order that he should not return to her.

"Have you never heard of the Countess Funaro?" she asked, in a calm voice.

"The Countess Funaro!" he cried. "Of course I have. Her escapades have lately been the talk of society in Rome and Florence. Only a couple of months ago a duel took place at Empolli, the outcome of a quarrel which she is said to

have instigated, and the young advocate Casuto was shot dead."

"He was her friend," her ladyship observed.

"Well?"

"Well," said Lady Marshfield, "don't you think that you were rather foolish to fail in love with a woman of her reputation?"

"Good Heavens!" he cried, starting up. "No, that can't be the truth! Gemma cannot be the notorious Countess Funaro!"

"If you doubt me, go out to Italy again and make inquiries," the eccentric old lady answered calmly.

"But the Countess Funaro has the most unenviable reputation of any person in Italy. I've heard hundreds of extraordinary stories regarding her."

"And the latest is your own interesting experience—eh?"

"I—I really can't believe it," Armytage said, dumfounded.

"No. I don't expect you do. She's so amazingly clever that she can cause her dupes to believe in her absolutely. Her face is so innocent that one would never believe her capable of such heartless actions as are attributed to her."

"But what experience have you personally had of her?" he inquired, still dubious. He knew that this elderly woman of the world was utterly unscrupulous.

"I met her in Venice last year," her ladyship said. "All Venice was acquainted with her deliciously original countenance. Her notoriety was due to her pretty air of astonishment, the purity of her blue eyes, and the expression of chaste innocence, which she can assume when it so pleases her, an expression which contrasts powerfully with her true nature, shameless creature that she is."

"And are you absolutely positive that the woman I love as Gemma Fanetti is none other than the Countess Funaro, the owner of the great historic Funaro Palace in Florence, and the Villa Funaro at Ardenza?"

"I have already told you all I know."

"But you have given me no proof?"

"I merely express satisfaction that you have been wise enough to relinquish all thought of marrying her."

"I really can't believe that this is the truth. How did you know she was in London?"

"I was told so by one who knows her. She has been staying at the Victoria," her ladyship answered.

"I don't believe what you say," he cried wildly. "No, I won't believe it. There is some mistake."

"She has left the hotel," Lady Marshfield said, fixing her cold eyes on him.

"Follow her, and charge her with the deception."

"It is useless. I am confident that Gemma is not this notorious Countess."

Her ladyship made a gesture of impatience, saying—

"I have no object in deceiving you, Charles. I merely think it right that you should be made aware of the truth, hideous as it is."

"But is it the truth?" he demanded, fiercely. "There is absolutely no proof. I certainly never knew her address in Florence, but at Livorno she lived in a little flat on the Passeggio. If she were the Countess she would certainly have lived in her own beautiful villa at Ardenza, only a mile away."

"She may have let it for the season," his hostess quickly observed.

"The Countess Funaro is certainly wealthy enough, if reports be true, without seeking to obtain a paltry two or three thousand lire for her villa," he said.

"She no doubt had some object in living quietly as she did. Especially as she was hiding her identity from you."

"I don't believe it. I can't believe it," he declared, as the remembrance of her passionate declarations of love flooded his mind. If what her ladyship alleged were actually the truth, then all her ingenuousness had been artificial; all her words of devotion feigned and meaningless; all her kisses false; all mere hollow shams for the purpose of deceiving and ensnaring him for some ulterior object. "Until I have proof of Gemma's perfidy and deceit I will believe no word against her," he declared decisively.

"You desire proof?" the old woman said, her wizened face growing more cruel as her eyes again met his. "Well, you shall have it at once," and rising, she crossed to a small escreteoire and took from it a large panel portrait, which she placed before him.

"Read the words upon this," she said, with an evil gleam in her vengeful gaze.

He took the picture with trembling hands and read the following written boldly across the base:—

"T'invio la mia fotografia, cosi ti sara sempre presente la mia efige, che ti, obblighera a ricordare. Tua aff:—Gemma Luisa Funaro."

The photograph was by Alvino, of Florence, from the same negative as the one at that moment upon the table in his chambers. The handwriting was undoubtedly that of a woman he loved dearer than life.

Charles Armytage stood pale, transfixed, speechless. Indeed, it was a hideous truth.

(To be Continued.)

THE WORLD MOVES.

CHRISTMAS, 1898, finds Canada as prosperous and happy as it is possible for any country to be ; her harvests have been abundant, her industries are flourishing and prospects for a continuance of good times are of the brightest. Poverty and hardships exist, but not in the same proportion as in many other communities, where the poor and distressed actually form the majority. Misfortune and destitution are, unhappily, found everywhere, our advance in civilization having failed as yet to provide a key to the problem of furnishing every man, woman and child with the means of living in independence and comfort. Indeed, the tendency of the age we live in seems to be the aggrandizement of the few at the expense of the many ; to make life a mad scramble for wealth and power, in which the weaker are trampled upon and their misery ignored, the aggressors justifying themselves with the selfishly human but un-Christian doctrine of the survival of the fittest. In our Christmas retrospect let us ask ourselves if we are not in danger of being, if not already, carried away by this monstrous fallacy, one of the most glaring and disgraceful of the age. The peace and good will which should permeate all Christendom at all times, but which Christmas specially brings home to every heart, is impossible with our needy brother dying at the gate while we carouse within and enjoy the best that life affords. Let us, who are yet young as a nation, strive to apply that heaven-proclaimed laws to our daily lives, so that in time to come Canadians may truthfully wish one another a Merry Christmas in the precious consciousness that no act of

theirs has caused suffering or want to a fellow-being.

THE outcome of the recent election trials in Ontario and British Columbia should open the eyes of our political leaders to the necessity of reform in our elective system. We are prone to hold up our hands in virtuous indignation at the corrupt methods of conducting elections in the United States, but they are but as a mote in our neighbor's eye when compared with the beam which obstructs our own vision when looking over our political home field. We, who pride ourselves on the possession of a superior form of government, should blush in shame for the ignoble defiance of law, honesty, truthfulness and honor which those election trials reveal. The giving to every man a voice in the government of the country is the bestowal of a sacred trust which should be exercised earnestly and conscientiously, but far from being esteemed a freeman's privilege the right to vote seems to be used by many as a means to extort money from the candidates. What an outcry would be raised were it proposed to disfranchise, say twenty-five per cent. of those now entitled to vote. Yet fully that percentage of the qualified electors disfranchise themselves at every election by selling their votes to the highest bidders, regardless of the issues at stake or the consequences of their action. The Federal and Provincial laws provide for the punishment of bribing politicians and venal voters, but they are openly defied and their penal clauses laughed at, at every election, and the bartering of votes goes on uncheck-

ed, year after year adding to the demoralization of the electorate. Mr. George E. Foster recently made an appeal for the purification of our politics, and called upon the leaders of both parties to make common cause in that direction, and it is to be hoped that his eloquence will not be wasted. There are enough honest men in politics in Canada to stem the tide of political corruption which threatens to overwhelm the country if they would drop party for the nonce and set themselves earnestly to the task. If a few in each province would form a Political Reform Club, with the object of agitating for purity in elections, they would soon find sympathizers to join them, and eventually a convention of representative men, irrespective of party, might be called, at which a definite scheme for a thorough reformation of the election laws might be formulated. In this way the parties, brought together on a national platform, and working hand in hand for the regeneration of their common country, would learn that mutual respect which dominates men's actions in commercial and social life, but seems entirely wanting in our politics.

after colony revolted against her tyranny and freed itself at the cost of some of her best blood—she failed to recognize the fact, so potent to the other nations, that colonies may be made loyal by fair treatment, but never by oppression. Great Britain made one mistake of that kind and lost half a continent and the loving fealty of a great nation. Spain precipitated her own undoing by her obstinacy in denying the reasonable demands of Cuba for home rule and her punishment seems just, but the manner of it is to be deplored. The United States, in assuming the role of the humanitarian among the nations, overacted the character grossly. She took the first step ostensibly to free Cuba and concluded the farce by seizing everything of value that Spain possessed. If the United States had been sincere in a desire to secure peace and stable government to Cuba, or to any of Spain's colonies, she might have accomplished the object by the exercise of an act of advanced diplomacy which would have placed her at the head of the nations. The United States was powerful enough to crush and humiliate Spain, she was also potent enough to demand an arbitration between Spain and her colonies, and had she done so, the world had stood breathless with admiration. What a victory for Peace! What a triumph for Justice! Columbia, the grand young amazon of the Western World, pointing out to the nations of Europe the iniquity that was being wrought in the Antilles and inviting their cooperation to right the oppressed—but she chose the old brutal methods which she professed to abhor, and in doing so lost her claim to be regarded as the highest exponent of Christian civilization.

THE closing days of 1898 will likely see the ratification of peace between Spain and the United States after one of the most extraordinary wars that the world has ever witnessed. The complete destruction of Spain as a colonial power is far from being regrettable, in view of the lamentable lack of administrative ability which she had displayed during centuries. Her policy had been ever that of the iron hand, even to the bitter end—when colony

The Great West Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

at Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, by
**THE COLONIST PRINTING AND PUBLISHING
CO., Limited.**

WEISS & ROBERTS, *Managing Directors.*

THE GREAT WEST desires a reliable agent in every town in Canada, to whom liberal commissions will be paid. For instructions and terms write THE GREAT WEST, Subscription Department.

THE GREAT WEST will be mailed, postage paid, in Canada and the United States, for one dollar a year, payable strictly in advance. Any person sending \$4.00 for four yearly subscriptions will receive THE GREAT WEST for one year free.

THE GREAT WEST is for sale at all the principal bookstores and news agencies in Canada, 10 cents per number.

ADVERTISEMENTS. — THE GREAT WEST will prove an excellent medium for advertisers in all lines of business, reaching as it will a numerous and intelligent class of readers. For rates and terms address Roberts Advertising Co., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

CONTRIBUTIONS. — Original sketches on subjects of general interest, short stories and poems are solicited. All contributions must be accompanied with stamps for return postage, otherwise we will not hold ourselves responsible for them. Address all MSS. to the Editor, THE GREAT WEST MAGAZINE, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

WE are indebted to our many friends of the press for kind-mention of The Great West, and take this occasion to thank one and all who have been pleased to commend our efforts and to extend to them heartily the Compliments of the Season.

It is impossible to forecast the programme of The Great West for 1899, but we promise to use our best endeavor to make it attractive to all classes of readers and to improve its mechanical make-up as well as its

literary and artistic features to the utmost of our resources. We trust that the public will aid our efforts by subscribing for The Great West. It is neither just nor patriotic to say, as some have said, that the magazine is not up to the standard of some that are published in the United States. The magazines with which they compare The Great West were not up to their present standard, indeed many of them would not stand criticism beside The Great West, when they were first established, and it is only the loyal patronage extended to them by the people of the United States and Canada which has enabled them to attain their present excellence. Patronize your home production, The Great West, and in a surprisingly short time it will equal the best of the foreign publications with which Canada is flooded each month.

At this season of forming good resolutions we suggest that you resolve to subscribe for The Great West and rivet your resolve by forwarding a dollar for a year's subscription to this office.

The Great West offer of watches to those sending in a certain number of subscribers has met with favor judging from the number of lists of names and the letters of inquiry received. Under this offer any smart boy or girl can receive a handsome and reliable watch at a small outlay of time and energy. Write to-day for subscription blanks and full information to Business Manager, Great West Magazine, Winnipeg.

The cover design of the December Great West was modelled in clay by Lilian Josephine Clarke, of Winnipeg, a girl not yet in her fifteenth year.

The first of The Great West Amateur Photographic Contests closed on

December 1st, and in the January number we will publish the best of the pictures received, and give our readers the opportunity of deciding to whom the prizes shall be awarded.

We want subscription agents in every town and village in Canada, to whom liberal terms will be given. Send in your address and secure a canvassing outfit and instructions.

The demand for The Great West has been so far beyond our expectations that the October and November numbers are practically exhausted. A limited number are still on hand, which we can supply to new subscribers who desire to begin with the first number of the new volume—September—but we can only promise them to those who apply immediately.

During 1899 we hope to present to readers of The Great West a series of illustrated articles descriptive of the great Province of British Columbia, the resources and possibilities of which are only now beginning to be

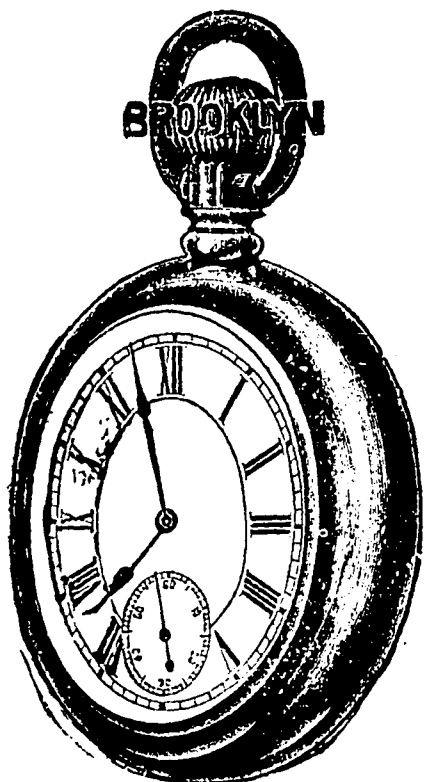
discovered by its inheritors. The wealth of that vast Province in the precious and economic minerals is every day becoming so manifest that it requires only the aid of capital to make it the most important gold and silver producer of the world, while its deposits of copper and coal, as yet but little known beyond its borders, are bound to bring the country into prominence and add materially to the wealth of the Dominion at large.

Canada is entering upon a golden age. From every part of the broad Dominion comes the news of new discoveries of the precious metal so that, briefly, Canada will be known everywhere not only as a great producer of wheat, cattle and lumber, but as the mining centre of the world. The Great West will endeavor to assist the development of our mineral deposits by giving prominent space to articles devoted to mines and mining, and invites contributions from practical mining men. Lake of the Woods and Western Ontario Gold Mines, which are at present making such a noble showing, will receive that special attention which we firmly believe they deserve.



Barre Bros. Co., limited.

BARGAIN
No.



Ladies' Solid Silver Gold Trimmed Watch, American Waltham Movement, stem wind and set. Safety pinion compensation balance, guaranteed a perfect time piece..... **\$13.00**

Solid Silver open faced watch, stem wind and set, a perfect timer, sold at **\$9 00**

Ladies' open face watch, enamelled steel case, gold trimmed, stem wind and set, a perfect beauty **\$7.00**

A solid silver open face watch, stem wind and stem set, Swiss movement and good time keeper, just the watch for boys, sold at..... **\$5.00**

1

2

3

4

ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY ON HAND.

ORDER AT ONCE.

BARRE BROS. CO.,
LIMITED.

431 Main Street,
WINNIPEG.

Watch No. 1

Given as a premium for **18** new subscribers at One dollar each to the Great West Magazine, or \$3 and **12** subscribers.

Watch No. 2

Given as a premium for **14** new subscribers at One dollar each to the Great West Magazine, or \$2 cash and **10** subscribers.

Watch No. 3

Given as a premium for **11** new subscribers at One dollar each to the Great West Magazine, or \$2 cash and **8** subscribers.

Watch No. 4

Given as a premium for **6** yearly subscribers at One dollar each to the Great West Magazine, or \$1 cash and **5** subscribers.

re Bros.' name is sufficient guarantee that the watches are first class in every respect. As there is only a limited number of these watches to be given as premiums, act at once and apply for the agency. A few hours devoted to this work will earn you a watch.

A WORD ABOUT THE MAGAZINE

THE GREAT WEST is increasing in popularity with every issue and has secured the unqualified approval of the press and people of Canada. It is the ONLY STANDARD magazine published in the Dominion at ONE DOLLAR a year, or TEN CENTS a single copy, a fact that brings it within the reach of the slenderest purse. Its thousand pages of choice reading matter and hundreds of beautiful illustrations make it a welcome monthly visitor in every household and a valuable record of the progress of our country for future reference.

Address :

The Great West Magazine,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

FORD STATIONERY CO.

General Stationery.

Office Supplies, Typewriter Supplies, Law Stationery, Law Forms, Tracing Linens, Blue Process Paper, Drafting Paper, India Ink, Engineer's Supplies.

Our stock is most complete in every respect.

FORD STATIONERY CO.,

Next to Post Office,

P. O. Box 1203.

WINNIPEG.

N. C. WESTERFIELD,

MINING BROKER.

Reliable Information furnished Regarding the Ontario Gold Fields.

ALL PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

RICHARD & CO.,

365 Main St., Winnipeg.

IMPORTERS OF

Wines, Spirits and Cigars.

Brandy in wood, per gal	\$8 50	\$5 50	\$5 00	\$4 50	\$4 00
" Cases, per bot	4 00	3 00	2 00	1 50	90
Scotch in Wood, per gal	5 50	5 00	4 50	4 00	..
" Cases, per bot	1 25	1 10	1 00	90	75
Canadian Rye, per gal	4 00	3 50	3 00	2 75	..
" " per bot	1 00	90	75	65	50
Sherry, per gal	\$7 00	6 00	5 00	4 00	3 00
Port, per gal	\$8 00	7 00	6 00	5 00	4 00
				3 00	2 50

Mariani Wine

The Great Nerve Tonic

Always on hand.

We are prepared to Contract for the Transportation of

MACHINERY, MINING SUPPLIES, Etc.

From Railway to any point in the

Wabigoon or Manitou Districts.

Address . .

GEO. MICHELL,

General Contractor,

WABIGOON.

ARMSTRONG & SHARPE,

MINING CONTRACTORS.

WABIGOON, - ONTARIO.

ESTIMATES GIVEN

On Sinking, Drifting and all kinds of Rock Work.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society.

OF THE UNITED STATES.

January 1, 1897.

Assets	\$236,876,308
Reserve on all existing policies	186,333,133
(Calculated on a 4 per cent standard)	
and all other liabilities	50,543,174
Undivided surplus on 4 per cent. standard	
Outstanding Assurance	951,165,837
New Assurance Written	156,955,693
Amount Declined	24,401,973
Instalment Policies stated at their commuted value.	

HENRY B. HYDE, Pres.
JAS. W. ALEXANDER, V. P.

North-Western
Canada Department.

A. H. CORELLI,
Manager.

458 Main Street, WINNIPEG.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even-numbered sections of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which have not been homesteaded, reserved to provide wood lots for settlers or other purposes, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situated, or, if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one to make the entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for an ordinary homestead entry; but for lands which have been occupied an additional fee of \$10 is chargeable to meet inspection and cancellation expenses.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed under the following conditions:— Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent or any homestead inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands of his intention to do so. When for convenience of settlers, application for patent is made before a homestead inspector, a fee of \$5 is chargeable.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by anyone who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands upon application for patent made by him, or had earned title to his first homestead on, or prior to, the second day of June, 1889.

INFORMATION.

Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, and copies of these regulations, as well as those respecting Dominion lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Land Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

JAMES A. SMART,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

USE ROYAL CROWN
SHYNOLE
THE WORLD'S BEST
POLISHING SOAP
MANFD ONLY BY THE
ROYAL CROWN SOAP CO
WINNIPEG

CROTTY & CROSS,

FINANCIAL AGENTS and
MINING BROKERS.

515 Main St., Hilliard House,
Winnipeg. Rat Portage.

DESIGNS FURNISHED



CUTS ARE EFFECTIVE

SEE THAT THIS IMPRINT IS ON YOUR CARDS INVOICES NOTE and LETTER HEADS CERTIFICATES OF STOCK ETC. ETC. HALF TONES AND OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES

Printers Litho Engraving & WINNIPEG.

Central Canada Fire Insurance Co'y.

HEAD OFFICE: WINNIPEG.

INCORPORATED BY SPECIAL ACT, 1898.

LICENSED BY AND FULL DEPOSIT WITH THE MANITOBA GOVERNMENT.

Authorized Capital, \$500,000. Subscribed Capital, \$50,000.

OF WHICH AT PRESENT 20 PER CENT. IS FULLY PAID UP.

All Classes of Insurance written. As this is a purely local Company the Insuring public are respectfully asked to give it their support.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

R. P. ROBLIN, Esq., M.P.P., PRESIDENT.

JOHN LOVE, Esq. (of Bready, Love & Tryon), VICE-PRESIDENT.

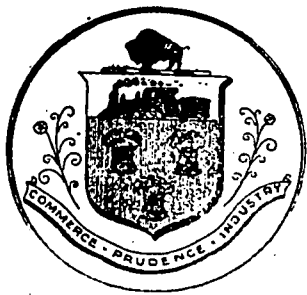
H. H. BECK (Vice-Pres't of Manitoba Assurance Co.), MANAGING DIRECTOR.

G. V. HASTINGS, Esq., Supt. of Lake of Woods Milling Co'y.
D. B. HANNA, Esq., Supt. Lake Manitoba Railway & Canal Co'y.
W. BARCLAY STEVENS, Esq., Mgr. Western Loan & Trust Co.,
Montreal.

HON. J. D. CAMERON, Attorney-General.
HON. HUGH JOHN MACDONALD, Q.C.
W. J. TUPPER, Esq., Barrister.
A. J. ADAMSON, Esq., Grain Merchant.
J. T. GORDON, Esq., of Messrs. Gordon, Ironside & Fares.

J. A. THOMPSON, Esq., of Messrs. Parrish, Lindsay & Co.

FULL PARTICULARS CAN BE HAD FROM THE MANAGING DIRECTOR, - 341 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.



SPECIAL NOTICE.

M. B. Lee,

High Class Ladies' Tailor,

Will be leaving for New York and the other large eastern cities early in January, and will be prepared to book spring orders the end of January. Will have spring samples and styles, and ask intending purchasers to place their orders early. Thanking our many patrons for past favors.

Respectfully yours,

M. B. Lee.

The Club Cigar Store

Is the place to go for

Fine Imported Cigars

Domestic Cigars from 5c up. A large range of Pipes, 15c up. Some fine ones for Xmas. Also a large supply of

SMOKERS SUNDRIES

Call on us for bargains

OPPOSITE BRUNSWICK HOTEL.

DEAFNESS !

There are none so deaf as those who won't buy

WILSON'S Common Sense EAR DRUMS

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisable, Comfortable, Efficient. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and benefit derived. A splendid Christmas present to deaf friend, and costs only \$5.00 per pair complete.

Information and booklet free.

Sole agent,

KARL K. ALBERT,

407 Main Street.

H. SANDISON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

368 Main Street.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

FAMILY TRADE.

Paul Sala,

Wholesale Wines and Liquors,

513 Main St., Winnipeg

Telephone 241.

Direct Importation from France and Foreign Countries.

Great West

Magazine

One Dollar a Year.

EXCURSIONS

TO
ONTARIO, QUEBEC, NEW BRUNSWICK,
NOVA SCOTIA, VIA



DECEMBER 5 to 31, 1898.

Take the line through "The States," via ST. PAUL and CHICAGO.

\$40 FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

Tickets good 3 Months. Ask your ticket agent to send you over "THE BURLINGTON."

GEO. P. LYMAN, General Passenger Agent,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Lake Manitoba Railway & Canal Co'y.

TIME TABLE.

To take effect. Tuesday, December 13, 1898.
Trains going North. Trains going South.
Read Down. Read Up.

2nd Class Mixed.		Miles from Gladstone	STATIONS.	Telegraph Calls.	Miles from Cowan	2nd Class Mixed	
No. 3. Fri. days.	No. 1. Mon. days.					No. 2. Tues. days.	No. 4. Satur. days.
10 40			P. la Prairie.				16 30
11 10			Macdonald.				15 55
11 30			Westbourne				15 30
11 57			Woodside.				15 00
12 25			Gladstone.				14 35
13 05	L13 05	0	Gladstone Jct		151	A14 10	A14 10
13 31	13 31	6	Ogilvie..	V	147	13 42	13 42
14 00	14 00	13	Plumas..	MA	141	13 20	13 20
14 41	14 41	26	Glenella.	GN	127	12 30	12 30
15 15	15 15	34	Glencairn.		119	12 05	12 05
15 51	15 51	46	McCreary.		107	11 25	11 25
16 25	16 25	55	Laurier.		98	10 51	10 51
16 50	16 50	63	Makinak.	MK	90	10 25	10 25
17 20	17 20	70	Ochre River		83	10 00	10 00
A18 00	A19 00		Dauphin {	DA	69	L 9 15	L 9 15
L19 30	L19 30	84					A 7 45
20 02	20 02	93	Valley River		60	7 13	7 13
20 25	20 25	100	Sifton..	BD	53	6 50	6 50
	20 30	102	Sifton Jct.	VC	51	6 45	
20 30			Sifton Jct.				6 45
20 38		111	Fork River.				6 10
A21 35		123	Winnip'gosi-	N			L 5 30
	21 20	117	Ethelbert.		36	6 00	
	21 51	125	Garland.		28	5 26	
	22 30	137	Pine River.		15	4 54	
	23 00	146	Sclater..		7	4 25	
	A23 30	151	Cowan..	CN	0	L 4 00	

D. B. HANNA, Supt.



Going to Chicago and East.

The experienced traveller selects
The North-Western Line,
Not because it is the cheapest line between
The Twin Cities and Chicago,
But because it is the best line both as
To track and equipment.
Also because it is always in advance
In furnishing all the comforts in travel ;
Such as Dining Cars,
Free Chair Cars,
Parlor Cars,

Compartment Cars,
Buffet Library Cars,
16-Section Sleepers,
Carpeted Coaches and
Complete Vestibuled Trains,

Gas lighted and steam heated.
Well-posted travelers know that
The best service in the world is offered on
The North-Western Limited from
Minneapolis and St. Paul to Chicago.

For tickets and information call
on agents at

395 Robert Street, Corner Sixth, St. Paul.
413 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis.

Or address—

T. W. TEASDALE,

Gen'l. Passenger Agent, St. Paul.

Manitoba & North-Western Ry. Co.'y

Time Card, Sept. 23rd, 1898.

			WEST	EAST
WinnipegLv. Tues., Thurs., Sat.		10 30	
WinnipegAr. Mon., Wed., Fri.			21 10
Portage la PrairieLv. Tues., Thurs. Sat.		12 30	
Portage la PrairieMon., Wed., Fri.			19 20
Gladstone Lv. Tues., Thurs., Sat.		14 05	
Gladstone Lv. Mon., Wed., Fri.			17 55
Neepawa Lv. Tues., Thurs., Sat.		15 00	
Neepawa Lv. Mon., Wed., Fri.			16 30
Minnedosa Lv. Tues., Thurs., Sat.		15 55	
Minnedosa Mon., Wed., Fri.		16 05	
Minnedosa Ar. Thurs., Sat.		17 10	
Rapid City Lv. Fri.			14 00
Rapid City Lv. Tues., Thurs., Sat.		18 45	
Birtle Lv. Thurs., Sat.		20 50	
Birtle Mon., Wed., Fri.			13 20
Birtle Lv. Fri.			10 50
Binscarth Lv. Tues., Thurs., Sat.		19 50	
Binscarth Lv. Thurs., Sat.		22 15	
Binscarth Lv. Mon., Wed., Fri.			11 30
Binscarth Lv. Fri.			9 00
Russell Ar. Thurs., Sat.		23 00	
Russell Lv. Fri.			8 15
Yorkton Ar. Tues., Thurs., Sat.		24 00	
Yorkton Lv. Mon., Wed., Fri.			7 20

W. R. BAKER,
General Manager.

A. McDONALD,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.

INMAN for Spectacles EYES TESTED FREE. **Winnipeg, Man.**

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

EXCURSIONS

TO THE

EAST.

\$40.00

—TO—

MONTREAL, TORONTO,

And all points West thereof.

Corresponding low rates to

Quebec,

New Brunswick,

AND

Nova Scotia.

Tickets on Sale December 5th to 31st.

Good for THREE MONTHS with stop over privileges.

No change of Cars to Destination.

Tourist Sleeping Cars and Free Colonist Sleeping Cars on all trains.

Apply to nearest C. P. R. Agent or address

ROBT. KERR,
Traffic Manager, Winnipeg.

OFF TO THE EAST AGAIN

VIA
NORTHERN
PACIFIC.

\$40.00

Winter Excursion Tickets to Eastern Canada will be on sale daily, December 5th to 31st, with transit limits TEN days going, FIFTEEN days retrning, final limit THREE MONTHS, with extension privileges.

Passengers leaving via NORTHERN PACIFIC would arrive in St. Paul at 7:15 a. m. following morning, making

CLOSE CONNECTION with CLEAN CARS

And a daylight ride to Chicago, leaving Chicago that evening on CLEAN CARS for all points in Eastern Canada, completing your journey in two days.

Or, if desired, can lay over the day in St. Paul, leaving by Limited Trains same evening, arriving in Chicago at 9:30 a. m. next morning, leaving on afternoon or evening trains, arriving at destination following day.

For further particulars and tickets call on or write any Northern Pacific Agent, or address,

H. SWINFORD,

CHAS. S. FEE, General Agent, Winnipeg.
G. P. & T. A., St. Paul.

Atlantic Steamship Sailings

FROM MONTREAL.

Allan and Dominion Lines, sailing Saturday.

Beaver Line, sailing Wednesdays.

Saloon Fares, \$40 to \$80, according to steamer and accommodation. Return tickets, \$80 to \$150. Intermediate rates outward, \$30. Prepaid, \$30. Steerage, \$24.50 and \$25.50; prepaid, \$25.50.

FROM NEW YORK.

WHITE STAR, AMERICAN, RED

STAR, ALLAN STATE, and
all other lines.

Saloon fares, \$60 to \$175, according to steamer and accommodation. Return tickets, \$120 to \$180. Intermediate rates outward, \$30 to \$45. Steerage, outward \$25.50, prepaid, \$26.50.

All Steamship and Railway Ticket Agents sell tickets at the lowest rates obtainable, and engage berths or staterooms for intending passengers without extra charge.

Money is saved by purchasing tickets at starting point as the through fares, in connection with the ocean passages, are generally less than the ordinary rate to the seaboard.

For further information apply to any steamship ticket agent, or to

WILLIAM STITT,
General Agent, C. P. R. Offices, Winnipeg.

WE COVER FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

**Toronto
Type
Foundry
Company**
Limited.

HEAD OFFICE :

44 Bay Street,
Toronto, Ont.

BRANCHES :

175 Owen Street,
Winnipeg, Man.

520 Cordova Street,
Vancouver, B.C.

648 Craig Street,
Montreal, Que.

146 Lower Water St.,
Halifax, N.S.

Winnipeg Newspaper Union.

Best Ready-Prints in Canada.

EVERYTHING FOR THE PRINTER
KEPT IN STOCK

Type, Presses, Printing Machinery, Printing Inks,
and a full line of Printers' Stationery.

NORTHWESTERN BRANCH :

175 OWEN STREET,

J. C. CROME, Manager.

WINNIPEG.

Telephone 182. P.O. Box 1254.

ADVERTISING RATES.

THE GREAT WEST is an excellent medium for advertisers in all lines of business, reaching as it does a numerous and intelligent class of readers. For rates and terms address—Advertising Department, GREAT WEST MAGAZINE, Winnipeg, Canada.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE

IS A WESTERN INSTI-
TUTION OFFERING
ADVANTAGES UNEX-
CELLED BY ANY OTHER
COMPANY.

We are more careful

About the outside of the body than the inside,
and yet what is the use of good clothing when
the owner is too ill to wear it?

••BOVRIL••

Builds up the body by means of strengthening, stimulat-
ing nourishment that fortifies the system against
prevalent ailments

BOVRIL, LIMITED,

25 and 27 St. Peter St., Montreal, Canada.

30 Farringdon St., London, England.

Northwestern Agent: W. L. MCKENZIE, Winnipeg, Man.

THE GREAT WEST is seeking a reliable agent in every town. Persons having a little leisure will find it worth while to communicate with the Manager of THE GREAT WEST'S Subscription Department.