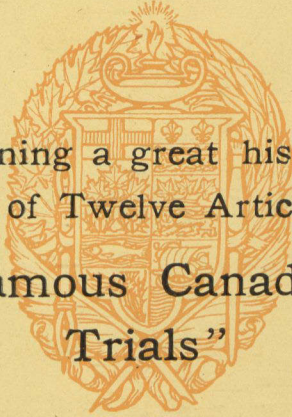


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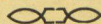


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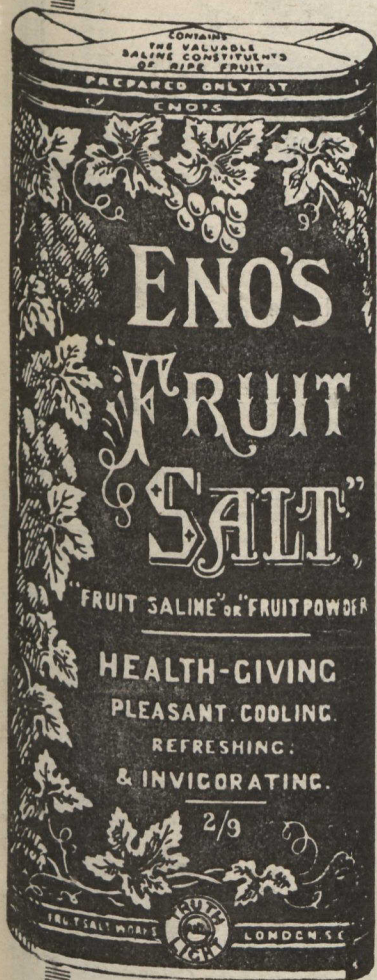
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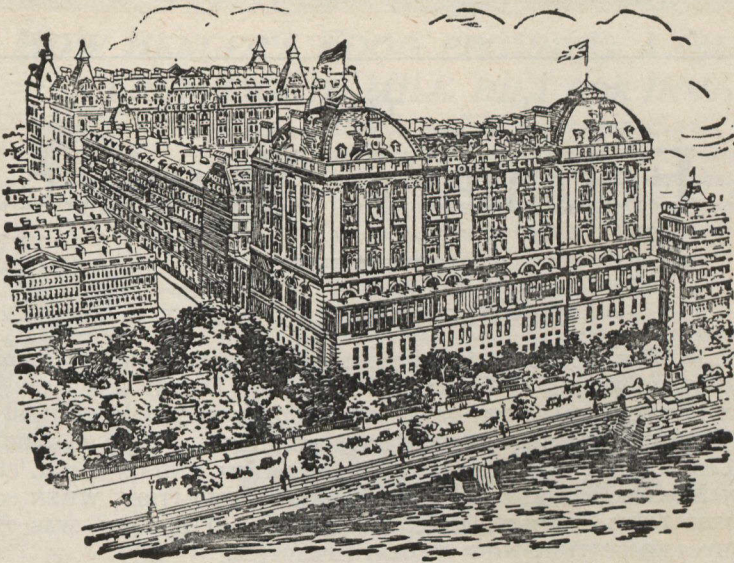
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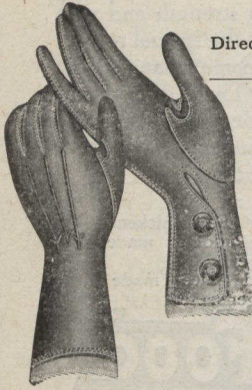
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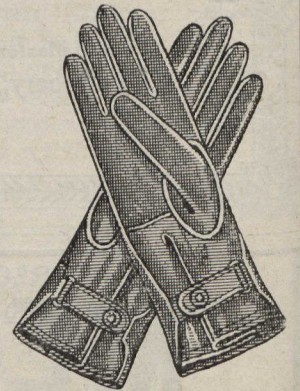


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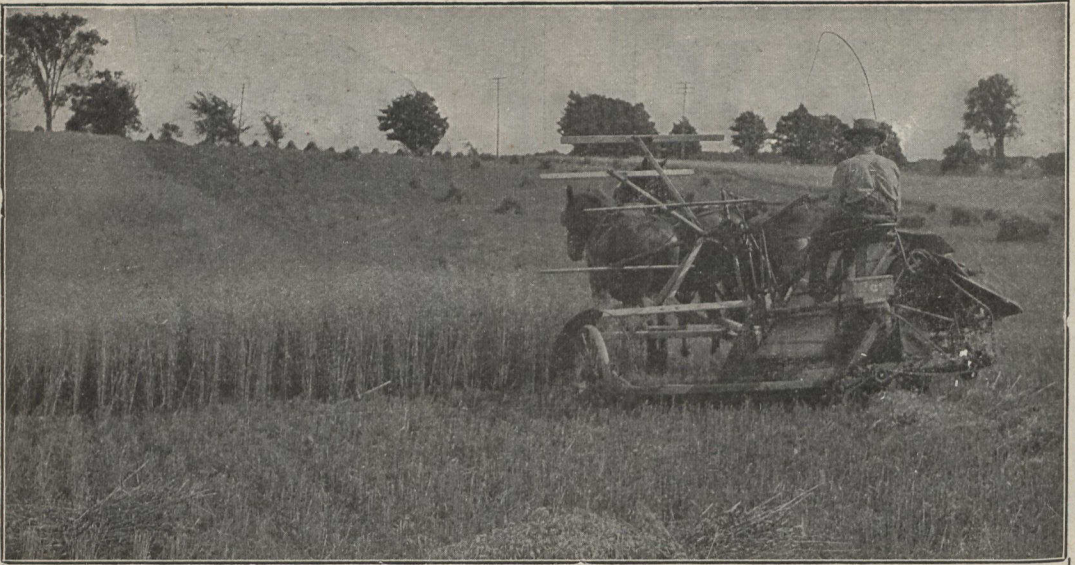
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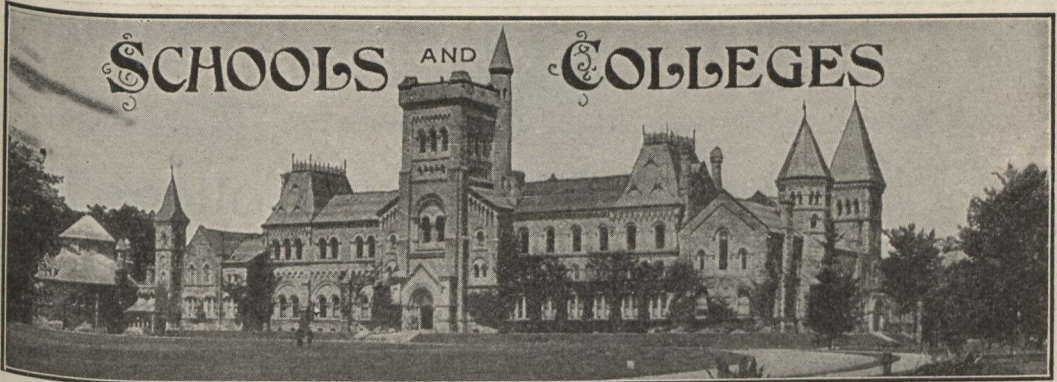
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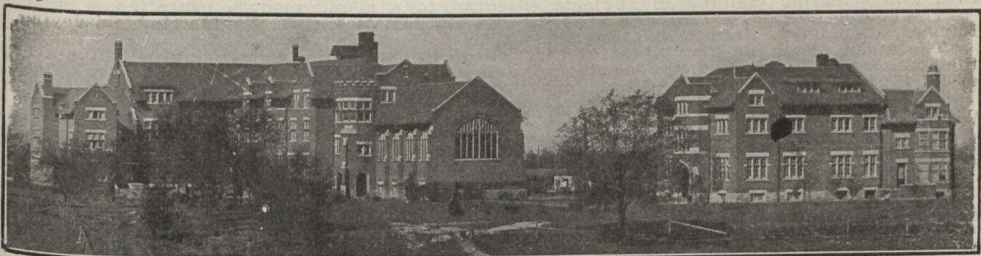
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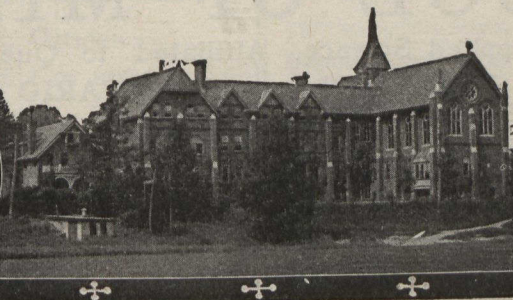
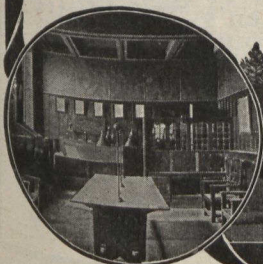
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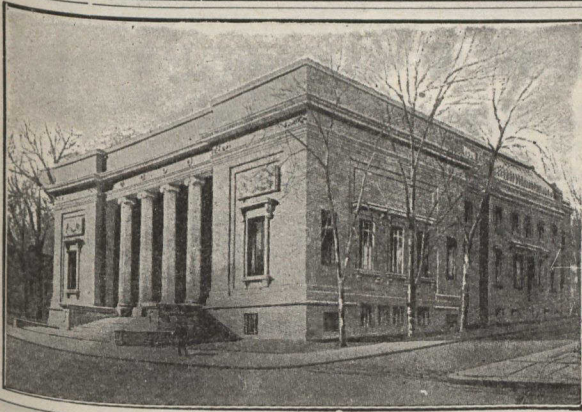
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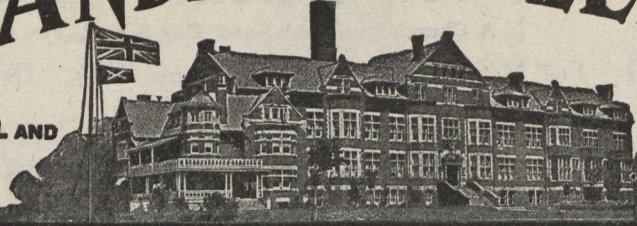
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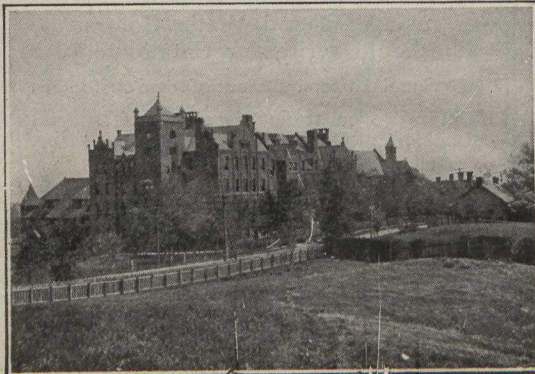
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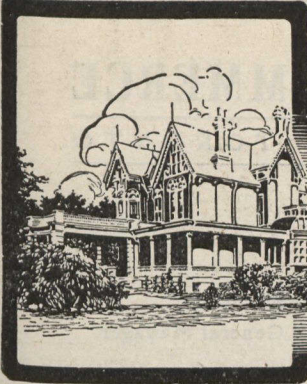
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DEPOSITS - - -	34,573,897	44,924,980	10,351,083
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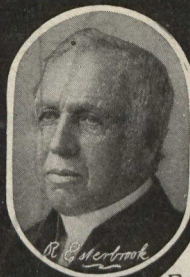
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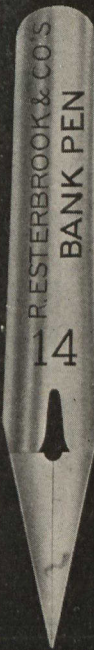
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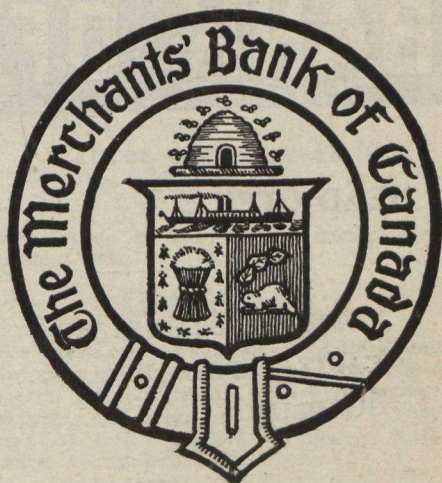
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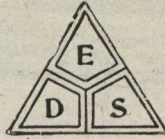


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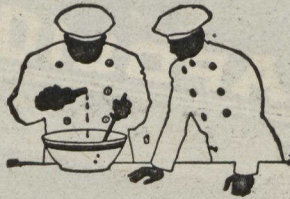
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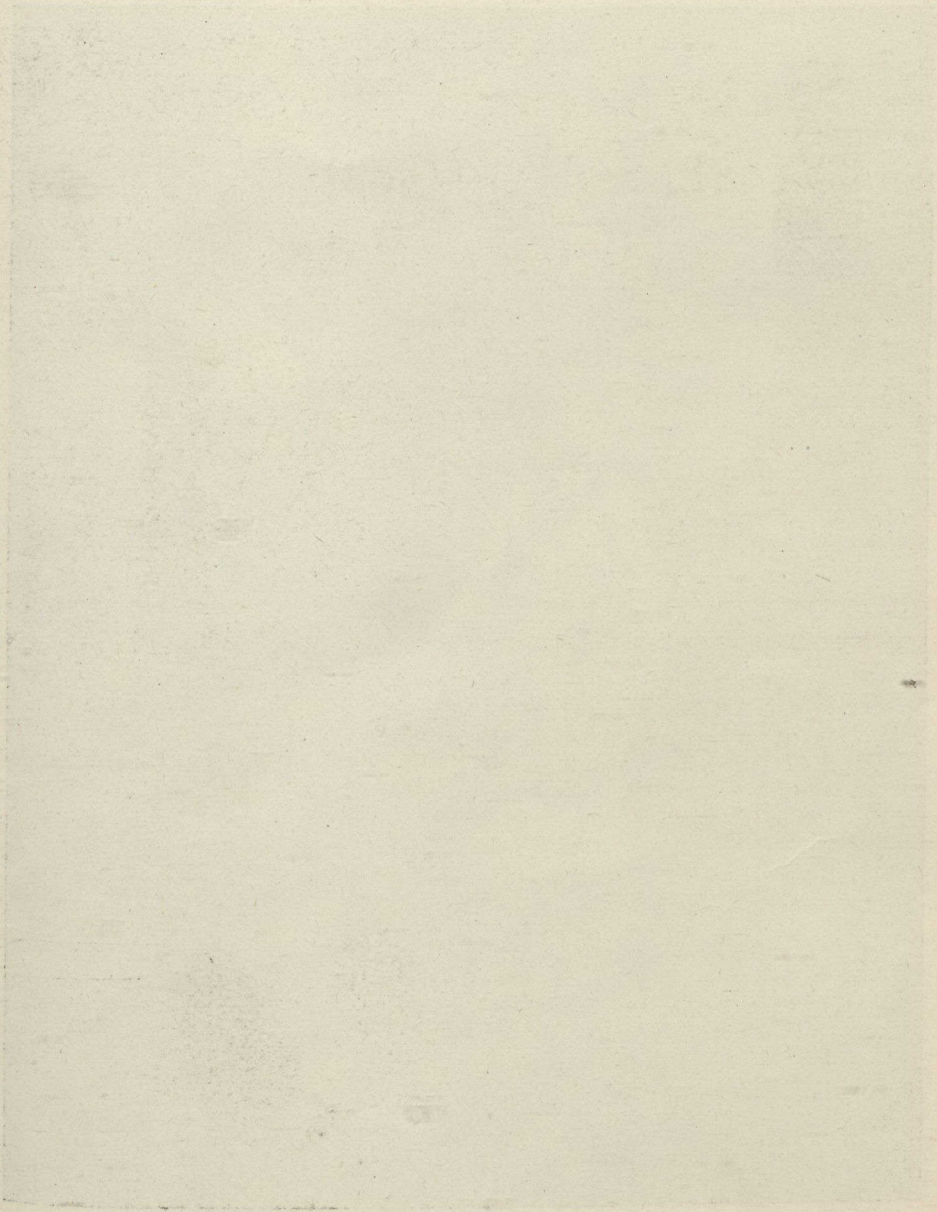
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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLIV

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1915

No 3.

FAMOUS CANADIAN TRIALS

THE FIRST OF A GREAT SERIES OF HISTORICAL COURT CASES—THE ARREST
AND TRIAL IN 1841 OF ALEXANDER McLEOD FOR MURDER
IN CONNECTION WITH THE BURNING OF THE STEAMER CAROLINE

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

THE trial in 1841 of Alexander McLeod for murder and for the destruction of the steamer *Caroline* is one of the most interesting episodes in Canadian annals. Upon the issue of the trial probably depended a war between Great Britain and the United States. As Wellington said of the battle of Waterloo, it was "a near thing." The diplomatic relations between the two countries were strained to the breaking point. The feeling in Canada was intense. The fate of McLeod would reflect the attitude of Great Britain toward the Canadians who had put down an armed insurrection at home and who had loyally resisted aggressive movements from abroad. If McLeod were allowed to die, their fidelity to the Crown was rebuked. If the powerful arm of England saved him, they could spend the remainder of their lives in taunting the United States. We shall presently see how skilfully the British authorities did their duty without be-

ing impaled on either of the horns of this dilemma.

The career of Alexander McLeod is one typical of many Scottish adventurers. Going abroad in search of prosperity, they easily adapt themselves to a strange environment, and exhibit such success in practising the arts of peace as to incur the jealousy of the inferior races. To specify these races is unnecessary for the purpose of this narrative. If the exiled Scotsman's lot is thrown by chance into stirring scenes, native caution and self-interest are forgotten, and he enters the fray with a warrior's ardour. McLeod illustrated both phases. He was a native of Forfarshire, had served in the British army early in life, and settled in Canada about 1825. He became a trader and kept a store, first in Kingston, and afterwards in Toronto. When the rebellion broke out he was deputy sheriff of the Niagara district. During the rebellion of 1837 and for some time later, this be-

came one of the chief theatres of disturbance. Alexander Hamilton, of Queenston, was the sheriff. Each of these men was an unflinching loyalist. Upon them devolved duties at once dangerous and unpleasant. Mr. Hamilton, with his means and social influence, was of great service during this emergency, and his correspondence with the Governor shows that he was a trusted and efficient servant of the Crown.

Of McLeod's qualities, however, there are two views. He possessed energy, courage, and a strong will. On these points there is no dispute. But was he boastful and impetuous, and did he, through reckless talk about the *Caroline* affair, fall into the snare set for him by his enemies? This was the opinion expressed by Lord Sydenham, the Governor-General, who was doubtless so informed. On the other hand, there is ground for thinking that McLeod was as discreet as could be expected in a man of his temperament and with his duties to discharge. Active in tracking down and arresting offenders, he inevitably aroused bitter hostility. That he became a marked man among the ruffians who thronged the New York side of the Niagara border at this period and that they determined to trap him if they could is shown in the issue of events. Nearly three years after the steamer *Caroline* had been seized at Schlosser, on the New York shore of the Niagara River, set on fire and allowed to drift over the Falls, McLeod happened to be in Lewiston, the village opposite Queenston in Canada. He was arrested by the local authorities on charges of murder and arson and lodged in the gaol at Lockport.

The arrest created a sensation and became at once a subject of international importance. The British Minister at Washington, under instructions from his Government, peremptorily demanded the prisoner's release. The Washington authorities were embarrassed. McLeod was in the hands

of the State officials, who refused to transfer him to federal jurisdiction. The right of the State to the trial of its own prisoners was put forward as the reason for inability to set McLeod at liberty. This plea the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston, declined to accept and allowed it to be known that, in declaring war, the British Government would be unable to limit the conflict to New York State. Neither country, it may be safely assumed, desired war in the least. The American Secretary of State, Daniel Webster, was an able and experienced statesman. To find a solution for this awkward incident was quite within the scope of his talents.

The Grand Jury of Niagara County had returned an indictment for murder against McLeod, and he was committed for trial. A petition was presented to the Supreme Court of the State, under the habeas corpus law, asking that he be discharged from custody on the ground that he could not have committed the crime because he was not present on the occasion, and, secondly, that if he had been present the offence was an act of war for which Great Britain had assumed responsibility. This petition was refused, and the ordinary trial began at Utica, New York, on October 4th, 1841.

The proceedings lasted for eight days. The prisoner's counsel were Mr. Spencer, the United States District Attorney, and Messrs. Gardner and Bradley, of Lockport. Efforts had been made to prevent disturbance, but they do not seem to have been necessary. There was no local excitement. The intensity of feeling awakened by the case in three countries was not concentrated in Utica. The prisoner was not put in the dock, but allowed a seat beside his counsel. "He was dressed neatly," we are told by a spectator, "in a suit of black, and was wrapped, as he entered, in the ample folds of a blue cloak. His counsel shook him cordially by the hand, and he gracefully returned the

salutations of others. He is a man of gentlemanly bearing and demeanour, and he appeared respectful but not embarrassed."

Mr. McLeod, one infers, was really enjoying himself hugely and all the embarrassment sat heavily upon the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, with a war in prospect which neither of them wanted.

The evidence for and against the accused man was a complete history of the burning of the *Caroline*. The witnesses against McLeod were chiefly persons who had taken part in the rebellion and had fled to the United States for safety, or they were sympathizers with the movement and belonged to the "Hunters' Lodges" along the American border. Their animus was ill-concealed. Their testimony was given in a manner tending to inflame an American jury. It may be they overstepped the mark in this respect. There was a remarkable similarity in their accounts of the affair. The presence of several of them at Schlosser on the night of the attack was in itself fair proof that they were connected in some way with the rebel force on Navy Island, either as active participants or as onlookers anxious to aid. They swore that McLeod was a member of the attacking party which had come across the Niagara in small boats from Chippawa about midnight, had boarded the *Caroline* as she lay moored to the dock, drove off the persons on board, and having set fire to the vessel, turned her astream into the swiftly running current of the Niagara River. McLeod, according to the witnesses, breathed dire threats against "the damned Yankees." Stress was laid upon this. To judge by them, he was the central figure in the expedition, and his attitude toward "damned Yankees" was especially ferocious. The night was dark and in the affray one American, Amos Durfee, was killed. It was sought to show that McLeod fired the shot or struck the blow which killed him. The prosecution, mindful of

the tendency of witnesses to break down, were prepared to prove, as an alternative, that if not the actual offender, he was accessory before and after the fact. Evidence was produced that McLeod, the day after the event, was heard to boast at Chippawa of having accompanied the attacking force and of having been the slayer of Durfee. He exhibited, they said, a sword stained with blood and flourished it as the weapon that had done the deed. On all the main points there was corroborative testimony. The charge, if the witnesses could be believed, was proved up to the hilt. Cross-examination failed to shake them. Their reputations in some instances were shown to be shady, but their memories were without flaw.

The defence was conducted with conspicuous ability. McLeod's counsel, as has been said, was the federal district attorney. He had acted for the accused before being appointed to this office, and although his connection with the Washington authorities was the subject of comment at the trial, he declared that his bounden duty was to stand by a client charged with a crime he never committed. It has been alleged that the Washington Government was behind McLeod's counsel and took precautions to see that the jury returned a verdict of acquittal. Into this curious accusation we need not inquire here. The evidence itself affords all the opportunity required for an explanation of the result. It must be said that the whole proceeding has the appearance of a fair and just trial. When the excitement of the time is recalled the actions of the New York judicial authorities impress one, after the lapse of over seventy years, as creditable to them.

Three difficulties at least confronted the defence. The first was the hostility toward the prisoner and toward his country which naturally permeated the atmosphere of the court. Then, part of the most important evidence had been taken by a commission sent

to Canada, and the witnesses, whose characters and standing would have carried weight, were not present to speak for themselves. Lastly, the court declined to receive evidence to prove that Great Britain assumed responsibility for the burning of the *Caroline* and was prepared to answer for its servants who had merely carried out an official duty. Despite these obstacles, the testimony produced was of a convincing nature. Sir Allan McNab, who commanded the Canadian forces at the border; Captain Drew, of the Royal Navy, who was in charge of the party, and several other persons of distinction, swore before the commission that McLeod was not one of the raiders and had never, to their knowledge, boasted of being present. Lieutenant Elmsley, of Toronto, who had been severely wounded during the fighting, averred that he was the person who had assaulted Durfee. If they had been present in court no fair-minded jury could have set aside their testimony and with that the case might have ended.

But a stronger and more direct defence was made out for McLeod by the evidence of the Morrison family. Captain Morrison, a half-pay officer of the British army, resided at Stamford, a village about midway between Chippawa and Queenston, on the Canadian border. It was shown that McLeod slept at the Morrison house on the night the *Caroline* was burned and that he could not have left the house without the knowledge of the inmates. This evidence was attacked, first, on the ground that there were minor discrepancies which threw doubt on the night being the one in question, and, secondly, that the Morrisons were anxious to give testimony that would save an old friend. The over-anxiety of the prosecuting law-

yers led to their undoing. They insisted on probing the relations between Morrison and McLeod, in order to discredit the alibi. It then transpired that the intimacy, once so firmly established, had ceased. By persistent and ill-advised questioning a painful incident in the private life of McLeod was disclosed, and it appeared that several members of the Morrison family, although a grievous wrong had been done them by the prisoner, had thought it their duty out of love for British fair play to go to Utica and give evidence in his favour. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty and the prospect of a war between Great Britain and the United States began to vanish into thin air.

By McLeod's acquittal, the balance of advantage lay with the Canadian loyalists. They had invaded the territory of a friendly power with an armed force. They had destroyed (albeit under great provocation) a vessel belonging to a citizen of that country. The only person arraigned for this exploit had escaped scot free, while the episode itself was the occasion for unseemly rejoicing all over Canada. Matters could not stop here. With that genius for compromise, which has helped to carry the rule of Britain all over the world, the authorities in London saw that something else must be done. It would be wise to modify the transports of one disputant and to soothe the injuries of the other. Accordingly, the Government of her Britannic Majesty solemnly apologized to the United States for the burning of the *Caroline*, and bestowed a pension of £200 a year upon Alexander McLeod. He settled down once more, with native adaptability, to the joys of a mercantile career and peacefully drew his pension to the end of his days.

The next article of this series is by A. Gordon Dewey, and entitled "Walker's Ear." It deals with an extremely interesting period in Canadian history, about the middle of the eighteenth century, when soldiers were quartered in private houses. The trial reviewed arose out of an assault at Montreal upon Thomas Walker by a number of soldiers, and the whole "cause" reveals the strife that prevailed between the civilians and the soldiery.

WHEN WAR CAME TO DOBY

BY ALEX SHELL BRISCOE

WITH his chair tilted back at a comfortable angle, "Biff" Stevens was studying the dust-cloud up the Maricopa trail with languid interest when he noted the fluttering guidon.

The muscles of his thick neck twitched his head against the wall and the rickety porch shook as the chair shot upright and he landed upon his feet.

"Turn out, you lushers! The yellow-legs are coming, and they're coming a hellin'!"

Biff's booming roar as he thrust his head through the swinging-doors jarred the glasses on Casey's back bar, and the crowd of loungers made for the outside in a scuffling of chairs and a rush of heavy-shod feet.

A troop of cavalymen was pounding toward the town, while a second dust-cloud at the bend in the trail told of others coming, and the male population of Doby tumbled forth from saloon and store and blacksmith-shop to greet the soldiers and speculate as to their mission.

Miles away to the south could be heard the rumble and mutter of artillery where General Carter's regulars had for two days held in check the brown horde that had swept up out of Sonora and had blazed a red trail from Yuma to the last chain of mountains that lay between them and San Francisco.

And now an eddy in the tide of war had flung fragments of the opposing forces toward each other for a bloody meeting at the little mining

town that lay on the flat in the hollow between the ridges.

A saloon, a general store, and a blacksmith-shop was the sum total of Doby's business section, and a barn-like structure—the camp boarding-house, which the miners referred to as the hash-foundry—and a straggling row of unpainted shacks made up its residence district.

One big mine and a half dozen more or less profitable holes in the ground constituted an excuse for the town's existence.

A lanky sergeant whose moustache was the colour of ripe wheat, and a boyish-looking lieutenant rode in front as the dusty troop without drawing rein clattered through the camp and on toward Chimney Rock Gap, a quarter of a mile to the east.

At the mouth of the cut the soldiers dismounted and swarmed on foot up the steep ridges on each side of the defile through which the trail ran.

After them came two other troops, riding like men who knew much was at stake, and these, too, toiled up the hills.

And with their coming the summer-day peace of Doby ended abruptly. It was a rattle of rifles that gave warning it was no mere scouting expedition upon which these men had ridden so hard, and, while saloon and store and blacksmith-shop loungers gaped in amazement, there came the distant throb of a field-gun.

No smoke had marked the firing of the American cavalymen. Modern

powder long ago robbed the battlefield of its once most picturesque feature, but as a battery began to pound beyond the hills billows of yellowish smoke ballooned up where shells were bursting among the rocks.

The sputter of small arms died away as the troopers sought cover, then broke out again as the spitting Krags of the cavalymen repulsed a column that had worked its way up a draw and essayed to take the ridge with a rush.

Then the cannon, which had ceased firing when the Orientals charged, resumed, and the cavalymen, burrowing among the rocks for shelter from the rain of deadly shells and the death-spray of shrapnel, realized the position would not long be tenable.

Their leader, Lieutenant Gary, hardly a year out of West Point, vainly scanned the Maricopa trail for the coming of the infantry regiment he knew was on the way, for another hour was as long as he could hope to hold out, and possession of the gap was of incalculable importance to the Americans.

Twenty miles away a flank movement had imperilled the American left wing.

In the night the Orientals had seized a hill which commanded the American batteries, and the only circumstance which had prevented General Carter from being forced to retire was the fact the lack of a trail made it difficult for the Orientals to bring up guns.

The only route by which batteries could reach the position taken by the Orientals was by making a long détour through Chimney Rock Gap and the town of Doby, and when a scouting aeroplane had noted a strong force of cavalry and artillery moving toward that point American troops had been despatched hurriedly to seize the gap.

They had arrived in time, but the holding of the defile was too heavy a task for the small force; and Lieutenant Gary, sheltered behind a

boulder, peered over the top of the ridge, watching for the next rush, visioning the final sweeping aside of his men and the opening of the path for the Oriental guns.

This would mean the crumpling up of the American left wing, defeat for General Carter, and the opening of the way for the Orientals to effect a junction with the army of their countrymen who had landed near San Francisco.

Incidentally, the successful march of a hostile army across the State of California would mean another heavy blow to American military prestige, which already had suffered as a result of the Oriental coup in blowing up the Panama Canal locks and the capture of the Philippines and Hawaii.

An exclamation from his first sergeant directed the young officer's attention toward a throng of men scrambling up the rough trail that led to the top of the ridge.

In front strode Casey, the saloon proprietor, carrying a Winchester of businesslike appearance. Close behind him was Henry, his bartender, a bullet-headed youth from St. Louis, who had drifted into the camp a month before.

Across the latter's arm was a pumpgun loaded with buckshot shells, and a bulge at his hip-pocket marked the wicked, snub-nosed automatic, his expert use of which in a saloon fight had been the cause of his seeking the safer climate of California.

And with them came two score men from the town. There were roughly clad miners bearing rifles and saloon loafers with guns obtained at the general store.

Perkins, postmaster and storekeeper, limped over the rocks with a sporting rifle in the crook of his arm and two belts of cartridges on his shoulder.

"Big Bill" Hawkins, the blacksmith, carried a ten-gauge, double-barrelled shotgun over his shoulder, and his pockets were weighted with shells loaded for coyotes.

As they clambered up the hill another crowd of men swung down the trail from the Queen Mine—the district's one big strike, with Evans, the superintendent, in the lead.

Some carried rifles, some riot-guns, souvenirs of the Universal Workers' disturbances on the occasion of the last strike, while others were armed only with revolvers; but they were a hard-bitten lot, these hard-rock workers, and Lieutenant Gary was cheered by their coming.

The army officer met the crowd a hundred yards below the summit of the ridge, and Casey, the saloon-keeper, essayed an awkward salute.

"We thought we'd take a hand in the muss, me and the boys," he said with a grin.

Gary looked over the array. There were more than a hundred men—men of a type who do not know fear—who handled dynamite in the course of the daily work and tempted death to wrest gold from the bowels of the mountains.

"Scatter along the ridge," he said briefly. "Keep under cover and don't start shooting until the word is given. Watch for a rush from the gully. We ran them back the first time, but it's going to be a tougher job when they come again."

Down in the deserted camp Biff Stevens, the only man who had not seized whatever weapon was available and gone to the aid of the soldiers, poured himself a drink in Casey's deserted bar and wondered what was going on up on the ridge.

Biff's allegiance to the principles of the Universal Workers, coupled with a deep-seated hatred for soldiers, had caused him to remain behind when the others went forth to join in the battle.

He recalled rather bitterly his last meeting with the khaki-clad men of the regular army, the same being when he took part in a strike riot at San Perez.

A scalp-wound from the butt of a rifle swung by a trooper and a month

in jail had served to fix the matter in his memory.

For two years he had been a rabid member of the Universal Workers—as rabid as the most radical of the agitators who addressed their meetings—and the Universal Workers were unalterably typified by men who wore uniforms and marched in ranks and had a rude way of putting an end to such innocent diversions as the beating up of strike-breakers and the dynamiting of property.

A favourite method speakers had of arousing enthusiasm at meetings of the organization was the tearing down and stamping upon of the American flag, and the fiery speeches of these men had convinced Biff that the army of the United States was maintained for the sole purpose of grinding down the working man.

And so for two years he had been ever ready to go to the scene of a strike and lend his example and the weight of his fist to the cause of violent methods; and, since Biff's nickname had not been given lightly, his coming invariably had spelled woe to "scabs" and authorities.

But with the breaking out of the war a wave of patriotism had swept the county, and stamping on the Stars and Stripes and kindred pastimes had become extremely unhealthy, so the necessity of a certain number of meals each day had forced him to seek employment in the mines.

He was working on the night shift in the Queen Mine and finding diversion by daily monologues on the wrongs of the working man in Casey's bar.

When Casey and the others prepared to go forth to battle, Biff, who was gifted with a certain amount of discretion, despite an animal carelessness for danger, did not openly announce his intention of remaining behind, but unobtrusively kept out of sight until the others had gone, then took possession of the bar-room.

Several free drinks of Casey's particular brand of third-rail had im-

bued him with a desire for action, however, and he was standing, feeling a trifle sheepish and uncomfortable in the door when the thudding of cannon ceased a second time.

A moment later the staccato rattle of rifles mingled with the heavier boom of shotguns as the Orientals again rushed the hills, and puffs of white smoke from the miners' weapons dotted the ridge-top.

Then the Orientals, surprised by the unexpected strength of the defenders of the hill, again retreated and the field-guns resumed their steady pounding.

Biff was having an argument with himself. He loved a fight, and the thought of danger never penetrated his thick skull; but he recalled the speeches of the Universal Workers' leaders, and tried to reconcile himself to helping the soldiers.

Not until he saw a wounded man being helped toward the saloon did he finally begin to give way, however.

The man was Casey, his shoulder shattered by a fragment of rock hurled by a bursting shell. Biff helped him into the saloon and tied his arms tight to his side with a long towel, being cursed vigorously while so doing.

"What are you doing loafing down here?" howled the saloon-keeper. "Drinking my booze and keeping out of the way of the bullets?"

The other made no comment, but as he tied the long bandage firmly Casey shook the fist of his uninjured arm in his face. "Get up on the hill and fight or I'll run you out of camp!"

This threat did not trouble the miner greatly.

"Get out of town" was an admonition he had heard before many times from the lips of a dignified judge or a harassed chief of police; but a desire to get into the fray was growing upon him, and he listened to Casey's tirade with interest.

"'Tis a hell of a fine fight, and the lads up there are up against it," said

Casey, wincing as the bandage was adjusted. "They're trying to hold the gap to keep them brown devils from running a bunch of guns through and blowing the stuffing out of our boys in the big scrap down below. The lieutenant—he's a fine bit of a boy, a fighting Harp right—told me just before the rush that if we could keep them from getting by a few hours General Carter would be running them slant-eyed heathen back to the Rio Grande."

Now, Biff knew nothing of tactics; but he grasped the main idea that the fight was to prevent the guns from passing through the defile, the one road in many miles that pierced the hill.

"Say, Casey," he broke in, "if some one put a chunk of dynamite under old Chimney Rock and blew it into the gap it would be a week before they could get a gun through there."

Casey's chin dropped as he looked at the other.

"And there's tons of the stuff up at the Queen," he said.

For a moment the other stood irresolute. For years he had fought soldiers, militia, all men who wore blue or khaki; but now, deep in his unafraid heart, something was tugging and straining.

It was half-forgotten love of country battling with rancour against class privilege and hatred of the established order of things.

It was awakening patriotism, striving to cast aside the precepts of agitators. The struggle was brief; then he found himself running toward the mine-shaft, a plan unfolding in his mind.

With a hammer from the forge where the drills were sharpened he smashed the lock of the powder-house. Recklessly he pried the tops from two red-painted cases of explosive and dumped the deadly sticks into an ore-sack.

A roll of fuse lay ready at hand, but he met delay when he looked for

caps. Finally, remembering the fulminate hardly would be kept in proximity to dynamite, he searched the superintendent's shack and found what he wanted.

The situation of the American soldiers and the miners now had become serious. They had suffered heavily in repulsing the second attack, and now the Orientals had worked around and gained the top of the hills on each side.

They were preparing for a rush from each flank and from the front, and it was obvious that their next onslaught would give them possession of the position.

Lieutenant Gary was well aware of the critical situation, but determined to hold on as long as possible, knowing that every moment he could delay the Oriental guns brightened the chances for an American victory in the general engagement to the south.

He was directing his men as they rolled rocks and constructed breastworks, when his attention was called to a man carrying a heavy sack, who was making his way along the slope toward the high pinnacle of rock that towered over the gap and gave it its name.

A soldier stopped the man and, after questioning him a minute, ran toward his commander.

"He's got a sack of dynamite and is going to blow that big rock down into the cut!" he reported breathlessly.

One glance toward the high granite shaft and Gary had grasped the significance of the other's words, then a yell and the sputter of an irregular volley warned that the Orientals again were charging.

From out the gulley poured a swarm of little brown men, who scattered and dodged from boulder to ledge and from ledge to bush as they worked their way up the hill, while a rattle of Krags on each side marked the charge of others down the crest of the ridge.

In order to reach Chimney Rock,

Biff, carrying his sack of explosive, was forced to cross an open space, but he did not pause. Bullets whined past and spattered against the rocks, but he went on until he reached a fissure at the base of the pinnacle.

Work with a construction-gang had made him familiar with blasting, and he cast an expert eye over the huge red shaft, then crawled from the fissure and made his way to a deep crevice.

Jamming the sack into the crack, he adjusted cap and fuse and packed the explosive into place with rocks.

The mine placed to his satisfaction, he lighted the fuse and ran toward where the miners and troopers were battling to hold back the Oriental rush.

Dropping behind a boulder, Biff picked up a rifle for which a trooper, his head neatly drilled by a steel-jacketed bullet, had no further use, and tried to join in the fight.

But the mechanism of the weapon baffled him, and he made his way to where Perkins, the storekeeper, sat with his back against a rock, face in hands, blood dripping between his fingers, and appropriated the sporting rifle.

Swiftly he stripped the cartridge-belts from the other's shoulders and crammed the rifle's magazine full. Hitching his big body, he thrust the muzzle of the weapon over the top of the boulder and surveyed the hill.

The whole slope was covered with men who dodged from rock to rock and ever came nearer. Singling out a man who was crawling toward a boulder, he pulled the trigger. The man kicked convulsively, drew into a sprawling heap, and lay still.

Stevens was beginning to feel better satisfied with himself.

"Just like picking off the moving targets in the shooting-galleries," he thought as he sighted carefully below the brim of a cap that was sliding along the edge of a ledge.

The cap disappeared, and Biff, with

the consciousness of work well done, transferred his attention to a knot of men running across an open space.

As he lay there, working the lever of the rifle and shooting with mechanical perfection, he listened for the roar of the dynamite. Minutes passed and it did not come.

He wondered if the fuse was faulty, not knowing he had selected one of a particularly slow-burning type.

He had decided to make a dash to see if the fuse had gone out, but the Orientals on the summit of the ridge now were near at hand, and the force that had been working up the slope suddenly jumped from cover and charged over the hundred yards that lay between them and the top.

Biff felt a pang of disappointment over the failure of the mine, but there was a thrill of satisfaction in the thought that he had just filled his rifle's magazine, and with each of the weapon's whiplike reports the number of those sweeping up the hill was lessened by one.

The Orientals were charging with fixed bayonets, and instantly the crest of the hill became a whirl of hand-to-hand fighting.

A few feet from Stevens, Henry, the bartender, pumped buckshot into the advancing swarm until the weapon was empty, then sprang to his feet, the snub-nosed automatic in his hand.

A knot of men ran upon him. Biff shot the foremost one through the chest; the bartender's weapon spewed death in their faces, but they did not pause.

A bayonet flashed up and around in a vicious sidewise lunge and was buried in Henry's body. Stevens brought down the man who wielded it with his last cartridge and clubbed the weapon.

Hawkins, the blacksmith, sprang over a boulder, waving the heavy shotgun over his head, and single-handed charged a group of attackers led by an officer. He was shot three times, but steel bullets lack stopping

power and he dashed out the brains of the Oriental captain before three bayonets crossed themselves in his body.

A man with a bayonet lunged savagely at Stevens's stomach. He dodged, whirling up the butt of his own weapon. A pistol barked in the hands of a trooper and the Oriental crumpled to the rocks.

From out the veil of acrid smoke that shrouded the hilltop emerged a moving hedge of steel. The shattered breech of Stevens's rifle rose and fell. His one idea was to get in one more blow before he went down.

Then things about him dissolved and were lost in a great burst of sparks that faded and left him enshrouded in blackness.

As Stevens went down before the Oriental charge the spark that had slowly been eating its way down the fuse to the mine he had placed reached the cap. A mass of shattered rock was vomited up, the great granite pinnacle split across the base and thundered in fragments down into Chimney Rock Gap.

The narrow defile was blocked. Days of work would be required to clear a path for the guns, and meantime miles away re-enforcements had reached General Carter.

The Orientals were finding the advanced position they had seized too hot to hold without artillery, and were in turn being outflanked.

All day the brown regiments clung to their position, hoping for the coming of the guns that meant victory to them; but, instead, late in the afternoon there arrived tidings of the happenings at Chimney Rock Gap, and their battered right wing sullenly gave back.

The attempt to cross California and effect a junction with their countrymen for an attack on San Francisco had failed. It was inevitable they must retreat, and quickly, to escape annihilation; for across the prairies troop-trains were rushing tens of thousands of Americans.

Raw, untrained, unfitted to cope with veterans, were these volunteers being pushed to the front; but they were soldiers, men of a great fighting race, and the sheer killing power of their courage and numbers spelled disaster for the invaders now that they had failed to pierce the mountains.

And as the American batteries, belching a triumphant chorus, slammed shells and shrapnel into the brown columns, beginning their retreat toward the Rio Grande, far away on the hill above what had been Chimney Rock Gap, Biff Stevens groaned, stirred, and sat up.

One glance at the rock-choked pass had convinced the Oriental commander that the capture of the desperately defended hill had availed nothing, and he had given the order to retire.

A flying column—even one that is flying back where it came from—is hardly to be burdened with wounded prisoners, and there were no other kind taken in the battle on the ridge, so when Stevens recovered consciousness he found himself with twoscore others—all hurt more or less badly—in possession of the position they had fought so hard to hold.

Sick and dizzy, his head throbbing where a bullet had creased it, his left arm hanging stiff and useless from a bayonet thrust, he seated himself upon a rock and stared silently, stupidly about him.

Perkins, the storekeeper, still sat with his head in his hands, but the blood no longer dripped. He was dead. The body of the blacksmith lay in a huddle across the shattered stock of his shotgun.

Stevens's eyes travelled slowly over the field. Lieutenant Gary lay on his back, his sword still clutched in his hands, his boyish features as calm and serene as though he was asleep. Henry, the bartender, sprawled limply over a rock, a great red smear on his white shirt.

A tangle of khaki uniforms at the foot of a wall of rock caught Stevens's

eye. The postures of the bodies, the bullet-chipped rocks behind them, told of how a dozen troopers had fought until the last man was shot or bayoneted.

The blood-splotted stones of the hill crest were littered with bodies and wounded men, and the glitter of empty cartridge-shells was everywhere.

Stevens's eyes turned to the west. Down the Maricopa trail crawled a long column that sparkled with points of light as the rays of the setting sun touched sword-hilt or rifle-barrel. The regiment reached the flat below the town, deployed and swept on up the ridge.

A corporal mounted a rock and, with arms waving like semaphores, signalled to the advancing main body. There was no cheering.

The newcomers passed silently among the windrows of dead and wounded, reading in the tangled bodies, the bullet and shell-marked rocks, the story of how three troops of cavalry and a hundred civilians had fought two regiments backed by field-guns.

Hardly fifty, none uninjured, survived of the force that had held the hill!

Then for the first time Stevens noted the red granite column no longer towered above the defile. His heart swelled with a sensation new to him and he arose unsteadily to his feet.

A tall man with gray hair, whose shoulders bore the straps of a colonel, was nearing the summit of the ridge. A dozen troopers whose wounds permitted them to stand moved toward each other and formed in line. He picked his way over the stones and took his place at the end of the row.

The veteran colonel made no comment as he faced the line, but his heels clicked together as on parade and his fingers rose to his cap-brim.

And Biff Stevens, erstwhile Universal Worker and follower of the red flag of anarchy, lifted his uninjured hand in clumsy salute.

FORTUNAT'S VOCATION

BY MARJORIE COOK

EVERY night very, very late, Fortunat woke up to see the great flashing train thunder by on the mainland. No matter how many hours he had been in bed and asleep, some message of the wonder of his life always reached his brain in time, and he would roll over and fix his eyes on the little square window, waiting. Nothing at first, nothing, that is, but the familiar noise of the waves and the rocks below, a sound so familiar that he could scarcely hear it, or the wind sweeping round the house, making him creep down more snugly into the warm hollow in the middle of the bed. Then a long, low thrill, deepening to a roar, the first flash of the headlight, the tremendous, curving, lighted line of carriages, the long scream of the whistle across the bay—and the midnight express rushed on its way, bearing its message from the world to the lonely farmhouses scattered down the banks of the great river. Every night Fortunat sat up to watch it speed by, and to wonder when the glorious day would come when he should actually see the wonderful living thing close at hand and be borne away by it to find and follow his vocation.

Fortunat's glorious destiny since boyhood had been to become a priest: it was the dearest ambition of the old people for their youngest and last at home. To be a priest meant college and books and study—oh! much study—and this could only be in the city, of course. Fortunat knew how much money for this single purpose was in

the gray stocking in the chest under his father's bed. No banks were safe enough for old Adhémar Sansterre, nor, for the matter of that, did he believe in bank notes. He had a vague distrust of paper money. The fashion of it might change some day, and his savings be pronounced worthless, for all he knew. So he kept all his money in silver and gold in a padlocked box under his bed. The gold went into the stocking for Fortunat. The silver was set aside for his own burial and his wife's.

It was a long time since Adhémar and his eldest son 'Poléon had counted the money in the box, but there was enough for the erection of a tombstone and to pay a hundred masses as well, to be said in the church at St. Hermas for the repose of their souls.

Fortunat lived on an island, a tiny little rocky reef of an island lying in a bay, and separated from the mainland even at low tide by almost half a mile of water. The Sansterres had always lived in the remote farmhouse at the northern end of the island, which was called indeed l'Île Sansterre. The farmhouse was the only dwelling on it, and at high-tide in the spring and autumn the water came up almost to the doors, back and front. To the south a single field was grown with scanty hay, and a little oblong bit of the ungrateful soil was retrieved for a vegetable garden, where a handful of turnips, potatoes, and onions struggled for existence. Close against this was the pig-sty, and the little tumble-to barn in which was

stored the hay and wood for winter. Here also were kept the farm implements—few and crude—and the cariole in which the family saw the world, and drove to *veillées* in the sociable winter evenings, when there is time to take a holiday and enjoy life. One end of the barn, better built and warmer, was divided off for a stable for two cows and *Fine*, the mare beloved by Fortunat. In front of the house the fishery extended for a hundred yards or so, the fishery which Adhémar and Fortunat repaired with hazel branches, tough yet pliable, and much toil, every spring.

Fortunat was the last of a large family, most of whom were out in the world, working or married, before he could remember them at all. He knew their names, of course, and his sister, Lucie-Philoméne, and her family lived no farther off than across the bay, and 'Poléon was the owner of a small shop at the nearest village, St. Hermas, ten miles away. Sometimes a strange brother or sister with a brood of children would come home for a few days, but Fortunat was very shy at these times, and usually took refuge in the stable with *Fine*. There was Alexandre, head-waiter in a magnificent hotel in Montreal; there was Soeur Marie-Zénon, in the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Quebec; there was Paul, supposed to be mining in the West, of whom no word had been heard for years; and Ernestine and Polycarpe and Joseph and Julie and Anastasie and Antoine, all married and scattered through the concessions. And the graveyard at St. Hermas contained three or four more little potential Sansterres. So that Fortunat's mother may be considered to have won quite a fine crown in the next world, where the Blessed Virgin herself allots the number of stars to be worn by mothers according to the number of souls she has brought into the world and striven for.

And Fortunat, the youngest, was to be a priest. Old Selina and Adhémar had determined on this, and were

quite sure it was his vocation. Fortunat had heard of his vocation since his first communion, and accepted it as part of the scheme of things. He would certainly have to go in the wonderful train, to reach the real world, and his heart thrilled at the idea. Of course, he should have to leave the farm, and the fishery, and *Fine*, and a little disquieting pain would disturb his drowsiness as he thought of *Fine*. Then he would say impatiently: "But it's not yet that I go; it is still a long time, *Fine*," and fall asleep.

Fortunat led a solitary life, but he had no idea what it was to be lonely. There was the farm work to be done, the cows and *Fine* to attend to, the fishery, the nets, the boats to paint and mend, as well as odd jobs of repairing to do about the house. There was Lucie-Philoméne to visit, and Sunday was a day which began at half-past three in the morning, and meant rowing across the bay and driving ten miles to the parish church to mass and spending the rest of the day with Philomène and her family. With the Tremblays lived Marie-Olympe, an orphan cousin, an impish little creature, a year or two younger than Fortunat, and possessed of an uncanny power over him. As a small child she had been known as Fortunat's *blonde*, but as they grew bigger, and Fortunat's destiny became a family tradition, this joke was abandoned as unseemly. Fortunat heartily feared the sharp eyes and mocking smile of Marie-Olympe, but all the same, the excitement of his life centered in her. She compelled his secrets from him, teased him, jeered at him, and because of her rare gleams of singular comprehension, fascinated his senses. He was always unwilling to tell her his thoughts and his adventures, though to the un compelling *Fine* he talked by the hour. But Marie-Olympe had the inborn quality that demands and receives, and his firmest resolutions were as wax to her.

Marie-Olympe, too, had her dreams, but these were not secret or mysterious or difficult to put into words. Her speech was as ready as her ideas, and Fortunat knew her future by heart. Marriage, of course, and not to a farmer, a *commis-voyageur*, perhaps, a seductive occupation, leading inevitably to a vast knowledge of the world and to great riches. She would live in the city in splendour and have two children only! Marie-Olympe was tired of the fighting, tumbling, endlessly increasing brood of little Tremblays. She could discourse with a primitive frankness on such matters.

Marie-Olympe and Fortunat made their first communion together, in the church of St. Hermas, and it was immediately after this that she went through a brief period of religious fervour. The shivering emotion of the event, the splendour of the bishop, the excitement of all the little girls in white, the solemn little boys in black, and the beauty of being conspicuous went to her head, and blazed in her eyes and cheeks.

"I shall be a nun," she announced dramatically to Fortunat, "a nun of the Perpetual Adoration, I shall dress all in white, and kneel always before the altar, praying. Those who enter the chapel shall see only my back."

"And lucky for them," said Fortunat rudely.

"I shall pray for you," proceeded Marie-Olympe calmly. The note of patronage added to the sudden assumption of a religious vocation to which he felt an exclusive right, was too much for Fortunat.

"You a religious!" he said. "And if you are, you needn't pray for me. You forget I shall be a priest. Even if you're a nun, you have to make confession to a priest," suggested Poléon, with a twinkle in his eye. "Perhaps you will some day confess to Fortunat!"

"Confess to Fortunat — me!" screamed Marie-Olympe. "Sooner I would prostrate myself in the mud — sacred little pig!"

"But what talk is this for a newly-made communicant?" asked the old grandmother, scandalized. "Remember, it is not to Fortunat you confess, but to a priest of God. *Va dire ton chapelet, méchante!* — and milk Juliette and Anastasie!"

Marie-Olympe went like a whirlwind, but she did gabble a few prayers at lightning speed as she milked.

"They shall see whether I shall be a nun or not (Hail Mary, full of grace) and as for that villainous Fortunat, he may never be a priest. Hush, Juliette (blessed art thou among women). No longer will I mind these little screaming pigs (Mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of death!)"

The voice of the cloister ceased to call Marie-Olympe after she had once worn her first communion dress to a party, and danced with the young farmers. She re-established her oiled and curled *commis-voyageur* in his original place, and began to lay aside ribbons and linen and wool of her own spinning for her trousseau.

At seventeen Fortunat's destiny suddenly came very near. He had spent two years at the seminary at St. Hermas, getting home once a month, and now he was ready to go up to the university to begin his real training for the priesthood. During his absence at school Marie-Olympe had been sent over to the island to be company for the old people, and to help in the house. She danced about like an imp, poking her inquisitive nose into all Fortunat's affairs and giving him a great deal of advice. She would call him nothing but "my little priest," and his flush of anger delighted her. She witnessed his heartbroken parting with *Fine* and stuck a twist of hay in his trunk as a souvenir.

It was almost too great a disappointment, a shock, in fact, to Fortunat, to hear that he was not to go by train to the city. The glory and promise of life seemed turned to ashes

when old Adhémar announced that the affair was settled, and that he would sail up to Quebec in Captain Euchariste Savard's goelette, *La Couronne de la Grenade*. It would cost nothing, and the captain knew the city, and would accompany Fortunat to the college.

Fortunat looked stupidly acquiescent, but it must be admitted that he forgot his age and dignity and the glory of his future calling and wept bitterly in secret over the vanishing of a life-long dream. When the day came for his departure, however, and the family all assembled on the wharf at St. Hermas to bid him good-bye, there was in the sparkle of the water and the dip and rise of Captain Euchariste's gaily-painted schooner at the slip something to make any boy's spirits rise. Fortunat's heart beat with excitement, but outwardly he was sheepish and embarrassed in his new clothes, and bent his head with a stupid smile, and kicked his new boots clumsily against the edge of the wharf as he listened to the reiterated advice and reminiscences of city life of his relations.

Captain Euchariste, a fine, piratical figure with his swarthy bronzed face, great gold ear-rings, and his blue shirt rolled back from a tremendous neck, dominated the scene. He had sailed the high seas for many years in different capacities, but now in more than middle life had returned to his native village and his family, and nominally followed the peaceful occupation of carrying lumber from the saw-mills on the Lower St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal. But it was well known that *La Couronne de la Grenade* was a smuggler, and carried consignments of whiskey *blanc* and gin to many a village under the strict law of prohibition. Captain Euchariste shouted his orders to cast off, and Fortunat submitted stolidly to the embraces of his numerous relatives. Even Marie-Olympe insisted on flinging her arms round his neck, and instead of the malicious peck he ex-

pected, she gave his cheek a light little kiss. Only he heard the impish whisper, "Good-bye, little priest!"

It was two years before Fortunat came back to the Island to spend his summer holidays. He arrived in the schooner at night, and drove up to his sister's, and rowed himself home early in the morning. He had grown tall and thin, and seemed very pale and scholarly in his black *soutane*. His parents looked at him with pride, but humbly, with a respect for his robe, that Fortunat found very pleasant. Marie-Olympe, grown tall and slim, with the same mocking eyes, was the only drawback to Fortunat's holiday. She would not leave him alone. She insisted on being rowed to the mainland when he went over in the punt; and when he went fishing, tucking his *soutane* round him, she would perch herself on a rock and cross-question him untiringly about his life in the city. Her old authority asserted itself, and he found himself pouring out all sorts of incidents and impressions, all the things that had had no outlet in the past two years, his homesickness, his longing for *Fine*, his hard work, his hatred of the town, his grave doubts as to his real vocation being the priesthood at all. Marie-Olympe made a flatteringly attentive listener, and Fortunat began to realize the satisfaction of having someone anxiously hanging on every word.

The summer passed, and early in September Fortunat must return to college. It was then that old Adhémar disclosed a deep-seated longing to accompany Fortunat in Captain Euchariste's schooner to see Quebec in his son's company, the wonders of the Provincial Exhibition, the Cathedral, and the College itself. More than this, advised by Fortunat, whose opinion he now respected enormously, he meant to take the wooden box of money with him and deposit its contents himself in the city bank. The matter was discussed, deliberately, and at last arranged, and the

old man, who had not been in Quebec for forty years, set sail with Fortunat and Captain Euchariste.

The great storm in which that intrepid sailor and smuggler Sautaine Euchariste, who had sailed the high seas and faced death in many strange guises, to be conquered at last by his own river, and brought home to his native village for shore-burial, gives material for one of the stories kept for long winter evenings down on the Lower St. Lawrence. It was a storm to be remembered in many ways, but chiefly because it terminated fittingly the life of the picturesque hero of a hundred stories and exploits. The loss of *La Couronne de la Grenade* in the devil's own death-trap, the channel between l'Île aux Dents and l'Île Bleu, is almost an epic of the river. The death of old Adhémar Sansterre on his way to visit Quebec, the loss of all the money destined for Fortunat's education, the miraculous escape from death of Fortunat himself, are merely picturesque details. The lighthouse-keeper on l'Île Bleu saw the wreck, and Fortunat was washed up within rescuing distance, and in a few hours he recovered.

Fortunat went back to the island, and sat about very silent and dazed while the family met in conclave to determine what to do. Old Selina, almost as silent and dazed as Fortunat, sat over the fire, scarcely heeding what her busy, gesticulating sons and daughters spoke about. All the money was gone, old Adhémar was gone. These two things she knew. Fortunat must continue his studies, the family decided; among them they could manage to pay his fees and expenses. He must go up to college by train the next week. Old Selina could live with Lucie, and the little farm on the island must be abandoned.

Fortunat went down to the beach, on the day that this was decided, and stared out across the sunny, rippling blue river to the yellowing fields on the shore, with a heavy weight at his

heart. He must give this up forever, he must live in the city he hated, he must study and teach forever. His vocation had lost all its significance. The world was full of priests, but he merely wanted to stay on his island and attend to the farm.

A voice called to him softly, and he looked up. Marie-Olympe stood at the top of the beach path against the deep blue of the September sky, her skirt blowing back a little from her feet, a new and anxious expression on her face. She slipped her hands into Fortunat's with an unconscious appeal for help.

"*Bonne mère* wants you," she said. "All the others have made her a scene, and she wants you. She says she will never leave this place."

Fortunat held her hands in silence for a moment, and looked at her. The mocking imp was gone out of her eyes, and, as he looked, a new expression was born in them, and something leaped in his dazed and tired brain.

"Marie-Olympe," he breathed, but she had twisted herself away, and was fleeing up the path to the cottage. Fortunat followed her.

Poléon and his wife, perplexed and alarmed, were trying to soothe the old woman, who was facing them, trembling with fury, and pouring out a torrent of words.

"Never will I leave the island! Since forty years I live here. Fortunat is left to me; he will remain."

She clung to Fortunat in despair. "Impossible," Poléon repeated stupidly. "Fortunat is to be a priest. Two women can't live on the island alone."

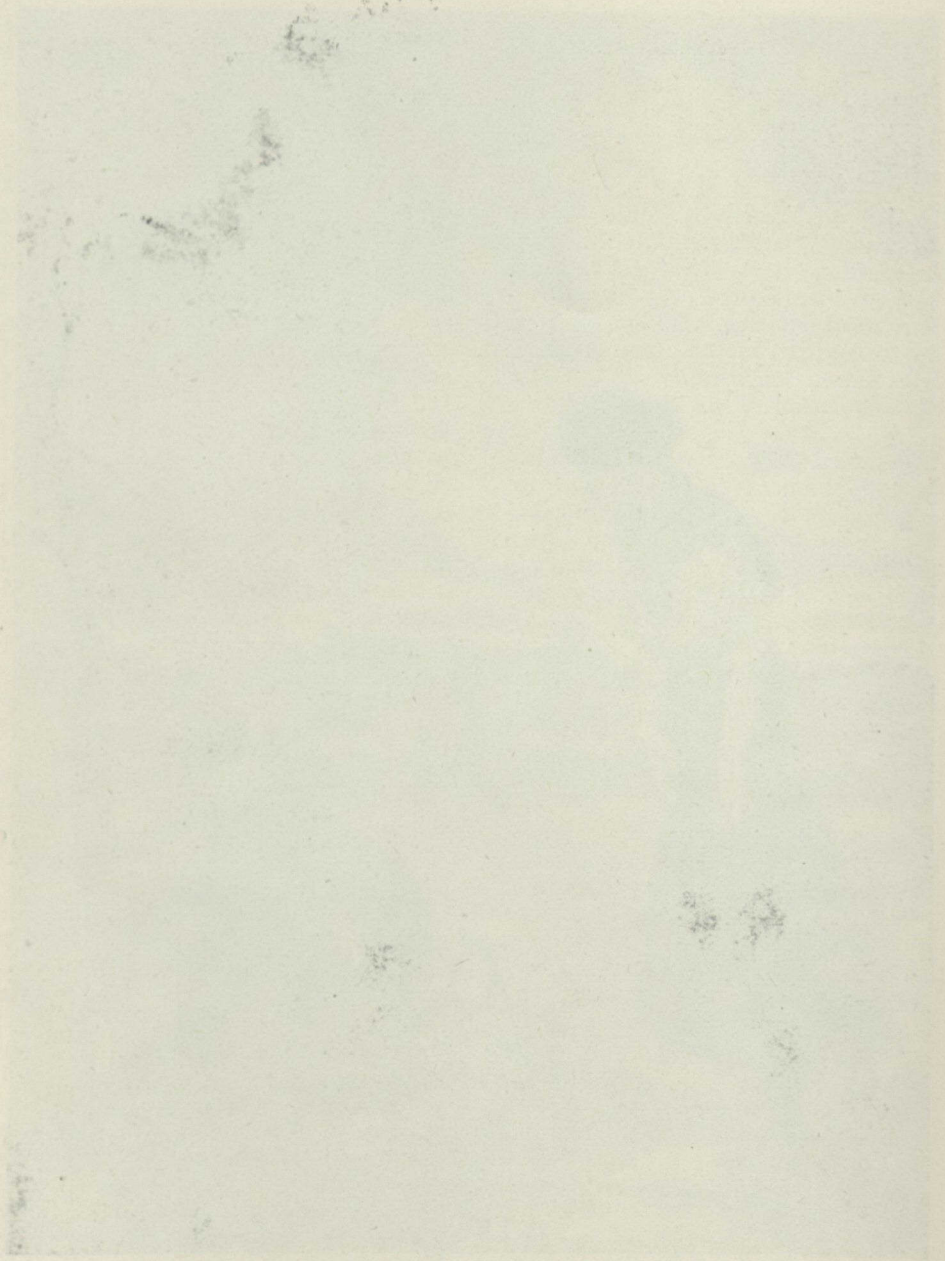
"I shall remain!" said Fortunat.

He spoke with sudden purpose and decision, and the weight of years seemed to roll off his heart as he put his arm round his mother.

"There has always been a Sansterre on the island, and the good God has saved me from the sea, and sent me back here to take care of my mother. And to marry Marie-Olympe!" he added.



"Marie-Olympe stood at the top of the beach path . . . a new and anxious expression on her face."



THE TRAIL OF THE IRON HORSE

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR, LEONARD FRANK, AND OTHERS

DAWDLING over the bill-of-fare in a through dining-car, the average traveller rarely thinks of the railway he is journeying on. Seated luxuriously in the observation car, viewing the flying web of mountain, hill, river, plain, or forest, he seldom gives a thought to the causes which placed him there. What went before? What expenditure of toil, science, money, mystery, and achievement is necessary to complete a great railway system. To even sense this faintly you must begin at the beginning, and follow to its ultimate end the trail of the iron horse.

An angler, critically examining his fly-book beside a sparkling mountain stream in British Columbia, selected a "silver doctor" and a "white miller" from a varied assortment of tempting lures. Soaking the gut until it was soft and pliable, and running his line out from a split bamboo rod, he tied his flies to the line and made a long, light cast into the tumbling waters. Around him and above him the burly ranges leaned skyward, and beyond these were clouds moored motionless in skies of turquoise blue.

A pattering sound from a nearby declivity attracted his attention. He looked up quickly. Along the slope, picking their way through a growth of scattered and stunted timber, was a party of men dressed for the most part in khaki. They stopped at intervals, made pencilled notes, meas-

urements, and calculations. They moved leisurely, scrutinizingly, carefully. They talked a little among themselves and waved a smiling salute to the fisherman. Their crossing over the hill had detached a stone which had clattered downward, signalling to the fisherman the nearness of humankind.

They were the railway engineers, and they were engaged in the preliminary skirmish of laying out the line and finding the grade on which the railroad was to be constructed.

The trail of the iron horse in British Columbia is the story of a battle. It is the besieging and beleaguering of the citadels of nature. And slowly, and often fighting inch by inch, the silent strength of these fortresses succumbs to the power and cunning of all-conquering man.

In the prairie country the laying of a line is comparatively simple. Given, say, five hundred miles to traverse, and the engineers can often go as straight as the crow flies. There usually will be a minimum number of cuts, fills, trestles, and bridges to build and these will not present very great difficulties. Track-laying and ballasting is largely a matter of flat-cars, men, and material, and the broad and level tracts adjoining the road-bed make the work approximately easy. But when you come to fling the rails across canyon and chasm, mountain, meadow, forest, river, lake, and hillside, you face a problem which re-



FISHING ON THE ROUTE OF THE PACIFIC GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY,
BRITISH COLUMBIA

quires decades of experience, armies of men, faith and tenacity unlimited, and almost a measureless amount of capital.

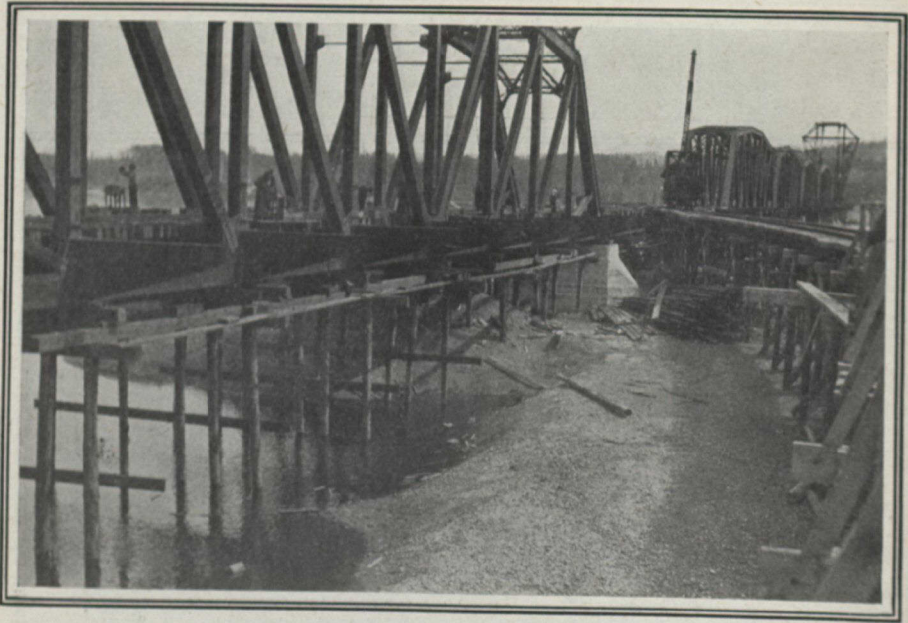
To find the line and establish the grade, the scouts of this army of development move with maps and instruments over the country, climbing mountains, fording rivers, tenting on barren plains, threading forests, walking along country roads, passing rich farm lands, building rafts to cross lonely lakes, and startling the deer and the cougar from their hiding-places. They do their work without either rest or haste. When their reports have been filed and examined, proved to be correct and satisfactory, the first major step towards building the railway has been taken.

The loosened boulder rattling to the stream where the angler cast his flies was the opening shot of the campaign of the trail-builders. To proceed in as direct a line as possible, and to obtain as low a grade as can be dug, laid, blasted out or bridged over is the first essential. For these things spell economy in transportation, and that is the basic principle in successful railroading.

Under the summer suns, under the swift autumnal rains, under the snows of winter the quest has been carried on, and almost superhuman obstacles have been figuratively brushed aside. Impossibilities have been ignored to reach the result. Here a mountain would have stayed the progress of the rails; there a yawning rift might



THE FAMOUS FRASER RIVER VALLEY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AT
FORT GEORGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

seem to smile stonily at man's puny effort. But as inexorable as fate the line has been drawn and the march outlined, and neither height nor depth nor breadth nor thickness may bar the pathway.

Casting his flies into the leaping water the angler moves downward with the stream. The echo of voices from above comes indistinctly to his ears and is presently lost in the splash of the current and the rush of a lusty trout. The angler himself is later blotted from the brook, and the sun of June is followed by the dun shadows of October. The engineers have come and gone, the line is mapped out, the grade established. What next?

Wherever the land rests the footsteps of the land-seekers penetrate. Government land, settlers' land, corporation-owned tracts, land owned by estates, land owned in partnership, all kinds and sorts of ownership, absolute, equitable, in dispute or in possession, will be found along the line

of the proposed railway. To secure the legal undisputed right to project its line and lay its rails through the country the railway must acquire by purchase or court proceedings the necessary strip of land along its right of way.

Notice, then, this quiet-looking gentleman travelling through the districts in all conditions of weather, and stopping at all sorts of wayside inns, road-houses, and even settlers' cabins. He is non-committal for the most part, sparing of his conversation. He, too, has a problem to solve, a very important one. Given so much land needed for the railway, and his task is to reduce the cost of this land to bed-rock cash price. His individuality and shrewdness may mean the saving of a million dollars. He needs to be a strategist, a student of human nature, a man of good judgment, firmness, and pleasant manner.

Day in and day out he covers the route of the railway by stage and automobile, by boat or horseback, on foot, if imperative, bearing with him



A PARTY OF ENGINEERS AND CAMP ALONG THE ROUTE OF CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

sheaves of contracts to be signed and forwarded to headquarters. Already the line and grade, the first redoubts, have been carried. Behold this miner and sapper burrowing into one of the most subtle defences against the building of the railway, that of man and his ingenuity.

For your average land-owner scents the possibility of a new railway line as a lion scents "the kill," and he is keen for spoil in many instances. Values and damages loom large in his mind's eye, and his notions of financial remuneration are tinged with the roseate hues of expectancy. Some men, alive to the value of a railroad to their farms, act quickly and in a spirit of co-operation with the railway. So, too, do certain towns and communities. Other individuals and villages play "foxy," and hold out for ridiculous prices. These latter usually waken from a dream of sudden affluence to find themselves side-tracked, "ditched," and relegated to the scrap-heaps of oblivion.

Modern railway builders generally have an alternate plan which will admit of changes as regards the original programme. If a town insists on too much for rights it may be easier to start a new town than to be "held up," as various budding cities have found to their subsequent consternation. The quiet-acting gentleman pursues the even tenor of his way, and finally the last wrinkle of objection is smoothed out. The line has been found, the grade established, and the right-of-way settled. And now tremble, ye everlasting hills, and make ready ye peaks and mountain-ranges! Prepare for the steel grasp of mighty bridges, ye severed and gaping chasms! The conqueror is on the march.

So from this time on the enlistment of the army begins. From the busy offices of tall city buildings men come and go as they do from the encampments of actual warfare, and preparations for the overthrow of nature's strongholds are vigorously advanced.

Engineers, surveyors, teamsters, captains, pilots, and crews of lake and river steamers; cooks, waiters, labourers, chauffeurs, mechanics, barbers, electricians, foremen, store-keepers, accountants, time-keepers, book-keepers, doctors, carpenters, blacksmiths, horse-shoers—in all, a veritable host of many professions, trades, and callings are pressed into service. Also boats, flat-cars, automobiles, light track rails, horses, and mules by the hundreds, tents, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of food and camp supplies.

To write in detail of the carrying out to its completion of a British Columbia railway would be to fill volumes. Only the skeletonized outline is possible in a single article. There is the building or buying of boats for the lakes and rivers to take in supplies and freight to the various camps scattered along the route of the proposed railway. There is the erecting of the railroad camps, substantial buildings, with the store-keeper's quarters, the cook-houses, bunk-houses, blacksmith shops. There is the assembling of a vast amount of material and a force of from six to seven thousand men.

And when all of the many elements necessary are gathered together the men commence on the work like a colony of beavers. There is felling and clearing of the timber on the right-of-way, and the burning of brush and debris afterwards. There is the marking by driven stakes of the exact location of the line. And finally, the making of the road-bed in its initial stage, before the concluding track-laying and ballasting crews commence operations.

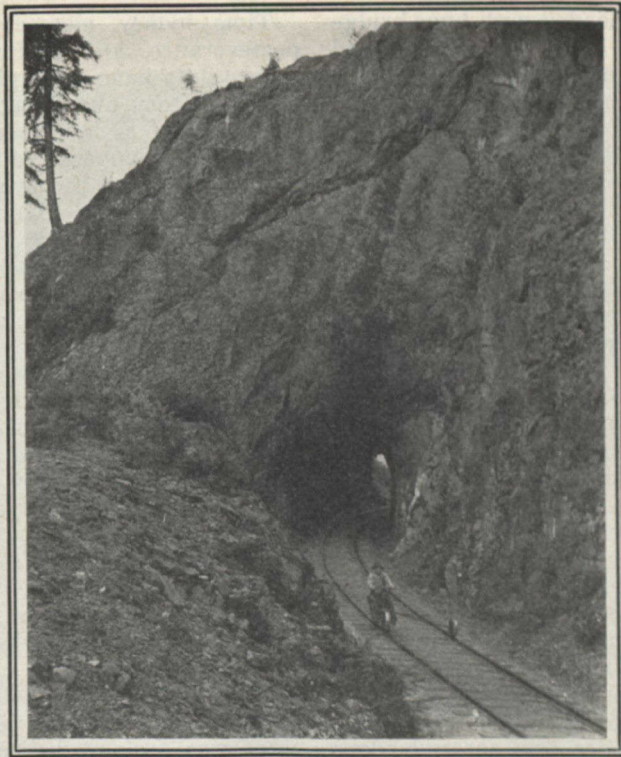
An army, as Napoleon tersely put it, "marches on its stomach." This army of workers, robust of physique and prodigious of appetite, must be fed. So must the horses and mules. Thousands of tons of meat, flour, butter, sugar, salt, coffee, rice, prunes, and canned goods must be provided for the men. Thousands upon thou-

sands of tons of hay and oats are required for the horses and mules. Thousands of tons of blasting powder and dynamite are necessary for the rock-work. Millions on millions of dollars must be spent before a single penny will be taken back as a return on the original investment. Judge, then, if the construction of one of these modern steel highways is not something stupendous and titanic in its conception and execution!

It is a mighty game, indeed! The mountain heights for its castles and knights, the chasms and jewelled lakes for its kings and queens, rivers and plains for its bishops and rooks, and the lives of a myriad of labourers for its pawns. Its chess-board a Province Empire-broad, and nature with her unsealed precipices and glacier-crowned summits roaring "checkmate" in the chant of chainless torrents that go marching to the sea. But man wins the game.

Another summer follows. The angler below the mountain-side studies a "march brown" and a "professor," ties the flies to the tip of his line and casts with a scarcely perceptible wrist motion. A lithe "Dolly Varden" trout rises to the cast, a snap of the wrist hooks him firmly and he darts swiftly down-stream. Hark! What was that? A dull boom reverberates along the valley. The opening gun! Somewhere, far back among the hills, a ponderous blast of black powder has pushed over, as with the impact of an irresistible hand, a wall of rock that was once a part of the mountain-side. Hundreds of tons of granite has shocked, heaved, and plunged into the lake. Many tons of shattered stone is lying along the narrow fringe of shingle which made precarious footing for the powder brigade. The path-makers are saluting the fates.

"And the thunder of their cannon
Smote the lorn and lonely height,
Crumbling cliffs to whitened furrows
With the ploughing dynamite."



A CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TUNNEL ON
VANCOUVER ISLAND

Steadily carving its way into "the enemy's country" the phalanx of tireless workers proceeds. Camps are built, portions of the road allotted to different contractors, finished and set apart. Camp-builders are stripped of available timber and abandoned to the first-comers. Where the bronzed faces of hungry labourers showed about the breakfast tables or the bunk-houses, all is silent. The drama moves on.

Tragedy and comedy. The rattle of a dying man's throat in the test hospitals. Rude graves bitten out of the sandy soil. The squeak of a fiddle and the heavy clump of shoes at a "stag-dance" in camp. Letters brought in on horse-back from the nearest post-office. Newspapers many days old passed from hand to hand. Laughter, oaths, dissipation, repentance, prayers, ribaldry, and tears.

The travelling preacher and his audience in the dim wilderness tabernacle. Dog-eared novels in the tent-corners, and greasy packs of cards shuffled at candle-light. Comedy and tragedy.

And presently a vast smooth serpent of level proportions stretches past over valley and mountain-top, through canyon and forest, past meadow-land and smiling farm districts, on and beyond both civilization and the unploughed tracts. It breaks at wide chasms and it dives circularly into rounded tunnels eaten out of the solid rock with drill and dynamite. It races with the rivers, dips to the lakes, ascends the slopes and winds in and out among scenes of surpassing beauty. It is the road-bed, yet unladen with steel, of the railway system. The trail of the iron horse.

And again an army advances with great stores of long and shining rails,

and with cars loaded with huge bridge timbers and gigantic columns and arches of structural steel; and the track-laying, ballasting, and bridge-building along the railway is inaugurated. Up and down the rivers and lakes the boats ply, carrying supplies to the working camps, and freight for the later phases of the enterprise. Pay-rolls are figured up, stores distributed, telegrams exchanged, reports forwarded, contracts completed, estimates approved and signed, contractors paid and camps deserted. Crib-work, to support certain portions of the track, and built of peeled logs dove-tailed together in lines of perfect symmetry, glistens in the sun's rays.

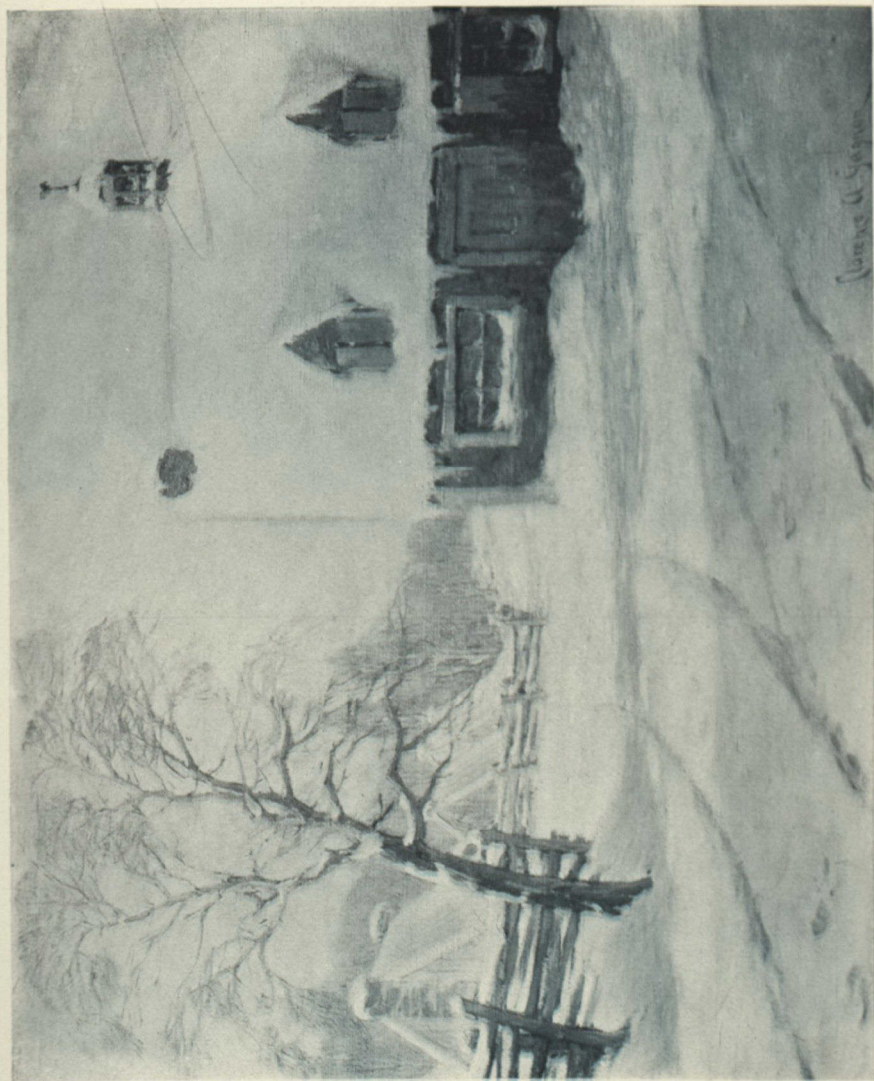
The road-bed is completed. The rails are laid. The bridges are built. The gold spike is driven, the speeches made, the newspaper acclaim printed, and the engines and rolling stock brought in from far-away railroad shops. The opening trip is made, with the cars feeling their way slowly over lofty trestles, and across bridges seemingly suspended from the clouds.

And now two, aye, a score of grass-blades shall spring where one grew before. Lands shall be opened for tillage, and sheep and cattle roam on a thousand hills. Towns and cities shall follow in the wake of the railway's course, and the hum of manufacturing swell the chorus of commerce. Mines will be discovered, fisheries established, traffic increased, and the wilderness be made to blossom as the rose.

Time, money, men, courage, faith, perseverance, and unflinching devotion to duty have accomplished a wonderful victory over what might have been argued as insurmountable difficulties. An immense railway system, once a dream in the eyes of its projectors, has been planned, started, grappled with, fought with, and finished. Where the crow flies the road winds; where the mountain goat clings to the crags the rails follow; where the eagle hovers over the mountain pass the bridges span the chasms; where the farm-boy drives the cattle in from pasture the smoke of the locomotives curls backward through the fertile valleys. Nature has played and lost; man has played and won.

An angler looked from the windows of the diner of a train passing through the Province of British Columbia. The train crawled deliberately over a lofty trestle. Beyond was a mountain river, tipped by the sunlight with emerald and silver. To the right was a slope descending to the river. Something of a reminiscent tang flashed into his mind as he held the dainty gold and white menu card, hesitating as he did between mock-turtle soup or consommé. But it was only a passing flicker of imagination. Yet there below was where he had flung the "silver doctor" and the "white miller" in days gone by, where the group of engineers had passed, and a granite shard, clattering to the stream, had prophesied and shadowed forth the trail of the iron horse.





EARLY WINTER SCENE

From the Painting by
Clarence A. Gagnon
Exhibited by the
Canadian Art Club

THE GERMAN LEGION IN CANADA

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

IN these days when Canada is sending forth her armies to battle with the might of Germany it is difficult to realize that there was a time when the spirit of Prussian militarism masqueraded on the banks of the St. Lawrence; when black Brunswickers, haughty Hessians, and undisciplined Zerbsts swaggered through the streets of Quebec and Montreal, camped and drilled in the forest wilderness, and marched and fought side by side with British and Canadians in a common cause. It is nevertheless a fact, to which recent events have imparted a new interest, and added a touch of irony, that, for a period of seven critical years, Canada was largely dependent upon German troops, not only for her defence, but for the active prosecution of a campaign in which her interests and integrity were seriously imperilled. They garrisoned her cities and forts, transformed her villages into cantonments, took part in her battles, and injected into her life something of the military pomp and circumstance of a Prussian state.

The employment by Britain of foreign auxiliaries in the Revolutionary War was a source of bitterness while that unfortunate contest lasted, and it has been a fruitful subject of controversy ever since. Upheld by the Government of the day as a step justified by common precedent in European wars, by political and mili-

tary considerations, and by the urgency of the situation in the American colonies, it was vehemently denounced by the opponents of the war, and by the Congress factions as a "trafficking in blood," as "man-stealing," and so forth; while American historians have never ceased to declaim against it in terms of the most unqualified indignation. Into the merits of a controversy which has been marked throughout by so much violent recrimination, it is not necessary to enter in this article further than to remark that the policy of hiring German troops was certainly not justified by results.

So far as Canada was concerned, there is no evidence that her able Governor, Sir Guy Carleton, had any part in the arrangement by which, at a crucial period in her history, he was called upon to defend the colony with a force largely composed of Prussian mercenaries. Writing to Lord North, towards the end of 1775, King George III. remarked: "I have no objection to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel and the Duke of Brunswick being addressed for troops to serve in America; the former may perhaps be persuaded, and the latter, I should think, will decline, but the Duke's troops showed so much want of courage in the late war that I think Carleton, who can have but a small number of British troops, ought to have Hessians." Carleton got mostly Brunswickers, and only a few Hessians; but whether

or not his Majesty was right in his preference for the latter, he was certainly justified in the assumption that in Canada troops were badly needed. Time and again Carleton had applied to Dartmouth for reinforcements to meet the critical situation which confronted him, only to be put off with promises, with the result that, when hostilities commenced in 1775, his entire command consisted of some six hundred British regulars, one hundred and twenty Canadian volunteers, and a company of Royal Emigrants, recruited from the Highland soldiers who had settled on the Lower St. Lawrence.

How with the meagre resources at his disposal he successfully held Quebec against the attack of Montgomery, and withstood the siege that followed, is a matter of history which no Canadian can forget. Though sent as her deliverers, Canada was saved before the Germans came, but troops were needed to clear the colony of the invader, and, whatever Carleton thought of his foreign mercenaries, he probably was glad enough, in the circumstances, to have them.

Quebec has witnessed many stirring scenes in the course of her chequered history, but hardly ever one like that which presented itself to her valiant and proud defenders on the evening of June 1st, 1776. Amid the roar of guns, and the blare of bands (for the Germans brought many musicians with them) a fleet of twenty-six warships and transports, crowded with soldiers, crept slowly up with the tide, and one by one dropped anchor in the river, forming a spectacle that filled the soldiers and civilians, who lined the ramparts, with wonder and delight. Such an armada had seldom, if ever, been seen before in the St. Lawrence, and the interest of the spectators was in no way lessened when it became known that the incoming troops were not British, but German. They were familiar with the Highlander, with the English grenadier, and with the Canadian

militiaman, but here was a display of fighting material utterly unlike anything of the sort they had known—soldiers of mighty stature from the land of Frederick the Great, fearfully and wonderfully garbed and accoutred.

First came a regiment of dismounted dragoons with gorgeous tunics, thick leather breeches, huge hats decked with feathers, and long heavy jackboots with immense spurs, and carrying massive swords and short carbines. Then followed a battalion of grenadiers, equally resplendent, with queues that reached almost to their waist-belts. After them marched two regiments, known as Prince Frederick's and Riedesel's, in strange-looking head-gear and uniforms of dazzling colour, while a corps of Hanau artillery, in blue and gold, with light guns, brought up the rear, the whole force numbering 2,400 officers and men. Later they were followed by other contingents, consisting of the Rhetz and Anhalt-Zerbst regiments, and a battalion of Hessian yagers (sharpshooters).

Such was the fantastic army which a blundering British Government had hired and sent to Carleton to save a distracted colony for the Empire! Colonel Faucitt, the officer entrusted with the mission of procuring German troops, had been enjoined to "get as many men as you can," and with that object in view he had entered into treaties with the Duke of Brunswick, Count William of Hannau, and other rulers of Prussian states on terms that secured to these potentates lavish subsidies.

Brutal and oppressive as German militarism may be to-day, it was, to say the least, no more considerate and humane then. "The recruited soldier," says a German writer, "belonged body and soul to him to whom he sold himself; he had no country; no one belonged to him; he was severed from every tie; in short, he was in every sense of the word the property of the military lord, who could

do with him as he saw fit." And the German youth had small chance of escaping the fate prescribed for him by those rapacious rulers. "All countries, especially all German countries," wrote Carlyle, "are infected with a new species of brutal two-legged animals—Prussian recruiters. They glide about, under disguise, if necessary, lynx-eyed, eager almost as Jesuit hounds are; not hunting the souls of men, as the spiritual Jesuits do, but their bodies, in a merciless, carnivorous manner." No doubt the British recruiting agent had the assistance of these war-dogs in collecting the forces destined for Canada; and the fabulous bounties offered to the impecunious over-lords of the several states, and the liberal pay guaranteed to the recruits, together with specious promises of land in the new country in the West, probably did the rest. It has been estimated that the German auxiliaries sent to Canada alone cost the British Government thirteen million thalers, or in the neighbourhood of ten million dollars.

We shall see later to what extent, if any, this enormous expenditure was justified, but accounts seem to agree that in the matter of physique, at any rate, the Government received fair value for their money. It is true that before the troops sailed, the eagle-eyed Faucitt found fault with the height of some of the Brunswick Grenadiers, and protested that others were too old to fight, but, in the main, he expressed himself satisfied, and his favourable opinion seemed to be confirmed by another British officer, Captain Foy, who somewhat vaguely declared that the Brunswickers were "capable of what might be required of them."

In supreme command of this legion was an officer of European reputation—Baron Riedesel—whose name has found a place in American and Canadian history, not so much by reason of his services in the field, which proved somewhat inglorious, as

because of the interesting and illuminative contributions of himself and his gifted and courageous wife to the records of the period during which they campaigned together in the colony. Of middle age, and medium height, with a round rubicund face, and urbane features, the worthy Baron scarcely looked the part of a swashbuckling German generalissimo. Nor does it seem that his appearance belied him, for his letters and journals indicate that, though a keen soldier, he preferred the comforts of the domestic circle and the pleasures of social life to the rough work and hardships of campaigning. But he had seen a good deal of service under the celebrated Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick in the Seven Years War, and had shown qualities of leadership that were expected to prove even more valuable under the conditions of warfare that obtained in the new world. Accompanying him were a number of officers who had likewise experienced European fighting, his regimental commanders being Lieutenants-Colonel Baum, Praetorius, Ehrenkrook, Specht, Breyman, and Barner, while later came the brothers Rauschenplatt, and Von Loos.

Nor should we forget "Generalin" Von Riedesel, the devoted and plucky wife of the commander, who, in the words of her biographer, "left her home to follow over the wide ocean her beloved husband to the distant shore to participate with him in the dangers and terrors of a wild war, the privations and discomforts of a troublous life," and who "remained always true and brave in all situations, in all dangers." Frederika Von Riedesel may be said to have been, if not the first, one of the few war correspondents of her sex, and her racy descriptions of some of the scenes during Burgoyne's disastrous campaign have been much relied on by historians of the war.

The commander of the German Legion seems to have had all the pride of his type for the military prowess

of his own race, and a corresponding measure of contempt for that of any other country. How typically Prussian, for instance, is his comment on the defences of Quebec! "I have gone all over the fortifications, and we have in Germany four to eight cannon that would make such an opening in a few hours that half a battalion could march through it." As for the garrison, they were in keeping with the forts. "The rebels must be a miserable lot of soldiers," he writes, "since so few men in such a condition are able to oppose them!"—a nice compliment to Carleton, whom he professed to so much admire. It is altogether a different matter with his own troops. "The dragoons and the Regiment Prince Frederick have furnished to-day the first guard in the city," he records with pride. "The parade was good, and Carleton was highly pleased." And then he adds: "These two regiments furnish also a guard of three hundred men for the height opposite Quebec, in order to keep a lot of disloyal Canadians straight!" The picture of German dragoons safeguarding Canadian loyalty causes one furiously to think in these days.

But Carleton had other and more serious business on hand than that of admiring Prussian grenadiers mount guard or overawe suspected Canadians. The Congress troops had to be finally driven from Canada, and to the German Legion was allotted a share of the task. Supported by a few British regiments, a company of Canadian volunteers, and a body of Indians, with Riedesel in command, they were ordered to advance up the river, detachments being left to garrison Quebec. After much marching and counter-marching, during which they encountered no opposition, the Germans reached Laprairie, we are told, "much exhausted." This was the first evidence of a weakness that was to manifest itself with more deplorable results later—a weakness due, no doubt, in large part to the

heavy accoutrements that were the jest of the British troops.

At Laprairie a halt was ordered for a brief period, during which strenuous efforts appear to have been made to perfect the drill of the Germans. Praise from British officers was flattery indeed to the vain and fussy Baron, who never lost an opportunity of boasting to his dual master of the fine condition of his regiments. "All the English officers who have seen us praise us highly," he informs his Serene Highness of Brunswick, and he only wishes the Duke could see them for himself, "so confident am I that you would be satisfied with them." But occasionally there is a fly in the ointment which disturbs the Baron's serenity. "Everything goes well as long as the ranks are closed for a charge," he writes, "but when we open ranks, and the middle line is visible, then I am ashamed." Like the German warlords of to-day, Riedesel believed in close formations, and we are told that it was only after strong pressure, and with great reluctance, that he agreed to change his methods for those more adapted to American warfare.

A greater source of worry to the German commander than the occasional unsteadiness of his troops on parade, however, was the number of desertions from their ranks. Evidently campaigning in Canada was not congenial to many of the Brunswickers, for by the time they reached Laprairie no fewer than seventeen had taken to the woods. Most of them returned and were pardoned; the others, who were caught, had to run the gauntlet, while the Canadians blamed for assisting them to desert received the knout. In the meantime, Carleton was pushing on the work of constructing a fleet on Lake Champlain, and in this task he was assisted by a number of the Germans who had a knowledge of carpentry.

By the end of September, 1776, the Brunswick troops, formed into two brigades, had taken up positions in

the neighbourhood of St. John's, on the lake. The first brigade, commanded by Colonel von Specht, consisted of his own regiment, Riedesel's and the Rhetz battalion; the second comprising Prince Frederick's regiment, the Grenadiers, and the Hesse-Hanau corps. A battalion of Hanau yagers was held in reserve, while the Brunswick Dragoons, mounted at last, furnished an escort at headquarters, the whole force numbering roughly three thousand. Massed in readiness to assist in the operations on Lake Champlain, the Germans witnessed the annihilation of Arnold's fleet, but it does not appear that they took any active part in the fight, though doubtless there were detachments on board some of Carleton's vessels.

With Lake Champlain, the key of Canada, clear of the enemy, Carleton's task was for the present ended. The troops were ordered into winter quarters, and the gallant Governor returned to Quebec, to learn that he had been superseded in the command of the northern army by the incompetent Burgoyne, and that Haldimand was to replace him as the Crown's representative in the colony. Ever mindful of the welfare of those who served him, one of his last official letters was to the Prince of Hesse, recommending the German troops to the care of his successor, "who will show every consideration for them."

The point selected for the headquarters of the Brunswickers during the ensuing winter was Three Rivers, detachments being stationed at Repentigny, L'Assomption, and St. Sulpice, and also at various points below Sorel, on the south shore of the river, while a force under Colonel Ehrenkrook continued to garrison Quebec. At Three Rivers, the old government buildings were transformed into barracks; Riedesel established himself in the most comfortable chateau in the town; and the officers were billeted with the inhabitants. Luckily for the men stationed at the outlying posts,

with only blockhouses to shelter them, the winter proved exceptionally mild, being remembered in the district for years afterwards as "the winter of the Germans." What they complained of was not so much the climate as the deadly dullness of their lot in the forest wilderness. Gaiety there was, but it was reserved for their commander and his staff in Three Rivers. While the soldiers languished in the blockhouses, cursing the fate that had brought them to such an inhospitable clime, Riedesel entertained lavishly, giving dinners and suppers and balls without stint. "I do this," he naïvely explained, "partly to gain the affection of the inhabitants, and partly to give the officers an opportunity of indulging in innocent amusements, and thus prevent them from visiting taverns and getting into bad company." In neither respect, however, does he appear to have attained his object. More feared than respected, to begin with, the Germans never became popular among the Canadian people, and probably not without cause; for, although discipline was strict, there were frequent complaints of their conduct, as Haldimand's letters testify, and debauchery, on the part of the officers especially, was by no means uncommon. If the "innocent amusements" at Three Rivers, which probably more resembled lively carousals, palled, there was always Quebec to fall back upon. During the winter Riedesel and his officers were frequent visitors to the capital, and he has left us a description of at least one glorious day and night of revelry spent there when Carleton gave a public fête, dinner, and ball, to celebrate the anniversary of the memorable 31st of December, 1775.

When the time came for the resumption of the campaign under Burgoyne, the German Legion, now reinforced, was moved in two brigades to St. John's, on Lake Champlain, where Carleton, according to Riedesel, bade them a moving farewell. For the retiring Governor the Brunswickers had

come to entertain a respect that almost amounted to reverence. He had promised his friend the Prince of Hesse that he would take care of his troops, and he had kept his word; he had "won their hearts," as a German writer puts it, and one can readily understand that it was with no little regret that they saw him go. But one British general was neither here nor there, according to the German idea; the rebels were such contemptible rascals that Riedesel felt sure his troops had "only to attack to get the best of them." And it was in this confident spirit that the Legion, forming the left wing of Burgoyne's army, commenced the advance that led to Saratoga and disaster.

Upon the part they played in that unfortunate campaign, it is needless to dwell at any great length. American writers, indiscriminately classing all the German troops that participated in the war as Hessians, have heaped upon them ridicule and contempt without measure, describing them as a horde of rapacious mercenaries who showed neither courage nor discipline, who deserted their ranks in face of the enemy, and who plundered and looted at large. Canadian historians, on the other hand, have not only thought it necessary to defend, and indeed to justify their employment in the war, but, taking their commander, Baron Riedesel, at his own valuation, have sought to invest their services with a glory which, unfortunately, the records scarcely warrant.

The Brunswick Legion certainly showed qualities superior to those exhibited by the Hessians under Howe; they were guilty of nothing so disgraceful as the rout and surrender of the corps under the drunken Rall at Trenton. But they were slow in their movements, poorly equipped, ill adapted to the kind of warfare in which they were called upon to take part, unreliable at critical moments, and easily disheartened. Few, if any,

of their officers could speak English; they knew nothing about the country in which they operated; and they betrayed a contempt for the enemy that disregarded ordinary precautions, and inevitably led to defeat. While it would be unfair to blame them entirely for the disaster which occurred, it may at least be asserted without prejudice, that they were more a source of weakness than of strength to the British army.

The first occasion on which the Germans went into action was not auspicious. It was part of the plan of Burgoyne, or, as some historians claim, of Germain, the meddling and muddling British War Minister, to make a diversion in the direction of the Mohawk River, and, if possible, to destroy Fort Stanwix, where the Congress troops had established a post. This duty was entrusted to Colonel St. Leger, who took with him a column which included a company of Hanau yagers and a German battery of two light guns. He achieved a success en route to his objective, without the aid of the Hanau soldiers, surprising and routing a superior force of the enemy; but the attack on Fort Stanwix failed miserably, and the leader of the expedition attributed his failure largely to the weakness of the German contingent, and to the utter uselessness of their guns. St. Leger's respect for the Prussians was probably not increased by the fact that a detachment of the Hanau regiment sent to his support failed to reach him until he had retreated half way to headquarters, and then only in a condition that rendered them almost useless.

In the attack on Ticonderoga, which followed shortly afterwards, however, the Brunswickers in some measure redeemed themselves, detachments under Riedesel and Breyman lending valuable support to the troops under General Fraser when these were hard pressed. Again in the action at Hubbardton, the Germans, though unequal to the pace set by the British column

in the pursuit of the enemy, were able to be in at the death, and for this they were handsomely thanked by Burgoyne, who declared that "Major-General Riedesel . . . by his judicious orders and spirited execution of them obtained a share for himself and his troops in the glory of the action."

It was a different story that the British general had to tell after the defeat at Bennington. Sent out with a force largely composed of Brunswickers, to "try the affections of the country," and to obtain horses and supplies, Colonel Baum, one of Riedesel's favourite officers, wandered into a trap set by an unorganized corps of local militia assisting the Congress troops, and was routed with heavy loss, he himself being among the killed. To complete the discomfiture of the Germans, another column, under Colonel Breyman, ordered to Baum's support, marched so slowly and got into so many difficulties that they were not only unable to render any assistance to their compatriots, but were also forced to retreat, badly cut up. An eminent Canadian historian has laboured chivalrously to remove the blame for the Bennington reverse from the shoulders of the Brunswickers; but it is difficult to find excuses for troops that could not cover more than one mile an hour on a forced march, and that were outwitted and routed by a squad of untrained and undisciplined yokels. Burgoyne's comment on the unfortunate affair was: "Had my instructions been followed, or could Mr. Breyman (who had been sent with the Brunswick chasseurs to support Colonel Baum) have *marched at the rate of two miles an hour*, any given twelve hours out of the two and thirty, success would probably have ensued—misfortune would certainly have been avoided." Having regard to all the circumstances, it can hardly be said that Burgoyne's criticism erred on the side of severity.

In the next engagement, known in the history of the war as the battle

of Stillwater, the Legion again showed a dilatoriness that came near to being fatal. Though the action, chiefly sustained by the three British regiments, the 20th, the 21st, and the 62nd, began at noon, it was not until four o'clock that Riedesel's division appeared on the scene and was able to render much needed assistance, which resulted in a qualified success.

But it is evident that at this stage of the campaign Burgoyne had lost faith in the German troops, and, what was more ominous, the latter had turned against their general. "Discontent with the commanding general increased more and more," writes a Brunswick officer in his journal. "This feeling showed itself in audible expression when he appeared in the front." In plainer English, the Brunswickers were on the verge of mutiny, and thus we have a light shed on the Saratoga disaster which seems to have escaped the attention of historians. Certain it is that in that memorable engagement the Germans were the first to give way. "Unable to sustain the contest," says Kingsford, their staunchest apologist, "they commenced to show unsteadiness," and falling back in some confusion they abandoned their guns, and precipitated the retreat which ended in surrender. Fonblanque, Burgoyne's biographer, states that "among his own generals, Riedesel was the only one who advised a retreat upon Fort Edward"; and he adds, "possibly his (Riedesel's) knowledge of the disheartened condition of the German levies may have influenced him in such counsel." It is not without significance, too, that the news which reached England, according to Horace Walpole, was that Burgoyne had surrendered "after great slaughter and desertion of the Germans."

Of the total force which surrendered the Brunswick soldiers numbered approximately two thousand, and in view of the bitter sentiment which prevailed among the Congress troops against the foreign mercenaries, it is

scarcely surprising that the latter were subjected to considerable hardships during their internment. Though a soldier of doubtful quality, the German legionary seems to have had a pride that was not so easily shaken as his morale under fire. Whether in the Canadian camp, or in the enemy's compound, he had a soul above menial work, and when Washington's officers sought to use him as a farm servant or as a general utility man he protested most indignantly. Nor, to his credit be it said, was he more amenable to the suggestion, offered as an alternative, that he serve in the continental army. "Though we are treated not like prisoners of war, but like wretches fallen into the hands of barbarians," wrote one of them, "we replied that every word was thunder in our ears, and were struck dumb with such barbarous proposals." These high-sounding words might have meant nothing more than that the Prussian soldier was tired of fighting, and wanted to be left alone in peace; a more charitable interpretation would be that, with all his faults, he was not lost to a sense of honour.

Four years "of misery, chagrin, and all possible discomforts" elapsed before Baron Riedesel and his officers were able to return to Canada, and one has only to read the diary of the Baroness to appreciate the delight they felt at being restored to the gay and hospitable life of Quebec. Haldimand was now Governor of the colony, and between the gallant Swiss soldier of fortune and the German soldier of misfortune there sprang up a friendship which ripened into a genuine affection. Eager to re-assert his authority, Riedesel at once proceeded to reorganize the German troops that remained in the colony. Of these there was still quite a considerable number, reinforcements having arrived at intervals. Indeed, Quebec might easily have been mistaken for a garrison town in the heart of a Prussian state. Brunswick dra-

goons, with spiked heel and clumsy "palasch" clanked through the streets in company with shabbily attired Zerbsts, a nondescript corps said to have been recruited from the refuse of several states; Hessians in white and gold, and Waldeckers in green uniforms, fraternized with Hanau yagers; the taverns rang with German laughter, and on all sides could be heard the guttural of *Die Deutschen soldatten*.

One thing to be remembered to the credit of those Prussian invaders is that they evidently believed in the use of the pen as well as in the might of the sword. Baron Riedesel kept a journal, the Baroness a diary; and their example seems to have been followed by not a few of the officers, whose letters and papers form interesting reading, and afford curious glimpses of life in Canada at that period.

We learn much, for example, of the character and habits of Governor Haldimand; how he enjoyed a good dinner and liked to smoke a pipe with a friend; of his taste for gardening, of his political and military predilections, and of the company that met at his hospitable table in the beautiful house on the hill. Of more relevance to the present article, perhaps, we get a peep at the character and conduct of the officers of the Legion. There was General Von Loos, who, in the absence of Riedesel, had commanded the Brunswickers in Quebec—a blunt old war-dog, who drank hard, swore copiously, flirted with the belles of the town, and in his cups imagined he was in love, babbling of "le chere couleur de rose," and of the hopelessness of an old man's fancy. Merry times they had, those German swash-bucklers, in the gay old capital. "Next Wednesday we are to have a ball," writes one, "and the day following a concert. Next Saturday is a conversation (*sic*). We play, and at ten o'clock a side table is set out with cold meat, ham, and cake, and each one eats on his own hook!" An-

other records that he "dined well at noon; listened to a duet of Bockerini in the afternoon; played whist, supped *a la* regiment; went to bed at ten o'clock; got up at seven, drank tea, and at nine set out for St. John's." Occasionally, too, we happen across a passage which indicates that the hardened Von Loos was not the only officer of the Legion who loved his liquor. Perhaps he could carry it better than his juniors, for, while he boasts that he knows every tavern in Quebec, he complains that he has had trouble with "the drunken capers of Peusch" (probably Pausch who commanded the Hanau artillery). On the whole, however, the Brunswickers, with their conviviality, appear to have kept on fairly good terms with their neighbours in Quebec, and Riedesel was able to inform his master, the Duke, that "not a single instance of discord has been known between them and the inhabitants," and that "General Loos has gained the entire confidence of both the latter and the Englishmen."

As the result of the reorganization undertaken by the Baron the troops were distributed throughout the colony. Von Loos retained the command of Quebec; Colonel Von Specht was given charge of a division in the vicinity of Montreal, and detachments were stationed at various posts along the banks of the St. Lawrence River. Riedesel himself, and his wife and family, took up their quarters at Sorel, where in a handsome chateau provided by Haldimand, they set up a little court of their own. It is a pretty picture that is presented in the Riedesel memoirs and letters of the happy life the devoted couple led in the little Canadian garrison town, surrounded by their Prussian body-guard. "I have a good comfortable house, and have laid out for myself a very large garden," writes the Baron. "I am as much of a farmer as my duties will allow me." The Baroness, however, would have us believe that the garden was her care,

and many a talk she had with the Governor, who, when not discussing the problems of war with the General was extolling the virtues of certain vegetables to his wife. The one pondered over plans and showed Haldimand how battles were won; the other dragged him round the cabbage patch, and in return for many hints and suggestions taught him how to pickle cucumbers!

When not farming or manœuvring his troops, Riedesel was writing voluminous letters to the Governor and the Duke of Brunswick, giving details of his work or expressing with much omniscience his views on the military situation at home and abroad. He "feels as deeply the misfortunes of last year as if they affected his own country," and is afraid that the only hope of Canada lies in a powerful alliance (presumably with Germany) or "a miracle!" He is consoled by the conviction, however, that the military disposition made by his Excellency "will cost the enemy dear," and is delighted to see the high spirit prevalent in Britain. But he thinks that thirty-five thousand German troops are needed in America to meet the situation! Meanwhile, he is happy to serve under his Excellency and will do all in his power to preserve Canada for Britain.

Haldimand, in one of his letters, acknowledges the "heartiness" which Riedesel shows in his work, and there are other evidences that the energies of the Commander of the German Legion were not wholly confined to farming, writing letters upon the war and European politics, or entertaining.

In winter the troops were exercised in snowshoes for the benefit of their health, as well as to accustom them to marching when the snow was on the ground. In summer they were schooled in new formations, employed in erecting blockhouses and fortifications, and set to rounding up suspected inhabitants and rebel spies. Riedesel took great credit to himself

for the work of his soldiers in these sedition hunts, but it does not appear that Haldimand, friend though he was, shared his satisfaction. Writing to Germain as to the necessity for adopting strong measures to put a stop to espionage and sedition, he declared the Germans were "entirely useless" in that connection, while in other communications he showed that he had not the high opinion of the Brunswickers entertained by their commander. They were not adapted to the work required of them, even in cantonments. They objected to perform duties which they regarded as not strictly military in character, and they were "too much inclined to desert to their countrymen in Pennsylvania." Moreover, they were not a hardy race, and many of them were invalids. Barner's regiment, stationed at Rivière du Loup, had so many sick men on the strength that according to one writer, "nearly the whole battalion was made unserviceable and quite unable to make any resistance to an enemy, or to do any military service effectively." Their officers were neither sufficient in number nor of the proper quality, being, as Haldimand described them, "the refuse of the corps they belonged to"; their clothing and equipment left much to be desired, and altogether his Excel-

lency seemed to think there was a good case to lay before the Duke of Brunswick for redress.

Fortunately for Canada, perhaps, the services of the Legion, as a fighting force, were no further required, and when, in 1783, peace was proclaimed, Baron Riedesel and the bulk of his troops were as glad to take their departure as the inhabitants were to see them go. It has been claimed for them that "as a class, they were above the average soldier of the time," but it would be hard to point to anything in their record that would justify or even support that statement. Their valour was, to say the least, a dubious quantity; their machine-like training and iron-clad discipline were, under the conditions of warfare they had to face, more of a hindrance than a help; they lacked the endurance, and showed neither the steadiness in defence nor the dash in attack of the British line-men; and for the money expended upon them they gave exceedingly poor results.

But if the glory which they came to achieve did not materialize, there were compensations. They were liberally paid—and one has only to read the letters of their officers to appreciate the importance they attach to that consideration.



THE MYSTERY OF THE SAILOR MEN

BY EDEN PHILPOTTS

WHEN old Captain Tuckett of the mercantile marine died, everybody thought that his daughter, Mercy Tuckett, would give up Dunnabridge Farm and go away from Dartmoor; but she didn't. He took to farming when he left the sea, though 'twas only just a pastime with him and he didn't make much money, if any at all, at Dunnabridge. But he liked the Moor and always said that, after the rolling sea, 'twas the best place he knowed; and so he came there and spent a bit of his savings and enjoyed his fag end of life. A widower he was with but one child, Mercy by name; and when he died, two year short of eighty, Miss Tuckett might have been hovering a year or two over fifty perhaps, though she didn't look that by five or six year at the least.

And I was in the early sixties myself—a widower and a sailor also. I'd sailed as a mate along with Miss Mercy's father and known her ever since she was a young and comely girl; and when my missis died and the days of mourning were passed, I began to hanker after my old skipper's daughter; and I was hankering yet, though I'd been a widow man fifteen year at the time of this queer tale.

You see I dwelt up to Princetown village and kept a small house of refreshment there; and as Miss Tuckett's farm weren't above five mile off, 'twas a very common thing for me to drive over and offer myself in marriage from time to time as the fancy took me. It had got to be a

sort of holiday amusement for both of us you might say; and though she always refused me, there weren't no sting to it and I went on trying and feeling that when the right moment came and I caught her just in the proper mood, her 'no' would change to 'yes.' I can't say I was in any great hurry myself.

She was a clever farmer and took to it, and she got a Dartmoor woman, named Alice Mumford, for her right hand at Dunnabridge; and what them two females didn't know about Dartmoor farming weren't worth knowing. The hinds went in terrible fear of Alice, no man nearer than Plymough was ever known to over-reach her. Spinsters both, but very different, because Miss Tuckett, while firm was kind and full of the milk of human nature, but Miss Mumford—it is enough to say that her grandfather was hanged for sheep-stealing and her father died just in time to escape the heavy hand of the law. And she was a hard case and I never liked and never trusted her neither.

There comed a day—just after Easter Bank Holiday 'twas—when I left my little licensed house to my potman and drove over to have a bit of fun with Mercy Tuckett. And she had news for me and I felt more pleased than not to know that Alice Mumford was going to leave. So far as love-making went it spoilt the day no doubt, because Mercy found herself far too excited to talk or think about anything else but t'other woman. In fact she took it a good

bit to heart and dressed down her old friend pretty sharp. In a word Alice was striking for more wages, and as she'd had 'em raised twice in eighteen months a'ready, her missis began to fear you can pay too dear for anything, and told her she mustn't be so grasping. With that t'other used coarse language and said she was the backbone of Dunnabridge, and assured Miss Tuckett that she'd have the brokers in before a twelvemonth was passed if she got rid of her. But my Mercy, so to call her, had plenty of pluck and she hit out from the shoulder—with her tongue I mean—and in a word, Alice Mumford had given notice and she was going that day month.

And go she did; but she didn't go far. There was an empty cottage to Brownberry—a homestead not above half a mile from Dunnabridge, and there went Alice Mumford and lived on her savings, which was accounted pretty heavy; and she lost no opportunity to say untrue and unkind things of her old mistress.

Her cot stood by the highroad over the Moor, while Dunnabridge hung back a lot and rose up over Dart, where the river runs in a great loop of water full of rocks with furze brakes on the banks. The old farm had been pulled down before the Tuckets went there and a stout modern house had taken its place; but the fields were the same as ever; and the old tar-pitched barn, with the granite steps still stood there, and the spinneys up over, on the hill top above, were a pretty sure draw for a fox most hunting days. Dunnabridge used to be all mud and slush and chickens and pigs and ducks in wet weather; and there was an old stone over the water trough, by an aged white-thorn, that haven't been moved for centuries. And you might generally see a tortoise-shell cat with a broken paw lopping about in the yard or coming down the wooden ladder from the loft. It couldn't have been the same cat, for I'd knowed the place

twenty year by the time of this tale; but a lame cat have always been part of the furniture of the farm, and a bob-tailed, black and gray sheep-dog was generally to be seen about also.

When next I called on Mercy the mystery of the sailor men was in full swing and, as an old sailor man myself, it interested me amazing. I noticed a change in her and was a good deal surprised to find her a thought snappy, which was curious, for a milder tempered woman by nature never drew breath.

Holne Revel 'twas, and I stopped to Dunnabridge on my bay back, to pick a bit of supper with Mercy and give her the news. We talked on general subjects and then she said,

"My stars! I never knowed you so dull, Thomas."

'Twas a hint and no mistake, for along with the revel, and Farmer Redland falling down in a fit by the steam-roundabout, and one thing and another, I'd forgot the matter as always passed between us when we met after a few months' absence.

"Well you may say it," I replied to her. "You might a'most think I was market-merry to have forgot!"

"I wish you was," she answered. "I'd soon have you like that than like this. Here be I—a lonely, forgotten woman that none ever calls upon, except tramps begging for a meal, and you—as haven't seen me since Noah's flood I should think—can't tell nothing livelier than news of a man I don't know falling down in a fit."

"I'm badly to blame," I said. "Never was there such a great know-nought great zany as me."

With that I plunged into the usual thing and offered my heart and hand, and told her that I was steadfast as the northern star and as true as the needle to the pole, and the rest of it.

"Now Alice Mumford be gone," I said, "your state is most forlorn and I wish to God you'd change it. Here be I living a lonely life up the hill, and why to goodness you can't see the foolishness—"

She got a lot happier when I struck into the familiar subject and let me take her hand as usual. She put her fine face to mine, and blinked her beautiful pale brown eyes; and somehow I felt she was in a more yielding frame of mind than ever I'd known her to be since her father died. 'Twas the influence of Alice Mumford gone no doubt, for that whey-faced and cross-eyed creature was always a ferocious man-hater—owing doubtless to the fact that the male sex had no use for her from her youth up. She said that 'twas along of her grandfather being hanged t'other side of the Moor; but 'twasn't at all; because no fair-minded man would let a little thing like that stand between himself and a nice woman if he loved her. But Alice was that crusty and vinegary and evil-minded that no man had ever offered for her; and now the time was passed and she hated 'em all.

Her being once well away from Dunnabridge however, a change had clearly come over Mercy Tuckett, and man though I was, the unexpected softness of her took me a bit by surprise because, as you see, I'd never counted upon it, and 'twas like a bolt from the blue to find after all this time that she wanted me to kiss her—a thing I'd offered to do for fifteen year and been refused. In fact a man bain't screwed up to a feat like that in a minute, and I lost my self-control and held off. I saw in a twinkle the case was altered and that I had but to go in and win; and very well pleased and mighty proud I was; but the climax of my love affair had come too sudden and startling. I wanted to think over it all. I'd got into a sort of habit of paying court and expecting 'no' for an answer; and to find Mercy suddenly altering the run of the game like this here, rather flabbergasted me. In plain English I wasn't sorry when, at the critical moment, there came a loud knock at the door.

There was none to home but her,

for her men and maid were to Holne Revel, so she had to rise up and go; and while she was away, I steadied myself and resolved that I wouldn't return to the subject of marriage no more that day, but come to it—in all the solemn pomp such a thing demanded—somewhere about next Michaelmas, if not later. There was a powerful lot to think of, and since we'd been fiddling and philandering for fifteen years, I felt there couldn't be no crying need to rush it now at a woman's whim.

She came back crusty as an ill-cooked loaf.

"Another of them sailor men," she said. "A plague on 'em! They tell each other, I believe, and not a day goes now but one and sometimes two bain't here. And half of 'em be rogues and not sailors at all I'll warrant."

You see, when her father was dying, he told Mercy never to turn away an old sailor, and she never did. But now she told me how more and more came, and as by her father's orders, every such man was to have sixpence and a full meal, the thing got beyond a joke.

"They was a nuisance from the first, and I thought myself ill-used," said Mercy Tuckett to me as she cut the beggar a lump of bread and cheese and poured him a mug of cider; "but it have got worse by leaps and bounds of late. Half-a-crown the men had out of me last week, and this is the second have called since Thursday last."

"And turnpike sailors I'll wager," I answered her. "You can bring him in here and I'll sit behind this screen and mark him while he eats. You ask him about the sea, and I shall very soon know by his remarks if he can tell a marling-spike from a reefing-block or a boom from a bowsprit."

She obeyed me, and I hid and listened to a cockney tramp, who may or may not have seen the mud barges in a canal, but had certainly never

met with anything nobler afloat. He guzzled and tiddled, however, and took his tanner, and I seed the back of him as he went off. He was clad in sailor's clothes, and that was all could be said for the man.

When he was gone Mercy cast about how she could manage to escape from her promise to her dead father.

"My heart sinks when I see the creatures coming down the yard," she said. "Some be old and some be young; some be ginger and some gray; some go lame and some lack an arm or a hand; but they're all dressed in that horrid blue with them dirty trousers tight to the knee and loose below; and they've all got the same tale about a ship at Plymouth—except the maimed ones. They mostly say they be owed money by the State and have to go to the Docks to get it. Rogues! I itch to set the dog on 'em; but I suppose father would turn in his grave if I did."

For my part I smelt a fraud from the first and by good chance on that very day, while yet 'twas broad light, there happened that to make my doubt a certainty.

Not an hour after the cockney was gone, another sailor man turned up; and I did as before and told Mercy to fetch him in the kitchen and let him feed, while I listened unseen. Of course, he was no more a sailor than my pot-boy, and when she asked him about the perils of the deep, he told my nautical ear in half a minute that he was only a wolf in sheep's clothing and knew nought of the seaman's life. But that didn't astonish me; what did was the squint I got of his back view as he went off. Then I stared indeed, till my eyes very near bulged out of my head.

Mercy thought me mad, for, forgetting my hat and everything, I went off after the sham sailor and loped along behind a stone wall and kept him in sight unbeknownst to him.

He marched down the road on very good terms with himself, and I saw him as far as Alice Mumford's cot-

tage in the high road. But there he stopped and went in. With that I crept nearer, till I was right abreast of the house; and I squatted under the wall, like a hare in her form, and bided my time, patient as you please, for I was playing a winning game and well I knowed it.

In ten minutes a man come out of the cottage, but he didn't come alone. Another man followed him; and the first man was the first sailor as had called at Dunnabridge, and the second man was the second sailor as had done so. They'd doffed their sailors' togs and they walked off in very good humour clad like a pair of scare-crows, after the manner of tramps as a rule.

"We'll call again some fine day, ma'am," they said to Alice Mumford, who stood at the door to see 'em go; but she didn't answer, because she was counting pennies, as one of the rogues had give her before they set out.

Of course, I seed the whole wicked trick at a glance; but I was too clever to pounce on the woman at that time. Instead I trotted back to Mercy Tuckett and made a bit of mystery about it and puzzled her not a little. 'Twas my wish, you see, to distract her mind from the subject of matrimony, and I didn't stop very long then, but got on my horse and galloped away pretty soon.

"Fret no more about anything," I told her when she came to see me off in the dimpsy light. "'Twas rare good fortune as brought me to you to-day, Mercy Tuckett; because the luck be double-barrelled by the look of it; and I've heard what will be a great source of joy to me, when I've had time to think it over; and I've found out what will be a great relief to you presently. But I must go cautious in both matters and not do nothing rash or reckless. Only this I'll promise you: I've found out where your sailor men come from, and you shan't much longer be troubled with them."

She looked at me dangerously and

come close and put up her hand to mine as I settled myself on the saddle.

"There's one sailor man as would never be no trouble to me," she said.

"And what might his name be?" I asked, feeling pretty safe perched up on my saddle well out of her reach.

"Thomas Sweet's the man's name," she answered.

"Twas me, of course, and her eyes in the light of the evening very near brought me off my hoss again. But the sudden nature of it had shook me and I felt in justice to myself, as well as the woman, that I must let a few days pass.

"Have no fear for Tom Sweet," I told her, guarded like; and then I rode away with plenty to think upon.

But, after all, I let another man get the credit for my cleverness. Before a week, but not till I had received a strong letter from Mercy, I went over to Mr. Byles, at the police station, and told him of the great mystery what I'd found out.

"'Tis like this here, Constable Byles," I said to the man. "Miss Tuckett dismissed that woman, Alice Mumford, from her service a while back, and Alice, who have got bad blood in her without a doubt, swore to be revenged upon her for so doing. And she have been revenged, for since she went, there have come a proper plague of sailor men to Dunnabridge, and owing to her promise to her dead father, Mercy Tuckett, have had to suffer 'em. And, when I was there last, one came and I watched him hidden behind an old leather screen that Miss Tuckett have lately bought, to keep the wind out of her back hair on winter nights; and I heard in a jiffey that he was no sailor; and I also noted that the man had a black patch on his jumper. Away he went and presently up come another scamp—another sailor if you'll credit it! Well, I watched him, likewise, and I stared I warn you, for if he hadn't a black patch on his

jumper also! And now you'll do well to send one of your men to lie behind the hedge there. Then they'll find out as when a tramp goes by Alice Mumford's cottage or calls at it, as the case may be, she has him in her house, and rigs him up in a suit of sailor's clothes, and sends him off to Dunnabridge, where there's a square meal and a certain sixpence awaiting the thief. Then back he goes to her, and as I saw her counting pennies the time I was on the watch, I make no doubt at all that she be very well paid for all her trouble. 'Tis the most barefaced imposition I ever heard tell about on Dartmoor and you'll do well, Constable Byles, to look in the matter and see it don't happen no more."

He was a young officer, with his spurs to win, and he fastened on the job, like a dog to a bone. In fact, he took it on himself, and three days later it happened just as I told him it would happen, and he arrested another fellow coming gaily off from Dunnabridge with sixpence in his pocket and a full meal in his belly and a black patch on his jumper.

So when next I appeared in public 'twas to be a witness against Alice Mumford; and the justices gave her six weeks hard for what she'd done; and she swore something sinful in open court and promised to make it hot both for me and Mercy Tuckett when she comed out of kink again.

But she never had the chance to do us no more wickedness, for a lot may happen in six weeks and before the end of that time, when Alice was let loose on a trusting world once more, I'd taken Mercy's lead and finished our affair out o' hand.

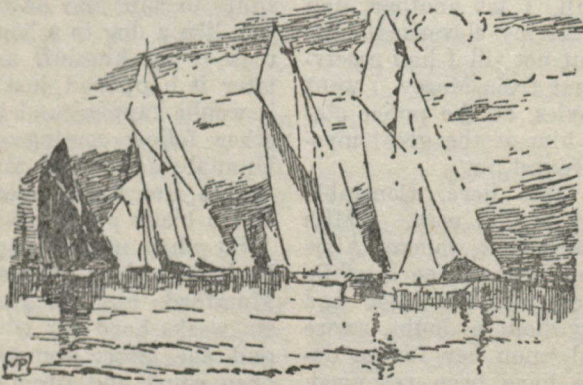
I thought it out, you see, and my common-sense comed to my rescue, and I said to myself, "Thomas Sweet, you've been at this here woman to take you for fifteen year, and now, because she's at last ready and willing to do so, you grow faint about it, and find yourself in two minds. 'Tis all very well to say you're a creature

of habit, and that this be a bit of an upset, by reason of its sudden falling out; but what the mischief would you have?" Being, of course, a reasonable man, I soon rose to the situation, and got accustomed to the idea of Mercy Tuckett as a wife, and took her for that purpose.

In a fortnight from the end of the sailor men, we was tokened; and a month later, with all the dash and fire of youth, we plunged into matrimony. All Princetown was to the wedding pretty near; and when that Alice Mumford came back to Brown-

berry she heard as her old mistress was lifted up to be Mrs. Sweet, and on her honeymoon at that moment. And she likewise heard that Dunna-bridge was to be let or sold; because Mercy had decided to give it up and come to Princetown and throw in her lot with my business.

But my little place was far too small for the likes of her, and 'tis settled that we take the *Snowball Inn* after Christmas. 'Tis a tidy sized place, and the last man worked up a good business, so I'm hopeful that us shall do very clever there.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

This painting, which is reproduced opposite, from a photograph, is regarded as one of the best examples of the work of this celebrated Florentine painter. Del Sarto died in 1531, at the age of forty-four. It was his work and some incidents of his life that impelled Browning to write his famous poem, "Andrea del Sarto." The painting itself is noteworthy for its

revelation of fine draughtsmanship and pleasing composition. The hand and arm, in particular, are unusually well drawn, and the manner in which one side of the figure is lost and found against the background is well worthy of emulation. As to the type and expression of countenance, nothing could be desired, while the arrangement of the drapery is well considered.



From the Painting by Andrea del Sarto
Pitti Gallery, Florence

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE LEAVEN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

HE was named Isaiah, after his father, and Reginald, after a former lover of his mother's. The gossips of Bayfield had never commented on this bizarre combination for two reasons, diametrically opposed, that applied respectively to its component parts. Every one knew the source of his first name; it was entirely obvious, and called for no remark. Whence had come the inspiration for his middle name was known only to the light, scatter-brained woman, who had inveigled the Reverend Isaiah Barlow into matrimony, borne him a son, and died.

The absolute uneventfulness of the boy's life was evidenced by the fact that until the turning-point he was never called otherwise than Isaiah. That he bore up under it is proof positive that he lived his boyhood in the fear of God and of his earthly father. Fate, with its usual grim irony, coupled two events, one tragic, the other frivolous. The coalescence thus formed proved potent enough to burst the bands of custom that shackled to the young man the name of the old prophet.

Shortly after Isaiah reached his majority, the first event of sufficient importance to mark one day in his life as different from another occurred in the death of his father. Isaiah remained Isaiah still, but with the added dignity of possessing a small house, the few acres surrounding it, and an inconsiderable sum of money in the bank. Still another factor added to his remoteness: his sorrow was

very real, very earnest, and set him apart temporarily.

Always there comes a transition period when youthful grief, however poignant, recognizes returning hope, and flirts with her tentatively before finally succumbing to normality. It was during this transition period of Isaiah's mourning that Bayfield pridefully became the county seat. Immediately following this honour came its first county fair; and with the county fair came a horse-trot. This horse-trot proved to be the complementary event that brought about the turning-point.

Isaiah went to the fair, soberly, sedately, something within him, however, crying aloud that it was good to mix with his kind once more. It may have been that his mother's nature was uppermost in him that afternoon, for, as he came to the race-track and saw the horses limbering up, he felt an unconscionable desire to take a chance. His mother would have done so. Impelled by some unrecognized instinct, he placed the few dollars in his pocket on the favourite. The favourite lost.

Gravely, sedately, Isaiah strolled from the fair-ground toward the village. His pulses, in spite of his outward calm, were hammering with a strange new throb. Something had come into his life, something vital, gripping. He had learned to take a chance. Not the faintest flicker in his steady eyes, not the slightest motion of his impassive face betrayed his new-found emotion to the passers-by.

Slowly, calmly, he made his way against the tide of the in-coming crowd, a solitary figure going in the opposite direction from all the world.

On the steps of the village bank he halted, pulled now this way, now that by the two potent forces warring within him. He had lived long in docile obedience to a stern father; the spell still held. His mother's blood in him, however, had just taught him the fascination of the fickle goddess. The lesson in its very newness possessed a force that strove successfully against the inhibitory effects of discipline. He entered the bank, his volition submerged in the battling strains of heredity. As he reached the teller's window, the inner struggle ended in a compromise. Instead of demanding his entire patrimony, he wrote and presented a cheque for the half of his balance.

Methodically placing the few large bills in his pocket-book, he smiled gravely at the teller, who poured forth a bewildering, surging flood of personal questions, and left the bank. Again, he made his unhurried way to the fair-ground, arriving there before the start of the second-class race. This time he knew exactly what he wanted to do. He had already taken a small chance, and the experience had been fascinating, enthralling. Now he took a bigger one. Deliberately ignoring the favourite, he picked out a long, lanky gray creature, which, in the opinion of the book-makers, stood one chance in eight of winning. Isaiah scattered his bets at those odds amongst the entire sporting fraternity there assembled, then he awaited results.

Had the lanky gray creature lost, there would have been no turning-point, and Isaiah would have remained Isaiah to the end of the chapter. But the miracle happened; the brute came first under the wire.

It is a big experience for one to take one's first chance even if one loses; but it is far more thrilling to take the second and to win against large

odds. Isaiah was uplifted, carried out of himself. Had anyone asked him his name while he was making the rounds of the book-makers and collecting his eight-fold winnings, it is extremely doubtful whether he would have answered "Isaiah Barlow." The Isaiah part of it was beginning to fade. As it happened, a small crowd of congratulating acquaintances followed him during his triumphal progress. Cried one:

"Isaiah, that name don't fit you any more! We'll have to call you Reggie!"

The turning-point had come. Sober, serious, workaday Isaiah was no more; in his stead reigned Reggie, the taker of chances.

Lack of harmony with his surroundings makes for many a man's unhappiness. Reggie was out of harmony. He did not fit in with the life about him as had Isaiah. The work on his little farm became irksome to him. He longed for something, vaguely. The longer he pondered, the more certain he became of what it was that called him. There was no answer to the call in Bayfield—between county fair seasons, at least. When the realization finally came to Reggie, he made arrangements to rent his house, packed his few good clothes in a big, old-fashioned trunk, and departed cityward.

As he was fully determined to make chance his lodestar, it was quite in keeping with his new philosophy that he was led to Delphine Daly's boarding-house by haphazard. On the afternoon of his arrival he was walking down a quiet side street, trying to decide at which particular house he should apply for a room. As all the houses were practically identical, and most of them displayed signs that offered shelter of some kind, this took time. He had almost made up his mind when he came into violent contact with a rather excessively well-dressed man, who, instead of resenting the awkwardness, smiled genially.

"Excuse me!" apologized Reggie, a trifle breathlessly. "I was so intent on finding a boarding-place that I didn't see you." He took a few steps, and hesitated. "Could you direct me somewhere?" he asked, with the sudden wistfulness of the stranger.

The man shot a quick, keen glance at him that took in every detail. He nodded once, and rushed into voluble speech:

"I sure can! Delphine Daly's is a corking good place, believe me! She makes it her business to let other people's business strictly alone—that's why I stay there myself. There you are—next house. So long! Hope to see you at dinner," he concluded, waving his hand genially as he hurried away.

When Mrs. Daly, with great swishing of skirts, advanced to greet him in the dark little parlour, Reggie felt surging up within him a sudden, unreasoning dislike for her. She was a type that he had never encountered. Her eyes seemed to him too black, too snapping; her skin, too white, except where it was too artificially red; and her grace was too catlike. Tall though she was, he towered above her, grim, a trifle defiant.

"You have wished to see me?" she purred in a voice that held the same feline quality as her movements.

Delphine Daly was no whit different from the Delphine LaChance, who, years before, had married genial, big-hearted Larry Daly, the politician. She was a milliner's apprentice then, fresh from Paris, irresponsible, unmoral, superficially loving, inwardly shrewd and cold; and every drop of blood in her lithe body was French. Eventually, she broke the great big heart that had been exchanged in its entirety for one tiny, tiny little corner of her own. Larry had been happy with her for a year; then he doubted; then he knew; then he died—of drink, the doctors agreed.

She looked up at her tall visitor, and repeated:

"You have wished to see me?" As she spoke, her brows arched, her shoulders rose slightly, and her hands supplicated.

"About a room," said Reggie brusquely.

"But certainly! Will you give yourself the trouble to follow me?" She glided into the hall with swishing accompaniment, and Reggie followed, frowning.

On the floor above, she threw open the door of a front room. It was light, attractive, and well furnished. She entered, throwing a quick, shrewd glance over her shoulder.

"How much?" asked Reggie.

As he heard the price, his brows came together in sharp perplexity. He was too unsophisticated to know whether it was for a month or for a week, and he would not put himself at a disadvantage by asking.

"I like the room," he began hesitatingly; "but—"

Mrs. Daly interrupted: "I must crave pardon, but I am very, very busy this afternoon. With your permission I shall call my daughter; she can show you another room that perhaps—" She ended the sentence with her expressive shrug and moved sinuously toward the stair. Mounting a little way, she called, "Julie!" She came back in a moment, a mocking smile on her over-red lips.

"My daughter," she announced, "will come presently." Then she withdrew.

Reggie was not particularly interested. He moved to a window and gazed at the houses across the street. "Guess I'll get out," he muttered. "I don't like Mrs. Daly, and she must have meant by the week, and—"

A sound from the doorway made him turn. A girl with wide, questioning eyes was standing there looking at him intently.

"And I think I'll take a chance," continued Reggie, aloud. "I'll stay, anyway."

"What a relief!" breathed the girl raptly, crossing her hands on her

breast in a truly dramatic gesture.

A very flower of a girl was Julie. Slim and tall she was and graceful with the grace of youth; and her hair was the blackest black, and her eyes the merriest, frankest blue except when their dark lashes were partly lowered over them, and they took on the hue of a threatening storm-cloud. And her lips were of the richest red that health can give.

Reggie gazed at her, dazzled as by an upward glance at noonday. Her beauty was unbelievable. He tried to force his eyes away, but the lure of her face held them helplessly captive. At last, he stammered:

"What's a relief?"

"To find that you're neither bald nor flabby," answered Julie. "All the others are."

"What others?"

"My mother's boarders. She seems to prefer them that way—probably because they're the kind that have money."

"I've got money, too," said the boy whimsically. "I don't know how long it will last; but when it's gone, more will come. I'm lucky, you know."

"Are you a sporting man?" she asked, a faint note of displeasure creeping into her voice.

The question staggered Reggie. He puzzled over it a moment, his eyes on the girl's serious, upturned face.

"I guess," he said uncertainly, "I am."

She shook her head ever so slightly.

"Why did you ask? Do you care?" asked Reggie earnestly.

"I hoped you were wholly different from the others—they are all sporting men, too."

"I am different," cried the boy, taking a quick, impulsive step toward her.

She stood motionless, her hands clasped loosely behind her. There was an impelling force in her eyes that drew him on, until he stood directly before her, his boyish, eager face close to hers.

"Prove it!" she said, checking him with a look that held a nuance of distrust.

A dark flush swept over the boy's face. He retreated a step awkwardly.

"I beg you to believe," he said stiffly, "that you need never fear me."

Julie smiled radiantly. The effect was so bewildering that Reggie straightway doubted his own assertion.

"That's a comfort—if it's true." Her smile faded, and a trace of wistfulness crept into her eyes.

"Of course, it's true!" declared Reggie.

"You *are* different from the others!" cried Julie, and, turning, she fled.

As Reggie came downstairs, he met Mrs. Daly in the lower hall. She gave him the same mocking smile with which she had announced Julie. It irritated him beyond measure because he could not fathom its meaning.

"You like the room?" she asked, eyes, shoulders, and hands absurdly exaggerating the importance of the question.

"I'll stay," said Reggie curtly. "I'm going out to look after my baggage. What time is supper?"

"We have the dinner at seven," replied Mrs. Daly. She came quite close to him, and looked up impishly, her black eyes snapping with mirth. "How very young!" she laughed.

"What do you mean?" asked Reggie, drawing himself up with excessive dignity.

"To make it so very plain," she purred, "that you cared not to stay when her poor old *maman* showed you the room, and then decided *so* quick when Julie—" She checked herself, laughing silently. "There, go! I forgive you!" she cried.

Reggie stalked to the front door, opened it, passed out, and slammed it behind him with unnecessary violence. He knew now the meaning of the mocking smile. The more he saw of Mrs. Daly, the greater was his aver-

sion for her. Nevertheless, he returned in time for dinner.

The boy entered the dining-room a little late. A feeling of acute embarrassment swept over him as he saw that he was the only one not in evening clothes. Mrs. Daly, presiding at the head of the long table, was resplendent in a daring sartorial combination of black and scarlet. She was talking animatedly to a stout man of fifty, or thereabout, who regarded her sleepily with heavy-lidded eyes. As she saw Reggie standing helplessly in the doorway, she said, with a certain graciousness:

"I have placed you beside your friend, Mr. Fenn."

Reggie followed her glance, and recognized the genial man whom he had accosted in the afternoon. As the boy sank into the chair beside him, Fenn exclaimed heartily:

"Glad to have you with us! I told Delphine you were a friend of mine. If there's any way I can help you, just let me know."

Reggie thanked him with a word and lapsed into silence. He looked around the table in wonder. It was all so new to him, so strange. Apart from Mrs. Daly, there were only two women, one rather oldish, the other rather youngish. They did not seem to count. The conversation was entirely of man's affairs. Money was mentioned often—and chance, at which Reggie pricked up his ears. The men all looked like ready money—of the easy come, easy go variety. Also he noticed that they were all either bald or flabby—or both. He started as the thought came to him—it recalled Julie. She had remarked on that fact. He wondered where she was. Evidently she did not take her meals with her mother's sporty guests. Perhaps Mrs. Daly forbade it. Perhaps she herself—

Fenn turned suddenly from his other neighbour, with whom he had been discussing the advisability of passing a jack-pot with openers only, and addressed the boy.

"Got a job?" he asked in his quick, abrupt manner.

Reggie shook his head.

"Hunting one?"

"No." Reggie answered smilingly.

"What are you doing in Montreal?"

"Just taking a chance."

Fenn turned squarely in his chair and studied the smiling face for a moment. Little crinkles of amusement gathered about his keen eyes. He smiled, chuckled, and burst into a good-humoured laugh.

"Say, Kid, you're all right!" he said in a low voice. "I see where you and I are going to be friends. Got a date for to-night?"

Reggie shook his head.

"Come to my room after dinner and we'll make plans."

"When the meal was over, Reggie hurried to his room, and commenced to unpack his simple belongings. He was regarding with critical eyes a coat that had seemed perfectly good in Bayfield, when his door opened, and Fenn bustled in unceremoniously.

"Come into my room, and let's get acquainted," he breezed. "Too early to go out yet."

The boy looked at his watch, and smiled whimsically. He followed the other across the hall with a feeling of exhilaration. According to Bayfield customs, it was already long past bedtime—and his evening had not yet commenced! In Fenn's room he looked about him wonderingly. There were clothes scattered about in every available place—clothes, the like of which he had never seen before. They were all of good material, well made, but gay, gay. His host gathered up a heterogeneous collection of ornate waistcoats and screaming neckties from an easy chair, and bade him be comfortable. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, he said abruptly:

"I like your ways, boy. You don't blat your business all over. But, if we're going to be friends, loosen up a bit. There's something queer about it, somewhere."

Although his manner was genial, the eyes that he fastened on his visitor's face were shrewdly boring. Very little escaped their steady gaze. Reggie gave a little laugh, in which there was a hint of embarrassment.

"There's little to tell that's interesting," he demurred.

"Go ahead," urged the other.

Bit by bit, hesitatingly, the boy told of his life in Bayfield, the blankness, the monotony of it. He told of his two years at the seminary, of his daily tasks on the little farm. Then came his father's death, which he hurried over in a hushed voice. And then the horse trot.

"And that's the reason I'm here," he explained vaguely. "It was the first chance I'd ever taken—and you don't know how it took hold of me!"

The flicker of a smile showed in Fenn's gray eyes. He nodded his head.

"You see," continued the boy, "I didn't belong there after that. It got into my blood, somehow. I wanted to take another chance—and another. That's why I'm here—I told you so before."

"Would you like to have me show you around?" asked Fenn abruptly.

The boy nodded, his eyes widening.

"Ever play poker?"

"A few times at the seminary—for matches."

"I'll take you around to a joint that I know pretty well," said Fenn, rising and slipping on his overcoat. "Get your hat. I'll meet you downstairs."

The light of a new day was growing in the sky when Reggie parted from Fenn with an understanding nod, and stole noiselessly into his own room. The night seemed like a dream to the boy, as he stood at the window looking out at the awakening street. He thrust his hands into his pockets and, touching a mass of loosely-wadded bills, knew that the experience was real. He had enjoyed every exciting moment of the tense play.

Strange to say, he had taken his success for granted; it had left him outwardly cool. He was flattered by the recollection of Fenn's admiring, half-bantering comments as they walked home together in the chill of the dawn. Hastily throwing off his clothes, he tumbled into bed, and sank straightway into the deep sleep of youth.

When he awoke at noon, a feeling of unreality possessed him. He asked himself if there could possibly be in store a repetition of the thrills that the previous night had held. Fenn had said that it was his daily, or rather, nightly life. The genial gambler proved his assertion to be no idle boast. There followed a succession of hectic, feverish nights and somnolent, idle days. The very novelty of it all gripped the boy, held him fascinated. When his quick mind was not busy figuring out some theory of chance, he thought of Julie. Occasionally he met her during the afternoon engaged in some household duty. She always answered his sallies with a bright little smile; and always she left him with a questioning look in her eyes.

One evening Reggie was in Fenn's room as had become his custom after dinner. The two were so engrossed in a discussion over the value of a nine-spot as a hole-card that the time slipped by unnoticed. Suddenly the gambler looked at his watch.

"Eleven o'clock!" he exclaimed. "What d'you know about that! Going out to-night, kid?"

"Sure thing!" cried Reggie.

He flew to his room, thrilling with anticipation. A whole evening at home had become an impossibility. He grabbed his hat, turned out the lights, and hurried into the hall. From below came the sound of Fenn's loud, genial voice in bantering conversation with Mrs. Daly. The boy had reached the landing, when he heard a light step behind him. Turning, he saw Julie mounting the rear stairway.

"Going to bed?" he asked over his shoulder.

She nodded as she came toward him. "It's about time isn't it?" she said quizzically.

He turned to face her, forgetting his engagement for the moment in the witchery of her presence. Leaning toward her, he said:

"I wasn't quite truthful in what I told you the other day."

"What about?" Her eyes were grave as she raised them to his.

"I told you that you need never fear me." He laughed unsteadily.

"But I guess you didn't quite believe me."

He took her in his arms, and drew her toward him. A look of bewilderment, of wonder, crossed her face as she yielded herself to him. As their lips met, her eyes, black in the half-light, burned into his. Then, her round young arms crept about his neck.

"Coming, kid?" called Fenn.

"All right," cried Reggie.

He reached up and drew the girl's hands from his shoulders, kissed her again, and ran down the stairs. He looked back once, and saw her standing there, one hand on the banister, the other pressed to her breast. The look of wonder was still in her eyes as she gazed after him.

The next day Reggie awoke to the sound of Fenn's voice calling: "Hey, kid! One o'clock! If we're going to the races, we've got to hustle!"

He jumped out of bed, and dressed in a tearing hurry, impatient to commence the day's activities. He was about to leave the room when a timid knock came to the door. Throwing the door open, he beheld Julie, standing before him with downcast eyes.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, his face lighting at sight of her. "Good morning!"

"Good afternoon," she corrected reproachfully. "My mother sent me to ask if you were ill—or anything. It's so late!"

"No, thanks," he answered; "I'm

all right." Then, clearing his throat, he stammered: "Are you angry at me?"

She raised her eyes, regarding him a bit wistfully. "No," she said.

"Then, may I call you Julie? I can't pronounce it the way your mother does."

"Of course, you may," she said, with a half-sad little smile. "That sounds queer—'Jule'—I like it."

"If you're not angry," persisted Reggie, "what makes you so sorrowful?"

"Just lonely, I guess." She looked away hastily.

"You peach!" exclaimed the boy, under his breath. "Look here! Will you go to the theatre with me to-night?"

"Julie's expression changed as though a sudden ray of sunlight had crossed her face. Her eyes danced; she smiled her radiant smile.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in a girlish gesture.

"Your mother won't object?" asked Reggie eagerly.

The gladness faded from the girl's face. Her eyes grew sombre. "My mother? Object? No; I don't believe she would care," she said, a hint of bitterness in her voice.

When Reggie came home, his spirits were soaring. He had made a killing at the races, much to the discomfiture of Fenn, whose advice he had wholly disregarded. During dinner he was unable to think of anything but his engagement. The business of the day over, he was impatient for the evening's pleasure. He left the table before the others, and bounded upstairs two steps at a time. As he ran along the hall toward his room, Julie came down the stairs from the upper floor to meet him. She wore a light, clinging gown, and a big, floppy hat, a combination so alluring that Reggie gasped at sight of her.

"Julie, you darling!" he exclaimed. "I feel like having the time of my life to-night! And you?"

She caught the contagion of his buoyant mood, and nodded, her eyes gleaming with excitement. "Let's run!" she breathed.

Together they flew down-stairs and out into the night life of the city, young, irresponsible, riotously happy. It was long past midnight when they returned. Evidently Mrs. Daly was not a stern parent.

As the autumn merged into winter, and Reggie became more at home in his new surroundings, he gradually broke away from the guidance of Fenn. The boy had learned all that the older man could teach him. He was developing beyond the point where a ten-dollar limit held thrills. He longed for bigger chances than sitting in at stud-poker and waiting for cinches. The stock-market called him; and there Fenn could be of no assistance to him whatever. The genial gamester had a holy horror of stock gambling. He was shrewd enough to realize his limitations; his mentality was sufficient to guide him through the intricacies of his nightly poker game, but beyond that he dared not take a chance with real money. Reggie, therefore, cultivated the acquaintance of some of the older men whom he had met at Mrs. Daly's. Following the tips that they gave him gratuitously, he made a few shoe-string ventures on margin that were mildly successful. These only served to whet his appetite for more.

The greatest factor in the boy's life at this time that evidenced the ascendancy of the faulty moral standards that he had inherited from his mother was his attitude toward Julie. He regarded her as his property—to do with as he wished. Her own actions fostered this attitude of his. Was she not always at his beck and call? Did she not always greet him with a smile of gladness, and welcome his least suggestion eagerly? And were not her kisses his for the taking? There was one aspect of his affair with her that caused him

worry: He was taking more than he gave in return. He was not concerned with such ethical questions as whether the feeling she had for him was not finer, higher than that with which he reciprocated. This never entered his head, which was only natural in view of the life that he was leading. His compunction was on material grounds only. He was taking up a certain amount of her time; he demanded her companionship whenever he felt that her presence would be pleasurable rather than otherwise, and would not interfere with his other activities. And for this surrender of herself he gave nothing in return—or practically nothing. He felt that he should pay. How? As he asked himself the question, the answer came instantaneously. One thing he had learned since coming to the city, and he had learned it well: Debts must be paid with something of value, and the only thing of value was money.

He was pondering his debt to Julie one evening as he was bringing her home from the theatre. Silent and preoccupied, he entered the house with her, trying to determine how he should broach the subject. She had started slowly up the stairs toward her room, when he called her back. Unhesitatingly, as always, she came to him and nestled her head on his shoulder with a little sigh of content as if she were tired.

"Julie," he began, "there's something I want to say—" He checked himself as he caught a slight sound from above. Looking up, he saw Mrs. Daly standing on the stairway and regarding him with a cynical gaze. She raised her hand in mock deprecation.

"Boys will be boys," she purred—"and girls, girls!"

Upon which she silently disappeared.

At sound of her mother's voice, Julie tore herself free. She stood before Reggie, abashed, a stricken look in her eyes.

"Never mind, Jule!" said the boy awkwardly. "Your mother doesn't care."

"Care!" she said tensely. "Care! No; that's just it!" She covered her face with her hands, and choked back a sob. Then, turning abruptly, she flew up-stairs.

For a time Reggie saw comparatively little of Julie. The episode on the stairway had embarrassed him; he could not reconcile himself to Mrs. Daly's attitude. Some weeks elapsed before he had become sufficiently hardened to it to pass it off with a cynical comment to the effect that a virtuous daughter must indeed be an intolerable burden to a woman of Mrs. Daly's stamp. At the same time, he decided off-hand that Mrs. Daly had never been called upon to bear that burden.

Reggie's days were entirely taken up with apocryphal sales and purchases in brokers' offices. Sometimes he guessed wrongly; but more often his innate shrewdness brought him out ahead of the game. Little by little he accumulated a sum that took him out of the shoe-string class, a sum that constituted a lever potent enough to pry the doors off the treasure-house. There came a day when he used that lever to advantage in pyramiding his winnings on a succession of "short" sales, made on perilously close margins, while the market was temporarily reeling, tumbling downward.

When he cashed in at the end of that epochal day, he felt the same sense of elation that had come over him as he collected his eight-fold winnings from the bookmakers at Bayfield. He had taken a perilous chance—and had won out! He had more money than he ever dreamed could be made in a day—it was real money, and he had it with him. A feeling of power possessed him; he felt there was absolutely nothing that he was unable to buy. Into his mind rushed the thought of Julie, and of his debt to her. He could pay it now.

In fact, he could afford to increase the debt. His hot young blood pounded through his veins, whipped into racing measure by the suggestion that his all-potent money whispered to him. Dashing out of the glittering restaurant where he had dined with the acquaintance whose tip had made his winnings a possibility, he hailed a taxicab, and sped homeward.

Chance favoured his impatience; he met Julie in the hallway near his door.

"Jule!" he cried excitedly, "I must have a talk with you! Come into my room!"

He unlocked his door and entered. Julie hesitated on the threshold; it was the first time that she had crossed it since the day of the boy's arrival. "Shut the door!" commanded Reggie as he snapped on the lights.

She obeyed docilely, her eyes fixed on his gravely. She stood against the casing, her hands clasped loosely before her. Reggie paced up and down, his exultation mounting with each passing moment. Suddenly he stopped and faced her.

"Jule!" he said, his voice breaking—"Jule, I've made a killing! I've got it to burn! I've got it in bunches—in wads! And there's more where that came from; believe me!" He thrust his hand into an inner pocket and brought forth a package of bills, strapped about the centre with a band of heavy paper. "Here, catch!" he cried, tossing the bundle toward her.

Julie's eyes did not leave his face. The money struck her breast, and fell at her feet unheeded.

"And catch again!" cried Reggie, his eyes burning with a feverish light. He threw another package, wildly, this time. It struck the woodwork above her head, and bursting, showed her with yellow notes.

Julie shivered slightly as the paper fluttered about her, and swirled to the floor. "I should say you had made a killing," she remarked casually. She thrust out a slim foot and touched the money before her reluct-

antly with the toe of her slipper. Then, her eyes widening with sudden fear, she asked:

"But just what is all this for?"

"What's it for?" cried Reggie. "What's it for? It's for you! The lure of you is in my blood, Jule of the pretty eyes! At last, I can pay for you! That's what it's for!"

Julie stiffened, and her face went white. She groped behind her with her hands as if seeking support. "You want—to buy me?" she asked, a dull anguish in her voice.

"That's what!"

"You can't!" she moaned. "You can't!"

The boy looked from her drawn face to the money on the floor, and shook his head unbelievably. He had learned his lesson: Money was all-powerful. There was nothing it could not do. He was certain of it!

"Don't you understand?" cried Julie, throwing out her hands in a supplicating gesture. "How can you buy what is already yours?"

"Mine?" he said, dazed. "Mine?"

"Are you blind? Can't you see? I'm yours—all yours—on any terms except *that!*" She pointed to the little heap at her feet.

"I didn't know!" stammered Reggie, abashed.

"Oh, there are lots of things you don't know!" she cried. "You don't know how I've fought, and fought, all my life! Then you came—and I was glad that I had fought! Perhaps, you don't know that it was my first kiss that I gave you. You don't know—"

"Jule!" Reggie grasped her arm in a clasp that made her wince with the pain of it. "Look at me, Jule!" he cried hoarsely. Then, as she raised her eyes to his, eyes as guileless and frank as the noonday, despite the tears that swam in them: "Jule! You're a good girl!"

"I'm not!" she sobbed. "I'm not! How could I be? I'm not—" she choked over the word—"not dirty!"

"You're good!" exulted the boy,

not heeding the denial. "You're good!" he repeated in awed wonder.

"And I—" His face became gray and haggard at the thought. The shock of it left him horror-stricken. "O God!" he prayed; "forgive me!"

He turned from her in silent misery, his soul sick within him. The leaven of righteousness that was his legacy from the upright, clean-living man, whom he had loved, urged him to repentance.

Julie laid her hand on his arm, a tender light in her blue eyes. "I forgive," she whispered.

"I dare ask no more," said Reggie humbly.

He regarded her wistfully, longingly, a question trembling on his lips. He brushed his hand across his eyes; then, a yearning note in his voice, he said:

"I know a place that is clean with the breath of the winds from the hills. There stands a house that is mine—it belonged to my father before me. Around it are fields that will soon be covered with green. They call to me in their peacefulness. There we might have lived, Jule—and worked and loved and prayed—together."

Julie crept close to him, wide-eyed, drinking in his words.

"But it's too late!" said the boy bitterly. "It's too late!"

"No!" she cried in passionate denial. "It's not!"

A sudden hope lighted Reggie's eyes. "Jule!" he breathed. "Jule! Do you mean it? Will you come with me out into the sunshine?"

"I am ready," she murmured.

The boy's face became glorified. He took a quick step toward her, and faltered. She had suddenly become too precious to be touched. He turned to the door and opened it.

"Come!" he said gently.

At the foot of the stairway she left him, vanishing in the gloom.

"To-morrow, Jule!" he breathed.

In the stillness, her answer floated back to him, fraught with promise.

"To-morrow, Isaiah!"

THE INTERPRETATION OF VISCOUNT MORLEY

BY J. C. SUTHERLAND

LITERARY as distinguished from general biography is, perhaps, more esteemed in this age than it was in any previous period. This increased interest in the careers of poets and men of letters generally probably began for the English race with Boswell's Johnson. It is certainly within a century that we have learned sincerely and deeply to lament the fact that there was no Boswell for our Shakespeare. In the last fifty years, particularly, there has been a remarkably eager demand for authoritative biographies of the men of letters who passed away just before or during that period; and from Trevelyan's "Macaulay" down to the "Letters" of George Meredith there has been notably high production in this line. The motives of the more general interest in literary biography are, of course, various and complex. No doubt with many, curiosity with regard to the inner personality of men long before the public is the principal motive. Carlyle, for instance, had been in evidence in the newspapers for many years with thousands of people who had never taken the trouble to read or study his books. Stories both of his humour and of his brusqueness had been frequent, and most people had come to think that they knew the man Carlyle from this amount of evidence. There was another Carlyle, however, of stranger and sterner stuff to be revealed in the

"Reminiscences"—one biography, at least, from which the public recoiled with a shock. In the case of Darwin, on the other hand, who may be rightly classed as a man of letters as well as scientist, biography revealed a personality far simpler and grander than the general public had imagined.

There is, however, a just and critical value of the highest importance in literary biography, even when it is as "injudicious" as Mr. Froude's treatment of Carlyle in the "Reminiscences" and as the four volumes of the "Life" were judged at the time to be. It has its interpretative purposes, and even the foibles of genius have their significance. Biography, it is true, is not always absolutely essential to the full grasp of a writer's general philosophy. It would be a great help if Shakespeare had written to a friend explaining the full meaning of Hamlet's character, and this letter had been preserved, but the two volumes of Huxley's "Life and Letters," although intensely interesting, and full of charm, are not needed for the interpretation of Huxley's scientific and philosophical works. Darwin's biography was not needed as an interpretation of Darwinism, even although it exhibited the vast patience and the true scientific spirit with which he pursued his observations and experiments. The "Letters" of Matthew Arnold throw no new light upon "Literature and

Dogma." Both the negative and positive sides of Arnold's religious philosophy are displayed in the work which Professor Saintsbury has unduly dispraised. The "Letters" only showed that Matthew Arnold had a very much harder struggle in life than most of us supposed, and that at times he could be as unreasonable about some things as the rest of us. "Literature and Dogma," however, was complete in itself. There could be no doubt whatever of the fact that he had vigorously rejected some fundamentals of orthodoxy, and that, on the other hand, he intensely believed not only that "conduct is the three-fourths of life," but that Israel, to the general benefit of all later generations, had, more than any other people, loved righteousness and pursued it. Matthew Arnold interprets himself.

Of writers still living, and of those who were contemporary with him during the last forty years, and who, like him, have dealt with religious and philosophical questions, none has been clearer in exposition than Lord Morley. No one, therefore, would seem to be in less need of special interpretation. But the popular estimate of his relation to religious criticism was, thirty years ago at any rate, crudely wide of the facts, thanks to the vigour of counter criticisms; and even today the general impression on this point is probably vague. He was and is regarded chiefly as a "denying spirit" in religious questions. The negative side of his work has received most emphasis with the general public—the fact that there are positive elements in it is hardly known.

That there are negations of large import in his works is, of course, certain, but it should be equally well known that this profound thinker and profound historical student, possessed of remarkable independence of mind, had produced towards the close of the nineteenth century a body of critical work which stands in marked contrast with that of Gibbon at the

close of the eighteenth century, in its relations to the Christian religion. The martyr, the missionary, and the realities of the Christian life are of as intense interest to Lord Morley as they were of supreme indifference to Gibbon. He is as distinctly constructive in spirit as the eighteenth century was destructive. Yet we gather this from a body of critical thought in which the personal element is never obtruded. Nowhere in his critical works does Lord Morley afford what may be called those intimate confidences which mark the work of his friend Matthew Arnold. No preface confesses or explains a viewpoint; no bibliography is offered which might suggest "tendencies."

In the two volumes on Rousseau, the two volumes on Diderot, the one volume on Voltaire, and the one volume "On Compromise," it is the laws and principles of pure criticism which the reader knows that he is asked to consider, and not the features of a personality. Invited or not, however, the student of the foregoing works of Lord Morley finds the personal question an interesting one, and discovers himself at each reading instinctively making quantitative estimates of the positive and negative elements. Whether the future biographer of Lord Morley—whose duties let us hope may be long delayed—will throw added light upon the positive character of his religious thought or not, cannot now be determined, but there are certain clear indications in his published works which are worth considering in this connection.

In the first place it is to be noted that his principal critical volumes were published between forty and thirty years ago, a time when, owing to the active reconstruction of the whole machinery of thought caused by the wider outlook of science, it was almost the general fashion to regard positive assertion in things religious and philosophical as a false note. The ready reckoner, to use Carlyle's ear-

lier phrase, was actually being tested. Certainty in science, but uncertainty in philosophy was the watchword; and the principle reached its high-water-mark a little later in Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief." The reaction against agnosticism with which we are now familiar had hardly begun. But there is no poised hesitation in Lord Morley. The large dossiers of his subjects had been thoroughly and keenly examined, and independent judgments were rendered. To him the fundamental bases of thought, critical and philosophical, were firm and reliable. The progress of modern science had compelled their re-statement in modern terms, but they were still valid, and, moreover, still powerful. Man is man, and was man long before modern investigation had thrown its great light upon the origin of his complex nature. Darwinian biology had called for an immense reconstruction of thought in all lines, but it was not necessarily a relentless besom of destruction. The critic could still go forward in unperturbed confidence.

Mr. Huxley once explained that he had invented and adopted the label of Agnostic because everybody else had a label and he had none. Lord Morley has not labelled himself, and he would be hard to classify by the mere process of balancing accounts between affirmation and denial. In one chapter of "Compromise" he says:

"It is no object of ours to bridge over the gulf between belief in the vulgar theology and disbelief. Nor for a single moment do we pretend that, when all the points of contact between virtuous belief and virtuous disbelief are made the most of that good faith will allow, there will not still and after all remain a terrible controversy between those who cling passionately to all the consolations, mysteries, personalities, of the orthodox faith, and us who have made up our minds to face the worst, and to shape, as best we can, a life in which

the cardinal verities of the common creed shall have no place."

Yet in the same chapter, and almost preceding the foregoing words, we are given a more cheerful outlook:

"Christianity was the least great religious synthesis. It is the one nearest to us. Nothing is more natural than that those who cannot rest content with intellectual analysis, while awaiting the advent of the Saint Paul of the humanitarian faith of the future, should gather up provisionally such fragmentary illustrations of this new faith as are to be found in the records of the old. Whatever form may be ultimately imposed on our vague religious aspirations by some prophet to come, who shall unite sublime depth of feeling and lofty purity of life with strong intellectual grasp and the gift of a noble eloquence, we may at least be sure of this, that it will stand as closely related to Christianity as Christianity stood closely related to the old Judaic dispensation. It is commonly assumed that the rejecters of the popular religion stand in face of it, as the Christian stood in face of the pagan belief and pagan rites in the Empire. The analogy is inexact. The modern denier, if he is anything better than that, or entertains hopes of a creed to come, is nearer to the position of the Christianizing Jew. Science, when she has accomplished all her triumphs in her own order, will still have to go back, when the time comes, to assist in the building up of a new creed by which men can live. The builders will have to seek material in the purified and sublimated ideas, of which the confessions and rites of the Christian churches have been the grosser expression. Just as what was once the new dispensation was preached *a Judaeis ad Judaeos apud Judaeos*, so must the new that is to be, find a Christian teacher and Christian hearers. It can hardly be other than an expression, a development, a readaptation, of all the moral and spiritual

truth that lay hidden under the worn-out forms. It must be such a harmonizing of the truth with our intellectual conceptions as shall fit it to be an active guide to conduct. In a world *'where men sit and hear each other groan, where but to think is to be full of sorrow,'* it is hard to imagine a time when we shall be indifferent to that sovereign legend of Pity. We have to incorporate it in some wider gospel of Justice and Progress."

Those words were written in the seventies of the last century, the time when the reconstructed Religion of Humanity was offered, to use the auctioneer's phrase, by several hands at once. John Morley, however, was not one of those who came forward with proposed formularies, and it was only Sir Oliver Lodge's recent example which reminded us all that some years ago there had been greater activity in that direction than we are now accustomed to. Since that earlier time there has been a change in the direction of constructive thought. Not more, but certainly not less, courageously do we follow the motto from Archbishop Whately prefixed to the volume "On Compromise": "It makes all the difference in the world whether we put Truth in the first place or in the second place." We have been "facing the worst," for one thing, by a widespread attention to the results of that Higher Criticism and modernist interpretation which many of us believe have gone far to restore the true lineaments and the ever deeper truth of Christianity. And it is just here that we believe that the critical work of Lord Morley helps, on its positive side, to show the true scope and possibilities of religious criticism. The chapter on religion in his "Voltaire" is, again, a difficult combination of affirmation and denial, if one desires quantitative statements, but it points the way in more than one paragraph to those principles which we believe are now operating with great force to attach

thinking men more than ever to the "consolations, mysteries, personalities" of the Christian religion, even although it has never been so widely realized among mankind that our spiritual as well as our moral conceptions have been subject to the law of development.

The "Voltaire" volume opens with the declaration that "when the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand out like the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the Revival of Learning, of the Reformation." His individual genius "changed the mind and spiritual conformation of France, and in a less degree of the whole of the West, with as far-spreading and invincible an effect as if the work had been wholly done, as it was actually aided, by the sweep of deep-lying collective forces. A new type of belief, and of its shadow, disbelief, was stamped by the impression of his character and work into the intelligence of his own and the following times. We may think of Voltairism in France somewhat as we think of Catholicism or the Renaissance or Calvinism. It was one of the cardinal liberations of the growing race, one of the emphatic manifestations of some portion of the minds of men, which an immediately foregoing system and creed had either ignored or outraged." This text is expanded into some forty pages of eloquent defence and apotheosis, but the rest of the work, following the biographical record in its several aspects, is more measured and critical. The chapter on Religion is a careful analysis of the Voltairian attack, and of the motives and circumstances which prompted it. The attack is, also, in general defended, with such due allowances, for instance, as the fact that in so far as it was prompted by the need of asserting the right of Toleration, it would have been unnecessary if the same doctrines which prevailed in England at that time on

the subject had also prevailed in France. In general, however, the defence is relentless; but relentless as it is there is one striking passage which again clearly illustrates the positive tendencies of Lord Morley's mind:

"It is necessary to admit from the point of view of impartial criticism, that Voltaire had one defect of character, of extreme importance in a leader of this memorable and direct attack. With all his enthusiasm for things noble and lofty, generous and compassionate, he missed the peculiar emotion of holiness, the soul and life alike of the words of Christ and Saint Paul, that indefinable secret of the long hold of mystic superstition over so many high natures, otherwise entirely prepared for the brightness of the rational day. From this impalpable essence which magically surrounds us with the mysterious and subtle atmosphere of the unseen, changing distances and proportions, adding new faculties of sight and purpose, extinguishing the flames of disorderly passion in a flood of truly divine aspiration, we have to confess that the virtue went out in the presence of Voltaire. To admire Voltaire, cried a man who detested him, is the sign of a corrupt heart, and if anybody is drawn to his works, then be very sure that God does not love such a one. The truth of which is, that so vehement a paraphrase amounts to this, that Voltaire has said no word, nor ever shown an indirect appreciation of any word said by another, which stirs or expands the emotional susceptibility, indefinite exultation, and far-swelling inner harmony, which De Maistre and others have known as the love of God, and for which a better name, as covering most varieties of form and manifestation, is holiness, deepest of all the words that defy definition. Though the affronts which his reason received from certain pretensions, both in the writers and in some of those whose actions they commemorated, this sublime trait

in the Bible, in both portions of it, was unhappily lost to Voltaire. He had no ear for the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice."

We are not concerned here with the character of some of the undertones in this passage which may have an unpleasing sound to those who believe that the only safeguard of faith is the maintenance of strict standards. To such Christians, indeed, we would rather commend the words which were written a few years before by the author of "Ecce Homo":

"Compare the ancient with the modern world; 'Look on this picture and on that.' One broad distinction in the character of men forces itself into prominence. Among all the men of the ancient heathen world there were scarcely one or two to whom we might venture to apply the epithet 'holy.' In other words, there were not more than one or two, if any, who besides being virtuous in their actions, were possessed with an unaffected enthusiasm of goodness, and besides abstaining from vice regarded even a vicious thought with horror. Probably no one will deny that in Christian countries this higher-toned goodness, which we call holiness, has existed. Few will maintain that it has been exceedingly rare. Perhaps the truth is that there has scarcely been a town in any Christian country since the time of Christ where a century has passed without exhibiting a character of such elevation that his mere presence has shamed the bad and made the good better, and has been felt at times like the presence of God Himself. And if this be so, has Christ failed? or can Christianity die?"

Our purpose has been served, however, in indicating, if incompletely, the fact that there are constructive elements in Lord Morley's critical work, which are of service in a period of synthesis, even although particular applications of his thought may go beyond the original intention and mind of the critic.

WIND AND FOAM

(TO PHYLLIS)

By ALFRED GORDON

WE were only just boy and girl, Love,
And nothing of ill was done;
And you came from the waves like a naiad,
And laughing you ran in the sun.

I was nothing to you but a boy, Love,
And what did I understand?
You were swift and straight as an arrow,
And your feet flew over the sand.

You fled like a startled fawn, Love,
And your limbs were as fair as your face,
Yet though I was only a boy, Love,
I followed not after in chase.

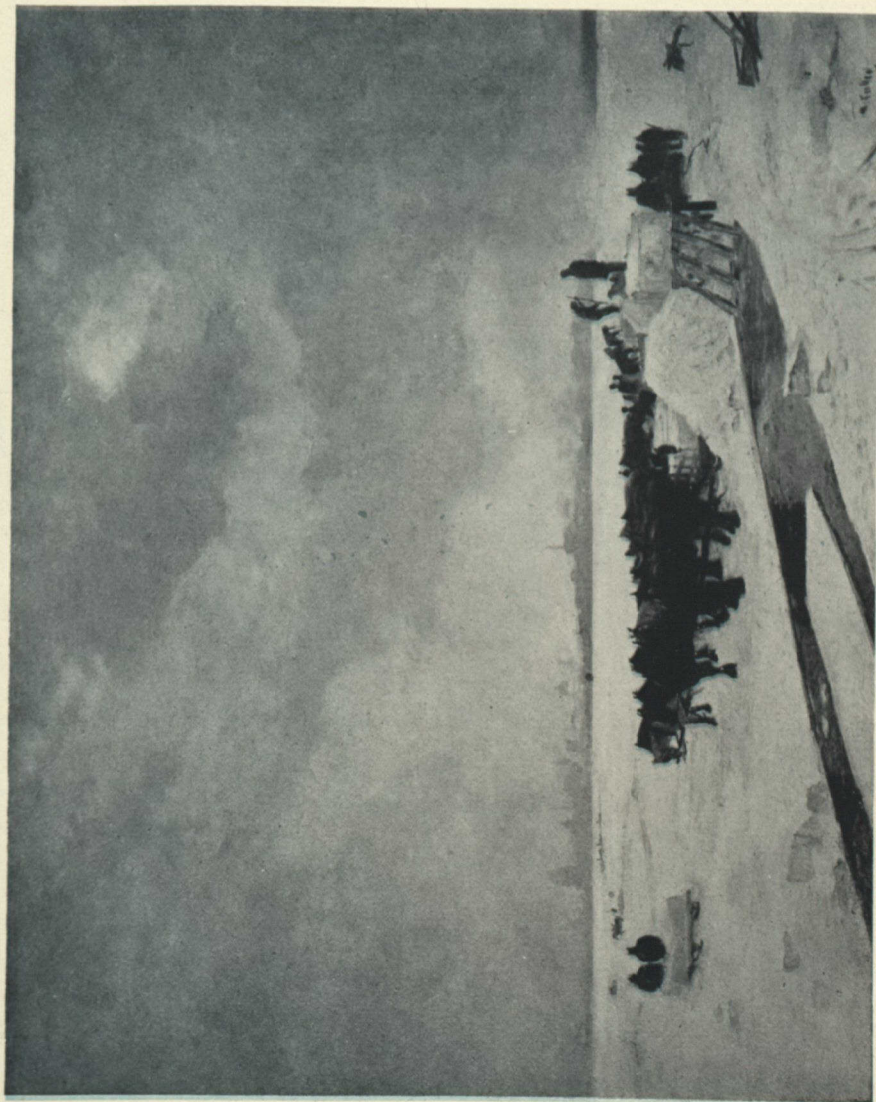
(I had no word for it then, Love,
But I felt you a spirit, and I—
I worshipped, not daring to touch you,
Save with a kiss like a sigh.)

Till you tired and you lay down beside me,
And talked of the sea and the ships,
And I played with your hand and your hair, Love,
And longed all day for your lips.

I can remember your hair, Love,
Remember the light of your eyes,
They were brown (and your lips were red, Love),
Yes, brown and wondrously wise!

I remember so many things, Love,
So little I understand,
But most I remember you flying,
A naiad over the sand.

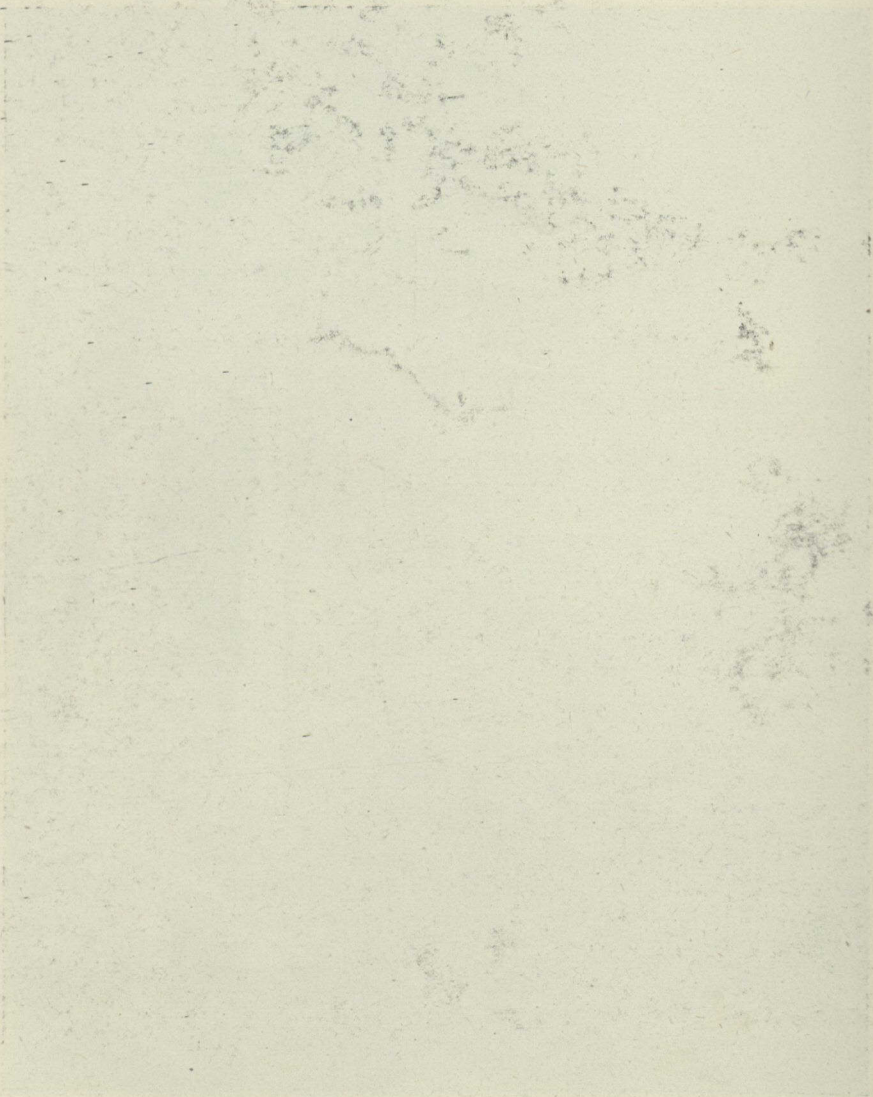
Yes, Love, you are always flying,
Your hair far out on the wind;
And though my heart break to follow,
I worship you time out of mind!



THE ICE HARVEST

From the Painting by
Maurice Cullen, R.C.A.

Exhibited by the
Royal Canadian
Academy



BROOD OF THE WITCH QUEEN

BY SAX ROHMER

IX—THE ELEMENTAL

I.

THE breakfast-room of Dr. Cairn's house in Half Moon Street presented a cheery appearance, and this despite the gloom of the morning; for thunderous clouds hung low in the sky, and there were distant mutterings ominous of a brewing storm.

Robert Cairn stood looking out of the window. He was thinking of an afternoon at Oxford, when to such an accompaniment as this, he had witnessed the first scene in the drama of evil wherein the man called Antony Ferrara sustained the leading rôle.

That the denouement was at any moment to be anticipated, his reason told him; and some instinct that was not of his reason forewarned him, too, that he and his father, Dr. Cairn, were now upon the eve of that final, decisive struggle which should determine the triumph of good over ill—or evil over good. Already the doctor's house was invested by the uncanny forces marshalled by Antony Ferrara against them. The distinguished patients, who daily flocked to the consulting-room of the celebrated specialist, who witnessed his perfect self-possession and took comfort from his confidence, knowing it for the confidence of strength, little suspected that a greater ill than any flesh is heir to, assailed the doctor to whom they came for healing.

A menace, dreadful and unnatural,

hung over that house as now the thunder clouds hung over it. This well-ordered household, so modern, so typical of twentieth century culture and refinement, presented none of the appearances of a beleaguered garrison; yet the house of Dr. Cairn in Half Moon Street was nothing less than an invested fortress.

A peal of distinct thunder boomed from the direction of Hyde Park. Robert Cairn looked up at the lowering sky as if seeking a portent. To his eye it seemed that a livid face, malignant with the malignancy of a devil, looked down out of the clouds.

Myra Duquesne came into the breakfast-room.

He turned to greet her, and, in his capacity of accepted lover, was about to kiss the tempting lips, when he hesitated—and contented himself with kissing her hand. A sudden sense of the proprieties had assailed him; he reflected that the presence of the girl beneath the same roof as himself—although dictated by imperative need—might be open to misconstruction by the prudish. Dr. Cairn had decided that for the present Myra Duquesne must dwell beneath his own roof, as in feudal days: the Baron at first hint of an approaching enemy formerly was accustomed to call within the walls of the castle those whom it was his duty to protect. Unknown to the world, a tremendous battle raged now in London; the outer works were in the possession of the enemy

—and he was now before their very gates.

Myra, though still pale from her recent illness, already was recovering some of the freshness of her beauty, and in her simple morning dress, as she busied herself about the breakfast-table, she was a sweet picture enough, and good to look upon. Robert Cairn stood beside her, looking into her eyes, and she smiled up at him with a happy contentment, which filled him with a new longing. But—

“Did you dream again, last night?” he asked, in a voice which he strove to make matter-of-fact.

Myra nodded—and her face momentarily clouded over.

“The same dream?”

“Yes,” she said in a troubled way; “at least—in some respects—”

Dr. Cairn came in, glancing at his watch.

“Good morning!” he cried, cheerily. “I have overslept myself.”

They took their seats at the table.

“Myra has been dreaming again, sir,” said Robert Cairn slowly.

The doctor, serviette in hand, glanced up with an inquiry in his gray eyes.

“We must not overlook any possible weapon,” he replied. “Give us particulars of your dream, Myra.”

As Marston entered silently with the morning fare, and, having placed the dishes upon the table, as silently withdrew, Myra began:

“I seemed to stand again in the barnlike building which I have described to you before. Through the rafters of the roof I could see the cracks in the tiling, and the moonlight shone through, forming lights and irregular patches upon the floor. A sort of door like that of a stable, with a heavy bar across, was dimly perceptible at the farther end of the place. The only furniture was a large deal table and a wooden chair of a very common kind. Upon the table stood a lamp—”

“What kind of lamp?” jerked Dr. Cairn.

“A silver lamp”—she hesitated, looking from Robert to his father—“one that I have seen in—Antony’s rooms. Its shaded light shone upon a closed iron box. I immediately recognized this box. You know that I described to you a dream which—terrified me the first time that I dreamt it.”

Dr. Cairn nodded, frowning darkly.

“Repeat your account of the former dream,” he said. “I regard it as important.”

“In my former dream,” the girl resumed—and her voice had an odd, far-away quality—“the scene was the same, except that the light of the lamp was shining down upon the leaves of an open book—a very very old book, written in strange characters. These characters appeared to dance before my eyes—almost as though they lived.”

She shuddered slightly, then:

“The same iron box, but open, stood upon the table, and a number of other, smaller boxes, around it. Each of these boxes was of a different material. Some were wooden; one, I think, was of ivory; one was of silver—and one, of some dull metal, which might have been gold. In the chair, by the table, Antony was sitting. His eyes were fixed upon me, with such a strange expression that I awoke, trembling frightfully—”

Dr. Cairn nodded again.

“And last night?” he prompted.

“Last night,” continued Myra, with a note of trouble in her sweet voice, “at four points around this table stood four smaller lamps, and upon the floor were rows of characters apparently traced in luminous paint. They flickered up and then grew dim, then flickered up again, in a sort of phosphorescent way. They extended from lamp to lamp, so as entirely to surround the table and the chair.

“In the chair, Antony Ferrara was sitting. He held a wand in his right hand—a wand with several copper rings about it; his left hand rested upon the iron box. In my dream, al-

though I could see this all very clearly, I seemed to see it from a distance; yet, at the same time, I stood apparently close by the table—I cannot explain. But I could hear nothing; only by the movements of his lips could I tell that he was speaking.”

She looked across at Dr. Cairn as if fearful to proceed, but presently continued:

“Suddenly I saw a frightful shape appear on the far side of the circle—that is to say, the table was between me and this shape. It was just like a gray cloud having the vague outlines of a man, but with two eyes of red fire glaring out from it—horribly—oh, horribly! It extended its shadowy arms as if saluting Antony. He turned and seemed to question it. Then with a look of ferocious anger—oh, it was frightful!—he dismissed the shape, and began to walk up and down beside the table, but never beyond the lighted circle, shaking his fists in the air, and, to judge by the movements of his lips, uttering most awful imprecations. He looked gaunt and ill. I dreamt no more, but awoke conscious of a sensation as though some dead weight, which had been pressing upon me had been suddenly removed.”

Dr. Cairn glanced across at his son significantly, but the subject was not renewed throughout breakfast.

Breakfast concluded.

“Come into the library, Rob,” said Dr. Cairn, “I have half an hour to spare, and there are some matters to be discussed.”

He led the way into the library with its orderly rows of obscure works, its store of forgotten wisdom, and pointed to the red leathern arm-chair. As Robert Cairn settled himself and looked across at his father, who sat at the big writing-table, that scene reminded him of many dangers met and overcome in the past, for the library at Half Moon Street was associated in his mind with some of the blackest pages in the history of Antony Ferrara.

“Do you understand the position, Rob?” asked the doctor abruptly.

“I think so, sir. This I take it is his last card—this outrageous, ungodly thing which he had loosed upon us?”

Dr. Cairn nodded grimly.

“The exact frontier,” he said, “dividing what we may term hypnotism from what we know as sorcery, has yet to be determined; and to which territory the doctrine of elemental spirits belongs it would be purposeless at the moment to discuss. We may note, however, remembering with whom we are dealing, that the one hundred and eighth chapter of the Ancient Egyptian ‘Book of the Dead’ is entitled ‘The Chapter of Knowing the Spirits of the West.’ Forgetting, *pro tem.*, that we dwell in the twentieth century, and looking at the situation from the point of view, say, of Eliphaz Levi, Cornelius Agrippa, or the Abbé de Villars, the man whom we know as Antony Ferrara, is directing against this house, and those within it, a type of elemental spirit, known as a Salamander.”

Robert Cairn smiled slightly.

“Ah!” said the doctor, with an answering smile in which there was little mirth, “we are accustomed to laugh at this mediæval terminology, but by what other can we speak of the activities of Ferrara?”

“Sometimes I think that we are the victims of a common madness,” said his son, raising his hand to his head in a manner almost pathetic.

“We are the victims of a common enemy,” replied his father sternly. “He employs weapons which often enough, in this enlightened age of ours, have condemned poor souls as sane as you or I, to the mad-house! Why in God’s name,” he cried with a sudden excitement, “does science persistently ignore all those laws which cannot be examined in the laboratory? Will the day never come when true men of science shall endeavour to explain the movements of a table upon which a ring of hands

has been placed? Will no exact scientist condescend to examine the properties of a planchette? Will no one do for the phenomena termed thought-forms what Newton did for that of the falling apple? Ah, Rob, in some respects this is a darker age than those which bear the stigma of darkness."

Silence fell for a few moments between them. Then:

"One thing is certain," said Robert Cairn deliberately. "We are in danger! Antony Ferrara, realizing that we are bent upon his destruction, is making a final stupendous effort to compass ours. I know that you have placed certain seals upon the windows of this house, and that after dusk these windows are never opened. I know that imprints, strangely like the imprints of fiery hands, may be seen at this moment upon the casements of Myra's room, your room, my room, and elsewhere. I know that Myra's dreams are not ordinary, meaningless dreams. I have had other evidence. I don't want to analyze these things; I confess that my mind is not capable of the task. I do not even want to know the meaning of it all; at the present *who is Antony Ferrara?*"

Dr. Cairn stood up, and, turning, faced his son.

"The time has come," he said, "when that question which you have asked me so many times before shall be answered. I will tell you all I know, and leave you to form your own opinion. For ere we go any further I assure you that I do not know for certain who he is."

"You have said so before, sir. Will you explain what you mean?"

"When his adoptive father, Sir Michael Ferrara," resumed the doctor, beginning to pace up and down the library, "when Sir Michael and I were in Egypt in the winter of 1893, we conducted certain inquiries in the Fayoum. We camped for over three months beside the Meydum Pyramid. The object of our inquiries

was to discover the tomb of a certain queen. I will not trouble you with the details, which could be of no interest to anyone but an Egyptologist, I will merely say that apart from the name and titles by which she is known to the ordinary students, this queen is also known, to certain inquirers as the Witch-Queen. She was not an Egyptian, but an Asiatic. In short, she was the last high priestess of a cult which became extinct at her death. Her secret mark (I am not referring to a cartouche or anything of that kind) was a spider; it was the mark of the religion or cult which she practised. The high priest of the principle Temple of Ra, during the reign of the Pharaoh who was this queen's husband, was one Hortotel. This was his official position, but secretly he was also the high-priest of the sinister creed to which I have referred. The temple of this religion—a religion allied to black magic—was the mysterious Pyramid of Méydûm.

"So much we knew—or Ferrara knew, and imparted to me, but for any corroborative evidence of this cult's existence we searched in vain. We explored the interior of the pyramid foot by foot, inch by inch—and found nothing. We knew that there was some other apartment in the pyramid, but in spite of our soundings, measurement and laborious excavations, we did not come upon the entrance to it. The tomb of the queen we failed to discover, also, and therefore concluded that her mummy was buried in the secret chamber of the pyramid. We had abandoned our quest in despair, when, excavating in one of the neighbouring mounds, we made a discovery."

He opened a box of cigars, selected one, and pushed the box towards his son. Robert shook his head, almost impatiently, but Dr. Cairn lighted the cigar, ere resuming:

"Directed as I now believe by a malignant will, we blundered upon the tomb of the high priest—"

"You found his mummy?"

"We found his mummy—yes. But, owing to the carelessness—and the fear—of the native labourers, it was exposed to the sun and crumpled—was lost. I would a similar fate had attended the other one which we found!"

"What! Another mummy?"

"We discovered"—Dr. Cairn spoke very deliberately—"a certain papyrus. The translation of this is contained"—he rested the point of his finger upon the writing-table—"in the unpublished book of Sir Michael Ferrara, which lies here. That book, Rob, will never be published now! Furthermore, we discovered the mummy of a child—"

"A child!"

"A boy. Not daring to trust the natives, we removed it secretly at night to our own tent. Before we commenced the task of unwrapping it, Sir Michael—the most brilliant scholar of his age—had proceeded so far in deciphering the papyrus, that he determined to complete his reading before we proceeded further. It contained directions for performing a certain process. This process had reference to the mummy of the child!"

"Do I understand—"

"Already you are discrediting the story! Ah! I can see it! but let me finish. Unaided, we performed this process upon the embalmed body of the child. Then, in accordance with the directions of that dead magician—that accursed, malignant being, who thus had sought to secure for himself a new tenure of evil life—we laid the mummy, treated in a certain fashion, in the King's Chamber of the Méydûm Pyramid. It remained there for thirty days, from moon to moon—"

"You guarded the entrance?"

"You may assume what you like, Rob, but I could swear before any jury, that no one entered the pyramid throughout that time. Yet since we were only human, we may have been deceived in this. I have only to add that when at the rising of the new

moon in the ancient Sothic month of Panoi, we again entered the chamber, a living baby, some six months old, perfectly healthy, solemnly blinked up at the lights which we held in our trembling hands!"

Dr. Cairn reseated himself at the table, and turned the chair so that he faced his son. With the smouldering cigar between his teeth he sat, a slight smile upon his lips.

Now it was Robert's turn to rise and begin feverishly to pace the floor.

"You mean, sir, that this infant, which lay in the pyramid was adopted by Sir Michael?"

"Was adopted, yes. Sir Michael engaged nurses for him, reared him here in England, educating him as an Englishman, sent him to a public school, sent him to—"

"To Oxford! Antony Ferrara! What! Do you seriously tell me that this is the history of Antony Ferrara?"

"On my word of honour, boy, that is all I know of Antony Ferrara. Is it not enough?"

"Merciful God! It is incredible!" groaned Robert Cairn.

"From the time that he attained to manhood," said Dr. Cairn evenly, "this adopted son of my poor old friend has passed from crime to crime. By means which are beyond my comprehension, and which alone serve to confirm his supernatural origin, he has acquired—knowledge. According to the Ancient Egyptian beliefs, the *Khu* (or magical powers) of a fully-equipped Adept, at the death of the body, could enter into anything prepared for its reception. According to these ancient beliefs, then, the *Khu* of the high priest Hortotel entered into the body of this infant who was his son, and whose mother was the Witch-Queen, and to-day, in this modern London, a wizard of Ancient Egypt, armed with the lost lore of that magical land, walks amongst us! What that lore is worth, it would be profitless for us to discuss, but that he possesses it—all of it—I know, beyond

doubt. The most ancient and most powerful magical book which has ever existed was the "Book of Thoth."

He walked across to a distant shelf, selected a volume, opened it at a particular page, and placed it on his son's knees.

"Read there!" he said, pointing.

The words seemed to dance before the younger man's eyes, and this was what he read:

"To read two pages enables you to enchant the heavens, the earth, the abyss, the mountains, and the sea; you shall know what the birds of the sky and the crawling things are saying, and when the second page is read, if you are in the world of ghosts, you will grow again in the shape you were on earth."

"Heavens!" whispered Robert Cairn. "Is this the writing of a madman? or can such things possibly be?" He read on:

"This book is in the middle of the river at Koptos, in an iron box—"

"An iron box!" he muttered. "An iron box!"

"So you recognize the iron box?" jerked Dr. Cairn.

His son read on:

"In the iron box is a bronze box, in the bronze box is a sycamore box, in the sycamore box is an ivory and ebony box, in the ivory and ebony box is a silver box, in the silver box is a golden box, and in that is the book. It is twisted all round with snakes and scorpions, and all the other crawling things."

"The man who holds the 'Book of Thoth,'" said Dr. Cairn, break the silence, "holds a power which should only belong to God. The creature who is known to the world as Antony Ferrara holds that book. Do you doubt it? Therefore you know now, as I have known long enough, with what manner of enemy we are fighting. You know that this time it is a fight to the death."

He stopped abruptly, staring out of the window.

A man with a large photographic

camera, standing upon the opposite pavement, was busily engaged in focusing on the house.

"What is this?" muttered Robert Cairn, also stepping to the window.

"It is a link between sorcery and science," replied the doctor. "You remember Ferrara's photographic gallery at Oxford? The Zenana, you used to call it. You remember having seen in his collection photographs of persons who afterwards came to violent ends?"

"I begin to understand."

"Thus far his endeavours to concentrate the whole of the evil forces at his command upon this house have had but poor results, having merely caused Myra to dream strange dreams, clairvoyant dreams, instructive dreams more useful to us than to the enemy, and having results in certain marks upon the outside of the house adjoining the windows—windows which I have sealed in a particular manner. You understand?"

"By means of photographs he concentrates in some way malignant forces upon certain points."

"He focuses his will—yes. The man who can really control his will, Rob, is supreme, below the Godhead. Ferrara can almost do this now. Before he has become wholly proficient—"

"I understand, sir!" snapped his son grimly.

"He is barely of age, boy," Dr. Cairn said, almost in a whisper. "In another year he would menace the world. Where are you going?"

He grasped his son's arm as Robert started for the door.

"That man yonder—"

"Diplomacy, Rob; guile against guile! Let the man do his work, which he does in all innocency; then follow him. Learn where his studio is situated, and from that point proceed to learn—"

"The situation of Ferrara's hiding-place?" cried his son excitedly. "I understand. Of course, you are right, sir."

"I will leave the inquiry in your hands, Rob. Unfortunately, other duties call me."

II.

Robert Cairn entered a photographer's shop in Baker Street.

"You recently arranged to do views of some houses in the West End for a gentleman?" he said to the girl in charge.

"That is so," she replied, after a moment's hesitation. "We did pictures of the house of some celebrated specialist, for a magazine article they were intended. Do you wish us to do something similar?"

"Not at the moment," replied Robert Cairn, smiling slightly. "I merely want the address of your client."

"I do not know that I can give you that," replied the girl doubtfully. "But he will be here about eleven o'clock for proofs, if you wish to see him."

"I wonder if I can confide in you," said Robert Cairn, looking the girl frankly in the eyes.

She seemed rather confused.

"I hope there is nothing wrong," she murmured.

"You have nothing to fear," he replied. "But, unfortunately, there is something wrong, which, however, I cannot explain. Will you promise me not to tell your client—I do not ask his name—that I have been here, or have been making any inquiries respecting him?"

"I think I can promise that," she replied.

"I am much indebted to you."

Robert Cairn hastily left the shop, and began to look about him for a likely hiding-place from whence, unobserved, he might watch the photographer's. An antique furniture dealer's some little distance along the opposite side attracted his attention. He glanced at his watch; it was half-past ten.

If, upon the pretence of examining some of the stock, he could linger in the furniture shop for half an hour,

he would be enabled to get upon the track of Ferrara.

His mind was made up. He walked along and entered the shop. For the next half-hour he passed from item to item of the collection displayed there, surveying each in the leisurely manner of a connoisseur; but always he kept a watch through the window upon the photographer's.

Promptly at eleven o'clock a taxicab drew up at the door, and from it a slim man alighted. He wore, despite the heat of the morning, an overcoat of some woolly material, and in his gait, as he crossed the pavement to enter the shop, there was something revoltingly effeminate—a sort of cat-like grace which had been noticeable in a woman, but which in a man was unnatural, and for some obscure reason sinister.

It was Antony Ferrara!

Even at that distance, and in that brief time, Robert Cairn could see the ivory face, the abnormal red lips, and the long black eyes of this arch-fiend, this monster masquerading as a man. He had much ado to restrain his rising passion, but, knowing that all depended upon his cool action, he waited until Ferrara had entered the photographer's. With a word of apology to the furniture dealer, he passed quickly into Baker Street. Everything rested now upon his securing a cab before Ferrara came out again. Ferrara's cabman evidently was waiting for him.

A taxi-driver fortunately hailed Cairn at the very moment that he gained the pavement, and Cairn, concealing himself behind the vehicle, gave the man rapid instructions.

"You see that taxi outside the photographer's?" he said.

The man nodded.

"Wait until someone comes out of the shop and is driven off in it, then follow. Do not lose sight of the cab for a moment. When it draws up, and wherever it draws up, drive right past it. Don't attract attention by stopping. You understand?"

"Quite, sir!" said the man, smiling slightly.

And Cairn entered the cab.

The cabman drew up at a point some little distance beyond, from whence he could watch. Two minutes later Ferrara came out and was driven off. The pursuit commenced.

His cab, ahead, proceeded to Westminster Bridge, across to the south side of the river, and by way of that commercial thoroughfare at the back of St. Thomas's Hospital, emerged at Vauxhall. Thence the pursuit led to Stockwell, Herne Hill, and yet onward towards Dulwich.

It suddenly occurred to Robert Cairn that Ferrara was making in the direction of Mr. Saunderson's house at Dulwich Common, the house in which Myra had had her mysterious illness, in which she had remained until it had become evident that her safety depended upon her never being left alone for one moment.

"What can be his object?" muttered Cairn.

He wondered if Ferrara, for some inscrutable reason, was about to call upon Mr. Saunderson. But when the cab ahead, having passed the park, continued on past the lane in which the house was situated, he began to search for some other solution to the problem of Ferrara's destination.

Suddenly he saw that the cab ahead had stopped. The driver of his own cab without slackening speed, pursued his way. Cairn crouched down upon the floor, fearful of being observed. No house was visible to right nor left, merely open fields, and he knew that it would be impossible for him to delay in such a spot without attracting attention.

Ferrara's cab passed.

"Keep on till I tell you to stop!" cried Cairn.

He dropped the speaking-tube, and, turning, looked out through the little window at the back.

Ferrara had dismissed his cab. He saw him entering a gate and crossing a field on the right of the road. Cairn

turned again and took up the tube.

"Stop at the first house we come to," he directed. "Hurry!"

A deserted-looking building presently was reached, a large, straggling house which obviously had no tenant. Here the man pulled up, and Cairn leapt out. As he did so, he heard Ferrara's cab driving back by the way it had come.

"Here!" he said; and gave the man half a sovereign. "Wait for me!"

He started back along the road at a run. Even had he suspected that he was followed, Ferrara could not have seen him. But when Cairn came up level with the gate through which Ferrara had gone, he slowed down and crept cautiously forward.

Ferrara, who by this time had reached the other side of the field, was in the act of entering a barn-like building, which evidently at some time had formed a portion of a farm. As the distant figure, opening one of the big doors, disappeared within:

"The place of which Myra has been dreaming!" muttered Cairn.

Certainly, viewed from that point, it seemed to answer externally to the girl's description. The roof was of moss-grown red tiles, and Cairn could imagine how the moonlight would readily find access through the chinks which beyond doubt existed in the weather-worn structure. He had little doubt that this was the place dreamed of, or seen clairvoyantly, by Myra, that this was the place to which Ferrara had retreated in order to conduct his nefarious operations.

It was eminently suited to the purpose, being entirely surrounded by unoccupied land. For what ostensible purpose Ferrara had leased it, he could not conjecture; nor did he concern himself with the matter. The purpose for which actually he had leased the place was sufficiently evident to the man who had suffered so much at the hands of this modern sorcerer.

To approach closer would have been indiscreet. This he knew, and he was

sufficiently diplomatic to resist the temptation to obtain a nearer view of the place. He knew that everything depended upon secrecy. Antony Ferrara must not suspect that his black laboratory was known. Cairn decided to return to Half Moon Street without delay, fully satisfied with the result of his investigation.

He walked rapidly back to where the cab waited, gave the man his father's address, and in three-quarters of an hour was back in Half Moon Street.

Dr. Cairn had not yet dismissed the last of his patients. Myra, accompanied by Miss Saunderson, was out shopping, and Robert found himself compelled to possess his soul in patience. He paced restlessly up and down the library, sometimes taking a book at random, scanning its pages with unseeing eyes, and replacing it without having formed the slightest impression of its contents. He tried to smoke, but his pipe was constantly going out, and he had littered the hearth untidily with burnt matches, when Dr. Cairn suddenly opened the library door and entered.

"Well?" he said eagerly.

Robert Cairn leaped forward.

"I have tracked him, sir!" he cried. "My God, while Myra was at Saunderson's, she was almost next door to the beast! His den is in a field no more than a thousand yards from the garden-wall—from Saunderson's orchid-houses!"

"He is daring," muttered Dr. Cairn, "but his selection of that site served two purposes. The spot was suitable in many ways, and we were least likely to look for him next door, as it were. It was a move characteristic of the accomplished criminal."

Robert Cairn nodded.

"It is the place of which Myra dreamed, sir. I have not the slightest doubt about that. What we have to find out is at what times of the day and night he goes there—"

"I doubt," interrupted Dr. Cairn, "if he visits the place during the day.

As you know, he has abandoned his rooms in Piccadilly, but I have no doubt, knowing his sybaritic habits, that he has some other palatial place in town. I have been making inquiries in several directions, especially in certain directions—" He paused, raising his eyebrows significantly.

"Additions to the 'Zenana'?" inquired Robert.

Dr. Cairn nodded his head grimly.

"Exactly," he replied. "There is not a scrap of evidence upon which, legally, he could be convicted; but since his return from Egypt, Rob, he has added other victims to the list!"

"The fiend!" cried the younger man. "The unnatural fiend!"

"Unnatural is the word; he is literally unnatural; but many women find him irresistible; he is typical of the unholy brood to which he belongs. The evil beauty of the Witch Queen sent many a soul to perdition; the evil beauty of her son has zealously carried on the work."

"What must we do?"

"I doubt if we can do anything to-day. Obviously the early morning is the most suitable time to visit his den at Dulwich Common."

"But the new photographs of the house? There will be another attempt upon us, to-night?"

"Yes, there will be another attempt upon us to-night," said the doctor wearily. "This is the year 1914; yet here, in Half Moon Street, when dusk falls, we shall be submitted to an attack of a kind to which mankind probably has not been submitted for many ages. We shall be called upon to dabble in the despised magical art; we shall be called upon to place certain seals upon our doors and windows, to protect ourselves against an enemy who, like Eros, laughs at locks and bars."

"Is it possible for him to succeed?"

"Quite possible, Rob, in spite of all our precautions. I feel in my very bones that to-night he will put forth a supreme effort."

A bell rang.

"I think," continued the doctor, "that this is Myra. She must get all the sleep she can, during the afternoon; for to-night I have determined that she, and you, and I must not think of sleep, but must remain together, here in the library. We must not lose sight of one another, you understand?"

"I am glad that you have proposed it!" cried Robert Cairn eagerly. "I, too, feel that we have come to a critical moment in the contest."

"To-morrow," continued the doctor, "I shall be prepared to take certain steps. My preparations will occupy me throughout the rest of to-day."

At dusk that evening Dr. Cairn, his son, and Myra Duquesne met together in the library. The girl looked rather pale.

An odour of incense pervaded the house, coming from the doctor's study, wherein he had locked himself in the evening, issuing instructions that he was not to be disturbed. The exact nature of the preparations which he had been making, Robert Cairn was unable to conjecture; and some instinct warned him that his father would not welcome any inquiry upon the matter. He realized that Dr. Cairn proposed to fight Antony Ferrara with his own weapons, and now, when something in the very air of the house seemed to warn them of a tremendous attack impending, that the doctor, much against his will, was entering the arena in the character of a practical magician—a character new to him, and obviously abhorrent.

At half-past ten the servants all retired in accordance with Dr. Cairn's orders. From where he stood by the tall mantelpiece, Robert Cairn could watch Myra Duquesne, a dainty picture in her simple evening gown, where she sat reading in a distant corner, her delicate beauty forming a strong contrast to the background of sombre volumes. Dr. Cairn sat by the big table, smoking, and apparently

listening. A strange device which he had adopted every evening for the past week, he had adopted again to-night. There were little white seals, bearing a curious figure consisting in interlaced triangles, upon the insides of every window in the house, upon the doors, and even upon the fire-grates.

Robert Cairn at another time might have thought his father mad, childish, thus to play at wizardry; but he had had experiences which had taught him to recognize that upon such seemingly trivial matters, great issues might turn, that in the strange land over the Border, there were strange laws—laws which he could but dimly understand. There he acknowledged the superior wisdom of Dr. Cairn; and did not question it.

At eleven o'clock a comparative quiet had come upon Half Moon Street. The sound of the traffic had gradually subsided, until it seemed to him that the house stood, not in the busy West End of London, but isolated, apart from its neighbours; it seemed to him an abode, marked out and separated from the other abodes of man, a house enveloped in an impalpable cloud, a cloud of evil, summoned up and directed by the wizard hand of Antony Ferrara, son of the Witch-Queen.

Although Myra pretended to read, and Dr. Cairn, from his fixed expression, might have been supposed to be preoccupied, in point of fact they were all waiting, with nerves at highest tension, for the opening of the attack. In what form it would come—whether it would be vague moanings and tappings upon the windows, such as they had already experienced, whether it would be a phantasmal storm, a clap of phenomenal thunder—they could not conjecture, if the enemy would attack suddenly, or if his menace should grow, threatening from afar off, and then gradually penetrating into the heart of the garrison.

It came, then, suddenly.

Dropping her book, Myra uttered a piercing scream, and with eyes glaring madly, fell forward on the carpet, unconscious!

Robert Cairn leaped forward with clenched fists. His father stood up so rapidly as to upset his chair, which fell crashingly upon the floor.

Together they turned and looked in the direction in which the girl had been looking. They fixed their eyes upon the drapery of the library window—which was drawn together. The whole window was luminous as though a bright light shone outside, but luminous as though that light were the light of some unholy fire!

Involuntarily they both stepped back, and Robert Cairn clutched his father's arm convulsively.

The curtains seemed to be rendered transparent, as if some powerful ray were directed upon them; the window appeared through them as a rectangular blue patch. Only two lamps were burning in the library, that in the corner by which Myra had been reading, and the green shaded lamp upon the table. The end of the room by the window, then, was in shadow, against which this unnatural light shone brilliantly.

"My God!" whispered Robert Cairn—"that's Half Moon Street—outside. There can be no light—"

He broke off, for now he perceived the Thing which had occasioned the girl's scream of horror.

In the middle of the rectangular patch of light, a gray shape but partially opaque, moved—shifting, luminous clouds about it—was taking form, growing momentarily more substantial!

It had some remote semblance of a man; but its unique characteristic was its awful *grayness*. It had the grayness of a rain cloud, yet rather that of a column of smoke. And from the centre of the dimly defined head, two eyes—balls of living fire—glared out into the room!

Heat was beating into the library from the physical heat, as though a

furnace door had been opened—and the shape, ever growing more palpable, was moving forwards towards them—approaching—the heat every instant growing greater.

It was impossible to look at those two eyes of fire; it was almost impossible to move. Indeed, Robert Cairn was transfixed in such horror as, in all his dealings with the monstrous Ferrara, he had never known before. But his father, shaking off the dread which possessed him also, leaped at one bound to the library table.

Robert Cairn vaguely perceived that a small group of objects, looking like balls of wax, lay there. Dr. Cairn had evidently been preparing them in the locked study. Now he took them all up in his left hand, and confronted the Thing—which seemed to be *growing* into the room—for it did not advance in the ordinary sense of the word.

One by one he threw the white pellets into that vapoury grayness. As they touched the curtain, they hissed as if they had been thrown into a fire; they melted; and upon the transparency of the drapings, as upon a sheet of gauze, showed faint streaks, where, melting, they trickled down the tapestry.

As he cast each pellet from his hand, Dr. Cairn took a step forward, and cried out certain words in a loud voice—words which Robert Cairn knew he had never heard uttered before, in a language which some instinct told him to be Ancient Egyptian.

Their effect was to force that dreadful shape gradually to disperse, as a cloud of smoke might disperse when the fire which occasions it is extinguished slowly. Seven pellets in all he threw towards the window—and the seventh struck the curtains, now once more visible in their proper form.

The Fire Elemental had been vanquished!

Robert Cairn clutched his hair in a sort of frenzy. He glared at the

draped window, feeling that he was making a supreme effort to retain his sanity. Had it ever looked otherwise? Had the tapestry ever faded before him, becoming visible in a great light which had shone through it from behind? Had the Thing, a Thing unnameable, indescribable, stood there?

He read his answer upon the tapestry.

Whitening streaks showed where the pellets, melting, had trickled down the curtain!

Lift Myra on the settee!"

It was Dr. Cairn speaking, calmly, but in a strained voice.

Robert Cairn, as if emerging from a mist, turned to the recumbent white form upon the carpet. Then, with a great cry, he leaped forward and raised the girl's head.

"Myra!" he groaned, "Myra! speak to me—"

"Control yourself, boy," rapped Dr. Cairn sternly; "she cannot speak until you have revived her! She has swooned—nothing worse."

IV.

"AND WE HAVE CONQUERED!"

The mists of early morning still floated over the fields, when these two, set upon strange business, walked through the damp grass to the door of the barn, wherefrom radiated the dreadful waves which on the previous night had reached them, or almost reached them, in the library at Half Moon Street.

The big, double doors were padlocked, but for this they had come provided. Ten minutes' work upon the padlock sufficed, and Dr. Cairn swung wide the doors.

A suffocating smell—the smell of that incense with which they had too often come in contact, was wafted out to them. There was a dim light inside the place, and without hesitation both entered.

A deal table and chair constituted the sole furniture of the interior. A part of the floor was roughly boarded,

and a brief examination of the boarding sufficed to discover the hiding-place in which Antony Ferrara kept the utensils of his awful art.

Dr. Cairn lifted up two heavy boards, and in a recess below lay a number of singular objects. There were four antique lamps of most peculiar design; there was a large silver lamp, which both of them had seen before in various apartments occupied by Antony Ferrara. There were a number of other things which Robert Cairn could not have described, had he been called upon to do so, for the reason that he had seen nothing like them before, and had no idea of their nature or purpose.

But, conspicuous amongst this curious hoard, was a square iron box dissimilar from any workmanship known to Robert Cairn. Its lid was covered with a sort of scroll-work, and he was about to reach down, in order to lift it, when—

"Do not touch it!" cried the doctor. "For God's sake, do not touch it!"

Robert Cairn started back, as though he had seen a snake. Turning to his father, he saw that the latter was pulling on a pair of white gloves. As he fixed his eyes upon these in astonishment, he perceived that they were smeared all over with some white preparation.

"Stand aside, boy," said the doctor—and for once his voice shook slightly. "Do not look again until I call to you. Turn your head aside!"

Silent with amazement, Robert Cairn obeyed. He heard his father lift out the iron box. He heard him open it, for he had already perceived that it was not locked. Then quite distinctly, he heard him close it again, and replace it in the cache.

"Do not turn, boy!" came a hoarse whisper.

He did not turn, but waited, his heart beating painfully, for what should happen next.

"Stand aside from the door," came the order, "and when I have gone out

do not look after me. I will call to you when it is finished."

He obeyed, without demur.

His father passed him, and he heard him walking through the damp grass outside the door of the barn. Then followed an intolerable interval. From some place, not very distant, he could hear Dr. Cairn moving, hear the chink of glass upon glass, as though he were pouring out something from a stopped bottle. Then a faint, acid smell was wafted to his nostrils, perceptible even above the heavy odour of incense in the barn.

"Relock the door!" came the cry.

Robert Cairn relocked the door, snapped the padlock fast, and began to fumble with the skeleton keys with which they had come provided. He discovered that to reclose the padlock was quite as difficult as to open it. His hands were trembling, too; he was all anxiety to see what had taken place behind him. So that when at last a sharp click told of the task accomplished, he turned in a flash, and saw his father placing tufts of grass upon a charred patch, from which a faint haze of smoke still arose. He walked over and joined him.

"What have you done, sir?"

"I have robbed him of his armour," replied the doctor grimly. His face was very pale, his eyes were very bright. "I have destroyed the *Book of Thoth!*"

"Then, he will be unable—"

"He will still be able to summon his dreadful servant, Rob. Having summoned him once, he can summon him again, but—"

"Well, sir?"

"He cannot control him."

"Good God!"

That night brought no repetition of the uncanny attack; and in the gray, half-light of the dawn, Dr. Cairn and his son, themselves like two phantoms, again crept across the field to the barn.

The padlock hung loose in the ring.

"Stay where you are, Rob!" cautioned the doctor.

He gently pushed the door open—wider—wider—and looked in. There was an overpowering odour of burning flesh. He turned to Robert, and spoke in a steady voice.

"The brood of the Witch-Queen is extinct!" he said.

THE END.



DEAR FATHER

SECOND LETTER FROM A SON WHO WOULD MAKE SOMETHING OF HIMSELF TO A SELF-MADE FATHER

EDITED BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

[Note.—The young man wrote this letter before the Germans had fastened a bad odour upon the word "Culture" and while Paris was securely at peace, with the Louvre and the Luxembourg wide open.—A. R. C.]

Hotel de ———, Paris.

Dear Father:

So my first talk didn't make a sale, eh? Well, they are poor goods which are not worth more than one talk. I judge that it was the label on the package that queered them—Culture. As you would say, the goods marked "Culture" which you have handled have been "no good for the general trade," and have been mighty unsatisfactory when sold as something "extra fine."

Well, Dad, no one knows better than you that there is such a thing as forging a trade-mark; or—quite as bad—closely imitating one. All is not sugar-coated culture that talks like a Cockney. Breakfasting late, reading French translations, and having "the men" into one's den of a night to talk "literachueh" and drink whisky, are not the only signs of a cultured intellect. And it will never do to condemn a brand by the shortcomings of its imitations.

You remember Parsons, the hide man? Well, he's over here trying to get some good out of his money. I met him the other day; and he told me — incidentally — that he had "done" the Louvre and the Luxembourg. I asked him which he liked best.

"The Luxembourg," he replied promptly.

"Why?" I inquired.

"Well," he said, "it's like this"—laying a hand in my arm so I would not stray off and let some other hide-salesman get hold of me—"you know when I start in to do a thing, I like to wind it up and make a clean job of it. Now, I just nicely got through the Luxembourg in a day—lunched near there, you know, to save time—but there is so much of the Louvre that I couldn't get all round, though I more than hustled; and I don't quite know where I was at when they turned us out at night. I haven't been back; for it is just as if somebody had interrupted me when I was packing my trunks for the road; and I didn't know what I had put in and what I had left out."

Then he took me home to his hotel to dine with him. I tried to get out of it; but—you know Parsons. He has the best suite of rooms in the place; and it is one of the most expensive in Paris. The waiters are so well "tipped" that they all suffer from a sort of St. Vitus dance whenever he appears. He has everything that money can buy; and yet he is utterly miserable. It worries him to travel by railway trains in which you cannot get up and roam through in search of a possible customer. It makes him profane every time he thinks of the street railway opportunities going to waste in this city of

omnibuses. He began by buying seats at the opera; but a couple of nights tired him out. Now he only drops in for the ballet. Guides drag him around to see famous examples of architecture and world-renowned pieces of art; but he lumps it all together as "tommyrot." He has yet to see anything to touch the Auditorium. The one thrill of joy he has felt since he landed was when he discovered the only water "cooler" in Paris; and it was in an American building.

Now I know that your patriotic heart is all a-glow, and you are promising yourself to have Parsons over at the club as soon as he gets back. That is the kind of a patriotic citizen you like—a man who travels the world over and sees nothing half so good as the Windy City. But perhaps you'll agree with me that Parsons is wasting his money over here. He is like a dyspeptic at Delmonico's. Mentally speaking, he sits down to a French dinner which is the last word of culinary art, and longs for "buckwheats" and pie. He is paying for champagne and thinking of the beer Milwaukee used to make. Now, as a business man, what do you think of that for judgment?

Let me tell you about another American who is over here. He is a young chap from Buffalo. He can draw a little—not enough to hurt; and for years he has been trying to educate himself in art. He drew for one of the Buffalo papers and took lessons in New York; and gradually he saved some money. Now he is over here spending it. He never expects to be a successful artist; but he has cultured himself in the matter of art until it is a most exquisite pleasure for him to sit down before a masterpiece in the Louvre and study out the artist's struggles and intentions in the making of it. He is living on a good deal less than a dollar a day so that he can stay longer; and artistic Europe is one unclaying feast to him. He is now planning to go down to

Italy; and it makes my mouth water enviously to hear him gloating over the enjoyment he is going to get there. Parsons would have to sell hides, right along every day, at treble their value to an ever-increasing number of customers who would "never come back at him," in order to get half as much enjoyment out of life. Then Parsons would soon find even that to be work; whereas my young Buffalo friend increases his pleasure every day he spends cultivating his mind.

Now don't you think that young Buffalo man has learned a trick or two that it would have paid Parsons to acquire? We are all in this thing to get happiness, I suppose. When a man sells hides—or pork—for money, he has only completed half of the bargain. He must then sell his money for happiness; and the final test of his good business head is the amount of happiness which he gets for his "pork"—i.e. for his labour. Now Parsons has got young Buffalo beaten to death in the first part of the bargain—the selling of his labour for money; but I rather think that young Buffalo overhauls him and puts him all to the bad by his success in the second part of the transaction. That is, young Buffalo gets more happiness for his labour than Parsons does, or than Parsons ever can.

That is what Culture is, dear Dad. It is the gift of selling money for happiness. You have a keen eye for men who have the gift of selling pork for money. And you know the immense value of the "gift." It is not enough to have the will to do it. Lots of men set out from your office determined to sell pork. Their very livelihood depends on it. Yet they cannot make the sale. The pork is the "best ever"; the customers need it; and the men are frantic to sell. But they lack the "gift." They can't strike a bargain. They do not seem to be able to make pork and money connect. Other men, by closely observing the methods of their elders, by patient study of the business, and

by a hundred and one other labours, have acquired the "gift." They can turn pork into money.

Now the cultured man is the successful salesman on the other part of the route. He can sell his money for happiness to the best advantage. He is the star commercial traveller for the House of Dollars, Cents & Company. And that is the part of the business that it seems to me I ought to learn. You are a past-master in the first part. You have attended to the manufacture of pork into dollars for the family; and, unless you intend to endow a sanatorium for drop-sical porkers, you have piled up a heap of nice new dollars that will go bad on your hands unless somebody can sell them for you. As for yourself, you don't want to sell them. You have said again and again that you will never retire while you have health; for you take your pleasure in making the dollars. Yet nothing is more certain than that those dollars of yours will be sold by somebody for something. You remember how that fine line of pickled dollars that Samuel Anderson put up, were sold by his young hopeful, Sammy Junior? He sold them for slippered champagne, *a la* chorus girl, and a night-light life, *a la* automobile. When he came to take stock, he had one dissipated body, one empty head, and an assorted box of expensive appetites. These he now exchanges for a clerkship which he holds because someone used to be a friend of his father's.

The trouble with Sammy was that

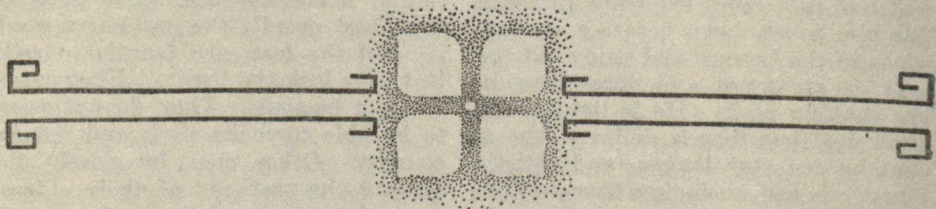
he was a poor and untrained salesman of dollars. If he had had the "gift," he could have got an inexhaustible stream of happiness out of merely the interest on his dollars; whereas he was only able to buy a few feverish pleasures with gaudy but unstable colours, frazzled at the edges with morning headaches and stained indelibly with self-contempt, for his whole stock of dollars, interest and all. In one word, what Sammy lacked was—Culture.

Now, dear Dad, the simple question before you is whether the pile of dollars of which you are so justly proud shall be sold by a good or bad salesman. It is true that you may bring me home and make me into a salesman at the other end of the business—the selling of pork for dollars. But that will only mean that there will be a bigger pile of dollars for someone to sell when I get through working at the heap you will leave. And unless that salesman, when he comes, has the "gift"—has Culture—he will infallibly make a bad family bargain for us in the end. The best dollar-maker is at the mercy of his dollar-seller.

Just to get my hand in, in case you come to these heretical views I have been expressing, I am going off tomorrow to sell a few of your dollars for some weeks at Barbizon, where one ought to learn more of art-in-the-making than at any place outside the Latin Quarter.

Your affectionate son,
JOHN.

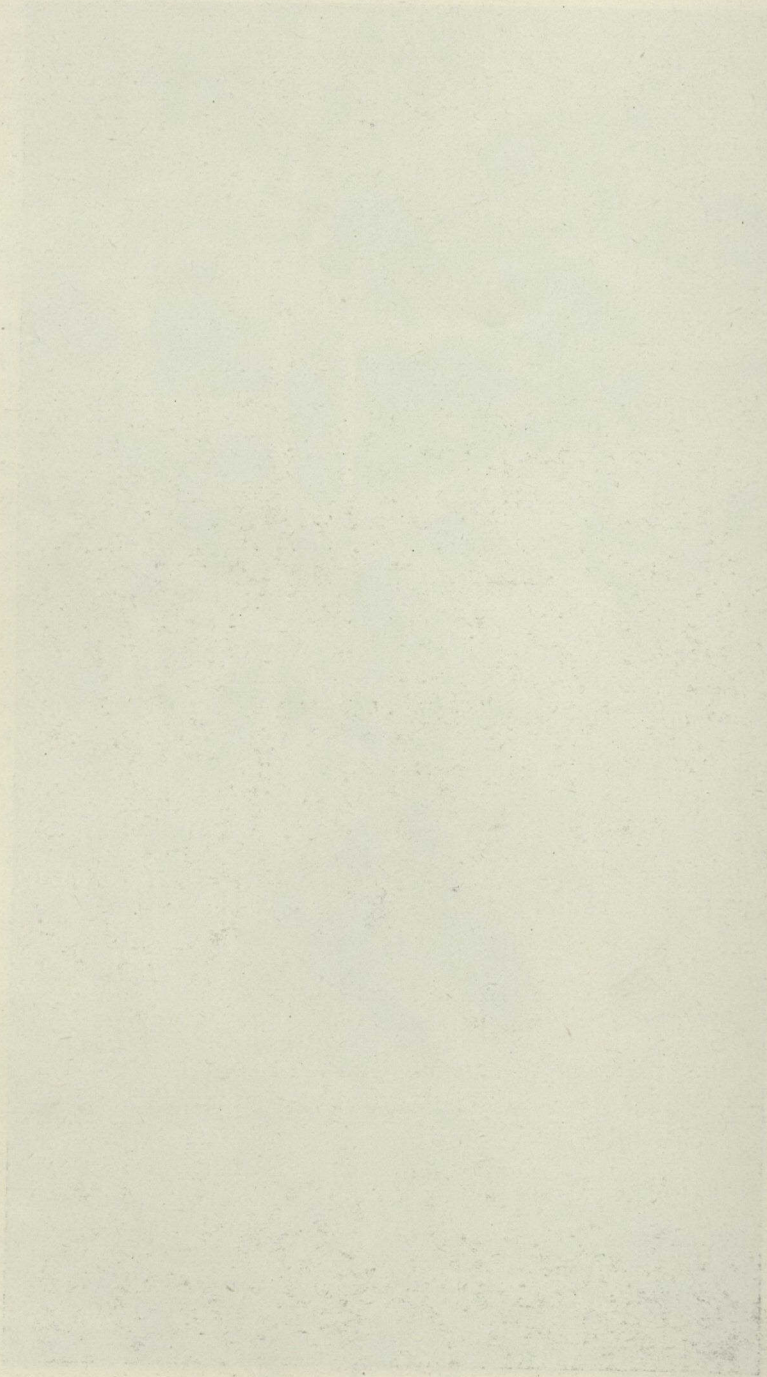
The third and concluding letter of this series will appear in the February Number.





From the Etching
by W. R. Duff

THE
BIRCHES



CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

ANY doubts that may have lingered as to the ultimate results of the European campaign are dispelled by the news from the seat of war on both fronts and the continued success of the Allies in every quarter where the enemy has acted on the offensive. In Flanders and Poland the Allies are making steady progress. The great battle of Lodz, which Berlin reported to have ended in a sweeping German victory, turned out after all to be another strategic victory for the Grand Duke Nicholas. The only thing certain about the battle was the terrible loss of life on both sides. The Russian commander has displayed remarkable gifts of strategy and from the first move in the campaign has made no blunder. Deprived of the railway facilities at the disposal of the Germans, the Grand Duke Nicholas, nevertheless, has succeeded in checkmating every move of the enemy. The success of the Russians is due to some extent to the blunder of the Germans in underestimating the fighting qualities of the Muscovite forces. In the early stages Germany, counting upon the slower mobilization of her eastern foe, was content to send against her on the Prussian frontier troops of the second line. Later, when the mistake was recognized, Russia had succeeded in completing the concentration of her forces in time to meet the first-line troops that were sent against her from the western front. From the outset the indications pointed to the Cracow-Breslau route as the line of advance

on Berlin, offering, as it does, distinct advantages over the more northerly roads.

On the western front Germany is spending her strength in vain against the aggressive Allies. The serious illness of the Kaiser is reported. Prince von Bülow has initiated conversations at Rome with the view, it is thought, of preparing the way for terms of peace. That Germany recognizes now the hopelessness of the struggle and is anxious for peace is evident from the statement issued by the Official Press Bureau a fortnight ago, in which it was announced: "Immediately Germany received the suggestion of Pope Benedict for a truce among the warring nations during the Christmas holidays an affirmative reply was sent to the Vatican. The reply, however, was conditional on the acquiescence of all the other belligerents in the Pope's suggestion."

It is not the intention of the Allies to agree to a peace which at this stage would be accepted by the enemy. The cost to the Allies in blood and treasure, and the pitiable condition of the once fertile and prosperous Belgium, added to the exacting demands of previous years in keeping pace with German war preparations, make peace impossible until Germany's power for further mischief is utterly shattered. That the Kaiser and his advisers would agree to the terms which the Allies would be forced to dictate is unlikely. No action by the United States or Italy—both of which have avoided a conflict which is as much

theirs as the Powers involved—will accelerate negotiations leading up to peace. Germany has appealed to the sword. By the sword the civilized world will be avenged.

Without a parallel in the world's history, the European war is unprecedented also in the large volume of literature bearing upon the subject which has been published. One may hazard the conjecture that no previous campaign has so obsessed the public mind or raised such a storm of controversy as to the issues involved. With commendable enterprise local publishers have provided books on every possible phase of the campaign. A number of books written before the war have proved to be among the best sellers, as they supply a most reliable index to the causes that led up to the war. Chief among these are "Germany and the Next War," by General Von Bernhardt, and "Germany and England"—four lectures delivered by the late Professor Cramb at Queen's College, London. Bernhardt's book lays bare the ulterior designs of his country, and is a frank avowal of the ultimate end of German world-policy expressed in terms of crudest Nietzscheism. Nothing has so stirred the conscience of the civilized world against Germany as this volume. Professor Cramb had an intimate knowledge of Germany, and in these lectures endeavoured to awaken Britain to a like understanding of German ideas and ambitions. These two books give a clear insight into the fundamental and irreconcilable differences between Britain and Germany, and enable the reader to grasp the salient fact that this war is much more than a physical appeal to arms between nations politically estranged. At the bottom it is seen to be a conflict of ideals. Another illuminating book published just before the outbreak of the war is Prince Von Bülow's "Imperial Germany." Written in the suave tones of the polished diplomatist it nevertheless confirms the worst impressions produced

by Bernhardt's book. Bülow conceals the mailed fist of Prussianism beneath a silken glove, but Bernhardt, with military brusqueness, dips his sword-point into blood when he writes.

Of the books written since the war began two have attracted wide attention on this side of the Atlantic. "In the Supreme Court of Civilization" (Putnam), James M. Beck, late Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, drafts a crushing indictment of Germany. The other volume is from the pen of Dr. Starr Jordan, and treats of the biological aspect of the American Civil War.

From the seat of war come some graphic pen-pictures of life at the front. Two of these deserve a place here. One is from the pen of Irving S. Cobb, who was, for a time, the "guest" of the German Headquarters Staff. He says:

"Scouting up a narrow winding alley, one of the party who spoke German found a courtyard behind a schoolhouse called imposingly L'Ecole Moyenne de Beaumont, where he obtained permission from a German sergeant to stable our mare for the night in the aristocratic company of a troop of officers' horses. Through another streak of luck we pre-empted a room in the schoolhouse and held it against all comers by right of squatter sovereignty. There my friends and I slept on the stone floor, with a scanty amount of hay under us for a bed and our coats for coverlets. But before we slept we dined.

"We dined on hard-boiled eggs and stale cheese—which we had saved from mid-day—in a big, bare study hall full of lancers. They gave us rye bread and some of the Prince de Chimay's wine to go with the provender we had brought, and they made room for us at the long benches that run lengthwise of the room. Afterward one of them—a musician, for all his soiled gray uniform and grimed fingers—played a piano that was in the corner, while all the rest sang.

"It was a strange picture they made there. On the wall, on a row of hooks, still hung the small umbrellas and book-satchels of the pupils. Presumably at the coming of the Germans they had run home in such a panic that they left their school-traps behind. There were sums in chalk, half erased, on the blackboard; and one of the troopers took a scrap of chalk and

wrote 'On to Paris!' in big letters here and there.

"A sleepy parrot, looking like a bundle of crumpled green feathers, squatted on its perch in a cage behind the master's desk, occasionally emitting a loud squawk as though protesting against this intrusion on its privacy."

The other vivid narrative is by Philip Gibbs, special correspondent of *The London Chronicle*. It gives an account of a visit to Dixmude with three ambulances attached to the British Hospital in Belgium:

"At a turn in the road the battle lay before us, and we were in the zone of fire. Away across the fields was a line of villages with the town of Dixmude a little to the right of us, perhaps a mile and a quarter away. From each little town smoke was rising in separate columns which met at the top in a great black pall. At every moment this blackness was brightened by puffs of electric blue, extraordinarily vivid, as shells burst in the air. From the mass of houses in each town came jets of flame, following explosions which sounded with terrific thudding shocks. On a line of about nine miles there was an incessant cannonade. The farthest villages were already on fire.

"Quite close to us, only half a mile across the fields to the left, there were Belgian batteries at work and rifle fire from many trenches. We were between two fires, and Belgian and German shells came screeching over our heads. The German shells were dropping quite close to us, ploughing up the fields with great pits. We could hear them burst and scatter and could see them burrow. It appeared to me an odd thing that we were still alive. Then we came into Dixmude. When I saw it for the first and last time it was a place of death and horror. The streets through which we passed were utterly deserted and wrecked from end to end, as though by an earthquake. Incessant explosions of shell fire crashed down upon the walls, which still stood. Great gashes opened in the walls, which then toppled and fell. A roof came tumbling down with an appalling clatter. Like a house of cards blown by a puff of wind, a little shop suddenly collapsed into a mass of ruins. Here and there, further into the town, we saw living figures. They ran swiftly for a moment, and then disappeared into dark caverns under toppling porticos. They were Belgian soldiers.

"Even as we turned toward the Town Hall, parts of it were falling upon the ruins already on the ground. I saw a great pillar lean forward and then topple down.

A mass of masonry crashed from the portico. Some stiff, dark forms lay among the fallen stones; they were dead soldiers. I hardly glanced at them, for we were in search of the living.

"Our cars were brought to a halt outside the building, and we all climbed down. I lighted a cigarette, and I noticed two of the other men fumble for matches for the same purpose. We wanted something to steady our nerves. There was never a moment when shell fire was not bursting in that square. Shrapnel bullets whipped the stones. The Germans were making a target of the town hall and dropping their shells with dreadful exactitude on either side of it.

"The work of getting three wounded men into the first ambulance seemed to us interminable; it was really no more than fifteen or twenty minutes. I had lost consciousness of myself. Something outside myself, as it seemed, was saying that there was no way of escape; that it was monstrous to suppose that all these bursting shells would not smash the ambulance to bits and finish the agony of the wounded, and that death was very hideous. I remember thinking, also, how ridiculous it was for men to kill one another like this and to make such hells on earth.

"Then Lieutenant de Broqueville spoke a word of command. We had a full load of wounded men, and we were loitering. I put my head outside the cover and gave the word to the chauffeur. As I did so a shrapnel bullet came past my head, and, striking a piece of ironwork, flattened out and fell at my feet. I picked it up and put it in my pocket, though God alone knows why, for I was not in search of souvenirs."

The rebellion in South Africa, fostered by the Germans, has been snuffed out. General Christian de Wet has been captured, and General Beyers was shot crossing the Vaal River and drowned. The way is now clear for the serious operations against German Southwest Africa undertaken by the Union Government.

Germany has been singularly unfortunate in obtaining so little value for the vast amount of money expended through her secret service agents. Her immense network of espionage has broken down through its own inherent rottenness. Men suborned to supply secret information regarding the British Empire earned their money by forwarding exaggerated re-

ports on which, it is now found, no reliance can be placed.

The annexation of Egypt, it is reported, will shortly be announced by the British Government. The word officially employed is "unification," but no one need be surprised, after the action of the Porte and the Khedive, that Great Britain intends to put an end to the principle of dual control in Egypt and the Soudan.

*

The University of Toronto has been the scene of heated discussions regarding the status of certain German professors. According to the statutes no professor may be appointed or dismissed save on the recommendation of the president. President Falconer declined to recommend the dismissal of the professors, and hit upon the ingenious plan of granting them leave of absence on full salary. Sir Edmond Osler resigned in consequence, favouring more drastic measures. Enlightened public opinion will agree with President Falconer that even German professors in Canada are entitled to "British fair play."

*

The sinking of British cruisers off Coronel has been swiftly avenged by the sinking of four German cruisers off Falkland Island. The Dresden was the only ship to escape to the Pacific end of the Straits of Magellan. Hopelessly outclassed, the Germans went down, practically, without being able to get within range of the British warships. In the North Sea the appalling silence and secrecy was only relieved by the unsuccessful German submarine raid on Dover Harbour.

*

Britain is greatly perturbed over the action of two royal princes who are fighting on the side of Germany. One of these is the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the son of the late Duke of Albany, and grandson of Queen Victoria. His mother, the Duchess of Albany, resides in Eng-

land and is a constant visitor at the military hospitals. There seems to be little doubt that when the Duchy was vacant through the death of the late Duke of Edinburgh, the present Duke accepted the position on the advice of his royal relatives. The Duke of Connaught and his son, Prince Arthur, it will be recalled, declined to accept the Duchy. Having transferred his allegiance to Germany, it is only right and proper that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg should transfer his sword as well. The British pension goes to his mother.

The other case is that of Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. The circumstances are somewhat peculiar, as his mother, the Princess Christian, is a daughter of the late Queen Victoria, and resides with her husband in England. Prince Albert was educated in England, and his brother, Prince Christian Victor, fought on the British side against the Boers and died of enteric fever during the South African campaign. Prince Albert is heir-presumptive to the Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, and it is stated that the fear of losing his inheritance led him to join the German forces on the outbreak of war. Were this Prince captured, a nice point in military law would arise. If a British subject he is liable to be shot as a traitor. This, at least, would be the fate of men in humbler circumstances.

That the strain of war is beginning to tell on Germany financially is the inference to be drawn from a statement issued recently by the Swiss Bankverein, an important banking concern with agents in London. The depreciation of the German exchange by ten per cent. is an ominous symptom of lack of faith among the German people. The Swiss Bankverein states that the methods adopted by the German Government for raising loans "must result in serious financial disaster." The strain of war, combined with the effectiveness of the British naval blockade, is beginning to tell.

The Library Table

BLANTYRE: ALIEN

BY ALAN SULLIVAN. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

WHILE Mr. Sullivan's writing has been familiar to us for a number of years, this is his first novel. It is not, however, his first published volume, for he already had to his credit a collection of superior short stories presented under the general title of "The Passing of Oul-I-But," and a slighter volume of aphorisms entitled "I Believe That—". This novel, however, is his most important essay, and it can be accepted as the best novel written by a Canadian in some years. The author himself might not regard that as high praise, but it is given for what it is worth. The novel depicts well a number of characters, and two of them, Blantyre and Stella, are quite excellent. These two meet in mid-ocean. Blantyre is the ship's surgeon, and Stella is a young heiress *en tour*. They fall in love with each other, and pass their brief courtship in Italy. Very shortly thereafter they are married in London and sail for Canada, where in her home city (Yorkton) the bride buys a practice for her clever, handsome husband. Soon they are taking part in social life—dining at the country club, passing a week in Muskoka, and indeed making the conventional social round of a city like Toronto. Their interests are not exceptional, nor does one feel that, apart from themselves and one or two others (particularly another doctor who is in love with Stella), the things they discuss are of absorbing interest. Still it all

goes to make up a true picture of the average well-to-do class in Toronto. And of all this, even of his wife, Blantyre, who always is an alien, soon tires. He tires of his bought-and-paid-for practice. He feels the recall of the sea, and when he quietly leaves home, without a word to anyone, and takes ship at Montreal, and at length heroically rescues a woman and child from drowning, one cannot help regarding him as a peculiar admixture of chivalry, courage, cowardice, selfishness, and human-kindness. The description of the shipwreck, even if one does feel that it could have been left out, is one of the best passages in the book. And after the wreck Blantyre is picked up and taken to a hospital in Montreal, where he is discovered by the very other doctor who is in love with his wife. He is taken back to Yorkton, and in the office of the other doctor he commits suicide, leaving the way open for the union of two who had discovered their fitness for each other when, as they thought, it was too late. The tale is well told; indeed, it reveals knowledge of the art of writing and the composition of the novel.

*

ARCADIAN ADVENTURES WITH THE IDLE RICH

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

ONCE again the author of "Sunshine Sketches" justifies the claim that he is our national humourist. But his reputation by no means rests there, and indeed he now may

be regarded as our international humourist. For while "Sunshine Sketches" was descriptive of a rural Ontario town, the scene of "Arcadian Adventures" seems to be laid in New York. But, again, Mr. Leacock is not merely a humourist; he may be called at times a grave cynic and satirist. An instance is furnished by a passage from "Arcadian Adventures":

"Dr. McTeague was a failure, and all his congregation knew it. 'He is not up-to-date,' they said. That was his crowning sin. 'He don't go forward any,' said the business members of the congregation. 'That old man believes just exactly the same sort of stuff now that he did forty years ago. What's more, he preaches it. You can't run a church that way, can you?'"

The coming of the Duke of Dulham to "Plutopia" to raise money, not, as many thought, to invest, furnishes fine opportunity for the author to indulge his fancy. We notice a little error, which would not be worth noticing were it not common to novelists. He is commenting on the little attention paid by the Plutopian press to the advent of the Duke, and he quotes *The Plutopian Citizen* as simply saying: "We understand that the Duke of Dulham arrived at the Grand Palaver this morning." No metropolitan newspaper would use the pronoun "we" in such a connection, and it would not say "understand," for it would make sure that the Duke was at the hotel. But Professor Leacock quotes from three newspapers, and in each instance begins with the same pronoun. Not one of them would begin in that archaic fashion. However, that need not detract from the real humour of the book.

*

BOOKS ON THE WAR

A VAST quantity of material dealing with the war has been published, and hundreds of books have been turned out that never would have seen print had the war not been waged. Some of these books

are good, but many of them are the work merely of hack writers. One of the good ones is entitled "How Armies Fight," and its goodness rests largely in the fact that it does not pretend to explain the present war, but rather to show how modern warfare is carried on. It is therefore an excellent book for anyone interested in the conduct of war, whether one be in actual service or not. The author is an officer of the Royal Engineers (Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons), and what he has written has been highly commended by Lord Roberts and Marshall Oyama. Another important volume by the same publishers is a learned study of "The Anglo-German Problem," by Charles Sarolea, head of the French Department in the University of Edinburgh. As to its merits, it is enough to quote the appreciation of the King of Belgium: "I have read your volume from beginning to end. It is a prophetic book. It reveals rare perspicacity and a remarkable sense of political realities." It is interesting to note the fact that Monsieur Sarolea contributes the introduction to the English edition of "The German Enigma," by Georges Bourdon (Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons), whom he describes as one of the ablest publicists of modern France. The main question raised in this book is one of principle and international right. Then comes "War and the Empire," by Colonel Hubert Foster, R.E., which embraces the wider problem of Imperial defence (London: Williams and Norgate). The author at one time was Quartermaster-General in Canada.

*

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

WE presume that this is a historical sketch of Dalhousie College, but whether it is or not makes no dif-

ference to the reader who cares nothing about the actual place but much about the literary quality of the writing. And, indeed, it is because of its fine literary quality that this book will be read and cherished. It is a pleasing example of refinement in letters, and the description of the old professor of mathematics gives it value in characterization. The volume is, strictly speaking, a collection of miscellaneous essays, the first providing the title. It is the kind of writing that tests one's taste in literature.

*

THE FAMOUS MATHER BYLES

BY ARTHUR HAMILTON WENTWORTH EATON. Boston: W. A. Butterfield.

DR. MATHER BYLES was a famous Congregational divine in the Boston of pre-Revolutionary days. He was celebrated perhaps more for his wit than his preaching, and it is said of him that he kept Boston laughing for twenty-five years. His popularity suffered seriously, however, because of his unswerving British sympathy; and it seems only fitting, therefore, that his biography should be written by a Britisher, a native of Nova Scotia—Dr. Eaton. This biography, while of peculiar interest to Bostonians, is of general interest because of the remarkable qualities of the subject and the many humorous anecdotes connected with his name.

It is said, for instance, that on a certain Sunday morning the learned Dr. Thomas Prince was to preach for Dr. Byles, but, at the hour of service, had not arrived. Glancing with perturbed mind, no doubt, at the entrance to the pulpit from time to time, Dr. Byles began the service. But Dr. Prince, who had possibly entirely forgotten his appointment, failed to come, and Dr. Byles was obliged to preach himself. The text he announced was, "Put not your trust in princes." The volume is well illus-

trated with reproductions of portraits by Copley, the Pelhams, and others.

*

A LAD OF KENT

BY HERBERT HARRISON. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

TO the sated reader of to-day this novel will perhaps prove a welcome diversion because of its distinctly old-fashioned flavour, its blithe and inconsequential ramblings, its wealth of surprises and mysteries, and its lack of haste or method in explaining them. An orphan lad, brought up haphazard by a recluse and scholar, who half starves the boy because he spends the sum sent periodically for the latter's maintenance on rare old books and parchments, suddenly finds all his fortunes changed by the death of his old guardian and the advent of a stranger of courtly appearance, who claims to be a former unsuccessful suitor for the hand of the boy's dead mother, and undertakes to take him away and provides generously for his future. The period of the story is at the opening of the nineteenth century, when smuggling was euphemistically called "free trading," and when crime and lawlessness largely went unpunished.

*

THE ACHIEVEMENT

BY E. TEMPLY THURSTON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is the end of a notable trilogy of novels, of which Richard Furlong and Constance were leading characters. There is not the human interest in this the third novel, but the author's supreme artistry of words raises it above the ordinary run. While there is no strong characterization, there are some passages that are transporting in their very excellence. An instance of this is given when Dicky finally pulls a successful print:

"To the sound of her husband's breathless exclamations and the noise from the room beyond, Emily left the counter in the shop and opened the door. At the sight of her, Dicky left his partner and seized her about the waist instead. 'I've got it! I've got it!' he yelled as he danced; then stopped as suddenly, and catching up the print, held it in the light for both of them to see. 'Is that what it's all about?' said Emily as callously as her want of breath would permit her. 'That's it,' said Dicky. 'My God, isn't it enough? Do you think you're going to beat that in a hurry? Look at the green of that grass getting up at you through the mist! Look at the shoes of that man—wet through!' 'You can't see 'is shoes—'is feet's 'idden,' said Emily. 'No!' exclaimed Dicky; 'but you live with that for a day or two, and you'll see his shoes quick enough. You'll be able to count how many mushrooms they've got in their baskets if you live with it long enough.'"

*

NANCY THE JOYOUS

By EDITH STOW. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE title gives a good idea of what the book is like. It is a simple, wholesome story of life in the Tennessee Mountains, and while it has plenty of sentiment and human interest, it is not mawkish or gushing. There are homely characters, picturesque settings, an abundance of local colour, with a romantic vein running throughout. The make-up of the book is unusually attractive.

*

—An English edition of Dr. Hermann Turck's "The Man of Genius" (London: A. and C. Black), has been published at an inopportune time. The volume had a great success in Germany, but as Germany and German philosophy are not popular abroad just now the less said about this book the better. It might be said, however, that it is a study of the nature of genius as demonstrated by some of

its greatest claimants, and that Dr. Turck practically identifies genius with love. It is withal an interesting volume.

*

—"Methuen's Annual," which is edited by E. V. Lucas, and published at a shilling, is well worth having if for nothing more than the names of the distinguished contributors, among them J. M. Barrie, Arnold Bennett, Austin Dobson, Stephen Leacock, John Galsworthy, Maurice Hewlett, "Saki," Hugh Walpole, F. Austey, E. V. Lucas, Robert Browning, John Ruskin, R. L. S. (London: Methuen and Company).

*

—Useful pamphlets on the war, issued at five cents each, are "Neutral Nations and the War," by Viscount Bryce; "Our Russian Ally," by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and "How Britain Strove for Peace," by Sir Edward Cook. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

—"Gray Knitting" is the happy title of an appropriate brochure of war poems by Katherine Hale (Toronto: William Briggs). The paper is of a light shade of gray, and a dark shade for cover, and the whole is tied with a gray woollen yarn. The cover design depicts a soldier at the camp-fire and a woman in an arm-chair, knitting. The brochure includes a number of the author's best known poems, but its present interest lies in the first, a stanza of which we reprint to give an idea of its spirit:

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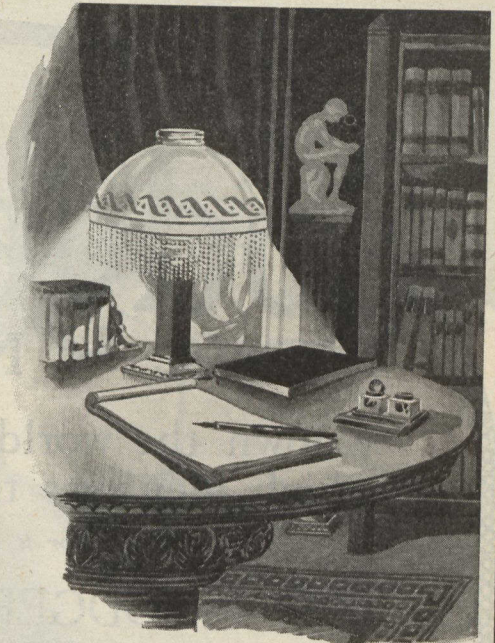
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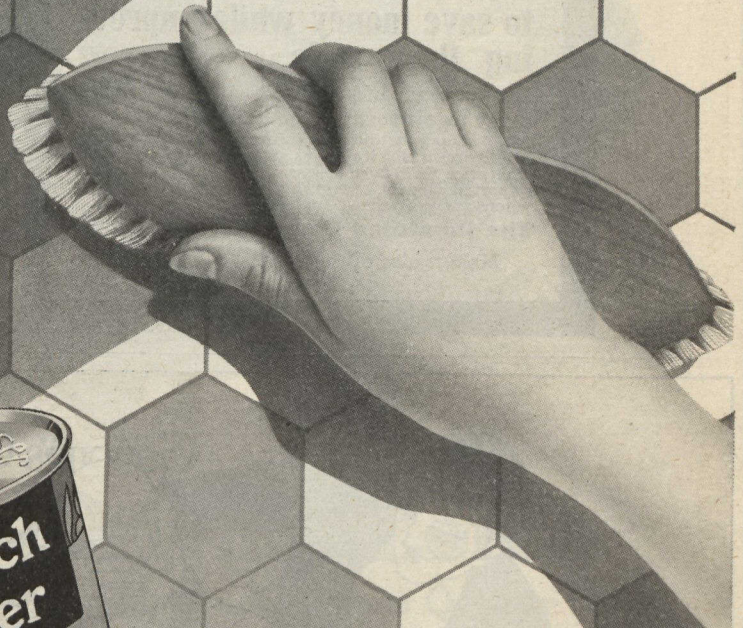
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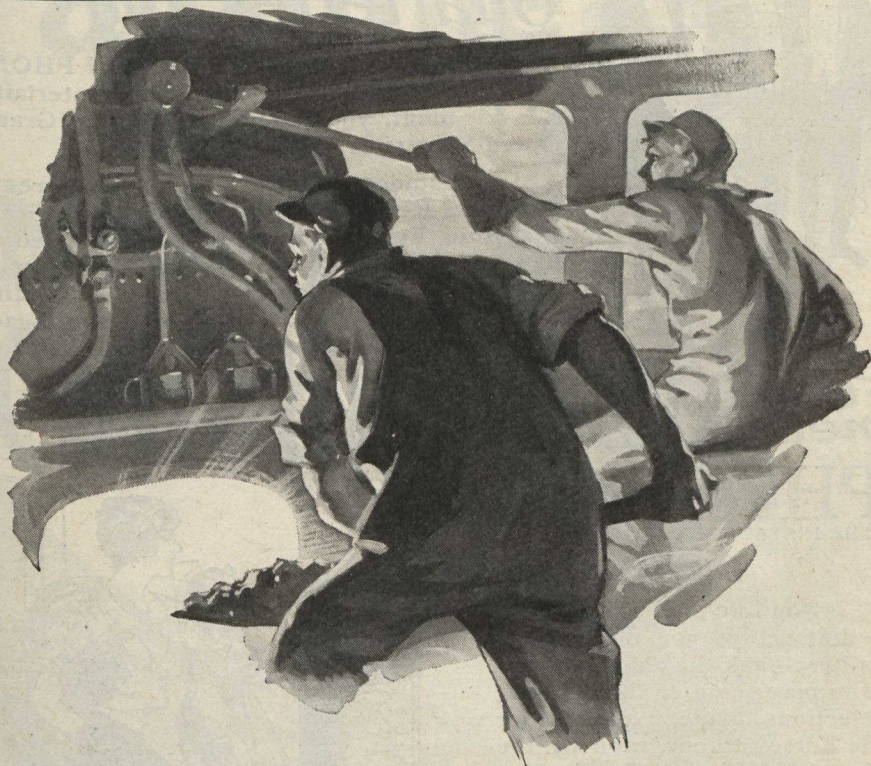
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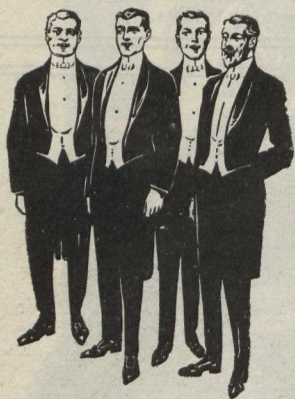
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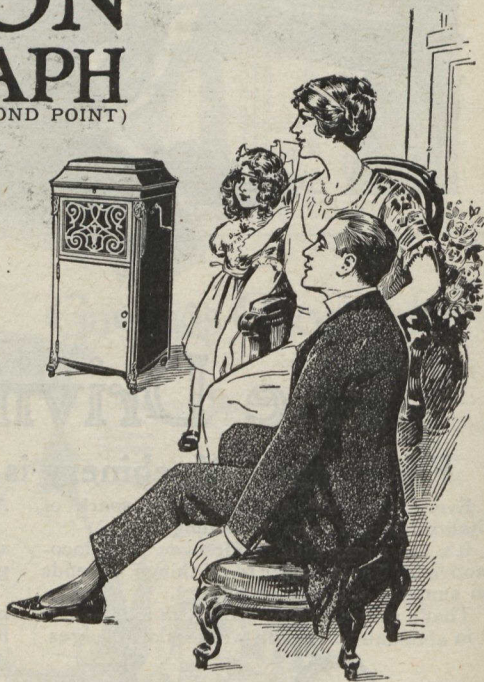
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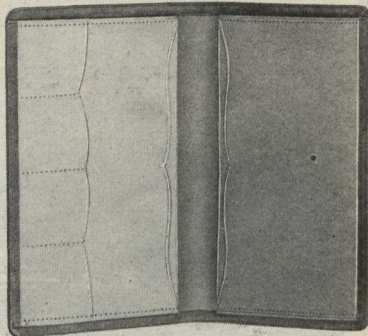
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UNDERCLOTHING

You can take our word for it—
but to satisfy yourself ask any
dealer who sells "CEETEE"
Underclothing what he thinks
of it—he is experienced—has
spent many years in examining
and handling all kinds of Under-
wear—therefore he is a qualified
judge with no axe to grind
beyond building up his business
and pleasing his customers.

**WORN BY THE BEST PEOPLE
SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS**

In all sizes for men, women and children

**The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Limited,
GALT, ONTARIO.**

*Also Manufacturers of Turnbull's Ribbed
Underwear for Ladies and Children "M"
Bands for Infants and "CEETEE"
Shaker Knit Sweater Coats.*

MADE IN CANADA FOR
OVER 59 YEARS.

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP
ON EVERY GARMENT



**The General
says:-**

There are many plausible "tests"
of roofing, but there is only one
true test—the proof on the roof.

Therefore, roof your buildings—
every building on the farm—with

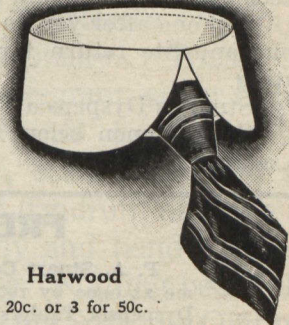
Certain-teed ROOFING

—the roofing with a 15-year-ser-
vice-guarantee. The three biggest
roofing mills in the world are behind it,
to make that guarantee good.

Your dealer can furnish Certain-teed
Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by
the General Roofing Mfg. Co., world's
largest roofing manufacturers, East St.
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Ex M RED-MAN
COLLAR



Harwood

20c. or 3 for 50c.

The Popular Collar of the Moment

The new V shape so much in vogue at the present.
Worn with the large four-in-hand tie. This shape
harmonizes with the English style of clothing considered
so stylish just now, and is very popular among correct
and fastidious dressers.

HARWOOD represents perfection of style in this
type of collar. It possesses to a high degree the dis-
tinctiveness of fit that make the RED MAN COLLARS
different from all others.

For sale by Canada's best stores

EARL & WILSON New York

Makers of Troy's best Products

Good-bye Dyspepsia

No More Gurgly Brash, "Lump of Lead," Bad Digestion, Heartburn or Stomach Troubles.

Quick Relief. Costs Nothing to Try.

The man who can't help making faces at his stomach, the man or woman with a grouchy digestion, or with downright dyspepsia need fret no more over stomach troubles.

The heaviest, richest dinners, the most unspeakable quick lunches, all can be taken care of without imposing on the stomach. A scientific digestive can do the digesting, where the stomach either did not do it before, or did it very imperfectly.

This is why the use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets has become so universal among those who suffer from any kind of stomach troubles.

Take one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after your next meal and if you are given to belching, sour risings, fermentation, heavy, lumpy, feeling in the stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, loss of appetite or any other stomach derangement, you will find at once a remarkable improvement.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the most wonderful tablets on earth for any kind of stomach trouble.

They enrich the gastric juices, and give the stomach the rest it needs before it can again be healthy and strong.

Try one after your next meal, no matter what you eat. You'll find your appetite return for the meal after and you will feel fine after eating.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale at all druggists at 50c a box.

Send coupon below to-day and we will at once send you by mail a sample free.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

F. A. Stuart Co., 201 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich., send me at once by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Name

Street

City State



There is nothing quite so appetizing for Breakfast as
Fearman's Star Brand Bacon.

and at the present prices there is nothing more economical.

Ask your Grocer for

Fearman's Star Brand

Made by

**F. W. Fearman Co., Limited,
 Hamilton.**

Clear Your Skin of Blemishes



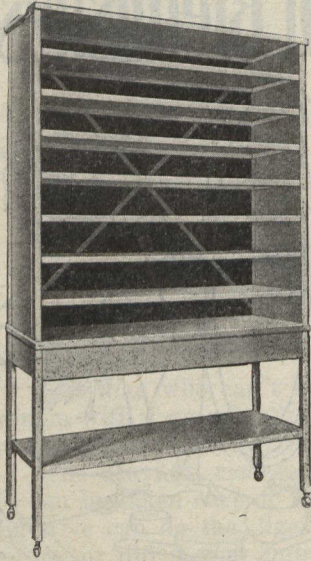
by Using

Cuticura Soap Exclusively

And Cuticura Ointment occasionally. These delicate, fragrant, super-creamy emollients keep the skin clear, scalp clean and free from dandruff, hair live and glossy and hands soft and white. Nothing better than Cuticura Soap and Ointment for the skin and scalp.

✠ SAMPLES FREE ✠

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27 Charterhouse Sq., London, Eng.; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.



Installed in Victoria Hospital,
London, Canada.

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(LONDON, CANADA)
UNIT-CONSTRUCTION

Kitchen Shelving

THIS is the modern equipment for hospitals, institutions and residences. Made of high grade steel and finished with a superior enamel thoroughly baked on. More durable and less bulky than wood, absolutely sanitary and of splendid appearance. Built on the unit system, sections may be added at any time. Dennisteel is almost invariably the choice when investigated. We would like to know your equipment troubles in this line. We're sure we can be of service to you.

**THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON
WORKS CO. LIMITED**

**LONDON
CANADA**

Useful New Invention

**Enables Anyone to Play Piano
or Organ Without Lessons**

A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening. Even though you know absolutely nothing about music or have never touched a piano or organ, you can now learn to play in an hour or two. People who do not know one note from another are able to play their favorite music with this method without any assistance whatever from anyone.

This new system which is called the Numeral Method, is sold in Canada by the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the following special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.

You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numeral Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or post card to the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, 251A Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying, "Please send me the Numeral Method on seven days' free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only \$5, although the regular price of these is \$10. You should not delay writing, as the Numeral Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.

**FIT'S
CURED**

Send for Free Book giving full particulars of **TRENCH'S REMEDY**, the world famous cure for Epilepsy and Fits—Simple home treatment. 25 years success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 1000 in one year.

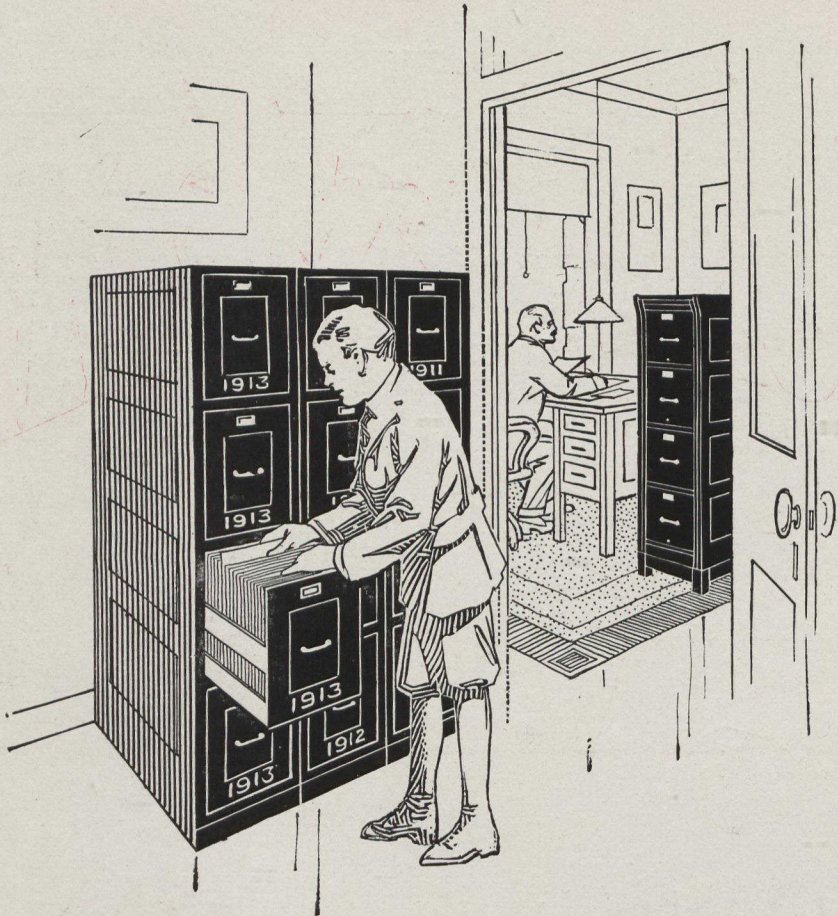
TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LIMITED
421 St. James Chambers TORONTO

SMOKE FOREST AND STREAM



IT'S GREAT

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The Simplest Plan Ever Devised for TRANSFERRING CORRESPONDENCE

The Office Specialty "Direct Name" Transferring Method does away with all the annoying and laborious work in clearing out the files for the New Year.

All old correspondence can be completely removed from the ordinary size files in a very few minutes and the plan works equally well with the heaviest volume of correspondence. And the Transferred letters and records are

as easily and quickly referred to at any future time as in the original files.

This Office Specialty System of Transferring has stood the test for four years under all sorts of Office conditions. Its simplicity and efficiency have been made possible by the

Office Specialty Direct Name System of Filing

Begin 1915 with this simple, direct method of indexing your Vertical Files.

Ask for booklet No. 1726, descriptive of Office Specialty Direct Name System and Transfer Supplies.

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Halifax, Winnipeg,
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MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS
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Made in Canada.
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IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH
USE

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
A SPLENDID REGULATOR
PURELY VEGETABLE—NOT NARCOTIC

**A Perfume for the
Most Refined Taste**

A leader amongst leaders.
After being in use for
NEARLY A CENTURY

**Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA
WATER**

is just as popular as ever

BECAUSE:

IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving: because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!



OWING to the increased cost and the scarcity of supply of raw material, the EDDY COMPANY have had to slightly advance the price of matches and some other lines.

The EDDY COMPANY believe the Public will appreciate this when they realise it is done, so that the high standard of quality for which the EDDY goods are famed, may be maintained.

The Ross Rifle

THE "ROSS" CADET RIFLE

This is the official Arm of the Cadets in Canada—the one authorized by the Canadian Government after long and severe tests.

A VERY SUPERIOR .22 CALIBRE RIFLE

It is strong, serviceable, accurate—Shoots .22 cartridges, short, long or long rifle. It is fitted with specially designed adjustable sights. Retail price \$12.00.

This .22 Calibre Ross is not merely suitable for boys, but affords a serviceable Arm for home or farm, for camp or trail.

Sold by best dealers everywhere. Other models, Ross Rifles from \$25.00.

Illustrated Catalogue free on request.

ROSS RIFLE COMPANY

QUEBEC, QUE.



"MADE-IN-CANADA"

Start the New Year Right

Take plenty of fresh air and exercise, eat plain wholesome food and get plenty of sleep.

A BOTTLE OF

COSGRAVES

(CHILL-PROOF)

PALE ALE

taken with your luncheon or dinner will assist in digesting your food.

Cosgraves (chill-proof) Pale Ale is a refreshing, invigorating tonic. The food properties of pure malt and hops are just what your body requires.

Phone your dealer and have a case sent to your home.



As light as lager, but better for you.

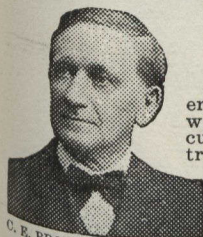


The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Don't Wear



a Truss!

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful, new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent mailed free. Catalogue and measure blanks

on trial to prove it. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.
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—wherever it is quiet, where the light is best, in your favorite corner. That's the beauty of a light Peerless Folding Table. You sew, write, serve tea, just where it will be most pleasant for you.

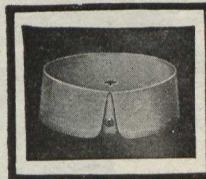
PEERLESS (folding) TABLE

is light and as handy as a camp chair. Folds up flat. And strong! Six big men can stand on it without breaking it. It is finished in Fumed, Early English or Golden Oak with cloth, leatherette or polished tops.

Write for booklet showing cuts and fully describing the different styles, sizes and finishes of Peerless Tables. Write today for this free booklet No. 2.

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CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

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WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Clark's Pork and Beans



Plain Sauce Chili Sauce Tomato Sauce

A palatable and nourishing meal prepared from the highest grade beans and flavoured with delicious sauces.

Cooked to perfection and requiring to be warmed for a few minutes only, they provide an ideal summer dish and save you the labour and discomfort of preparation in a hot kitchen.

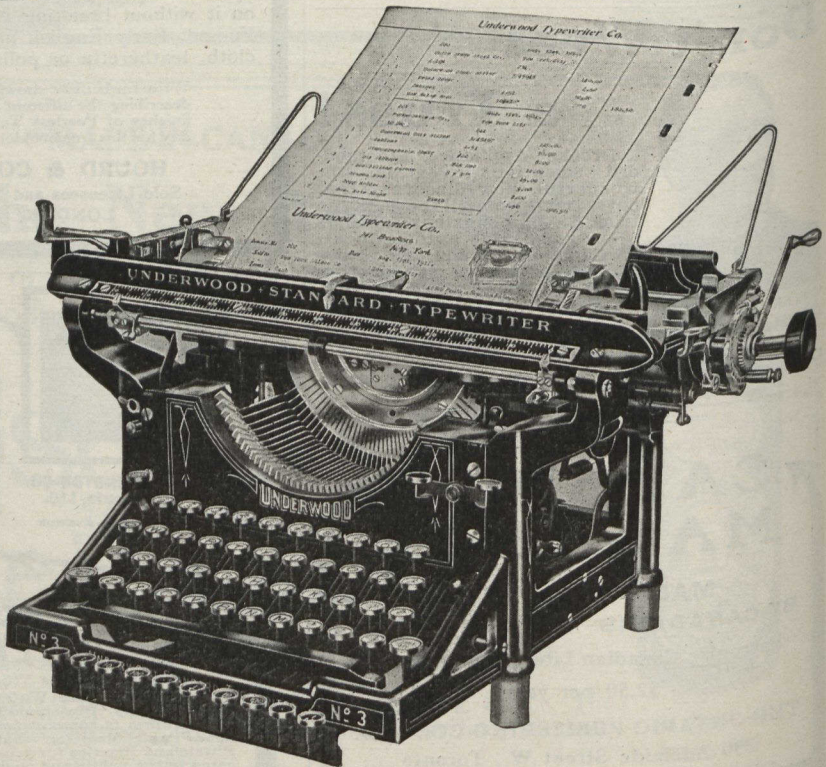
The 2's tall size is sufficient for an ordinary family.

W. CLARK, Limited

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A Condensed
Billing
Underwood
Typewriter
 will often save
 its cost in a
 few months.

United
Typewriter
Company, Ltd.
 in all Canadian Cities
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KELSEY

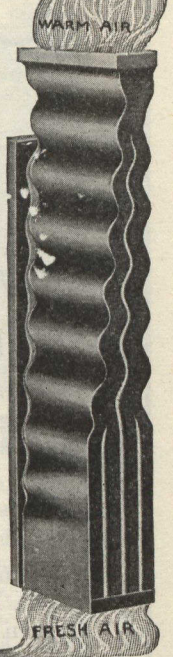
ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES
HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

Choose a "Kelsey" and be
done with Furnace bother!

To have one room stifling and another scarcely warm is not only unsatisfactory, but unhealthy. The "KELSEY" system of heating not only ensures good ventilation, but an even distribution of heat. The ZIG-ZAG heat tubes are entirely different from any other warm air heater. The special form of construction gives them 61 square feet of radiating surface for one square foot of grate surface. With an equal quantity of fuel a "KELSEY" will warm two or three times more air than an ordinary furnace, and circulate it more evenly.

Our booklet, to be had for the asking, tells you all about it, and gives genuine Kelsey opinions. Read them.

The JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING Co., Limited
WINNIPEG, MAN. BROCKVILLE, ONT.



FOR HOME BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable.

MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick Has The Name "MILTON" on it."

are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not effected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO. - Dept. D.

MILTON, ONTARIO

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick.

Toronto Office - - - - 50 Adelaide Street W.

Old-Fashioned Complexions

Were Said to Be Due to the Excellent
Care Taken of the Blood. Stuart's
Calcium Wafers Banish All
Skin Troubles.

During the reign of Louis XVI., when Marie Antoinette was surrounded by such a galaxy of beauties and such famously handsome men, the French court was known for the exquisite beauty of complexions seen there.

The secret of those complexions in that age no doubt was entirely due to the care taken to keep the blood always pure. In this rapid-fire age of hustle and bustle most people pay no attention to this important feature of life and so they are given to pimples, liver spots, blackheads, eczema, etc.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are composed of Calcium Sulphide in connection with other properties, and this ingredient is the greatest blood purifier known to science.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will clear the most obstinate complexion, because they go right into the blood and remove the cause of the trouble. The blood is cleansed of all impurities and foreign substances and these are quickly eliminated from the system. You'll notice a wonderful change in a few days—you will hardly know yourself in a week.

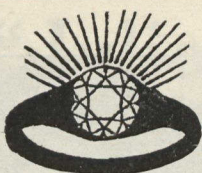
And Stuart's Calcium Wafers are absolutely harmless to anyone. Their ingredients are just what a physician prescribes in most cases of skin eruptions and poor blood. These wafers are put up in a concentrated form, which makes them act quickly and thoroughly.

You can get Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store at 50 cents a box. Begin taking them to-day and then look at yourself in the mirror in a few days, and find all those awful pimples, blackheads, acne, boils, liver spots, rash, eczema and that muddy complexion rapidly disappearing and your face cleared like a petal of a flower. A small sample package mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., 175 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

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Terms 20 per cent down, \$1-2-3 weekly. We guarantee you every advantage in price and quality.

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Washburn's Pat. Adjustable Paper Fasteners, used exclusively by those who desire the best in Office, Bank, School and Home.

Made of Brass and nickel-Steel, 3 sizes; put up in Bright Metal boxes of 50 & 100.

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We guarantee results from our outfits. Investigator now. Capital Mds Co. 440 S. Dearborn St. Dpt. 403 Chicago

Clothes Washed Rapidly

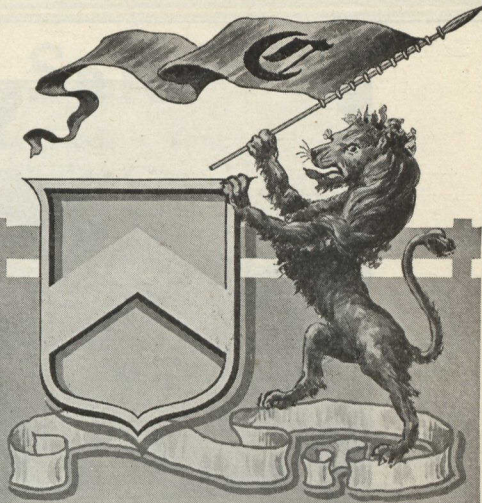
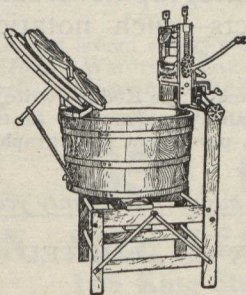
A great boon to the busy housewife, is the Connor Ball Bearing Washer. Washes clothes spotlessly clean three times as fast as she can do it with a wash board. Does the trick, too, without loosening a button or fraying an edge. Treats delicate fabrics very gently.

Connor Ball Bearing Washer

Just think of all the wash-board wear on your clothes that the Connor Ball Bearing Washer would save. Just think how much longer your clothes would last. Think, too, how much easier it would be to do the washing on a machine that almost runs itself—runs on ball bearings. It's a handy helper you've needed for a good long time.

Write for booklet telling all about it.

J. H. CONNOR & SON, Ltd., OTTAWA, ONT.



The Cromwell

Of sturdy simplicity in design, with the strength and weight of each piece in the right place, the Cromwell is a pattern of wonderful superiority. Finished bright, it has the appearance of sterling. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

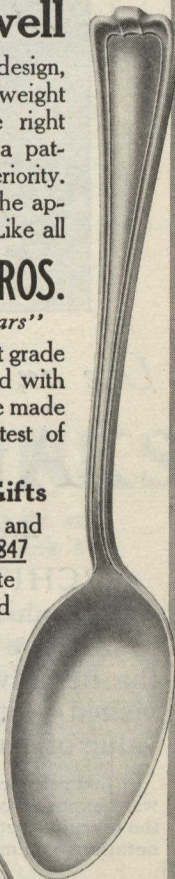
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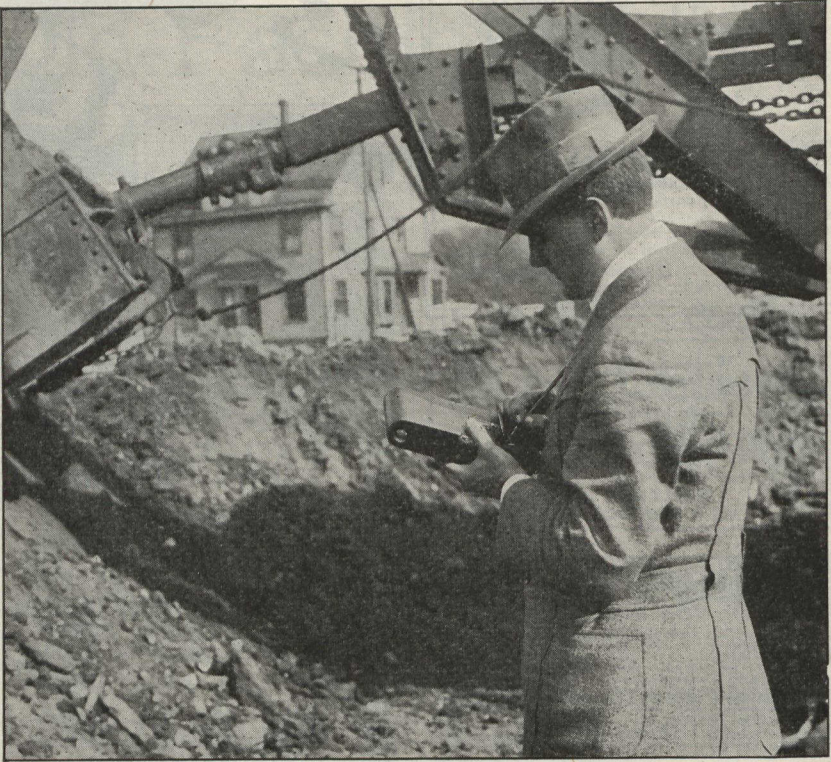
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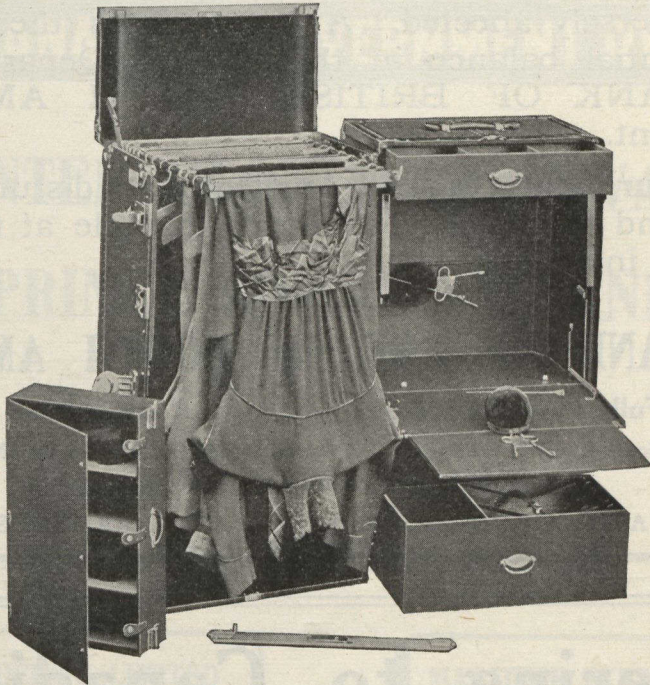
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The Name Behind the Goods is Your
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The Wardrobe Trunk is becoming so universally known and its advantages, its convenience as compared with the ordinary trunk so vastly superior that it leaves no room for argument.

In the “Rite-Hite” Wardrobe Trunks there are many new exclusive and practical features—with simplicity and utility as the first demands in its construction—it is the last word in completeness in travelling requisites.

We have just issued a very comprehensive little booklet, in which the “Rite-Hite” Wardrobe Trunks in the different lines are described and priced—you may have one for the asking.

“Rite-Hite” Wardrobe Trunks cost

\$50. to \$145.

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the income of the person whose capital is invested in stocks and bonds, even of the highest class, is liable to be adversely affected. At such times the value of a substantial balance in the Savings Department of **THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA** is apparent.

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ONLY ALL CANADIAN ROUTE
To
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 Where Canada's next contingent will embark 

The Proprietors
of
The Canadian Magazine

Wish the

Readers

A Happy

and

Prosperous New Year

January, 1915

Toronto, Canada

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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TO THE LAND OF

Sunshine and Summer Days

CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA,

LOUISIANA, Etc.

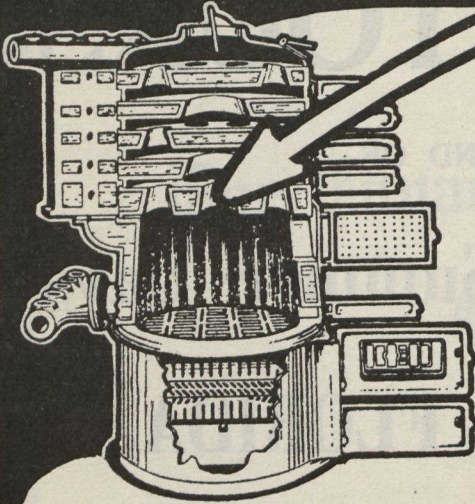
Limited trains leave Toronto daily, making direct connection at Detroit and Buffalo for the Southern States, and at Chicago for California, Etc.

Those contemplating a trip of any nature should consult Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, who will be pleased to quote rates, arrange reservations and attend to all details in connection with your trip; or write

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WIDE FLARED FLUES



WHY?: are the flues in the "Sovereign" made larger with walls sloping at a wider angle, than is usual in this standard type of hot water boiler?

BECAUSE: The larger flues in the "Sovereign" provide a more open draft, and bring the heat into contact with a greater area of the metal walls, which contain the water carrying heat to the Radiators. The wide flues in the "Sovereign" will draw a maximum amount of heat from a hard coal fire or, when the dampers are opened, soft coal or wood, or any burnable waste material, may be used to advantage in the mild seasons of the year when a heavy hard coal fire is not necessary.

"WESTERN JR."
BOILERS

TAYLOR - FORBES

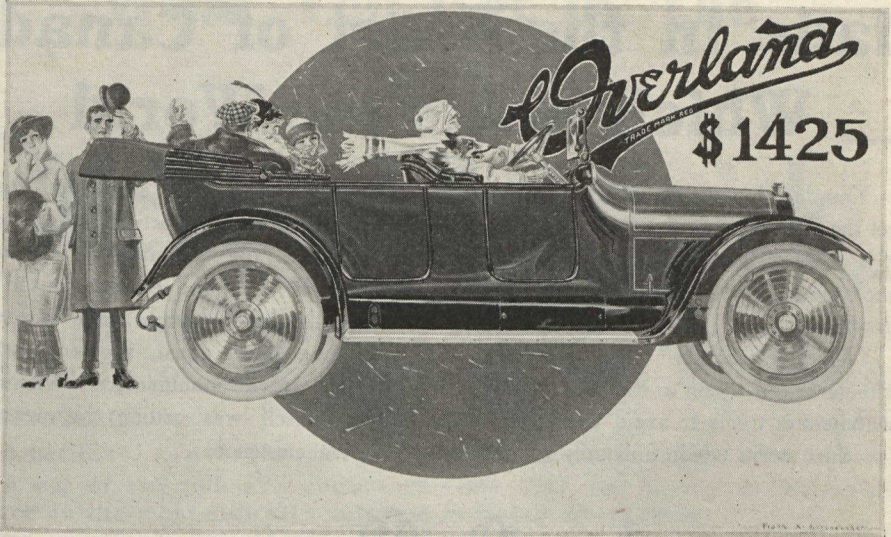
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RADIATORS

COMPANY, LIMITED

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Excess Value in Abundance

The only ordinary thing about the 1915 Overland is the price.

In every other respect it is an extraordinary value.

The large tires—34 inch x 4 inch—are unusual.

So is the convenient arrangement of the electric controls.

The switches are on the steering column—right where you want them.

There is a high tension magneto.

Many cars have only cheaper and ordinary battery systems, but the Overland, like all the high priced cars, has the finest high tension magneto.

To be sure, other cars probably have some of these features, but only those cars which sell for very much more money.

In the Overland you get the latest things and best of everything at an exceptionally moderate price.

Look up the Overland dealer in your town.

Catalogue on request. Please address department 4.

Overland Model 80 T	-	\$1425	Overland Model 81 T	-	\$1135
Overland Model 80 R	-	\$1390	Overland Model 81 R	-	\$1065
Overland Model 80 Coupe	-	\$2150	Six Cylinder Model 82	-	\$1975

*All prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.



Made in the Heart of Canada Which Beats the World

You don't have to go out of this country to get the best tire in the world. We admit best is a much used word, but Traction is a much used-Tire. That's how they know each other so well.

"Made-in-Canada" does not mean that the article is trying to travel on a wave of sentiment or trying to avoid discussion of the product merits which ordinarily influence

a sale. Far from it! "Made-in-Canada" simply means that an article which is good enough for the majority of Canadians would, also, be good enough for the minority if the latter bought on a fair test—everything being equal, showed partiality for the article manufactured where the buyer himself was getting the means for his own existence.

DUNLOP **TREAD**

SEAL OF QUALITY

TRACTION

Never Did Rim-Cut
50% Less Road Friction
Practically Puncture-Proof

Only Real Anti-Skid
66 Cubic Inches Larger
30% More Mileage

Personally we have a ways felt that while our goods might have competition in price, they never had competition in service. In other words, no matter what the test, we believe Dunlop Traction Tread is unrivalled for efficiency the world over, that no other automobile tire, import it from where you will, can show a record of results that will equal "The Most Envied Tire in All America."

Believing that there are so many

reasons why Canadian motorists should select Dunlop Traction Tread, naturally we have never emphasized the "Made-in-Canada" slogan as a main argument why you should buy "The Master Tire," but we do emphasize it as an argument why you should not buy the foreign-made tire—no matter whether you select our tires or not.

every Canadian exercised his right to buy foreign articles, there would soon be no Canadians to buy anything at all.

MADE IN CANADA

Couldn't Be Made Better Anywhere Else

What You Get In The 1915 McLaughlin-Buick

A CAR that is beautiful and graceful in line and the equal of any car at any price in finish and appearance.

A car that has every requisite of comfort and convenience.

A car of strength and endurance—one that will have your perfect confidence on the most difficult roads and in trying emergencies.

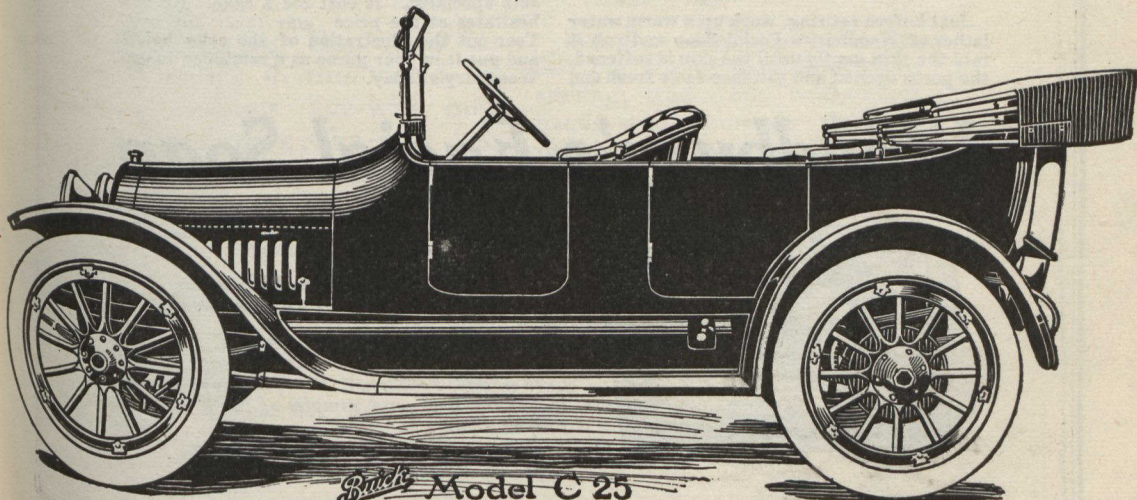
We guarantee the McLaughlin-Buick Valve-in-Head Motor to develop and deliver more power than any other type of automobile motor of equal size, of any make.

Come and see the 1915 McLaughlin-Buick.

Every 1915 McLaughlin-Buick Model is built from the same high quality raw material—whether you pay \$1150, \$1250, \$1525, \$1600 or \$2250, F.O.B. Factory—every model will give its owner, according to price, the utmost in automobile satisfaction. Whenever convenient to you, we will demonstrate the truth of our claims.

McLaughlin Carriage Co., Limited, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

BRANCHES:—ST. JOHN, MONTREAL, BELLEVILLE, TORONTO, HAMILTON,
LONDON, WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY,
EDMONTON, VANCOUVER.



Buick Model C 25

\$1250 f. o. b. Oshawa



A skin you love to touch

Why it is so rare

A skin you love to touch is rarely found because so few people understand the skin and its needs.

Begin now to take *your* skin seriously.

You can make it what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the skin gently until the skin is softened, the pores opened and the face feels fresh and

clean. Rinse in cooler water, then apply cold water—the colder the better—for a full minute. Whenever possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days or two weeks and your skin will show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter, and before long your skin will take on that finer texture, that greater freshness and clearness of "a skin you love to touch."

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. It cost 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake*. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

Woodbury's Facial Soap



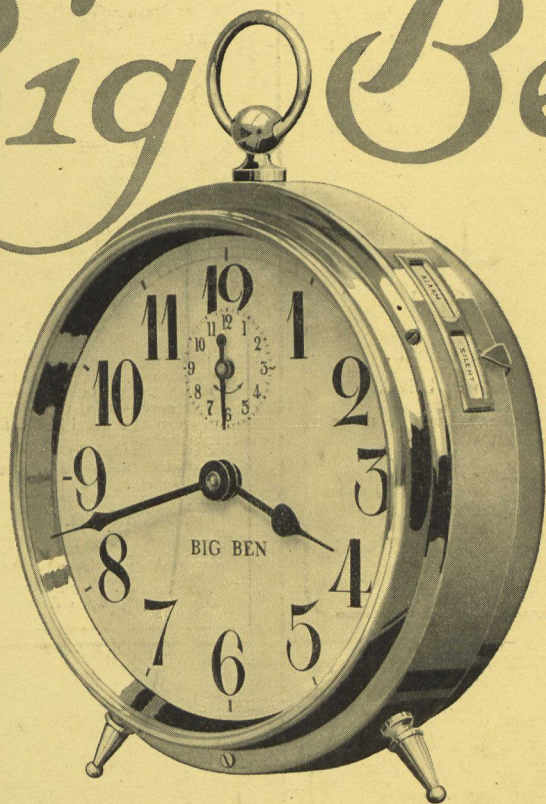
For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury Preparations.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 109-X Perth, Ontario.

Big Ben



Just Plain Big Ben

YES, Big Ben made his mark in this world by helping live-wire men make theirs; he was less than eight months old when he broke the world's record as a success.

For five years he's occupied the pedestal of fame in the alarm clock field—23,000 dealers have placed him on a mahogany pedestal, but in three million homes he's just plain Big Ben.

Big Ben stands seven inches tall; big, strong, handsome, alert, smiling, true. His bold, black hands and numerals show up plainly in the early morning light.

He'll call you with one straight five minute ring or ten half-minute notes at half minute intervals unless you switch him off. A drop of oil a year will keep him fit for a lifetime of service.

His price is \$2.50 in the States; \$3.00 in Canada. If not found at your dealer's, send a money order addressed to his makers, "Westclox, La Salle, Illinois," and he'll come to your door—charges prepaid.

Exploded Theory—

There was once a "theory" that coffee was a cause of indigestion, nervousness, heart palpitation, etc., but it has ceased being a theory and is now an established fact.

POSTUM

—the pure food-drink

—in place of coffee, makes for health.

Regular Postum—must be well-boiled.

Instant Postum—soluble—no boiling—made in the cup with hot water, instantly.

Both kinds are delicious—cost per cup about the same—sold by Grocers.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

MADE IN CANADA

It Does More Than Merely Dust

It cleans and polishes at the same time. That's what comes of using the

O-Cedar Mop

Polish

(MADE IN CANADA)

Use it on hardwood floors, or any painted or varnished woodwork, linoleums, oilcloth, etc., and you'll see how much you need one. Gets easily at all the hard-to-get-at-places.

Ask your dealer to show you the different styles and sizes. Sold on trial.

Channell Chemical Co., Limited
369 Sorauren Ave. - Toronto, Can.



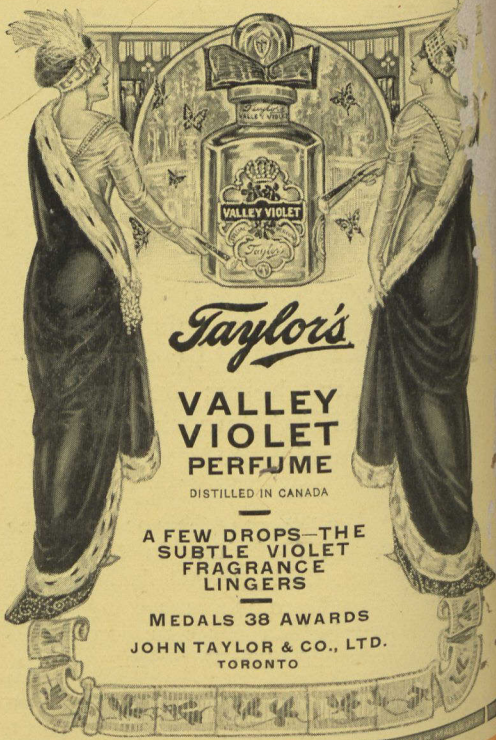
**Write to day—
It's worth your while**

You may be one of those who are looking for a dentifrice that is pleasant to use as well as efficient. If you are send us 4c in stamps and we will post you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the dentifrice without a "druggy" taste.

Ribbon Dental Cream checks decay-germs, corrects excessive acidity and cleans the teeth thoroughly and safely.

**COLGATE & CO., Dept. "P" Drummond Bldg.
MONTREAL**

Makers of the famous Colgate Shaving Stick
W. G. M. Shepherd, Montreal
Sole Agent for Canada



Taylor's

**VALLEY
VIOLET
PERFUME**
DISTILLED IN CANADA

**A FEW DROPS—THE
SUBTLE VIOLET
FRAGRANCE
LINGERS**

MEDALS 38 AWARDS
JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LTD.
TORONTO