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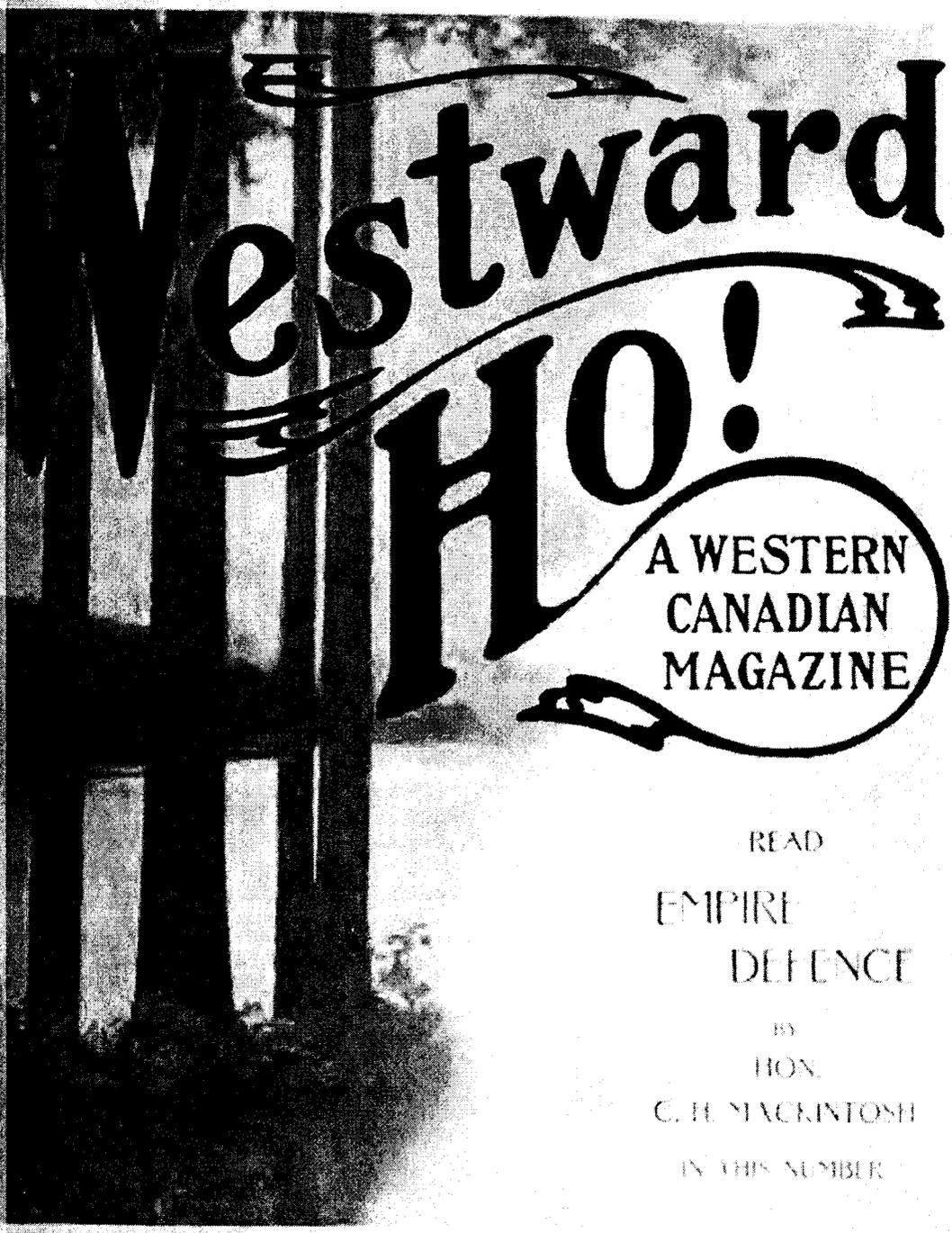
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Vol. IV.
No. 5

MAY, 1909

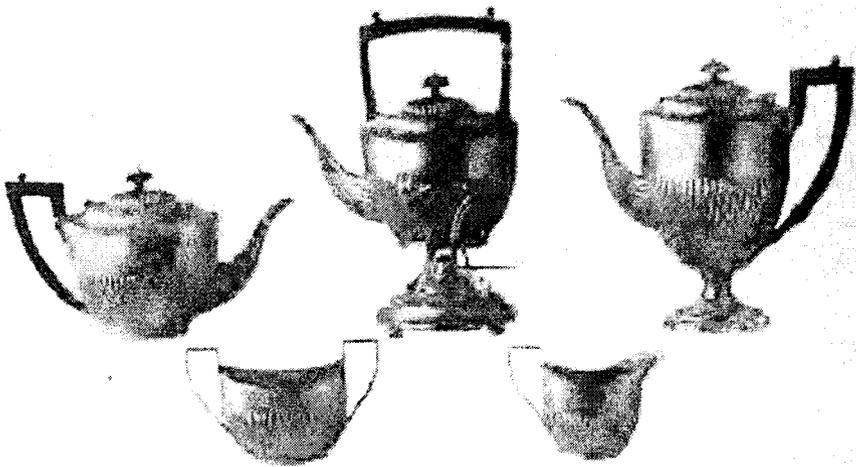


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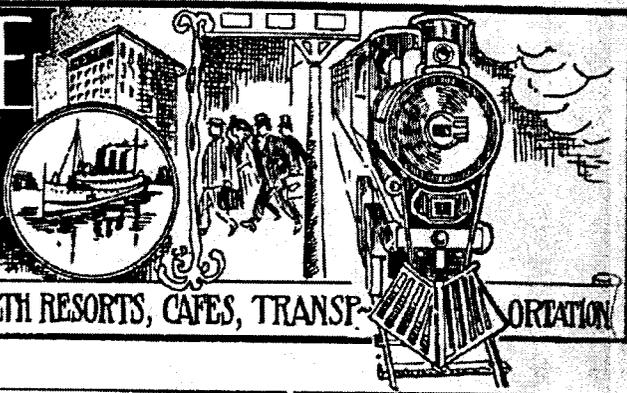
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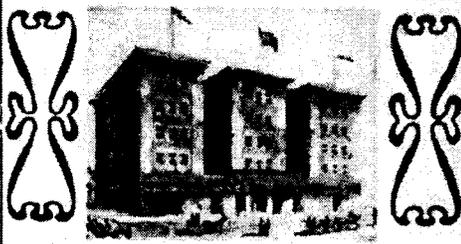
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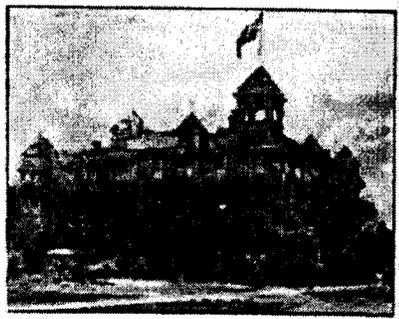
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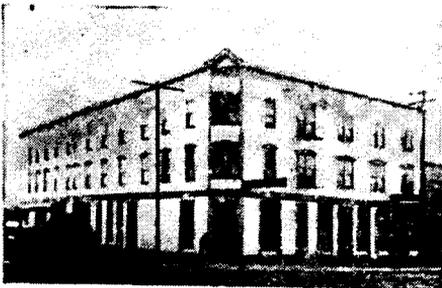
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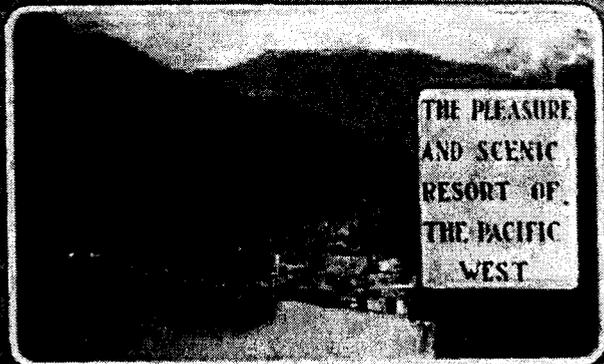
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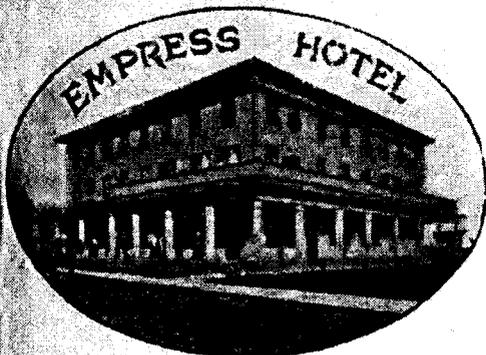
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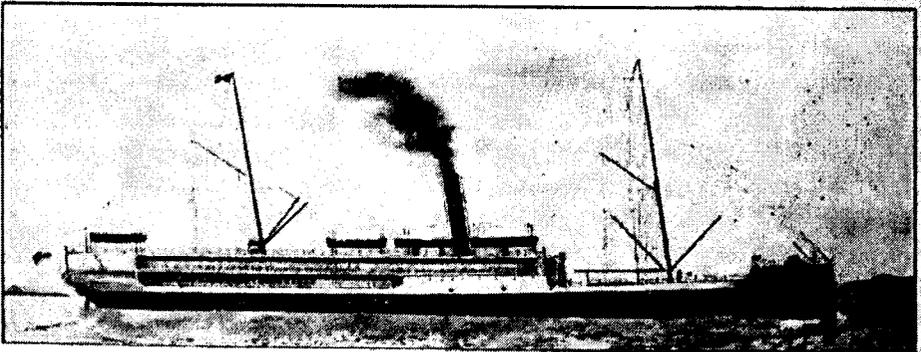
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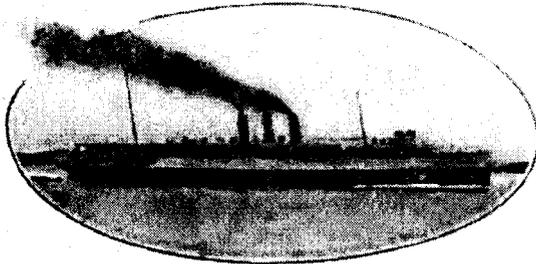
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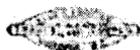
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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE



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Our subscription price for *Westward Ho!* has been and is now \$1.00 per year for Canada and British Isles.

For several reasons this price in the near future will be advanced to \$1.50 per year; single copies, 15 cents.

The principle reason is that we propose to increase the size and quality of the magazine. It will contain more illustrations and articles of interest to readers at home and abroad. We want *Westward Ho!*, a Canadian publication, to be the equal of any magazine in America. Of course this cannot be accomplished at one jump—it takes time, but each issue from now on will be a step in that direction. Our June number will be essentially an ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION number. July—the Dominion number, will contain interesting pages with plenty of good pictures, and each number thereafter will feature seasonable topics.

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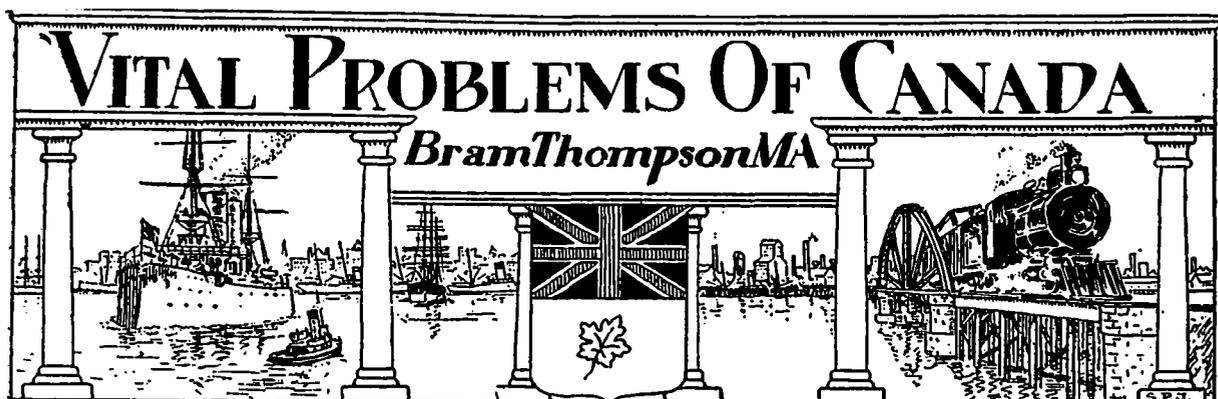
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WESTWARD HO! MAGAZINE

Vol. IV.

MAY, 1909

Number 5



Canada's Crux.

CANADA'S NATIONAL EXISTENCE, the most Vital of all the "Vital Problems of Canada," has within the past few weeks been forced upon the Canadian people.

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, to contemplate the apathy to, or obliviousness of, a problem so momentous, until its sudden projection before the Dominion with menacing mien; and 'tis melancholy to record the fact that Canada was awakened to the Vitality of it by a culmination of circumstances, extraneous to her, and to the urgency for its immediate solution by a movement in which she had no part, though it is a movement begotten of two cardinal articles of her own National creed—patriotism, the love of the people for their own land and Nation; and loyalty to the Empire of which that land and Nation form an integral part.

Patriotism and Loyalty! Illustrious and magnificent parents they are of the glorious twin conception—National integrity and Empire solidarity; but, alas

for Canada! She is, so far, only a proclaimer of a faith, and an applauding spectator of a great co-operative work—a work of others—a work in which she was not only entitled to participate, but of which her own geographical position, her vastness, wealth and resources, and the corresponding instinctive behests of self-preservation, might well have made her the Leader.

Canada has been aroused by the cry of Great Britain in danger; but so profound was her slumber, and so quick was her awakening, that at first she was dazed and unable to appreciate the startling conditions that confront her. Like a blind man suddenly invested with sight, wonder and bewilderment for a time transcended every other emotion; and she could neither form, nor give adequate expression to, a correct idea of her newly acquired perspective.

Canada will become calm and composed, and we have no doubt that the voice of her people will be clear, emphatic, and irresistible in its final enun-

ciation. But as this is only an opinion, or rather an expression of faith, the necessity still exists of unravelling the entanglements of the present position.

There are many disseminators of false doctrine, and there are many jarring voices in Canada to-day.

The Truth alone can save us; and the Truth can make us free.

THE TRUTH sometimes is unpalatable; but as long as it is the Truth, I fear not its first effect, knowing that its after consequences completely obliterate all earlier impressions, and bring an eternal relish for the rectitude of reality, and a loathing for spuriousness of sentiment and sophistry of speech.

THE TRUTH is that Canada has been so intent on making and calculating her wealth, that she has forgotten the means of protecting it. This conduct is the quintessence of folly. Similar conduct in an individual, or an enterprising business concern would be reckoned as insanity or madness; and is the Nation to be reckoned as wise, that rejects precautions which are universally employed by individuals and regarded by them as absolutely indispensable?

Will any Millionaire count out his hoards of wealth on his window sill, ostentatiously displaying them before the world, and there leave them unprotected and unguarded in the belief that the admiration of the spectator will stop at admiration and will overpower every impulse to appropriate at least a part of what dazzles his vision? If any Millionaire perpetrated such folly, he would soon cease to be a Millionaire. He would find that a dazzled admiration quickly becomes covetous, and lustful for the possession of the thing that excites it; he would find that he had no alternative but to guard his treasure, and that if he could not guard it or protect it, he would have to surrender it. After its surrender he could remember the remonstrances of his friends, and lament his infatuated credulity. But he could never recover what he had lost—what he had, himself, enticed others to admire, and seduced them by temptation to appropriate.

The arrant folly of such a man is the arrant folly of Canada to-day. That is the Truth, let him who will grin, writhe and twist as he tries to swallow it.

WILL CANADA, OR WILL SHE NOT, SET ABOUT GUARDING HER TREASURE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE? THAT IS THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

To clear our view we must demolish some delusions.

Canada is a Maritime Power, and she aspires to become a Nation of World-wide Commerce; yet she has not even the nucleus of a Navy; and what is more, she does not admit any necessity for a Navy.

Are the people of all the other great Commercial and Maritime Nations fools—the people of Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, Japan, Spain, Italy, the United States of America and numerous others? Those Nations, perceiving that Commerce follows the Flag, and that the Flag must be protected even when it floats on the Mercantile Marine, have constructed and maintained National Navies. They have grown to greatness by doing so. Can Canada grow to greatness by ignoring the experience of the World, and by defying the lessons of history?

We are told that "Canada is part of the British Empire and the Imperial Navy, protects us." This assertion when analysed will be found to be untenable.

In the first place, *there is no Imperial Navy.*

There is a British Navy sustained almost entirely by the people of the United Kingdom; but Canada has neither lot nor part in it. I do not say she should have lot or part in it, I simply state the incontrovertible fact that she has not.

In the next place I ask: *Is there a British Empire?* Let us see.

There was a British Empire when the Colonies were Colonies *simpliciter*, and the Over-sea Dominions were outgrowths, or expansions of the United Kingdom. Then the Colony of Canada was entitled to the defence and protection of the British Navy, irrespective of the question, how or where the Naval Revenue was raised.

But, that time, apparently, has passed, for Canada repudiates the name and the status of a Colony.

Constitutionally, I believe, there is no intermediate condition between the status of the self-governing Colony and that of the Nation. But assuming, for the purpose of meeting any contrary opinion, that there was a transitional period when Canada, ceasing to be a Colony, was advancing to Nationhood. During that period I admit that the United Kingdom was under an obligation to cooperate with the embryo, or evolving nation in maintaining its necessary Naval defence; but the obligation was, secondary to that of the new Nation itself, and it should have relatively diminished as the adolescent nation became more and more self dependent. At best the transition was a semi-dependent condition, and if it ever existed, it exists no more, even in the opinion of Canada herself.

ON THE COLONY BASIS THERE IS NO BRITISH EMPIRE, nor is there any obligation on Great Britain to protect Canada. This is Canada's own decision, and let her be the supreme judge.

WHAT THEN IS CANADA, and how does she stand in the world of Nations? She is not Independent, nor does she aspire to Independence.

It is said she is a "*Nation within the Empire.*" I believe the phrase is my own, framed several years ago, and used in some recent articles of this series, to indicate in contrast to the idea of National Independence, the greater and more glorious future that must await this Country by simultaneously attaining to Nationhood and co-operating with the Empire.

IS THERE THEN A BRITISH EMPIRE OF CO-ORDINATE NATIONS; AND IS CANADA ONE OF THESE NATIONS?

Canada's highest destiny would be within such an Empire. Great Britain has done all in her power to establish such an Empire. Canada has all the attributes of Nationhood except those powers and prerogatives which cannot be conferred until the responsibilities appertaining to them are fully recognized and undertaken by the Canadian people.

The British Empire can be formed and

consolidated by Canada, and the other self-governing States, undertaking those responsibilities.

If Canada had undertaken them voluntarily, she would not be in the humiliating and anomalous position she occupies to-day—a position analagous to that of the wayward son, who persistently asserted his independence, except in the matter of his means of subsistence, which he continued to permit the "Old Man" to provide for him as a matter of honour and glory, and as a memento of the otherwise repudiated paternal relationship.

If Canada undertakes her duties and responsibilities of Nationhood, and cooperates with the other Self-governing States, the British Empire will, so far as she is concerned, be formed; and she will be a Nation within the Empire.

The act and the choice must be her's alone.

The present deplorable predicament is the necessary and natural sequence of pusillanimous procrastination, and puerile prevarication on the part of the Leaders of Canadian thought in grappling with the problems of Canadian Nationhood—problems that for years have been rolling up accumulating complexities and dangers. These complexities and dangers were concealed from the people who were allured or deluded by the *Siren Song* of Wealth without responsibility, of Nationhood without the attribute of Nationhood, until the Country was well nigh within the talons of relentless destruction.

Now that the awakening has come, I am happy to think the *Vox Ducum*, the Voice of the Leaders, is not the *Vox Populi*, the Voice of the People.

The warning that the Naval Supremacy of Great Britain is menaced; that the Fate of the Empire is in the balance; and that the destiny of the self-governing States is at stake, has come with a strange simultaneousness—almost with a united voice—from Whig and Tory, from Liberal and Conservative, from Labourite and Socialist, from the Little Englander and the Greater Britainite. Who can doubt its authenticity when such men as Lord Rosebery, Frederic

Harrison, and William T. Stead—sublime altruistic heralds of peace, affirm it, and proclaim to the people what men like A. J. Balfour and Lord Roberts had previously declared, and what the Liberal Premier of the United Kingdom has now accepted as an indubitable fact? Clearly it is no political or party manoeuvre, nor is it a Jingo Scare.

The fate of the United Kingdom is the fate of the Empire. How often have we proclaimed it, and how often has the echo of our words been the only response? Now, at all events, the fact is recognized; and once again Truth has triumphed.

CANADA MUST NOW DEFINITELY ASSUME HER POSITION WITH ITS RESPONSIBILITIES. Her action must be the action of a self-respecting member of the great Confraternity of Nations that constitute the British Empire. We have had enough of the sophistry, the polite palaver, and the unwept tears of sentimental devotion and love to the Mother-Country that have so long characterized the Imperial utterances in our National Parliament, while we witnessed that same Mother-Country drooping in strength, though still unaided, shouldering the burdens that we ourselves should have helped her to carry.

The Mother-Country, the Mother of our Parliament, the Mother of our Freedom, deserves no doubt our gratitude for the magnificent heritage she has donated us, as she deserves and receives the applause of the World for the beneficent influence she has exerted in the cause of humanity and civilization, through her Naval Predominance.

But shame, a craven's shame must stigmatize the Canadian name, if the people of this Land continue to suck the Vitals of our kinsmen in the old world—the depopulated Irish, the impoverished Scotch, and the financially oppressed English—while we swell in number, year by year, and revel, some in absolute, others in comparative luxury, and all enjoy an atmosphere utterly oblivious of want or of financial care.

The Canadian people will not incur this odium; and they will not transmit it to their children.

I know them too well to doubt their manhood. But they must not be drawn into a wrongful apprehension of what is required of them; and they must carefully discriminate between gratitude and duty, between generosity and the acquittance of an obligation.

The Canadian people must draw an acute line between duty to themselves and generosity to others, between their obligations to the Empire, and gratitude to the Mother-Land, no matter how strong may be the impulses of devotion, and loyalty and love.

If they will do this in the Light of Truth; and if their acts correspond with, and conform to that Light, then Canada will be at once transfigured before our very eyes. We will then behold in reality, what is now only an imaginative creation and a figment—a British Empire with Canada a Nation within the Empire, self-reliantly discharging her own obligations.

What could Canada ask for more; and what higher tribute could be paid to our dear Old Mother-Country than to say that this is all she expects from her daughter people, and from her sister Nations?

How beautiful is this thought, this elucidation of our present complexity, compared with the attitude assumed by so many aspirants to the Leadership of the public sentiments of Canada?

My complaint is against these so-called Leaders, and not against the People; and my efforts are not designed to direct the people whose own inherent appreciation of right and wrong, and whose own instincts of self-interest and self-preservation, will if left to themselves, inevitably find the proper path; but my efforts are designed to demolish the spurious pretexts by which the self-constituted Leaders have decoyed and deceived the people in the past; to demolish them so completely that they can never again be resurrected from the rubbish heap of discarded and disgraced shibboleths.

I am not speaking here as a party politician. I draw no distinction between the Leaders of one party, and another. Both of them appear to me equally culpable; for while those of one party pur-

sued the path of folly, those of the other either concurred in or made little or no effort to counteract that folly; and certainly both failed to bring before the people at the General Election, the Country's unprotected condition, its utter dependence upon the United Kingdom, and the continual and ever augmenting menace that exists to our integrity as a Nation through the growing inability of Great Britain to maintain and sustain an Imperial Navy Force commensurate with the requirements of the Empire, without the co-operation of the other sections of the Empire.

"All roads lead to Rome"; and all these propositions were approachable from our own immediate affairs, as well as through the intricacies of the Tariff Reform movement in Great Britain and the Intra-Empire Tariff proposals which are a corollary, or natural sequence of its success. But none of these themes were admitted to the propaganda of either party during the recent Election to Canada's National Parliament. And what is more, the man who attempted to introduce or speak on any of them, was peremptorily tabooed, or politely told that while he might thunder and philosophise like a Burke, or arouse enthusiasm like a Demosthenes, or a Pitt, a Gladstone or a Beaconsfield, he was stirring up controversies that had better be allowed to slumber for the next half century or so. This was the caucus mandate; and it could not be contravened.

Silence is sometimes as eloquent as words; and no silence is more eloquent than the silence of cowardice.

THE ELOQUENT SILENCE OF COWARDICE during the Election is one of the charges that I bring against the Leaders of the people, concerning the question that has now so rapidly unfolded, and overtopped every other question.

Eloquent silence is not, however, their only offence.

Some of these Leaders availed themselves of other times and opportunities, when the *Vox Populi*, the Voice of the People, could not be heard, to secure the *Auris Populi*, the Ear of the People, and to inculcate as pernicious, and as fatal doctrines as ever were enunciated. Even

in the midst of the present commotion, these doctrines are being rung in our ears.

We are told by Tergiversators, in the form of Politicians, and by narrow-minded Egoists, in the form of Journalists, that though Canada is a Nation, she is in no need of a Navy; that she is a peace-loving Country, without aggrandizing ambition; that she is perfectly safe and absolutely secure; and that she is less an object of envious aggression in her defencelessness than if she were armed and fully protected both by land and sea. Some of them even say that, supposing a hostile attack were contemplated on Canada, *Canada has an adequate guarantee of her safety in the Monroe doctrine.*

These insane declarations would be dangerous indeed if those who enunciate them really believed them. But they do not believe them. They use them for temporizing purposes; and they fulminate them for the sake of bluster. These declarations are contradictory of the most self-evident facts, both of history and of actual conditions.

Because we are a peace-loving Country and devoid of aggrandizing ambition, is no deterrent to the warlike and aggressive propensities of others. If it were, then the United States, in their Naval and Military expenditure, must be colossal fools. The *Monroe doctrine* is their doctrine; it is a doctrine of non-aggression; but it has never been a doctrine of passive resistance. The astute "Yankee" of the days of Monroe, extreme puritan though he may have been, did not sport with his Country's destiny. The United States of to-day have only recently been brought face to face with a condition that ratified the wisdom of those who, while preaching peace, prepared vigorously for war. The *Monroe doctrine*, in fact, was not what these praters in Canada say it was. It was essentially a challenge to the World; and the States, from the start of their National existence, prepared to put the World at defiance.

If they had been content to act in accordance with the interpretation of the *Monroe doctrine* now made by these

Canadian ranters, they would have vanished before now, off the map of Nations; or they would have been obliged to hoist the White Flag and surrender the Keys of their Country to the truculent Jap, when very recently he stood with a menacing aspect at their gate and demanded admittance. That was an instructive spectacle—ferocious defiance in the eye of both; a succession of fierce growls; a curl or two of the nose; and a deep wrinkle and quick recession of the lip from the glittering teeth, firmly set, and savage in size and strength. Then a subconscious conviction stole over both and reflected itself gradually in the eye of each, that the match was too equal for certain victory; and, as if by mutual consent, they mutually withdrew. Withdrew to what? The one to deplore, and the other to eulogise the peaceful efficacy of the Monroe doctrine? No: they withdrew to prepare for war; for preparedness for war, they saw, is the only guarantee of peace.

If now the Japanese were thus defiant with the peace-loving Americans—the inventors of the Monroe doctrine—what would they be with Canada if it were not for one thing—that Canada has Great Britain and Ireland behind her?

THE JAPANESE WANT AN ENTRANCE UPON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Why should they fight the United States, if they could gain a peaceful entrance on the Coast of British Columbia?

To the Jap one part of the Coast line is as good as another.

Does any one believe in face of the avowed determination of the Japs, to dominate the Pacific, that the Government of Canada could negotiate with them on paper about the limitation of their numbers coming to this Country, if it were not for the existence of the British Navy?

Does any one believe that without the British Navy, any Oriental exclusion Act passed by British Columbia, would have any effect whatsoever; that it would not be a wretched fiasco and an invitation to certain destruction?

And does any one believe that the United States who were not strong enough to kick the aggressive Jap from

their own door recently, but by a simulated truce, coaxed him away, would, for the sake of the Monroe doctrine alone, recklessly put to hazard their own Country by trying to drive off the Jap from Canada if he tried to effect an entrance there?

They might; nay, I am sure they would, whether the Monroe doctrine is dead or alive, co-operate with Great Britain's Navy or Canada's Navy to resist the Jap and administer to him a sound chastisement—even to annihilate him. But they would not try to do it alone; or if they did, and if they succeeded, does any one believe they would renounce their right to the Spoils which always belong to the Victor? Certainly not; for the United States that contested so strongly the question of the Alaska frontier, know full well that the Pacific Coast line of British Columbia is the greatest of Canada's great heritages—one of the most valuable assets of the British Empire—all important in Commerce; indispensable in War.

So much for the protection of the Monroe doctrine.

NOW AS TO THE NEED OF PROTECTING OURSELVES.

This surely is a Canadian problem, and very far removed from the Vortex of European Politics against which Canadians are warned.

We have not reached the Era of Universal Peace, and it is not likely to arrive for several centuries—not at all events, while the Oriental Nations are growing resurgent and becoming aggressive, not while the aggressive German is bent upon a Military and Naval dominance, and upon finding an outlet for an expanding population that can no longer find space for their foot in their homeland.

Canada is as likely to be the scene of attack by Germany, as is Great Britain. Canada is more likely to be invaded by Japan than by any other country under the Sun.

Whether at all events, an attack were made upon Great Britain, or upon Canada itself, the destiny of Canada would be involved in any contest by the United Kingdom.

If Great Britain went down in a contest, the Empire would fall asunder. If Great Britain won, it would be with such a depletion of her strength, such an exhaustion of her resources such an impairment of her Commerce, and such a drain for many years to come upon her treasury, that she would be obliged to relinquish her altruistic policy of supporting an Empire Navy; and she would be obliged to abandon the Over-Seas possessions to their own Fate. Another Empire would have fallen!

In face of all this Canada, who boasts so vehemently of the British Empire, and of her imposing place in it, is told that she has no obligations to provide her own protection, or to support in any way, the Navy that now holds the Empire together and imparts to it much of its prestige. Her would-be Leaders, I prefer to call them her blatant deceivers, invoke her against taking any step that might render more difficult a commercial negotiation about the admission of some Foreigner's Merchandise and warn her, with an uplifted finger of ominous portent, not to be drawn into the Vortex of European Militarism.

They say, however, after gallant Australia, and heroic New Zealand have shamed them out of their poltroon passiveness, that springing from a sense of gratitude and generosity, Canada is willing, when the emergency arises, to make any reasonable "Sacrifice" for the honour and aid of the Mother Country. They do not admit that the emergency has arisen or that it now exists.

All I can say is what I recently said at a meeting of Vancouver Citizens, when I was the means of preventing the passing of a stultifying resolution to this effect—however much the boast may smack of loyalty and devotion, it is a three-fold insult. It is an insult to the people of the United Kingdom, it is an insult to the people of Canada, and it is an insult to the Empire.

The cause that is at stake is a cause in which Canada is vitally concerned. It is, in fact, her own.

If the people of Canada admit this assertion, then Canada owes a duty to herself, and an obligation to the Empire.

How can they in performing that duty and that obligation, left so long undischarged, and so long a burden on one portion of the Empire alone, assume the attitude of benefactors and designate their act as a "Sacrifice" on their part, for the honour and glory of the Motherland? This is making a virtue of a necessity with a vengeance.

If Canada does not admit the hypothesis that the cause before us to-day, is a cause of vital concern to herself; if it is not necessary for her either to have a Navy of her own for National defence, or to Imperialize Great Britain's Naval Force by contributing to it, and making it adequate for Empire purposes, then seeing the many requirements she has for capital to develop her resources, the proposal to allocate any part of her Public Revenue, either to found a National Navy Force, or to subsidize the Navy of Great Britain is reckless madness and rank extravagance. It is *Ultra-Vires* of any Elective Government; for necessity and utilitarian advantage are the only justifications for Governmental expenditure.

Is there, then, any present necessity or prospective utility in Canada now initiating the nucleus of a National Navy, or pending her doing so, of her contributing in any way to the maintenance of the Standard of the British Navy, so as to make it, in the meantime, adequate for the needs of the Empire? Assuredly there are both a present advantage, and a prospective utility to Canada herself.

The act would make Canada a Nation among the world of Nations—incalculable present prestige; and a Nation within the Empire—intestimable future splendour!

The Empire, not Great Britain, needs Canada's co-operation.

The Empire needs Canada's co-operation because Canada is a part of the Empire, and the brightest star in the Anglo-Saxon - Language - speaking constellation of Nations now under the British Crown.

Can Canada remain indifferent to anything that pertains to the Empire? Is she so absolutely besotted with selfish-

ness, with self-concentration, that she is willing to be a part of the Empire only on the condition that the prestige derived from it and the protection afforded by the Navy which guards it, cost her nothing—only on the condition that the upkeep of that Navy should be borne by others?

If that is Canada's attitude let her renounce her adhesion to the Empire, and in the words of her own vernacular "Get Out"; and as soon as she has done so, she will find very quickly whether the Singers of the Siren Song of Nationhood without the responsibility of Nationhood, are friends or foes.

But I know this is not the attitude of Canadian People however much it may be the attitude of their temporizing Leaders.

I say, then, Oh Canadian People, ye are a Nation, a free Nation, let quibblers and ranters descant as they may. Ye may, by one single resolution of your own, emerge from, or remain within the Empire. In either case ye cannot exist or attain your greatness or fulfil your destiny without performing the duties of Nationhood. Forever ye owe them to yourselves. They are all that are required from you by the Laws of God or man; all that your Great Sister Nation, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, expects at your hands. By rendering them to yourselves, ye acquit your obligations to the Empire,

within which your amplest scope and most glorious future lie. Render them in whatever way your wisdom and prudence may dictate as being most conducive to your National well-being and safety. But render them; do not shirk them; do not deny them; and do not be deceived longer into the blind belief that they do not exist.

Render them! BE MEN worthy of yourselves, worthy of your great Country, and worthy of the Empire of which ye are a part, whose continued rise must bring you corresponding glory, and whose decline or fall would inevitably efface your Nationhood or project you and your children into a Vortex of Strife and Bloodshed more revolting and more disastrous by far than all the Militarism that Europe has witnessed for Centuries.

In our strong right we bid aggression halt,

And treason fear our British bugle call;

Our bond of Empire brooks no vile assault,

We rise with Britain or with Britain fall.

Thus shall we take our high and sovereign place,

And Canada for truth and honour stand;

A loyal people, a united race,

A happy nation in a glorious land.

A Song of Empire

Blanche E. Holt Murison

For God, and King, and Empire,
We raise the patriot song;
For God, and King, and Empire.
We rally and grow strong.
Defence, but not Aggression,—
We send the challenge back;
Where'er in proud possession,
We fly the Union Jack.

For God, and King, and Empire,
For grander ends of Good;
For God, and King, and Empire,
And nobler nationhood.
For laws that know no barter,
For Freedom's sacred fame;

The glory of our charter,
The honor of our name.

For God, and King, and Empire,
This shall our watchword be;
For God, and King, and Empire,
For Peace and Equity:
That baser thoughts may perish,
And no decadence mar
The heritage we cherish,
Nor dim our splendid star.

For God, and King, and Empire,
Our covenant shall stand;
For God, and King, and Empire,
For Home and Motherland.

The Story of a Frock

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

PROLOGUE

My first glimpse of city life I caught from the show windows of a fashionable dry goods shop in London, where I remained only a few days, being sent from there to a dressmaking establishment, where after being probed with innumerable pins and needles—, my long smooth lengths cut into all kinds of shapes by sharp shears, in the hands of busy women—; I suddenly found myself pieced together again, and transformed into a beautiful gown, to be expressed to the rectory in the little village of Willowsmere, several miles from the roar and traffic of busy London. I now became the property of the rector's eldest daughter,—Miss Nancy Wilmot: and thus began the first chapter in the history of the frock that has marched steadily and decorously through a growing family of fourteen charming girls.

SUCH a pretty frock, said Nancy, surveying her form which I enveloped,—“and how the girls will envy me! I wonder what impression I will make on the new curate, in my gown of gray.”

Then, blushing, she murmured, “How foolish of me.” And donning a jaunty hat, that sat well on her pretty head, she was soon on her way to church, where sitting later in the old fashioned, high-backed pew, she listened to the new curate's discourse on worldly vanity. Very charming she looked, as with downcast eyes and air demure, she joined in the hymns, or bowed her head in prayer.

Evidently the Reverend Walter Allingford, the new curate, thought as I did,—for often I found his gaze wandering towards the gray-robed figure, whose face was suffused with blushes when she caught his glance of admiration.

After services were over, the curate accompanied the rector and his family home, and accepted readily their invitation to lunch at the rectory.

Arthur Dean Wilmot, rector of St. Giles in Willowsmere, was a quiet, methodical old clergyman, living in the belief of the “Lord's tempering the wind to the shorn lamb,” but the winds of adversity howled around the old rectory, and the cupboard was oftener empty than full, as the rector's labors in the vineyard of the Lord were not in a worldly sense, remunerative. The rector's wife, a sad-eyed, meek little woman, aided her husband in his clerical work, and spent many weary hours planning the renovation of the threadbare wardrobes of the fourteen girls, and truly they were a pretty flock,—but “born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air” of Willowsmere, where lads were scarce, and lassies largely in the majority.

Well, to return to Nancy,—for over a year I had done good service in her wardrobe. I felt her heart beat when the curate singled her out from the bevy of fair girls.

I listened to his declaration of love, heard her soft, shy answer and knew the whole story, before it was announced in the family circle, that Nancy was to become Mrs. Walter Allingford.

“Good,” exclaimed Maude, “I am so glad that one of the family succeeded in landing this new fish, for which every girl in the village has angled. Well Nance, you are a dear,” she said, kissing her sister. “It was the gray frock, Maude,” Nance laughingly answered, “and I think instead of including it in Mrs. Allingford's wardrobe, I had better pass it along to you for luck.”

So began the second chapter of my existence—remodelled for Maude. Six

months of wear at church sociables, receptions and concerts, when a new arrival in the form of a young M. D. made his appearance in the village. I was shocked to see the sly flirtation carried on between the doctor and Maude. He became a frequent visitor at the rectory, and it rather amused me that he always looked so innocent when in the minister's presence, who, deeming him a paragon of excellence, made him ever welcome. Many an embrace I received from the M. D. as his arm stole around Maude's waist, and my serenity was much ruffled; but the flirtation did not last long, for the doctor meeting a pretty face with a substantial income, came less often to the rectory, and finally his visits ceased altogether. I was not sorry. Maude wore a dejected air for a few days, then straightway forgot all about him. I have since heard her laugh over her brief romance with the doctor, and when she whispered to Hetty of her engagement to Deacon Dodge, who had been looked upon as a cynical old bachelor,—I smiled at the fickleness of woman.

"But Maude," pleaded Hetty, "you don't surely love that old man, do you?"

"Love him,—you little goose—why no! It's not necessary to love a man to marry him from Willowsmere!—Oh, no,—my dear, there are too many Wilmot's to feed, clothe and house, so it behooves me to accept the chance of lessening the number, and I cheerfully pass along the faithful gray frock to you dear. You will find it somewhat mussed, and much wrinkled, Hetty, child, just as I should be if I remained much longer in Willowsmere."

"But Maude,——"

"No arguments, now, sister mine; run away with the frock, else I may change my mind. I must be off, and tell the rest of the girls that they are to have the adorable deacon for a brother-in-law. Ha—ha!"

I knew her laugh was a forced one, but if her pride was ruffled by the doctor's fickleness, my smoothness certainly was, and many days, poor patient Mrs. Wilmot spent over me, before I recovered from the effects of my wounded feelings, sufficiently, to be made into a

dress for Hetty, the madcap of the village.

"Now Mammy, dear," she said, as her mother was putting the finishing touch on me, "be sure and make me look charming, for Major Arnold is home on a furlough, and today I intend calling on his sister, Mattie."

"For what?" asked Mrs. Wilmot.

"Why, to see the Major's sister, to be sure; but really to catch a glimpse of the brave soldier, who has resolutely remained away ten years, fearing to face the artillery of females in Willowsmere."

"Why Hetty,—your speech is shocking!"

"Now,—now Mammy,—don't scold, with thirteen sainted daughters, surely you can afford one hoyden, but it's all right, for father is going to make some parish calls, and—here he comes now with the gig, so a kiss Mammy, and I must away."

Off she tripped, and I felt quite proud to be worn by such a pretty miss. She jumped into the gig beside her father, and soon the old mare was trotting down the lane, trying to appear young, for at least one occupant of the rickety gig.

We had gotten out on the broad road, when suddenly the mare took a notion to run,—and horrors!—she would not stop. The old gig swayed and lurched, creaked and groaned; the rector hanging on to the reins, coaxed and pleaded, but all to no purpose; we were bowled along at a dizzy pace, when lo!—a wheel rolled off the gig; the rector was shot through the air, and landed in a ditch. Hetty and I were thrown in the roadway, where we lay covered with dust. The old mare fell with a thud, gave two or three convulsive gasps, and breathed her last. Her mission was accomplished; she had run her last heat, leaving us though, in rather an undignified position, at the very gate of Major Arnold's home;—and yes,—it was he who, rushing out, stooped over Hetty, with an air of great concern, to find her not in a faint as he had probably expected, but laughing immoderately behind her poke bonnet.

"Aren't you hurt?" he asked, lifting her to a sitting posture, with her head resting against his shoulder. (Then I felt her heart give a great leap). "Are you able to walk to my house with assistance, or shall I carry you there?"

"Oh! please don't trouble about me," she answered; "I am all right, but see to my father, for I fear he is hurt."

Looking up they beheld the rector, hatless and muddy, standing before them with a dazed expression in his eyes, and the slime of the ditch oozing from his shabby broadcloth. Another fit of laughing seized Hetty; then, recovering herself, she said: "Forgive me, dear Dad, but you look so funny, I cannot help laughing. Tell me, are you hurt?"

"No, child," he answered, "are you?" "Only shaken up a bit, that is all," she cried, jumping to her feet. Then, catching sight of the prostrate mare, the rector groaned aloud, but Hetty with a demure air, said, "Never mind Dad. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

This was too much for the major's equanimity, and even the rector was forced to laugh. Then the Major led the way to the house, saying: "If you will accept the hospitality of our home, sister and I will do our best to make you comfortable; and if I mistake not, you are my old friend, the rector of St. Giles."

"Thank you, Major, I am glad you have not forgotten your old friends; this is our little Hetty, grown to womanhood. We were on our way to call on your sister, but poor old Joan was in a hurry, and announced us rather abruptly. It will indeed give us pleasure to renew the acquaintanceship," and, crossing the rose-covered porch, we were soon resting comfortably. An enjoyable day was spent at the Major's, and I saw that Hetty had already made a deep impression on the soldier's heart. In the evening he drove them home in his smart trap, and though the village gossips wondered why the Major's furlough was extended from one week to a month, I knew why, and so did Hetty. Then came a parting of six months, but the Major again returned to the attack and carried Hetty off,—a willing captive, to reside in London, as Mrs. Arnold. Such warm

letters as passed between them during the Major's absence, cause me to wonder that I was not severely scorched in the region of Hetty's heart, for after kissing each missive, after several readings, she would hide them in my folds, then she would read and re-read until every word must have been forever fixed on her memory; but when she left for her London home, she gave not a glance toward the discarded gown, that had clung so closely to her in all her happy moments. I was tossed aside, only to be brought to light again by the thrifty mother, who fashioned me into a frock for Gertrude—; docile, faithful Gertrude, who could draw the most wonderful sounds from her violin, and for four months I was her close companion, my sombreness always brightened by a flower, a colored ribbon, or a knot of lace, until I began to feel quite proud of my appearance; then as she outgrew my limits, with a sigh of regret she handed me over to Lucile, the studious one, who so long as she had a book, gave no heed to the color nor fashion of her frock. Each day matters were growing worse at the rectory. With the old mare's death, the rector's work increased, as he had much walking to do, visiting his flock, and laboring hard to feed the hungry mouths at home; there was little with which to feed, much less clothe, these healthy English girls, with increasing appetites and growing limbs.

"You great bookworm," said Edith; "you don't care a jot whether or not you eat, and I am starved; then, too, I am invited to sing on Thursday evening at the Werner's home, but the same old cry is echoed, "Nothing to wear."

"Why I wonder, is it that ministers' families are so poor? I'd like to do something to shock this conservative village."

"For shame, Edith," said Lucile.

"Oh! for shame," says Miss Prudence. Well I would, just the same, only there isn't a man to even flirt with in this humdrum place."

"Why Edith, what would mother say?"

"'Fie for shame.' What you have just said, probably, but that's not what I am

here for. Now like a good little sister, won't you lend me your gray frock? I must go to that party, if only to spite that horrid Kate Merrill, who thinks Jack Werner has eyes for her alone. What do you say, Lucile? There's a dear! I know you will say yes."

"I will say 'yes' Edith and will give the dress to you, as my merino will last me a while longer, and should I receive the kindergarten appointment for which I have applied, I shall be able to buy a new frock, and I assure you its color will not be gray."

"The nasty thing," I thought. Well, I wanted to see more of life, so felt glad when Edith began to transform me into what she phrased "a dream."

A soft chiffon covered the rents in my sleeves, and formed a ruffle for my neck, and truly Edith made a sweet picture, as dressed in the much ridiculed gray frock, with a scarlet blossom in her dark hair, arrayed for conquest, she sallied forth to the Werner house.

So much for that evening's triumph. Edith is now Mrs. Jack Werner, and I was transferred to Janet, who did not keep me very long in her possession. Growth is no respecter of persons, even of minister's families, and I soon realized that Janet was growing away beyond my means to cover her long limbs, so that ere long Kate claimed me as her own. Then the village school-master came a-courting, and again I listened to the oft-told tale until one bright morning Raymond Sinclair led bonny Kate to the altar, and seeing her pretty gown so dainty and white, I did not marvel that she had no further use for poor, shabby me. However, thought I, it will not wear as well as I, nor reign as long at Willowsmere as has the old gray frock.

Constance—the loving and loveable Constance, then became my possessor, and many a sly hug I gave her, for which the poor hooks and eyes were blamed. I fell in love with Constance at once, and so did all who met her. The crude village folk called her an idle dreamer, but I knew better. She was a poet to her finger tips, and of course I could not help seeing the many charming verses that went under a non de plume

to the London papers, for be it understood, the rector would allow no contact between the rectory members, and worldly literature. In her rose garden many happy hours we spent together, she putting her sweet thoughts into words while the flowers and I listened. I envied the flowers when she stooped to kiss their sweet faces.

The new music master who had lately come to the village, soon found his way to the rectory, bringing his friend, Arthur Wallace, with him, and many pleasant evenings we passed together with Fred Lincoln at the piano, which though quite antique, gave out many sweet sounds beneath his musical touch. Constance listened, and I thought was fast losing her heart under the influence of the music, when an interruption rather made me doubt her. Arthur Wallace became a regular caller, and made himself so attentive to Constance that it really set me wondering. Here, thought I, is a pretty how-do-you-do. There are plenty more flowers in the Wilmot family, why then should he not choose another one, rather than seek to snatch this blossom from his friend? To concerts and parties they went together, until I was losing all patience with Constance, when Fred Lincoln remonstrated with her; then matters went smoothly for the music master, and many a rosebud that had lain against my folds, went away in the lapel of Fred's coat.

The roses are still blooming in the old garden, but Constance comes here no more—I wish I knew why—though I have heard it whispered that she is a journalist in London, and I am not the only one who longs for her return, where the flowers wait her coming. I wish she had taken me with her, for Ida despises my shabbiness, as though I could help it after my faithful service with ten of the Wilmot girls.

Three months only I stayed with her, when an invitation from Hetty for Ida to pay her a visit, brought with it a new dress, and this injunction on the part of Hetty,—“Above all do not bring the antediluvian gray frock, else my friends will mistake you for a page from ancient history that came over in the ark.” How

the girls laughed when Ida read this sentence, but I felt hurt at the ingratitude, though I was somewhat mollified when Caroline said: "I will take the gray frock, for it deserves better at our hands than abuse." I had an agreeable existence with Caroline, who taught a class of boys in the village school. The experience was a novel one to me, as day after day I went with Caroline to school, and noted her patience with her trying pupils. How her poor tired head would ache, but no complaint escaped her lips; so when the village dentist asked her to give up teaching the small boys, and take one big boy as her life's companion, I felt glad when I heard her answer in the affirmative, and then began my short reign with Alice.

"What a strange lot of girls we Wilwots are," Alice exclaimed to the conclave gathered together in the rectory garden. "Here we are all living in mortal dread of being dubbed "old maids" if no "Prince Charming" comes our way. Well, I for my part, am going to strike out boldly and forswear marriage. I will henceforth and forever, be known as the "Bachelor Maid!"

"What nonsense," answered Florence. "You know you are the best looking girl in the village, and just wait, my lady, until the chance presents itself, you won't say "Nay."

"I shall indeed; I hate man, he is such a conceited creature; he thinks all that is necessary is to ask a girl to marry him, and she will jump at the chance."

"Now don't be hard, Alice," Florence answered. "They are not all alike. You must admit that woman has her full share of conceit, and your views are gathered from the narrow limits of Wilwotsmere, where men are such a rare avis that there is small wonder that they deem they have but to ask, and they shall receive favor, from our sex."

"You are a dear old wiseacre, Floss, but you haven't changed my opinion one whit, and I again assert I would not marry—not if—"

"Oh!" With a little shriek Alice drew back, her eyes riveted on the hedge. Following the direction of her gaze, they saw a man—yes, actually, a real live

man—leaning over the hedge, his arms forked, and a roguish look in his eyes, as he gazed on the surprised group before him. Then leaping over the low partition he approached them, and doffing his cap said, "Ladies, your pardon; permit me to introduce and explain myself, as you have caught me in the act of eavesdropping. I am Maynard Chisholm, nephew of the late owner of the property adjoining your grounds. I was told the village held many charms, but was not aware that they were in such close proximity to my lands, else should I have made an earlier advent into Wilwotsmere. Strolling close by the hedge, and hearing a "Bachelor Maid's vow to celibacy, I stopped to listen, with what result you all see,—a shamefaced penitent, who humbly craves your pardon, ladies."

"Our pardon we cheerfully grant," said Alice, "because since you have listened, you have heard no good of your sex in general."

With the greatest nonchalance he threw himself down on the sward, and was soon joining in the debate. After that his visits to the rectory became quite frequent, and a general laugh arose when Alice confessed to her sisters that she had broken the "Bachelor's Maid's vow, and had become the affianced of Maynard Chisholm.

Then came a change for me. I had grown very shabby, and all my past glory seemed faded and gone; yet the rector's family could not afford to part with me, there being two more girls to be gowned, and little money with which to buy the wherewithal. That last remark relative to the "eternal gray frock," rather upset me, as well as my prospective wearers. Finally a council was held by the family, and it was decided that I, the old gray frock, which had done service for twelve members of the family, should be dyed. I was put under a process in which I turned blue, and then I was fashioned over for Florence. For a few months I was her best frock, then came the gift of a new one, and with not one sigh of regret, I was shut into a dark wardrobe, neglected and forgotten. On a shelf in the corner of

the closet, where I hid from daylight, lay an old poke bonnet, its strings rumpled, its flowers faded and its general aspect about as delapidated as my own. Suddenly, however, I recognized it as having played a part in my career—it having been handed down the long line of thirteen girls, as I had been, so I spoke to the bonnet. "Tell me," I asked, "are we to be condemned to utter oblivion after our years of useful servitude?"

"I think not," replied the bonnet, "for there is Hyacinthe, who will yet require us. She is as you know, a very high-spirited girl, and though she insists that she will not wear the bonnet that has travelled steadily over the road with the old frock, which she despises, yet she will be obliged to accept our services, as there is nothing better for her at present. Oh! The thoughts that have passed through the pretty heads upon which I have rested."

"Yes," I answered, "and the hopes that have beaten in the hearts that I have covered!"

"Ah! But I framed their pretty faces," quoth the bonnet.

"And I clothed their graceful forms," spoke I.

"Yes," said the bonnet, "but you lost your originality when you were dyed—"

"Not at all, my friend, I merely took on a new color, to vary the monotony."

Then the door opened suddenly and Hyacinthe Wilmot stood on the threshold. "The same old frock,—the same old bonnet,—the same old story, since my existence began in the rectory; nothing to eat,—nothing to wear; oh! the misery of it all; our only salvation, a man, and they are as scarce as raiment and food about the rectory. Well, old frock, it's not your fault, but my misfortune. I am going out in the world to earn a livelihood, so you must help make me presentable." Then I was lifted from the peg. Hyacinthe's busy fingers plied the needle all day, and behold! when arrayed in the old blue frock, she stood before the mirror, I hardly knew myself. "Old blue frock," indeed! No I was a model of style, as I clung to the graceful form beneath my folds.

And the bonnet that I had laughed at! There it rested on her golden hair, and scarcely did I recognize my companion of the closet, as I looked upon the coquettish bow replacing the faded flower, and the dainty ribbon tied under the pretty chin. My next recollection was opening my eyes in the prettily appointed library of Lindenvale, where Hyacinthe had taken up her duties as secretary to John Tremaine. When I saw the beautiful gown worn by Mrs. Tremaine, I did not blame Hyacinthe for her remarks about my shabbiness, but I would not have exchanged owners, being now worn with as dainty grace as though I were a creation of elegance.

Hyacinthe was a clever girl, but as she gained favor with Mr. Tremaine, she lost in the sight of his wife, who was extremely jealous, and tyrannized over him by her ready tears. Still, matters went smoothly for Hyacinthe, until one evening when Mr. Tremaine invited company to dinner, among them Alfred Lombard. Hyacinthe wore a black lace gown, and looked charming, as with her chin resting in her palm she smiled demurely up at Mr. Leonard from her desk in Mr. Tremaine's library. "My name," she was saying, is Hyacinthe. I was named after a flower, I don't know why. I am one of a family of fourteen girls. My father is rector of St. Giles, in Wil-lowsmere. I got tired of the hum-drum existence in the rectory, sick of wearing shabby clothes, and of the eternal dish of mutton—

Mutton roasted, and mutton plain,
What's left from Sunday, we'll have
Monday, again;
Tuesday we'll eat the remnants, cold,
Wednesday a mutton hash tale is told.
Thursday we pick all the bones so clean,
That Friday, no mutton is left,—I ween.
Then Saturday morning with hearts de-
vout,
We thank the good Lord, that the
mutton is out;
While the rector asks blessings on what
we eat,—
Dear Lord, send not mutton again,—we
entreat.

Oh! dear me, many times and oft, have we girls sung these words to the air of a hymn, while dear old Dad, not hearing distinctly, looked smilingly, at his supposed sanctified daughters. Then the old frock, and the ancient bonnet. Ah! I wish a story might be written of the hearts that have beaten beneath the frock, that has marched faithfully through the ranks of fourteen girls, and the thoughts that have passed under the bonnet, that has kept religious pace with the threadbare dress. You asked me to tell you something of my life; I have told you all, but I don't know why. Now pardon me, for I must finish my work."

Mr. Lombard made a few remarks, and then went into the garden to join the rest of the party. Hyacinthe laid down her pen, approached the mantel, lifted from thence, Mr. Tremaine's photograph, carefully flecked off some specks of dust, with her dainty handkerchief, held it off at arm's length for several seconds, and then bringing it nearer her face, she imprinted a kiss on the unresponsive card. There was a crash of china, the picture was snatched from Hyacinthe's hand, and Mrs. Tremaine, her eyes blazing with wrath, stood before her.

"Impertinent Hussy," she gasped, "How dare you? So you are the mild-faced hypocrite who is stealing my husband's affection! Not another day shall you remain under my roof; there is a train leaves here tomorrow morning, for Willowsmere, and you will go from hence then, but remember, the true reason for your going must remain a secret, between us two—you hear me?"

"I hear, but as I am engaged by your husband to do his work, I shall not take orders from you. When he bids me go I shall do so, and not until then!"

Down sat Hyacinthe at the desk, pen in hand, and began writing industriously.

Gathering up the fragments of the broken teacup, and starting for the door, Mrs. Tremaine said: "You will receive your orders in a very short while, from my husband."

Just then, into the room came Mr. Tremaine. Twining her arms about his neck, Mrs. Tremaine said: "John dear,

I want you to tell Miss Wilmot that you no longer require her services."

A look of surprise crossed his face as he inquired: "For what reason Mildred, do you ask this thing?"

"Well, I want you to tell her to go. Is not that sufficient reason?"

"No, it is not, and I refuse to comply, until some just reason is given."

The following morning Hyacinthe was in the garden, culling roses. She looked so sweet and dainty in her soft pink frock, that I did not blame Mr. Lombard for the glance of admiration which he cast upon her, while he pleaded for "just one little rose."

"There are many in the garden," she answered, pluck one for yourself," and she passed on, leaving him standing with a puzzled expression on his face. She had gone but a short distance when meeting Mr. Tremaine she stopped, and taking from her basket, a crimson rose, "Allow me," she said, and forthwith placed it in the lapel of his coat; and there at a distance, glaring through the bushes stood Mrs. Tremaine, taking in the whole scene. She waited to see no more, but in high dudgeon left the garden, and darted off towards her father's home. Mr. Tremaine and his friend had breakfasted in the garden, and were regaling each other with college reminiscences, when the butler interrupted their tete-a-tete.

"Please sir, and your pardon sir, but the servants be a-talkin', an' cook says how she haint be goin' to Miss Wilmot, for orders."

"What?" roared Tremaine, "they are talking, are they? Well you tell cook that she need not go for orders but she shall *take* them from me. Now, you hear, and listen: any more talk, and you will all leave my employ for good."

Then said Tremaine to his friend, "I hadn't thought of this complication. Zounds! I shall not send for my wife. If she returns she must do so of her own accord, for I am weary of her eternal tyranny of tears over mere trifles. I will find Miss Wilmot though, and tell her she must not remain here."

Suiting the action to the word, he was soon in conversation with his secretary

at the other end of the garden. "Miss Wilmot, I regret to say that under existing circumstances you cannot well remain longer at Lindenvale, as the mistress of the house has left here because of my decision to keep you in my employ. Your remaining longer beneath my roof would but jeopardize your good name."

Hyacinthe had been standing, slowly pulling a rose to pieces, its red petals falling like drops of blood from between her white fingers, on to the grass at her feet, when suddenly she knelt beside the table, and burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

"Listen, child, to me. I would be a brother to you, and as such counsel you. Mrs. Tremaine has said that while you remained under my roof, she would not remain. I, deeming her petulance but a whim, insisted on retaining your services, and allowed her to depart, thinking she would return penitent this morning. She has not done so, and now knowing fully the circumstances, I owe her an explanation, as well as an apology which I shall make without delay. Even now, should she return, it would not be possible for you to remain here. I will provide you with good references, and your salary will continue until you are established in another position, but until then, no roof is as safe to shelter you as that of your parents. Mrs. Tremaine will probably return today, so you must prepare to leave as soon as possible."

He was gone, and still Hyacinthe sat where he had left her, her chin resting on her hand, and a look of defiance in her eyes.

"Of what are you dreaming, Miss Wilmot?" asked Alfred Lombard, as he stood before her.

"Of the hopelessness of life," she answered. "Mr. Tremaine says it is no longer possible for me to remain here, and advises my return to Willowsmere. Oh! I'd rather die than return to that poverty again."

"Why go back?"

"There is nothing else for me to do," she answered.

"Hyacinthe," he said, "I have not known you for long, nor do you know me, but in the short space of a day I

have learned to love you. Will you not give me the right to look after your future, and share with me my home in Landsmere?"

"But I do not love you!"

"Will you not try to do so?"

"Oh, yes! I can try, and it will not prove much of an effort, for I admire you greatly now."

"Ah! Here comes Jack Tremaine, and I declare, his wife is with him!—Just in time old fellow; allow me to present you and Mrs. Tremaine to my intended wife—Hyacinthe Wilmot."

An expression of surprise showed in Mrs. Tremaine's face, but making the best of the situation she extended her hand to Hyacinthe, while Jack Tremaine and Alfred Lombard, strolled away together.

"So you have engaged yourself to Mr. Lombard, have you?" she asked suavely.

"Yes, I have," answered Hyacinthe. Do you object? Your husband no longer required my services, therefore I was obliged to seek another position, and Mr. Lombard happening along, offered me one as his wife, so I accepted, and will now relieve you of the disagreeable duty of advising my hasty departure from Lindenvale. But before I leave, allow me to give you a little wholesome advice. If you would retain your husband's affections, don't tyrannize over him with your tears, and don't smoothe his hair when he wants it rough, nor rough it when he wants it smoothe."

"And so, you would offer me advice? Well Miss—mine to you is, if you would avoid embarrassments, don't go through the world kissing photographs of married men, while their wives are liable to catch you in the act. And now, good-bye,—may your future be a happy one."

Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine bridged over their differences, and Hyacinthe became Mrs. Lombard, while I—the old blue frock, am preserved by her as a family joke,—the poor old frock that marched steadily and faithfully through a family of fourteen girls—knowing their follies, foibles, and virtues, and loving them all,—bless their sweet hearts.

"Bless their bonny heads too," echoes the old poke bonnet; and I fervently answer—"Amen."

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THE EXPIATION OF JOHN REEDHAM

BY
ANNIE S. SWAN

EPITOME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

This thrilling and pathetic story has reached a stage in its serial publication when, for the benefit of our readers who have missed the pleasure of reading its initial chapters, it is desirable, and indeed necessary, to epitomise it up to date, and thence-forward from month to month till its final culmination.

CHAPTER I. Is the revelation of a financial catastrophe in which John Reedham, then about 44 years of age, and a partner in the firm of Lowther, Currie & Co., stands out as the conspicuous figure and the culprit. The other partners are Sir Philip Lowther, James Currie, and George Lidgate.

Lidgate is the only partner at home when the revelation takes place. He had been the friend of Reedham for 20 years. The two confront each other; and as the senior partners, Lowther and Currie, hard relentless men, were to return next day, Lidgate determines to give Reedham a chance of escape and an 18 hours' start of the hounds of justice and retribution.

Reedham avails himself of the offer, and on departing implores Lidgate to look after "Bessie" and the boy. "Bessie" was his wife, a beautiful and fascinating woman, 34 years old, thoroughly devoted to her husband; and "the boy," whose name was Leslie, was his son, then 14 years old, at school.

Lidgate proceeds to Reedham's home and discloses the defalcation to Mrs. Reedham, whom "he had loved and lost"; but the existence of his love seems to have been disclosed for the first time at this dire and disastrous interview.

CHAPTER II. James Currie, one of the stern and relentless partners, visits Mrs. Reedham, and in the heat of his inveighing against her husband, Leslie, the son, suddenly enters, and having heard the closing words of the animadversion he practically orders James Currie to retire. This was the first declaration of the fervent faith of a sanguine boy either that his father was innocent or that he would return and remove the stain on his life by a noble retribution.

From the first, in spite of an apparent kindness and an evident desire for conciliation on Lidgate's part, Leslie evinced a distrust and hostility to Lidgate.

CHAPTERS III and IV. Reedham, disguised as a broken-down clerk, seeks shelter at the house of an old servant of his, Mrs. Mary Anne Webber. She did not recognize him; but he reveals himself to her, rents a room in the house; and thenceforth, with the secret of his identity known to her alone, he becomes Thomas Charlton. The Rev. Mr. Fielden, Vicar of St. Ethelreds, gives him a card of introduction to Archibald Currie, the brother of James Currie, his former partner. Archibald Currie is one of the finest types of generous, benevolent, business men; Charlton calls on him at his home, and obtains employment at the warehouse, 18 Old Broad Street, London.

Archibald Currie had in his home a young lady, named Katherine Wrede, an orphan, whom he regarded as his ward and who called him Uncle. She at once gets interested in Charlton, and Archibald Currie told her, in taking Charlton, he was "drawing a large cheque on the Bank of Faith." But hearing that even in the intense excitement and indignation at his fall, all loved Reedham, Katherine Wrede said to "her Uncle" that people "don't talk like that about a weak or merely wicked man."

Stephen Currie, a son of James Currie, now appears on the scene and makes love to Katherine Wrede, which she sternly resents.

Thomas Charlton works along in the office of Archibald Currie, becomes his confidential clerk, and gains position and influence day by day to the disgust and disappointment of one man only—Richard Turner.

CHAPTERS V. and VI. A year elapses. Bessie Reedham is keeping a small house in Burnham for paying guests or boarders. The boy leaves school; takes a position as a book-keeper which he forfeits on account of a resented remark made about his father.

Lidgate at this juncture returns from a trip to America. Interviews Mrs. Reedham, who still believes her husband is alive and will clear up the mystery. At the interview she asked Lidgate the amount of the defalcation, as she said: "Leslie was to consider it his debt and would redeem it." This, too, was the boy's ambition. Noble boy; worthy heart! Lidgate goes to Archibald Currie, and gets Leslie a position in his office. Lidgate reveals to Katherine Wrede his love for Mrs. Reedham and declares he would "marry her only he dare not propose such a thing."

Lidgate, while going in to interview Archibald Currie about the boy Leslie, encounters "Thomas Charlton" coming out. No recognition on Lidgate's part. Agony and bloody sweat to Charlton.

Lidgate and Archibald Currie discuss Reedham's strange case, and make conjectures. Katherine Wrede in turn discusses Charlton with her uncle, and affirms a growing trust and confidence in him.

Stephen Currie again appears on the scene, and makes new declarations of love, which Katherine resents.

Richard Turner, the envious employe of Archibald Currie, now begins to display his ferrety instincts, and dogs the steps of Charlton to his humble abode. This is the beginning of a strange revelation, and of the depicting of a class of character very familiar and very revolting. Turner himself was an utter incompetent and was retained by Archibald Currie solely from feelings of charity.

CHAPTER VII. Leslie Reedham received into the office of Archibald Currie, and placed under the charge of Charlton! Surely at that moment of anguish and trial the latter had fully expiated all the misery he had wrought.

Leslie tells Charlton at their first introduction about his father and reasserts his fervent faith that he will one day vindicate himself.

Charlton tells Mary Ann Webber of his new boy-charge.

Possibility of Charlton, whose position and influence with Archibald Currie were now fully assured, going abroad to disentangle some complications connected with the Colonial branch of Archibald Currie's business.

CHAPTER VIII. Charlton gains the entire confidence of his employer, and business of vast importance in Africa, requiring either the principal, or a trusted representative, it is arranged that Charlton should assume the position of plenipotentiary, and proceed immediately.

James Currie tries to get Archibald Currie to promote the love-suit of his son, Stephen, but fails. Then he tries to disparage Charlton, by suggestion and innuendo; but Archibald adheres to his opinion, that finds ready support from Miss Wrede, that Charlton is a man to be wholly trusted.

"If you engineer this business successfully, I'll make you a partner when you come back."

Great prospect of Charlton's quick restoration. But, Richard Turner, himself an inanity, jealous, unscrupulous, ferrety lurks in the underground. Oh! accursed brood.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SPY.

28, Burnham Road,
Clapton, N.E.,
May 14th.

NEXT morning Charlton was startled to find on his desk a letter addressed in a quite familiar handwriting. It bore no stamp, but he needed no telling whence it came. Was not every character familiar; how many times he had joked and teased his wife about her dashing lines, her somewhat fantastic style. Yet it was characteristic too, for Bessie Reedham with all her sweetness would be very determined when occasion arose. He toyed with the letter, not immediately opening it. He could guess its contents, and also surmised that the boy had brought it. He had nodded to him as he came through the office a few moments before, and had even been struck by a certain wistfulness in his expression; a look that put into words might have said: "Why do you go away?" He looked at his other letters, even opened one or two, but so languid was his interest that he realised his wife's letter must be opened first. He did not break the seal, but cut it open very carefully, even with a lingering touch as one handles a precious thing. There were only a few words written on the page.

Dear Sir,

I beg that you will excuse my intrusion, but I have heard from my son that you are about to leave England for a considerable period, and I feel I should like to offer you before you go my heartfelt thanks for your very great kindness to the boy. He is never tired talking about it, and I can easily gather how exceptionally considerate and helpful you have been to him. I do not know whether you are aware of the distressing circumstances of my life, of how little chance there is that I shall ever be able to repay you. But at least you have won the lifelong gratitude of a woman who has suffered beyond the common lot. It is my earnest desire and prayer that the boy himself may prove grateful and worthy your almost fatherly kindness. Wishing you the fullest success in your undertaking, and a speedy return.

Believe me, yours gratefully,

BESSIE ALICE REEDHAM.

Charlton smiled strangely as he laid the letter down, and dropping his chin in his hands, kept his eyes fixed on the written words. But it was not of them he was thinking at the moment. A sudden temptation came to him to make a

cian breast of the whole circumstances, to go out to Bessie and take her to his heart. His heart beat a little at the thought, but he tried to repress the ardour of his desire, telling himself the time was not yet ripe. This journey to the Cape, if brought to a successful issue, would certainly so consolidate his position that it would be safe to own up. Even the money might then be restored, for everything is forgiven to a successful man. "No, no, we must wait, poor old girl," he said tenderly as he folded up the letter, "I must not even write unless I dictate it. I'll send a message by the boy."

He replaced the letter in its envelope and slipped it into an inner pocket. It touched something there that impeded its smooth progress. He put his hand in a trifle impatiently, and drew out a piece of tissue paper in which something was wrapped. Then he flushed dully, for it was the rose Katherine Wrede had given him, and which he had said should be his talisman of success. He changed it to another pocket, and then with a sudden effort of the will took it out again and threw it in the small, clear fire, which the chill of May mornings rendered acceptable. It was the right thing to do, yet he did not like to hear it crackle. He rose and stepped out into the office where all the clerks' pens were scratching busily, and made his way to the particularly high stool on which Leslie Reedham was perched. He spoke a few kind, almost tender words to the boy, and while he was speaking the head of the firm came in, smiling genially, as was his wont, on one and all.

"You seem very fond of that boy, Charlton," he remarked, as Charlton followed him to the private room. "I don't wonder at it; he's a promising lad, and his mother will be grateful, I am sure."

"She wrote to me today, thanking me," said Charlton, with some difficulty. "But it's a very trifling thing, after all. The initial kindness, the great service, was rendered by you."

"Ah, yes, that's very true; but more even depends on the environment after the chance is given. Now, that lad's spirit would be easily crushed. Put him

under Turner, for instance. His jeers and jibes would soon take the heart out of a sensitive lad like that. I wish you'd tell me what to do with Turner, Charlton. I don't like him. I've tried to get over it, and to be just to him, but something tells me I ought to get rid of him. He's merely an eye-servant, and a poor one at that. But I think of his wife and children; I am told he has five children, and at his age he wouldn't find a berth so easily. I fear I must endure him a little longer.

Charlton made no reply. He did not care for the man, and could easily have proved a case against him. But gratitude for mercy vouchsafed to himself made him generous and forbearing towards others.

"Keep him on, sir," he said in a low voice, "as long as you possibly can. As you say, he will not easily find a berth."

"Well, since you plead his cause, I'll leave him in the meantime. But I wish I could feel more certain about him. I don't trust him, as perhaps I ought——"

Immediately he changed the subject, for there was much to discuss and settle regarding affairs at the Cape. Next afternoon Charlton left London with a wonderfully lightened heart, determined to put forth the most strenuous efforts on his employer's behalf, to leave no stone unturned to make his commission a success. Had Archibald Currie even faintly guessed what that success might mean to the man who had undertaken the journey, he could not have had a single qualm. But indeed he had none, and that evening, over the dinner-table at his house in Hyde Park-square, he extolled him to the skies. Katherine seemed to listen so well-pleased that a curious thought—or, rather, intuition—flashed through Archibald Currie's mind. Seldom had she appeared so interested in any man.

"You still like Charlton, Katie?" he said inquiringly, as he took up the half-glass of '47 port with which he invariably concluded his dinner.

"Yes, I like him," she frankly replied. "He is simple, honest, and sincere. And so much a gentleman. I would give

something to know the story behind those eyes."

"And if it should be a discreditable story, as James assured me yesterday was most likely?"

"Nothing could make me believe that of Mr. Charlton," she replied, in the same firm, steady tone.

"Well, he's a lucky man to have gained your confidence—generally a difficult feat for his sex," observed the old man whimsically. "There's no doubt about his ability, at any rate; and my mind is extraordinarily at ease about the Cape affairs. Well, I heard today of an old Dorset Manor House that may suit us, I think. Not too much land, but an ideal house, and the old oak in it they say is worth a king's ransom. Yet it's to be had cheap. It belongs at present to Gelderstein, the stockbroker, who bought it from Lord Brinkwell. Shall we go down on Monday and look at it?"

Katherine was all interest at once, and they went on to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of country life, while Charlton, tossing on the English Channel, was thinking of the strange web of his fate, and speculating regarding its ultimate issue. Against his better judgment he had penned a note in a disguised hand from the boat at Plymouth to his own wife. It was unnecessary, also, since he had sent a verbal message of thanks by the boy. But the temptation was too great. A good many people in London thought of Charlton that night, the majority of those immediately interested wishing him well. Among them Mary Anne Webber, busy putting away all his things, having liberty to let the rooms if she could in his absence, pondered on the lapse of time, and how apparently, without regret, he had been able to live the solitary life. It was inexplicable to her. Mary Anne was an elemental creature. Cut her off from the usual routine of life, withdraw from her the ordinary family ties and obligations and she would be at sea. She could not understand Charlton; she had given up trying. More than once she had hinted that it could not be right for his wife to remain in ignorance of his whereabouts, and on the morning of his de-

parture he had called her in, and, partly explaining the nature of his journey, had said that on his return all would be cleared up; with that she was obliged to be content. In the interval, however, another person intervened in time to hasten matters to a crisis.

Turner, by nature a spy, had easily discovered his rival's place of abode, as well as the very few and quite innocent facts regarding his private life. A mere suggestion thrown out by his wife, a stupid creature, at the best, had sent him off on a strange track regarding Charlton. When he discovered that Mary Anne Webber had once been a servant in the Reedham's house at Norwood, he began to piece the story together; Charlton's absence from London gave him an extraordinary favourable chance to prosecute the inquiries which, if satisfactory to Turner himself, would put a very effective spoke in Charlton's wheel. There are men to whom no dirty work comes amiss. Turner was in no way troubled with any qualms regarding his underhand dealings where Charlton was concerned, and continued to proceed with them in a leisurely fashion. He had a final step in view, but was in no haste until Charlton should be well across the ocean.

It was the month of June, on a fine Saturday afternoon, when riding on the top of an omnibus all the way from Victoria, he arrived in the Camden-road. He wore a light tweed suit, a straw hat, and a flower in his buttonhole; and he smoked hard all the way through the crowded streets, while he pondered on all the issues which might arise from that afternoon's work. If his suspicions should really prove to be correct, he was not even certain that he could not claim a reward from Scotland-yard. Just two years ago John Reedham had been badly wanted by the authorities. The excitement grew upon the spy, and he was glad to get off the omnibus at Britannia and take a brisk walk for the remainder of the way.

His visit was to Mrs. Webber, and he had decided upon a very bold move. He found the house without difficulty, hav-

ing on two occasions shadowed Charlton almost to the door.

The exterior of No. 47 in the crescent was very trim and inviting, with its clean curtains and bright window boxes. A card with "Apartments" printed in bold letters in the sitting-room window furnished Turner with an excuse, if he required any, for intruding on Mrs. Webber.

Mary Anne was very busy getting ready to take her numerous brood out to tea at the house of her sister-in-law at Dalston, and was considerably flustered when Alice said a gentleman was in the sitting-room waiting to see her. She kept him waiting some few minutes, and was profuse in her apologies when she did appear at last, very red in the face, but resplendent in her Sunday clothes.

"Don't mention it, ma'am," said Turner smoothly. "I'm in no hurry at all. Merely lookin' for rooms for a friend of mine. Saturday afternoon may be inconvenient for you, ma'am, but for a business man like myself it suits uncommonly well. Fact, it's the only time we have to do a little business."

"Yes, sir. I understands, but though the card is hup in the winder, it carn't be a permanency, as the gentleman wot 'as 'ad 'em is only away for six months, an' I promised to keep 'em ready against the time 'e comes back."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand," said Turner, and in spite of himself his voice betrayed a sort of trembling eagerness. "Fact is," he added, lowering his voice, and suddenly jerking his thumb vaguely round the room, "all fair and square here, Mrs. Webber, nobody but friends in this house, eh?"

"We are friendly folks, sir, yes," said Mary Anne, but a trifle drily, for she did not feel favourably impressed by the stranger, and his familiarity somehow annoyed her.

"Fact is, Mrs. Webber, I shouldn't have known of these lodgings except through the gentleman we needn't name. He recommended them to me."

"Did 'e? Well, it's queer 'e didn't tell me. 'E wasn't at all keen about my lettin' 'em, and would 'ave paid while

he was away. But as I pointed out, it was a silly waste o' money; an' 'e 'avin' to spend so much travellin' about. An' I promised to put all 'is things away an' tike great care o' 'em. How long would your friend want the rooms for?"

"Till Mr. Charlton comes back. You see, we're all pals, we saw him the last thing before he sailed. We are in the know, you see, ma'am," he added, lowering his voice. "We were friends of John Reedham's before Thomas Charlton was ever heard of——"

He spoke the words deliberately, and watched with ferret eyes for signs of their effect on the woman listening to him. He saw her start, and a deepened flush overspread her face. But she shut her lips.

"I dunno what you're talkin' abart, sir," said she. "My Mister Charlton will be back this side o' Chrissmus. If any gentleman likes to tike the rooms knowin' 'e'll 'ave to turn hout the moment Mister Charlton come back 'e can 'ave them a sovring a week hand no extries."

Turner nodded and slightly winked. He had not perhaps achieved the instantaneous effect he had looked for, on the other hand he had not failed. The start, the flush, the uneasy eye of Mary Anne told their tale. Turner was now absolutely convinced that Reedham and Charlton were one.

"Well, I'll tell my friend he may call next week to see the rooms. Meanwhile I'm certainly obliged to you, good-day."

"Good-day," answered Mary Anne with most unpromising severity, and as she closed the door another word escaped her lips. "Varmint!" She sat down trembling on the hall bench, and vigorously fanned her face with her handkerchief. She had very nearly given herself away, indeed she was not quite sure whether she had not done so wholly. The memory of Turner's eyes upon her when he had uttered Reedham's name made her feel cold yet. She was wholly miserable lest she had inadvertently wrought some mischief to the man she had so long befriended. Turner, sneak and spy, had found her off guard. She

felt that though her spoken words had been all right, her looks had belied her.

The children came clamouring on the stairs to know when she would be ready to leave for the party, and with a sigh she was obliged to put her own misgivings on one side. Tomorrow was Sunday, she told herself, as she gave little Tommy's collar a somewhat impatient jerk to bring it into position. Perhaps then she might steal an hour for quiet reflection. She would send the children to the park in the afternoon and perhaps pay a visit to Burnham-road, Clapton, where Mrs. Reedham lived. She felt that this might be the right thing to do—something warned her that Turner was a person to be guarded against, and that he had treachery in his black heart regarding John Reedham. As Reedham had promised everything should be cleared up on his return from the Cape, there could be no great harm in letting the secret out. It was weighing on her so heavily she felt she could bear it no longer. At her sister's house in Kingsland-road she suddenly remembered how near she was to Clapton and how easily she might pay an experimental call on her old mistress. Alice Emily—otherwise Mrs. Higgins—made no objection to her leaving the company for an hour, having had the reason partly explained, and about six o'clock she got into the car in the High-street and proceeded out Clapton way. Mary Anne Webber, a Londoner born, was in her element seeking out new places. She found Burnham-road quite easily by a sort of homing instinct as it were. She began to feel very excited as she drew near the house, but reflecting that she could explain her call to Mrs. Reedham on perfectly natural grounds, she calmed herself with an effort and knocked at the door. She was disappointed with the appearance of the house. It did not look well-kept. A little sigh escaped her as she recalled to memory the beautiful Norwood home in which her old mistress had taken such pride. She rang twice, and then a maid, out of the usual uniform, though quite neat and tidy, opened the door.

"Mrs. Reedham—no, she ain't at home,

and there ain't no Mrs. Reedham now," she said somewhat pertly.

"She lives here, don't she? My nime's Webber, I'm an old servant of 'ers, when she was at Norwood. Ain't this 'er address?"

"As bin, but never no more, thanks be to goodness," said the other one. "I think I've 'eard of you. Come in, won't cher, if you've come fur, an' I'll get yer a cup o' tea. I'm on me own jus' now. Keepin' open 'ouse fer Master Leslie tiil they comes back."

Mary Anne looked completely mystified, and after a moment's hesitation accepted the invitation to step inside. Her new friend conducted her to the little kitchen at the back, which looked upon the garden and was a very cool and shady place on a hot afternoon.

"The stove's hout, but I can boil the kettle in a trice on the gas-ring. Sit down, Mrs. Webber. Well, ain't this a how-dye-do?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Mary Anne desperately. "Whatever are you talkin' abart?"

The damsel bustled about quietly, with the important air of one who knew great secrets, but was in no hurry to impart them.

"My, ain't it 'ot fer May? I was that glad yer carn't think to git the stove off. I'm to begin turnin' hup to-morrow, only keepin' Master Leslie's room rite till they comes back."

"Where is Marster Leslie. I should like dearly to see him."

"No; 'e's gone down to 'em today in the country. Not at liberty to say where. It's a secret, like it always is in 'igh society," said the damsel, with her finger on her lips. "Missis only told me 'erself yesterday. But everybody'll know this week—leastways, all them as 'as any business. There, 'ear the kettle singin': it's the cutest ring yer ever saw. The pore gel's friend, I should christen it, I should——"

"What is it they're going to tell Marster Leslie, an' who's they?" inquired Mary Anne, with a desperate note in her voice. She did not know what she was going to hear, she only felt a great

and growing apprehension, rapidly approaching panic.

"Well, as you're a friend of the family, so ter speak, I suppose I may tell yer. There ain't no Mrs. Reedham now; an', pore dear, she must a bin mighty glad to get rid o' that nime. It ain't ever done 'er no good. But there's a Mrs. George Lidgate now, of 13, Cranbrook-terrace, Regent's Park; a lovely house, with double drorin'-room. It's nearly settled, I think, though Missis, I know, was keen

on the country. It was only thinkin' on Master Leslie, she said she'd live in London——"

To the damsel's astonishment, the visitor threw up her hands.

"God-a-mighty, it's a lie; it carn't be true. Why——"

She drew herself up sharply there, remembering what mischief is wrought by careless talk. But she moaned, and leaned upon her chair, rocking herself distressingly to and fro.

(To be continued)

May-Day Morning

Blanche E. Holt Murison

Lads and lasses, away—away!
This is the time for holiday,
Lo, it is May-day morning!
Come away and let hearts be gay,
This is the time for mirth and play,
Come to the Spring's adorning.

Field and forest, and hill and lea,
Join in a jubilant rhapsody,
Lo, it is May-day morning!
Thrushes are calling cheerily,
Meadow-larks trilling merrily,
Come to the Spring's adorning.

Lads and lasses, away—away!
This is the year's high festal day,
Lo, it is May-day morning!
Sing with the birds your happy lay,
Gather the flowers while ye may,
Come to the Spring's adorning.

His Last Voyage

John Harvey

THE following narrative is perfectly true, and can be corroborated by several persons now living, although for obvious reasons the names are fictitious.

I offer no explanation of what appears to have been a supernatural phenomenon and merely record the facts.

It was in the summer of 1885 that I was able to get away from the scorching atmosphere of London, where I had been detained on very important business. I decided on going up to Scotland, to have a really lazy time among the Lochs and mountains, to renew health and vigour with every breeze from the heather-clad hills. With this object in view I made every necessary arrangement for a prolonged absence from town, and one fine morning, a week later, found me at Balloch, the little town at the southernmost end of Loch Lomond, boarding the miniature steamer, bound for Ardlui at the head of the Loch, from which point I had determined on a walking tour through the Trossachs, visiting all those deeply interesting spots rendered immortal by Sir Walter Scott, in his *Rob Roy*. It has always been one of my keenest pleasures to get far away from the haunts of men, to enjoy the freedom of a mountain rambie, the liberty to pause, and loiter and think, and waste an hour at will, without being accountable to anybody. I was a good walker, and loved the wild freshness of the morning, so that I was up and out of doors before six, anxious to explore a new locality, ranging far and wide over heather and hill, finding my delight in those ever varying mountain peaks, which change their hues with every varying sky, and remain eternally unchangeable.

About a fortnight had passed in this way when I reached Callander. A room had been prepared for me at the D— Hotel, and on my arrival there I found a letter waiting me. Examining the writing of the address, I failed to recognize the writer, so placed it on one side for the time. A few hours later, it occurred to me that I had paid scant courtesy to my correspondent, so again glancing at the bold, strong hand-writing I opened the letter and first looking at the signature, was pleased to find the missive was from a close friend whom I had not seen for some years. It read:

August 3rd, 1885.

“My dear Jack,—

“I’ve just got home again for a short period, but I must be off to Bombay in a fortnight. I called to see you in the City, and learned you were in Scotland. Can you meet me at St. Enoch’s, Glasgow, on Wednesday next, as I come North for a week. Lucky young man that you are, enjoying yourself in usual solitary style, but now that you have so much leisure, why not take the opportunity of coming East with me. Don’t think about it, but consent. Hope you are well. I’m splendid. You need not write, as I shall see you Wednesday.

“Yours ever,

“DOUGLAS ARMYTAGE.”

The letter was exactly characteristic of the man. Douglas Armytage was a keen hard-working business man, then a partner in a large and important firm owning a line of steamers, of which he was one of the capable managers. He had rather a bluff way in speaking, and while possessing most of the traits of character generally attributed to Scotchmen, he had

the kindest heart imaginable, and on occasion would be generous to a degree.

I immediately made up my mind to meet my friend in Glasgow, and accordingly sent a note forward to the Hotel to that effect, in case he should arrive before the day stated. But about the question of going out to India, I admit that while the idea was a pleasant one, I hesitated before mentally consigning myself to that sweltering climate, where the sun shines out of a sky like burnished copper, and the atmosphere tastes like red hot sand. I had had some experience out there before. However, I thought I would leave it an open question until we should meet.

Resuming my journey next day, I came on to Dunblane, and Stirling, where I remained just long enough to view the ancient Castle, and part of the old town. Wednesday morning found me at St. Enochs, Glasgow, but my friend not having arrived, I made myself comfortable in the smoking room to await his advent.

"I am glad to see you again, and I mean to spend the next six months with you for my companion," said Douglas, a few hours later after we had exchanged sufficient hearty handshakes and cordial greetings.

"I should be delighted," I answered, "but for the fact that you propose to spend that time in India; now if it had been anywhere else I—"

"Don't say another word," he retorted, "it is all settled," and he then went on to recount his travels and experiences since we had last met.

During his recital I noted that his hair was showing silvery when the sunlight fell upon it, though he was still on the right side of forty. After dinner, while enjoying a cigar he discussed his plans for the ensuing six months, and it was eventually decided that I should accompany him to India, returning together in the early spring of the following year. This settled, he proposed, after transacting some business, to run down to Arran for a few days, to see his only brother whom he had not seen since the latter's marriage a year previously. Accordingly on the following Friday, we

set off for Greenock, and boarding the steamer "Duchess of Hamilton" there, had a very pleasant run through the lovely Firth of Clyde, and in due course arrived in the beautiful Bay of Lamlash, protected on its sea-ward side by the towering height of Holy Island. One cannot fail to admire the grand marine scenery, and the enchanting old world village of Lamlash on the very fringe of the Bay, over which an air of peace seemed to reign supreme. The whole scene seemed to appeal to one, inviting to the enjoyment of a perfectly restful seaside life, without all the bustle, noise, and glamour of the modernised resorts. And it was here, to this quiet little place, that Allan Armytage had brought his young wife.

I had never met either of them, but indeed felt intimately acquainted with my friend's sailor brother, as Douglas used to talk so much about him, and I naturally felt curious, as to whether the impressions I had formed unconsciously in my mind would be verified. When we disembarked at the old wooden pier, we had our luggage sent on up to the Hotel, and proceeded to walk to "The Anchorage," Allan Armytage's home.

On the little lawn in front of the house, we surprised a party of three persons, who were busy having tea, Allan, his wife, and his sister-in-law. Douglas greeted his brother and the ladies most affectionately, and then I had the pleasure of an introduction, "as his oldest and best chum," which of course gave me a passport into the good graces of the ladies at once, for as I afterward learnt Douglas was a *persona grata* and great deference was paid to his opinions.

Jessie Armytage was indeed a lovely woman—a tall, graceful figure, erect as a dart, delicately chiselled features, and a pure complexion. A mass of soft, wavy nut-brown hair, made a fitting frame for so beautiful a face, whilst her graceful movements and bearing combined to make her a queen among women. She wore no ornaments or jewellery except a small heart-shaped locket, and her wedding, and a lovely diamond engagement ring. There was, however, an expression in the face, or in the dark,

liquid eyes, (one could not tell which) an intense look of pathos, that made one feel almost sad, while being irresistibly attracted by it. Her sister, Ida MacDonald, was cast in the same mould, though evidently some years younger, but her laughing eyes made a striking contrast to Jessie.

Allan Armytage was much taller than his elder brother Douglas, and though some five or six years younger, looked quite as old; his face was sunburnt, and bore traces of the storm and stress of his profession, for he was a captain in the Merchant service. Withal he was a good-looking man with a bluff, honest, happy face, a deep-toned voice, and a grip like a vice. A splendid sample of the true British sailor.

When the evening had far advanced, and we had gone indoors, Mrs. Armytage said, looking earnestly across to my friend:

"Douglas, I want to ask you to persuade Allan to stay at home with me, and not to go away this voyage. I do not wish him to altogether give up his profession, but I am most anxious that he should not go away in the SS. S—— as he proposes."

"Why, my dear Jessie, whatever has put this into your head," answered Douglas, and why do you wish me to exert my influence with Allan in this direction; I know you too well, to think that it is a mere passing whim or fancy that prompts you to wish to keep Allan at home; come now, tell me frankly what reason you have, and if I think it is a good one, I will do what I can with Allan, although I am afraid, if your own sweet self cannot keep him I shall not succeed."

Mrs. Armytage was silent for a moment or two and when she looked up again, her very soul seemed to shine out of her eyes, as she said in a low, half-timid voice, "I have two very good reasons, Douglas—the first one, I think, you can guess," and dropping her eyes, added quietly, "you know Allan; I have been married now more than a year." "And the second reason, I hardly like to think about much less speak of; it is that I have a foreboding of coming

evil if Allan leaves me just now, a premonition, inseparable from the thought of his going away. I cannot tell why it is but a sense of dread, seems to crush all the happiness and joy in me, whenever the thought of our parting crosses my mind. I have tried to think it out, but what it is, that frightens me I cannot tell; and I feel it impossible to get my thoughts into any other channel than this, that if Allan would only stay with me for another six months before going away I have a feeling, that all danger would be past and that I should have no cause for anxiety. Do not think me unreasonable Douglas, if I ask you to add your persuasion to my pleading"; and her eyes slowly filling with great tears she finished speaking.

Captain Allan Armytage was not in the drawing-room during this conversation, and Ida was at the piano playing some of those grand harmonies of Beethoven's in a subdued tone, gliding into the melancholy arpeggios of the Moonlight Sonata.

"What is the matter, dearest?" the Captain asked, as he took both the perfect hands of his wife in his great brown ones; what is distressing you? and tonight too, surely you cannot be quite well." He had entered the room just as Mrs. Armytage closed her appeal to her brother-in-law, and saw the quivering lips and suffused eyes of his wife.

They were all the world to each other, these two people, and it could easily be seen how deep was their mutual love.

"Douglas will tell you, my husband," she answered, "please do listen to what he says"; and excusing herself she left the room, and Ida followed her.

The brothers looked at each other, with much concern, as Douglas said, "I am afraid Allan you must resign your command for your wife's sake, as her health will suffer if you go away just now; she seems to be fretting at the thought of your absence."

And so the two men talked over the whole matter, which was undecided, one way or the other, when we left the house, to return to the Hotel, after making arrangements to take the ladies out for a long drive the following day. The Cap-

tain walked down with us to the bottom of the Hill, and maintained that his wife must be low spirited and depressed, and that in a day or two she would be her own bright self again. We said good-night and walked on in silence. I confess to having a weird sense of something uncanny. The view we had so much admired in the bright glow and radiance of the afternoon sun seemed strangely different in the solemn silence of the night. The trees took indefinite shapes against the edge of the horizon; while the mysterious expanse of the dark sea lying tremulous under the deep blue vault of heaven, gave one an awful feeling of being alone with the immensities. And what was the wind bearing along as it came sobbing and moaning, across the dark sea? Surely there was some human meaning in that long minor wail, which died away in a low, sobbing tone. With that unearthly sound still following the deep boom of waves, as they swept the rocks we slowly passed the Churchyard, and came to the hotel.

The following day we were up early and got everything ready for a long day at Kildonan Castle. The ladies were quite ready when the carriage arrived, and the weather being favourable we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Every day during that pleasant week we planned some little excursion, and Mrs. Armytage seemed almost to have forgotten her fears, and recovered her spirits.

But now the time had come, when we had to depart. We had our luggage sent on in advance to the steamer (at Liverpool), which was due to sail on the following Saturday, leaving us just two clear days to reach that port. Captain Armytage did not resign his command. He succeeded in reassuring his wife that all her fears were groundless. She was quite resigned, and looked quite happy again, the more especially as it was arranged that this was to be the Captain's last voyage, and he would only be three short months away, coming home for good before Christmas. Further, it was agreed that we should join him in Bombay, and search all the Indian bazaars for curios, rare Delhi work, etc., to bring home to Arran; and we were to return

from India with him, if Douglas found it possible to get through his business in time.

Captain Armytage was not due to sail for another fortnight; so we left him behind in Arran, and the last we saw of him was standing on the old wooden pier at Lamlash with the ladies, one on each arm, waving tiny lace handkerchiefs to us, as the steamer drew away into the Bay and round the point which shut out our view. Little did we think then we had heard the sound of that cheery, happy voice for the last time!

We duly arrived at our port of embarkation, and took an early opportunity of boarding the good SS. B———. We had secured two deck staterooms, next each other, well aft, so that we should be able to annex all the cool breezes that might be sent to us, as the heat in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean is very trying, even under double awnings kept constantly damp.

Saturday morning came, and the Tender left the Landing Stage, taking off altogether about sixty passengers including ourselves, to the Liner lying at anchor in mid-river. As soon as all were safely aboard the Captain and Pilot on the high bridge, gave the order to heave short, and in a few minutes we were slowly gliding down the Mersey, past the forest of masts on one side, and the pretty little towns of Seacombe, Egremont and New Brighton on the other.

The Tender now left, and dipping her flag and blowing her whistle bade us *bon voyage*. We soon lost sight of the low-lying sandy shore, and all eyes were now turned inboard, each passenger, looking critically at his fellow, and wondering whether we should all become friendly. It is strange how a number of human beings, brought together by force of circumstances, perfect strangers meeting for the first time, in a little isolated world of their own, having perforce to dine, sit, talk and walk together, for at least three weeks have as it were thrown overboard all reserve, and become natural and unaffected, and allow their character to be seen. There is nothing like a sea voyage, to develop true character.

All went merry as a marriage bell during the first eight or ten days, acquaintanceship and friendships were formed, and deck games and amusements were the order of the day in fine weather. We had seen no land until making the coast of Spain, when we passed close in to Cape St. Vincent, and then shortly after, the Rock of Gibraltar was signalled. So on through the Straits, passing Malta, and on to Port Said, at which place whilst the steamer was coaling, a number of us went ashore, glad of the opportunity of stretching our legs. Starting next morning at day-break, the steamer slowly made its way through the Suez Canal passing numerous vessels homeward bound, and in about thirty hours we got through to Suez, and then made full speed down the Red Sea. We had passed the Volcanic Island of Perim and were well across the Indian Ocean, when we noticed at luncheon one day our Captain was unusually silent, and looked anxious. Questioned about it, he said something about "a very low barometer," and hastened on deck again. Shortly afterward we heard him calling out orders, which the crew were carrying out with alacrity, making everything movable fast with extra lashings, closing up ports, skylights, and ventilators where practicable, and evidently preparing for a coming storm.

Yes the storm was coming. There was a livid look upon the waters, and the atmosphere was heavy with heat; the sky to windward black as a funeral pall. One felt a thrill of awe, as one looked into that dense blackness, and saw that gigantic mass of cloud come creeping slowly, solemnly over the sky while the shadow flitted fast across the water, swallowing up the ghastly elective glare.

Suddenly a line of white could be seen on the face of the water directly under the black pall, and the Captain calling out to the steersman to put her head up, the steamer swung round to meet the oncoming waves. As the cyclone struck the ship, she pitched heavily, dipping into the trough of the sea, shipping a great mountain of water, a cloud of spray being carried away to leeward. The thunder roared and rattled, as if it began and

ended right over the roiling steamer. Fork lightnings zigzagged amidst the rigging, and sheet lightning made the atmosphere luminous. It was terrible. The roar of the wind drowned every sound except the thunder, which was continuous. Even the bravest heart quailed at the fury of the tempest, and every one realized that the mighty steamer was no more than a plaything to the tremendous forces of nature arrayed against her. The vessel behaved splendidly under the skillful seamanship of the Captain, but as she groaned, and trembled like a stricken thing, we did not know whether she could live through the tempest.

And so, we could only hope for the best, but as night came on the fearful seas struck the shivering hull, and went gurgling along the decks and overboard; anything that was in its mad rush was swept away. Before dawn three of the starboard life-boats had been smashed into matchwood, and one on the leeward side was crushed in like an egg-shell. For three nights and two days the storm continued without abatement, but on the morning of the third day the weather moderated a little, just enough to rekindle our faint hopes. We had had but little food since the commencement of the cyclone, so most of us ventured into the dripping saloon, to get what dinner it had been possible to cook that day. As night wore on there was a rift in the leaden clouds, and occasionally a watery moon would gleam upon the tumbling waste of waters.

Douglas and I had but little opportunity for conversation during the past three or four days, so this night we were sitting together in his stateroom, congratulating ourselves on the improvement in the weather, and just thinking about retiring to rest, when we suddenly heard a shriek of pain, dying away into a sobbing wail, and at the same moment, the vessel trembled from stem to stern. Alarmed, Douglas jumped up, and opened his stateroom door to look out. As he did so, a cry of terror broke from him, and uttering the one word "Allan" he turned a haggard face toward me, pointing to the door. With an effort I looked out of the partially open door.

and saw a sight that almost froze my blood. There, standing in the middle of the deck stood my friend's brother Allan, or his form, or apparition, or whatever name you may like to give it. He was without hat, and was evidently drenched through, the water trickling down his face from his dripping hair. The light from the cabin was shining through the opened door full upon his face, which bore a look of unutterable anguish, and the appeal in his eyes seemed to burn into one's very soul. For fully a minute I gazed rivetted to the spot, when the voice of Douglas, behind me broke the spell, he stretched out his hands and cried "Allan, speak to me, my brother!" The lips of the apparition seemed to move, but no sound came; and slowly, the form seemed to melt away, until it vanished into thin air.

"My God! what does it mean," said Douglas, who was terribly upset, and white as death. I could say nothing scarce able to believe the evidence of my senses. We looked out again many times that night, but saw nothing more.

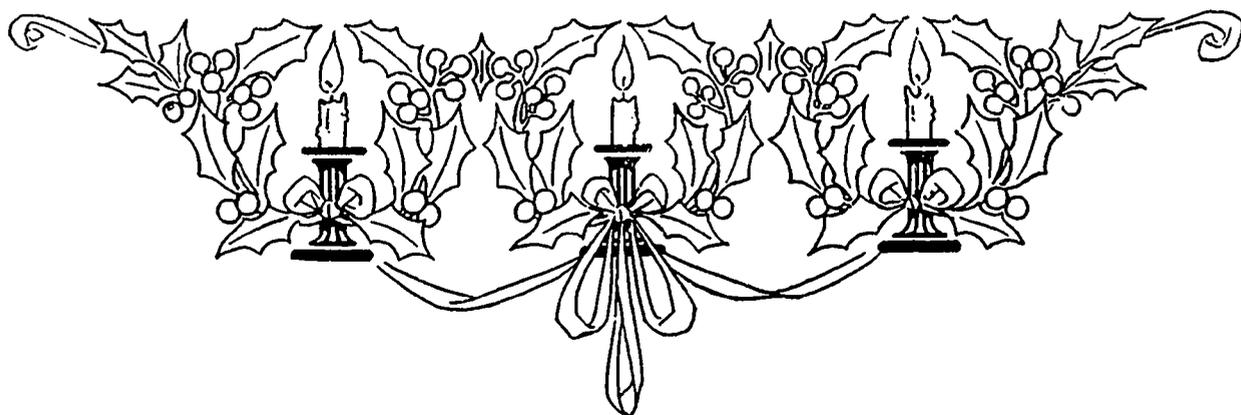
But now to hasten to the end of the story. In a few days we arrived in Bombay, when Douglas immediately cabled home for news, but without giving a hint as to his own anxiety. A reply came back, that all were well. Captain Armytage had sailed at the due date, and his vessel had passed through the Suez. Mrs. Armytage had given birth to a son (a little prematurely) at midnight on 12th September, and that both were doing well. It struck both Douglas and myself as a most singular

coincidence, that the time and date named in the cable corresponded with the night we had seen the apparition.

The days went on, and the date came when Captain Allan's vessel was due to arrive, yet she came not; and day after day went by, until the morning of the twelfth day dawned, when a cable was received by the Agents of the Company in Bombay to the effect, that the SS. S—— had foundered in a cyclone, taking with her all hands, except one of the crew who had been picked up by a French Mail steamer in an unconscious condition, and barely with life in him. He told a terrible tale of the shipwreck at midnight on the 12th of September.

Douglas was almost broken-hearted, and could not attend to his business matters, his one anxiety being to get home to the widow. Needless to say I did my best to comfort him, and leaving everything in the hands of the Agents we caught the first steamer to Suez, thence overland to Alexandria, via Brindisi to London, and without stopping a night right on to Arran.

I shall never forget our landing again at Lamlash, but little more than ten weeks since we left it; or the terrible grief of the two dear ladies. This is too sacred to write about. Jessie Armytage has now found comfort in her big son, now in his nineteenth year, and the very image of his father. Douglas comes to see me in my home sometimes, as I am now his brother-in-law; Miss Ida MacDonald having made me one of the happiest of men on earth by changing her name to mine.



Imperial Defence

Hon. C. H. Mackintosh

The following article contains many opinions with which we are in hearty accord; they are patriotic; they are loyal; they are the concentrated essence of a man whose devotion to his Country does not begin in words, and end in braggart deeds. They constitute an inspiration to patriotism, and a call to Canadian loyalty. But about just one of Mr. Mackintosh's arguments we feel it necessary to say a word in gentle remonstrance. It is the argument that Canada's Transcontinental Railway Policy is, pro tanto, an acquittance of Canada's obligations to the Empire. Surely if Great Britain placed her expenditures on National development—Railways, Canals, Docks, Harbours, Ports, Naval Fortifications, etc.—in her account of Empire charges, Canada would stand lower in her relative contributions to the Empire than she does! There is no need to mix up Canada's National expenditure, made for her own internal development, with Empire, or even with National, Defence. Canada has only one thing to do: "Act in the present and forget the past; obliterate obsequious sentimentality, and to do her duty to herself now."—Editor.

CANADIANS have been taught to believe British Supremacy and Civilization are synonymous; hence discussions on Imperial Defence at public meetings and in parliamentary deliberations, both in England and the Dominion quite naturally attracted general interest. That the Mother Country was, to some extent, diffident about accepting Warships from her Over-Sea kindred, to a few appeared a rebuff. On the contrary, it was the action of clear-cut thinking, as well as a thoughtful suggestion that the Colonies would be wise in adopting a policy pregnant with consequences to themselves, and at the same time, prospectively beneficial to the United Kingdom. It may possibly be that some members of the British Cabinet imagined that Colonial offers of assistance were but thinly veiled subterfuges for demanding fiscal preferences. If so, no more ungenerous, no more un-British suspicion could be imagined.

Canada and no doubt other Colonial possessions, are anxious to co-operate in defending the Empire. Their solicitude is born of no selfish instinct; springs from no particular self-interest; has its origin simply and purely in the loyalty of the people proud of the race whence they have sprung.

Unfortunately, even in Canada, some are found prepared to give intellectual

hospitality to the idea that Canadians are callous, commercial, and inconsiderate. This is unjust. For instance, at a public meeting of representative residents of Vancouver, held recently, a gentleman whose eloquent advocacy of Imperial in-



Hon. Chas. H. Mackintosh.

terests all must appreciate, stated that (1) "The effete Mother Country contributes \$6.80 to Imperial Defence as compared with Canada's 60 cts." (2) "That this was an unfair and humiliating position for Canada." (3) "A slur upon our character." (4) "That Germany realizes

that preferential trade with the Empire, is coming, which means German exclusion . . . thus by building a fleet, she will be sure to have her interests safeguarded." The speaker further drew a comparison between the National Debt of the United Kingdom and that of Canada (\$82.00 as to \$69.00 per capita) inferring disparagement, if not plainly stating it by adding, "while we are ready to boast of our prosperity and the boundless resources of our great Country, we continue to remain in the enjoyment of the blessings of Imperial protection, while we are not paying any part of the cost."

These assertions are not borne out by facts; and it is well to deal with issues of the kind candidly, offering frank criticism, and tangible reasons in rebuttal.

The fact that Canada assumed vast responsibilities when undertaking to build the Intercolonial, adopting an Imperial route for Imperial interests; that the North-west was opened and a Transcontinental Railway constructed; in short, that tax-payers of Canada have expended fully \$300,000,000 in Railway enterprise throughout the Dominion, spending money in such directions as promised to develop industry and manhood, instead of lust for blood and territorial aggrandizements. These, of themselves, should be a sufficient answer to the insinuation that Canadians have been indifferent up to the present time. True, the investors of Great Britain have loaned great sums of money in order to promote Dominion enterprises, but have they not, for fifty years, been pursuing a similar policy in various portions of the United States?

Now as to comparative Debts:

The Empire's white population, in 1908, was estimated at 58,350,000; subtracting these figures from the coloured population, the total for the latter is 351,650,000, or a total Empire population of 410,000,000 controlling possessions covering 11,445,000 square miles. And it might be well to remember that within fifty years, the inhabited area and population of the United Kingdom have doubled; the Revenue increased two and a half times; and the volume of Trade

more than trebled. What then about Great Britain disbursing \$6.80, her capita on defence? It looks more like \$1.10 per head, according to her population—unless 351,000,000 British subjects are to be ostracised and denied the privilege of British freedom, and relieved of the duty of fighting for British Supremacy! It must also be remembered that Canada, with a population of 6,000,000 pays 60 cts. per head for defensive purposes—accepting the figures given by the Gentleman who made the estimate. Where then, Canada's "humiliating position? Where the 'slur'?"

The reason given for Germany's Naval activity; namely, threatening unification of Empire Tariffs, is not logical; for the Reichstag's programme was announced in 1898, while Mr. Chamberlain's pronouncement, favouring Empire preference, was actively advocated in 1903-4. The strength of the German Navy was in the first-mentioned year, fixed at 19 battleships, to be constructed within certain limited periods, subsequently (during the Boer War) a second Navy provided for "a fleet of such strength, that even for the mightiest Naval power, a war with her would involve such risks as to endanger her own supremacy." Again, in 1906, further amendments were made, increasing the flotilla. Great Britain must have been aware of this; but reduced her Naval expenditures.

Notwithstanding all this, a comparative statement of the relative Naval fighting strength of Great Britain and Germany, rather bears out the contention of Mr. Asquith, the British Premier, that the United Kingdom can, at the present time, more than hold and protect its own.

Great Britain has, building under Parliamentary estimates, six Battleships, and more, if deemed necessary; and a number of Destroyers, Torpedo boats and Submarines. Germany has four modern Battleships and Torpedo Destroyers almost ready for action, with others laid down. The relative tonnage of eight of the latest, taking the average is:—Great Britain's Battleships, 19,000 tons; Germany's, 22,250 tons. Today Germany is equal, if not superior in heavy Sea artil-

lery. In 1912 Germany will have twelve Dreadnaught types while Great Britain may make such additions in large Armoured Ships, Cruisers and Destroyers, as will make her remain Mistress of the Seas.

Other engines of destruction are being rapidly perfected; namely Aero-planes-of-War. Here, too, Germany has been devoting time and money in exploiting special types of shells, and scientific methods for either purposes of defence or destruction. The Erhardt and Krupp Gun, can be placed at any angle and throw shells to a surprising height.

Would it not be possible for Canada to devote some money and attention to this new method of defence? And why should not the inventive genius of her people be successfully concentrated upon operation and improvement in this direction?

In judging of relative strength and of the motives of armaments, we must not forget the declaration of Emperor Wilhelm (resulting as it did in serious trouble to himself) published in the "London Telegraph" of October 28th, 1908: "I declared with all the emphasis at my command, in my speech at Guildhall (London) that my heart is set upon peace, and that it is one of my dearest wishes, to live on the best of terms with England. Have I ever been false to my word? I said that, so far from Germany joining in any concerted European action to put pressure upon England and bring about her downfall, Germany would always keep aloof from politics that could bring her into complications with a Sea Power like England." The Kaiser further said, that having received a "sorrowful letter from his Grandmother, Queen Victoria, with reference to the Boer War, he worked out what he considered the best plan of campaign, and submitted it to his General of Staff. * * *

This was sent to England and was now among the National archives." This candour provoked a storm of disapproval; but nevertheless, the facts are there, and are the reverse of proof that the distinguished Emperor contemplated at the time any antagonistic policy towards Great Britain. Another reason

mentioned has been that an unprejudiced prospective Tariff agreement between Great Britain and her kindred possessions, might prompt Germany to contemplate extreme measures. Germany finds a market in the Mother Country for \$280,000,000 of her annual exports, and imports from Great Britain to the amount of \$190,000,000—or a total trade of \$470,000,000. Is it sensible, practical, reasonable, to believe that two shillings on corn, and a small duty on a limited schedule of products, could possibly precipitate Warlike operations? The loss of two battleships, accompanied by the loss as well of prestige, would beyond doubt prove more disastrous than absolute restriction so far as British Markets were concerned.

If the argument held good, would not the United States long ago have protested? That Great country carries on an import and export Trade annually with Great Britain, amounting to nearly \$1,000,000,000. Instead of an attitude of hostility, the Payne Tariff measure purposes to lower duties on many articles exported from Great Britain, and her Colonies—these coming into active competition with her own producers.

As to the per Capita Debt of the United Kingdom; which is \$82.12½ per head, confining the estimate to Great Britain proper. How was it incurred? Almost solely for the purpose of extending territory, maintaining British supremacy by land and sea. "The glorious Revolution" of 1688, Marlborough's splendid Victories, the American War for Colonial subjection, and the terrible struggles consequent upon the French Revolutionary War, from 1793 to 1816 together piled up a National debt of over \$3,000,000,000. When Her Majesty Queen Victoria ascended the Throne, the debt was a little less than £4,000,000,000. Then followed the War in Russia, the ghastly Indian Rebellion, the heart sickening Boer War, and operations in China. Victories were won by British prowess, by the splendid courage, self-denial and martyrdom of the best blood and the most devoted loyalty the world has ever known, or ever will know.

The British Flag now floats over every land, and wherever that Standard is raised, Freedom, in the broadest acceptation of the term, is enjoyed.

Great Britain lost her thirteen Colonies, but all thinking Englishmen of that period sympathized with the Revolutionists, whose cause was espoused by British patriots of such caste as Chatham, Burke, Conway and scores of illustrious statesmen who disapproved of the tyranny of a king, and the weakness of his Cabinet Courtiers.

Hence, to infer that Canada is in any degree responsible for Great Britain's European Wars or operations for conquest, is unjust; but to say that every Colonial possession, every auxiliary State, now under the protection of, or co-operating with the Mother Country, should stand shoulder to shoulder with her, is expressing a sentiment, a truth that every honest British subject will approve of.

It is true Canada boasts of her resources, and Canadians recognize the blessings of Imperial protection; but they will not admit that upon their part there has been, so far, any indifference, any want of generosity, any shirking of responsibilities. Why? Simply because in no manner have they disregarded the interests of the United Kingdom; they were, are, and hope to be, at all times, a portion of a Greater Empire, and have worked to that end with the courage, and loyalty bequeathed by their forefathers.

Let no one imagine the British Nation to be asleep; Great Britain has more effective Battleships and armoured Cruisers—formidable and up-to-date, than any other Nation, or combination of certain Nations: for, no thoughtful man would for a moment, believe Great Britain and the United States could meet in deadly conflict, either by land or sea. That marvellous Nation, lying in peaceful proximity to one of Great Britain's auxiliary Kingdoms, is destined to maintain the peace of the World, possibly to be the close ally of the British Empire; thus forming a confederation of all the English white speaking Nations, an aggregation that the rest of the world

would be forced to respect. The old blood will reassert itself some day; the old quarrels, the old bickerings, the old bitterness pass into oblivion. This is no dream; it is the logical result of white men, speaking the same language, and reasoning together.

And what about the Colonies? These never manifested unfaithfulness towards the Mother Country, never wavered in fealty, nor faltered when her interests demanded sacrifices. Up to a very short period before final estrangement, the thirteen Colonies, (or fourteen Communities, as Edmund Burke styled them), manifested by their deeds, their unswerving allegiance to Supremacy. But the Colonies were lost to Great Britain and lost only through the obstinacy of a Monarch, and the truculent weakness of a very weak and pliable adviser. Canada remained loyal, and history furnishes evidence of her devotion—not on one but on many occasions. The same spirit pervades the British dependencies everywhere—a desire begotten of their own self interest for British supremacy. A new era has dawned! The Dominion of Canada is expanding in wealth, population, and mental resources; while yearly there rises into greatness that galaxy of splendid States, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, whose sons have at all times united with their fellow-subjects in defending the Empire! British Statesmen will make a fatal mistake by manifestations of indifference to us, or to the other Over-Sea States of the Empire.

But what of Canada and Canada's duty taking a selfish view of the situation; for even then the question perhaps appeals more forcibly to all classes of our people? Are we to be prepared to defend our Coast Cities, our Shore Lines, our great Lake and River exposures? If not, whom do we expect to espouse our cause? Whom would we look to for co-operation in the hour of peril? Naturally the Mother Country. In the event of War on land and sea, surrounded by enemies, her Coasts threatened, her very existence endangered, the Dominion would be at the mercy of any power prepared to take advantage of the situation;

our vast expenditures upon Railways, Harbours, Canals would be represented by so much waste paper; our fields devastated, and, if not, the great Cereal products shut out of the natural market, might rot in the ground; and until Great Britain had driven our enemies off the seas, or frustrated them on land, Canada would be prostrate, undone and crippled for years consequent upon criminal parsimony or wicked indifference.

Who would not prefer peace? What Nation—except one whose half concealed greed has become proverbial—would desire to precipitate a world's War? Yet it may come; perhaps soon; perhaps after delay. Truly, as Mr. Haldane said: "To see other Nations increasing armaments, is enough to make Angels weep. * * * It is Great Britain's duty to maintain our Navy strong enough to keep Great Britain's shores inviolate." And the Kaiser's sentiments were somewhat similar: "Who," he asks, "knows what may take place on the Pacific in the days to come?—days not so distant as some believe; but days, at any rate, for which all European powers, with far Eastern interests, ought steadily to prepare. Look at the accomplished rise of Japan; think of the possible National awakening of China, and then judge of the vast problems of the Pacific. Only those powers which have great Navies will be listened to, when the future of the Pacific comes to be solved." The Emperor of Germany was no more emphatic than his Chancellor, Von Buelow, in the Reichstag a few days ago. The Right Hon. Mr. A. Haldane exclaims:—"It is enough to make the Angels weep," but at Council he declares in favor of a few more Dreadnoughts. The German Emperor embraces King Edward, breathes sentiments of brotherly and international love, but adds: "As for the Navy I must have a powerful fleet to protect the world-wide and ever expanding commerce of Germany." The German Chancellor declares: "There is nothing in the present prospect to disturb the Peace of Europe," but adds: "By the autumn of 1912 we will have in accordance with Law, 13 big new Ships, including the three armoured Cruisers, ready for service." And not-

withstanding all pacific assurances, the Premier of the United Kingdom pointed out that "by April 1, 1912, Great Britain would certainly have 16 Dreadnoughts, and Germany 11," adding: "If the acceleration of German construction went on, or the actual course of things was shrouded in concealment and uncertainty, the Government would not hesitate to use the powers the people had given them."

This is the situation in brief:

Are we to be influenced by British solicitude—for we have heard the heart call of our kindred, if not, that of the British Cabinet; or shall we accept as Gospel Truth the declarations of the Kaiser, and pursue the policy of *laissez-faire*?

Monarchs can do no wrong, therefore, their veracity is unquestionable. When in doubt, however, probably it were well to trust the friend rather than the masked stranger.

Let the people of Canada take this matter into their own hands.

If a Nation is indifferent, vacillating, forgiving, then rulers will lapse into a similar condition, or take advantage of manifest supineness. The development and expansion of a Commonwealth must bring rulers face to face with very serious problems, and according to the wisdom with which they are solved, the progress, happiness and patriotic spirit of the people develop.

In June, 1897, speaking in England, the Premier of Canada, Sir Wilfred Laurier, said:

"If a day ever comes when England is in danger, let the bugle sound, let the fires be lit on the hills, and in all parts of the Colonies, and although we might not be able to do much, whatever we can do shall be done by the Colonies to help her."

The time has now arrived when the Dominion of Canada, by helping herself, can strengthen every fibre of British prestige abroad. That is the duty of our Rulers. That is what the people should demand; that is what will prompt people to believe in Colonial sincerity. Our brothers, far off in the great Cities of Melbourne, Hobart and Sydney, speak with no uncertain sound. New Zealand

did not wait for suggestions. Canada, from Vancouver to Halifax, echoed the shout: "Defend the Empire." What more is required? Simply a tangible National Defence Policy, born, bred, brought up and sustained—nurtured and nourished by Canadians.

Our National lands aided in building our Railways. Let them be utilized for our protection on sea and land. British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba control immense land areas. Ontario, the Great Province of the East, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces—all from the stores of their varied wealth, would proudly contribute to, and assist in creating, a National Defence Fund of

\$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000. Then let us hold a conference of Premiers in London; and the work, from which there is no recession, is begun.

"England is in danger now." So let the bugle sound, and the fires of patriotism be lit. Not on the hills, but in the hearts of those charged with the administration of National affairs; let the fires be lit, and let them illuminate the pathway patriots should follow. Light fires, and surround them by men of all classes and creeds, forgetting partisan affiliation, partisan ambition, and partisan prejudice. Let the people, in short, crown their professions of loyalty by establishing now their National Defence Fund.

May Blossoms

Blanche E. Holt Murison.

I've a little song to sing you,
 And a little joy to bring you;
 For today I found the hedges
 All a-green with budding pledges,
 Of the blossoms that they fold
 In such close caressing hold.
 And I know without a doubt,
 That the May is coming out:
 Butterflies are gaily winging,
 Bees are humming, birds are singing,
 And the May is coming,—coming,—coming out!

I've a little song to sing you,
 And a little joy to bring you;
 Banish ev'ry thought of sadness,
 There is only time for gladness.
 Chase the tear with happy smile,
 Life is such a little while.
 Sunshine lingers all about
 When the May is coming out.

Butterflies are gaily winging,
 Bees are humming, birds are singing,
 And the May is coming,—coming,—coming out!

The Fight That Changed World Navies

Patrick Vaux

ON the morning of March 7, 1861, took place the engagement that sealed the fate of "wooden walls" throughout world navies. Under the batteries of Newport News, North Virginia, the Federal squadron of five heavy, wooden frigates aggregating two hundred and ninety-six guns, lay that morning safe and unconcerned in Hampton Roads—with "duds" drying in the rigging, boats on the booms, and no thoughts of action. By night-fall, chaos, death, carnage, flames had swept over them in defeat. The armoured warship had come to stay. The Confederates' *Merrimac* was fighting for the Command of the Sea, which meant the swift destruction of the Federals' Navy and the unhindered importation of all-necessary war material for the Southern Confederation.

The *Merrimac*, the first ironclad to come into action, although the ironclad was already on trial in our Navy, and the French, also, resembled the roof of a barn with a huge chimney amidships. She went out to fight that eventful morning wholly untried and with an unpracticed crew. Her guns had never been fired; and the personnel were all landsmen with but few exceptions. That they took Communion before moving out to the attack tends to show their lack of faith in their new war-machine. Yet her sides of 4-inch iron plating proved invulnerable as gun crews served her two 100-pounder muzzle-loading Armstrongs together with one 6-inch and three 9-inch smoothbores.

The *Merrimac* with her shells turned the spotless decks of the *Congress* into awful slaughter pens, and set her interior on fire, her few surviving men having to abandon their vessel. The *Cumberland* she rammed in the starboard

fore channels, and the frigate went down, still firing, with the Red Flag of "No Quarter" flying at her fore. Only the grounding of the steam frigates, *Minnesota*, *Roanoke*, and *St. Lawrence* saved them from destruction.

Triumph electrified the Confederates. Dismay and panic spread like wildfire amongst the Federals. "Uncle Sam's web feet" as Lincoln termed the Unionists' Navy, had had its toes disjointed. What Stanton, the Federal War Minister said at a meeting of the Ministry next day, Sunday, reveals the depths of the North's sudden fears: "The *Merrimac* will change the whole course of the war * * * she will destroy seriatim every naval vessel of ours. It is not unlikely we shall have a shell or cannon ball from one of her guns in the White House before we leave the room." Yet that same day the "tin can on a shingle" had entered Hampton Roads.

This vessel, the *Monitor*, was designed and built at Ericsson's own risk: "The *Monitor* is mine," he emphatically reminded the Unionist Navy Board bothering him for certain alterations. She had no bulwarks and only two feet of freeboard, the deck was plated over all with two layers of half-inch iron, her broadsides with five of 1-inch. Amidships she carried two 150-pounder Dahlgren smooth-bores mounted inside a revolving turret armoured with eight layers of 1-inch iron plating. On deck nothing was shown but her funnel, two ventilators, and the armoured pilothouse. She was ventilated by forced air. She was wholly unseaworthy. During her passage from New York southward she had met with stormy weather (and had been kept afloat with great difficulty.

Clear and sunny broke open the morning of March 8, 1861. Spectators eager-

ly crowded both shores of the Roads. A little after 8 a.m. the *Merrimac*, gun ports triced up, and funnel pouring out a voluminous coil of smoke, was seen heading over the waters to destroy the *Minnesota*, steam frigate of forty-six guns, lying hard and fast on a shoal. The *Monitor* hove up her anchor, and stood out to engage.

It was at 8:30, the Confederate spoke out with her 7-inch bow gun at her small antagonist, and speedily found her match.

Silent and menacing in her very peculiarity of build the Federal warship steamed within 280 feet of her, and discharged her two 11-inch smoothbores, point blank. But the solid shot failed to penetrate, and glanced off into the water. As the *Monitor* had fired, Lieutenant Jones, commanding the *Merrimac*, veered her, bringing her starboard battery to bear on the enemy's turret. The broadside crashed against its armour, but did not damage. Both vessels were standing the test of war. Again the antagonists closed, and settling down to a continuous cannonading tried to batter each other to the bottom. Naval training and discipline reinforced the men of the *Monitor*. They were the pick of the Unionist Navy.

In the casemate of the Confederate, gun crews worked with comparative ease, much as if on the main deck of an old-time three-decker or seventy-four. But on board the Federal new and harassing conditions obtained. From the turret was discharged the air forced through the interior of the hull; thick and heated with the fumes and smells of stokehold and engine-room and foul with battle smoke, it almost choked the crews. All knowledge of port and starboard had been lost in the vessels' circling, the deck marks indicating them having become obliterated, and only when ports were opened to run out the guns did the Federals obtain sight of the enemy. Earlier in the engagement voice-tubes having broken down, the Pilothouse had to pass orders to the turret by means of men posted below decks.

Great caution had to be exercised lest, when the guns were fired ahead, the

pilot-house was not blown away, and, when fired aft, that the boilers were not damaged by the concussion. Beneath the turret, the squad revolving it found it difficult to start the machinery and still more difficult to stop it when signalled. In the gun-chamber, ringing dully under the storm of shot and shell, the gun-crews had to fire the instant of sighting for fear of the protruding muzzles being damaged or bullets sweeping in through the gunports.

On Lieutenant Worden marking the *Merrimac* remained shot-proof, he ordered "One bell"—full speed ahead—and the *Monitor* plunged forward to ram her. The combatants scraped sides in passing, and guns, their muzzles almost touching the hulls, thundered out solid shot. But both vessels issued out of the pall of smoke without serious damage done.

Despairing of effecting anything on the turret ship, Lieutenant Jones now headed the *Merrimac* for the *Minnesota*, but ran his command aground, and lay with his engines churning up the waters. Ere the *Monitor* wheeling round her could ram, the ironclad backed into deeper soundings, and dodged her. At full speed the *Merrimac* charged the unwary turret ship and struck her abaft the turret, but the "tin can on a shingle" slid away as a floating door slips away from under the outwater of a barge. Then she stood away into shoal water, where the Confederate with her heavier draught could not follow. In her dim, sultry casemate the gunners cheered, thinking they had disabled the enemy. But fifteen minutes later, after having hoisted a fresh supply of ammunition into her turret, the Federal came out into deeper water, again challenging the foe.

Their storm of missiles and musketry fire was now directed on the *Monitor's* pilothouse, and sent showers of iron slivers and chips into the air. At 11:30 her commanding officer, looking through the sight-slit, was struck by a blast of splinters driving inside, and he fell back, blinded, streaming with blood. That the pilothouse was wrecked, the vessel injured, and himself dying flashed into his

dazed head. Calling up self-command, he gave the order for the vessel to sheer out of action, and crawled down the short ladder leading below, out of the pilothouse. At the foot of it he was found by Lieutenant Green, and taken to his cabin.

Yet he retained sufficient composure to ask how the day was going. When told the *Minnesota* was still safe from the enemy's attack, his response spoke for an heroic and high heart—"Then I can die happy": it was the Anglo-Saxon who spoke.

For close on twenty minutes the *Monitor* drifted about in shoaling soundings, till on Lieutenant Green assuming

command she swung round for the open and the *Merrimac*. The Confederate was now in retreat. Her draught had hindered her from following up the *Monitor*, her heavy ammunition was done and her men exhausted, for she had been fighting for three hours. She betook herself into safety under the batteries defending Norfolk, then a Confederate center.

The Capitol—the Coast—and the Federal Cause were saved. The first notes had been rung of the death-knell of the Southern Confederation.

The Command of the Sea had been obtained.

A Sonnet.

P. G. Ebbutt

How prone we are to judge of things in haste,
 To praise or blame from what the surface shows,
 Forgetting that sweet fruit, or sweeter rose,
 Once sprang from humble bud of bitter taste!
 How often in complaints our time we waste,
 How often fret o'er half imagined woes!
 Our greatest fears are those of hidden foes
 That oft would flee if they were bravely faced.
 Trust not the surface, then, but with clear eyes
 Scan all things well that are not understood;
 You may find troubles blessings in disguise,
 And find all things are working for your good:
 For what in April looks like driving snow
 May be pear-blossom by the breeze brought low.



Switzerland in B. G.

Charles Chapman

The uninitiated, the sport of mountaineering may seem to be a waste of energy, attended with considerable risk, and many timidly-inclined even do not hesitate to express their doubts regarding the sanity of some of its enthusiasts. However, after a little persuasion, a climb is attempted, and when the hard work through the brush is past, the novice reaches a spot on the heather-covered slopes, bathed in bright sunlight, from which he may view Nature's marvellous handiwork in all its wondrous wealth of detail. Then the cynicism of the past gives place to astonishment and awe, mingled with a delight which finds ex-

pression in surprised exclamations. Before him lies a glorious panorama of mountain and valley, ridge after ridge following in endless undulations; rugged peaks thrust their heads unceremoniously through the encircling clouds as though breathing a defiance, others present perfectly symmetrical outlines, while beautiful lakes of emerald hue nestle securely in the shadow of the mighty forests, forming the source of a bountiful supply for the creeks and mountain torrents thundering down thousands of feet below, and the whole picture receives a charming setting from the snowfields and glaciers of the higher peaks which loom above the horizon.

The mountains are at their best in the fall when the long stretches of heather spring up under a cloudless sky to greet the sun's warm rays; the blueberry bushes cluster in the valleys, arrayed in their gorgeous livery of red and yellow, contrasting delightfully with the heavy green shade of the surrounding timber; the myriad waterfalls and foaming rapids of the creeks fling out sheets of silver spray as they dash downward; large, deep, translucent pools reflect the forest ferns and trailing branches with intense and vivid color; everything is aglow with joy at its brief release from its snowy prison; and a contentment and happiness steal into the heart of every climber as he drinks in the wonderful fragrance of the pure mountain air amidst such unrivalled beauty.

A little more than a year ago the Vancouver Mountaineering Club sprang into existence, founded by a few choice spirits, who perceived the necessity for such an organization, and to judge from increase in membership it evidently fills a long-felt want. The numerous trips of the past season were very successful and reflect great credit upon the generalship, tact and foresight of the leaders, whose previous experience amongst the mountains proved of invaluable assistance in traversing difficult and dangerous country. Accurate knowledge has been obtained of the location and best routes for ascending all mountains within thirty miles of Vancouver, and a comprehensive programme is arranged for this season, giving everyone excellent opportunities of becoming better acquainted with the grandeur and magnificence of the scenery with which this part of the Dominion has been so liberally endowed.

Amongst the peaks in the vicinity of Vancouver Mount Crown stands out as the most picturesque on account of its peculiar formation. On the Lynn Vallew side a gigantic rock-slide has occurred in some remote age, leaving the whole mountain as though split in twain, the cliffs rising sheer for some two thousand feet to where the gradual rise of the crater terminates in the peak, 5,250 feet above sea level. At this point

large masses of loose rock appear to be ready to slide down at any moment and one is apt to be rather timorous in trusting his weight to them upon his first trip. But confidence comes later and he will soon be sitting astride the peak with a precipice of 2,000 feet on either side. The action of sun and snow is telling a tale and the formation is changing every year.

A little to the east and slightly lower than the peak is the Camel (so called on account of its supposed resemblance to a camel in a kneeling posture), a part of Mount Crown never known to have been climbed until last summer, when a party of four, Messrs. Hewton, Mills, Lyttleton and Miskin, accomplished the feat. To reach the base of the Camel it was necessary to cross the face of a precipice on the north side of the peak, clinging to the stunted bushes and making use of rocky ledges which would scarcely have afforded footing to a goat. Part of the final climb was made up a perpendicular rock chimney, knees and shoulders being of great assistance, a method of ascent often in evidence in climbing the Aiguilles of the Alps, to which the Camel bears a distinct likeness when viewed from the west side. The accompanying photo shows the first man at the top, where he might easily be mistaken for a mountain spirit.

The best route for climbing Crown is undoubtedly over Grouse, Dam and the shoulder of Goat, for although it seems ridiculous to ascend three peaks to reach one, the extra climb of 1,500 feet from the divide between Goat and Crown is much less fatiguing than the toilsome tramp up the Capilano Road and Crown Creek.

Grouse, Dam and Goat, the three nearest mountains to the City, are situated close together and present little difficulty in climbing. A ramble around the rocky slopes of Goat Mountain is very interesting and instructing and affords magnificent views of Crown and the Lynn and Seymour Ranges.

The trip to the Lions arranged by the Vancouver Mountaineering Club last September proved very popular, no fewer than thirty-six taking advantage

of the opportunity of climbing the highest peaks near at hand. Six of these were ladies and all the party succeeded in reaching the divide between the Lions, the hardest work being experienced in travelling up Sister's Creek, whose long and serpentine windings lead through the dense forests to the ridge which the Lions crown. On a closer inspection, the peaks present formidable obstacles and the stoutest climber pauses ere he attempts their conquest. The ascent of the Eastern is greatly facilitated by the bushes growing on the northeast face, and a number of the party, including one lady, reached the summit. The Western Lion is the higher by 150 feet, and while not particularly difficult, is more dangerous, owing to the fact that the climb must be made on the base rock, which has been worn quite smooth and affords few hand holds. It rises in a series of terraces, shelving downward at a steep angle, over which, in some places, crawling is the safest method of travelling, and the loose stones call for great precaution. On this account it is not advisable for more than three or four to make the ascent at one time.

Seymour Mountain, lying directly northeast and in full view of the City, is remarkably easy, and six members of the club successfully made the ascent last August, a feat which was emulated recently by a lady member and two companions, guided only by a roughly-drawn map. The summit is very extensive and rises in three peaks, with long stretches of rocky ridges between and around them. It bears a striking similarity to White Mountain, a peak situated at the head of Lynn Creek, and upon which three attempts were made by the club before success was gained. Its name was suggested by the immense area of white granite which makes it so conspicuous from Grouse Mountain.

For purposes of identification it was decided to find a name for all virgin peaks scaled during the season, and the President and Secretary of the club were fittingly honored when a party made a trip into unknown country east of Seymour Creek and bestowed the titles of

Mounts Bishop and Jarrett upon their conquests.

There is a magical charm and fascination in mountaineering which call the enthusiast again and again, and lead him to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the mountain solitudes. At night, under the starry skies, around a blazing camp fire, a happy circle of lusty-lunged singers awakens the echoes with a rollicking chorus or soothes them to sleep with an old plantation song; then, as the fire dies, they scatter to their beds of fragrant hemlock and cedar, there to stretch their wearied limbs and sink into a deep and restful slumber, lulled by the whispering winds which gently sway the branches overhead. Before dawn, all are astir, packs are made up and an early start made, so that all may appreciate that hour when—

“The winds all silent are,
And Phoebus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming
wheels.”

A mountain sunrise is a sight to remember. The shadowy darkness of the forest-clad slopes gradually lightens in the grey of the early morning, the surrounding peaks stand out ghostly, grim and forbidding, till a shaft of light suddenly flashes forth and the sun is up. Broad belts of living fire stretch across the skies, the clouds are laden with light, the snowy peaks here and there are tinged with a golden glow, the dew-drops on the ferns and bushes are transformed into rubies and emeralds, giving the impression that they are indeed worthy to represent the tears of Aurora, and present a dazzling comingling of kaleidoscopic colors which enraptures the soul of the true lover of Nature.

The mountainous region to the north has many attractions to offer to the citizen of Vancouver, whether he be the artist in search of science, beauty, the poet requiring ideal surroundings to assist his Muse, or the adventurous youth eager to prove his worth by climbing a

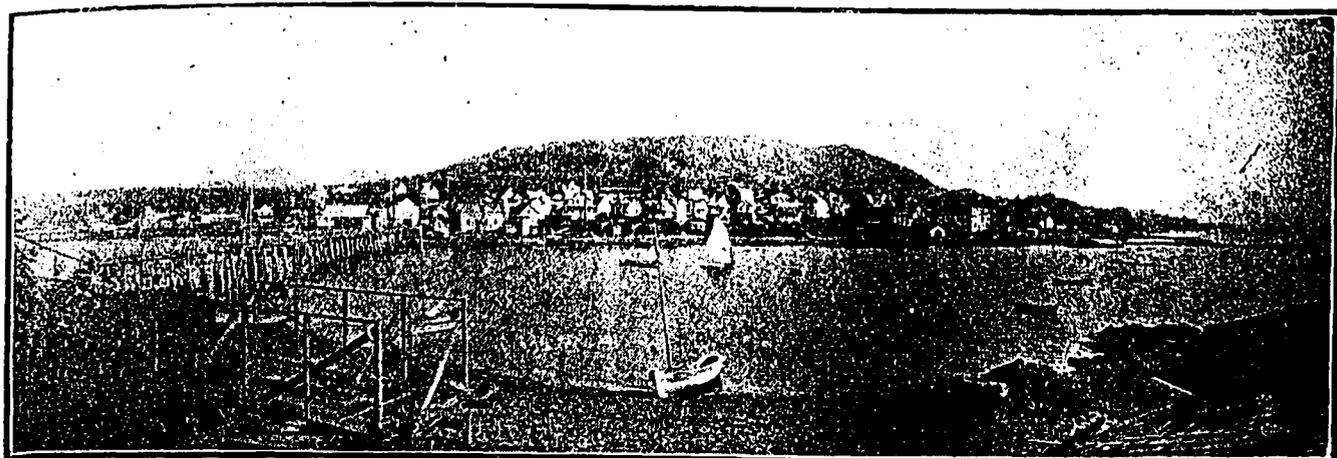
virgin peak. All alike reap a rich reward for their exertions in the increased health and strength, self-reliance and de-

termination, which come from the persevering pursuit of this invigorating pastime.

Choosers of the Slain

E. S. Lake

They struck their hands to the bargain—
 By the "Oath of Doom" they swore
 That fear of the foe, nor wreck nor woe
 Should ever the compact shore.
 They sailed o'er the storm-lashed waters,
 They snored through the waters blue,
 They crept by light, they sailed by night
 And the Harbor watchers slew.
 Their Galleys lined the fore-shore—
 The foe in the distance stood
 They marched away to o'ermatched fray
 Laughing and grim in fighting mood.
 They mixed in the din of battle;
 They sweated and slew and swore;
 They backward ruled for a league and wheeled
 To renew the fight once more.
 Then Ulf with the locks so golden,
 And Inar, with Raven hair,
 Stept out apace the foe to face
 And their chosen champions dare
 The bravest came at their Taunt-word—
 And they slew and slew and slew
 Tili muscles slackt refused to act,
 And fear in the brave hearts grew.
 "Oh why should we fear the onslaught?
 Oh why should we fear the foe
 With brothers dear, and comrades near
 Behind us in their row?"
 They turned their heads a breathing space,
 To gasp from the wind and snow,
 Away o'er the hill with Bow and Bill
 They saw their comrades go.
 "Oh shame to the God who made ye
 Now shame to the Image of clay
 Oh Night so black with Storm and wrack
 Blot out the light of day."
 Old Odin smote his hands and swore!
 And called his maids so grave
 "Oh! stay ye not, by Bower or Cot
 Bring quick the Souls of the brave."
 The traitors laughed in the Home-wind:
 Their galleys breasted the main—
 But with hearts on fire with wild desire
 Went the "Choosers of the Slain."



Panoramic View of Port Simpson, B. C.

Port Simpson

Orville Bertley

BY far the most picturesque of all the Indian villages scattered along the northern coast of British Columbia is that of Lochgwaahlamsh (Port Simpson). The significance of its Zimaliach name, ("The garden of the wild rose or sweet briar"), suggests favorable ideas of the spot in harmony with its beauty.

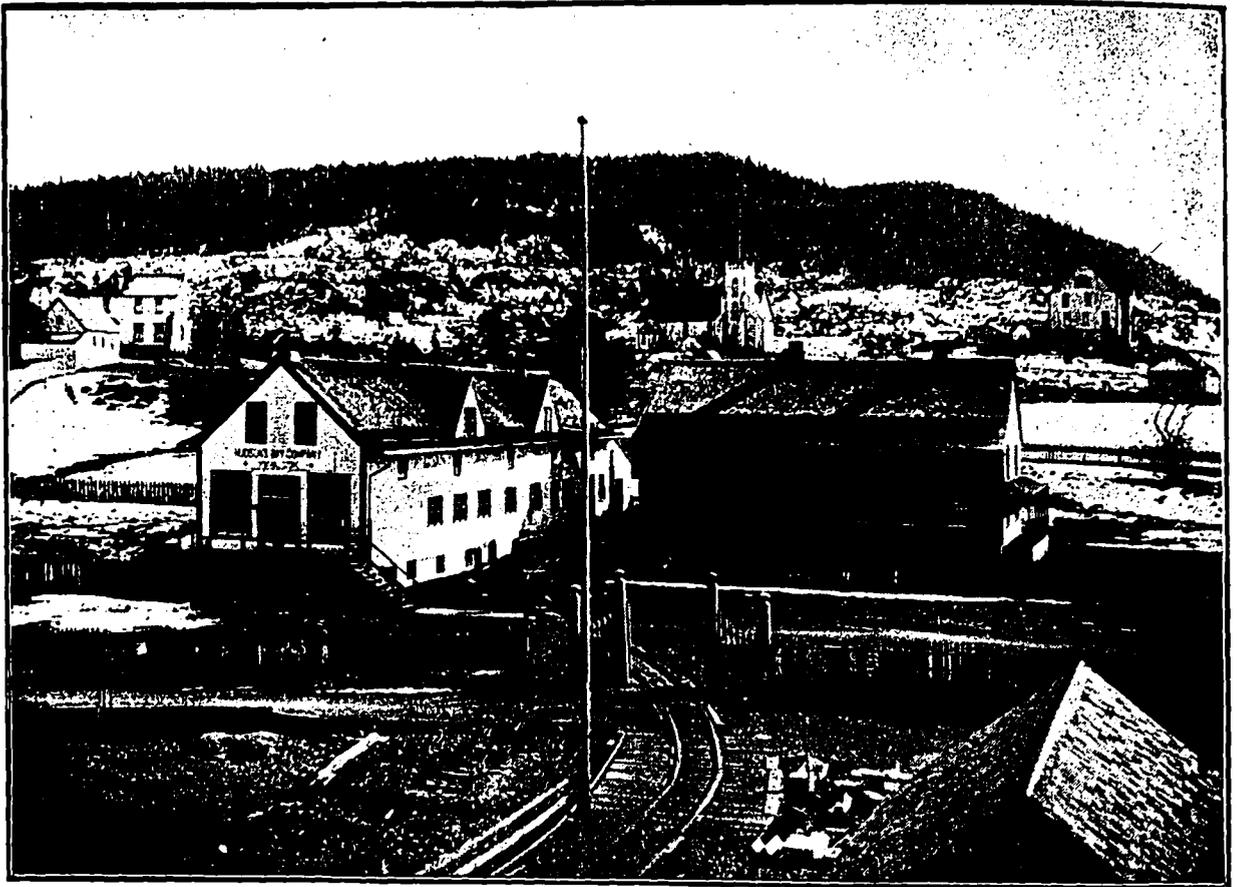
The village is situated on a point of the Tsimpshian peninsula, part of which at high tide constitutes an island. Lofty mountains standing to the left beyond Work Channel, lesser slopes rolling away to the right and a broad expanse of sea, island dotted, extending in the foreground appeal strongly. No wonder then that the tourist on his way to Skagway is heard to exclaim as the steamer veers into Simpson Harbor: "This is the best looking spot we've struck since leaving Vancouver!"

Bountifully helped by the hand of Nature to features of scenic beauty, historical circumstances have shaped themselves so as to make Port Simpson easily the most interesting of all the North Coast Indian villages. It is one of the oldest villages; its past lends a full measure to the lover of the romantic as well as the admirer of more material

phases. And "though we see but darkly" now, who shall say that new and great chapters in its history are not soon to be realized. With Prince Rupert, the embryo city, terminus of the G. T. P. to be, rapidly growing up but twenty miles southward and an extensive country, holding out a promise of rich mineral deposits all about, who shall justly estimate the subsequent commercial import of Simpson?

Only a few years ago the West did not dream of a Grand Trunk Pacific or any other transcontinental road heading towards this locality. The little Tsimpshian village, the home of the dusky Tsimpshian tribe, nestled in the same spot then, that it occupies today. The Indian inhabitants gathered their sea-weed, made their oolachan grease, dried and smoked their ruddy salmon in crude smoke-houses. Fierce battles were waged against the Bella Bellas, the Hydahs and other neighboring tribes, the "Shamans" (Indian Medicine men) cured the sick: "Alheid" (Indian deviltry) served for pastime and paganism reigned.

About eighty years ago the Hudson's Bay Company founded a trading post here. A fort was constructed for the



The Fort, "Port Simpson." This Building is 78 Years Old, and the Oldest of the Remaining Hudson's Bay Fortifications.

protection of the Company's employees from native attacks. This fort was originally built at the mouth of the Naas River, then a resort of Indians of various tribes. The fort later became known, in its new location, as Fort Simpson in honor of Governor Simpson whose bones the Indian Tyees like to think, this day, lie buried beneath the oldest remaining fort building.

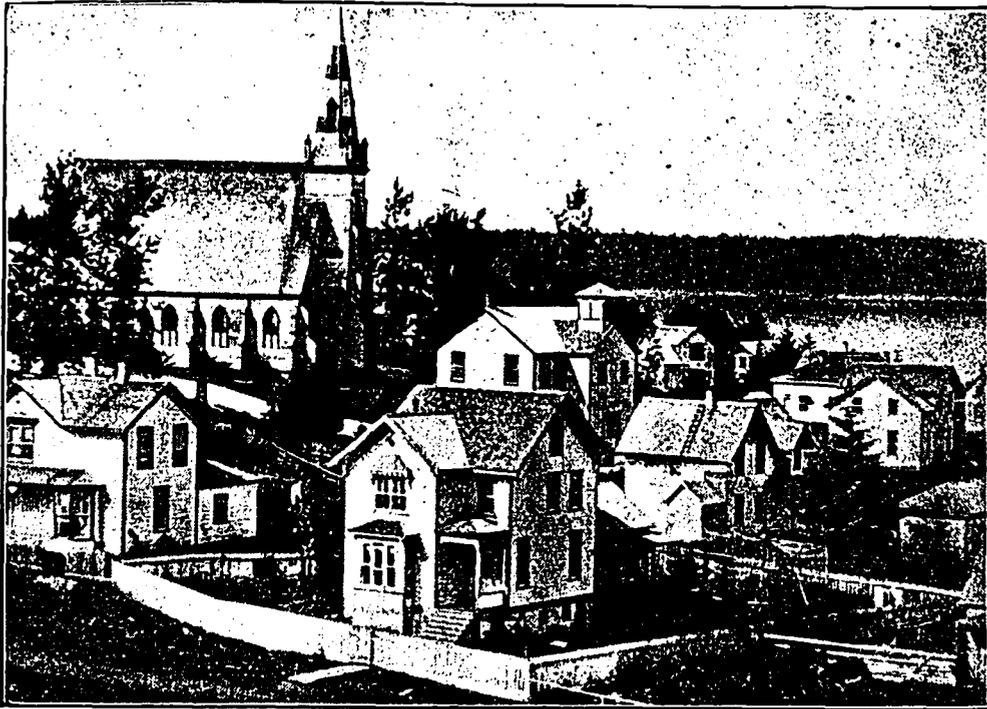
The bastions and palisades of the old fort were left standing until about twenty years ago, when vigilance against Indian onset no longer seemed needful. After the disappearance of these fortifications the designation "Fort" gave place to the more appropriate one of "Port"; hence the present name.

The marked improvement in the social life of the natives of later years is credited to the labors of missionaries, who, with the coming of Mr. Duncan in 1853, began to cast in their lot with the red-man for his betterment.

To speak of present conditions the place boasts of two general stores each of which carries a good stock, two churches, the Episcopal and the Metho-

dist, two public schools, one for the native children and one for the white element, a hotel, fire hall and General hospital. The physician in charge of the hospital is well known all along the Coast in the person of Dr. Kergin, M. P. P. It may be mentioned that a new addition to the present building is now under construction, the estimated cost of which will be \$6,500. The hospital with this enlargement and the modern conveniences with which it is to be fitted will surpass any of the hospitals which are likely to be found north of Vancouver for some years to come. Other institutions worthy of mention are the Methodist Homes here for the education of Indian boys and girls. The population of Simpson in the busiest season of the year numbers upwards of eight hundred, about seven hundred of which are native inhabitants.

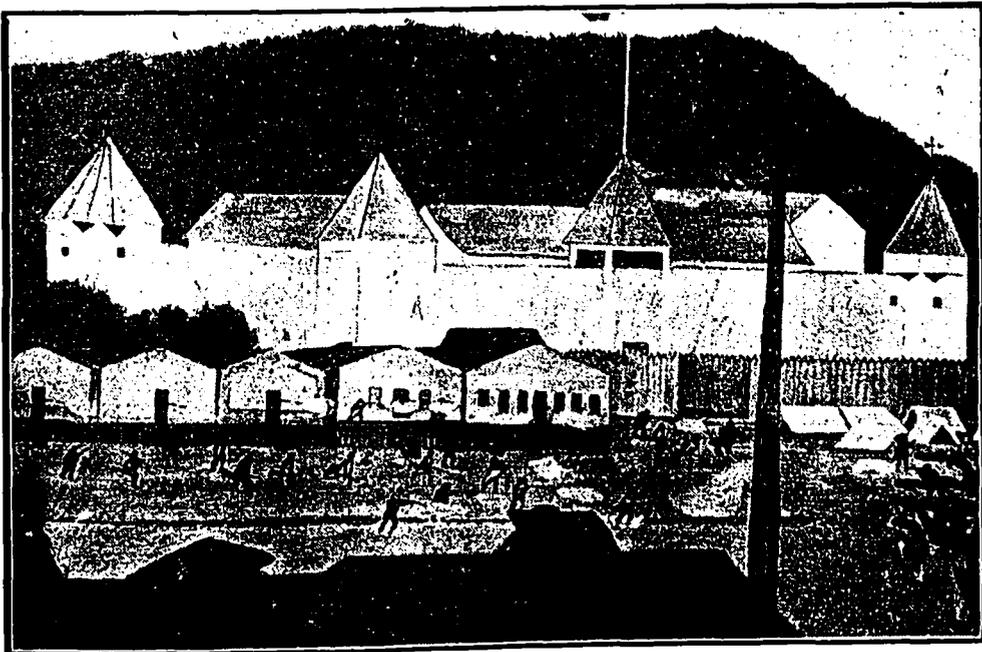
Over a year and a half ago when the core of attention rested on two points in this locality, one of which must become the future terminus of the G. T. P., we know that many were disappointed because the honor did not fall on the well



A Group of Picturesque Buildings in Port Simpson.

known village of Simpson instead of "hitting the high places of Rupert" for it. Comparing Port Simpson with Prince Rupert, the former has greater space for a townsite, a harbor easier of access, greater depth of soil (a matter of weight in connection with city sewerage) and more pleasant surroundings. With these advantages alone over its more distinguished neighbour the question is invariably asked: "Why was *not* Simpson chosen as the future terminus of the new road?"

Wide as may be the reach encircling an answer to such a query one or two things may be mentioned here. All the beach contiguous to Simpson is either Indian Reserve or the property of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is said that the Native Council here was approached in regard to the sale of land and would accept nothing short of a million dollars for the Reserve. The Hudson's Bay Company were likewise unwilling to sell except at a high figure. To situate a town remote from its harbor moorings



The Fort, Port Simpson, B.C., as it was 80 Years Ago.

would be proceeding from folly and to buy up the best land from different interested speculators, who might be inclined to "bleed their buyers to the last penny," would hold another significance. Whatever the reasons for the choice of Rupert as the future terminus of the G. T. P. they were no doubt good ones, but the situation by no means eliminates Port Simpson from the circle of importance.

Two years ago the Port Simpson Improvement Company of Seattle boomed the property which was originally obtained from the Crown by Mr. John Braden, a prominent politician of Vic-



Old Totem of Port Simpson, B.C.

toria. This property was already divided into town lots, when they purchased it. It is said that the Company claim to have sold one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property here. The property handled by the Hickey and Bridgman Syndicate, upwards of one hundred and fifty acres, was originally owned by Clifford and Lockerty, well known in

this neighborhood. This property was held by the Hickey and Bridgman Syndicate about a year before being placed on the market; forty-five lots or more were sold, and the remaining lots divided among the several members of the Syndicate, who are withholding them from sale at present. We may assume that their reason for measures of this kind, is one of two things: either they have obtained some inside information, or consider the property worth holding in the absence of such information.

Douglas Ross & Co. of Vancouver are handling three hundred and seventy acres of Simpson property which is divided into 160 or 170 town lots. These lots are at present for sale at from \$160 to \$400 per lot. Mr. John Flewin of Simpson is also in possession of twenty-five acres of land sub-divided into town lots situated across Simpson Bay. These lots are for sale either direct from him or from his agent here, Mr. J. H. Campbell, at from \$80 to \$175 per lot. The balance of property around Simpson is owned by the original grantees.

The climate is Oceanic, the thermometer never registering over twenty-two degrees of frost, the mercury column never rising higher than 80 degrees above zero in the warmest season. The prevailing winds are south-east; the average rainfall 100 inches.

Vegetables and small fruits, such as raspberries, currants and gooseberries are successfully grown in Simpson. Rev. Hogan, for ten years a resident, recently exhibited gooseberries four inches in circumference. The larger fruits have not been put to a fair trial but it is granted that the conditions will never be such as to cause the country to develop into an agricultural district.

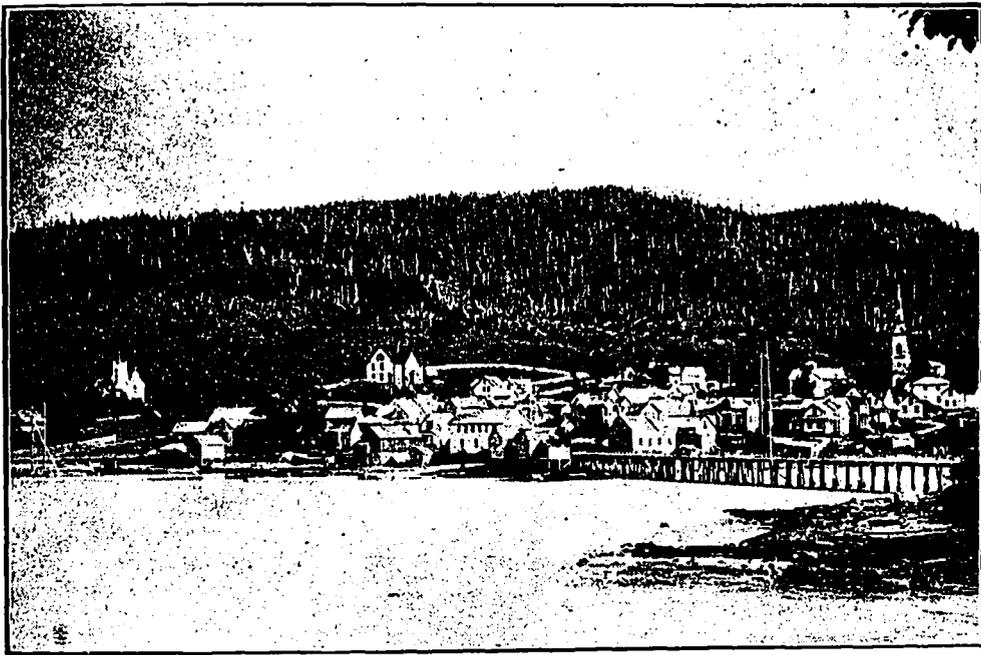
Prospects for future mineral wealth, however, are promising. The rock formation (as far as is known) is grey granite and mica schist. Porphory also shows in places. Camps on Observatory Inlet and Portland Canal have done sufficient work to justify one in expecting those camps to develop into camps equally as good as any in British Columbia.

A good silver-lead proposition is located at Stewart and in operation now

by the Portland Canal Mining and Development Company. Hidden Creek mines operated by the Hidden Creek Copper Company is situated on Observatory Inlet.

If you are interested in Simpson "stay that way." The lions of North Vancouver watched from their lofty vantage ground, first operations in Port Moody,

later a growth nearer by. It is known that part of Brown Passage is condemned by the Imperial Government's Survey boat "Egeria." Will not this make it necessary for insured vessels to round Dundas Island passing the very portals of Simpson Harbor to reach Rupert?



View of Section of Present Port Simpson, B. C.

May.

Donald Fraser

Arrayed in brilliant hues and crowned with flowers,
 See May, the one of all the months the Queen;
 Enthroned in state 'mid freshest, leafiest green,
 She chants a carol of the springtime hours.
 Both field and wood have lent to grace her bowers,
 Their varied blooms of brightest, gayest sheen;
 Blithe, tuneful birds light flit the boughs between;
 And smiles the Sun, while liquid gold he showers;
 The rippling brooklets babble joyously;
 Yea, everything seems full of music sweet;
 For Nature's tide of growth is flooding free;
 With mirth and melody is Earth replete.
 This gladness fills the very heart of May,
 So lives her song, as long as she holds sway.



The Author.

Seattle's Workshop

The Evolution of a Colony

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

SEATTLE sits on her hills, and gazes over the Sound. Perched on one of Seattle's "seven" hills, is an unpretentious and rather delapidated looking wooden structure, surmounted by a tower giving it the appearance of a church,—and in fact this building at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Seneca Street, has served many years as a "First Hill" landmark, and was originally a Jewish Synagogue.

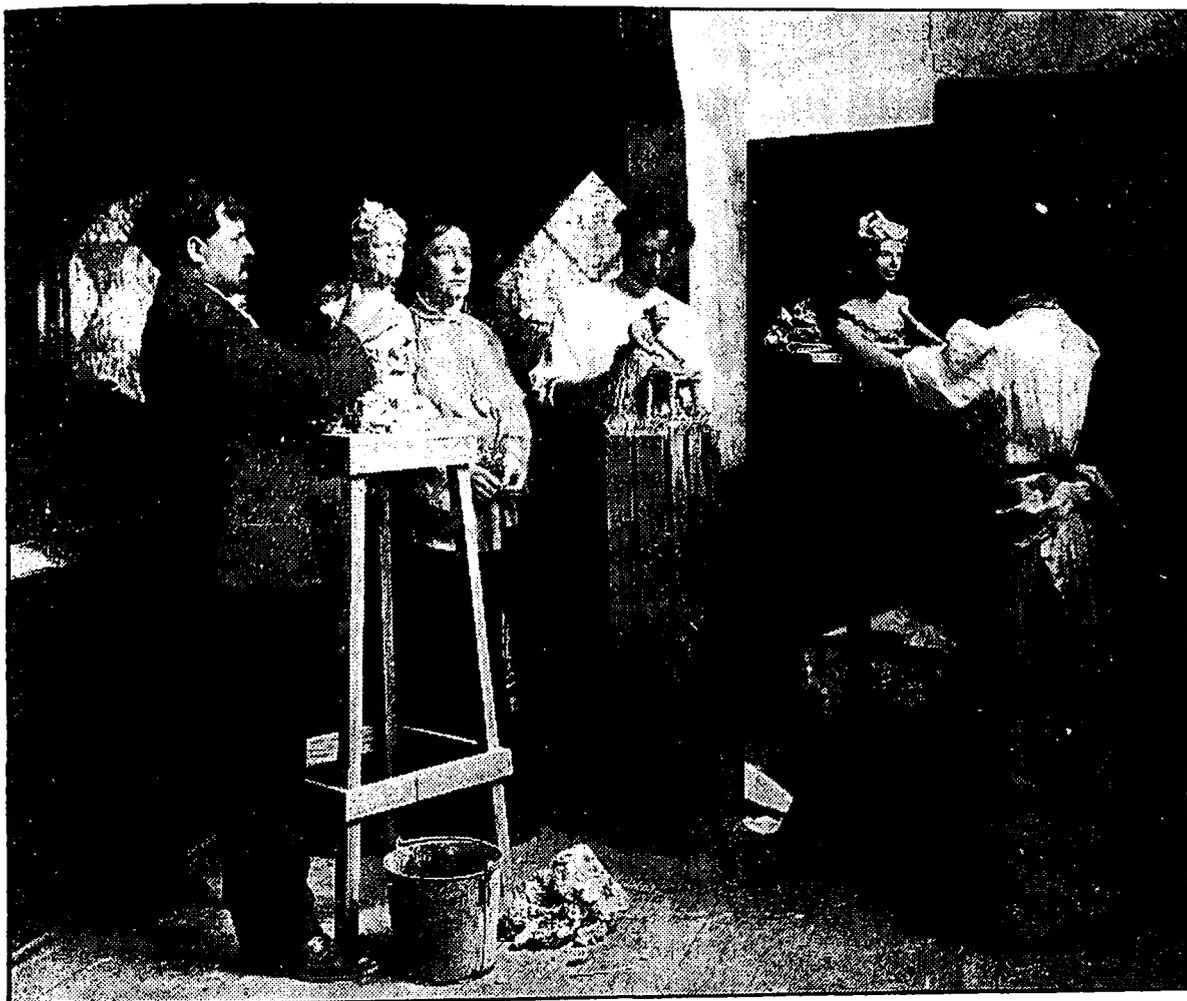
Climbing a number of rickety steps, one stands on the threshold of an open door, at the right of which tacked to the building, is a sign made of rough cedar shingles, spelling out in burnt letters—"The Work-shop."

Following the course pointed by the index finger on a placard within, one

ascends the winding staircase. A turn at the top brings you face to face with a door on which appears the announcement:—

"Finn Haakon Frolich, Sculptor. No Admittance."

Nevertheless knock on the door, and the chances are, it will be opened by none other than the great sculptor himself—a man of international repute—who does things—"nor dreams them all day long." Herr Frolich's greeting will be a cordial one,—for he is the soul of geniality, and his atelier is really the doorway of the Workshop, and the workshop boasts as its sponsors, Mrs. E. W. Andrews, of Seattle, well known as a clever artist, and a woman of dauntless energy in all that makes for progression; and Herr



Where Seattle's Workshop Had Its Evolution.

Frolich, the sculptor already referred to. These two, planned the workshop—not an arts and crafts, merely—but a workshop—in all that the name implies; where anyone who could “make things” with his hands, might have the opportunity to produce and exhibit, by the paying of a trifle, for space in the shop, when his work should bring sufficient remuneration. The plan was quickly put into execution, and the balcony extending around three sides of the old Jewish Synagogue, was rented. Then a barrel of plaster and a load of clay, were purchased Herr Frolich had personal orders for sculptoring, but the need was,—work for the shop, the production of which should justify its existence. Mrs. Andrews suggested doing advertisements in plaster, naming a local firm. More in jest, than earnest, Herr Frolich threw a lump of clay upon the throne—and behold—the result,—that was not merely an advertisement—but an achievement—and the evolution of “The Workshop.” The firm

represented in the moulding, purchased the subject at once, and the shop took on a firmer hold of life.

Louis Bendel, whose work stands the critics' test, joined the forces. Miss Anna S. Hatch, a pupil of August St. Gauden's, also a worker in the Art Students' League of New York, fitted up an attractive corner where she executes bas-reliefs and portrait busts, making a specialty of children. Plaster ornaments, and portraits are done by Miss Marjory Ely, in her especial booth, next to where a young artist sits before an easel, engaged in painting promising bits of canvas. Mr. Carl Neuse, a consulting architect of Paris, and New York, occupies a booth with his wife, who is an efficient book-binder. An interior decorator, Miss M. Elinor Riley has a space, where she plans effects in home decorations, and designs furniture. Then there are departments of metal work—paintings in oil and water color—casting in bronze, wood carving, pottery, brass-hammering,

picture framing, tapestry work, and furniture, with landscape gardening, in its commencement.

The workers are energetic, and their enthusiasm runs high.

No extravagant expenditure has been made in equipping the workshop, in fact, not a dollar beyond what was barely necessary, has gone forth from the exchequer.



In the Workshop—Mrs. E. N. Andrews, and Sculptor Finn Haarkon Frolich.

The beginning was necessarily small, and as "necessity is the mother of invention" not a few inventions have emanated from the busy brains and hands of the artists and artisans in the workshop.

The hum of labor—the clicking of tools—the ringing of metal and the plying of hammers are heard, while from any part of the balcony one can look down to where on the main floor, still stands the old tabernacle—a mute reminder of what the place once had been—a Hebrew place of worship.

Within the portals of the workshop, the fluffy ruffle sleeves are turned back, and feminine arms become those of the blacksmith at the forge—the sculptor—the painter—the builder of furniture, etc. The great desire is to accomplish, to

work with head and hands; to wring from crude and shapeless matter, forms of usefulness and beauty. This intention, to make, to build, to create, has induced many society members to join the enterprise, but while all classes are welcome, real, earnest work must be the endeavour, without thought of the social world.

The mission of this institution is broadly philanthropic; its humanitarian factor working for the development of talent, and the opening of opportunities to those of any station, aspiring to knowledge of the finer arts.

Almost every labor that hands and brain can devise—is the province of this new venture. First of all, the student or apprentice is obliged to make his, or her own implements of work. Selecting the course of workmanship or art preferred, the candidate will be initiated into the mysteries of building her own work bench, or a stand for sculpture, with her



own hands. She may pound her fingers, bruise her elbows, tear the dainty white skin upon a protruding nail, nevertheless the first qualification for admission will be the ability to make the tools and necessities of the work that is to follow. Even some hammers and chisels now used in the workshop have been drawn from the

heated depths of the forge, by feminine hands, and beaten into shape upon the ringing anvil steel.

Particular attention is to be given to the making of bird-houses, thus accomplishing two objects—the providing of homes for the birds of the Northwest, and the awakening of interest in Audobon research. In short, the workshop is to be the friend of all the bird-tribes of Washington and the West.

Under the clever manipulation of Herr Frolich, a handsome bird fountain, of



Flamingo design is nearing completion.

The mottoes of the workshop are: To teach, and to learn, and to be practical in every sense of the work.

Herr Finn Frolich is known to many of the notable artists and sculptors of Europe and America. He has achieved distinction through his own accomplishments, and with enthusiasm has entered heart and soul, into the workshop scheme.

The first model for the coming Alaska-Yukon Exposition, statuary was made by

Sculptor Frolich and the finished design is a highly creditable piece of work.

The statue is thirty feet high. The design shows the chief races originally surrounding the Pacific Ocean, by male and female figures. The first story consists of four male figures, a Japanese, a Chinese, a Pacific Islander, and an Alaskan-Eskimo Indian. These figures are recumbent, and support with their hands and shoulders the massive fountain which forms the central portion of the statue. Each figure gazes out towards one of the four points of the compass. Above this, four female figures of the same races clothed in their native costumes stand around a great circular shaft which supports a globe, and a winged figure surmounting, the design. This figure represents the "Spirit of the Pacific," and is poised lightly on the Pacific Ocean part of the globe, with wings outspread, as if about to fly. The lower figures are finished in white, the central ones bronzed, and the topmost figure is gilded.

Many of Herr Frolich's statues decorate prominent parks in this country, and he executed several pieces for the St. Louis, and other expositions.

As from its crysalis emerged the "Workshop," so the "Colony," evolved from this idea is now a substantial fact. Already plans are being laid for the Colony that had its evolution in the "Workshop," and in furtherance of the intention, a large tract of waterfront land has been purchased on Puget Sound, where the Cascades are silhouetted against the sky—the Olympics point upward with their purple peaks, and Mount Rainier under a pearl-kissed crown, gleams like an uncut gem on the breast of nature.

Before many months, a coterie of artists, scientists, literateurs, and artisans, joined by forces from the East, will make this spot a real, as well as an ideal colony, and the cynosure of all eyes, while Seattle sits on her "storied" hills, and gazes over the Sound.



The First Piece of Statuary Sculptured for
the Alaska-Yukon Exposition, 1909..
Fountain Executed by Herr Finn
Haarkon Frolich.

On the Brink

Jessie Orchard

YOUNG DORRINGTON stood leaning against one of the pillars at the Casino at Monte Carlo.

He was staring fixedly at the flaming lamps and green tables inside. Very soon those lamps would be extinguished and as something else would go out at the same time he had a certain amount of interest in watching them—much in the same way as a condemned man watches for the rising of the last sun that he will ever see. For when the darkness and blackness of the night had fallen, that around which his fingers had never ceased their steady grasp would be drawn forth. One short moment, and he would be lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his brain.

Now that it would all so shortly be over a quiet had come to his soul. The agonizing pain that of late had never ceased to dart like hot jots of fire through his head had stopped: the whirl of his thoughts had settled into a queer, uncanny apathy; and while this possessed him he was quietly reviewing the past.

His boyhood when he had been stirred by such strong and wholesome ambitions. His healthy tastes, and pride in his firm young muscles. The delight of his widowed father when his conduct and studies at Sandhurst proved him worthy of the old and honourable name he bore. His hopes of distinguishing himself as his ancestors had done by a long and serviceable career. The medals he would win, the glory he would add to the long list of warriors whose calm, brave eyes looked out so steadfastly from their frames in his Somerset home—the noble collection of goodly men who had served their country with blood and steel, from the first Sir John Dorrington in Elizabethan ruff and armour, down to Sir John, his father, whose decorated breast

spoke of many a hard-fought, long campaign. His face quivered as he recalled his high intention of doing as these brave and worthy sires had done, and the zeal with which he had started to follow in their footsteps. And he had done his best until that fatal day when the death of a cousin made him a richer man and the owner of a vaster property than that which belonged to his father or his forefathers before him. Then the lad, untempted before by the knowledge of the power, the social weight, the smiling deference that unlimited wealth perpetually earns forgot his single-eyed ambition, forsook his plain and wholesome mode of living, and followed Pleasure to her rose-strewn, scented bowers. “Only for a time,” he told himself, “he would see what this sort of life could mean, and then, when tired of it, like the Prince in history, he would renounce his comrades, forswear the roses and passion-flowers, and be his usual self once more. He could easily give it up, but just for a little while——!”

And the “little while” grew to a long while, and then the end was easy to see. And how quickly he had reached it, too! Only five short years had passed, yet he had dissipated a fortune, accumulated debts, and dragged an unbesmirched name in the dust. What an inscription for a tombstone! He took a letter from his pocket, and read it through for about the twentieth time. It was from his father, and had reached him a few days previously. It spoke of reconciliation, of love, of the hopes he yet could fulfil, but he shook his head with a stifled groan. At first his father’s anger had aided in driving him far on the path he had chosen. The stern, upright character of the elder man failed to comprehend the unsuspected weakness inherent in that of

the son, and his uncontrolled scorn and contempt lashed Dorrington into hard, unyielding stubbornness. They parted in bitter wrath and all intercourse ceased between them. But now the father was remembering the son with longing, and was stretching out yearning hands of love and self-reproach. And all the son could say was: "Too late, too late, my father. Two years—one year—ago I might have been worthy to take your hand, but since then I have fed with the swine in the troughs, and am foul with the blackest mire. You would never forgive me now, for no Dorrington has ever done the things that I have done."

His father had reminded him of the father in the Bible who ran to meet his son "when he was yet a great way off." Even so was his welcome to be. "The past shall never be mentioned. I want you, my dearest boy. Come!" But Dorrington set his lips. "That son was never so far as I. Neither had he wallowed in so deep a pit of shame." And he tore the letter in pieces, and flung them far on the evening breeze. He had not lived such a sorry, degraded life. Wild, reckless foolhardiness was the worst that could be laid to his charge; but a sensitive conscience and the memory of what he had meant to be deepened his sense of guilt and personal dishonour until it was transformed into abject vileness and infamy.

He presently took out his watch and looked at it. Surely the time must be near! As he replaced it a girl came out from the lighted hall and made her way towards him, at first hesitatingly, then with more decision. Her back was to the light, her face shaded by the large picture hat she wore. She was a stranger to him: undoubtedly English; undeniably a gentlewoman. Therefore her conduct was the more remarkable. She stopped in front of him, and bowed slightly. Then she pronounced his name. Somewhat confused that she should identify him, Dorrington returned her salute, and silently removed his hat.

"You will think me extraordinary—impertinent, even!" the girl suddenly broke out, speaking with rapid vehemence. "But oh, I am in such trouble,

such very, very great trouble, and I come to you because I think you can help me if you will."

Her slight form shook perceptibly with agitation, and in changing her position Dorrington could see that tears glistened on her eyelashes and cheeks. Now that her features were visible there was something dreamily familiar about them. But in the unreal state of feeling that had seized him he could not place them definitely.

"My brother is in there," she continued, without waiting for him to speak. She made a gesture in the direction of the rooms behind them. "He has been there for the last three days, and I cannot get him away. Nothing will induce him to leave, and oh—it is dreadful!"

"Has he lost much?" Dorrington inquired, gently, as she paused, choked for a moment by a sob.

"No," she replied, checking her tears by a desperate effort. "It would be better if he had. He would be disheartened then, and would come away. But he has won, oh, a very great deal! I do not know how much, but his success is making him almost beside himself, and I thought—" she stopped, and looked at him imploringly.

"I see," the young man said harshly, his face darkening with bitter indignation, "You want me to pose as an object lesson on your brother's behalf. I am to go up to him and say—'Look here! Take heed, my friend. You behold in me your own probable future dramatically represented. A few short months ago I was courted, feted, fawned upon! I was told of my many merits, admired for my talents and ability, and greeted with hands of affection. That was when I was rich. Today I am a penniless wretch. My last coins were staked in the Casino. My late comrades have openly mocked me as an ignorant, deluded fool. I am deserted by the curs and sycophants who fed full fat at my table. I have contracted debts I can never repay, and the money lenders have stripped my carcass bare. Now, my friend, take care—" But the girl interrupted him with a horrified cry of deprecation.

"Indeed, indeed, I had no idea of such a thing," she stammered, her eyes wide with pity and dismay. "I did not know—how could I have heard! We only arrived here the other day, and it was only a few minutes ago that I happened to see your face and remembered it. I am Mildred Cameron. I met you once at Goodwood. We were on the Fenworth's drag, and you—" she hesitated, and blushed painfully, conscious of having nearly made another slip. On the day in question Dorrington had won tremendously, being then at the height of his luck. "Since then," she continued, hastily, fearful of having wounded him, "Tom and I have been travelling. We have been round the world, taking our time at sightseeing, and are now on our homeward way. We only intended to stop here one day, but now—!" and she made a despairing movement, "There is nothing but trouble and sorrow in this beautiful, terrible spot!"

Dorrington looked at her, a tide of recollection flowing swift and strong through his mind. Of course he remembered her now. The fair, pretty girl who had attracted him by her grace and un-studied charm. He had wanted to see more of her, but other things had intervened. There were many engagements to fulfil—an appointment with Lottie Venture and her pals of Tivoli fame, a supper with a few chosen spirits of Frascati's, and so on, and so on, until the brilliant rouge-tinted cheeks and flashing eyes of his other associates dulled the recollection of the sweet seriousness of the soft grey eyes that had so briefly looked into his own.

He was still hazily wrapped up in these thoughts when she looked up at him. "I must go back to Tom," she murmured, brokenly. "I only thought that, perhaps, the influence of a countryman—a few timely words—might check this gambling spirit to which he is giving way. I saw you were not playing, and that is why I ventured to come to you. I thought you realized the futility of it all and would be able to warn him in time. But I did not know you were in such trouble yourself," she added, nervously clasping her hands. "I hope, oh,

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"I do hope that I have not added to your distress by anything I have said?"

Her face, with its tremulous, tender lips, and pitying, gentle eyes was uplifted to his as she bade him farewell, and he assured her that she need not feel the slightest regret for anything she had said. But she smiled sadly and shook her head as she left him.

He watched her little, slender figure as she crossed the balcony and emerged into the glare of the lights again. With a light, quick step, she went up to one of the tables and imploringly touched a tall, fair-haired youth on the shoulder. Dorrington was not so far away, but he could see the resentful movement with which the boy shook the hand of his sister off, and he noted also the forlorn droop of her head as she stepped behind him in hopeless resignation.

With a sudden and unaccountable resolution he found himself walking up to the table by which she had paused. Tom Cameron was just raking in some winnings with a chuckle of boyish pleasure, as Dorrington laid a firm hand upon one of his. "Drop this," he said, briefly.

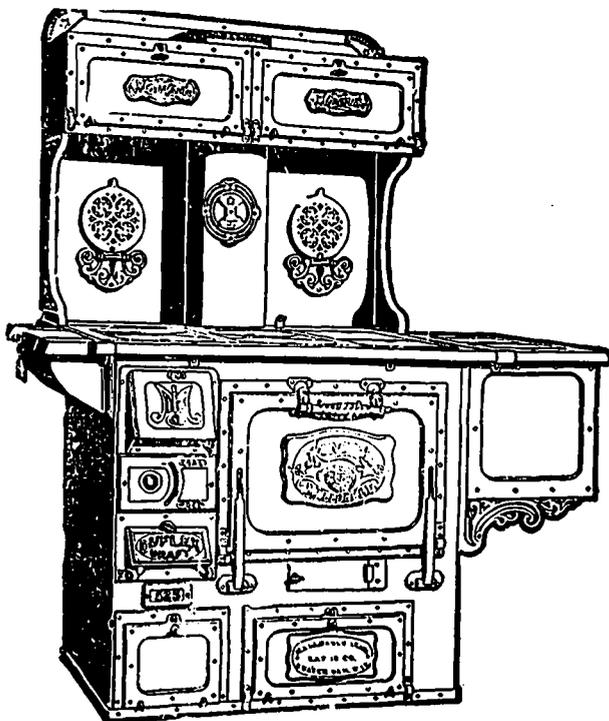
"Come and listen to what I have to say."

For a moment the younger man stared at him aghast, then, as the enormity of the other's offence was borne in upon him he straightened his back and told him in pertinent English what he thought of his conduct. Dorrington listened unmoved. He did not relax his purpose. He had caught sight of the look of joyful trust that irradiated Mildred's face, and it strengthened his determination. He would do one decent act before he committed that last one which was to be the fitting close to his miss-spent, wasted life, and he turned to the boy again. "Devil take you," the latter had ended. "Mind your own business, and get out!" Then he had turned to stake again, and by this time the ball was rolling and clicking on its course. It stopped, and once more Tom Cameron won. Hastily raking his winnings together he made as if to sweep them all back and stake afresh, but Dorrington caught him by the wrist. "You fool," he said, "come away, I tell you. Leave this accursed place!"

Their eyes met, and Cameron faltered

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as Dorrington's burnt their unflinching resolution into his. Possibly, in that close look he gained an indefinable hint of the unspeakable purpose that lay behind Dorrington's present action, and unconsciously was overawed. For the elder man, standing as he did on the brink of Eternity, was superbly indifferent to all obstacles of conventionality, time, or place. He had ceased to be aware that there were any.

He thrust his arm through Cameron's

took off his hat, looked up at the stars, and laughed. A laugh of gratitude and thanks. Then he turned to Dorrington: "You've shown me what a fool I've been," he said. "I think I can safely say I'll never tackle that losing job again."

It was not a graceful speech, but Dorrington understood, and he gave a sigh that was almost a groan. If only his own renunciation could have been as easily made! It was not an occasion to talk

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and hurried him away. Out into the sweet, fragrant night among the oleanders, cypress, and palm. He found a seat for Mildred, and then, facing the brother and sister he began to relate his story. What he said with regard to himself—how he bared his unfortunate life for inspection—and how he pleaded with the boy not to do as he had done he did not know. But the girl gazed at him as if he were inspired, while Cameron, now that the previous excitement and heat had gone out of his blood, sat listening with a pale, cold face in which remorse and shame were struggling.

When Dorrington at last said no more, and only stood, straight and tall, in silence, his arms folded across his broad chest, Cameron rose to his feet. He

empty platitudes, and the girl in saying good-bye when they reached the steps of the hotel where the two were staying referred to his own case once more.

"I suppose you will be going home to Sir John," she said quietly, as she laid her hand in his. "How comforting for you to have a father to go to in your trouble."

Dorrington started, and as her innocent eyes met his he turned his own aside. Unconsciously he gripped her fingers convulsively in his as remembrance drove sharp and keen through his brain. For a moment he had forgotten! He stepped back. "Yes," he answered, hoarsely, "of course—home—I am going home!"

He had not made more than a dozen

paces away when with a light flutter of garments she was beside him again.

"Oh, please, stop! Listen one moment!" she cried, breathlessly. And in some slight surprise he waited. "It is this," she continued, hurriedly, "You are going away as if you do not want—did not intend—to see us ever again. Ah, surely, now that you have gone so far you will not fail to complete your good work?"

He looked at her, only half-comprehending the drift of her words, and she spoke more plainly.

"I want you to help me," she continued, her voice soft and low, but so distinct that every syllable sounded like a silver bell in his ear. "I want you to help me still with Tom. Ah, see!" she cried, as he involuntarily made a gesture of almost passionate refusal. "He is so young, so easily tempted. I may not be able even now to keep him away from that dreadful place by myself. But with your assistance it would be all so easy, and there would be no more anxiety for me. Oh, pray do not say no. I am so

lonely, so helpless, and——" her voice sank, "so frightened! I want a friend so much. Oh, help me, Mr. Dorrington, help me!"

She was full of such desperate agitation, the hands she held up to him were so tremulously imporing, that his resolution was shaken in spite of himself. He could not understand the agony of entreaty in her eyes. She had seemed so confident in her brother just now that this sudden change bewildered and disconcerted him. As if in answer to his unspoken question she spoke again:

"It is not as if I could get Tom away at once," she said, forlornly, weeping and wringing her hands. "We have to wait for a draft upon the bank before we can leave. Surely you will not—cannot—refuse to be our companion for so short a time—only four or five days at the most!"

Dorrington was staggered. If he consented to do what she asked he could not look upon his reprieve as an acquittal. It would only mean the inflicting of a martyrdom upon himself. He—to

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join in their laughter—listen to their merriment—accompany them upon their walks and expeditions! What a travesty of his purpose. And it had all been so easy, so nearly accomplished before. No, it could not be. And he refused with a peremptoriness that was almost brutal. But the girl plied him with such anguished entreaties that only stony-hearted inhumanity could refuse, deaf to her supplications, and finally he was forced to give a reluctant consent. The whole thing was horrible, but it appeared to be inevitable.

And yet in those few succeeding days Mildred did not seem to be the happier for gaining her wish. She grew paler and more distraite each hour, while in her eyes Dorrington frequently surprised the same look of apprehension and pain that had filled them pleading with him. The brother was the only one who enjoyed himself, and he was frankly and exuberantly noisy in his pleasure.

And Dorrington? Well, had he not known from the first that if the delay of his intention was bound to bring one kind of pain it was equally certain to inflict another that was worse. The girl whom in the midst of all his revels and foolish deeds he had never entirely forgotten had come to his side once more and he could not ask her to stay. The words of affection that in those last days arose in burning precipitance on his tongue must never be uttered although it was pain intolerable to keep them back. For, as though it knew the time was so short, the love which had only lain dormant before now concentrated itself in

one fierce desperate upheaval that cost him all his strength to suppress.

On the fifth day after meeting the Camerons, Dorrington went to their hotel as usual. Neither brother nor sister were in the sitting-room as he entered it. Instead a tall, spare figure strode forward with eager, outstretched hands, and Dorrington gave a cry.

"My father!" he said, "My father!" And his eyes sank in his bewilderment and shame.

But the other's were full of only love and joy. "My son, my dear, dear son!" And Sir John would have taken him in his arms as if he were a child again. But Dorrington shrank as he came near. "I am not worthy—you do not know!" he faltered. And he fumbled blindly at the handle of the door.

But his father caught both his hands in his. "I know all," he said. "I knew it before I came." And with the gentle touch of a woman he drew his son to the couch and took his seat beside him.

A few months later the Autumnal winds were whirling the dead leaves away in an English wood and tossing branch and bough in wild fantastic byplay overhead. Oblivious to the chilly gale and the flying scud which had already brought threatening drops of rain young Dorrington and Mildred Cameron walked slowly along a mossy pathway leading to a stile. When they reached this they halted, by mutual consent, and leaning on the topmost rail looked across a level meadow to a sweeping upland beyond.

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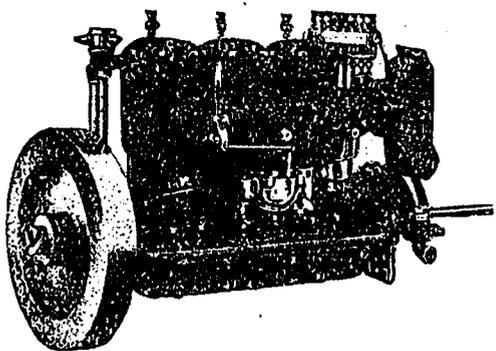
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"Had it not been for you I should never have seen it again," he said, turning to the girl as he spoke. Sir John and young Dorrington were entertaining a house party for the shooting, and both men held Mildred in highest honour. Her face flushed. "I don't like to think of that time," she said. Then added illogically, "Oh, I shall never forget what I felt. The terror of it all. For I guessed—I knew!—as well as if you had told me what you intended to do! And I feared so that my letter to Sir John would miscarry, or that he would never get to Monte Carlo in time. The strain was becoming frightful, and I seemed to know, too, by some dreadful instinct that if he did not arrive by the fifth or sixth day you would——" she shuddered——" not come to see us any more."

"Yes." Dorrington rejoined, in bitter self-scorn, "I was a coward—a coward in more ways than one. I was afraid if I waited any longer something that had come into my life would make me wish to live. And I felt that I was too low a thing to dare to cumber the ground any longer. Such as I could never bring any

happiness, any good, to a single living thing."

"Sir John does not think so. He has become quite young and handsome again," Mildred said, with a little laugh.

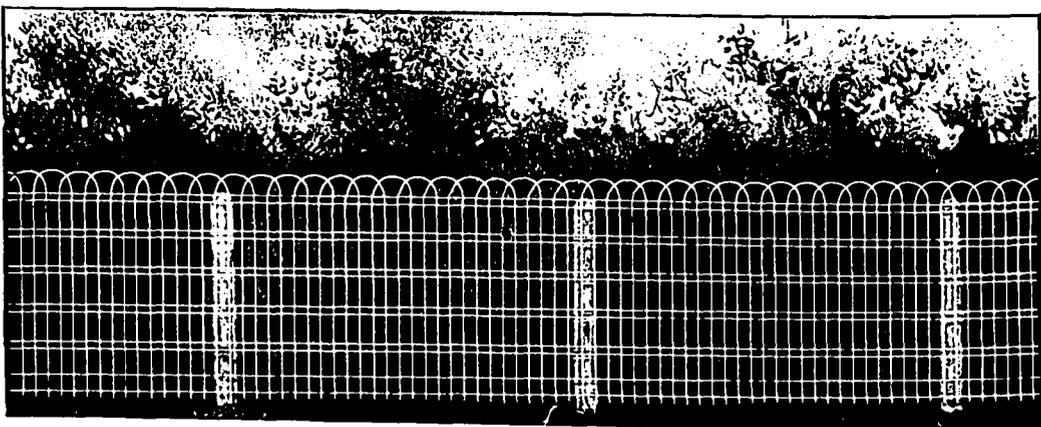
"Ah, he is a father in a thousand. To think that he should so ungrudgingly sell all the Scottish and London property to pay my vile debts. And that the only return he allows me to make is to be steward for him here!"

"But you are a very good steward. He says you work too hard, and do not allow yourself a proper amount of rest."

Dorrington smiled. "Dear old boy. When he talks like that I only feel like kicking myself. I wonder if men find it easier to forgive than a woman," he subjoined with sudden irrelevance.

"Perhaps men forgive some sorts of injury more easily than women," Mildred suggested. "Certain things might strike a woman as being so much worse than a man would consider them. And then again much would depend upon the character of the person who had to forgive."

"That is what I fear," Dorrington returned, despondently. "A pure, refined mind would find it impossible to extend pardon to another whose sins were past redemption." His voice was muffled and almost indistinct, but Mildred heard. And she saw that his brow was pained and drawn. The youth that had lately returned to his face fell away, and with a sharp thrill of pain she caught a glimpse of the hopeless, haggard expres-



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sion that it had worn at Monte Carlo. With the womanly impulse to comfort him she spoke with earnest warmth.

"Ah, would any of us dare be so merciless. Are any of us so noble in deed—so exalted in thought and sentiment—that we can scorn a fellow creature whose temptations have been far worse than our own. If we, less sorely assailed, yield, is not our sin in proportion just as great? Let us be just—let us be charitable!"

And then her face glowed rosily red, for, as he looked at her, his eyes lighting, his whole bearing changed, she realized with a sudden shock how personal his meaning and application had been. Deprived of speech in her confusion and embarrassment she shrank back and turned her head. The hedge by which they stood was brilliant with scarlet berries, and trailing from overhead hung a wild tangle of yellow and russet briar-leaves. She busied herself in gathering some random sprays, but the hand that plucked them trembled, and the cheek, so crimson before, had paled to the lily's hue.

"Mildred," Dorrington exclaimed, stirred by sudden and electric emotion, "there is one question I have always wanted to ask you. Do not reply if you think my question impertinent, or if you do not wish to. But I have always wondered why you took such trouble to save my worthless life."

There was silence. A robin, emboldened by the quiet of the human beings beneath him, hopped nearer on to a twig.

After eyeing them inquisitively he broke out into a clear, sweet call. But except for the robin and a gust of wind the stillness was unbroken until Dorrington spoke again.

"If," he said, gently, "remembering how I bared my soul to you before, and knowing therefore what my life has been. If, I say,—remembering all this, and understanding all the evil I have done—could you ever find it in your heart to pardon me?"

She was shaking from head to foot, but her eyes met his steadily. "Yes," she murmured faintly, "I could pardon."

He drew a little nearer. "And if I were to devote my every effort—my most earnest endeavour—to atone in some small measure for the past, would you some day think me worthy to tell you how I love you and to ask if you could ever care a little for me in return?"

She looked up at him, her eyes misty and soft, a happy smile parting her lips. "Not some day," she said, "but now. For I have loved you ever since the day when first we met."

Later on as they entered the great tapestry-hung hall Sir John met them. Young Dorrington led Mildred forward with proud love in his glance and touch, and his father's face was irradiated with joy as he realised the meaning of his action. He took the girl in his arms and kissed her fondly. "This is what I have hoped," he said. "My dear, you have doubly enriched me. For you gave me back my son, and now I have found a daughter."

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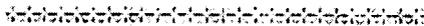
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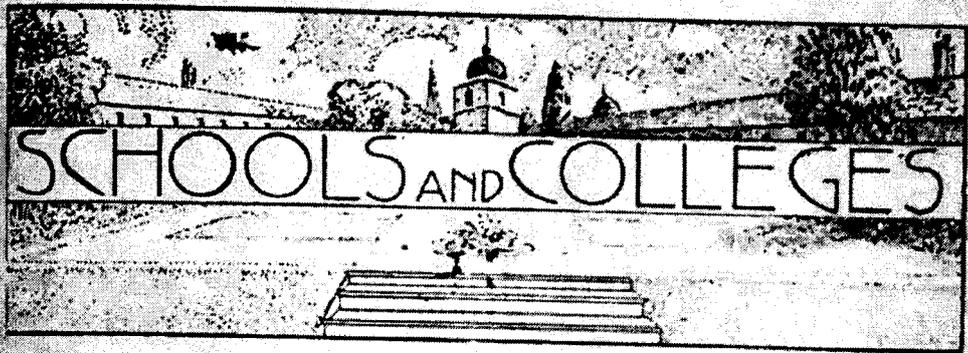
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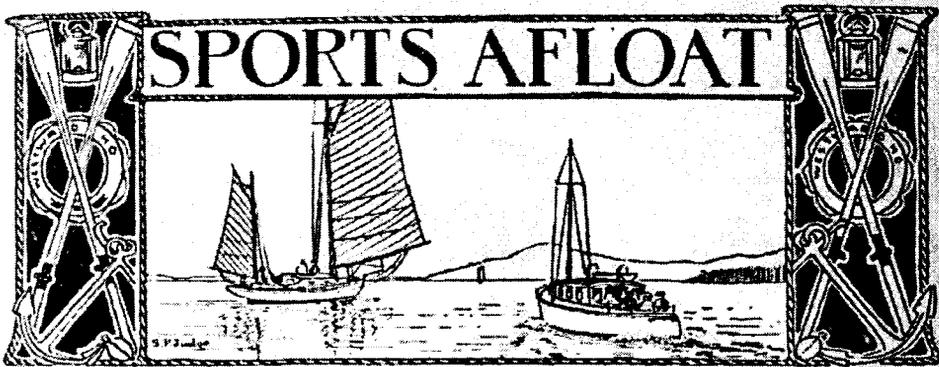
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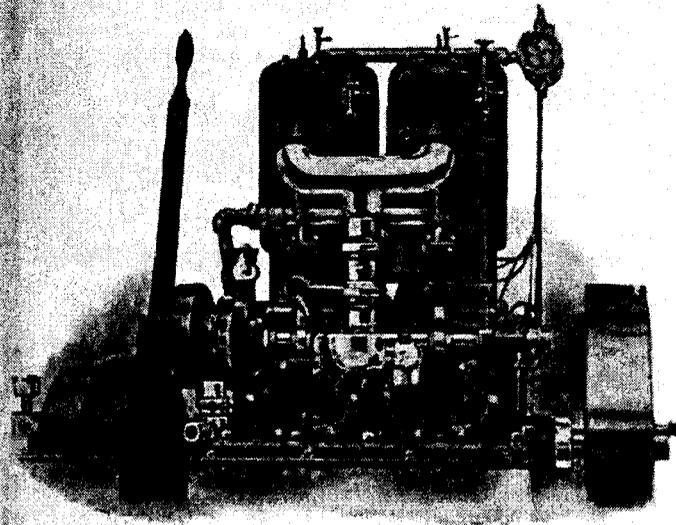
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HAVE SATISFIED THEIR
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THEY DEVELOP THEIR
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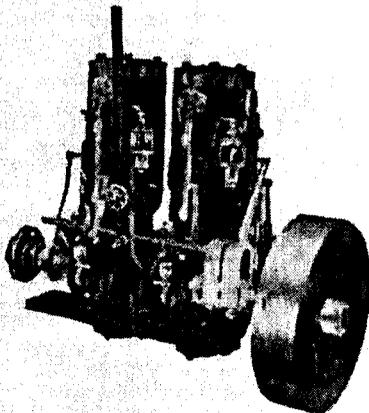
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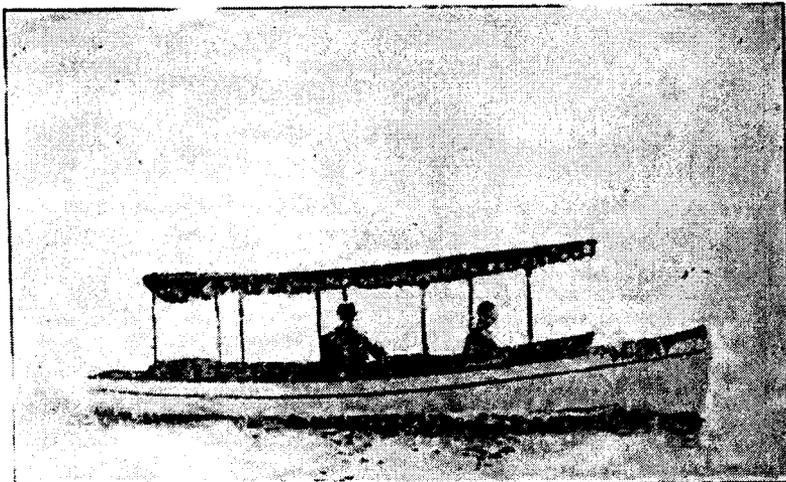
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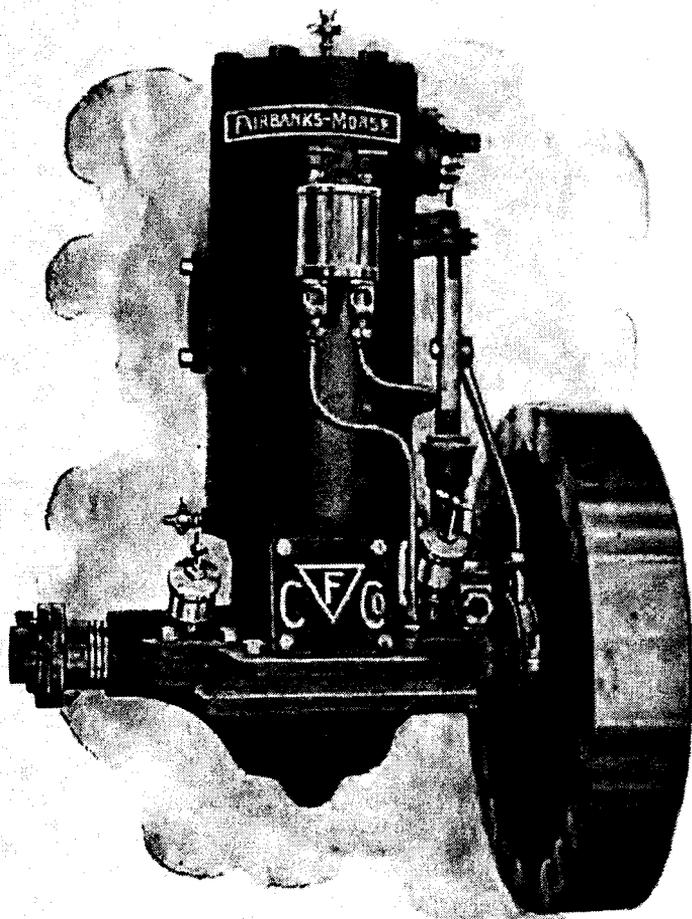
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8 h.p. slow speed valveless heavy duty engine, make and break ignition, for open fishing boats.

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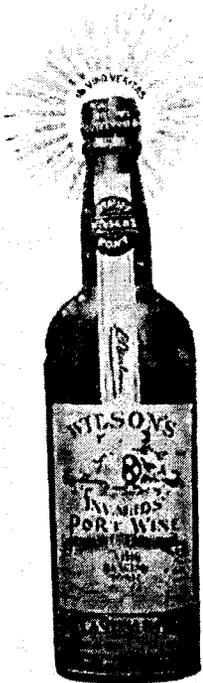
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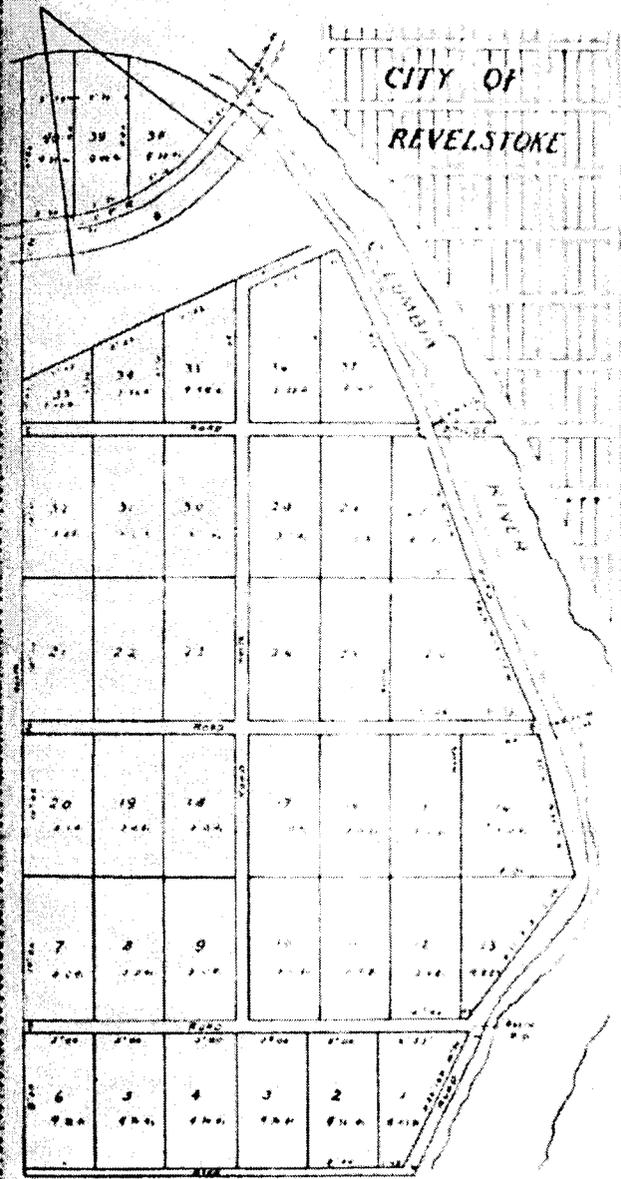
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with its vast area of rich agricultural lands, coal fields, and adjacent mountain ranges, rich with precious metals, such as gold, silver, copper, lead, etc., offers most unusual opportunities for those looking for favorable business openings and investments.

With the certain construction of the MAIN LINE of the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY through this valley, it is bound to become one of the richest agricultural and mining districts in the world, and its development, now that ample transportation facilities are assured for the near future, will be marvelously rapid.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THIS NEW COUNTRY, send me a postal with your name and address, and I will send you full particulars concerning BULKLEY VALLEY LANDS and

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The Commercial Centre of the Bulkley Valley.

This town is located in the very heart of the BULKLEY VALLEY, at the confluence of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers. It is now the distributing point for the Bulkley and Telkwa Valleys and is destined to be one of the most important cities in Northern British Columbia.

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You Are Welcome to a Free Map

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We are the largest owners of first class fruit lands on direct existing lines of transportation in British Columbia. We will be glad to send you one of these maps free of charge and give you all of the information in our power whether you buy land from us or not. Write today.

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NELSON, B. C.



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The first sale of lots at Prince Rupert will be held at Vancouver, May 25 to May 29, 1909. The sale will be held in the interests of both the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company and the Government of British Columbia, half of the lots offered for sale being owned by each party. From 2000 to 2400 lots will be offered for sale.

This sale will be held by auction and the terms of payment will be one-quarter cash and the balance in one, two and three years with interest at six per cent.

Maps of the townsite will be ready for distribution during the last week in April.

Other sales will be held at different cities in the province on dates to be arranged.

This is merely a preliminary announcement and further particulars will be given through the press from time to time. Watch for them.

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INVESTMENT
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SECURED BY SMALL MONTHLY
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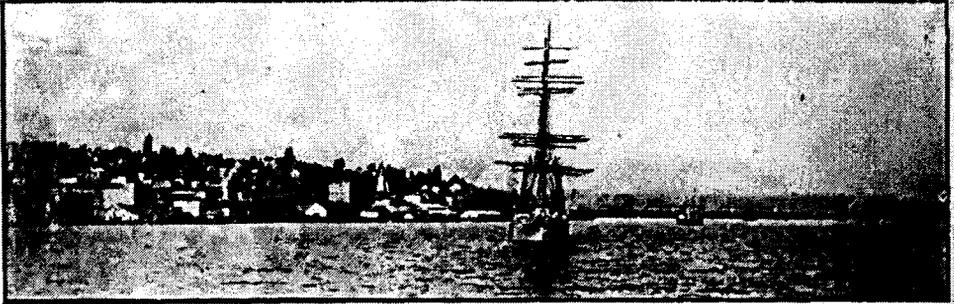
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Please reserve for me Life-Income Investment Bonds (value \$100.00 each). Send full information. If I am convinced that your enterprise is one of the **Soundest** character, and will prove **Enormously** profitable, I will pay for the same at the rate of \$5.00 cash and \$5.00 per month on each \$100.00 Bond until fully paid. No more than 10 Bonds reserved for any one person.

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NEW WESTMINSTER is the meeting point of two great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, while the V. V. & E. railway now under construction will shortly become a feeder to the city's trade and industry. A network of inter-urban electric railways connecting with Vancouver, Eburne, Steveston, Cloverdale and Chilliwack are so laid out as to converge at New Westminster, adding considerably to the commercial prosperity of the city.

NEW WESTMINSTER is the only fresh water port on the British Pacific. Over 1,200 deep-sea and coasting vessels visited the port last year, and the Dominion Government has just decided upon plans for a deep water channel to enable the largest ocean going steamers to navigate the river at all stages of the tide. The G. N. railway, Gulf-Car-Ferry and the C. P. N. Co.'s steamers and passenger vessels, and tugs of other companies make the "Royal City" their home port.

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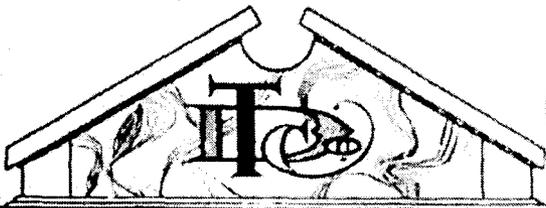
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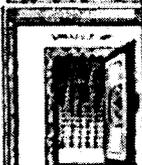
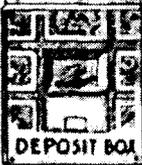
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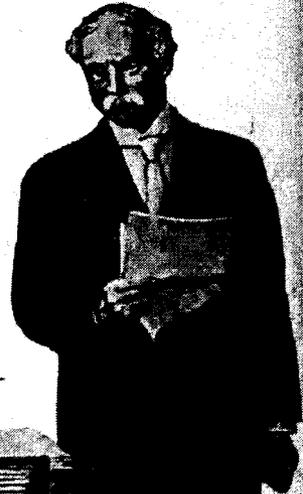
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Ostermoor, rather than lose his position? The "tired" man, the languid, care-worn, woman, are not popular in business or social life. Sleep without rest is useless; a poor mattress means little rest. Perfect repose means an

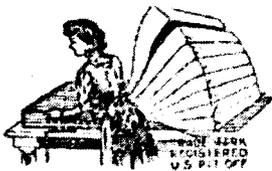


OSTERMOOR

MATTRESS \$ 15.

Note how the Ostermoor is made. Then you will understand why it is so restful and comfortable; why it soothes the work-weary to sound, refreshing sleep.

This is the secret: Fluffy, billowy, Cotton, new from the plantation where it has thrived on the languorous Southern heat, naturally springy, is woven by our exclusive process into sheets so wonderfully elastic that a single one would make a comfortable bed. Yet in the Ostermoor Mattress there are EIGHT of these resilient sheets, laid by hand one upon another.



And an Ostermoor Mattress remains supremely restful and comfortable for a lifetime. It never needs re-making—"First cost is last and only cost."

The name "Ostermoor" and trademarked label in red and black are sewn into the end band of every genuine Ostermoor Mattress, and are a PERSONAL GUARANTEE to you of every quality we claim.

One dealer in every live, Western town sells the Ostermoor Mattress. Write us for his name and copy of our descriptive booklet.

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4 ft. 6 in. wide, 45 lbs.,	\$15.00
4 ft. 0 in. wide, 40 lbs.,	14.00
3 ft. 6 in. wide, 35 lbs.,	12.50
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