

# EVENTS

Published Weekly.

Vol. 6, No. 19. OTTAWA; NOVEMBER 5, 1904. Whole No. 294.

## Laurier Again Victorious.

THE Canadian general election Nov. 3 resulted in another sweeping victory for the Laurier Administration. At the time of writing full returns have not been received; in fact in half a dozen constituencies voting has not yet taken place, but the ministerial majority is over sixty in a House of 214 members. No political party has for many years received such emphatic endorsement.

In Ontario there are losses and gains, but most of the gains have been made by the Liberals who kept the Conservative majority down to seven or eight. Mr. Aylesworth was defeated and Mr. Foster elected. Toronto remained Conservative, but the Liberals came very near to capturing two out of the five. The other cities went Liberal. In Ottawa the Conservatives made Lord Dundonald the issue so far as they could with the result that they never before got such a thrashing. The Liberal candidates were not only returned but they received majorities away up in the thousands.

The Hon. N. A. Belcourt received 6,277 votes as against 4,806 for his opponent Mr. Birkett, the late member who was again put in the field as the strongest Conservative candidate available. Mr. Belcourt's majority over the French Conservative candidate was 1,749. Mr. Robert Stewart the other Liberal candidate defeated Mr. Birkett by the handsome majority of 1,050. Here was where Lord Dundonald lived while in Canada and it was here that campaign advertising and a brass band brought out, it was said, forty thousand people to bid him farewell. But when it was made an issue at the polls as to whe-

ther an insubordinate servant of the government of Canada should be supported as against constitutional authority the electors, being not over fond of a ribbon, or a scarlet uniform, took the side of Canada and Canadian home rule. The rebuke to the Conservative party for throwing its leader



Sir Wilfrid Laurier.—From a photo by Jarvis in 1896.

into the shade for the sake of a soldier from abroad was a crushing and it is to be hoped an instructive one. Canadians value responsible government too well to allow their servants to dictate public policy, whether in the militia or any other department.

If there was another city in Canada where the Dundonald incident was expected to influence the result it was the garrison city of Halifax where many of the regular soldiers of the British army had votes, but even the leader of the Conservative party failed to be returned in his home in Halifax. The whole province of Nova Scotia went Liberal. Mr. Broden's defeat is generally regretted, but he allowed his party to campaign Tarte, and Blair, and Dundonald—anybody apparently except the official leader, with the re-

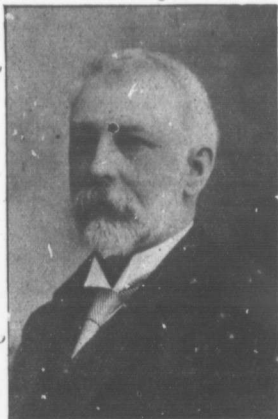
A notable Liberal victory was the city of Winnipeg where the new vote was so large that the result could not confidently be predicted, and in addition there was an independent candidate in the field. Mr. Bole is a representative business man and Winnipeg can always count on him to be loyal to the interests of the West's commercial centre. Mr. Sifton as the minister responsible for the western constituencies, did even better than his friends expected. He has carried five out of the nine seats contested in Manitoba on Thursday, and is



HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON  
The successful leader in the West.

sult that Mr. Borden lost prestige and lost his own seat in Parliament. He proved himself to be a weak leader and it is evident that the Laurier government is in power for many years to come.

Sir Frederick Borden who had the ministerial responsibility for the Dundonald affair, and for the militia of Canada was returned in his own county by the splendid majority of 1,700, more than five times what he had before. Hon. Sydney Fisher was re-elected by a good majority. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was returned for two seats, in each case by thousands.



HON. W. S. FIELDING  
Whose province went solidly Liberal.

certain to get the teeth in a few days. He has again achieved a personal triumph in his own constituency and is reported to have carried all of the ten seats in the Territories. Victoria and Vancouver have both gone Liberal.

It is to be hoped that this is the last time that the Union Jack will be campaigned in a political election. The Liberals are just as good Canadians as the Conservatives and like the Union Jack just as well. But the Liberals seem to value responsible government a little more highly than their opponents.

**T**HE conduct of the Ottawa Citizen during the campaign, whatever the result, was extremely ill advised. It had, of course, the advantage of an ill-informed journalistic opponent, but even that should not have led the Citizen to make the poor campaign it did. The idea of making a Dundonald Day was silly and it turned out to be a frost. The attempt to campaign Lord Dundonald simply played into the hands of the Liberals and supported their contention that he was being used for political purposes. The people declined to vote on the question as to whether Lord Dundonald was pleased or displeased with our system of responsible government. To have that gentleman come out here at our expense and in the capacity of our employe and tell us that intne militia system which had worked well for nearly forty years we were living in a fool's paradise was intolerable and all true Canadians resented it.

We reproduce some of the most striking of the election cartoons from some of the daily papers. The Conservatives had the best of the cartoon business but it was by no means neglected by the Lib-rais. The Liberals had a book of colored cartoons done by Bengougn, which formed by far the most attractive of the campaign literature.

A curious feature of the contest was the cool appropriation by the Conservatives of the Liberal idea of a second transcontinental railway. "A Conservative victory means that a new transcontinental railway will be constructed at once," proclaimed the Ottawa Citizen in large type. This was repeated in nearly all the opposition papers from ocean to ocean. The Winnipeg Telegram went so far as to say in bold type that the Liberal leaders did not want another railway in the west. One can scarcely believe that a great political party could be so dishonest. When the new transcontinental was proposed in parliament the opposition first adopted Mr. Blair's cry, there is no hurry, let us wait. Then Mr. Borden brought down what is known as the alternative policy which contrived a scheme to Winnipeg over existing lines

mostly. That was not another railway for the west so he abandoned the infant and talked of a colonization road over the same route as proposed by the government but to be constructed "gradually", to use his own word. In the campaign a Borden victory was to mean a new through road "at once". In the House Mr. Borden is on record as saying that he did not commit himself to the immediate construction of another through railway. He finally declared in favor of a road to be "owned and controlled by the people," but carefully refrained from including "operation", the very essence of a government railway.

The estimates of results were indeed various. The Winnipeg Telegram announced that Mr. Borden would have 44 majority. The Libreal estimate by provinces was about as follows:—

Ontario.....	38
Quebec.....	53
Nova Scotia....	13
New Brunswick..	7
P. E. Island....	2
Manitoba.....	4
Territories.....	7
British Columbia	4
Yukon.....	1
Total .....	129

In some cases the Liberal estimate for Ontario, for example as given out for publication by Mr. Alex. Smith, was 44, which would mean a Liberal majority in the banner province. The estimate of the Toronto News attracted a good deal of attention. It was as follows:—

	Libs.	Cons.
Quebec.....	53	12
Ontario.....	43	43
Nova Scotia....	11	7
New Brunswick..	5	3
P. Edward Island	2	2
Manitoba.....	3	7
Northwest Terr..	7	3
British Columbia	3	4
Yukon.....	1	0
	128	86

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SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Canada's Prime Minister as he appears to-day.

In its issue of Monday, four days before the election, the St. John Sun, Con., came out with a headline stretched clear across the front page, "Portland stands solidly in support of Laurier" and it proceeded to inform its readers that the railway policy of the government would put the ports of Halifax and St. John out of business. Mr. Fielding, Mr. Emmerson and all the Liberal speakers and press were saying that this policy would have exactly the opposite result, that it would take away from Portland a great part of the export and import trade it now enjoys. Mr. R. L. Borden also used the Portland argument in all his speeches. Is it any wonder that the intelligent elector is sometimes puzzled?

The Auditor General gave to the press a short address to the People of Canada. When Lord Dundonald issued his appeal to the People of Canada the prime minister read to parliament the decision of the British government and the best constitutional authorities there, in the case of Lord Wolseley, how differing from his minister when he was commander in chief of the army, desired to appeal over the head of the government to The People. It was held to be an improper, intolerable, and dangerous thing, and was therefore condemned. If it is an improper thing for an officer of the government to appeal to the people it is manifestly still more improper for an officer of Parliament

to do so. If we are to follow the constitutional lines laid down in England this sort of thing must be condemned in Canada. In the case of the Auditor General his calm and short statement could not do much harm, but in the case of irresponsible and inflammatory appeals and reckless untrue statements such as Lord Dundonald was enabled by a partisan press to disseminate, there is grave danger to established government and law and order.



Geo. E. Foster appealing for votes in North Toronto.



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*Published Weekly.*

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

VOL. 6. NOVEMBER, 5, 1904. No. 19

**T**HE following, taken from the last issue of the London Speaker will give an idea of the Liberal method of campaign against the Balfour government:

On Wednesday the political campaign was vigorously renewed in all parts of the country. Sir Edward Grey of Selby, made very good play with the rival claims of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hugh Cecil to the possession of Mr. Balfour's fiscal conscience. Lord Stanley of Bolton swore to the following articles of faith. He follows Mr. Balfour; he won't commit himself to a food tax, but favors colonial preference; he is, and always will be a Free Trader! Mr. Winston Churchill made a really brilliant oration at Llandudno, his powerful argument being that national extravagance is the direct cause of the distress and want of employment. "Mr. Chamberlain says the cause of the depression is not his extravagance; it is the competition of the wicked foreigner." But the wicked foreigner was just as wicked and competitive before the Boer War, when Consols were at 113 and the country was full of employment and prosperity. Mr. Churchill made a tremendous attack on the hopeless inefficiency and extravagance of the army administration. He ended with a fine plea for justice and liberty as more trustworthy weapons of defence than armaments. "We have doubled our armaments. Have we doubled our security?" Mr. Lloyds-George on the same night held another enthusiastic meeting against the education policy of the government. At Clacton, Lord Carrington gave his experience as an agricultural landlord. Sir Howard Vincent at Sheffield claimed Mr. Balfour as a Protectionist, and Sir J. Dickson Poynder promised his constituents that he would stand against a Fiscal Reformer as an Independent Free Trader. He promised to support education

reform, taxation of ground values, and strong measures of retrenchment in the army and other branches of expenditure. Mr. Churchill seems to have gone clean over to the Liberals and at Carnarvon predicted that the Liberal Party after twenty years of paralysis is about to be reconstructed in all the strength and majesty that pertained to it in Gladstonian days.



Lord Charles Beresford on the flagship of the Channel squadron.



A Toronto Star cartoon of the itinerant Foster in North Toronto after his virulent speech against the Liberals.

## The Story of the Treasure in Cocos Island.

**A**IDED by the ships of Lord Cochrane, that romantic child of adventure, some Chilean and Argentine troops, commanded by General San Martin succeeded in 1820 in landing upon the coast of Peru. So great was the success of his arms that by July of the following year San Martin was able to proclaim the independence of the land which since the days of the intrepid Pizarro had remained a Spanish Colony. But, if their crowning victory at Ayacucho delivered the Peruvians from the weight of the Spanish fetters, the same stirring event produced a civil war, and from 1825 until the closing days of 1839, the former kingdom of the Incas became a seething cauldron of bloodshed and strife.

Salavery, Andre de Santa Cruz, and Gamarrá were Presidents of the young republic during this period: Salavery was a Basque, a poet and a boy warrior; Santa Cruz, who claimed descent from the Incas, was less of a general than a statesman; and Gamarrá had once been in the service of the Spanish Viceroy; but he was a brave patriot, though he hated constitutions, and once cleared Congress with the bayonets of his devoted soldiers. It was probably during Gamarrá's term of office that, warned by the exultant shouts of Chilean auxiliaries and Peruvian revolutionaries the trembling citizens of Lima realizing how feeble was the protection afforded by the vaults of their banks, and the altars of their churches resolved to confide their treasures and sacred ornaments to the garrison of the old fort at Callao. The anxious watchers in the fort observed a brig floating at anchor in the harbour; from her peak fluttered

a British flag and her name was the *Mary Dear*.

Perhaps the recollection of Cochrane's brave deeds inspired the hope that, behind the bulwarks of a British ship, a safe sanctuary might be found than within the ramparts of the Callao fort; in any case it was decided to crave the protection of Captain Thompson, master of the English brig; and jewels, coin and specie to the value of twelve million dollars were accordingly stored in the hold of the *Mary Dear*. To Thompson and his crew, men accustomed to a life of hardship and whose livelihood depended upon the precarious commerce of those waters the presence of twelve million dollars in the hold was irresistible temptation; the turmoil of revolution ashore provoked the hope that their crime might escape detection, that some chance, born of revolutionary times, might cover up their flight. Under the veil of darkness Thompson and his men cut the throats of the guardians of the treasure, slipped their cable, and put to sea.

In latitude 5° 33' N, longitude 86° 59' W, that part of the Pacific where prevailing calms render it difficult of access to sailing ships, there lies a deserted rocky island known by the name of Cocos; this was the mark of Thompson and his piratical crew. The *Mary Dear*, built perhaps with the sinister design of showing a clean pair of heels to any too inquisitive revenue cutter, successfully evaded her pursuers—for pursuers there were—bore up for this lonely resort of pirates, and cast anchor at Wafer Bay at Cocos Island. As she swung to her cable and dipped her prow to the heavy rollers of the Pacific, we may



hope that she had struck her British Ensign and had hoisted the "Jolly Roger"—true symbol of her trade.

The Admiralty chart of today shows two inlets on the north of the island, the rest of the coast line being unsurveyed; these are the Chatham and Wafer Bays; in the latter a modern battleship might ride at anchor, while the former appears full of shallows; the shore is rocky, and many creeks give outlet to the sea for the many streams of fresh water which flow down from the steep hills of the island. Thompson distributed some portion of his spoil amongst the crew, while the rest was carried in eleven boat loads around the headland which divides Wafer from Chatham Bay, and there he landed the treasure on the beach. Thompson had been to Cocos before; he knew how well this desert rock lent itself to the purpose, and, in particular he had learnt of a cave cut by some cunning Peruvian cave dweller of old-time where he meant to conceal the harvest of his crime; it is said that he shot the two men who helped him in his work of concealment, for "dead men tell no tales!"

The Mary Dear spread her white wings to the wind and ran from the land. The trampling surf in Wafer Bay may have sounded in Thompson's ears like the warning tread of inexorable justice, as, before the lofty peaks of Cocos had disappeared below the horizon, a Peruvian gunboat hove in sight. Betrayed by the calms and threatened by the guns of the warship, the pirate captain surrendered, seemingly without a fight perhaps the cunning, selfish brain of the scoundrel foresaw the inevitable saffpass which must be granted to the sole possessor of the key to twelve million dollars. The master and mate were spared that they might show the treasure cave to the Peruvians, but the crew of the Mary Dear were mercilessly shot or hanged; and the warship stood on her way to the Cocos island; here Thompson and his companion, the two sole survivors of twelve, were landed under an armed escort. But the desperate outlaw was a man of resource, and he and the mate manage to escape from their guard, hiding themselves

among the caves and undergrowth. For four days armed parties roamed on the island, searching for Thompson and his mate, and pouring volleys into every piece of thick scrub or likely shadow. At the end of this time the warship hoisted her anchor and stood away, leaving to the hideous fate of starvation as was supposed, the survivors of the Mary Dear. Thompson and his mate, however, contrived to support life on berries and eggs and such produce as the island could provide until taken off by a vessel which had called for water at Cocos; passing themselves off as shipwrecked sailors the late captain and mate of the Mary Dear ere landed on the mainland, Thompson to disappear for a while, the mate to die at Pontarene in Costa Rica by the hand of that perennially successful pirate, "Yellow Jack," who is no respecter of persons, and would just as soon strangle the possessor of a clue to twelve millions as an ordinary able-bodied sailor before the mast.

It was during the year 1897 that Rear Admiral Jones commanded on the Pacific station; his flag was hoisted on the Imperieuse, and he knew the western coast of the American continent as some West-End clubmen know Pall Mall.

The Admiral was once the guest of the President of the Peruvian Republic, and he consequently had heard the tales of lost specie and pirate treasure hidden on Cocos Is and—tales which were confirmed in every port of the Pacific coast. The governor of the Lima bank even treasures the tradition of twelve million dollars, lost through the piracy of the captain of the Mary Dear while the records of Peru relates the capture, trial and sentence of Thompson and his companions.

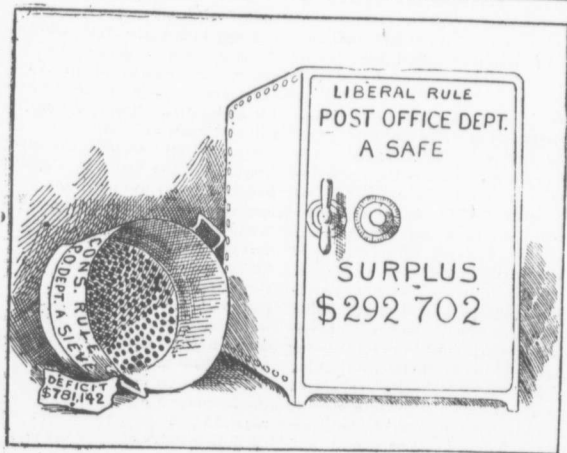
The Admiral is an Irishman, with all the Irishman's love of adventure and it required little to inspire him with the resolution to try and win the prize which so many had sought for in vain. After mess, one night, in the ward room of the Imperieuse, the conversation turned on the subject of the Cocos treasure, and excitement ran high when a Canadian present declared that he was confident of being able to lay his hands on the lost Pera-

vian millions if he could but set foot on the island. The officers begged the Admiral to allow them to steam the flagship to Cocos and prosecute a search. The Admiral consented, and in less than forty eight hours the Imperieuse had cast anchor in Wafer Bay. The tradition ran that Thompson had landed eleven boats of treasure in Wafer Bay and had buried his booty in the sand. Three hundred sailors and marines were accordingly landed, and for two days they dug and tunnelled, and blasted the rocks with dynamite under the direction of their Canadian guest, but their search was fruitless. So considerable had been their efforts, however, that their excavations will remain a mark for all time, and subsequent disappointed treasure seekers maintain that the Admiral has spoilt the chance of future expeditions by obliterating all traces, and thus rendering any clue valueless. The blasting of

some rocks by dynamite let loose a stream which some declare effectually guards the secret hiding place of Thompson's ill-gotten gains.

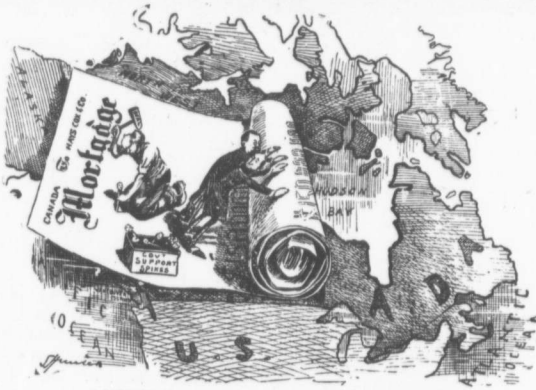
Unlike other departments of British administration, the Admiralty is little given to encourage romantic expeditions, even of so harmless a nature as treasure seeking on a desert island; or it may be that only those unprovoked descents on foreign countries are sanctified which are under the aegis of alien financiers and the Colonial Office. In any case, on the return of Admiral Jones the Sea Lords of Whitehall cabled a sharp rebuke to him—the Imperieuse was to be the last British warship to visit the island—henceforth Cocos was tabooed.

On the return of the Imperieuse to the mainland the account of the Admiral's expedition appeared in the Press.



An election cartoon from the Victoria B. C. Times showing old Post Office deficit and the new surplus.

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A VOTE FOR THE GOVERNMENT IS A VOTE FOR THE MORTGAGE.

A striking cartoon by Hunter in the Toronto World entitled "A Vote for the Government is a Vote for the Mortgage."

OUR LATEST PICTURE



Taken expressly for friends in the old country

A Fergus Kyle cartoon, representing Laurier with the twins, "Unity" and "Progress."

# LIZ.

By Margery Williams

LIZ had been nine and-a-half eversince her seventh birthday. This was in tribute to the efficacy of a rule in force at various art schools to meet any possible interference from philanthropic societies. It was a well-meaning rule and as potent as many excellent things. When occasionally conscientious persons asked her age, she replied with a glibness rendered perfect by four years' habit. She knew the ways of every art-school in the city, and her small, attenuated body, her red hair and greenish eyes were as familiar to students as the plaster casts in the antique gallery. She had almost the dignity of a classic. Her freckled, unchildlike face held the old-fashioned look which comes only to children who have been at hand-grips with circumstances. There was at times something uncanny in her gaze. It was furtive, derisive, infinitely experienced. It had the appalling solemnity of the ages.

She posed for the night classes of a suburban art school. Every evening from seven till ten she sat perched on the model-throne, a thin little figure, all lengths and angles, shivering under the glare of the electric light. She had all the tricks of the child model—the perpetually hitching and wriggling, the pathetic glances towards the clock which hung just out of sight on the wall behind her. She resembled a small beetle stuck on a pin.

Before her the floor of the big ugly room was a forest of easels obstructing heads held in various positions of intentness. Green-shaded electric bulbs hung like tro-

pical blossoms from swaying stems. Eyes were turned upon her with a fixed impersonal regard, comparing and criticizing. She returned their gaze with a stolid antagonism, almost a contempt. To her these twenty students were things as wooden and unimportant as the easels behind which they worked. Seated aloft she had the supreme pride of the indispensable.

The atmosphere of the class room was that of a hot house, close and vitiated and filled with the mingled smell of varnish and hot air pipes and turpentine. It was a part of Liz's pride that she had never been known to faint. She had a profound contempt for models who fainted. She held her post doggedly, even when the room seemed to fill with a soft black mist, and the easels rocked and wavered, and voices and the scratching of palette knives were remote sounds in a vast engulfing stillness. She could feel the stillness like a drowsy tide, lapping closer till it crept up and touched her limbs, and she knew that if she had shut her eyes she would be swept away. She set her teeth and blinked back at the electric light beating down on her like a fierce white sunshine. The clock ticked away interminable minutes, while she fixed her gaze on one bulb and outstared it resolutely, till her eyes smarted and she could see only that writhing white hot thread against a dissolving background. It shrank and expanded, changed to a hundred menacing shapes, drew to sudden huge proportions and swam close to her . . . and then from the other side of a black world the monitor's voice

said reluctantly: "Rest," and she roused with a jerk and slid down unsteadily to the unsteady floor.

The students were kind to her after a fashion—the girls of the costume class particularly. They patted her, buttoned her frocks, occasionally gave her candy. She met their overtures with an unresponsive gravity, the attitude of the worker towards the dilettante. They were an impulsive and youthful set, and she had the effect at times of making them appear infantine. When they clustered about her in the rest hour she regarded them stolidly. They tried to involve her in confidences about her home life, but without success. Liz was the sixth of an improvident Irish family, and she knew that her home life did not bear mentioning.

There was only one student in whom she took a personal interest. He was senior student of the night class. The night class had on the whole a reputation for taking itself seriously, and this student in particular emphasized the tendency. He was a tall young man with an untidy brown head and a trick of whistling reflectively over his work. He was generally the first to come and the last to leave. Three out of four nights in the week when Liz arrived he was there, his easel adjusted to the chalk marks on the floor, working over the efforts of the night before. He always nodded to her as she came in, a quaint shabby little figure and passed across to the screen which was her improvised dressing room. Liz came to look for his greeting which established between them a tacit friendship. His easel stood among those nearest the model throne, and from her post of vantage Liz could watch him as he worked. When her cramped, childish muscles refused obedience, and the other students complained indignantly that she had moved, she would watch his brown eyes lifted to her with a kindly smile. He was the only one of the class who ever seemed to realize how tired she got. Once or twice he had noticed the forlorn droop of her head as the clock tolled slowly to the half hour, and had called the rest two minutes too soon. The second time there was an indignant altercation in which the tall

student held his ground unmoved. Liz, listening, felt her heart swell with the first real gratitude she had ever known.

Gradually she came to have for the tall student a sort of distant hero-worship, the idiosyncratic attachment of the very small girl for the grown up man. She lived solely for those three hours of the night class, and their routine became a joy of service. She would hold the pose, unwavering to the last minute, as long as his brush hovered before the canvas. If he smiled at her she dwelt in paradise, if as more often happened, absorbed in his work, he took no notice of her beyond the impersonal regard of the artist, she sat sullen and abandoned of the gods. She nursed her adoration in secret as a miser nurses gold; her small unnoticed soul thrilled to strange depths. It was a quaint little drama, and it was natural that the only person in the class room who remained unconscious was the tall student himself. Dismissed at the end of the class she used to hang about the big echoing hall, with its marble staircases and big marble statues, on the chance of seeing him as he went out. He passed hurriedly by, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with others, laughing and chatting, and never saw her. She came early and lingered near his easel, watching him put out his colours. She stood by his shoulder while he put in reflective touches here and there, his brows knitted and his head held critically on one side. Sometimes he scarcely knew she was there. If he spoke to her beyond the habitual mechanical greeting, she stood confused and tongue-tied a small guilty criminal, convicted of her guilt. Sometimes other students came early too, and then she hated them with a deep and jealous hatred. She recognised in their chance intervention between herself and her idol a conspiracy of the universe.

It drew near the end of the series of sittings, and Liz counted the evenings one by one. There were two lost and desolate nights when the tall student never came at all. Another student took his place, and Liz had no heart in her work. She posed like a rag doll, and bitter complaint came from various quarters of the

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class room. She heard them, and her greenish eyes hardened to sullenness. She was all but openly rebellious. Her grievances against fate expended itself on the unoffending class; she hated them.

On the last evening he was there when she arrived, already in position, making up for lost time. It was a cold, snowy night, and as Liz halted by his easel, the wet snow which had clung to her small, clumsy boots melted into little pools on the class room floor. The student looked up and smiled at her.

"Well, it's a cold night!" he said. "Aren't you wet? Why don't you go over by the stove and get warm?"

She smiled back at him, the half-bashful smile that sat so oddly on her grave, unchildish face. Something in her look appealed to him; in his suburban home he had a small sister just Liz's age. He put his arm round her and pulled her close to his chair.

"Well, do you think that's like you?" he said.

Liz looked at the canvas, then back at him, flushing to the roots of her red hair. "I dunno," she said.

He picked up a tube from an open paint box at his feet and began to squeeze out colour on his palette. She still hung near, wistful, expectant. But he went on with his work; presently other students came in there was a clatter of tongues, a scraping of easels. The clock-hands ticked to seven and Liz crept disappointedly away.

One of the newcomers lounged across the room, pulling on a linen painting coat. "That kid's taken a fancy to you, Guild!"

"Rats!" said the tall student.

There was a smaller attendance than usual, owing to the stormy night. The evening had never seemed so short to Liz. The approaching reorganization of holiday-time had affected the class. Even the Visitor fell under the spell of geniality. He had arrived late, wearing a dress suit under his overcoat. He forgot for once to be sarcastic, and even smiled at Liz as he crossed the floor. The spirit of the last night of the session remained unchecked.

Ten o'clock struck and the class broke up.

Some of the students had left earlier. Those who remained were gathering together their belongings, exchanging holiday plans as they hunted for missing brushes and struggled into coats. Someone of the day class had taken someone else's painting jacket; it was discovered at last and hurled hilariously from head to head. Liz dressed very slowly. On the other side of the screen she could hear the tall student talking to a companion. She felt an odd, empty sensation, that was akin to homesickness, had she ever known what homesickness was. Presently the voices lapsed into silence; there were final good-nights and the fading echo of feet along the corridor outside.

Liz came out from behind the screen. The big room was all but deserted. The tall student remained; he was buckling a strap round his paint box and the two finished canvases.

"Hallo, kiddie!" he said, "I thought you'd gone. Want your frock buttoned?"

She came over to him slowly, and he left his task to fumble with the shabby button-holes.

"So it's the last night," he said. "Guess you'll be glad of a holiday, won't you?"

Liz did not answer. Her face was averted from him, and a lump rose in her throat. She battled with it fiercely.

"That's fixed," he said at last. "Well, good night."

She turned and faced him, shifting from one foot to the other. Her face flushed hotly, and she wriggled with deep embarrassment.

"I'll—wash your brushes for you," she stammered finally.

The tall student smiled at her.

"O! thanks; but I've got 'em all done up," he returned. "I guess they'll do when I get home."

He bent over his paint-box again. Liz watched him put the strap through the last fastening. Her shyness once conquered, she felt the courage that comes of despair; the eager clutching at a forlorn hope. She drew a circle with her toe on the floor and gulped. The student glanced at her expectantly. She gulped again.

"I'll come an' pose for yer anytime you

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want me. An'—an' you needn't pay me nothin'!"

The student straightened his shoulders, looking down at her curiously. There was something uncomfortable in the gaze of her greenish eyes, fixed on him imploringly like those of a small dog. He put his hands in his pockets.

"Why, that's very good of you," he said.

"I'll remember if I ever need you. They've got your address downstairs, haven't they? I'll remember."

"I'll come anytime you want me," Liz repeated.

It was the only gift she could lay at the feet of her idol.

The janitor, treading heavily came along the corridor and looked in at the door. Seeing the student still there, he switched half the lights off and went on his way.

"Get your coat on, kiddie," said the student, "and I'll see you to a car."

So it happened that for the first and last time Liz passed out of the class room side by side with her hero.

Charwomen were at work on the lower floors. The long corridors and bare staircase echoed to the clatter of brooms and pails. The familiar plaster casts loomed ghostly in the dusk of the big entrance hall. They passed under the shadow of the winged shadow of Victory, at the foot of the stairs, to the glass swing-doors. Outside it was snowing still, a fine driven flour, caught and held by the wind. Street and sidewalk were muffled inch deep in a white stillness. The student paused in the vestibule to turn his collar up.

"Whew, it's a night!" he said. "Where do you get your car—on the corner?"

They had a street to walk. Liz kept up with his big strides, her feet sinking at each step into the half frozen snow, which creaked like silk to the tread. The keen night air, after the closeness of steam heated rooms, reacted upon her exhilaratingly. She walked upon air.

At the corner they halted under the circle of the big electric lamp, against which snow flakes whirled black. The car was

a good while coming. They could hear its approach, muffled and remote, a long way up the deserted street. The student stamped his feet to keep them warm. He touched Liz's cheek. It was burning, but her hands were purple with cold, and she shivered.

"Frozen, are you?"

"No-no," said Liz.

Her voice quivered. He glanced down at her small freckled face under the lamp and saw that she was crying, swallowing down sob after sob.

"Why, what's the matter, kiddie?" he said. "What are you crying for? Are you very cold?"

Liz clenched her hands glaring down at the trodden snow.

"Nothin'," she gulped. "An' I ain't cryin' neither!"

The car drew inexorably nearer; its headlight grew like a large unwinking eye out of the dusk. To Liz it was the engine of fate. The student felt in his pocket, doubtfully. He was poor, but it was near Christmas. He stepped out and hailed the car from the roadway.

He felt vaguely sorry as he helped her up the steps; she was such a bit of a thing to be travelling by herself at night. The inside of the car was cheerful with lights and advertisements.

The conductor waited impatiently with his hand on the bell cord. Liz lifted a small white face appealingly. The tall student half stooped towards it, then drew back. His warm fingers felt her tears and folded them over a half crown.

The car started on. For a moment Liz stood there, transfixed, and her face burned slowly from pink to scarlet. She stared out into the night of whirling snowflakes, which engulfed rapidly the student, the street lamp, the big square outline of the building they left behind. She drew in her breath and hurled the coin from her passionately. It gleamed a second in mid-air, then sank noiselessly from sight into the soft drifted snow of the gutter.

EVENTS.



A cartoon of McConnell's in the Toronto News when Sir Richard Cartwright was appointed to the Senate, entitled "Good Night."