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MAGAZINE

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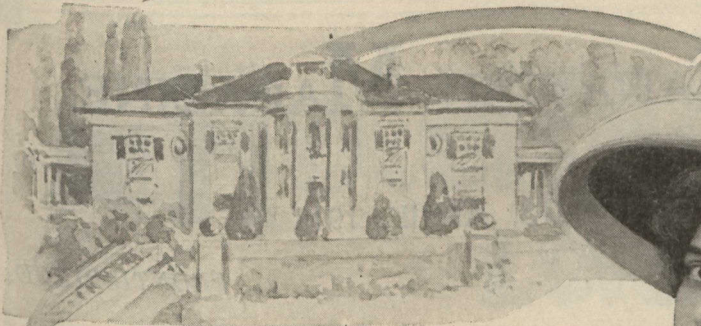
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXVIII.

No. 6

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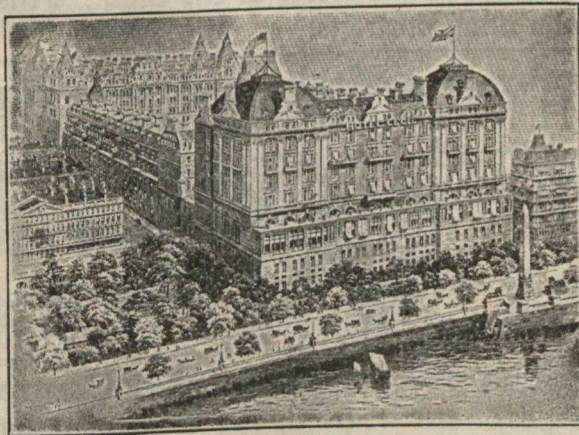
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**THE
MAY**
CANADIAN

Avenging the "Nancy"

To this day you will find at the edge of an island in the Nottawasaga River the bones of the good ship *Nancy*, whose fate during the war of 1812 is in this article recorded by Mary Adelaide Snider. The record embraces also the fate of the United States schooner *Scorpion*, whose hull lies in a muddy creekmouth in Colborne Basin, off the harbour of Penetanguishine.

A Canadian's Recollections of Tel-el-Kebir

A graphic account of this famous battle by a Canadian officer, Major C. F. Winter. There are vivid photographic reproductions.

Music of the Season

Katherine Hale's excellent review of the music of the season, with a number of interesting portraits.

Photography as a Means of Artistic Expression

In this article H. Mortimer-Lamb reveals the possibilities of photography as a fine art and shows by beautiful examples something of what has been accomplished.

Going Fishing

A characteristic Western sketch by Currie Love, who describes the incidentals of a fishing excursion along the Bow River near Calgary.

Maritime Provincialisms and Contracts

The first of a series of articles by F. A. Wightman touching various phases of life and interest in the Maritime Provinces, such as words, phrases and expressions, place names, political and civic practices and common customs, showing in an interesting way some sectional or provincial peculiarities.

A NUMBER OF HIGH-CLASS SHORT STORIES

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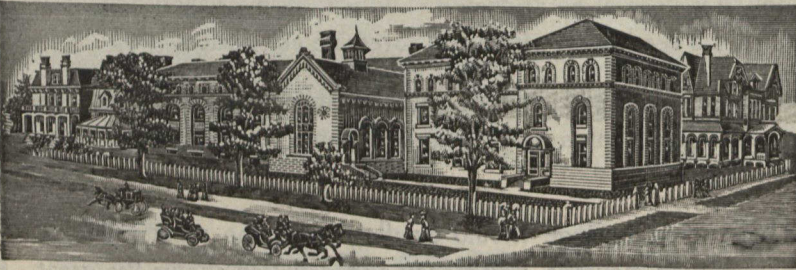
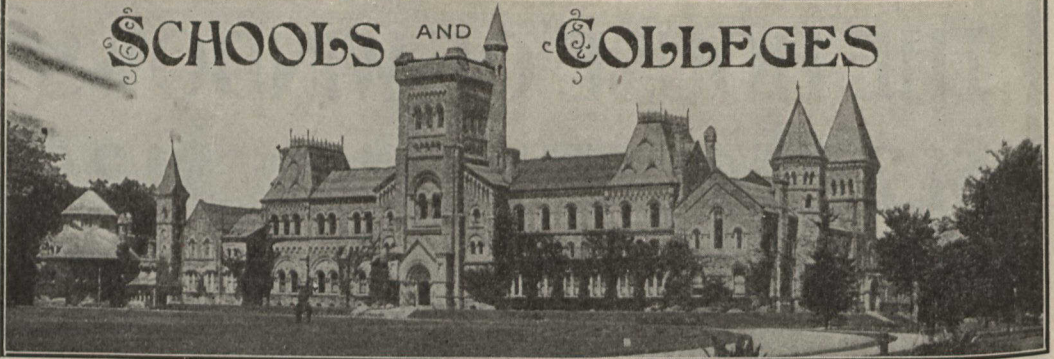
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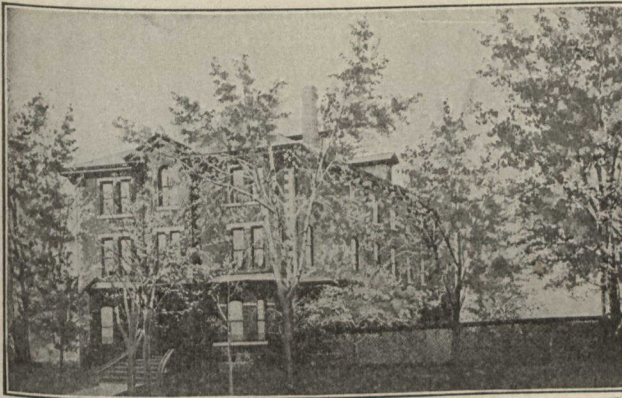
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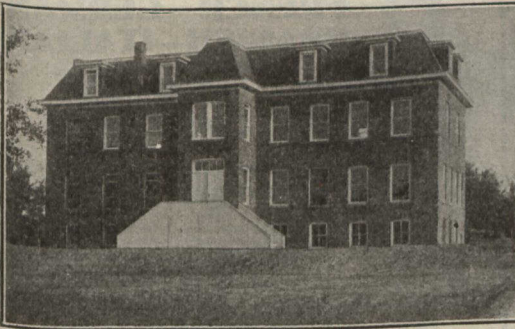


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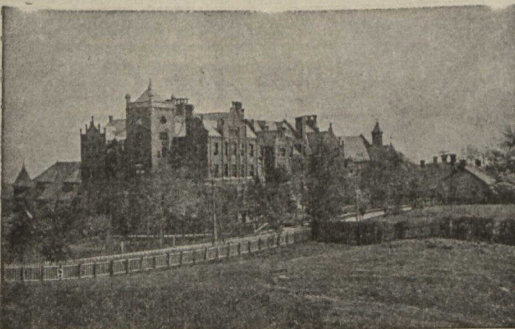
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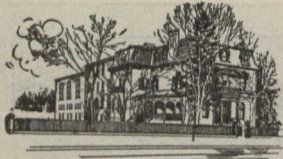
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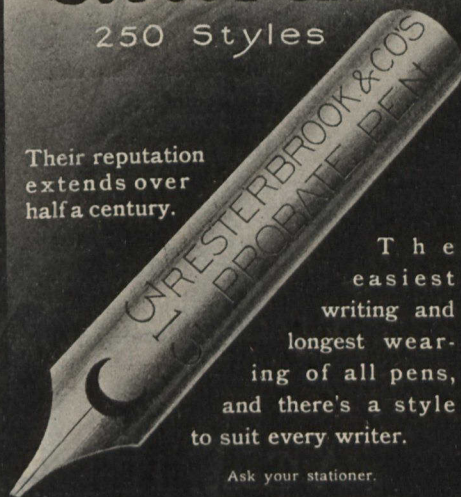
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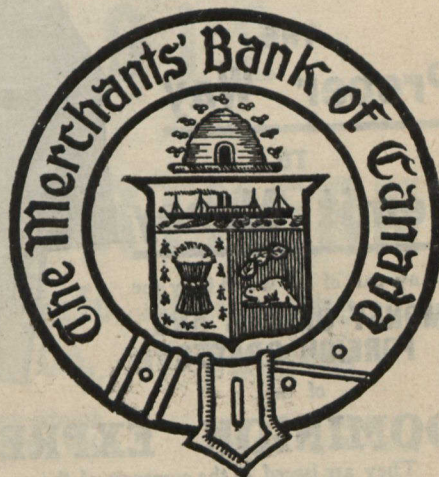
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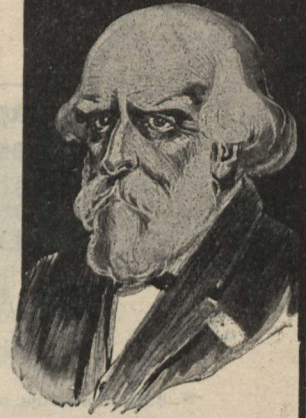
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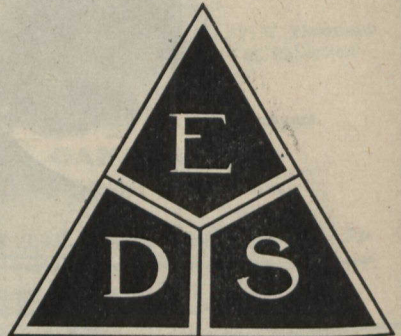
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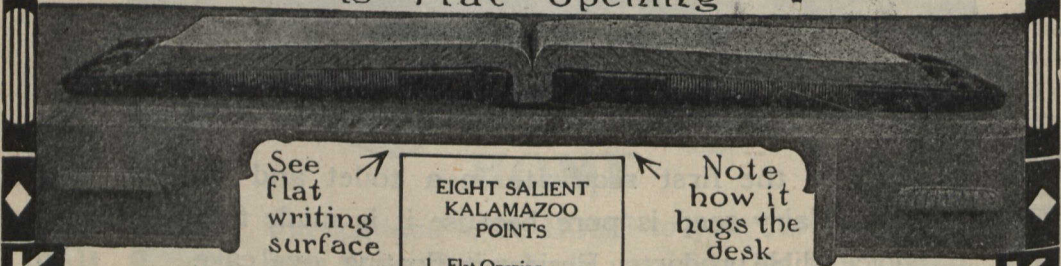
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FROM A PASTEL AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ARCHIBALD BROWNE IN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL GALLERY

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVIII

TORONTO, APRIL, 1912

No 6

JEALOUSY

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD

PROFESSOR EMMETT'S brow was surprisingly low for a pedagogue, and he had other points of beauty apparent not only to his wife, who adored him, but to his fellow-teachers in the academy. One of these assistants, Miss Braithwaite, boarded in his house, being a distant connection of Mrs. Emmett's. She had come to their city from Chicago, and Professor Emmett's first impression of her was that she spelled Culture with a larger C than any other person he had yet chanced to encounter, and he anticipated with an almost boyish love of mischief the pleasure it would give him to scratch the polished surface of her intellectual pretences.

It was Theocritus who first made them really acquainted. Emmett was passing through the class-room one day while she was instructing the "literature class," and he overheard some opinions of hers on the Syracusean poet which he knew were her own and not borrowed, and which implied an acquaintance born of long and close association. Apparently she had grown up with the poet as with a brother or father. That he could ever have supposed her shallow

now began to puzzle him, until he reflected that a clever woman will often assume superficiality for the sake of pleasing the superficial people with whom she is inevitably brought into contact.

It is quite possible that this adaptability, added to an appearance of critical and fastidious reserve, was a part of Miss Braithwaite's novelty for Francis Emmett. He was fond of refined, graceful and sympathetic women, and he had found them extremely easy to get on brotherly terms with. His theory was that women value brotherliness above all other manly qualities; and in the scanty social hours snatched from the gormandising of books he plied them with this quality in a superfluous degree. He made not the slightest attempt to conceal his moods from them—sparkling, sullen, sad, jovial, boisterous; spiritually speaking they took him as they found him.

The only mood in which the women of his acquaintance discovered him to be entirely insufferable was the one in which, having been carelessly set on fire by statements contravening his pet literary theories, he would crackle and snap, blaze and roar for hours

together, to the imminent deadly boredom of his enforced listeners. That slightly vacant look which, among the refined and sympathetic, is the only permissible sign of inward torpor, was visible on every face when he paused for breath. His wife's face was no exception; but how was it possible for the inexpressiveness of unawakened intellect to mar a cheek of such pure and perfect roundness and lips as sweet as raspberries? "She is too young to think," was his inward defence of her mental shortcomings when he married her. That was twelve years ago; and now as he looked at her and their children he said with the forgivable irrelevance of a married lover, "She has made my home a paradise."

The newcomer into this Eden was neither angel nor serpent. She was a woman of the artificial world, as incapable of self-sacrifice, of deep feeling and real passion as warm water in a sunny window is incapable of boiling. Her enthusiasms, prettily expressed by aid of handclasps, superlatives of the less familiar adjectives, and exclamations, were quite as genuine in their way as the outflowing lava of a volcanic nature. Miss Braithwaite, indeed, had a poor opinion of outflowings, volcanic or otherwise, which transcended the limits of good form.

To poor Laura Emmett, who supposed Lucretius to have been a woman, and who mentally supplied the missing aitch in Ben Jonson's name, imagining its omission due to a British irregularity in the matter of aitches, the long evenings of literary chit chat between her husband and cousin were naturally not very interesting. It struck her as distinctly odd that any cause for animated discussion should arise out of the opinions of any critic upon any author, or out of a comparison between a given critic's opinions and the opinions of a number of his contemporaries. After the

critics and the critics of the critics had been disposed of it was necessary to get a full hearing of the views of Francis Emmett and Cora Braithwaite, together with quotations, partially remembered, but frequently patched out by excursions to the library, from this pathetic chapter and that incomparable passage. And then they considered the probable sources of the author's inspiration, the people he wrote for, his relatives, his discouragements, and everything that was the author's.

At the close of so much conversation it was only to be expected that Francis should stretch out his long legs, put out his arm until it rested caressingly on the back of his wife's chair, and inquire cheerily, "Got any lemons, Lollie? My throat's as dry as an ash-barrel." When it was discovered that there were none, he kicked off his slippers, pulled on his shoes, and went after some. In his absence Cora's talk lapsed so naturally and unaffectedly into discourse on bibs, baby-bottles and croup cures, together with spontaneous reminiscences as to the smart sayings of little Jacky Emmett, that Laura's generous heart warmed to her, and they all joined in pleasant talk over the lemonade.

After a dozen of these evening talks on literary subjects, Laura assured herself frequently that she liked Cora and was glad she lived with them. She made the evenings so agreeable to Francis, who, prior to her coming, had occasionally been dull in the hours before bedtime, semi-occasionally a little cross, and often a self-made prisoner in the library with a book that his wife did not wish or have time to share. On Saturdays he was away with his boys to the woods or the lake; or when it rained he read to them by the hour. With the exception of two or three congenial associates he had no love for his fellow-men. Once, when his

wife, with an urgency for which she herself could not account, induced him to attend a political meeting, he groaned through the preparations and left her with a kiss of magnanimous forgiveness. But in twenty minutes he came blithely back again.

"The place was crowded with roaring monsters and smelt to heaven, so I came back to you," was his serene explanation, as he faced Cora under the library lamp. "And to you, too," he quickly added as he became aware that his wife was in the room.

The two ladies had united in a search for "John Halifax, Gentleman," which Cora now declared her intention to read aloud to Laura.

"Oh, very well," said Francis, without enthusiasm, "read ahead."

He sat down, with a face of dreary vacancy. To this Cora paid not the slightest attention, being resolved for one night at least to lift from her own spirit the conscious heaviness of her cousin's downcast face. It was now Francis's turn to look dull and absent, and to make irrelevant remarks. It seemed to him that there was an expression of almost malicious pleasure in the hand with which Cora turned page after page. Laura, who in her husband's absence would have enjoyed the narrative, suddenly turned to him, exclaiming:

"This isn't fair; I am getting all the pleasure. Francis, please bring a book of your choosing for you or Cora to read aloud."

He arose with alacrity, and was soon reading for the twentieth time "The Bible in Spain," which Laura supposed to be a religious work, until bursts of laughter, interspersed with such exclamations as, "Isn't Borrow a droll rogue?" and "Oh, the delicious rascal!" harassed her with doubts.

These impromptu literary evenings were often varied with argument, in which Cora stoutly maintained her position, and brought to its defence

numberless quotations and the well-considered fruits of wide reading. In these disputes she was cool even when her opponent grew heated, and even when she was manifestly worsted in battle. She laughed the easy, unforced laugh of pure pleasure when a ridiculous light was thrown upon her own convictions. She had certainly an acute sense of humour.

Laura, whose heart burned and froze in consecutive moments of emotion, and who, if she had disputed any subject with her husband as many minutes as Cora had hours, must infallibly have lapsed into hopeless and humiliating tears—Laura looked on this elegant nonchalance with envious wonder. Did the secret of happiness come only to people whose cheeks never crimsoned, whose pulse never galloped, whose hands never trembled, whose hearts never broke?

In an empty hour before bedtime she went up to her room and tried to face the thing out. From below came the sound of voices talking on and on. There were the familiar inflections used by her husband in argument, in narration, in earnest exposition, in the picturesque derision infallibly accompanied by Cora's continuous applauding laughter. There was the pause in which her apt question or comment or quotation acted as a spur to a mind already at its best. In this grand rush of fancies, theories, facts, citations, and reminiscences Cora felt the keen zest of a horsewoman on a mettlesome charger. His tirelessness would have kept him talking all night, but as the clock struck ten she was careful to assume the weariness she did not feel, and this brought him at once to his feet. She rose also, and apropos of her fatigue he told her the latest funny thing about the stupid boy in his class who was held never to be really awake till broad noon. She retaliated with an even better anecdote about the

oversmart boy in her class; and these, with sundry repartees and much laughter, kept them in lively communication up to the head of the stairway, where, with a cheerful good-night, they separated.

Laura gave herself a violent little shake, and, hastily pulling out a bureau drawer, pretended to be searching for something in it when her husband entered. He came beamingly forward and put his arm around her. She forced herself to face him with a smile.

"Why did you run away from us?" he asked with tender reproach. His words stung her to sudden anger.

"Us!" she exclaimed. "Us! So you and Cora are the 'Us' of this house?"

"You force us to be so," he said gently. "Why did you come up here to sit alone?"

She began inwardly to appeal to her own love for him to save herself from saying something terrible to him. She leaned against him and drew his arm closer around her.

"It's because I'm so ignorant, Francis," she said. "I either sit in stupid stillness or else ask absurd questions. And it shames me so to hear you say, 'Why, I've just told you it was nothing of the sort, or how could it be when something was something else? I don't know. But I always feel belittled and cheapened somehow when I try to take part in your talks; and when I don't, it is so much more lonesome to be with you than to be alone.'"

"Poor Lollie!"

"And then you don't need me."

"Don't need you! Child, what are you talking about? I need you always when I am in the house. When I don't see you it is as though the bottom had fallen out of everything. You make the reason and the meaning of my existence—don't you understand? You are my life, my heart, my love." He held her with passionate closeness. "Cora gets no

more of me than I would gladly give to a dozen of my big boys at school if they would only listen to me and knew enough to ask the sort of questions that egg me on. Now are you going to give me another cold storage smile?"

She laughed happily against his breast.

"There isn't an atom of sentiment between us," he continued. "Why you jealous little girl, I've been supposing all along that you were proud of my conversational prowess, and that you were happy in the thought that while she was picking up stray scraps of ore the whole mine belonged to you."

"I'll never be a simpleton again," said Laura.

Afterwards, for many successive evenings, she endeavoured to take an interested part in the talks, with such resultant fatigue as might come to a shrub that aspired to be a vine. She had a sense of strain, as of one who has stood too long on tiptoe. In her innermost heart she longed for the old evenings before Cora came, when Francis asked her about the children and the events of the neighbourhood, and had yawned a little before going off to the library. If she was glad that he was happy, as she constantly assured herself, her gladness did not suffice to lighten her spirit. She began to form the habit of returning monosyllabic replies to the others, in response to their infrequent attempts to include her in the conversation; and the time came speedily again when she was glad to escape to her own room from the unbearable solitude of three.

Again her husband came to her with reproachful eyes and tender inquiry. She flung herself to his breast in a passion of sobbing. He protested that he loved her dearly—dearly; that his love had not abated one jot from that of their marriage day.

"Yes, I know—I know," she said.

"But I wish that your love was given to Cora and your liking to me."

"What!" he cried, as a suspicion of her sanity crossed his mind.

"Then I should get four hours' attention from you in a day instead of four minutes."

"Four minutes?"

"Yes. You give me four kisses a day, leaving the house and returning; and each kiss, with the accompanying kind word and look, occupies about a minute. But you talk to Cora from six to ten every night."

"You know I've tried to talk to you," he began, and then a sense of his prodigious selfishness mastered him. "Laura," he said, with sudden determination, Cora shall find another boarding-place, and I will be your friend as well as your lover.

For a moment her gladness enveloped her like a flame, and then the woman's inveterate altruism asserted itself.

"But you will be dull. You will miss the stimulus of her companionship."

"No matter."

"My interests and my prattle will bore you to tears."

"No matter—no matter."

"If you try to instruct me—to enlarge my knowledge—it will be adding another pupil to those who have already wearied you. And I have no taste for books."

"No matter. It is my business to make you happy."

He looked large and splendid in the glow of premeditated self-sacrifice.

"Oh, you grand fellow," she cried, "do you think I will let you give up a perfectly innocent pleasure to suit my narrow, selfish, whimpering nature? No! It's my business to make you happy."

"You are a noble girl."

"No, I'm simply coming to my senses." She smiled up archly at

him, and he marvelled at the ease with which a man can secure his own way by a timely expression of his willingness to sacrifice it.

For several weeks Laura maintained an even serenity of demeanour. Her face was inflexibly pleasant, her eyes wide and full of courageous light, her smile heroic. She had marked out for herself an almost impossible line of duty, and she did not swerve to the extent of admitting to herself that she was committing slow suicide. Even her husband did not guess what she was suffering until an attack of pneumonia prisoned him in bed. This sickness broke her self-imposed calm and filled her heart with an anguish of relief.

"Ah, dearest," she said to him when he was no longer able to speak, "this pain is like the happiness of Heaven compared with the old pain—the old, undying pain of feeling a devil of jealousy in the heart. It is such a humiliating thing to be eaten alive by a devil. But it is all past now. You are with me alone, and I can talk to you out of my heart. Such a sore heart—such a tortured heart. And oh, darling, the blessed relief of having you sick and suffering and all my own. The doctor says you will die, and your death is the only thing that can take me out of hell—that can free me from the devil. Cora will forget you; she will find others to talk to. And I will remember only that with you in Heaven our love is perfect—nothing can come between us; while with you on earth there was always the hell of my own selfishness between."

When Cora entered the room Laura was kneeling at the bedside, with her dead husband in her arms. She looked up with her natural, effortless, luminous smile.

"It is a lovely thing to die," she said. "My husband never seemed so near to me as now."

THE AWAKENING OF BOBBY

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

THE boy was mad. You could see that with the naked eye. When a young man stalks up a hill, and, after damning the whole Canadian Militia from start to finish, proceeds to write out his resignation, you can generally find that something has happened.

The trouble in Bobby's case was that he hadn't awakened to the seriousness of the position he held. He was just at the stage in life when the daintiness of a girl's foot is of more consequence than the latest change in the drill book. As a matter of fact, he had taken out his commission because it seemed to be the proper thing for fellows in his set to do, and up to the present moment the height of his military ambition was to gain the favour of Miss Geraldine Smythe, who had the honourary title of Lieutenant and was in command of the nursing staff.

Geraldine, or "Jerry," as she was permitting him to call her, was about five years his senior and a dazzler. She had captivated the hearts of every new subaltern since the days when nursing sisters first made their appearance in camp. But that was all off now, and Bobby wished she would go to the devil along with the colonel, the adjutant, and the rest of the camp, but the adjutant especially. For at drill that morning, when the sun was pouring down on the blistered necks of the men and when everyone's temper was standing on edge, he had chanced for a moment to allow his mind to wander, and in con-

sequence had tangled up his whole company into a hopeless mess.

The men, delighted to have something to alter the monotony, acted as stupidly as possible, and in trying to undo his mistake Bobby became only more and more confused.

Carstairs, the adjutant, spurred his way over and wished aloud that he had "At least one sub who could lead a company as well as a set of lancers."

The men grinned, Judson, the other lieutenant, laughed aloud, and Bobby flamed scarlet and licked his lips.

The axe had fallen! Didn't that show that Carstairs knew "Jerry" had promised him the first set at the hop that very evening? Also the third waltz and a couple they had agreed to sit out?

During dinner the mess jibed at him till he finally rose and struck the adjutant for permission to absent himself from drill that afternoon.

He got it, too. Consequently he was up here now biting the end of his fountain pen as he tried to frame up a suitable resignation.

He could think of nothing bitter enough. He wanted to show the Colonel and his clique what he thought of them. Then they would come and beg him to reconsider, and he would politely bow them out of the tent.

It seemed very pretty, and he chuckled to himself as he re-read the fiery little document in which he had crystallised all the heat of the July

sun before laying it temporarily aside.

It was a beautiful summer's day as he lay there on the warm rock, chin in his hands. The sound of military music came up faintly from the distant fields, and once or twice the flash of the sun on bayonets caught his eye as the little rows of red dots moved back and forth across the field practising the march past for the morrow's review.

Presently his glance fell on the grain that was tossing restlessly in the field immediately before him. The heat from the sun poured down, the dancing grain fascinated him, his portfolio fell out of his hand, and he fell asleep.

*

The long column of troops wound over the dusty road. The dust rose in great swirls from round the men's feet, and, rising, gathered black and choky in their nostrils. The boy marched along as game as anyone, but wondering why and where they were going. The scene had all the grimness of war, but surely troops would not be marched clad as these were clad.

An average of one officer in ten carried a field-glass, some were fortunate enough to own water-bottles, and most of them were wearing the one uniform they owned. The men were no better off. A few had great coats slung round their chests, but the majority had discarded them as useless impediments. There was not a haversack nor water-bottle amongst them.

They were marching along, two battalions strong, with a poor attempt at an advanced guard, with but thirty rounds of ammunition and the pleasant prospect of no supply of it, of food, or of reserves to fall back on. Yet, because they were volunteers and had not tasted of war, they were not afraid.

The little column wound on up the

dusty road. Presently a few shots rattled out, and announced that the enemy had sighted them and opened fire. The men deployed with a coolness and alacrity that astonished the enemy, who concluded they had attacked a column of regulars by mistake.

The battle commenced in earnest, and occasionally a bullet would find a mark, and the victim sink sometimes with a despairing cry, but more often in stoic silence.

All was going well, the enemy was falling back inch by inch, when suddenly it was found that the foremost lines of skirmishes had expended the few rounds of ammunition they had in their pouches and there was no further supply available.

Then it happened. The prettiest and most intricate movement possible was performed, under fire, and by volunteers! A line of green-coated riflemen was withdrawn from under a heavy fire and replaced by one of red-coated infantry. It was as prettily done as on parade on the common at Toronto.

Then all at once the fortune of war shifted to the enemy's hands. A couple of mounted men appeared at the flank of the enemy's position. A cry of "Look out for cavalry" sped down the ranks. The bugles pealed out warningly, alarmingly, and commandingly, and the boy found himself the centre of a bristling hedge of steel, the formation that made the British Army what it is.

But the repeating rifle cut great gaps in it. The "square" met its doom, there in that little Niagara orchard. As quickly as a man dropped, his place was taken by another, and the square waited for the coming charge.

But none ever came. The bugles pealed out again, and an attempt was made to extend. Then the sound of "Retire" came from flank to flank, and sullenly, doggedly, the volun-

teers fell back, a few at a time. The boy seized a rifle and, with a few men, made a stand at the cross-roads, then fell back again. The retirement became a retreat. Nothing could stop it.

The boy saw sweating officers cursing and praying by turns to their men, and cheering whenever a few halted to fire a final volley.

But there was no pursuit. The enemy's moral was broken as badly as their own. Was it possible they were as badly equipped? It seemed so.

*

Bobby felt himself shaken roughly. He looked up into the face of the hated Carstairs. Somehow he couldn't avoid noticing the friendliness back of that grizzled visage and could not resent the gruff voice that asked, "What's wrong, old chap? Girl thrown you over?"

Without fearing possible ridicule he told the older man his dream.

Carstairs said simply, "Ridge-way," and began tearing up a sheet of notepaper. Bobby nodded and started to speak; then, recognising the paper, flamed scarlet.

When the last fragment had been rendered unreadable, Carstairs said, "Do you know, son, twenty years ago I came here myself in the same mood. If I had had your chances I would be a colonel now; but I'm not. Let's go down and watch the troops come in."

When they reached the lines the fatigue men were beginning to crowd up along the side of the roadway,

and the dip in the plain just concealed the advancing troops.

Presently a line of helmets showed above the dip, bobbing up and down in time with the music. Then gradually, as if growing up from the ground, the bodies and legs of the men appeared.

As each regiment entered the camp ground it opened out into a column of companies and swept down to a point opposite its lines of tents to its own "March Past."

Then Bobby's regiment appeared. Their boots, gray with dust, their faces and necks burnt to a fiery red, the green dye from their forage caps running in streaks over their faces, and their nostrils black from inhaling dust, the men looked tired, but still "game."

They did not look very smart then, but had not Bobby just seen them a moment ago on another march? And throwing dignity to the winds, he tossed up his cap and cheered.

Carstairs grinned. Then when Bobby asked him to put him on for a course next winter he stuck out his huge, hairy fist and said, "Put it there."

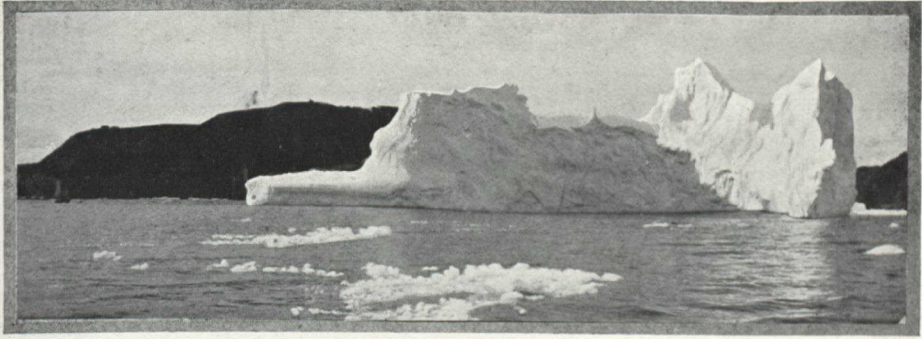
And Bobby never winced as his small hand crackled under the pressure.

But that night when "Jerry" took him to task for breaking an engagement with her, he told her he had been fighting a duel with Captain Carstairs.

And she shook a finger at him and said, "Now, Bobby!"

And they sat out the next three dances.





A STRANDED ICEBERG

THE FLOATING MENACE

THE ICEBERGS OF LABRADOR

BY W. LACEY AMY

NATURALLY we, the ten travelers on the *Solway*, starting on its thousand-mile run down the coast of Labrador, were watching eagerly for the first sign of icebergs. And when, after rounding Cape St. Francis, one of us caught a gleam of white on the far coast of gigantic Conception Bay he made no delay in informing the remaining nine of his find.

The captain was sitting with us in the stern, trying to answer a few of the questions hurled at him by ten passengers who had heard only of Labrador as a place for exploration or Dr. Grenfell's administrations; and when the white spot in the distance was pointed out to him his face suddenly became serious.

"Huh!" was all he said at the moment, and that made it all the more serious.

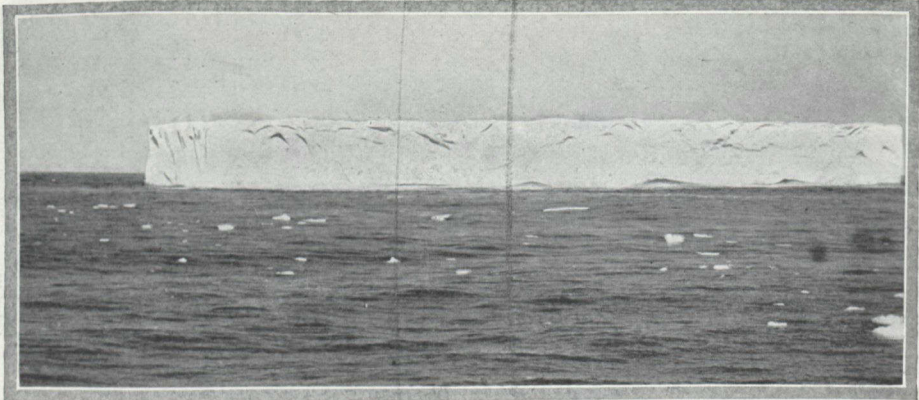
Most of us knew that an iceberg was not a picnic ground, but we had no idea it was so serious as that.

"We'll have to keep a good way outside of that fellow," he added, when the silence had become hysterical among the women.

It certainly was disappointing that a tiny spot of white ice six or seven miles distant should be considered such a terrible thing. Personally, I had expected to see towering pinnacles of gleaming white, and this non-scenic thing was not worth mentioning. In fact, I remembered having seen a picture or two of icebergs off St. John's, Newfoundland, and this did not seem to fit in with them. I looked again at the captain—I had known him merely long enough to be suspicious—but his eyes were as serious as his tone. Fortunately, the mail-clerk was within sight, and around his mouth I recognised the flickerings of an embryo smile. And just then the smile passed broadly into the captain's face.

"Yes, that's an iceberg, all right," he laughed, "a cupful. It's what we call a growler. About two days from now I'll be able to show you a real iceberg."

And he did. We were content to wait, since there was scenery enough along the east coast of Newfoundland to make winter decoration unnecessary. But all the way down to the



A HUGE BLOCK OF ICE

OUTSIDE BATTLE HARBOUR

Straits of Belle Isle growlers showed up here and there, and occasionally farther out at the sea the sun would flash from a real iceberg that had lost much of its size on its travels southward.

In the straits themselves, where the trans-Atlantic passenger on the St. Lawrence route frequently comes within sight of small bergs, there was no trace of ice, except close in on the shore, where stranded chunks were slowly melting in the sun. But once we had passed the Isle, that for which we had been eagerly looking forward began to fill the ocean spaces with a persistence that was almost unnecessary for the gratification of our expectations. Stranded off the north side of the island were no fewer than seven of varying sizes, all of them giants to us at that time, but mere refrigerator pieces to our later experiences. All that afternoon, a Sunday, our course was governed to some extent by the icebergs around us, the captain running the steamer as near as he dared, or swerving a little to keep a respectful distance.

Just before sundown, as we were looking forward to our first stop on the coast of Labrador, a long, low, peculiarly straight-topped iceberg that had been within sight for hours was approached closely enough to

give us some idea of the size to which these floating menaces attain north of the track of navigation. It was remarkably like in shape to the chunk the iceman leaves at the door for you or the sun, but instead of twenty pounds in size this piece was something like three-quarters of a mile long, a third of that in width, and it towered straight up sixty feet. So far as we could see it was level on top, and the only reliefs to the upright sides were the grooves and grottoes of light shadow where a piece had broken off and left a dent in the surface. All season this berg had remained stranded in the same spot, rapidly diminishing in size by pieces that covered the water for a mile around. In June it had been more than two miles long by a half-mile wide—ice enough in sight in one cake to supply Canada for a few summers.

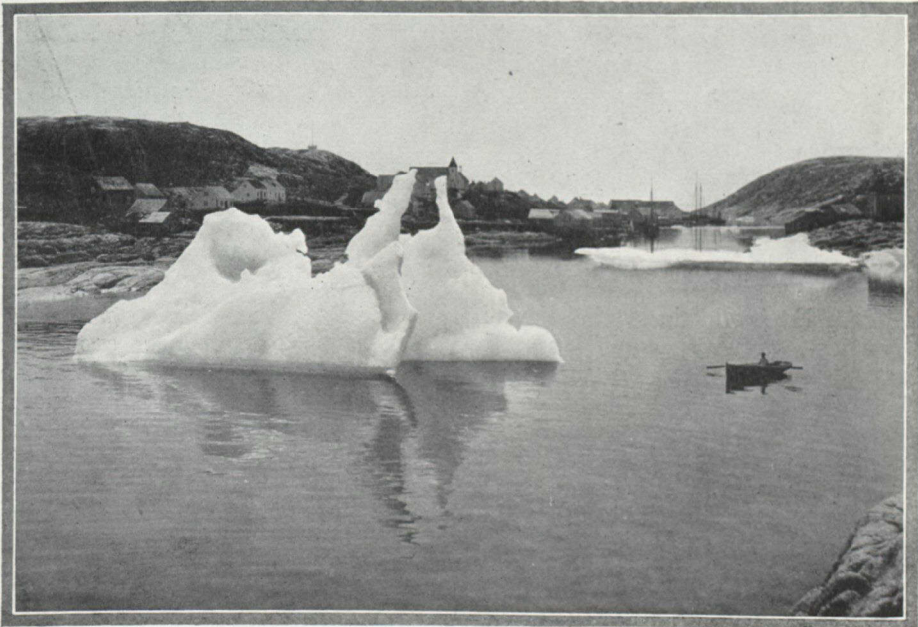
What its real size must have been could be judged roughly from the accepted theory that but one-eighth of an iceberg appears above the water, and from the fact that it was stranded in the ocean a couple of miles from the shore, where the depth had never been fathomed. In its regular course the steamer ran more than a mile inside, but for the benefit of my camera the captain veered towards it

as far as he considered safe. On our return trip, more than a week later, we could see through the moonlight that it had broken into three huge bergs, all still stranded.

Frequently the harbour near which it lay—Battle Harbour—has been closed for weeks at a time by icebergs which come up from the north and run aground on the ocean bottom. And the dozens of little bights and tickles along the Labrador coast are constantly menaced by a similar dis-

comparatively small size that the sun will complete its destruction before many weeks.

There is nothing in man's world so imposing or so grand as an iceberg, and the Almighty has yet to create that which gives a more overpowering sense of relentless power, of greatness, and of brilliance and grandeur. I saw icebergs—hundreds of them—under all conditions—in the bright sun and under the dark clouds of a threatening storm, in the moon's cold



ICEBERG AT ENTRANCE TO BATTLE HARBOUR

regard for the rules of navigation. At one calling place we found that a growler had wandered in during the night and the fishermen were then working to release a fishing schooner that was within when the chilly visitor arrived. By good luck it had stranded to one side of the channel, and they had hopes of being able to work their way out. The one relief in an event of this kind is that the iceberg that can approach a harbour so closely before stranding is of such

rays and dimly through the shadow of night—but every one of them, from the small growler of mimic shape to the flashing towers of the huge berg floating undisturbedly to its southern death, roused first of all an awe that did not lessen one degree with the growing appreciation of the beauty of the thing. Always before one is the thought that seven or eight times as much as that which is in sight lies beneath the blue-green water, extending down and down to

unknown depths and out and out until the captains of the steamers breathe freely only when they are miles away. Miles inside of where some of them strike the bottom the largest vessels afloat could pass at full speed without a thought of shoals. In the wildest seas and strongest winds they sail undisturbed on their course; there could be no sea-sickness on an iceberg for its roots are fathoms below the wave disturbance.

The largest steamship would smash itself to pieces in a collision as surely as if it struck the rocky shore, and the iceberg might sail on and on without a tremor. But, again, that huge cliff of seemingly solid ice might be as delicately balanced to unusual disturbance as a watch spring. The whistle of a steamer sometimes breaks off chunks of ice that would bury the vessel without a falter. Sometimes a boat is forced to take the chance of a passage between a berg and an island. At such times the captain may be aware of the condition of the ice and rush through at full speed. And the motion of the propeller through the water will tear apart pieces that may rattle down on the boat as it passes, but the large breaks will come more slowly, and by that time the passage is made. It is dangerous work and seldom demanded.

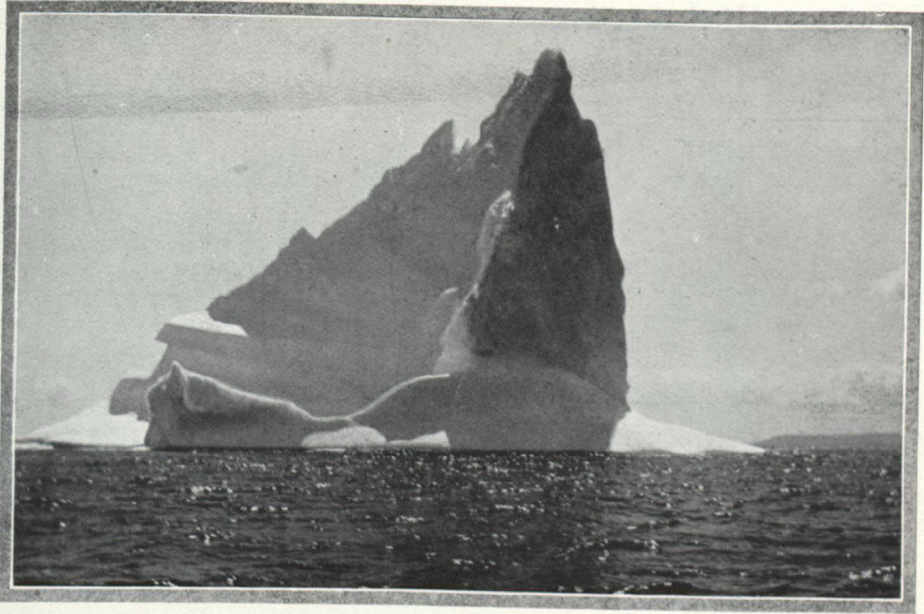
In the bright sunlight there is a colour-play about an iceberg that defies description and the camera. The chunk of ice to which we are accustomed is lifeless, or at best a blue-white; but around an iceberg gleaming in the sun is an aureola of green and blue and white, gold and silver, light and shadow. Streaks of all these run up and down and across, according to the slant of the sun and the hardness of the layer in view. In the direct sunlight the glare is unbearable, but down below may be a depth of shadow that makes it hard to believe in its natural colour. And every tone and colour is as cold as

steel. Under the brilliant moon that lights Labrador the iceberg gleams and glitters, magnificent, but fearsome. A dark night is the terror of navigation, and the captain who would move in the open ocean off the coast of Labrador at such a time is inviting destruction.

The shapes assumed by the icebergs form as interesting a study as the colours. Very seldom do they take on the regular form of the one near Battle Harbour; that was something of a freak in icebergdome. Sometimes they project from the water in one broad angle, and occasionally their tops are quite rounded; but for the most part they rise in peaks and corners, irregular and jagged. Many resemble nothing more than steeped churches, while the whole animal kingdom can be made out of others. One big fellow we passed was like a lion. Its rounded head rose eighty or ninety feet from the water. Underneath a part of it a channel had been worn through large enough for a steamer; it appeared to be standing on the water. At one point another had stranded close against the shore cliffs, throwing up a peak that towered far above the lofty rocks of the coast. It looked like some animal looking over into the interior.

The rivers that rush down from many of them make a very pretty sight. Up there, it is thought the sun melts the ice into a lake, and as this eats its way to the edge it falls over into the ocean in a cascade that varies from a rainbow spray to a small river, breaking in abruptly on the green and blue of the coloured sides.

But the grandest sight of all is the iceberg breaking and turning as the balance is disturbed. Sometimes a mighty piece will break away, and the berg will lose its balance. As it sinks to the opposite side a piece there will become detached, and the berg will swing back. This may continue until



AN ICEBERG ABOUT TO COLLAPSE

there are a half-dozen bergs where there had been but one. Frequently the falling away of a piece will turn the entire berg over. With its balance gone, that which was above water will sink and be replaced by that which was scores of feet below. At such times there is danger to the boat that is within sight, for apart from the rising of the ice that has been beneath the water perhaps hundreds of feet distant, there is a wave sent up that would swamp a liner if it were too close.

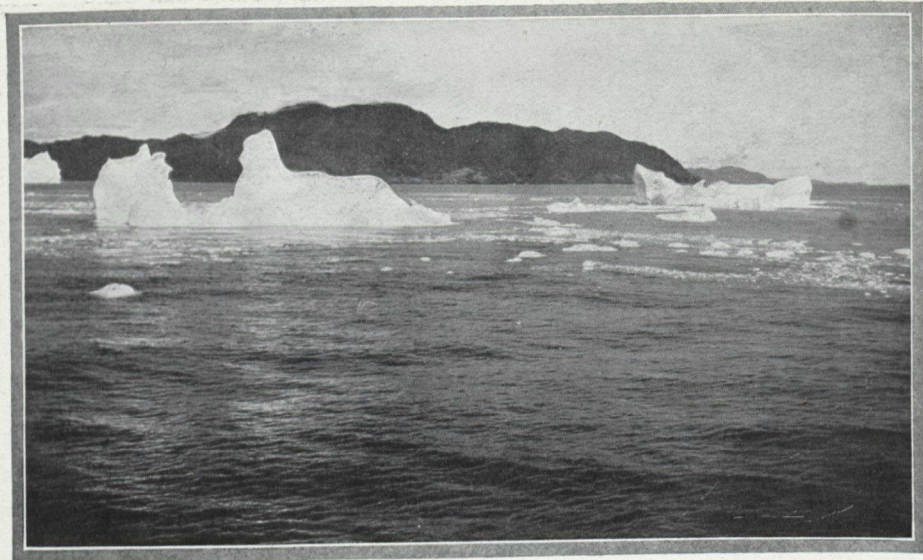
It is told that on a steamer running down the coast of Newfoundland a party of American tourists importuned so hard of the captain to run close to an iceberg that he consented, against his better judgment. When not far away the revolving of the propellers, or fate, broke the berg into several pieces. Instantly the part below the water commenced to rise, and from unseen depths it gradually raised the steamer. One of the tourists turned to the captain with the query:

“What will we do now, captain?”

“Get down on your knees and say your prayers,” was the answer.

But the wave that had been raised by the falling pieces swept down on the boat and slid it into the water, thereby saving the vessel and all aboard.

I was fortunate enough to witness the falling to pieces of one of the largest of the bergs we had seen on our trip. On the way down the coast we had passed a monster in the night, but returning the captain warned me to be on deck in a few minutes as we were approaching a part of the coast where a great iceberg had been stranded all summer. With camera prepared, I was standing on the bridge anxious to see this berg, which even the captain considered worth special attention. Far in front it towered, white against the dark cliffs, tall and stately, poking up a pinnacle higher than the tallest cliff. We had approached to within a mile of it when suddenly the top appeared to shift. I thought it was



AN ICEBERG AFTER COLLAPSING

something wrong with my eyes, until a new peak came into view, and then I held my breath while the captain and I looked on in silence. With apparent slowness the entire top slid down and disappeared into the water in a mighty commotion. A wave splashed above the highest peak, sixty feet or more, and with its fall the berg split into many pieces. For a few seconds there was nothing above the water but the tumbling waves. Then gradually a new shape rose and poked its head out for thirty feet, and seconds afterwards the parts that had broken off reappeared on the surface, after a downward flight into unfathomed waters. When we reached the remnants there were four or five bergs, and all around the water was white with broken fragments that rubbed and grated against the steamer's side as we passed slowly through. I had seen that which few travellers, even to Labrador, are favoured with.

The mail steamer of the Reid-Newfoundland Company has never met with an accident from an iceberg; one learns to trust Captain Parsons with

the utmost faith. There is no fear that he will take chances. For forty-five years he has sailed the coast of Labrador, thirty of them in charge of the mail boat. But in his sailor days he had his experiences. At one time the boat on which he served crashed into an iceberg and crushed in its bows above water. At another time he was thrown from his bunk by the boat glancing from one of the dangers on a moonlight night. Fishing schooners, during the spring trip to Labrador, not infrequently are lost, and sorrowing friends know that somewhere at the bottom of the ocean lies a crushed boat that had no chance with the relentless iceberg.

In the spring these bergs sometimes reach as far south as St. John's, Newfoundland, in enormous size, and at times the narrow entrance to that harbour has been blocked for weeks. Not long ago two small boys had rowed out in a boat to see a berg at close range. The berg selected that time to break in two. The wave sent up by the splash and the rolling over of the berg rushed into the harbour

and broke many boats from their moorings. After the commotion had subsided a search was made for the boys, but without result. Next day a fisherman outside the Narrows heard voices calling and located them far up the side of Signal Point, the cliff guarding the entrance to the harbour. It was necessary to lower a man from the top of the cliff by a rope, and there he found boys and boat resting on a ledge far above the water, having been miraculously thrown there by the tremendous wave. It is part of the story that their mothers did not thrash them for running away.

The icebergs make up, perhaps, the

most interesting sight of the Labrador trip. They are unfriendly, to be sure, but their magnificence of colour and size and shape, their stately, unyielding journey southward, gradually breaking up in the sun's rays and strewing the sea for miles around with growlers and fragments, are much too worthy of sight to allow one to yield to whatever dangers they may threaten. A field of icebergs in the daylight brings little peril to the Labrador tourist in midsummer, and the play of sun and shadow on pinnacle and hollow is something unimitated and unequalled by any other sight in the world.

NOCTURNE

BY VIRNA SHEARD

INFOLD us with thy peace, dear moon-lit night,
 And let thy silver silence wrap us round
 Till we forget the city's dazzling light,
 The city's ceaseless sound.

Here where the sand lies white upon the shore,
 And little velvet-fingered breezes blow,
 Dear sea, thy world-old wonder-song once more
 Sing to us e'er we go.

Give us thy garnered sweets, short summer hour:
 Perfume of rose, and balm of sun-steeped pine;
 Scent from the lily's cup and hornèd flower,
 Where bees have drained the wine.

Come small musicians in the rough sea grass,
 Pipe us the serenade we love the best;
 And winds of midnight, chant for us a mass,
 Our hearts would be at rest.

God of all beauty, though the world is thine,
 Our faith grows often faint, oft hope is spent;
 Show us Thyself in all things fair and fine,
 Teach us the stars' content.

THE HOUSE OF OEDIPUS

ADAPTED AND PUT INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE BY ARTHUR STRINGER
FROM THE ITALIAN OF FERDINANDO FONTANA

THIRD PERIOD.

The scene is a central square in the city of Thebes. One of the Seven Gates of the city, "The Gate Electra," opens at the rear middle of the stage. It is closed, and watched over by foot-soldiers. On the right stands the Royal Palace, with broad steps leading up to it. To the left stands the Citadel Cadmea. On one side of this is the entrance to the Temple of Pallades. In the distance can be seen a group of hills and an encampment of Argive soldiery. As the curtain rises the Phoenician Virgins are supposed to be close outside the city, gathering branches of olive trees from the sacred Forest of Pallades, near the Temple. From the Palace at once come Haemon and Antigone—the latter dressed in ash-coloured robes of mourning.

ANTIGONE. And you must go a hostage to the camp
Of Polynices?

HAEMON. Yes, I go at once.

ANTIGONE. That means your face will peer into the face
Of Death. . . . That means my body here must sit
And wait and tremble with a thousand fears,
While I, my heart, my thoughts, are wandering there
Beside you, step by step!

HAEMON. For words like these,
Antigone, I could a thousand swords,
A thousand deaths, endure! It may be Thebes
Shall yet be saved! But rather far than save
A bleeding city, I would stand the one
Who brought a little look of happiness
To your sweet eyes!

ANTIGONE. Nay, hush! O Haemon, hush! . . .
But listen, then forgive me. When I went
With my poor father through so many lands,
And when I passed a Temple that I knew
Was Aphrodite's, there I made a prayer,
And to the Goddess joined your name with mine—
Because your face still haunted me, your voice
Kept swinging in my heart, low, like a bell!

HAEMON. In life, in death, in every passing joy
And hour of sorrow, evermore my name
And yours must intertwine, and be as one!

ANTIGONE. *(As he takes her hand.)*

My hand is trembling! Oh, it tells each thought
This tumult in my heart must leave unsaid!

HAEMON. And night by night your name e'er made a nest
In my most secret dreams; like birds that dare
Not brave the wintry cold, each memory
And thought of you, lay warm within my heart!

(From the Temple of Pallades enter the Phœnician Virgins, wearing ash-coloured veils and carrying branches of olive. They are followed by a group of men, who play an accompaniment on harps. The foot-soldiers open the Gate Electra as they approach, and they all pass out.)

HAEMON. *(Stooping and kissing Antigone on the brow.)*

Good-bye, dear face, that now shall bend
And watch above me like a star! Good-bye!

ANTIGONE. Good-bye, my life, my very soul, good-bye!

(Haemon turns away and follows the processions, disappearing through the gate. It is at once swung to, after him. Antigone ascends to the glacis before the fortification and waves a last farewell to Haemon. In the meantime, from every part of the stage, straggle in old men and women and children. They are pale and emaciated.)

A VERY OLD MAN. If only Œdipus were back on earth!

He was a wise man in his day, he was,
But even he, with his last breath of rage,
Called down a curse upon these sons o' his!
Aye, all the wrath of all the Gods he brought
About our ears, and we must suffer for it!

A WOMAN. Another day drags over Thebes!

ANOTHER OLD MAN.

That means

To us some further trouble, some new curse!

THE WOMAN. Each sunrise comes more hopeless than the last!

Still in our tortured bodies seem to tear
And gnash the teeth of that grim Dragon, killed
By Cadmus, killed, while yet its offspring live
And, brood by brood, more cruel-hearted grow!

(They all raise their arms up towards the Temple, as though imploring mercy.)

THE CROWD. *(Chanting.)*

O Sphinx of Terrors, borne to us, men say,
From Tartarus on wild and god-like wings,
You spewed forth hellish hate upon our homes!
But still you cry for blood, and torture us
Between your lion paws, and we would give
Our heart's own blood, if back to Dirce's Well
You went once more and left us here unscourged!

(Antigone, in the meantime, enters the Palace, coming forth again, followed by servants carrying baskets of bread. She distributes the loaves to the people as they chant.)

SOME WOMEN. May you be blessed by every God on high!

OTHER WOMEN. Nay, let me kiss the hem, see, of your skirt!

STILL OTHER WOMEN. And let us kneel before you!

(Antigone goes back and forth, consoling the women and the old men, and caressing the children.)

AN OLD MAN.

You it was

Who saved us from starvation all these months;

ANOTHER OLD MAN. But through a brother's quarrel Thebes is torn

And rent with war! And brothers' quarrels last

A long, long time!

STILL ANOTHER OLD MAN.

It may be we shall have

More bread to-morrow—loaves and loaves of it!

STILL ANOTHER OLD MAN. Bah! We may all be in our graves to-morrow!

ANTIGONE. I have good news for you; now listen all:

King Creon's very son, as Haemon known,

Has gone forth to Adrastus, to the field,

And he will stay a hostage in their camp

While Polynices into Thebes comes back

To talk o'er terms of peace!

ALL.

Good news! Good news!

(A trumpet is heard from the distance, and at once another is sounded from the citadel. Jocasta enters from the Palace, robed in ash-coloured mourning, and followed by Theban matrons, also in mourning. They stop on the stairs, while, from all parts of the stage, the people run to them.)

JOCASTA. Oh, have you heard? My son comes back to me,

My own beloved son comes back once more

To his poor mother's arms! Fly, one of you,

And tell him with what anxious tenderness

His mother waits him! I shall know him well,

Although with tears these eyes were worn away!

(The Gate Electra is swung open by the foot-soldiers, and a body of citizens go forth to meet Polynices, while Jocasta and Antigone gaze after them anxiously. The people kneel and lift their hands.)

THE CROWD. Before Apollo and the Gods we ask

That this drawn sword of war may never fall

Between two brothers! O Pallades, plead

For us, that this destroying flame shall die!

Diana, give us help! And Bacchus, too,

Whose home was once in Thebes! And also Zeus,

Who still controls the heavens and the earth!

(Creon and Eteocles enter from the Palace, followed by courtiers and foot-soldiers. Creon and Eteocles advance toward the centre.)

ETEOCLES. *(To Creon.)*

He dares to come then . . . and much loved he is!—

He who has outraged all Thebe's faith in him,

Who proved a traitor to his mother here,

A traitor to his sister, to your son!

CREON. Then you propose most peacefully to pass

This sceptre unto him, without a word?

ETEOCLES. Give him the sceptre? Give my life-blood first!
No, sword to sword, and face to face, we two
Must fight it out . . . and that is all I ask!

CREON. That cannot be. Too precious unto us
For any such rash combat is your life!
Come close, and listen: You must make quite sure
That you are safe, yet all the while prepare
Your plans and watch where you can deepest strike!

ETEOCLES. What subtler meaning is there in these words?

CREON. Pretend you long for peace! Let it be known
That, far from standing envious of him,
You are his stern protector and his aide!
Then let the Argives be dismissed by him,
Before you parley on the terms of peace.
Then, should he ask some solemn oath of you,
I shall have fitting words in readiness—
Words we, to-night, can secretly decide!

(Faintly, out of the distance can be heard snatches of the song of the Phœnician Virgins growing nearer and nearer. Jocasta and Antigone advance down the square.)

THE SONG OF THE VIRGINS.

O mother who has sorrowed long,
All time for tears is done!—
We bring glad tidings with our song,
We bring an exiled son!

(The people clamour with excitement.)

THE CROWD. He comes . . . make way! . . . See, there he comes! . . .
He comes!

ANTIGONE. *(To Eteocles.)*

O brother bend a little, and for Thebes
Solicit peace!

ETEOCLES. If loyally he comes
I shall with loyalty receive him still!

CREON. *(Approaching Jocasta, hypocritically.)*

Sweet sister, let us hope Eteocles
Has well digested each good word I spoke!

(The people cheer and cry, and in the midst of the enthusiasm, preceded by the citizens who went forth to meet him, Polynices enters. Before him go the Phœnician Virgins, who wave their olive branches and sing joyously. Polynices, dressed in the Argive costume, is followed by an armour-bearer, carrying a white shield, without ornaments. He advances to the centre of the stage, but the armour-bearer halts near the gate. Polynices stops and gazes about, overcome with emotion, and the Virgins kneel in front of him.)

POLYNICES. O land, and court, and home, so dear to me!
I see you with these eyes still once again;
The Temple and the marble Citadel,
The fountains, and the columns and the domes,
The old, familiar places where my heart

Once sang with happiness! (*Seeing Antigone.*)

And you, O you,

Sweet sister—how my very soul leaps up

To see your face! (*Seeing Jocasta approaching him he hurries towards her.*)

And Mother, Mother, you!

JOCASTA. (*Overcome.*)

Thus, after many tangled woes and tears

You creep back to these mother-arms that ached

With emptiness! You have come back, my son!

O put your arms close round me . . . let your face

Droop down to mine! My hand still turns to feel

Your hair that was so brown and boyish once!

Each word, each look, each kiss, still takes me back

To those too happy years when, as a babe,

You lay upon my breast, and life was peace!

THE CITIZENS. The love, see, of a mother never dies!

(*To Eteocles.*)

Oh, give us peace! Peace! Peace! . . . We cry for peace!

ETEOCLES. All talk of peace is foolish till we see

Yon Argive horde dispersed.

POLYNICES.

Then straightway go

Out to Adrastus field, and tell them all

With your own lips that you return to me

The throne and sceptre! Then, before the sun

Has set, the last man shall have marched away!

ETEOCLES. I, go to bargain with an enemy,

Who scoff and riot through my fatherland?

POLYNICES. The bargain shall be made 'twixt you and me,

And not with them.

ETEOCLES.

And since you enter Thebes

Thus under arms, it may so happen you,

You, like these Argives, stand our enemy!

POLYNICES. Stop! Armed I came, because my messenger,

Tideo, ventured here unarmed, and met

His death, by treason!

JOCASTA.

Believe me, O my son,

While here, your mother's breast shall be a shield

To guard you and protect you!

ANTIGONE.

Yes, and mine!

And Haemon waits a hostage in your camp,

Until you are delivered safe from Thebes!

CREON. My word you have—is not that shield enough?

THE CROWD. And we, the Theban people, promise you!

POLYNICES. Why should we fight with words? Give back to me

My throne and country!

ETEOCLES.

He unworthy stands

To rule a country, who would ravage it,

Who brings an outland horde to trample through

Its quiet fields, assault its citadels,

And riot, drunken-hearted, past its homes!

POLYNICES. If I have done this thing, upon your head
The penalty shall fall!

JOCASTA. Are these the words
Of peace, my sons are uttering? Do you (*Turning to
Eteocles.*)

So love the show and pomp of earthly thrones?
There is a throne of justice more engirt
With light and glory and long happiness!
Yet you, to reign in Thebes all ready wait
To spill her people's blood! And if, indeed,
A river of this blood should sweep you on
And on, until the throne lay at your feet,
You would a sovereign be o'er broken men,
O'er ruins, ashes, mocking emptiness!

(*Going to Polynices.*)

O Polynices, listen to me now;
If in the face of what the Gods ordain,
You crushed your native country, spilled her blood
To win your battle, tell me then, my son,
What honour and what trophies would you claim?
What monument to one who killed his own
Would you erect! And in what temple hold
Your rites of gratitude for victory?
Nay, though you lost, or though you even won,
In such a war, your name would e'er be cursed!

(*Turning to both.*)

Subdue your anger then, and let us leave
Aside these mourning robes, and when I die
Let both my loving sons stand over me!

POLYNICES. He must consent to what I fairly ask!

ETEOCLES. And cringe out through the Argive? I? No!

CREON. (*Advancing.*)

Let Thebes hear not again such blasphemies,
Such trumpeting of rage! You ask of him
What you yourself, if King, would never grant!
Why, you, a valiant soldier, you should praise
A brother so courageous in his pride,
Who bargains for his life, yet never drags
A King's own crown amid the dust of shame!

(*To Eteocles.*)

Forgiving the offence, Eteocles,
Say yes, and show how kingly is thy soul!

THE CITIZENS. He speaks most wisely!

CREON. (*To the people, pointing towards Polynices.*)

Leave him here with me.

(*Then to Jocasta, and Antigone, pointing to Eteocles.*)

Speak to his heart! (*He then turns to Eteocles and attracts
his attention, to remind him of the secret promise.*)

If they have still in them

One jot of human love, you must give in!

You must surrender to such tears and prayers!

(*Pointing to Polynices.*)

As he to my advice would likewise do.

(Turning back to the people.)

Hark, citizens: What time you hear the sound
Of trumpets, let each man at once return,
And let the High Priests carry in their hands
The sacred goblet that our fathers bore,
And drank from, as a seal and sign of peace!
For from its rim to-day will also drink
These royal brothers, and again to Thebes
Will come contentment and most happy days!

(The people go out, on all sides, and the foot-soldiers pass into the Citadel. Jocasta, going to Eteocles and placing her hand on his shoulder, gently leads him away, Antigone taking his right hand and accompanying him. They are followed by the matrons, the courtiers, the Phœnician Virgins and the musicians. The arm-bearer remains at attention beside the Gate Electra; Creon and Polynices stand side by side, more forward.)

CREON. *(Gazing at Polynices, with a pretence of being overcome by feeling.)*

How like your royal father now you look,
The voice, the face, the gesture are the same;
And still the same great, generous, quick heart,
That ever was impetuous and rash,
And often brought vast evil on itself!
I loved you, Polynices, from the time
I saw you in the cradle: as a child
I loved you, and I love you as a man!
So if these words that I shall speak to you
Seem cold and over-cautious, bear in mind:
I must hold back this fiery heart of yours. . . .
You are, I know, the rightful King of Thebes,
And yet you are compelled to wait in vain
This throne usurped still by Eteocles!

POLYNICES. If only to his mother he would give
Some promise—to his sister! Here before
The people, touch the goblet, as a sign!

CREON. A sign! He laughs and sneers at every sign!
Already he has promised me no pact,
Or sign, or treaty shall be aught to him!
For I see much that happens in the court,
And this I know: That he has taken oath,
And to the faithful few who follow him,
Has sworn that you shall never reign in Thebes!

POLYNICES. "Shall never reign in Thebes?" What words are these
You tell me? More than any paltry crown,
More, more than all this throne, I *Justice* ask!
He rules by tyranny, and not by right!
I brought these Argive soldiers to his walls
As but a threat, that he might understand,
That he should see how truth must still prevail.
It was a more than useless step, and back

- Again to Argos from Adrastus goes
Each man of mine . . . but I shall stay in Thebes!
- CREON. If *you* remain in Thebes, one thing of two
Shall happen: You must die, die like a dog,
Or you must kill your brother!
- POLYNICES. Did the Gods
Foretell such things?
- CREON. The Delphic Oracle
Once to my father told the words I spake.
- POLYNICES. Then it shall stand a lie, an empty lie,
For through no wish of mine Eteocles
Shall ever meet his death!
- CREON. (*Stepping nearer.*)
Yet while you speak,
Eteocles is plotting out your death!
But listen! No . . . I dare not say the word.
- POLYNICES. Speak out. . . . I know you to be more than loyal!
- CREON. Then for your mother's sake, and for the sake
Of her, your wife, in Argos, that your eyes
May never see again, swear to it . . . swear
That not one word of what I whisper you
Shall e'er be told.
- POLYNICES. I swear it.
- CREON. (*Mysteriously.*)
Listen close:
When you are offered by your brother's hand
The sacred goblet (*Closer.*) . . . do not drink!
You understand?
- POLYNICES. (*Horried.*) Oh, this is horrible!
- CREON. You hear what one who loves you well would say. . . .
That, now, must stand enough. . . . Think over it!
(*Creon turns and enters the Citadel, giving a signal. At once the trumpets ring out. The Phœnician Virgins begin to sing, and the populace pours out on the stage with cries of joy.*)
- SOME CITIZENS. Peace! Have you heard? We shall have peace again!
- OTHERS. Then let us celebrate to Bacchus now!
- OTHERS. No, citizens of Thebes, go decorate
Your houses with green leaves!
- ALL. Long life, long life
To Polynices! Glory to the King!
- ALL. And to Eteocles long life as well!
(*As they shout this, Eteocles enters with Jocasta, leaning on his arm, followed by Antigone, the Theban matrons, the courtiers, and the foot-soldiers. Then come the High Priests, carrying the sacred goblet, and behind them the Phœnician Virgins, no longer in mourning veils, but in brilliant Oriental costumes. Everyone in gala attire.*)
- THE PEOPLE. (*Seeing Eteocles.*)
Long life, Eteocles, and glory, too!
- CREON. (*Meeting Jocasta.*)
It was your soothing mother-words that won
Your children over! As Eteocles

Surrendered to your soft besieging tears,
 So Polynices from his citadel
 Of frowning anger now capitulates,
 Remembering the arms that mothered him!

ETEOCLES. (*With solemnity.*)

I must unburden all my heart to you.
 So sacred is the happiness that comes
 To him called King, to him who rules a state,
 That he seems almost equal to the Gods,
 And like a mountain, high and beautiful,
 His throne forever stands, till he who sits
 Upon its dizzy height can scarcely tell,
 As they can tell who crowd about its foot,
 Just what is clearly Right, and what is Wrong!
 Yet he, who for this paltry lust of power,
 And thirst of such a throne, would stride to it
 Upon the serried bodies of his dead
 Companions, and his kindred, and would wade
 Through blood to rule, is guilty of a crime
 No regal tinsel and no pomp can hide!
 Then listen: Innocent I mean to go
 Down to the Land of Ghosts beyond the grave.
 I leave the throne, abjure it, take it not,
 And ye shall judge who loved his country most,
 If Polynices or Eteocles!

POLYNICES. (*Ironically.*)

Yet it is known that you who prate of good
 Denied to me a throne I justly claimed.

JOCASTA. Peace, peace, my children! No more words like these!

Look at me here, my sons, my two brave sons,
 And try not with your madness still to crush
 And kill your mother! I have passed through much.
 I feel some chilling shadow on my heart,
 And it may be, few words are left for her
 Who now is pleading with you. O my sons,
 Remember now your promises of old!

ETEOCLES. So be it.

(*One of the High Priests advances, carrying the goblet.*)

ETEOCLES. From this goblet drink, and swear
 You will return this sceptre unto me
 In one year's time.

POLYNICES. You first must take an oath—
 Aye, swear to give it unto me to-day.

ETEOCLES. (*To the people.*)

This, fellow-countrymen, an insult is!

THE POPULACE. (*To Eteocles.*)

Nay! Nay! Consent, consent!

ETEOCLES. (*Exchanging glances with Creon.*)

Then I do swear

This day to give back unto you the throne.

(*He takes the goblet in his hand and offers it to Polynices.*)

POLYNICES. (*Taking it at arm's length.*)

No . . . not a throne . . . 'tis Death you give me here!
'Tis death you give me in a poisoned cup!

ETEOCLES. O villain!

JOCASTA. Polynices!

ANTIGONE. Brother! Brother!

CREON. (*To the crowd.*)

His all-consuming hate has made him mad!

THE CROWD. Unrighteous charge! Unjust!

POLYNICES. Then he can prove

My charge unrighteous if he drink the wine
With his own lips, and if I spake not truth,
Then gladly I go forth to banishment!

ETEOCLES. I shall not so demean myself! I shall
Not stoop to smite such base and hissing snakes
Of words, nor yet humiliate myself
To fling back in his teeth these filthy words—
For I could kill him with an honest sword,
And not with poisons!

POLYNICES. Liar, take that lie
Back in your throat! You crawling things that itch
To climb so secretly and cling about
A tainted throne, you love too well this life
Of stolen sweets, to face an honest fight!

ETEOCLES. Then raise one hand . . . one hand, and you shall see!
(*To the Priests.*)

Here, take away this goblet from such hands
That only soil it.

JOCASTA. (*Intervening.*) Give it unto me!

POLYNICES. Wait, touch it not!

ETEOCLES. No danger lies in Truth!

POLYNICES. No, no! Drink not . . . you know not what it means!

JOCASTA. Nay, let me drink, that I may satisfy
With my own blood his raging thirst for death.
I know not, and I care not which of you
Has spoken truth. I tell you I shall drink.
Yes, yes: before you fight and kill and fall,
You yet shall know the Truth, the Eternal Truth!

(*She struggles to take the goblet from Polynices. Creon, preventing her, snatches up the goblet and dashes it to the ground.*)

CREON. No, let such liquor sink into the earth
And be drunk up by Furies underground,
Who on such things their hellish thirst must feed!

ETEOCLES. This shame, this insult—it shall never be
So easily forgotten! (*To Polynices.*)

Tell me, you,
That in the battle-field my sword may find
Your craven heart, along what line, what square
In all this Argive army you will fight?

POLYNICES. Nay, stop! For me, nor yet for you, no man,
No man shall lose his life!

(Turning to the armour-bearer, who had remained motionless all this while beside the Gate Electra.)

Go back at once

Unto Adrastus: There release all men

Still under arms: There Haemon, too, set free.

(Turning back to Eteocles, as the armour-bearer goes.)

We two shall fight this out between us here—

We two, alone!

ANTIGONE. *(Wringing her hands).*

Now wakes the ancient woe!

ETEOCLES. *(Drawing his sword.)*

Here, in the very face of Thebes itself

Shall die by my right hand the impious man

Who dared to threaten, sought to violate,

The sacred walls once blighted by his birth!

POLYNICES. *(Also drawing his sword.)*

You, you, who proffer poisoned cups to one

Who once was called your brother, you shall drink

Most bitter blood for this! My blade shall cut

Each coward lie from out your coward heart.

And Thebes shall know you, and your name shall stand

A curse on every lip as long as words

Are spoken!

(They stride out, with drawn swords, through the Gate Electra.)

THE CROWD.

Stop, Kings, stop!

ANTIGONE.

O brother, peace!

JOCASTA. Nay, kill me first, my children! Kill me first!

CREON. *(To the foot-soldiers.)*

She must be held within! She must not go!

(He passes out through the Gate Electra, the people crowding up to the ramparts to view the duel.)

JOCASTA. *(Struggling to free herself from the soldiers.)*

My sons . . . must I not follow where my sons

Would go? Unhand me, cowards! Let me free!

ANTIGONE. No, I shall go! Between their flashing swords

My body I can fling—yes, I shall go!

(Antigone passes out through the gate, which closes quickly, and is guarded by the soldiers. Jocasta, left free, is helped by the Phoenician Virgins to the Palace steps, but falls from weakness.)

THE CROWD. See, they are face to face!

SOME.

O sacred Gods,

To Polynices give the victory!

OTHERS. O God of War, protect Eteocles!

THE ARGIVE SOLDIERY. *(Without.)*

For Argos win, O Polynices, win!

THE CROWD. *(As a trumpet sounds.)*

See, see; the signal!

(A moment of utter silence.)

JOCASTA. (*Trying to rise.*)

Useless; all is vain!

THE CROWD. They meet! See, see the onslaught!

FIRST GROUP.

How they fight!

JOCASTA. O Gods, this aching heart of mine! My heart!

SECOND GROUP. That blow went home! That was a Theban blow!

FIRST GROUP. Be guarded, O Eteocles!

SECOND GROUP.

He bleeds!

He has been wounded! Polynices wins!

FIRST GROUP. He, wounded? He, Eteocles! No! No!

SECOND GROUP. Yes, wounded!

FIRST GROUP.

No! His falls the surer blade!

See how he thrusts and parries! See him strike!

JOCASTA. To be so close, to hear the very clash

Of sword on sword like this, and yet to stand

So helpless!

SOME.

Watch their swords! Ho, watch their swords!

OTHERS. See how they shake with fury! How they pant!

JOCASTA. O Gods, have pity on them . . . they are blind!

SECOND GROUP. Eteocles draws back!

FIRST GROUP.

'Tis but to gain

A moment's strength, and then fall to once more!

SECOND GROUP. But see, see you, how blindly now he fights!

(*A twilight creeps over the stage; it is the sun beginning to set.*)

FIRST GROUP. Good Polynices! He alone can win!

THE CROWD. Enraged, Eteocles attacks and falls

Upon his brother! See . . . he reels . . . he reels!

(*Jocasta, with a great cry, runs to the gate, but the impassive soldiers bar her back.*)

JOCASTA. (*Haughtily.*)

Open this gate! The Queen—obey the Queen!

(*She falls on her knees.*)

In mercy, listen to a mother, then!

(*Meanwhile the crowd, watching closely, draw back, terrified, some uttering screams of horror.*)

THE CROWD. Oh, horrible! Oh, more than infamous!

Oh, frightful!

(*They run about the stage, distracted. The gate is flung open and Antigone appears there, white of face, her hair flying.*)

ANTIGONE.

Torture me no more, O Gods,

With hours like these. . . . 'Tis more than I can stand!

From this day forward I shall never know

The meaning of the thing I once called Joy!

No more this face shall be a youthful face,

But I shall creep with ashen-coloured brow

And hollow cheeks and hair all wildly blown,

And eyes that burn with fever . . . and my robe

Must be of saffron . . . and my voice shall wail

And cry along the streets!

JOCASTA. (*Trembling.*)

Oh, tell me, tell me, quick!

Eteocles?

ANTIGONE. (*Dazedly, as though she sees it before her.*)

He lay there in the dust. . . .

He lay there, dying! Polynices ran
 And kneeled beside him, with a sudden cry
 Of pity! Of remorse! He wept and asked
 The Gods, the Gods who know each human heart,
 Still to forgive him. . . . Then Eteocles
 Looked up and murmured: "Lean down to my arms!"
 And as he leaned to them, the wounded man
 Struck upward with his naked sword, and pierced
 The breast of Polynices, through and through!

JOCASTA. Woe, woe; more woe!

ANTIGONE.

And mingling in one stream,

Their blood together ran, and each lay dead
 Beside the other!

JOCASTA.

(*Half-delirious.*) Now, now, at the last
 I shall unburden all my heart of this
 Foul truth that choked and strangled every breath
 My tortured body drew this many a year!
 Now, now, at last I shall cry out my hate
 For Laius, who was loathsome unto me!
 Why did these lips not speak when first he led
 Me to the altar, when he caught me up
 And bore me, trembling, to the marriage-bed?
 Why did I not cry out, or creep away,
 Or with some kindly dagger pierce the breast
 His touch polluted! She who side by side
 Must slumber, night by night, and year by year,
 With one she hates, more generous would be
 To her poor outraged body if she flung
 It headlong from the housetops, if she cast
 It bruised and broken on some sea-worn rock!
 So, Laius, still I hate and curse your name!

(*She falls, but is caught by Antigone.*)

Once more my two sons must be kissed by me,
 Their mother. . . . Then 'tis meet that burial
 Be given them with every kingly rite!

(*She moves towards the Gate Electra, on the arm of Antigone. As she goes, Creon and Haemon enter, and hear her last words.*)

CREON.

One word! Not both of them! Eteocles
 We duly shall commit to earth. But he
 The baser one, who his own fatherland
 Invaded and attacked, he there shall lie,
 Unburied, and the prey to birds and dogs
 Shall rot! I am to-day the King of Thebes,
 And such my orders stand. Nay, more than this:
 His body, welt'ring there, in its own blood,
 Shall be most closely watched, and any man
 Or woman in all Thebes who disobeys
 This mandate of your city's King, shall die!

(*Antigone, Jocasta and Haemon stand a moment speechless, startled at such words.*)

JOCASTA. O traitor . . . 'tis but now I understand
 Your cruel hopes, your horrible designs!
 Yes, Œdipus was right to hate you so!
 For cunningly, that you might win this throne
 You wrought my husband's death, and even now
 You watch his children perish! Yet by me
 My Polynices shall be duly placed
 Within his grave!

(She tries to go, but her strength failing her, the Phœnician Virgins hold up her drooping body.)

ANTIGONE. No, mother, it is I,
 'Tis I, I shall fulfil this final wish!
 I am, you see, a girl of little strength,
 And I could never lift into its grave
 My brother's corpse! And no one in this court
 Dare help me, standing so in fear of you.
 But still by all the Gods 'tis recognised
 As burial, when one of kindred blood
 Casts o'er the dead a handful of loose earth!
(She takes up a handful of earth from the Temple.)
 So mark you, I, with this thrice-sacred earth,
 From out the Temple, shall perform the rite!

CREON. It will mean death to you!

JOCASTA. No; glory! Go!
(Antigone goes, and Haemon looks after her. Then he turns to his father.)

HAEMON. Though young in years, sire, I must speak to you,
 And beg you to recall these bitter words,
 And curb this anger, that would kill a girl!

CREON. I shall not bow before a woman's will.

HAEMON. But, sire, among all women there is none
 So pure and gentle as Antigone!
 Oh, her white bosom is the home of love,
 Her heart the temple is of holiness. . . .
 Soon every tongue shall praise this deed she does,
 For they who would deny due burial
 Unto the dead are guilty of a crime
 'Gainst men and gods!

CREON. A greater crime it is
 To break and mock the law a King has made
 For all his country's good!

JOCASTA. No, not for Thebes,
 But for your own insatiable mad thirst
 Of mastery, most cunningly you act!
 Too well you knew Antigone and I
 Could never leave unburied there the corpse,
 The pitiful pale corpse of him we love!
 And well you know that in my veins and hers
 Still runs the last blood of a royal line,
 The last life of the house of Œdipus!
 So you, beneath this mockery of good
 Unto the state, two helpless women kill!

HAEMON. 'Tis thus I thought Stop, Father, in this act
That heaps on Thebes such shame, such villainy—
For never shall I sit upon a throne
So fouled with blood!

JOCASTA. Cease, Haemon; speak no more.

'Tis madness quite. Your father, see, is blind
With fear and anger. But his foolish threats
Will end in words, for I myself shall shield
This brave young girl, and every citizen
Of Thebes will rise against such tyranny
As Creon's, and obey the truer King!

CREON. Fools! Thebes and all her people cry for peace;
And well they know that I alone can give
The thing they ask; and not a thought they waste
On whether King or Tyrant rules o'er them
So long as they have peace and profit by it!

*(Little by little the twilight has been growing darker. It is almost
night by this time. Two foot-soldiers, carrying torches, bring in
Antigone, a prisoner.)*

ONE OF THE SOLDIERS. We hold a captive here who disobeyed
The King's command!

ANTIGONE. *(Defiantly.)* I disobeyed the King
And his command! So quick, the punishment!
For months, for years, my soul within me here
Has been quite dead, and this poor husk of me
Is homesick for the grave and for the ghosts
Who once on earth knew great unhappiness
And sorrowed not at death!

HAEMON. *(Intervening.)*

O Father, still
Have pity on this woman, and on me
Who loves her more than life.

CREON. *(Amazed.)*

Who loves her!
No . . . love in youth is changing as the wind.

HAEMON. But well I know my heart. It changes not.

It goes out to this woman as the flame
From temple altars seeks the open sky;
It waits upon her as the waters wait
Upon the evening wind; it seeks her out
As undiscouraged rivers seek the sea;
It knows her beauty and her tenderness;
It knows her stainless honour, and it needs
The solace of her soft and pitying eyes—
And if I cannot save her, I at least
Shall die the selfsame hour that she must die!

CREON. You plead for her, for her who hates your race,
Who hates your father. . . . Yet you are my son,
And it is hard to wound a child you love. . . .
Yes . . . since you ask it, she may still be saved,
If she this very hour becomes your bride!

HAEMON. My bride? This very hour? . . . with all this hate
 Still huddled on her heart . . . with all this blood
 Still running like a river here between
 Her anguished eyes and mine! This hour? No! No!
 Some time, when months and years have passed away,
 And these old wounds have slowly healed again,
 I might, in reverence then ask her hand!—
 But now? No, no . . . not now!

(Night has fallen.)

CREON.

To-day or never!

ANTIGONE. Then . . . never!

JOCASTA.

Daughter!

HAEMON. *(To Antigone.)*

May the Gods forgive

Your lips for such a word! See, on my knees
 Before you here, most humbly I implore
 If not your love, your pity! For the sake
 Of Œdipus, your father, who once linked
 Our hands together! For the sake of each
 Soft word you murmured once to me to-day,
 For your deep eyes that looked down into mine,
 And will remembered be into the grave,
 Recall this cruel word, Antigone!

ANTIGONE. Oh, how this poor proud heart of mine still stirs
 And throbs and wakens at your merest touch—
 And at your voice's music seems to break!
 But far away, beyond the valley's gloom,
 I see my father's spirit watching me.
 Its sightless eyes are bent upon me now.
 I see my brothers rising from the earth,
 All flaming with their pitiful red blood.
 I love you. . . . Oh, I love you more than life.
 But you are still the son of him, the man
 Who made them perish, and I dare not bring
 The curse of all the dead and all the Gods
 Down on my people!

CREON.

Stop! Enough of this!

Take her to Dirce's Cave and bury her
 Alive!

HAEMON.

And bury her alive?

JOCASTA.

No! No!

O Thebans, help us!

HAEMON.

Bury her alive?

(Some citizens enter hurriedly, carrying torches.)

CREON. *(To citizens.)*

Quick, what is your desire? Foot-soldiers there,
 Stand close and guard me!

(The soldiers close in about him, while the stage is filled more and more with the noisy crowd.)

HAEMON. *(Apart.)*

This shall never be!

Such things, while still I breathe, shall not be done!

JOCASTA. O citizens of Thebes, still save her! Friends!

CREON. Enough of this! You know her punishment!
Away with her!

ANTIGONE. And I at last shall walk
With peace!

(Haemon snatches out his sword and confronts the soldiers.)

HAEMON. Stop! Death to him who touches her!
(Turning to Creon.)

Hear what a son in desperation dares:
If this girl dies, *you, you* die, at my hand!

ANTIGONE. *(Catching at his arm.)*

No! No! O Gods on high, keep back from him
This destiny of Œdipus himself!
I who was born for love and not for hate,
I still shall save him! I shall stand between
This awful end and one that I have loved!

(Stabbing herself, she falls at his feet.)

JOCASTA. My daughter! O my child!

CREON. *(To the soldiers.)* Let none come here!

HAEMON. *(Kneeling over her.)*

See, from the wound, her blood, her precious blood
Is flowing!

(Antigone, making an effort to rise, gazes first at her mother and then at Haemon, tenderly. She then falls dead.)

HAEMON. Dead!

JOCASTA. Dead! She is dead!

CREON *(Approaching the distraught Haemon.)* My son!
(The stage is almost in darkness.)

HAEMON. No son of yours! You have no more a son!

(He catches up the dagger and stabs himself, falling dead over the body of Antigone. . . . Then enters the Spirit of Œdipus, looking down on them from the steps leading into the Royal Palace. A light surrounds him.)

ŒDIPUS. Beware! Seize! Seize!

CREON. His ghost!

(Lightning flashes, thunder rolls, and out of the distance sounds the voices of the Furies.)

FURIES. Beware! Seize! Seize!

CREON. *(Trembling, realising his doom.)*

O Furies, who have hounded me to this,
Who howl and scream like buzzards for my heart—
My carrion heart, I, too, here come to you!

(He flings himself towards the Gate Electra, and passes, cowering, out into the night. The screams of the Furies rise above the sound of thunder. The crowd draws back in terror, letting him pass.)

CURTAIN.

THE END.

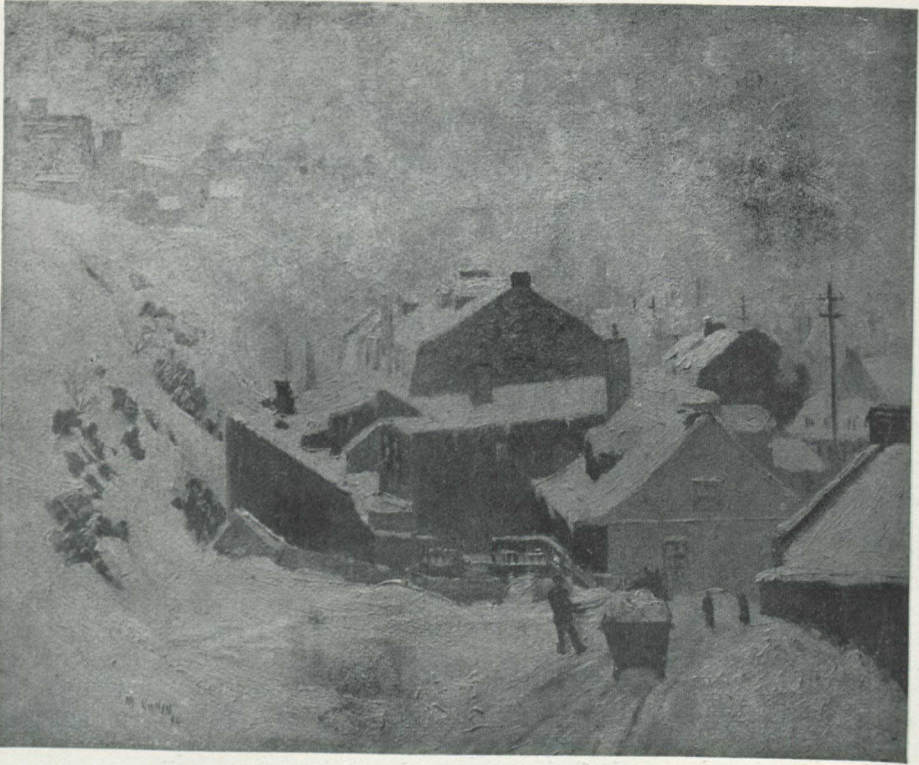
MAURICE CULLEN: A PAINTER OF THE SNOW

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

A PARISIAN artist of distinction and sane vision expressed the opinion not long ago that Maurice Cullen is the only painter in Canada who is painting anything worth while. He purposely expressed an exaggeration in order to emphasise his belief that Mr. Cullen is one Canadian in particular who is taking advantage of his opportunity and interpreting in an individual manner his impressions of what he sees around him and that his interpretations, while not ultra-impressionistic, are modern enough in style to interest even modern Frenchmen. The words "style" and "impressionistic," although much used in the studios, might benefit by some amplification here. Tendency might be a better word than "style," and "indefinite" more to the point than "impressionistic." In modern art the tendency in whatever appeals to the sense of sight is rendered in brilliant colours, or at least in colours that are high in key. This does not mean that all or even the best modern painting is keyed high, although some of the most modern fairly screams from the canvas, while to understand the motives of some of the impressionists one has to go into training. Between these two extremities of brilliance and indefiniteness there seems to be an understandable mean distance where paintings of sanity and intelligence find a place. It is in this place that we

should like to put the work of Maurice Cullen.

I shall not here consider the whole range of Mr. Cullen's art, but I shall rather confine my observations to his work as a painter of the snow, because it is a remarkable fact that in Canada we have only a few artists who paint well this phenomenal adjunct of nature. One almost takes a risk in making the number plural. But for years Mr. Cullen has rendered snow upon canvas studiously and consistently, until now we regard him as the interpreter *par excellence* of what is pre-eminently a glorious contribution to the Canadian winter. And he has carried on this work in spite of popular and official prejudice against it, because it is a singular notion among persons in high positions in Canada that the Canadian winter season is something of which the rest of the world should be kept in ignorance. Of course, that prejudice has not interfered with Mr. Cullen's artistic sense, for as an exponent of beauty and an interpreter of nature in her most majestic moods he has gone on without realising, no doubt, that others have been discouraging or tabooing the very thing that he has been at great pains to preserve. For only the artist of indefatigable temperament could ever impart with paint a fine impression of the Canadian winter, because oftentimes notes have to be taken and



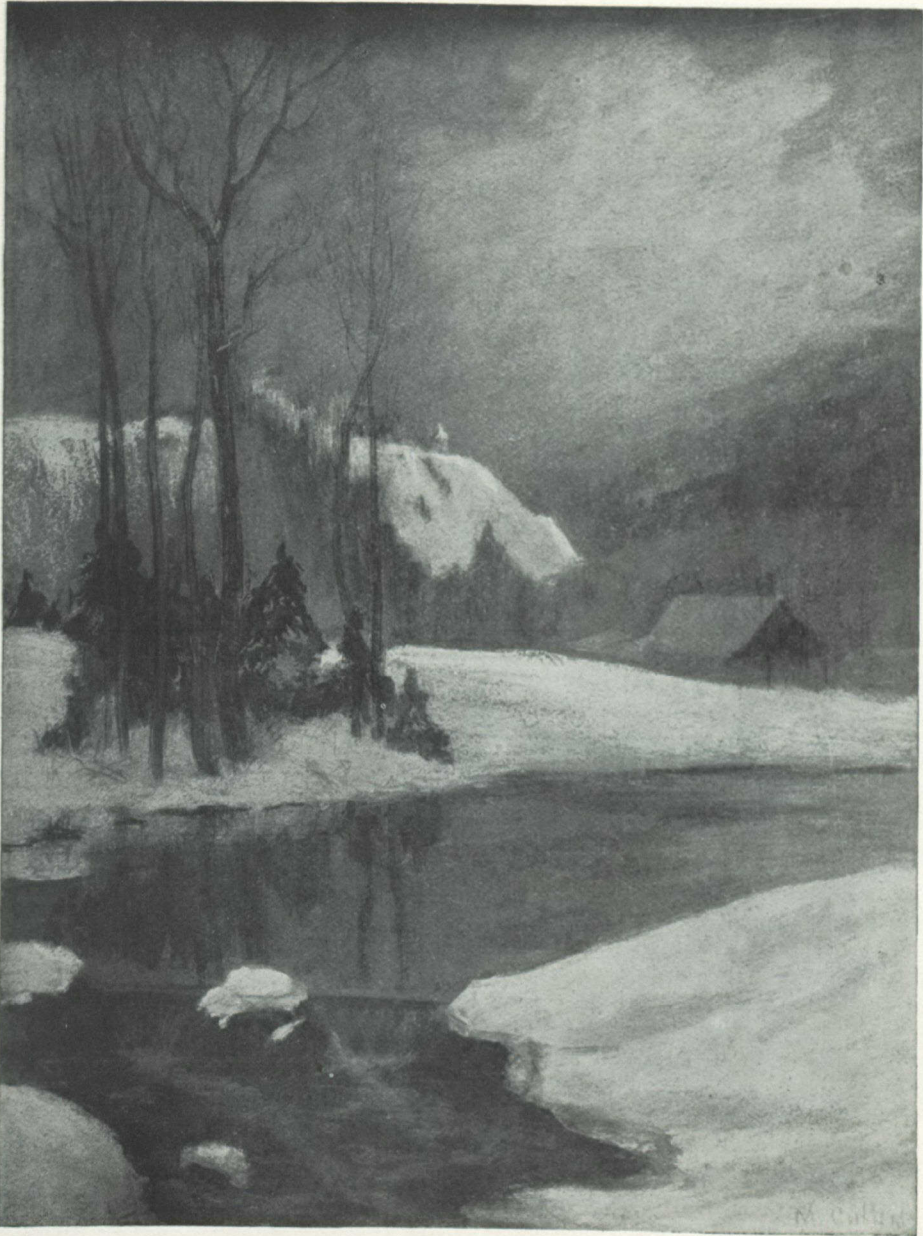
IN LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

sketches made in the face of wind and snow and frost, and it is not always that one can find a warm room with a window overlooking the motive that one might wish to define.

Mr. Cullen's long residence in the Province of Quebec has given him his opportunity. The Quebec winter is ideal. Snow falls in abundance, oftentimes in superabundance, but it is generally a dependable element, and one can anticipate it with a degree of surety. The season lasts long enough and the temperature is rigid enough to induce the people to dress in keeping with the requirements of the weather. So that in the streets of the cities of Montreal or Quebec, for instance, from November until March, a feeling of the winter season is given by the garments the people wear. A discerning artist could give a sense of winter even if there were

no snow on the ground or in the air; but undoubtedly the picture would be more beautiful with the play of light and colour upon snow. At any rate, Mr. Cullen has shown that snow is beautiful and that it can beautify the thing upon which it falls, be it field or tree or hillside or house or bank of rushing stream. There is beauty, too, in frost in conjunction with snow. It is perhaps more difficult to add to snow a feeling of crispness in the air and the creak that frost gives to moving sled or crunching hoof. But in some of Mr. Cullen's pictures you can divine a low temperature, as, for example, in the one entitled "In Lower Town, Quebec," and again in the one entitled "Early Spring" you know that the snow is soggy and that in the air there is the first breath of winter's dissolution.



THE STREAM

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

Although Mr. Cullen lives in Montreal, he has a real fondness for the ancient capital of Quebec. Everyone who has visited Quebec and crossed the river to Levis remembers the imposing spectacle from that

point, even in summer. But look at Mr. Cullen's rendition of the same place in winter. It was imposing in summer; now it is beautiful, and the small ferry-boat crossing amongst the broken ice, leaving its trail of smoke,



OLD MONTREAL

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

is an important contrasting line in the composition and therefore of more importance as such than as an actual fact in the everyday life of the people, which it really is.

Mr. Cullen is an unusually studious and contemplative painter, and his results are achieved by dint of keen thinking first and deft execution afterwards. Some painters paint what they see with a fidelity that is praiseworthy merely as such. But what they do is not an essay in art; it is a practical and oftentimes valuable transcription. But art in painting consists in large measure of admitting into the composition only the features that are essential to the motive, fortifying the structure with the artist's conception of beauty and impregnating it with his own sense of the fitness of things. And on one's ability to discern the fitness of things depends one's success in any of the arts. A horse standing attached to a sleigh in a storm is not of itself, many persons would grant, a very

beautiful spectacle; yet look at Mr. Cullen's painting with an object of this kind as one of the chief points in the composition. Hundreds of times the artist and the people of Montreal have seen horses standing like the horses stand in the painting; but neither he nor they ever saw these very horses in this actual setting. For the artist has selected here and rejected there until he has produced a well-balanced, rhythmical conception of a familiar aspect of the Montreal winter.

Mr. Cullen constantly refreshes his art by sketching in the open, with the result that his more deliberate work displays the charm that is a result of zest and renewed inspiration. His canvases reveal what artists term "painting quality." The paint is not simply swiped on with a brush, but it is built up until it attains a loose, open, vibrant texture. This textural quality in paint makes possible the absorption and radiation of light and suggests the pres-



WINTER IN BRITTANY

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

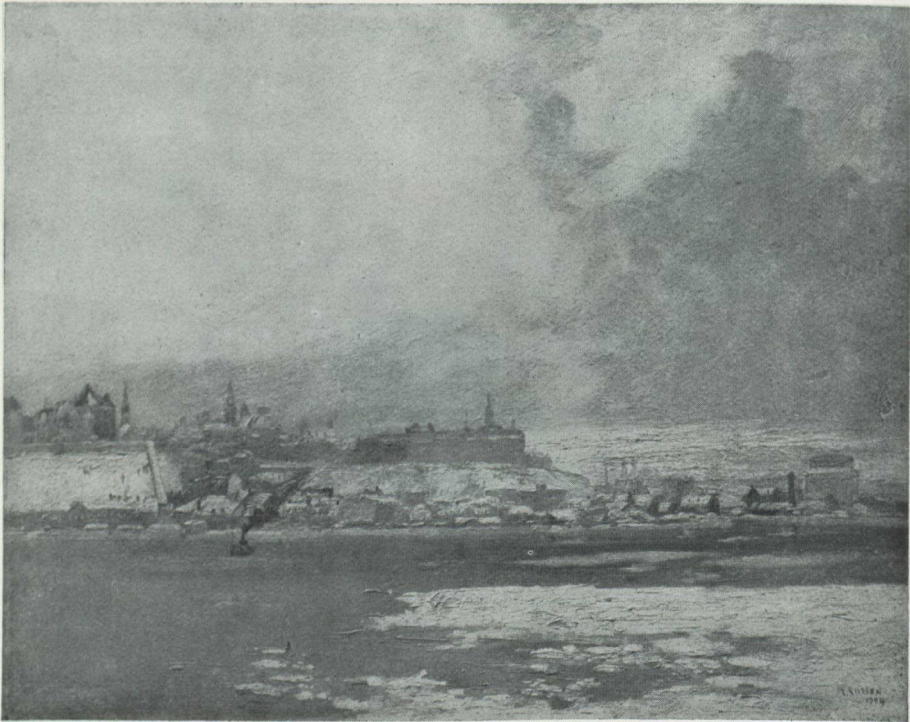
ence of atmosphere, without which no picture, however clever the draughtsmanship or complementary the colours, can become a real solace to the beholder. Tone in colour values is well displayed in the painting entitled "In Lower Town, Quebec." The air is keen with frost, and one almost rubs one's ears while looking at the smoke rising straight up into the

air. This aspect of nature is not necessary to the chief motive, but its revelation is evidence of the artist's keen perception and of his ability to conform these natural lines to the artistic requirements of the picture.

While Mr. Cullen paints mostly in oils, he sometimes uses pastel, a medium whose subtleties he has realised

to an unusual degree. In pastel he has developed some large and important motives and achieved a depth of tone and breadth of technique that one would scarcely attribute to so delicate a medium. "The Stream" is a good example of the pastel, but the reproduction on page 539 loses the colour scheme, which is very important in the picture, especially in the water, which gives forth opalescent qualities from its limpid depths.

Arts School in Montreal. Having learned there the first principles of drawing, composition and colour, he went over to Paris and worked under Delaunay at the Academie des Beaux Arts and as well at other schools. This was in eighty-eight. Six years later we find this young painter exhibiting for the first time at the New Salon, which in those days was regarded as a comparatively exclusive exhibition. A year still later he

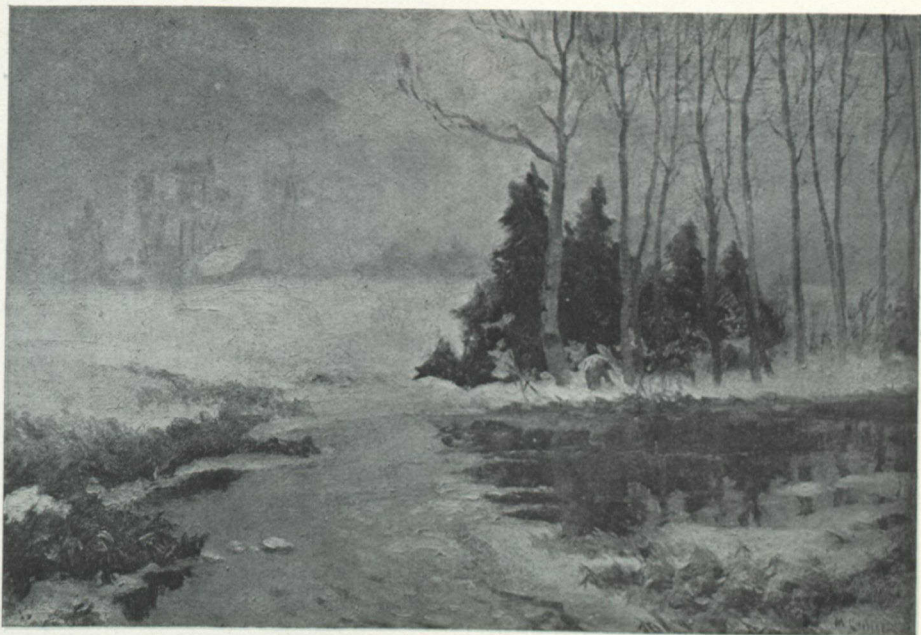


QUEBEC, FROM LEVIS

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

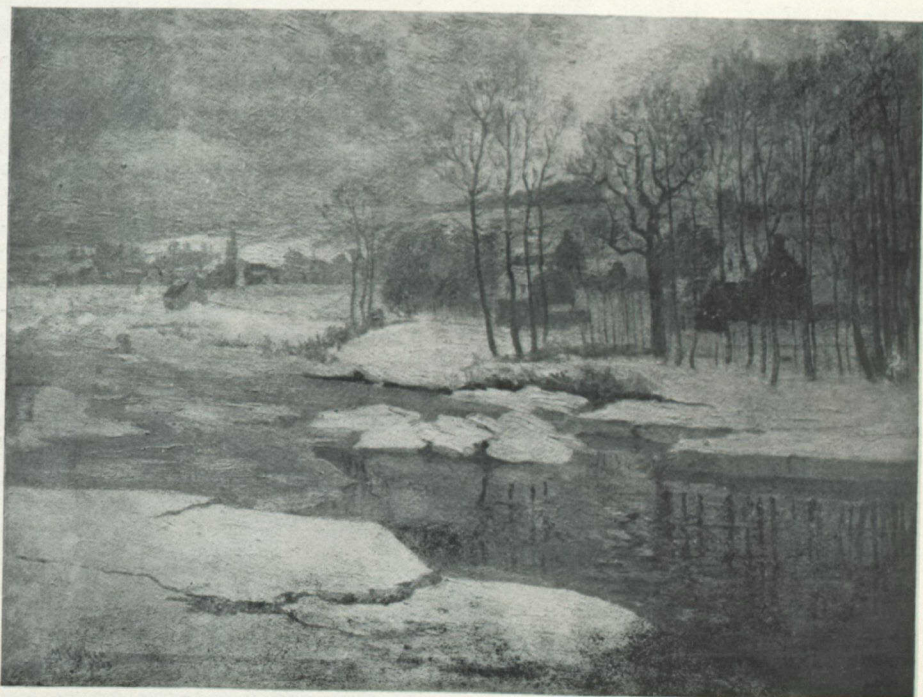
Maurice Cullen is a Newfoundlander by birth, but his parents took him when still a child to Montreal, where a destiny as a merchant prince was mapped out for him. But like many others who have succeeded in the arts he was obliged to defeat the purpose of his parents by taking up the study of wet paints instead of dry goods. His first observations in art were made as a pupil at the Council of

was elected an associate of the Société National des Beaux Arts and had the satisfaction of having an example of his work bought by the French Government. Within the same year he returned to Canada, and a few years later he was elected a member of the Royal Canadian Academy. Three years ago he became a member of the Canadian Art Club, which has been the most exclusive and



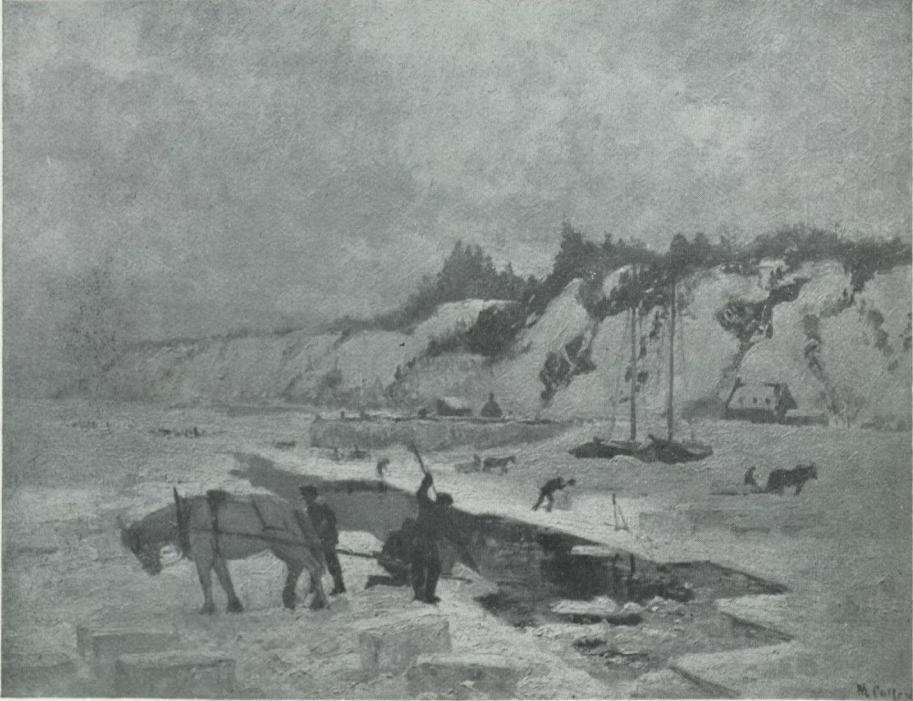
THE BEND IN THE RIVER

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN



EARLY SPRING

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN



THE ICE HARVEST

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

the most promising organisation of the fine arts in the Dominion.

Canada is frequently reviled as a country naturally unsuitable for the development of the art of painting. Mr. Cullen's work exposes the fallacy of this opinion, and no one is more enthusiastic than he over the paintable qualities of Canadian scenery. Of course, he has more than justified his belief. For the sake of comparison, we reproduce a winter landscape painted by Mr. Cullen in Brittany. The difference between it and the others is obvious, and we feel that the Canadian subjects do not suffer by the comparison. Of course conditions

vary so much in Canada that one cannot make a sweeping statement. The atmosphere and colour in Northern Ontario, for instance, are different from the atmosphere and colour on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. It is possible that the Canadian conditions are not generally sympathetic with the painter. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that an increasing number of Canadian artists will have the courage of their convictions and paint from the suggestiveness of their surroundings motives that will be worthy of artistic treatment and of a style that will be, if not Canadian, at least distinctive.

THE OTHER BROTHER

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

AUTHOR OF "ON THE IRON AT BIG CLOUD"

THE dusk of evening was closing down on an early October day. Atop the ridges of the hills the crackle of musket-fire from the skirmish lines was slackening. Along the parched and dried-up bed of Doctor's Creek the Federal advance had paused, while brigade after brigade coming up behind was deploying into position to await the morrow and the general engagement that seemed inevitable.

Nearer Perryville, and just within the Confederate position, amidst fields once cultivated but now sadly trampled and torn up, the fences hanging and dismantled, stood one of those mansions for which Kentucky is justly famous. Low and spacious, it was built in the old colonial style, with wide, pillared, hospitable verandas, facing a sweep of lawn and a tree-fringed driveway that stretched down to the edge of the turnpike.

Within the house, in the great, oak-panelled dining-room, a silver candelabra in the centre of the table lighted up a snowy damask covering, flickered on the quaint old silver tea service and fell softly on the bowed head of a girl kneeling upon the floor, her hands clasped over the knees of a stern-faced, grizzle-haired elderly gentleman, who sat with hard-drawn lips staring straight before him. By the window, his back to the others, stood a young man in the uniform of a Confederate captain; while behind Colonel Helder's

chair an aged negro shuffled nervously from foot to foot.

Suddenly, with a quick, impatient movement, the colonel beckoned to his servant, and, aided by the negro and his own cane, rose stiffly to his feet from the pillows that had been used to prop him up, pushing the girl almost roughly away.

"I forbid you ever to mention his name again, Dorothy," he burst out passionately, looking down at his ward. "He has chosen his own way; chosen to fight against the cause that has left me a wounded cripple, against his brother Forest there—against—against—" the colonel raised his cane and shook it fiercely. "I tell you that from the day he joined the Yankees he was no longer a son of mine!"

Dorothy Madden's face was very white, her dark eyes were brimming with tears, her voice faltered.

"Dad!"—she had always called him dad, all through the years that she had lived with him and Forest and John, ever since, almost, she could remember. "But, dad, he only did what he thought was right—just as you did. Can't you see that, dad? So many have taken different sides in Kentucky. You—you know General Bragg; he is a friend of yours. Surely you——"

The old colonel interrupted her harshly. "Be silent, Dorothy!" he cried. "I will hear no more. Sambo, help me from the room."

She followed the limping figure to the door with her eyes, and then, still kneeling, covered her face with her hands and bent forward over the chair. For a moment she crouched there until at a touch on her shoulder she looked up. The young Confederate officer was bending over her.

"Dorothy," he said gravely, "I have only a few hours' furlough, and the time is short if I am to take you to Perryville."

"To Perryville?" she glanced up at him quickly. "Is—is John there?"

Captain Helder shook his head and turned abruptly to the window.

"I came to take you to Perryville because it is not safe here," he said presently, coming back to her. "I spoke to father about it and he agrees. I did not know anything about John, as I have told you, until I met Colonel Callings coming through the lines."

She rose impulsively to her feet and both hands clasped his arm. "Forest, Forest," she pleaded, "will you do nothing? It's a pitiful thing to talk of my safety and possible danger when John is to be shot at daylight. Oh, you must, you shall, you will do something, because—because——" her voice broke.

He leaned suddenly toward her, lifting her face, searching her eyes. "Because?" he questioned. "Because you love John—is it that, Dorothy?"

A flush sprang to her cheeks and she drew quickly back, averting her head.

"Forgive me, Dorothy," he said in quick contrition. "It was a brutal thing to say, but ever since you came to us—it's a long, long time ago now, isn't it, Dorothy?—when we wore knickers and you were in short skirts, I've known the day must come when your choice would be made. And now I know that it is John you——"

"You've no right to say that," she said steadily. "If you were in

John's place I would have pleaded with your father for you as I have for him; I would have pleaded with him for you. I love you both."

He laughed a little shortly. "Only in a different way, Dorothy," he said in a low voice.

"Forest," she put out her hands imploringly, "I—I—you must not talk of such things now. I—I cannot bear it."

He did not answer for a moment, then abruptly, irrelevantly: "We must start at once for Perryville. There is certain to be heavy fighting to-morrow, and, win or lose, the old place here will be pretty well in the thick of it."

"And—and—then you will do nothing for John?" she was clinging to him tightly, wildly. "I knew it was useless to talk to your father, but—but I was sure you would be different and that between us we could save him. You—you will, won't you?"

"You don't understand, Dorothy, I am afraid," said Captain Helder gently. "There is nothing that I can do. Ever since we entered Kentucky the Federal troops have been able to forestall nearly every move we made—to-day they caught John, the man who is mainly responsible for it. A spy's life is forfeited in any case, and John, above all others, has been too dangerous a man to the Confederate cause to look for any mercy."

"But, but," she cried, "perhaps it is all a mistake. John might have become separated from his men in the fight this afternoon and then he could only be held as a prisoner of war, couldn't he?"

Captain Helder hesitated a moment, drumming in indecision with his fingers upon the window to which he had again turned, then he faced full upon the girl.

"Look at me, Dorothy," he commanded.

She raised her face to his, a little surprised, and looked at the sharp, clean-cut features, the firm mouth and

chin, the clear, steady blue eyes—in the half-light it was John's face, line for line. The resemblance between the twin brothers, always startling even to her who had known them all her life, seemed now more pronounced than ever. She dropped her eyes, a tinge of pink dyeing the ivory of her cheeks.

"You are very beautiful, Dorothy," he said involuntarily.

She put out her hand in quick protest.

He smiled a little. "Listen," he said. "I will answer your question. There is no mistake. For several weeks the headquarters' staff have known that it was John. Previous to that I was suspected, and narrowly escaped a court-martial."

"You! I—I do not understand."

"Look at me again, Dorothy. You understand now, don't you? John joined Buell's forces when they entered Kentucky. He knew I was with General Bragg's command. He knows Kentucky as few men know it, and I suppose he volunteered for duty as a spy. More than once he has been mistaken for me within our lines and that has saved his life. Today, this afternoon, and in this you are right, he was with his men and cut off in a skirmish at the creek. He was wounded, how badly Callingsse did not say, brought in, recognised, given a drumhead court-martial, convicted and——"

"To-morrow morning," she said with a half sob, and swayed a little.

Captain Helder caught her, and, bending, kissed her forehead. He smoothed back the brown locks tenderly. "I do not know what to say to you, dear," he said huskily.

"But, you — you — he is your brother. "Won't you——"

"I do not know," he said, his voice taking a harder ring. "Father is right; John chose his own road—to fight against us. But why discuss that? Granting that I would, there is nothing to be done. Come now,

Dorothy, you must get your things on quickly, while I see to the horses."

Mechanically she allowed him to lead her from the room out into the great, wide hall, where a huge log crackled in the fire-place. The colonel was sitting before it, propped up again with pillows, smoking, a stern, grim figure in his uniform of butternut gray. She did not speak to him. At the foot of the staircase Captain Helder left her. Halfway up, she halted and looked back. It seemed incongruous, the peaceful scene. The old colonel in his chair, the candles on the mantelpiece, the crackling fire, the square, spacious hall—incongruous, unnatural, like irony too bitter, too cruel to be real. A dull, muffled boom from some far away gun came to her faintly, and she started. Forest still lingered at the foot of the stairs. She smiled at him wanly—and went on again.

In her room she threw herself upon her knees by her bed. Her head throbbed fiercely as she tried to think. "*To-morrow morning*"—the words, beat upon her brain. It seemed there was nothing else, no other thought—just those words with their awful meaning. She cried aloud. Then, striving to compose herself, she tried to pray. After a few moments, she rose and walked to the window, standing there with clenched hands, looking out into the night that had now shut down inky black. Away in the distance tiny points of light scintillated through the darkness, a long, long series of them at irregular intervals—the Federal campfires. Back somewhere behind the ridges and ravines lay the lines of gray—and John, a prisoner, sentenced to death. Nothing, Forest had said, nothing could save him. There *must* be something! She, too, knew General Bragg. If she could only reach him, plead with him, go on her knees to him, surely, surely he would hear her prayer. John's life was so little for him to grant; to her it was—her heart

for an intant seemed to stop its beating. She covered her hands with her eyes. Forest's words were ringing in her ears: "Because you love John." She did not know. Some day, perhaps, as he had said, she too had felt that she might come to care for one of them in a different way. Had that day come, or was it only the dread peril in which John stood, the danger—the word roused her again to the immediate present. She crossed the room swiftly in sudden decision. Instead of Perryville she would go herself to General Bragg's headquarters—she reached out for the door latch, and then, with a startled gasp, drew back her hand and stood still. Some one was rapping very softly and the door was being noiselessly opened.

"Who is there?" she called sharply.

"Ssh! Ssh! Missy, missy, foh de Lord's sake his am only ol' Sambo. Don't yoh make no noise, missy."

"What is it, Sambo? What do you want?" she asked quickly.

"Oh, missy," whispered the negro breathlessly. "I done see Massa John."

She sprang forward. "John! Where? Speak, speak quickly, Sambo! Do you know what you are saying?"

"I done see him, missy, sure 'nuff. I'se down in de kitchen wid Martha an' I hears something a-fumblin' outside like it was tryin' foh to open de door, den I says: 'Who is yoh out dar?' an' he says——"

"Yes, yes," broke in Dorothy frantically. "It was John. I understand. Where is he now?"

"Why, missy, he's down dar ob eo'se. He done told me I was to find yoh an' told yoh, as if ol' Sambo an' Martha didn't know dat was de thing to do. I'se 'fraid, missy, he's pretty bad hurt. He said something 'bout makin' his 'scape an' tryin' foh to get ober to de Union lines, but couldn't get no furder, an' den when

I got him inside he just done fainted away."

Hardly waiting for Sambo to finish, Dorothy ran along the passage and down the back stairs that opened into the kitchen, with the negro following her. On the floor, motionless, lay the figure of a man in Federal blue, and bending over him, crooning and flapping her checkered apron as a fan, was the buxom form of Martha, her old mammy nurse. In an instant, Dorothy was upon her knees, her face close to the one upturned and white, calling his name over and over in a low fierce whisper: "John! John! John!"

There was no answer. Her eyes fell suddenly upon a dark blotch on the blue uniform just below the shoulder. She put her hand upon it. It was moist, and her fingers as she drew them back, looking dumbly into the faces of the two servants, were tinged with a crimson stain.

"Now, chile, don't yoh go foh to take on dat away," comforted Martha. "He just done faint, dat's all. You leab him to yoh ol' mammy."

A sound outside caught her ear and stirred her into action. For the moment she had forgotten about Forest and the horses. If he entered the house by the back door—he was coming! "Quick, quick!" she cried, imperative now. "Sambo, you and Martha must try and carry Mr. John up the back stairs and put him to bed in his old room at the end of the wing. No one will go there. Oh, hurry, hurry, I am afraid Captain Forest is coming now. I'll bring some brandy. Lift him gently."

She stooped to help them as she spoke, and together they carried the wounded man to the stairs. She watched them anxiously as they went up, staggering under the dead weight that, careful as they were, they were almost obliged to drag. Then, just as they reached the top, she turned with a suppressed cry, closed the door

of the back staircase hurriedly and faced into the kitchen. Footsteps were upon the stoop. Her face, already white, went suddenly gray. A dark, tell-tale stain on the white-scrubbed floor where John had lain seemed to spring up and mock her. The door was opening. She flew to the centre of the room and stood there covering the spot with the sweep of her wide skirts.

A second later Forest stepped inside. "Why, Dorothy!" he cried, halting abruptly. "What are you doing here? And you're not ready to go!"

"No; I—I am not going," she stammered.

"Not going!" he crossed the room to her side. "Not going, Dorothy! But, you must! Come"—he took her hand to lead her to the hall, then lifted it quickly. "Why, you're hurt, you've cut yourself," he exclaimed.

She snatched her hand quickly away and hid it behind her, her cheeks crimsoning. She had forgotten that. "It—it is nothing," she said hastily. "Please, Forest, I—I want to be alone."

He looked at her closely. "Dorothy, let me see your hand," he commanded gravely.

But now she laughed. "Don't be silly, Forest. It's nothing but a scratch," she pushed him playfully away.

He hesitated a moment, still looking at her curiously. "Have you told father that you do not intend to go to Perryville?" he asked.

"No; not yet," she answered.

"Then," said Forest firmly, "if I have no authority, I'll see that father insists upon it."

"And I," she returned with quiet determination, "shall insist on staying here, Forest."

"But I want you to go. Father will not need you, and there's no reason why you should stay."

"A woman's reason is generally her will, isn't it?" she smiled at him;

then, almost shortly: "You mustn't interfere, Forest, my mind is quite made up."

"Interfere!" he caught up the word and flushed hotly. "You may be sure I wouldn't if it were not for your safety. As it is, Sambo can take you to Perryville as well as I, of course. I shall see father about it." He turned sharply and walked from the room.

Dorothy watched him go, her heart beating quickly, the tears starting to her eyes. She had not meant to hurt him. She opened her lips to call him back and with a little sob resolutely closed them again. As his footsteps died away, she followed him as far as the butler's pantry, secured a bottle of brandy, retraced her steps to the kitchen, and, with a shudder, as her glance fell upon the spot on the floor, blew out the lamp as the best means of hiding it; then she felt her way to the door of the back staircase.

Reaching the landing above, she turned, ran swiftly down the hallway and entered the, now candle-lighted, room at the end of the wing. The faithful old servants had made good use of their time, for the unconscious man's uniform lay across a chair and he was already in bed. Dorothy smiled gratefully at them both, as, taking a glass from the table, she passed to the bedside and began to pour out some brandy into it.

"Dorothy!"

She started back, terrified. The brandy spilled on the counterpane.

"Dorothy!"—it was the old colonel's voice, insistent, impatient, from the hall below.

She pushed the bottle and glass into Sambo's hands, and ran for the stairs. "Yes, dad," she called; "I'm coming."

The choleric old gentleman, still in his chair, was banging with his cane on the floor. "What's the matter with this infernal household?" he demanded.

"Why, dad," she said soothingly, dropping on her knees beside him, "there's nothing the matter, is there? What is it?"

"Hump!" grunted the colonel. "I've rung for Sambo and I've rung for Martha, and I might as well have rung for the devil; and I've shouted myself hoarse for you. Where is——"

"Can I get you anything, dad?"

"Presently, presently. What's this I hear about you refusing to go to Perryville? Forest has gone off in a huff; but I suppose Sambo will do as well."

She took his hand, patting it, as she shook her head. "No, dad; I am going to stay here. Now please, you must let me have my way. I—*listen!*" she interjected suddenly, her hand tightening over his. "What is that?"

From the turnpike to the left came the dull beat of horses' hoofs, growing louder and louder.

"What is that?" she cried again, and springing to her feet rushed to the window to press her face against the pane.

"A mounted patrol," snapped the colonel testily.

"But—but they are coming here," she faltered. She could see nothing through the darkness, but her ears told her the horses had swung from the turnpike into the driveway leading to the house. "What is it?" she cried out for the third time—but intuitively she knew.

White with terror, her hands were tightly clasped across her breast. The troop had halted now before the house, and footsteps and clanking sabres mingled on the veranda, followed on the instant by a series of sharp knocks upon the door.

"Sambo!" shouted the colonel. "Hey, you black rascal!" Receiving no reply, he screwed around in his chair to Dorothy. "Open the door, Dorothy," he ordered.

She looked at him piteously, but did not move. Without, they were

pounding heavily upon the panels.

"Dorothy, do you hear me! Open the door!" repeated the colonel sharply.

She moved forward mechanically, undid the fastenings with trembling fingers and stepped aside. A half-dozen troopers in gray brushed by her into the hall.

With the help of his cane, the colonel rose to his feet, as, saluting curtly, the young officer in command of the detachment approached him.

"You have an escaped Federal spy in the house," said the officer, with scant ceremony. "Where is he?"

Dorothy shrank back into the deeper shadows by the wall and groped weakly at the wainscoting for support.

For a moment the colonel stared in blank amazement, then his face coloured to a mottled purple and he shook his cane irascibly at the other. "Do you know what you are saying, sir?" he thundered. "A Federal spy in *my* house! Do you know who I am that you accuse me of treason to the uniform I wear? I am your superior officer and I order you to be gone! I will see that this is reported in proper quarters."

"You are Colonel Helder," replied the officer coolly. "Your son John, captured and convicted as a spy, escaped from the guard-tent an hour or so ago."

"And what has that to do with me?" roared the colonel. "He is no son of mine, and this is the last place you need look for him."

"Nevertheless," retorted the officer, "he is in this house."

"And I tell you he is not!" shouted the colonel, rapping angrily on the floor with his cane. "I pledge you my word as a Confederate officer and a Kentucky gentleman that he is not in this house. I have not seen him since the day he saw fit to defy me and throw in his lot with the enemy."

"He has been traced here, and it is my duty to search," declared the

other doggedly, as he turned to his men.

"This is the first time, sir," exclaimed the colonel, drawing himself up, "that my word——"

A wild cry burst from Dorothy's lips. Across the hall, the door leading from the butler's pantry swung wide open and there, thrown into relief by the flickering flames from the fireplace and the soft light of the candles, framed like an apparition in the doorway, a half smile playing over the pale features, stood a figure in Federal blue, the dark blotch, that she knew too well, standing out on the faded tunic just below the shoulder. Wild-eyed, terrified, she gazed for a moment spellbound. The colonel, with face rigid and hard as though turned to stone, grasped, swaying, at the back of his chair; the men and their commander, in their sudden surprise, seemed rooted where they stood. The tension that seemed ages long held barely a second.

"John! John!" screamed Dorothy frantically, starting forward. "John, run, run, run! They are here for you—run!"

He seemed to smile at her reassuringly as he jumped back and slammed the door behind him. She heard the quick-shot bolt go home, then shouts and a pistol shot as the troopers leaped for the pantry door. She flung herself in their way only to be thrust roughly aside, and sank to her knees, clasping her hands in any agony of apprehension. Her keen ears caught the sound of running footsteps through the pantry and across the kitchen, then the kitchen door banged and the next instant came the clatter of horse's hoofs.

The troopers, too, had heard it, and, with a sharp-flung order, their commander turned and led them on the run through the front door to where they had left their own horses. Like one in a dream Dorothy listened to the excited voices of the men, the rattle of sabres, the creak of saddles

as they mounted, the sharp, quick pound of the hoofbeats as the cavalcade swept around the house to take up the pursuit in the rear. She rose weakly to her feet, and, with outstretched hands as one feeling through the dark, moved slowly across the room. The colonel had sunk into his chair, the gray shoulders bent forward, hands tightly clasped on the chair-arms, the hard, iron face gaunt and strained now as he stared into the fire.

"Dad!" she called softly. He did not answer. She laid her hand over one of his. "Dad!" she pleaded again.

He turned for a moment and looked at her. "Go to your room, Dorothy, and get your things on," he said hoarsely. "You are to go to Perryville at once. Send—Sambo to—me——" he lurched weakly in his chair.

"Dad, dad!" she cried, catching him in her arms. "What is it? You are ill—this has been too much for you."

The grim old colonel straightened. "Do as I bid you," he said sternly. "I am all right."

She hesitated, still lingering beside him; then, as he raised his hand imperatively, she turned and walked slowly upstairs, glancing anxiously backward at the bowed figure from step to step. At the top, she halted uncertainly. "Sambo! Martha!" she called. There was no response, and, hardly knowing why, she ran down the passage. "Sambo! Martha!" she called again. "Where are you? You must go to your master at once. I——"

She had pushed open the door at the end of the wing, and with a choking cry started back. *John's white, pallid face with closed eyes, unconscious, still lay upon the pillow as she had left him!*

Sambo's form rose from the bedside. "Is dey done gone, missy? Is dey all done gone?" he whispered.

"I don't dares answer yoh call till I makes sure, missy. And Martha she's down in de kitchen."

Dorothy stepped unsteadily into the room, straining unbelieving eyes from the negro to the form on the bed. She answered mechanically: "Yes, they've gone, Sambo." Then wildly: "What—what does it mean? What has happened?"

"Now, missy, don't yoh go foh to disnerb yohself 'cause it's all right," smiled Sambo. "After yoh went out, Martha done went to de kitchen foh some hot wattah. I reckon de light must hab got blowed out foh it was all dark, so she lighted it again, an' den in come Massa Forest on de way to get his horse. Massa Forest he's see dat spot on de floor whar Massa John lay, I 'spect, an' Martha done get flustered when he ask her 'bout it. Den Massa Forest's 'spicions bein' 'roused he make Martha bring him up here. Massa Forest hadn't no more'n just stepped into dis room when all dat racket begin downstairs. He went out into de passage an' listened, den he come back quick an' look at Massa John on de bed, den he look at Martha and den he look at me, and den he laugh kind ob hard. 'Yoh disappear, you ol' rascals!' he say, an' push Martha out ob de door. Den he pull off his clothes like lightnum an' put on Massa John's, do his own up in a roll an' run foh de back stairs. Bimeby I hears another racket down in de hall an' den Massa Forest gallopin' away, an' den dis ol' niggah

jus' feels good all ober foh dar ain't no one gwine to cotch Massa Forest when he's ridin' ol' Bess."

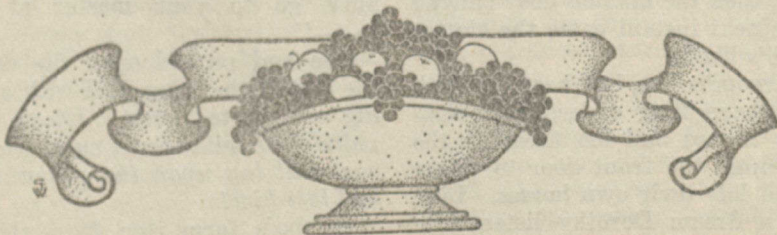
It was a long time before Dorothy spoke. "Sambo," she said brokenly at last, "get Martha and go to the colonel. I am afraid he is worse again. You must get him into bed, and he is not to know that Mr. John is still here. If he says anything about my going with you to Perryville to-night, you must humour him, do you understand, Sambo?—and to-morrow we must get Mr. John away."

"Yes, missy."

"Then go, Sambo; and close the door."

She went to the bed and dropped upon her knees beside it. The minutes passed, many of them, and she knelt there motionless. John's face on the bed she saw as through a blur; she heard the slow, heavy steps of Sambo and his master come up the stairs and go down the hall to the colonel's room at the other end of the house—but still ringing in her ears was the beat of horse's hoofs, and through the blackness of the night, in fancy, she saw a rider racing madly for his life. Then, suddenly, a cry escaped her. She started up, her lips parted. It had come, as he had said it would, the day of choice—no, not choice, for now it seemed that it must always have been just him—only she had not known before.

"*Forest!*" she whispered in shy self-surrender—and buried a hot, crimsoning face in her hands.



THE GOSPEL OF FLOWERS

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

MEN unconsciously radiate their personality. They influence others not so much by what they do as by what they are. Flowers "toil not, neither do they spin," yet all down through the ages they have been influencing mankind just by what they are and not by what they do.

Look upon them with the eyes of the poet and call them the dream-smiles of the sleep-like life of plants; or regard them from a strictly utilitarian point of view, simply as instruments for the propagation of their species—it does not matter. Their influence upon the human race is indisputable. The graciousness they radiate has ever made for sweetness and light, for right living and wholesome thinking, for cleanliness and order.

Civilisation owes much to flowers. Of this truth Canada is to-day giving the world the most striking object lesson that it has ever seen. For a huge experiment in the gospel of flowers is being tried in the Dominion. From the Atlantic to the Pacific flowers are being dotted over the country by a single agency. And to lonely places, to harsh, forbidding places, to places raw with the wounds inflicted by a people engrossed in a stern fight with the wilderness for subsistence and for wealth flowers are bringing the sweetness of home.

I have a friend who is fond of telling how in a mining camp in the deserts of Australia one of the miners

discovered an onion among his baggage. He stuck the onion in the neck of a bottle filled with water and had the pleasure of seeing it sprout into green shoots. It was the only green thing in the whole of that sterile region, and while it lived rough miners used to come for miles on Sundays just to feast their eyes on this living plant.

The story seems far-fetched, but I believe it. Some time ago I alighted in North Bay, after spending weeks in the savage surroundings of mining and railway construction camps in the Porcupine and Abitibi regions. No women had got so far north at that time. I had lived among rough men, engaged in rough work, and living in tents or in rough shacks situated in clearings slashed out of the riotous, appalling tangle of the primeval forest.

There was no thought there for any of the niceties of civilisation, no time for them. Puny man, as savage as his surroundings, was fighting a grim fight with a world of rock and swamp and overshadowing forest.

From this savage world I came down to North Bay, and the first person I saw there was a woman, daintily dressed, and carrying in her hand—what do you think? A bunch of flowers.

Back there grim utility dictated every action. Here a woman had spared the time to gather a bunch of flowers, and was carrying them with her as a treasured possession. What for? They were utterly super-

fluous things—nay, they were utterly useless things—as far as the utilities of life go. What need of human nature was it to which this little collection of frail, fleeting blooms ministered?

has awakened—since he is deliberately cultivating beauty for beauty's sake.

Inevitably is this beauty reflected in his life. With a flower garden attached to it, the merest shelter from



FLOWERS IN THE PRAIRIE COUNTRY

THE STATION GARDEN AT MOOSE JAW

Coming from beyond the confines of civilisation—from life in the raw—I viewed civilisation with fresh eyes. And that bunch of flowers flashed before me as the symbol of all the sweet and gracious things by which civilisation surrounds us.

Flowers tell us that after all nature is not all red in tooth and claw. From them there emanates an intangible influence that is reflected in our hearts. No man can gather flowers about him and remain a savage. Let a man cultivate flowers around his habitation, and civilisation begins to smile even where savagery reigned. Cultivated flowers mean that man has risen superior to his environment—that wholesomeness and order have evolved from chaos. They mean that the spiritual part of man

wind and rain and sun becomes a home. A garden means pride in orderliness, in wholesomeness, in cleanliness. It ministers to the finer instincts and to the best attributes of higher civilisation.

Now this, as I have said, is being illustrated in a striking way in Canada.

Some years ago the Canadian Pacific Railway Company started to preach the gospel of flowers.

There certainly was need of it. In the constructive years of that railway the company and the men employed by it had too big a task in conquering space and wilderness to give any time to the embellishment of the steel pathway from ocean to ocean.

The path of the pioneer is inevi-

tably marked by desolation—especially when the pioneer is a railway. Thus it is no reflection on the pioneer transcontinental railway of Canada to say that in its course the forest growths were slashed and burned, that hideous scars were blasted across the hills and mountains, and that the green prairies were gashed into bare and dusty pathways. To travel across the continent was to travel along a pathway of desolation. Where sta-

would thus ultimately prove a profitable investment.

So the word went forth from headquarters that stationmasters, sectionmen, and all other employees living on the company's property anywhere along the trunk line or branches could have free of all cost all the flower seeds they wanted for any of the land they cared to cultivate. There was nothing compulsory about it. They could make whatever kind



ANOTHER BEAUTY SPOT ON THE PRAIRIES

THE STATION GARDEN AT REGINA

tions occurred the desolation became an abomination of ugly buildings and depressing grime and ashes.

Then the company brought flowers to the rescue. There was nothing altruistic about its scheme. The management of the company, in a far-seeing moment, recognised that flower-gardens around its stations would make Canada look inviting rather than forbidding to the traveller, and that money spent on flower gardens

of garden they chose, and do whatever they liked with the produce.

There were many applications for seeds in the first year, and with every package of diversified varieties that went out there went also a kindly-worded message and some advice.

Some wonderful transformations were effected that first year. Along the forbidding pathway of the trains there sprang into being oasis after oasis of pure delight. Ugly, grossly



A WORKMAN'S DWELLING UNADORNED WITH FLOWERS



A SIMILAR DWELLING TRANSFORMED BY FLOWERS

A COMPARISON

utilitarian section-houses became standing advertisements for the neighbourhood in which they were situated. Stations, from being depressing and repellent, became charming, enheartening portals to the towns and settlements they served.

Decidedly the flower scheme was worth while.

The joys of gardening spread along the lines. Those employees who at first were apathetic became interested. There were more applications for seeds the next year, more the year after, and still more the year after that. Now the flower movement has reached such proportions that last spring no fewer than 125,000 packages of seeds were sent out, representing the choicest varieties of garden flowers that the world produces.

In addition to the free distribution of flower seeds many thousands of shrubs, plants, and perennials are annually distributed, while every fall about half a million bulbs are sent out free, comprising such varieties as tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, narcissuses, snowdrops, crocuses, and lilies. The distribution of bulbs is a splendid idea, for they spring up year after year in ever-increasing numbers. Where they can be made use of, grass seed for lawns, as well as lawn-mowers, garden hose and other implements are supplied free.

Wonderfully repaid is the company for its expenditure. From one end of the continent to the other its lines run through a continual succession of gardens. They have come into existence by the thousand. There are gardens on the lines in New Brunswick, gardens to be seen from the train on the journey through French-Canadian Québec, gardens in the wild forest country north of Lake Superior, gardens on the once bald prairies, gardens amid the stern, awe-inspiring wonders of the Rockies, gardens amid the romantic scenes of the Fraser Canyon, gardens right to the very lip of the Pacific Ocean.

The solace and joy that these gardens have been to many living in lonely places can never be estimated. Think what they have meant to the women. I have seen in the floral department of the company many really touching letters from the wives of employees on the subject of their gardens.

Here is a letter that came to the head of the floral department from the wife of a sectionman living at a lonely spot away in the heart of the Rocky Mountains:

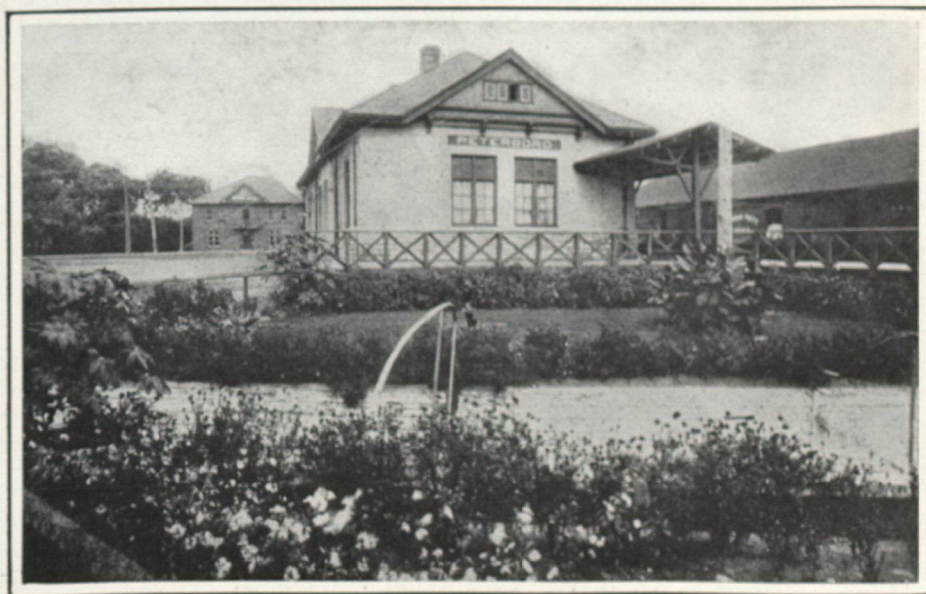
"Dear Sir—I am sending you a snapshot of our garden. I hope you will like it. I would have done more, but I have a dear little baby girl to look after, so she takes up my time a wee bit. We have named the baby Pansy Verbena.

All my girls are named after flowers, so if you have anything you can send to help make this place pretty I shall be thankful. I love my garden, and often when I feel tired and out of sorts I go into my garden and work awhile and it soon passes off. I do not do it all myself, for I am teaching my boys and girls to help in the garden. I think it so nice to see children caring for flowers and taking an interest in them."

This is only one of countless testimonies to the brightness that this gospel of flowers has brought to the wives of railway employees—and be sure

What has been done at the station has been repeated by the settlers themselves. Pride of home has been the result, and civic pride has followed that, until we find municipal authorities in the new towns of the West setting out deliberately to spread the gospel of flowers by offering prizes that are charged to the local taxes for the best gardens, by laying out public gardens and parks and by beautifying the streets.

No one who has gone into one of



BEAUTIFYING THE BROOKSIDE

C. P. R. STATION AT PETERBOROUGH

that brightness has been reflected in the men and in their work.

But here is another thing that has been noticeable. Coincident with the growth of this gardening movement has been a marked improvement in the home life of the people. The homes themselves have been made prettier and more attractive and have been kept cleaner.

The influence of the flowers has not stopped here. A pretty garden at the station has often aroused the emulation of a whole community.

these communities before and after the gospel of flowers has reached it can fail to appreciate the tremendously potent civilising influence that flowers exercise.

Of course, this great experiment in flowers has its particular enthusiast behind it. Mr. N. S. Dunlop is the man to whom it is due. He is the claims adjuster of the system, as well as the director of the floral department.

Though he spends many hours in his office every day, and is never

without a big load of legal difficulties to disentangle, Mr. Dunlop does not look like an office man. He dresses invariably in tweeds, and his sturdy figure, rosy cheeks, clear eye and

and giving them to various station-masters. Gradually in this way he interested the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and now there is no more enthusiastic advo-



BETWEEN EAST AND WEST

STATION GARDEN AT KENORA

hearty manner would seem to betoken a gentleman farmer of considerable leisure, the world "for to behold and for to admire."

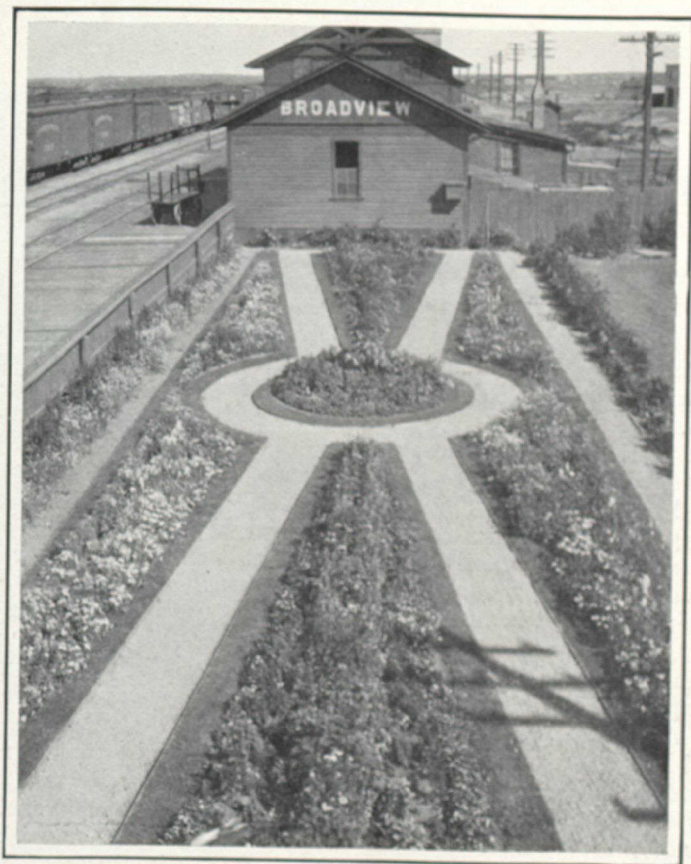
"It is all due to flowers; they are my only tonic," is the way he explains his fresh and rosy appearance. To emphasise the point, he invariably wears a buttonhole, talks on the psychologic influence of gardens, and—when work is over and nobody is around to listen to the gospel of flowers—reads poetry.

Mr. Dunlop started the movement eleven years ago on his own account. He began by saving the flower seeds from his own garden when he worked in the company's offices in Toronto

and giving them to various station-masters. Gradually in this way he interested the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and now there is no more enthusiastic advo-

cate of the work of the floral department than Sir Thomas Shaughnessy himself. Every year the scheme is developing. First little gardens, then larger gardens, then demonstration gardens, then lawns and shrubberies. Now a beginning has been made in beautifying the lines between the garden oases. On certain portions of the line such showy blooms as poppies have been scattered broadcast along embankments and fillings, while in various portions of the Rocky Mountains such blooms as the Swiss mountain flower eidelweiss have been introduced.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has

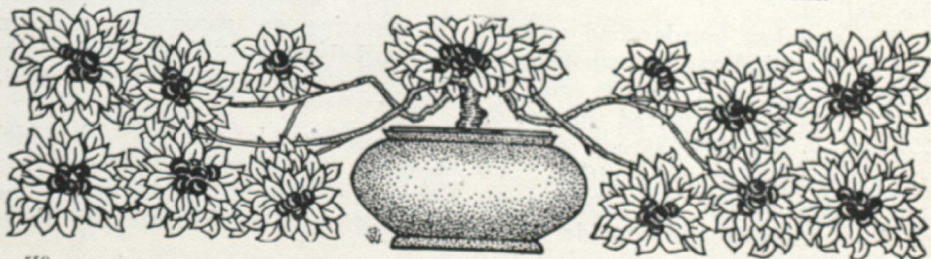


FLOWERS AT BROADVIEW, SASKATCHEWAN

been boasted of as the All-Red Route to the Orient. By continuing to encourage this gospel of flowers it bids fair some day to merit the title of the All-Flower Route. And it is the gardens that adorn it—with the flowers showing the wonderful luxuriance and beauty that comes from the clear air and brilliant sunshine of Canada—that give the traveller a new revelation of this country. Such sights

linger in the memory, even as the sight of daffodils fluttering in the wind did in the memory of Wordsworth, when he wrote:

"I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought.
 For oft when on my couch I lie,
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude,
 And then my heart with pleasure fills
 And dances with the daffodils."



THE CULT OF THE BOMB

BY FRED K. JARMAN

THERE is a sombre street of evil repute in the Montemarte district of Paris that is called the Rue des Loups.

As if to justify its name, here one can find congregated the *crème* of the underworld of Paris. The low, timorous pickpocket and sneaking thief—the savage Apache, with knife and revolver, and the Terrorist, with his more terrible bomb, have each and all made it their haunt.

But of all the houses there, No. 9 was perhaps the best known, for it sheltered Auguste Bernet, the acknowledged head of the destroying brotherhood of Paris.

The police knew him for the instigator, if not the perpetrator, of several bomb outrages, but so cleverly had they been engineered that he had never, so far, been brought to book.

Quite recently the Brotherhood had been at their murderous work. An attempt had been made on the life of a criminal judge, but though the attack had been planned with consummate daring, it had failed in its object. The judge had escaped, but the infernal machine, in exploding, had literally blown to pieces an inoffensive private citizen, named Le Gallien.

The senseless murder had aroused the greatest indignation amongst all classes of society in Paris, and the police had been spurred on to do something, but their efforts to bring the crime home proved fruitless. After a week or two the affair began to lose interest, and outside police

circles was almost forgotten, except by two people—Le Gallien's beautiful daughter Julie and the perpetrator of the outrage, Auguste Bernet.

It was about three weeks after Gallien's death, when Bernet was returning home from a cabaret, where he had drunk very freely of absinthe, that in turning the corner of the Rue des Loups, he blundered against the slight figure of a young girl and nearly lost his equilibrium.

Bernet was in an ill-humour, so he turned on the girl with a coarse oath, but it died away before it left his lips at the sight of her refined and beautiful face. Bernet, though an Anarchist, was a Frenchman, and possessed, in common with his countrymen, the instincts of courtesy, so in a moment he was bowing his apologies for his clumsiness.

To his surprise the sweet face smiled very kindly at him, and the girl graciously accepted the proffered *amende*.

"It is nothing, Monsieur Bernet, please forget it."

To be called so glibly by his name by this charming stranger was a second surprise, which went a long way to sober Bernet.

"Mademoiselle honours me greatly by knowing my name," he said, in a puzzled way. "May I not claim the same privilege of one so beautiful?"

"Monsieur is gallant," the girl laughed. "But surely it is not very surprising that I should know one so celebrated as the chief of those

who wish to free our country. One who is so brave and resourceful in his service to the cause."

It was only the bare truth that the girl spoke, and he had heard it many times before, but it seemed especially sweet coming from her lips, and it pleased him greatly—pleased him almost as much as the shapely form and lovely face, that he was gazing at with growing admiration.

"You are one of us, then? Good! Very good. We shall be firm comrades—you and I. You have some wrong to avenge on society—yes? I thought so. I knew by your face that something had driven you to us. Well, you're welcome. You shall come to my rooms and tell me all. I can help you—perhaps."

"You will? You will help me?" She spoke so eagerly that he eyed her suspiciously for a moment. The police set queer traps for such as he. He knew that. But her face was open as a book, her voice rang true, her clear eyes met his searching look without a flicker of the lids. They spoke for her sincerity. She was a woman with a wrong to revenge—he read it there.

"Ah, no," she continued, when he did not answer. "Of course, it is not your business. Mine is a private wrong. You work only for *La Patrie*, I know."

"Yes, for my country, but there might be circumstances that would induce me to diverge a little from my rules in order to help so sweet a suppliant as Mademoiselle."

"What are they?" she asked quickly. "I cannot give you money."

"Money!" he laughed mockingly. "Money! Bah! You have that, Mademoiselle, which in my eyes is worth all the gold in the universe."

A shiver ran through her frame, but he did not notice it. As she did not reply, he leaned towards her, and sinking his voice, asked:

"Does not Mademoiselle know that

she is superbly beautiful? That I am but a man, and would be less than that—her slave."

A deep flush mantled over the girl's face, and involuntarily she half turned as though to flee from him. He put his hand on her shoulder and gently detained her.

"I was too abrupt—forgive me," he said, quietly; "I was carried away with admiration for you. Surely 'tis a pardonable sin I have committed? I have never met a woman quite like you before. I will be more guarded with my tongue if you will forgive me."

"Oh, yes, Monsieur," she said, apparently reassured by his manner, "and to-morrow, if I may bother you, I will tell you my story. I must go now. Where can I see you again?"

"Will you come to my apartment at No. 9?" He pointed up the street, but seeing she hesitated, he continued: "I shall treat Mademoiselle with every courtesy. You believe me?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I will come to-morrow night at ten o'clock. *Au revoir*, Monsieur Bernet," and with a bewitching smile she left him and hurried away.

He did not attempt to detain her longer. He was a student of human nature and knew that a woman of her temperament likes to be believed and trusted. Besides, there was a something in her voice that assured him that she would come. He never doubted but that they would meet again, and then—

Ah yes, it was necessary that they should. He felt it was fated to be so. He had never met a woman like her before, with such glorious eyes that seemed to reveal her soul and radiate in turn all shades of passion, from the coy glance of love to the burning glint of vengeance. He smiled as the thought crossed his mind. He would gratify the latter at the price of the former.

"What a superb mate for a man like myself," he muttered as he entered his apartment. "Yes. She is the embodiment of my ideal woman—beautiful and intelligent—fierce yet loving; one in whom the gentle fire of Venus glows side by side with the rage of a tigress. Ah! I love that. 'Tis a rare combination. True love and true hatred. I must not miss it—she must be mine."

Could he have seen the girl's face and heard her words, his satisfaction would have been short-lived.

"To-morrow night I will have the truth from him somehow, and if 'twas he who murdered my father, God grant him mercy, he'll get none from me."

*

In an ill-furnished room at No. 9 Rue des Loups the mellow light of a lamp spread its beams around, and lighted up the faces of Auguste Bernet and Julie le Gallien—seated *vis-à-vis*.

She had just finished the story of her wrongs. Not the true story, but one concocted for the furtherance of the purpose she had at heart. She had given him a detailed recital of a great wrong done to a parent—now dead. She had told him of a great betrayal and desertion, followed by a life of hardship and misery, and an untimely death. And how the craving for revenge had brought her to beg his assistance in the accomplishment of her task.

Bernet had listened to her story, but the fascination of the presence of this delicate, well-bred girl had so played upon his imagination—so filled his mind with thoughts of the future that he had given but scant attention to the details of her past.

One thing he noted, however, that she had so far carefully avoided the mention of her name.

"Will Mademoiselle permit me to remind her that in spite of her story I am still ignorant of her name."

"I suppressed it purposely, Monsieur," she replied, her clear, frank eyes looking firmly into his. "I wanted to tell you all first."

"Ah! Then now I may know?"

"Yes. My name is Marie Godin. And the man who brought this wretchedness into my life is Gabriel de l'Orme, the criminal judge."

With a bound Bernet was on his feet—his face twitching, his eyes aflame with excitement.

"What! The criminal judge who sent my two poor comrades to New Caledonia. The man—for whom in mistake I killed old Le Gal—"

He stopped abruptly—the name only half spoken on his open lips. Fool! He was betraying his secrets to a stranger. Pish! He was losing his head as well as his heart. She had bewitched him with her beauty. For a few seconds he stood regarding her with mixed feelings, then giving an impatient gesture he turned away, with a frown on his handsome face.

And the girl—she sat still in her chair, outwardly unmoved, but mentally a tumult of emotion. The trap she had so carefully planned had succeeded beyond her best hopes. Under the spell of her beauty he had betrayed his secret—had told her the one thing it was necessary she should definitely know—that he had murdered her father.

The road was clear before her now.

"Did you understand what I said?" he asked, returning to her side.

"Yes. You said that you killed Le Gallien in mistake for the—the other. I'm glad you told me. I know now that you are the man of all others in the world who can help me to my revenge. And you *will* help me—of that I am sure."

"You are very confident," he laughed. The determination of her tone pleased him. "I shall want a big price for my assistance."

"I am prepared to pay you any price when the man who wronged me is dead."

"Even the price of your love?"

"Yes. If you will help me to accomplish my task, you may then claim me for your slave."

"Say rather for my sweet mate."

"What you will—then, but not till then."

"How do I know you'll keep your word?" he asked.

"Look in my eyes," she cried, rising and facing him. "Am I speaking the truth?"

"Yes," he answered after a pause. "No lie could lurk in those clear blue orbs. I trust you, Marie."

"I will keep faith with you. I swear it." Then, with a light laugh, she ran to the sideboard, where she had noticed he kept a bottle of absinthe and some glasses. "We'll pledge our faith to one another in the green fluid—the liquor that fires the heart to deeds that make our tyrants quake and tremble."

As she filled the glasses she emptied the contents of a small blue phial into one of them. Her back was turned to him, and so adroitly was the addition made that he never noticed it. Then she brought the two glasses forward and handed him the one that was drugged.

"Here, give us a toast. I will drink to it, whatever it be."

He smiled at her enthusiasm, took the proffered glass, and, raising it on high, cried:

"To our future, Mademoiselle, and death to the man who wronged you."

"Amen!" she murmured, with an earnestness he didn't understand.

"And now," she said, when the glasses had been emptied and replaced, "we'll hasten the consummation of your toast. You shall instruct me in the use of a bomb."

"To-night! Why such haste?"

"Has love turned laggard?" she asked a little mockingly. Then notice-

ing an angry flush on his face she quickly added: "Besides, there is another reason why I should be prepared. I have obtained an interview with my enemy. He has seen me, and, ignorant of my identity, has, I believe, fallen in love with me."

"That is not surprising," replied the other gallantly, "but it is all the more reason why I should instruct you to give him a warmer embrace than he desires. I'll have no rival in your love. We'll get to work at once."

Removing a mat from the floor near the sideboard, he lifted a couple of boards and took from the hole a thin box about a foot square. Handling it with great care, he placed it on the table and unlocked the lid.

"This," he said, with a dramatic gesture, "is what the press call—not inappropriately—an infernal machine."

The girl shrank back involuntarily. The action was purely instinctive. The womanly dread of violence asserted itself in her nature, but in a moment she had mastered the weakness and steeled her nerves for the coming ordeal—from which they never flinched again that night.

She approached the table and looked at it calmly.

"That's better," he said, encouragingly, having noticed her momentary fear. "Those who mean to play with death must keep cool heads and strong hearts."

"I am all right now. Tell me how to use it."

"This chamber, which you see is sealed, contains the explosive, enough to wreck this room and send us both to eternity. It is fired by a detonator, which, in its turn, is exploded by the clockwork you see and which can be set to go off at any time, before it is wound up."

"Show me how to wind it."

"Very well, but first I'll disconnect the striker."

She laid her hand on his to stop him.

"Is it necessary?"

"It is safer," he answered grimly.

"I am not afraid. See, let us set it for midnight. There! Is that right? Good. Now wind it up. It will school my nerves to pass the minutes with death creeping on me, second by second. You can stop it, can't you?"

"Oh, yes, any time during the next half-hour; after that——"

"We should be killed? You are sure?"

"Absolutely. Why are you so eager?"

"It seems strange to be so near death. No, don't stop it yet. The thing fascinates me. Come and sit down for a few minutes. I want you near me, I'm not quite sure of myself yet."

Nothing loath, he led her to the couch and sat beside her, with his arm around her quivering form. He knew there was plenty of time, and familiarity with his weapons had bred a certain contempt for them. They were his slaves—deadly to others, but to him mere playthings—toys. Besides, the girl's moods pleased him, she was so different from the common type—quite an original creature, and he admired originality. She was beautiful, too, and as he sat beside her with his arm around the dainty waist, he drew her to him and pressed her young, lithe body, and felt the warmth of it against his own. It thrilled him and filled him with ecstatic feelings. The magnetism of her presence seemed to spread out till its subtle force permeated and dominated his own. It was rapture—sweet and soothing rapture—through every fibre of his being, rapture that mastered his will and subdued his senses. It robbed him of all power of action; he could not move, he was chained by the spell of it. Once he tried to rouse himself, for the time

was passing, but he had no power, he was held helpless, bound, as in a dream—a dream so sweet—that——

So it seemed to Bernet, but the real power that held him was the opiate she had mixed with the absinthe, and before ten minutes had passed he was asleep.

For another five minutes the girl sat motionless as a statue, noting the man's steady breathing. Then, satisfied that he slept, she gently disengaged herself from his encircling arm, rose from the couch, and crept to the table to look at the clock.

"I've only a quarter of an hour left. I must be quick."

Unfastening the band of her skirt, she unwound from her waist a length of broad silk ribbon. Frail looking stuff apparently, but strong as a hempen cord. With it she proceeded to bind the sleeping man's arms behind him, and then strap him securely to the woodwork at the ends and back of the sofa. She next gagged him with his own silk handkerchief, and then, being satisfied that he could neither move nor cry out, she wheeled the couch nearer to the table—and the bomb.

"Five minutes more," she said, after a glance at the clock. "Only five minutes."

She crossed the room to the washstand, and dipping a towel in the jug, she placed it on his face, at the same time trying to rouse him by calling his name aloud.

For a moment it seemed that he would not awake, but she persisted, and after a minute he opened his eyes sleepily.

"Wake up, Bernet. Wake up, for you have only a few minutes to live. Remember the bomb."

The last word roused him, and with an effort he succeeded in throwing off the soporific effects of the drug and tried to rise.

"Oh! you needn't get up. I want to speak to you, that's all. To tell you

that I've tricked you—trapped you—you vile murderer.”

He looked at her with inquiring eyes and tried to speak, but the gag was effectual.

“As I told you, I came to you to avenge a parent's death—my father's. You murdered him, Auguste Bernet. Yes, I see you understand. I am Julie le Gallien.”

As he listened the man's face had turned ashen pale, and his fierce eyes gleamed with the mingled rage and fear of a trapped lion. He was no coward, but his look was turned towards the little box that stood so near him on the table.

“Yes, I've not touched it,” the girl said, with pitiless deliberation. “The clock is still going, and it is but three minutes from twelve. Make the most of those three minutes, 'tis all that is left you in this world.”

Then, without another word or look, she passed quickly out of the room, locking the door behind her.

Three minutes only—three minutes of life left him. It was true—he knew it. He, Auguste Bernet, the Terrorist, was to die the death he had meted out to others. Tricked by a girl, too—caught in the toils by a pretty face—sent to his death. Not without a struggle, though. He was made of fighting stuff. Scarcely had the door closed on her when he was at it, tugging with the strength of despair to break the silken bonds that held him, struggling till the straining muscle on his arms stood out like wire ropes and threatened to break through their fleshy covering.

Second after second ticked away into the gulf of time.

He could hear the infernal horror on the table dragging on to midnight, and he could not free himself and stop it. A minute passed, but the

silk held firm; a second minute went. He knew it, he had counted every beat. There was but one left now. Sixty seconds more of life. Now—now—he must do it now, if ever. He put forth his remaining strength into one great effort, and broke the ribbon that held his arms. His hands were free. He tore off the gag, but did not call for help. He knew it would come too late. He must save himself. There were other bonds to break, the ones that held him to the couch, and he had no knife. Would there be time? But thirty seconds remained now, and they were ticking away so quickly. He tried to snap the ribbon that held his legs, but his strength was spent. There were but twenty seconds now. He gnashed his teeth, for he felt his time was come. He put out his hand in the endeavour to snatch the box and stop the clock—it was just beyond his reach. He howled out curses low and deep. Ten seconds were left him, only ten. What could he do? Ah! turn the couch over—a poor chance of life, but it might save him. He threw his weight forward till the old sofa tottered and all but fell, as he wished. Still fate fought against him—it righted again—and the last ten seconds were gone. With the baffled howl of a wild savage he prepared again—he gathered his weight—he hurled it forward.

Too late. There came a blinding, lurid flash, a tearing, wracking roar and—

At the corner of the Rue des Loups a girl with strained and staring eyes saw the flame burst from the window of No. 9. For a moment she was rooted to earth. Then, with a shriek of horror, she clasped her hands over her eyes and staggered blindly away into the sheltering darkness of the night.

INTERLUDES OF LABOUR

By INNIS STEINMETZ

"After all, it is good to be alive ; neither to think nor to dream :
but just content to be."—F. M.

WE swing down long, straight roads
Bordered with sturdy weeds whose golden ranks
Flame out beneath the rays of morning light ;
By green woods breathing sweet of woodland life,
With sunbeams sifting down long aisles of pines,
Scattering the shades beneath with shimmering gold ;
Through deep-grassed thickets waked by morning's dawn ;
Along old ways to those familiar haunts
Where gray-birds sing the morning's lyric hymn,
And kitti-tinnies bloom in tangled masses
Of delicate pure white, like ocean spray.

We lie full-stretched upon the sandy beach,
Drowsing in heat poured from the golden sun ;
The water ripples, foaming on the sands,
And purls and splashes, ebbs and flows
About the stones and divers-coloured shells.
We feel the clear, cold water, the warm earth,
The ocean breeze, the mid-day's soft content.

As the sun sets, we climb the steep hill-road,
Past the long line of poplars on the brow
Like sentinels that guard the evening's calm,
And come upon a long and shadowy plain,
Strewn with great trees, shrouded in amber dusk.
The city rests against the misty slope.
Beyond, the deep, blue waters of the bay
Stretch to the distant, solitary heights,
Whose lonely summits meet the quiet sky,
Soundless and colourless.

THE BETROTHAL

BY ALBERT ALEXANDRE METCALFE

HE used to sit in front of the entrance to the cemetery and see that no one trespassed on the grounds. Sometimes he fell asleep in his chair, and then the children would steal past his motionless form and make for the nut groves, to fill their sacks. His hair was very white, his back quite stooped from age, and when he walked a twisted cane supported his body. Usually a clay pipe stuck from his mouth, and he smoked in long puffs. In the winter a little house that was set aside for use protected him from the cold. By means of a rope he could open and shut the gates from the inside in bad weather. When a funeral party approached he would examine the permit through the glass, and, if it was all right, nod for them to enter. On Sundays and holidays, when the people came to Calvary in great numbers to look to their lots, he would put on a white shirt and a silk cravat and guide them around, talking about first one thing, then another. Such was Carl as I remember him.

One day, I think it was the end of November last year, at least the trees had shed their leaves and birds there were none, except a few jays that fluttered about among the branches. They are never in a big hurry to migrate. The wind was bitter cold and sent the dead leaves flying through the air this way and that until they banked up against the farmers' fences in high piles. On the road a man was walking by the side of his cart and making his arms

go to keep warm. A boy was kicking his toes against a fence-post to take the numbness out of them. A party of mourners wrapped in warm coats were filing slowly down the path that led to the church, the women weeping, the men bowing their heads with grief. One of the party (she may have been the mother, I don't know) walked in the rear, often pausing to look back at a grave that some men were filling in, their spades ringing against the hard earth and their bodies bending backward and forward as if worked by a spring. A hound, hot on the trail of a fox, bayed in a nearby wood.

Smoke was pouring from the chimney of the old keeper's house, and glad I was to enter and share the comfort of his fire. With his usual greeting, "Good evening, neighbour," he pushed a stool toward me and with it his tobacco-box.

We talked of the weather and the chances for a long, severe winter. Then there was some news of an uprising against the church, which we both thought disgraceful. I remember that Carl was for having a collection taken up for a poor woman in the neighborhood who had just lost her husband. The constable was sickly and could not serve a warrant on a trespasser, and the quarries were filled with water, which was a bad thing for the workingmen's families with winter coming on.

Carl began talking about this and that happening here in seventy. "It was not like that in seventy-six," and

so on. Once he pointed to a large oak and said, "That tree is just forty years old, St. Valentine's."

"Friend Carl," said I, "how comes it that you are here for so long, you who have travelled, who are a scholar, how is that, neighbour?"

He only puffed at his pipe the harder and looked out of the window—at nothing, of course, while I sat there turning the logs with the toe of my boot, thinking a great deal to be sure.

Not a man in the whole province was as deeply loved as the old keeper of Calvary, except among the poachers, who now and then received a caning at his hands. The boys, however, rather relished being caught and thumped by him, because it always meant a pocketful of cookies from the shop of the baker who could never quite understand why Carl punished the boys at all if it cost such a round sum to ease his mind afterward.

One night it came to pass that the notary, whose word is as gold, chanced to see on the table in the keeper's house a mysterious book.

"Now what is that, Master Carl?"

"It is nothing but a Greek testament."

This and much more reached the ears of the people. It was not so clear in their minds how one who had the markings of such a grand gentleman would open gates for undertaker's men and give chase to stray dogs for the twenty dollars that came to him quarterly over the registrar's desk and paid by the good people for forty years.

These things all came to my mind one after the other until the fire burned quite low and my pipe went out of itself.

Outside it was growing dark. You could no longer see the hands returning from the fields. Sometimes they shouted at a passing neighbour, sometimes they sang, happy because of going home to their families. The

north wind howled down the chimney top and around the eaves of the house as if the devil himself wanted in. The dog in the corner—a fine mastiff—raised his head and growled, then as if to make sure that no one was prowling about, he paced the floor and sniffed the air before stretching himself out again. A lonely wayfarer swore at his horses and cracked his whip loudly, then as if by magic everything was quiet. Even the curses had an end, for over the air there came the notes of the Angelus, and as bad as a man may be there's no disrespecting that.

When I put on my coat and cap, making as if to go, Carl took a lantern from the wall and led me out of doors and up a patch between the graves. The dog trailed at our heels.

Over rocky bypaths I followed his limping form. Now and then a stone unseen in the feeble light sent me stumbling to my knees. As if he knew every inch of ground, the old keeper led me on, not once making a false step and he an old man.

Suddenly the light from the lantern splashed the walls of a tomb. Ivy overhung the entrance. About the ground a score of lizards raced to and fro. The heavy iron door squeaked on its hinges as Carl pushed it open after unlocking it with a great brass key.

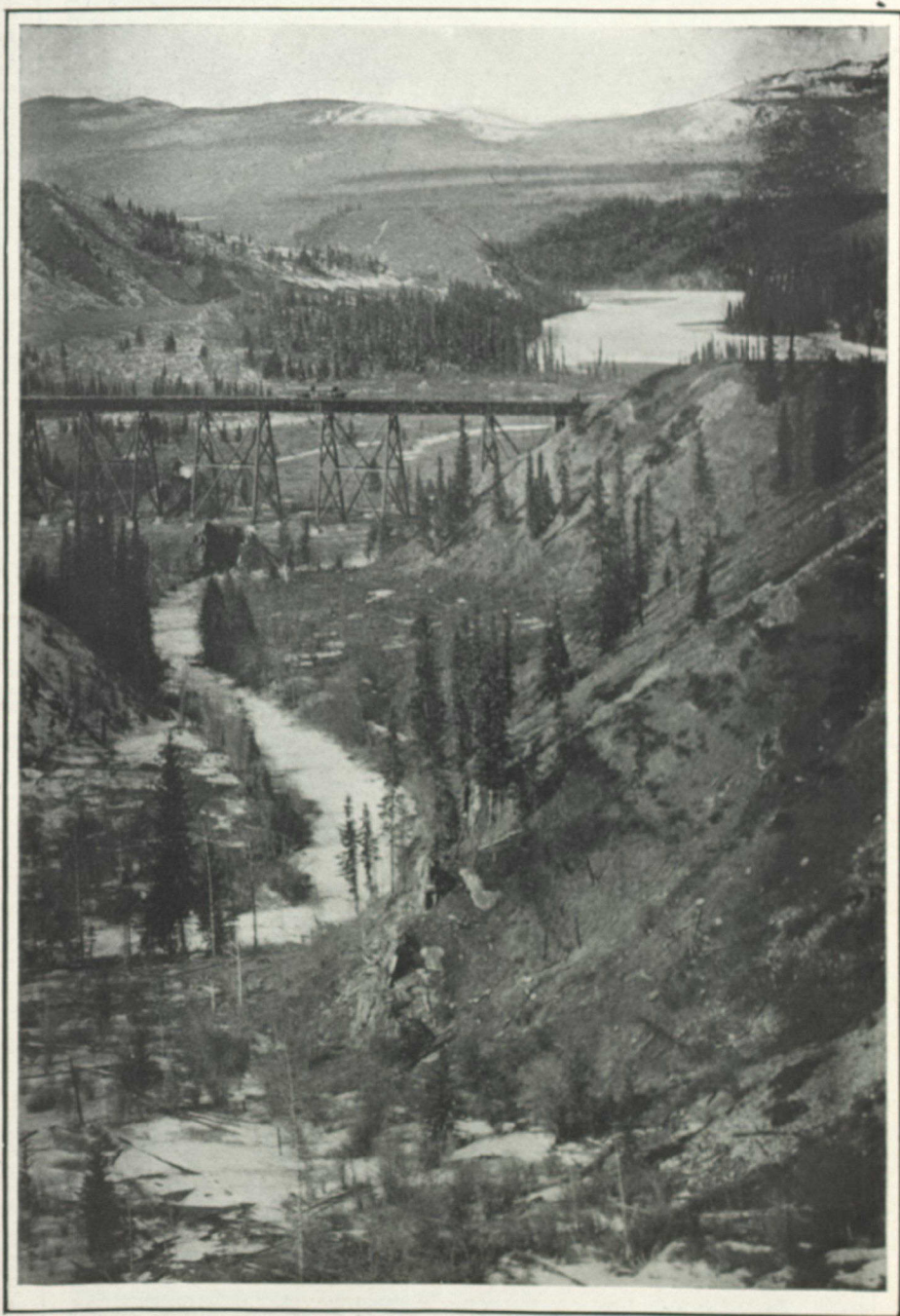
While I stood there as one paralysed, little knowing what to do or say, the old keeper approached the centre of the tomb and knelt before a marble crypt, crumbly and yellow.

When I stepped nearer his bended form this is what I dimly saw chiselled in the stone:

Louise, the betrothed of Carl,
Died March 15, 1860.

Beneath this inscription was another one, done by a rough hand, which you may see there to this day if you choose:

Carl, the betrothed of Louise,
Died March 15, 1860.



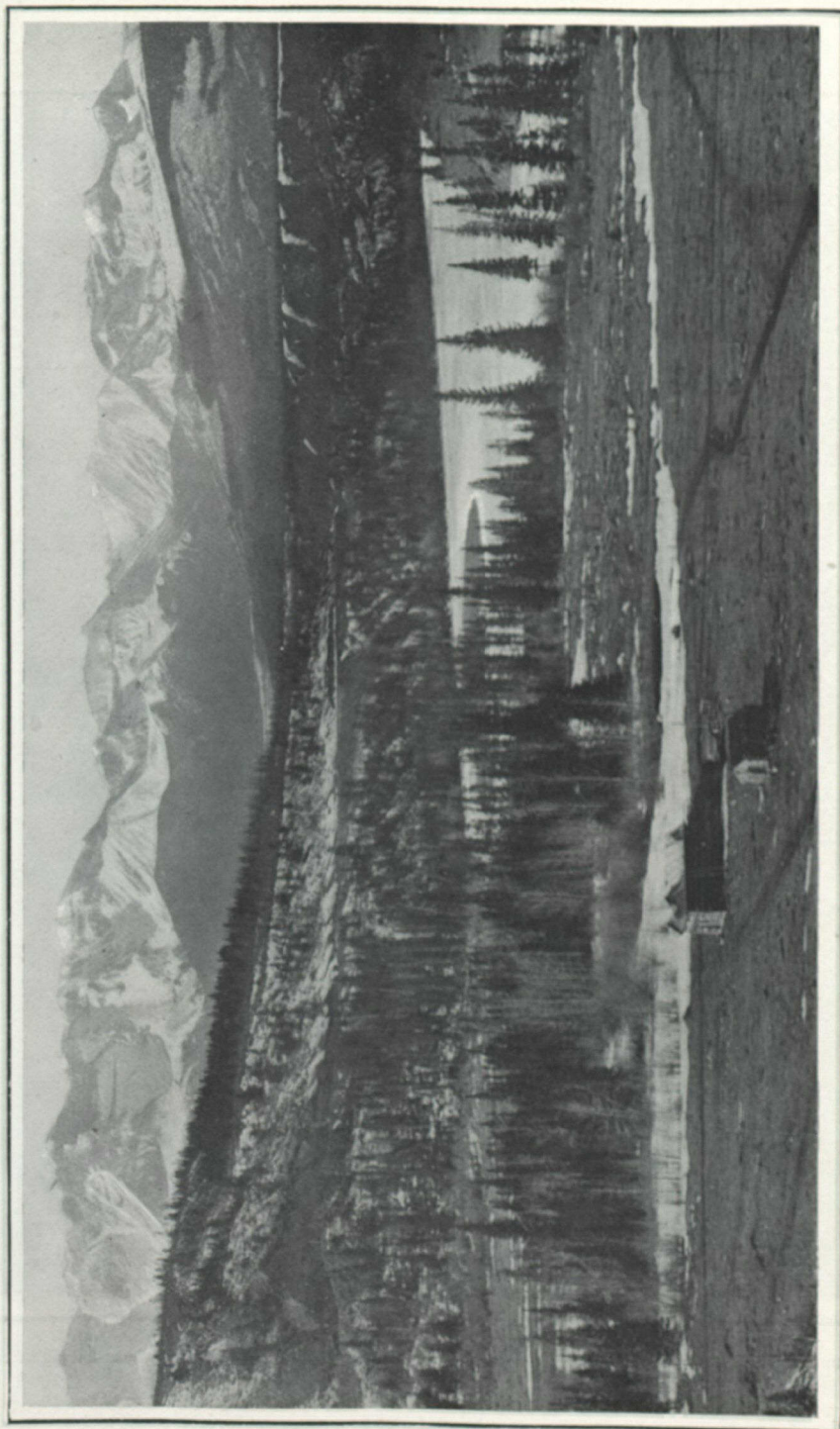
JUNCTION OF PRAIRIE CREEK AND ATHABASCA RIVERS

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY



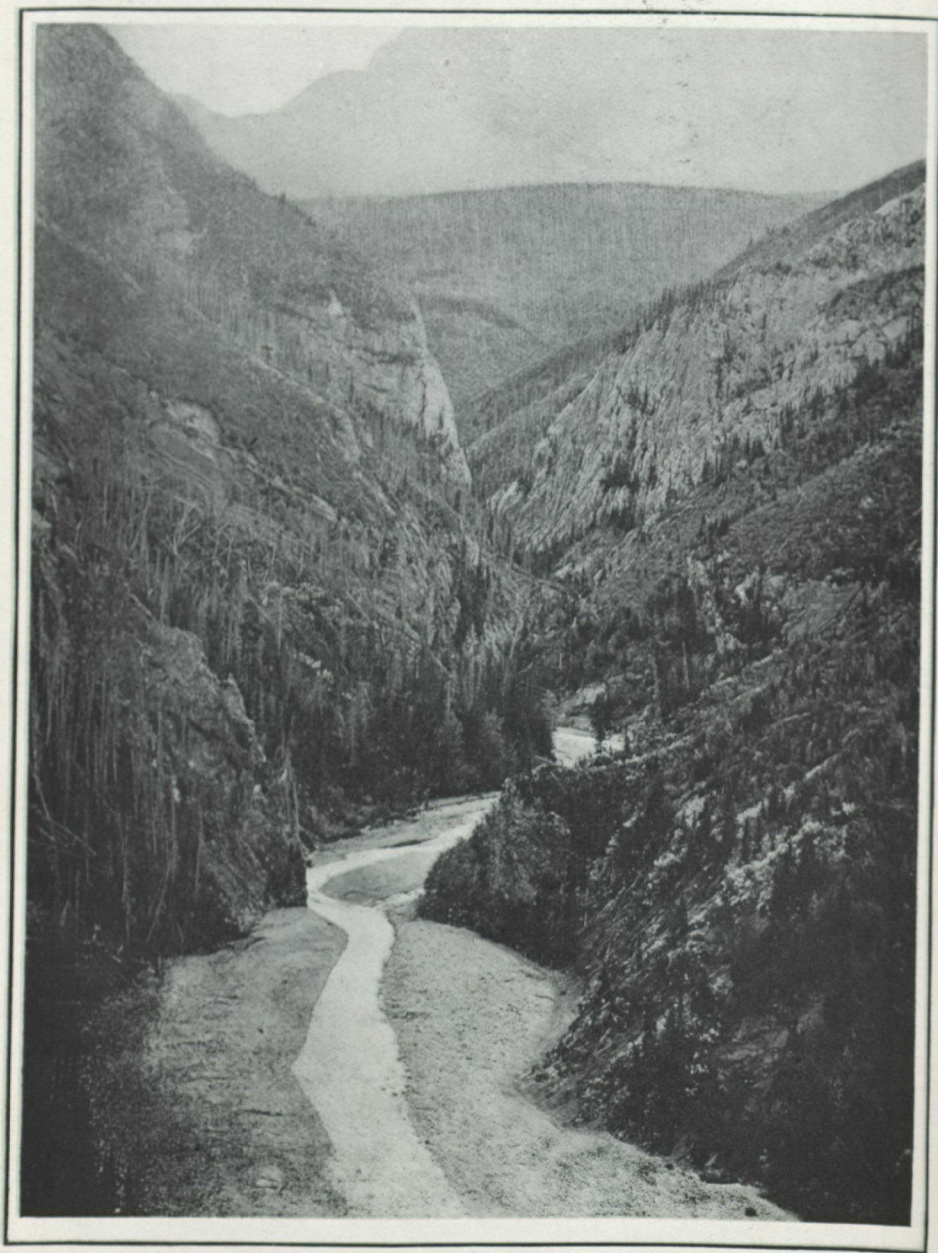
BRIDGE OVER PRAIRIE CREEK

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY



CANADIAN MOUNTAIN SCENERY

ALONG THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY



A MOUNTAIN STREAM

ALONG THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

JOHN BY: FOUNDER OF A CAPITAL

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

IF ever any man deserved to be immortalised in this utilitarian age it was Colonel John By." So wrote Sir Richard H. Bonnycastle more than half a century ago. Unfortunately, however, immortality has a wayward habit of evading some of its creditors, and the claims so generously urged by the author of "The Canadas in 1841" have not received from posterity the recognition they appeared to merit; indeed, but for stray references in the pages of Canadian history and for a tardy proposal to erect a memorial at Ottawa it might almost be supposed that they had been entirely forgotten. Unquestionably the services rendered to Canada by John By deserve to be remembered, for if there be any meaning in the term empire-building, so often used nowadays, it is applicable to just such work as he accomplished.

Compared with more modern and more pretentious undertakings of the kind, the Rideau Canal may now appear to be of little significance; but few can conceive of the difficulties which had to be overcome in the course of its construction, and only those familiar with the conditions that prevailed in the earlier part of last century can adequately realise the importance attached to its completion. Regarded as an almost essential step to secure Canada from attack in its most vulnerable spot, the canal was constructed primarily for

military purposes, but, while it undoubtedly strengthened the colony's defences, where strengthening was needed, it did more—it opened up a rich stretch of country to navigation and furnished a transportation route that was at one time of inestimable advantage, and is still of appreciable value. As a feat of engineering, the Rideau Canal was on its completion regarded as unique. Described at the time as "one of the most extraordinary existing specimens of human ingenuity and perseverance," it set a standard for canal construction that even modern experts hold in high respect, and it had the distinction of having the first river-bed to be used for the purpose of canalisation.

But it is not alone upon his services as the engineer who designed and built the Rideau Canal that Colonel By's claims to distinction rest. What lends lustre to his name and ought to secure for it a permanent place in Canadian history is the fact that he was the founder of the city which to-day occupies the proud position of the capital of the Dominion. The ruler of an empire merely dedicated what John By had created. He selected the site, planned its streets and spaces, and supervised the early stages of its construction; he first had the vision of its great destiny, and with rare energy and foresight directed his efforts towards the fulfilment of that destiny.

Well may Ottawa purpose honouring his memory.

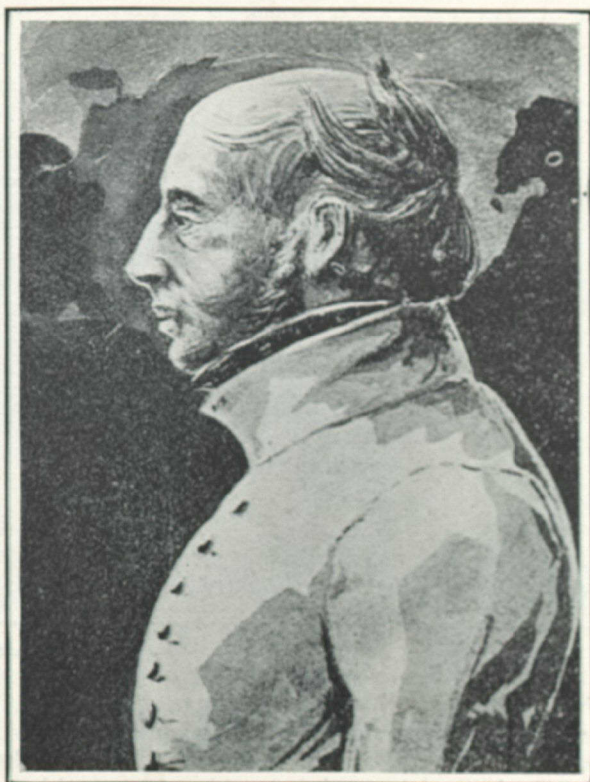
It was in 1802 that John By, then a young lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, first came to Canada. Born in England in 1781, he had passed successfully through the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and had obtained his commission in the Royal Artillery, being shortly afterwards transferred to the engineering branch of the service. At Quebec, where he remained for nine years, he appears to have devoted a good deal of study to the fortifications made famous by Wolfe's successful campaign, one result of which is preserved in the Dominion Archives in the shape of a remarkably fine model of the fortress and its surroundings, including the battlefield on the Plains of Abraham. This and another model in the possession of the Royal Engineers at Chatham—that of a bridge on the truss principle—are interesting as early manifestations of that ingenuity which was to be turned to such practical account in later years.

During the nine years he was stationed at Quebec, young By must have acquired a valuable knowledge of the military needs of Canada, and had he remained to take part in the War of 1812 he would doubtless have cut a considerable figure. But the commencement of that campaign found him in England performing what must have been to an ambitious and active young officer the uncongenial duty of superintending ordnance works. Indeed, it is rather singular in view of his subsequent services, that By's talents seem for some time to have met with little appreciation on the part of the British military authorities. Hurried to Portugal in 1811 to join Wellesley's forces in the Peninsular War, he took part in the Siege of Badajos and was afterwards recalled to England, where he did unimportant work, and was eventual-

ly placed on the list of unemployed.

In the spring of 1826 he was still "waiting for something to turn up" when the call came to return to Canada on the great mission of his career. In a letter, dated April 3rd of that year, from the Colonial Office, transmitting to Earl Bathurst papers relating to the Rideau Canal, it is mentioned that Colonel By, of the corps of the Royal Engineers, "is under orders to proceed to Canada to superintend the construction of the canal." The project about to be undertaken had been under the consideration of the British military authorities since the War of 1812-14. That campaign had shown the necessity for secure inland communication between the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, not only as an additional line of defence, but as a safe and convenient means of military transportation. "It is a fact not generally known," wrote one authority while the canal was in progress of construction, "that during the late war the transport of naval and military stores and goods of all descriptions from Montreal to the Upper Lakes, tended generally to amount to, and in some cases to exceed, their original value, to say nothing of the danger and risk attending on the navigation of the St. Lawrence in consequence of the rapids, and the grievous delays in the transporting of the stores." It is said that it cost five dollars to send a single shell for a mortar from Quebec to Montreal.

These difficulties had so impressed the British authorities that they had come to regard the construction of a system of canals as essential to the proper defence of Canada. The question of ways and means, however, delayed operations for some years, and it was not until 1825 that a decision was arrived at to proceed with the scheme. In that year a commission sent out to survey reported in favour of the Rideau route; orders were at



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN BY, ROYAL ENGINEERS,
FOUNDED OF BYTOWN (OTTAWA)

once given to have plans prepared, and Colonel By found himself in charge of a work that required all the qualities of a master mind to accomplish. "Difficulties which no man can form any idea of, excepting those who knew him well and watched his progress, were continually in his way," writes Bonnycastle, who, himself a military engineer, could speak with some authority. With a department to organise, detailed surveys to make, civil engineers to instruct, workmen to advise, Colonel By had to cut his way through a country, to again quote Bonnycastle, "where fogs and flood, silence and shadow had before reigned undisturbed; a country the seat of pestilential fever and ague, of water snakes and reptiles, of mud and marshes—where the best or, indeed,

the only mode of progress was in the bark canoe of the Indian, and where even that dangerous vehicle was continually subject to be torn asunder in its march over the silent waters."

The task, however, had no terrors for By, and he entered upon it with all the confidence of one determined to succeed. His surveys rapidly completed, he arrived in the village of Hull in September, 1826. Tradition has it that while out walking one day with Lord Dalhousie, Colonel By pointed across the river to where Ottawa now stands and remarked, "Some day there will be a great city there." Whether the story be true or not, it is certain that the situation on the southern bank of the Grand River, as the Ottawa was then called, strongly appealed to him, and it was



ENTRANCE TO RIDEAU CANAL AT OTTAWA

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS ON THE HEIGHT

there that he decided to form the entrance to the canal, and to commence the work of construction. At that time the site of what is now the capital of the Dominion was in what a writer of the period described as "a state of nature covered with bush." Within the present limits of the city not a building was standing save one log dwelling, where what is known as Upper Town has since been erected, and several houses on Nepean Point. The hill now crowned by the magnificent pile of buildings which form the seat of Government was then a thickly-wooded eminence. Beneath lay a beaver meadow, intersected by a creek, and beyond stretched a dense cedar swamp.

Into this solitude came Colonel By with a squad of sappers and miners in May, 1827, and immediately it sprang into life. The bush disappeared; barracks and a hospital were erected where the Parliament Buildings now stand; houses, we are told, appeared "as if by magic," and soon "nothing was to be heard but the

clanking of hammers, the noise of drills boring rocks, and a perfect cannonade of blasts." The Colonel built for himself a residence on what is known as Major's Hill, but, unfortunately, it was destroyed by fire some years later, and even with the aid of the description penned by Bouchette, who waxed so eloquent over the view to be had from the verandah, it is difficult to fix exactly its location. That authority informs us that the house stood nearly on a level with the barracks on their eastern side, so that the site must be a little to the north of the new hotel, the *Chateau Laurier*. Local guides sometimes point out the house, now a ruin, which stands in a ravine opposite the canal locks, with its back cut away by the railway embankment, as that of Colonel By, but the truth seems to be that that interesting landmark was the residence of some of the members of his staff.

In its immediate vicinity, the corner-stone of the canal locks was laid on the 18th August, 1827, the ceremony being performed by the ill-

fated Arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin, who was returning from one of his northern trips, and Bytown, the future capital of Canada, came into being. Colonel By was founder, not merely in the sense that he selected the site and erected the first buildings; to him belongs the credit of having planned its formation, portioned out its streets and spaces, and generally arranged its form. That Ottawa is the beautiful city we know it to be to-day is in no small measure due to the foresight and taste displayed by its founder. We certainly owe it to his prevision that the Parliament Buildings occupy the present magnificent site, for one of his first acts after obtaining the permission of Lord Dalhousie to lease the Government lands for the laying out of the town was to make a reservation of the hill, confident in the belief that some day it would be utilised for the erection of public buildings. That intelligent anticipation of events which is supposed to be one of the qualities of greatness was surely never more strikingly demonstrated.

From the meagre information available, let us now try to form an estimate of this remarkable character. Old inhabitants of Bytown describe him as a man of fine soldierly appearance, five feet, ten or eleven inches in height, rather portly in figure, with dark hair and a florid complexion—a typical specimen outwardly, one would judge, of the British officer of his day. The description would not be complete, however, without mention of his black charger, for the horse seems to have become as familiar to the inhabitants of the village as the figure of the Colonel himself. It is said that he administered affairs by military rule, but, though a rigid disciplinarian, he had a kindly heart, and, according to all stories, a most charitable disposition. With the instincts of the English squire, he

seems to have regarded Bytown as a kind of estate whose moral, as well as material, welfare was under his particular care. He constituted himself the chief authority in the village, listened to the complaints of the people, attended to their wants, settled their disputes, superintended the erection of their houses, and generally "ran" the place.

Always ready to do anything calculated to advance the interests of the community, he was equally prompt in dealing with abuses. Thus when he found that a liquor store was playing havoc with his workmen, he gave the proprietor twenty-four hours to procure a license or quit, and when the latter refused to do either, he raided the premises and closed them, regardless of threats. Evidently he could be severe when occasion demanded, but tradition is equally positive in asserting that he was always fair. It is on record that when disputes arose as to the terms of land purchase and so forth, the decisions of the court were invariably in his favour.

Though animated by a strict sense of duty, he is said to have been a man of enlarged views: his integrity was beyond suspicion, and he had a philosophical temperament that was proof against trouble, so long as it did not affect his honour. "Colonel By was a very good-natured man," wrote his friend Colonel Durnford, and it was his good nature that triumphed over innumerable difficulties and disappointments. The reputation he left in Bytown after his five years' administration is summed up in the lines of a local laureate:

"A man who knew not how to flinch,
A British soldier every inch
Courteous alike to low and high,
A gentleman was Colonel By."

To appreciate at their true worth the qualities of Colonel By, however, it is necessary to turn to his great work—the construction of the Rideau

Canal. The story of that undertaking is a story of engineering skill and resource amounting almost to genius, backed by amazing fortitude and determination. From first to last the progress of the work was marked by a series of trials and disappointments which would have spelt failure to most men. Disaster menaced the engineer at the very outset. Recognising the importance of having communication between the two provinces divided, at the place selected for the entrance of the canal by the Ottawa (or Grand River, as it was then called), Colonel By proceeded to construct a bridge at the Chaudiere Falls. It was characteristic of the man that he should choose the most dangerous part of the river for his purpose, for the force of the cataract precluded any possibility of support by means of piles or piers. But By was nothing if not ingenious, and the methods he adopted not only illustrate his resource, but afford a curious glimpse of the science of bridge building at an early stage of its development. First a rope was fired from a cannon from one bank of the river to the other, and then a chain cable was attached and stretched across. Upon this a series of trestles were placed, and the work of spanning with timber commenced, the crown of the arch being secured by a strong framework erected on a barge firmly moored in the middle of the torrent. Misfortune was lying in wait for the daring engineer, however. In 1828 the advent of spring was accompanied by unusually heavy floods on the Ottawa; and in one of these the bridge, then almost completed, was swept away, and three of the workmen were drowned. The blow was a severe one, but it did not deter Colonel By from making another attempt, and soon he had the satisfaction of witnessing the completion of the first bridge ever thrown across the Ottawa, and the first link of union between the Provinces of

Quebec and Ontario—a union, the political consummation of which he was among the first to foresee.

The fall of the Chaudiere bridge was followed by another disaster even more serious in its effects. At Hog's Back, a few miles distant, a large dam within sight of completion was destroyed by an ice jam. Setting to work with renewed vigour, Colonel By had it nearly finished a second time, when the spring floods again caused it to give way. A third time the task was undertaken, and at last perseverance and industry had their reward.

Meanwhile, difficulties were surrounding the engineer on every side. The construction of the canal was proving infinitely more trying and much more costly than had been anticipated. The route lay through a country which offered all kinds of obstacles to rapid progress, the snows of winter and the blistering heat of summer adding to the discomforts and dangers of life in the bush. The men employed at the work suffered tremendous hardships, and Colonel By himself contracted a fever from which he never fully recovered. But in spite of all harassments he stuck grimly to his task, determined that what he had begun he would finish, no matter what the cost might be. The original estimate had provided for locks of 180 x 20 feet to be built of wood. By insisted that the dimensions should be enlarged to 133 x 30 feet, and the locks constructed of stone. In view of the fact that the expenditure in other directions had far exceeded expectations, it required some courage on the part of the Colonel to suggest these important improvements, but he utterly refused to have his name associated with work that would not stand the test of time, and he gained his point. As Kingford well says:

"We should never forget the debt we owe Colonel By for the stand he

made on this particular occasion."

At last, after five years of the most arduous labour, performed under conditions of extraordinary difficulty, the Rideau Canal was completed, and on May 29th, 1832, amid fitting celebrations, the first steamer, called the *Pumper*, passed through the locks. Bonnycastle, with an expert knowledge of engineering, testified a quarter of a century later that the canal was "perhaps one of the finest works of the kind in the world," and that opinion was shared by many others competent to judge. Alike from a military and a commercial point of view, Colonel By had rendered an important State service, which entitled him to honour and reward. He had accomplished in a remarkably short time an almost insuperable task, and had displayed qualities that ought to have marked him out for a career of even greater usefulness. But he was to learn that it is one thing to deserve commendation and another to command it.

The canal had no sooner been opened than he was recalled by the home Government, not to receive the recognition, which was his due, but to stand an investigation by the House of Commons on a charge that he had exceeded his authority and had been guilty of extravagance. Nobody disputed the excellence of the work or questioned its necessity or utility, but it was complained that the outlays had been excessive and that he had proceeded in the later stages of the undertaking without the necessary Parliamentary grants. Though the evidence taken fully acknowledged the difficulties under which he had laboured, and was really in the nature of a tribute to his skill and workmanship, the committee saw fit, no doubt for political reasons, to include in their report an expression of regret that he had not more carefully controlled his expenditures.

Conscious that he merited treat-

ment very different from this, Colonel By felt the slight deeply. "The present Government," he wrote to his friend Colonel Durnford, "throw blame on me for not waiting for Parliamentary grants, forgetting that it was ordered by his Grace the Master-General and Board that I was not to wait for Parliamentary grants, but to proceed with all despatch consistent with economy, and the contracts were formed by the Commissary-General at Montreal accordingly, by which the engineer department was bound to pay for the works as they progressed, which precluded the possibility of stopping the works or laying the Government open to pay heavy damages for so doing. I was never ordered to stop the works until I was so unjustly recalled, when, thank God! they were all finished and the canal had been opened to the public for some months, or I should have been robbed of the honour of building the magnificent erection." Colonel By had obeyed orders without a thought of political exigencies, but the Government of the day had been attacked on the ground of spending public moneys without the constitutional authority of Parliament; a scapegoat had to be found somewhere and Colonel By was the victim chosen. It was a blow to his pride from which the gallant Colonel never recovered. "I am much plagued with ague and low spirits," he wrote in 1833, and death followed three years later at Sussex, England.

Ottawa has a duty to perform to his memory that has been too long delayed, and it may be hoped that the proposal to erect a statue will be realised. But after all the capital of the Dominion itself is John By's finest monument. "There," in the words of one who knew him well, "if you desire to know his talents and his genius, as is written in St. Paul's Cathedral of a greater man, "Circumspice."

PSHAW

BY ASHBY FORD

MANY years ago there lived at a village in Shantung, China, a poor widow and her young son. The name of these two, like that of nine out of every ten of the villagers, was Wang, and to distinguish him from the others this boy was called Little Wang. He was a very dutiful son, and as his mother was alone in the world but for him, he made a living for both by selling bean curd.

Little Wang and his mother lived together in a house of one small room. The house was built of mud bricks, and the floor was of stamped earth. There was only one small window, and as this was covered with dirty paper instead of glass it was very dark even when the door was open. The only furniture was two rough beds and a very rickety and dirty table. I am afraid that Little Wang put under the bed every night the bean curd which he would sell the next morning.

One day the rain fell so heavily that Little Wang could not go out to sell his curd. It rained all day till nearly evening, but before it was quite dark the rain stopped, so Little Wang started out in the hope of yet selling a little.

As he went along he saw, lying in the road, evidently washed from somewhere by the rain, a small Chinese coin. He picked it up and putting it in his pocket carried it home. Next morning, starting on his rounds, he met a stranger who said to him:

"You are Little Wang, are you not? Yesterday you found a coin

on the road. Will you sell it to me? I will give you ten cash for it."

Now Little Wang knew from the stranger's speech that he came from the South, and every child in Shantung knows that a Southerner must not be trusted, for most of them know too much. Besides, he saw that the coin must have some value, for why should this man wish to buy it? So he answered:

"Yes, I found a cash and gave it to my mother. I will ask her whether she will sell it."

He went back to his home and told his mother. She at once said:

"If the man wishes to buy it, here it is; let him have it."

Little Wang put the cash into his pocket, and returning to the stranger he said:

"My mother gave me the cash, but I do not wish to sell it."

"I will give a hundred cash for that one," said the stranger, but Little Wang refused to sell, though the offer was raised to a thousand cash, then to an ounce of silver.

At last the stranger said, "How much do you want for that cash? Tell me and I will give it to you."

But Little Wang only answered that he would not sell it at all.

"Are you sure you will not sell?" said the stranger.

"Certainly I will not," answered Little Wang.

"Very well," said the stranger, "I will tell you something useful. That cash is a magic charm. Go home and ask your mother to make a long strong

thread of hemp, such as is used for sewing shoes. Tie the cash to one end of this thread, and then go to the sea shore and fish with it."

Next day Little Wang went to the sea shore, as the stranger had told him, and standing on a rock he let the magic cash down into the water at the end of the string.

He had not been fishing in this way very long when a merman came swimming to the surface and said:

"Little Wang, my master has sent me to ask you to come and dine with him."

When he heard this, Little Wang stopped his fishing, and plunging into the water, followed the merman to the bottom of the sea.

The merman led the way to a house larger and finer than any Little Wang had ever seen. The master of the house welcomed him, and showed him the different rooms, after which they sat down to a magnificent dinner.

When they had eaten, the host said:

"Little Wang, what of all that I own do you wish to have? If you wish for coined money, or silver or gold, I will give it to you. I must give you what you wish before you go home."

Little Wang was surprised at this, and said:

"Let me go outside and think, then I will return and tell you what I wish to have."

So he went to walk up and down by the front gate of the house. Here he fell into conversation with the merman who had fetched him. He was a Chinese merman and therefore quite willing to gossip about his master's affairs.

"I will give you some advice, Little Wang," said he. "My master has three daughters, but the eldest has the form of a donkey, the next has the form of a cat, and the youngest has the form of a dog. When my master asks what you will have to take away

with you, take nothing but the little dog."

"Thank you," said Little Wang, "I had seen them, but I did not know they were your master's daughters."

After he had talked for some time Little Wang went back to his host, who again asked him whether he wished to take with him gold or silver.

"I do not want silver or gold," said the small dog that follows you everywhere."

"That I cannot part with," replied the merman. "I will give you anything but that."

"If I cannot have the dog I will take nothing," said Little Wang, and he began to make preparations to depart.

"Then I see that I must let you have it," said his host. "But you cannot take it with you now. Go home, and I will send it to you to-night."

So Little Wang went home, and in the evening a beautiful maiden in most costly clothes was brought to his house by attendants who went away at once, leaving her to tell him that she was the merman's daughter come to be his wife.

At first Little Wang was very delighted, but when he had brought the maiden into the house and introduced her to his mother a thought came to him which made him sad, and he said to her:

"What can we do? I did not think of this before. Surely you cannot live here in this tiny, dirty little hovel after being used to all the luxuries of your father's mansion. Even your beautiful clothes will all be spoiled in a single day."

But she said to him:

"Do not trouble yourself, Little Wang. It will do very well for one night; by to-morrow I will put everything right. Only now take this money and buy me some paper and some flour, and bring back with you some hot water."

Little Wang did as he was told. When he came back his new wife made paste from the flour and hot water. She set to work on the paper; out of it she cut and pasted till she had made little paper figures of a house, and horses, and oxen and donkeys and pigs, poultry and dogs. Then, while her husband was asleep, she set a charm over them and they became all large and real, so that when Little Wang and his mother woke in the morning they found themselves in a house just as fine as the one belonging to Little Wang's father-in-law.

Now it happened that day the district magistrate had to pass through the village where Little Wang lived. As he was being carried in his sedan chair he caught sight of this fine new house and told one of his attendants to inquire to whom the place belonged and bring the owner to him. When Little Wang was brought up he said: "Is that mansion yours?"

"Yes," replied Little Wang, much frightened at being suddenly brought before an official.

"How is it," asked the magistrate, "that yesterday when I passed by there was no such house in the village? You cannot have built it all in one day."

"Yes," Little Wang returned, "I made it in a single night."

"You are lying," said the official. "Now I shall return to-morrow morning. By then you must make two springs of water, one at each side of your gateway. Growing out of each spring there must be a large tree, and standing under each tree, there must be fifty donkeys; on the back of each donkey there must be a large bundle of ripe millet. If you built the house in a day you can do this also; if all is not ready when I come, I shall know that you have lied to me and you shall be severely beaten."

Then the magistrate gave the signal, and he was carried on in the midst of his retinue.

This tyrannous order from the district magistrate troubled Little Wang very much. He went home saying nothing, but his wife noticing his demeanour, asked, "Husband, why do you look so sad?"

"Because the district magistrate has taken a spite at me," and then he told her the whole story.

"Do not be troubled," she answered. "I can attend to this. Only bring me the paper and scissors and paste."

So she made what was necessary and at night when there was no one to watch she went outside the front gate. Here, at each side, she planted a little paper tree. Around each tree she drew a circle in the ground with one of her hair ornaments and at once the trees sprang up and water gushed out all around them. Then she put the paper donkeys in place with their paper burdens, and by saying a spell over them made them just as the magistrate had demanded.

When the latter arrived in the morning Little Wang was there to receive him. He looked over everything, but found to his amazement and disgust that there was no fault to find.

"Very well, you can go now, all is correct," he said to Little Wang, who had been sullenly watching while the donkeys were carefully counted.

Little Wang turned on his heel and, annoyed at the useless trouble to which he and his wife had been put, muttered, "All is correct. Pshaw!"

"Come back," cried the magistrate; "what is that you said?"

"I said, 'All is correct. Pshaw!'" answered Little Wang as sulkily as he dared.

"Oh, indeed," was the reply. "Pshaw! Pshaw! What is that? Make me a pshaw by to-morrow morning and bring it to my yamen (official residence) or it will be the worse for you;" and the official

moved off thinking that he had at last cornered his man.

Little Wang went home feeling that he was indeed cornered this time.

When his wife saw him she asked, "What is the matter now? Was not everything in order?"

"Yes," said Little Wang; "but when I was going away the old tiger called me back and ordered me to make a pshaw and carry it to his yamen to-morrow for him to see."*

"Cheer up," answered the wife. "Bring the paper again; we will soon arrange this," and she laughed with delight at her idea.

When the paper was brought, she cut off a little piece and shaped it with her fingers into the form of a small Chinese wine-cup. Then she wrapped this carefully in another piece of paper and gave it to her husband with instructions as to what was to be done.

Next morning when Little Wang arrived at the yamen in the district city not many miles from his home, he was brought into the Justice Hall. Here he found the magistrate sitting in his chair, behind a large table, waiting for him.

After making proper salutation, he advanced to the table, solemnly unfolded the parcel, and placing it be-

fore the magistrate stepped back deferentially.

The magistrate glanced curiously at the object on the table and said, "That is very small, can you make it bigger?"

"Certainly," replied Little Wang, and as he spoke the two pieces of paper, both the wine-cup and the wrapper, began to expand slowly. They grew and grew till in a few moments the large table was completely covered by them.

The magistrate's eyes also began to grow wider as he saw this wonder and he leaned forward to get a better view and try to observe how this could be, but as he was doing so the whole mass of paper suddenly burst into flames.

The magistrate's face was so close that his precious moustache, of which he was immensely proud, also caught fire and he sprang back, exclaiming in his surprise and anger, "Pshaw!" "Pshaw!" as he pressed his hands to his scorched cheeks.

"Now I have made you a pshaw and you see how you like it," coolly remarked Little Wang as he turned on his heel and walked home. It is not on record that any official ever again tried to bully Little Wang and his fairy wife.

*It may be explained that a district magistrate is in theory the father of his district. In practice the people under him commonly refer to him as "The Old Tiger"—and he as commonly deserves the title.



A COLLECTOR OF INGRATITUDES

BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW

MY son, have you any common-sense, d'you think? Come, tell me!"

The speaker was Father Pierre, an old priest, tall and stout, his merry face seamed with wrinkles, and tanned brick-red by forty years of strenuous work at Quimper. He addressed his friend, Antoine Ridel, who, in a tiny shop of *bric-à-brac*, hidden away from the market-place, waited for little waifs of profit on a sale every now and again.

"Tell me, Antoine," the priest insisted, "if you sit still and dream, a foolish hermit in your trade of odds and ends, how in the world can you walk through life as a man?"

"A man?" repeated Antoine, smiling. "But I'm an artist, nothing more, and I fear to hunt after my ambitions, because hunted things run away, like those thoughts that poets want to put down on paper. Poor souls! And, besides, am I not happy? It amuses me to sit still, waiting in expectation for good luck to find me out, just as little shy animals come to me in my beloved woods when I do not move."

Father Pierre shook his head vigorously. "Death is very active, my son, and life should be active also. Believe me!"

But Antoine went on dreaming, year after year, till at last, one morning, he had a brisk quarter of an hour.

An Englishman entered the little Breton shop as if he intended to hoist the Union Jack above the tiled

roof. With his stick he tapped an old silver coffee-pot in the window, and said:

"I want this thing. But I can't pay for it in money. Why? Because I've only money enough to take me home. Extravagance!" he exclaimed curtly. "But if you accept this Paris lottery ticket in exchange, I think we shall be all right. A lucky thing for you, of course, but that doesn't matter." And the tourist laughed, while Antoine pulled a wry face.

"And what should I gain?" said Ridel. "You get my silver coffee-pot, while I——"

"Oh, you," said the Englishman, "you get sport—an excellent thing, too. Is it, then, a bargain?"

Second thoughts coming to Ridel, "Ah, well," said he, "trade creeps from bad to worse, and perhaps any bargain is better than no business. Agreed, then." But he sighed heavily.

And for a month he continued to sigh, and Marie, his servant, was very much troubled. It seemed to her that nothing except love could make a man so happy, and there was not room in the house for two women. But just when Marie felt sure that her master meant to take a wife and get rid of a servant, Antoine's manner changed, for his lottery ticket had won the first prize—two hundred thousand francs.

This occurred in 1850.

Ridel, of course, was amazed. And what could he do with his godsend?

That question revived early tastes. A wish to be an art patron kindled into a passion, and with care he elaborated a plan for his future, and then went to talk about it to Father Pierre.

"My one wish is to spend the money well," Ridel began.

"There are charities," hinted the priest.

"Yes, father, and so I intend to be a collector of ingratitude."

"Collector of ingratitude?" the priest echoed, evidently puzzled; but his face brightened as he weighed the phrase.

"You understand, father?"

"Yes, Antoine. You believe that charities provoke resentment because they ask us to admit that we are helpless, and that confession is infinitely painful to make public. We feel then that we are slaves to indigent humiliations, and freed slaves are likely to hate the past necessity of release and the present burden of their new and doubtful lot."

Antoine assented. "But," said he, "though I don't count on gratitude, there's no need to invite ingratitude by a parade of vanity in my acts of giving. Many kick the unfortunate into success and then ask for thanks. Others, while doing good, cannot help boasting over their own good fortune, so that their charities wound like smiling taunts. Such wrong-giving is horrible—above all, I think, when a successful knave or fool wants to be a lordly Santa Claus to unpopular men of great talent, artists, or authors, or inventors. Oh, why is it that wealth is seldom, if ever, earned by the finest minds?"

"Antoine," cried the priest, "let us not find too much fault with human nature. *Le bon Dieu* knows best."

"Yes, yes," said Ridel. "I don't find fault; my one wish is to guard my plan."

"What plan, Antoine?"

Ridel with ostentation began to unroll a big sheet of paper.

"What's that?" There was a note of assumed alarm in the priest's voice.

"My plan, nothing more," answered Ridel simply.

"Indeed, Antoine? That paper is covered with figures, and I—I'm too old for confessions of arithmetic."

"But, father, may not I arrange to give in charity a big sum once a year for forty years?"

"Why forty years, Antoine?"

Ridel laughed cheerily. "Can't you guess, old friend?" he asked. "With my poor health I can't hope to live longer than that, my present age being thirty-six."

"What next, my son?"

"This. As I have invested my two hundred thousand francs at three per cent., my interest is six thousand francs a year, and with that sum I can't live and do much in charity also. You understand?" He spoke anxiously, as if he feared to be contradicted.

"True, Antoine. There's much poverty in France."

"The very point," said Ridel excitedly. "And now listen to my scheme. From this year, 1850, I shall deduct annually from my capital a fortieth part, five thousand francs—"

"Rogue!" cried Father Pierre. "Away with your calculations! Speak to my heart; it is younger than my head."

"Thanks to Heaven," Ridel answered meekly. "But yet you see that, as my capital will diminish every year by five thousand francs, it will vanish in forty years, while my interest will get less by a little annual decrease of one hundred and fifty francs. That's clear, eh?" And Antoine beamed happily at his friend. "Yet you don't look pleased, somehow, father," he added in surprise.

"Pleased?" grumbled the priest.

"Is there nothing but arithmetic to-day?"

"You shall judge," replied Ridel. "Apart from my own expenses, which I put down at two thousand five hundred francs a year, I shall give my all in charities."

"In that, my son, there is hope and faith; but if you tell your neighbours——"

"Oh, my plan's a secret—a confession to you alone."

"Good," said the priest. "You are wise, Antoine. It is so easy to be thought mad if we do unusual things. And you may survive your last charity! Take warning, Antoine."

But Ridel, laughing, shook his head.

Time ran on, and Ridel spent each year on charity the allotted sum of money, showing great care in his choice of subjects. He rescued a great artist from starvation, he helped to pay the debts of a famous politician, he bought a farm for a writer on husbandry, encouraged musical composers, and educated Madame Silva, the best soprano of his time. These are just a few of his charities, and his dependents were all charmed by his modest behaviour to them.

Most philanthropists give money in small sums, and look for a thousand thanks after each little act of kindness. But that was not Ridel's method. To divide a favour into many parts, he thought, was to wound a man's natural pride as many times, and, as failure and poverty were very sensitive, Ridel gave money all at once and in large sums, very often by letter; and his tact was always accompanied by an appeal. "I am a lonely man," he wrote to his dependent, "and beg of you to grant me a favour. Will you drink with me here at dinner a bottle of rich old wine?"

It was easy to say "Yes" to that question, and the invitation was never declined.

His visitor having gone, Ridel wrote out the history of his new ad-

venture, with its date and the money he had spent upon it. After that he gummed the manuscript around the empty bottle, and felt that sudden elation of heart which only a collector knows.

He kept his empty bottles with care, and none knew of their existence.

But at one time Ridel felt doubtful on that point, knowing that his old servant, Marie Dupont, had suspicions; but suspicions are one-eyed, if not entirely blind. Marie believed that her master had untold wealth, and hid a good part of it in a tall, lockfast cabinet. How much gold did it contain? Would the gold rattle if she moved the cabinet? Or was the money in paper? Who could tell?

But if the good woman could have seen the cabinet open, her surprise would have been unbounded, for the interior was filled with empty bottles neatly arranged in forty niches.

In 1889 only one niche was vacant. A year later, and the last empty bottle was put away, and Ridel came to the end of all his money.

Yet the meaning of the fact did not come home to him at first, so happy was he that his collection was complete. There were forty charities, and not one example of gratitude. Thus far he had foreseen the end of his collecting. His goodness had never once returned with gratitude from the world of ambition.

"That poor dear Ridel!" said Madame Silva, the great soprano. "He gave me a birthday present years ago, when I was a child, and I bought with it such a pretty frock. They said he was in love with me, the dear Ridel—old enough to be my grandfather!"

With that birthday present she had completed her musical education. At first she wrote several impulsive letters of thanks, very much underlined; and Ridel, smiling, put them

with the empty wine-bottle, and told himself that the girl's genius would be selfish, like the bees, which never returned to empty flowers. And charity—was it not like the corn-fields, which received no gratitude from their harvests?

These quaint maxims consoled Ridel for some weeks after all his money had gone. But practical matters soon pressed in upon his mind. He was seventy-seven, yet his health was excellent, and might last for ten years and more. Over this possibility the old man worried. How could he buy food, having no money? And why had he outlived his charities? To be delicate at the age of thirty-six, and strong at seventy-seven! How could that be explained? . . . So Ridel fretted, provoked by his good health.

But that mood passed. Hunger must be appeased, and he could not accept charity after all his alms-giving. How could failure dine with the successful without resenting their little airs of patronage? But, happily, he could live for a time by selling his furniture.

What then, though? The furniture gone, he would starve, for there was no profession for men of seventy-seven, worse luck. A thousand thunderclaps! What could he do? Ridel consulted Marie.

"Women are practical," he began. "They love common-sense, so I want your advice."

Marie beamed with pride.

"I'm in a fix," continued Ridel, smiling grimly. "All my money's gone. How are we to live?"

This shock was too great for Marie; it literally stunned her like a blow on the head.

"Come, then!" said Ridel kindly. "We won't gasp over it, or whimper, or throw aprons over our faces; we'll talk like old friends, eh?"

"I don't know," said Marie. "I'm—that—upset, to be sure, that all our

life seems wasted. No more fine dinners, no more nice buttered toast! . . . Ah!" And the poor woman wept.

"Good kind soul!" cried Ridel, greatly moved.

"But if one mouth is bad to fill with nothing," Marie went on, "two mouths must be worse, and so I'm thinking of my poor dear mother, who'll be glad to have me near her. That will relieve *you*, master."

And Ridel was now the astonished person. "You leave me," he stammered, "all alone? How am I to cook my food?"

Marie thought for a moment. "Not much cooking in bread and cheese," said she at last, "and milk needn't be boiled."

"Oh, ah, indeed!" cried Ridel with joy, for here was another example of ingratitude.

The woman looked at his smiling face and wondered. Perhaps the master was still rich, and had just tested her fidelity. So she said: "Do you wish me to stay? I will, of course, if you don't *mind* sharing your crusts with me." She paused, and for a moment the two faced each other, the man looking into his servant's eyes.

"*Blague!*" said Ridel, laughing. "Go! Leave me at once!"

While packing up her things, Marie whimpered; but in passing through the village she covered her own retreat with strange reports about Ridel's sanity.

"He is mad!" she blubbered. "His money is all squandered, and I, his faithful servant, am sent away." Quimper sympathised, gossiped, hummed with rumours; and presently Ridel had visits from half-frightened tradesmen who brought accounts to be settled.

As Marie had done all the marketing, Ridel knew nothing about the accounts; but he did know that Bretons are keen at a bargain.

"My friends," said Ridel, "prove to me that Marie hasn't paid you. All receipts are kept in that cabinet. Shall I get the keys?"

The tradesmen frowned at the great cabinet, then grumbled and hesitated, spoke of persons who were not gentlemen, and went away.

"Of course," mused Ridel, "twice-paid bills make an easy fortune. But the future? What of that? And how the days slip away!"

They did indeed. The furniture was sold piece by piece, till at last he had nothing more than his cabinet, two chairs, a small table, and one gold piece. That was something, to be sure, but rent day was near.

As to his neighbours meanwhile, they were not all unkind. Some came with good words, but others brought humble charities—bread and cheese, cups of milk, vegetables, and the like—but Ridel refused all help.

"Have I done anything for you?" he asked.

"Why, no! What should you have done?"

"Then why offer me charity?" he went on. "Am I to receive when I have not given? Leave me!" And the old man turned away.

Then the neighbours said: "'Tis true what Marie believed—he's mad!"

Quimper buzzed with excitement, and at last the news of Ridel's troubles got into the newspapers. Even Paris heard with interest of the broken-down philanthropist in a remote Breton village. The gay city was not depressed by the rumours of Ridel's poverty and madness, but one able journalist there, Léonce Alexandre, fancied that they might be made into a big popular sensation, as certain persons then high in the life of Paris owed much to the good man of Quimper. Alexandre decided that he would see Ridel; and as copy was in the air, he went immediately.

To Ridel he behaved with great

tact. "I don't come to offer sympathy," said he, "because genius has to bear poverty. You know that. The peculiarity of your case is that poverty has come to you at the close of your life. What then? It's never too late to win victories!"

Ridel laughed. "My friend," said he, "it's a victory to see you. I've drawn you here, and I accept courage from you. That's charity, and charity hurts. Tell me, then, what can I give you in return?"

"News," said Alexandre—"the story of your life."

"That's my all," growled Ridel.

"Well, tell me as much as you think fit," returned the other.

But the old man hesitated. "*Eh bien*," said he at last, "I've been a collector of ingratitude."

"*Diable!*" said Alexandre.

"You shall see the result," continued Ridel. "Ingratitude fills empty bottles, you know," the old man added, and he laughed harshly as he moved to the cabinet.

Alexandre looked on surprised, copy of this kind being unusual. But when the cabinet was thrown wide open, and the forty bottles were disclosed to view, he was bewildered.

"My life's written on those bottles," said Ridel.

The journalist ran forward, took out the first bottle within his reach, and read the manuscript pasted around it. "A Cabinet Minister . . . and seven thousand francs! *Hein!*" he muttered.

Rapidly he passed from niche to niche, studying the story of each bottle, till at last he was satisfied. "The best collection in France!" he cried. "A haunted bureau, my friend! *Diable!* Will the ghosts ever come out?"

Ridel shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he replied. "The bureau will be sold—*must* be sold; how else am I to live?"

"To be sure," said Alexandre, his

eyes brightening. "And what price do you expect? Would you take a hundred gold pieces?"

Ridel shook his head gloomily. "No such price could be got at Quimper," said he.

"You deceive yourself," said Alexandre. "I'll buy the collection just as it stands—a hundred louis d'or. Is it agreed?"

Ridel's astonishment was boundless. "What a sum!" he shouted. "My neighbours will say I've robbed you!"

"The offer was mine," replied Alexandre, as he shut the cabinet doors and locked them carefully.

*

On turning from the bureau, they found to their surprise that their business had had a spectator. "*Sapristi!*" cried Alexandre, "Who's this?"

"My little god-child," answered Ridel, smiling.

"Im Héléne," said a small voice.

"And a very pretty Héléne, too," laughed Alexandre.

"Sweetheart," said Ridel, "it's weeks since we met. You remember me, then?"

The old man sat down, and the little girl came nearer, smiling at him with bright blue eyes. In her hands she carried a piece of bread, showing nibbled marks of her teeth. "I love you," said she—"I love you 'cause you gave me pretty things, and I've been ill, and couldn't tell you, and mummie says you are hungry, and so I came wid this . . ."

Héléne settled herself between Ridel's knees, and held to his lips the piece of bread. "Eat, Grandpa Ridel," the child whispered softly, as though speaking to a doll. "It's quite good," she continued. "Only a little, little bit is eaten. Look!"

Alexandre moved uneasily, and Ridel, overcome, drew in his breath quickly.

"Love Héléne!" the child cried,

half afraid; and the old man gathered her into his arms and wept. "Gratitude is here! Gratitude has come," he cried, "and it is young—it is still a child!" His voice faltered, then broke into a sob, while Héléne clung to him.

Three days later the cabinet left Quimper for Paris, and Ridel heard nothing about it for several months, when a score of newspapers arrived from Alexandre.

The old man opened them negligently, and found a column in each paper marked with blue pencil. Then he began to read, and, behold, Alexandre had turned all the bottles into copy, omitting no detail, not even the names of those whom Ridel had befriended at so much cost to himself. The articles were admirably written under such titles as the following: "The Cabinet of Ingratitudes," "The Haunted Bureau," "Ghosts of Great Reputations," and "A Collector's Adventures in Human Nature."

Ridel had never boasted about his hobby, and as the newspaper articles implied that he wished to take revenge in a bragging fashion, the old man was unhappy, almost panic-stricken.

Yet he had no time to worry over that matter. Important letters began to arrive, some from Paris, others from smaller cities, and each of these letters contained money. "Ah," said Ridel to Héléne, "they remember me at last! *Merci!*"

For his sometime dependents were not happy in their excuses. The men spoke of their busy lives, while the women were frankly indignant. Alexandre was an ogre, and his articles were abominable. On that point they all agreed. And Ridel was pretty much of the same opinion, but he valued the money.

"*La petite Héléne,*" he chuckled, "this will be her *dot*—her whole fortune. *Bon Dieu!* There's justice in this world, after all."



CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

A PILGRIM

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Across the trodden continent of years
To shrines of long ago,
My heart, a hooded pilgrim, turns with
tears—

For could I know
That in the temple of thy constancy
There still may burn a taper lit for me,
"Twould be a star in starless heaven, to
show
That Heav'n could be!

Bent with the weight of all that I de-
sired

And all that I forswore,
My heart roams, mendicant, forlorn and
tired,

From door to door,
Begging of every stern-faced memory
An alms of pity—just to come to thee,
No more thy knight, thy champion no
more—

Only thy devotee! —*The Smart Set.*

MRS. EDITH L. KIRBY, of Win-
nipeg, who is doing a great deal
for the Northwest settlers, has writ-
ten an account for us of the work
being carried on, backed by the
Government, to meet the literary
needs of new settlers. Mrs. Kirby has
diplomatic finesse, inherited from her
illustrious father, Monsieur Gautier,
and to her much of the success of
the organisation, which is affiliated
with the National Council of Women,
is due. Mrs. Kirby writes:

I have been asked to write a short ac-
count of the beginning at Winnipeg in
November, 1890, of "the Aberdeen As-
sociation." In the autumn of that year,
three years before coming to reside at
Ottawa, Lady Aberdeen made a visit to
Canada, taking a trip through the West,
during which she noted with keen sym-
pathy scattered settlers needing especial-
ly in winter occupation and amusement.
Returning from the trip, her Ladyship
told a meeting of ladies in Winnipeg what
she had seen, and made some sugges-
tions towards improving the condition
of things. As the result, at a meeting
of ladies, called soon after, by Mrs. (now
Lady) Taylor, wife of the then Chief Jus-
tice of Manitoba, the suggestions of
Lady Aberdeen were considered, and it
was decided that the only work which
could then be undertaken was sending
literature, magazines, illustrated papers
and the like in monthly parcels as the
means of cheering hearts, brightening
lives of lonely settlers and shortening
long winter evenings. Thereupon the as-
sociation was formed, at first as "the
Lady Aberdeen Association," though af-
ter Lord Aberdeen became Governor-
General, at his and Lady Aberdeen's re-
quest, the "Lady" was dropped. Names
of settlers likely to appreciate literature
came from land companies, railway offi-
cials, but chiefly from missionaries of the
various churches, while requests came
from settlers themselves. Soon a band
of willing workers, drawn from churches
of all denominations, were busy month
by month sending our parcels.

In April, 1891, a meeting was held in
the City Hall to give the public an op-
portunity of learning the need for this

work. The expressions of appreciation and gratitude contained in letters from recipients of literature were most encouraging. Many wrote that for weeks they did not see a line of printed matter, and that long hours of darkness and obligatory inactivity were most depressing. Others, with large families, said they had no means of educating them, living as they did in outlying districts, and that the books sent by the associations and the pictures helped the parents, making homes more cheerful than they had ever been.

From the first, Lady Aberdeen took the deepest interest in the association, not only securing for it large supplies of literature from Britain, but also free transportation of it across the Atlantic by the Dominion and Allan steamers, then on by the Canadian Pacific Railway, so that it was received in Winnipeg free of all charges for carriage. After coming to reside in Canada her Excellency also obtained from the Government the privilege of free postage for the parcels of the association. But for several years all the cost of postage within Canada, often over \$18 a month, was, with the exception of a subscription from Lord Aberdeen and another from Mr. Carnegie, met by the liberality of Winnipeg citizens, so much interest did they take in the work.

Early in 1892 a branch of the association was formed in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and during the summer another in Toronto.

So the work waxed strong and flourished, and I was whirled into its vortex. I can assure those who read this account of "beginnings in Aberdeening" that we all worked like blacks. Our President, Lady Taylor, had no use whatever for drones, and a drone under her vigilant eye quickly transformed itself into a busy bee. I must have got badly on the nerves of my President, for I had never "worked out" before and was green in its vividest shade. That verse in the apocrypha, which says something along the lines of "a load of wood" being burdensome and "a sack of salt" heavy, "but a fool intolerable," must often have rung true to her, poor dear, in those early days. But by degrees we all became quite creditable soldiers of our great General, and were imbued with her spirit, and keenly interested in our labours, which we learned to love.

The letters brought us so close to the lives of these people, and, oh! the tragedies and comedies that unfolded before



LADY GIBSON

us! "Our families," as we called those on our special lists, grew very near and dear to each one of us. Whether a lonely bachelor forgotten by his kin, pathetically appreciating the best literature we could collect, often walking miles and miles for his parcel when he thought it would be due; or families of many children running out to meet "father," who, returning with the mail, would hear from afar shouts of, "Have you brought Aberdeen? Have you brought Aberdeen?"

Perhaps the need is not so great now as it was twenty years ago, but the need of wholesome, clean, interesting reading matter is still felt, and the influences for good of the Aberdeen Association is limitless.

*

Lady Gibson, daughter of the late Judge Malloch, of Brockville, has been ever since her marriage in 1881 a well-known personage in the social and public life of Hamilton and Toronto. While Hamilton has held and always will hold first place as the home, Toronto has claimed much of

Lady Gibson's time, especially since she became mistress of Government House, where in a sumptuous, yet homelike, manner the honours of our province have been maintained.

Through her husband's many interests in law, military and political affairs, Lady Gibson's life has been made up of varied interests; her recreation has been always in music and outdoor life, making a charming balance when the demands of a social public life have been urgent and where the home life has been her first thought.

Children have always appealed to Lady Gibson, and it was greatly due to her influence and persuasions that the Act for the Better Protection of Children was passed in 1892, whereby a provincial superintendent was appointed and many Children's Aid Societies formed throughout the province, with ample machinery provided for rescuing children who from neglect or evil surroundings were likely to drift into crime or vagrancy, and also for placing them in homes where they would be under the surveillance of visiting committees and live amid wholesome surroundings, thereby tending to develop into good and useful citizens.

This law has been highly eulogised by men of prominence as being one of the most beneficent and enlightened statutes to be found in the laws of any country, and it is a well-recognised fact that Lady Gibson's sympathies were behind the movement.

Of a very reticent temperament, it is only when one has the privilege of knowing Lady Gibson's home life that one fully realises how the duties of motherhood and the exactions of the social leader can go successfully hand in hand. As Vice-President for Ontario in the National Council of Women, Lady Gibson's opinions concerning various aspects of social reform have been very much valued.

At the time of the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee the Honourable J. M. Gibson was selected by the Department of Militia to attend the Jubilee in a representative capacity. He was also Ontario's representative at the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary. He was accompanied by Mrs. Gibson. Knighthood came with the new year. It was generally respected by citizens at large as a well-merited honour.

*

An anxious little woman has written to me to know if the proposed Old-age Pension System brought forward in Parliament recently by Mr. Burnham from West Peterborough is to interfere with or take the place of the Government annuities. I find that such is not the case. The annuities and the Old-age Pension System are independent of each other.

True, it is well to live up to the high ideals of Sir Richard Cartwright and prepare for the rainy day by buying an annuity, which is so cheap that old-line companies do not attempt to compete with it in any way. It looks as if our future years would have assured comfort if we would but look a little ahead and at present take advantage of the Government's offer of a cheap income.

Sir Richard Cartwright acknowledges no submerged tenth, while Mr. Burnham feels indeed that our country is not as young as it used to be and that there are many deserving people in need who ought to receive Government aid.

The object of the Old-age Pension System is to do away with promiscuous poor relief and work on the principle of rescue. The intention is to raise the people of the poorest and least provided for to the status of independent citizens and to bring them into some reasonable and proper condition by a system of relief such as is contemplated by the Old-age Pension, for these are the days when we

must pay attention to the great movements of the development and reclamation of the people, providing a basis upon which they may continue their own existence in their own way otherwise than houses of refuge or things of that sort, even though they do not come under the head of promiscuous charity.

Mr. Burnham's speech in the House was of such a brilliant and forceful character that the Government granted him a committee which will meet in the regular way, like a commission for the management of waterways or anything of that sort.

*

The eyes of the world are turned upon Canada, particularly upon British Columbia, and trade conditions are sounding a timely warning to her to get ready for the opening of the Panama Canal in 1913, by which Vancouver will reap untold benefits. She will be recognised not alone as one of the gateways to the Orient, but to Latin-America, and is sure to reap additional prosperity from the new commercial and economic life that will come to the whole western coast of the Americas from Prince Rupert south ten thousand miles to Valparaiso, in Chile.

As the men are truly alive to the great possibilities of their city, the women do not take second place by any means. The local Council of Women, with their fifty affiliated societies, representing over ten thousand women, with their nineteen departments of work, is doing a wonderfully good work for the city and its women.

A new department is called "Beautiful Vancouver," in which a systematic work is being carried on in all parts of the city, doing away with unsightly fences, unkept lawns, billboards, perfect cleanliness being the keynote.

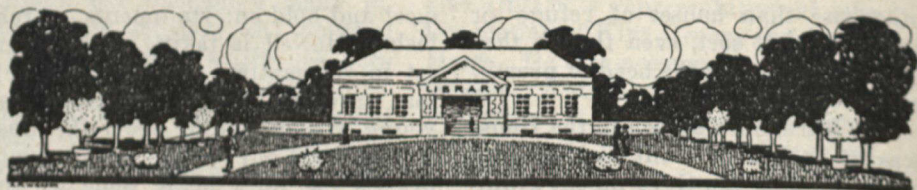
Another commendable undertaking is a "women's club-house," much on the same plan as the one in Victoria, where the different organisations banded together for public good can meet and hold entertainments. Archbishop McNeil is taking great interest in the matter. He suggests better provision for a residence for young women coming from the East and from the old country, and warmly praises the work being done by the Young Women's Christian Association in that line.

In the matter of a school trustee Vancouver has not failed to appreciate the benefits accruing from school boards composed jointly of men and women. It is a recognised fact that much has been lost through over-conservatism in this direction.

Victoria has elected a woman trustee for years; so have Toronto, Ottawa, London, St. John (by appointment), and other cities. Great Britain and the United States have recognised the advantage of school boards composed of men and women for so long that the principle of mixed boards is never questioned.

Legislation for better laws for women and children is being agitated, especially in the amendment of the "Legal Profession Act" in the province; also the laws of inheritance and those relating to the custody of children, and by the efforts of the local Council of Women, for the first time in the history of the city, women property-holders were allowed to exercise their franchise at the polls.

The development of imaginative qualities and artistic temperament in children is another branch of the new work undertaken, as it is believed that by attention to æsthetics—pictures and other works of art—noble ideals are inculcated and nobility of character built up.



The WAY of LETTERS

IN his volume entitled "The Story of Tecumseh," Norman S. Gurd has made a praiseworthy attempt to remove from the realm of romance the figure of this great Indian warrior and place him before us so that we might visualise his person and esteem him as a savage endowed with keen perception, lofty motives, and great physical endurance. But Tecumseh is still a subject for the romanticists and the poets, and it is doubtful whether any historian will ever go more intimately behind the screen and reveal the mysteries that for a hundred years have surrounded the memory of this savage ally of the British forces in Upper Canada. Nevertheless, Mr. Gurd has written an admirable, consistent and satisfactory story, and if at times it was necessary to balance the narrative with conjecture, the conjecture is made with judgment following a good knowledge of the circumstances. Mr. Gurd begins his book with the childhood of Tecumseh, which, of course, he describes as one would describe the everyday life of Indian children in general in the United States. Following the progress into manhood, we catch glimpses of the warfare that went on incessantly between the settlers and the Indians. This constant strife led Tecumseh to plan a federation of all the Indian

tribes of the Ohio Valley, in the hope of thus resisting the predatory and land-grabbing practices of the whites. But he was frustrated by the superior forces of the Americans, especially the forces under General Harrison, and was at length constrained to abandon the cause, particularly in view of the great scattering of the Indians following their defeat at the Battle of Tippecanoe. This battle was momentous, inasmuch as it now appears to have been the engagement that demonstrated the domination of the whites. Mr. Gurd's account of it differs from the accounts given by Drake and by Eggleston. But no authority is quoted. It is understood, however, that the author has based his account on a despatch signed by Colonel Elliott, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Amherstburg, to General Brock, describing the battle in accordance with the account given to Colonel Elliott by a Kickapoo chief, who took part in it, and also upon documents preserved in the archives at Washington. About this time (1812) the United States declared war against Great Britain, and began at once to take Canada. We are not sure whether it was love of the English or hatred of the Americans that led Tecumseh to rally his followers under the Union Jack, but at any rate he thereafter became

a staunch and invaluable ally, and in the end died on the field of battle during the encounter at Moravian-town. Mr. Gurd emphasises the indomitable and lofty character of Tecumseh, whether as a warrior or a statesman, and one readily concludes that had it not been for the assistance and sagacity of this Indian chief Hull never would have surrendered Detroit to the British. The retreat of the British forces from Amherstburg up the Thames River to Moraviantown is not a pleasant episode of the war. The entire odium of this disaster Mr. Gurd places on General Procter. Tecumseh knew that his former arch-enemy, General Harrison, was in pursuit, and it was his wish to crush him before it would be too late. But Moraviantown meant the end of Tecumseh, for it was there that he fell at the head of his men. His body was taken from the field by some of his own followers, carried through the wood and secretly buried. To this day no one is able to say where rest the bones of this famous Indian warrior.

This book is the second of "The Canadian Heroes Series." The first was "The Story of Isaac Brock," by Walter R. Nursey. These books are sure to interest young Canadians in the history of their country. They are copyrighted by the Deputy Minister of Education. The second volume is illustrated by reproductions of drawings by C. W. Jefferys, Fergus Kyle, L. C. Smith (some in colours), and a number of other drawings and photographs. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

JEFFREY FARNOL, author of "The Broad Highway," one of the most successful novels of last year, is taking advantage of his popularity by issuing two new books. The first of these to appear is entitled "The Money Moon," and if one is

looking for a sweet little love story one need go no farther. This tale has much of the sentiment that encumbers the "Dora Thorne" type, but it is redeemed from condemnation by its atmosphere of Arcadian wholesomeness and delight, its description of the simple life at Dapplemere, a rural spot in England, and its freedom from anything sordid or besmirching. For girls of about twenty this book would have a keen fascination, but for others who have read "The Broad Highway" it is not what they would like to have from the same author. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

THE other recent volume (dainty in both binding and material), by the same writer, is "My Lady Caprice!" It was written by Mr. Farnol before that gentleman made a popular success of "The Broad Highway." Now, it seems rather like an aftermath than a foretaste. The book may be read in an hour, and you will be sure to enjoy every one of the sixty minutes. The heroine is a coquette of the good, old-fashioned, high-spirited type, who torments the unfortunate hero through many chapters until she finally becomes altogether gentle and gracious. *Lisbeth* is a delightful girl, the hero is a youth of romantic charm, while "The Imp" is a curly-headed young scamp who deserves to live on raspberry tarts. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

BEGINNING with the assumption that writers of history have neglected æsthetic development and "that resolute spirit of thrift and industry that makes nations respected" and concluding with the statement that the "American workman, of whatever profession or trade, should be regarded as the greatest figure in history," James Cooke Mills, in

"Searchlights on Some American Industries," has produced a book that is illuminative, instructive and fascinating. We think we know something about lumber, salt, sugar, paper, rubber, leather, moulding, graphite, but the chapters on the production of these necessities of daily life, as written by Mr. Mills, are a revelation. The volume is profusely illustrated by reproductions of photographs and is a notable achievement in the history of industrial progress. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company).

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A GREAT amount of needless fuss and ill-feeling has been aroused by what is supposed to be an attempt by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec to enforce the so-called *Ne Temere* decree, but surely the limit has been reached when consequent exaggerations inspire the publication of Henry Milner's novel, "The Lad Felix," which is described as a tragedy of the *Ne Temere*. If it were a skilful novel one might be fearful of the animosities that it would arouse, but as it is there are many chances of the reader not taking it seriously. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

THE name of Algernon Blackwood on the cover of a new novel is assurance of an unusual production which will never belong to the ranks of the best sellers, but which, nevertheless, will prove treasure trove to such as have preserved a belief in "the things which are unseen." In "Jimbo," Mr. Blackwood gave us a remarkably sympathetic interpretation of child fears and fancies; in "The Education of Uncle Paul," he entered a still more remote realm and endeavoured to show that Death itself is not a gateless barrier for those to whom friendship is spiritual. His latest book, "The Centaur," is not

so exquisite as "The Education of Uncle Paul," but goes farther in philosophic grasp of the question of cosmic consciousness or sympathy. Some will describe the book as "unhealthy" because it deals with worlds not recognised by what we are pleased to call the five senses. There are many who will realise its poetic power, its yearning towards those

first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day;
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing."

As a "story," this book can hardly be said to possess a plot. The narrative of *Terence O'Malley's* "great adventure" is told by an English friend who appears to be in doubt as to the sanity of the Irish dreamer. *O'Malley* meets on a Mediterranean tour two Russian travellers, whose difference from their fellow tourists is felt almost as a discomfort. Through an unspoken acquaintance-ship with them, *O'Malley* becomes aware that they are "super-human" in their sympathy with Earth and its primal joy. His own entrance upon the raptures of a communion with the great unspoiled forces of Nature is described with an eloquence such as few writers of our commerce-stained age could command. To those who revel in the problem novels of David Graham Phillips or Robert Chambers, this book will be transcendental folly. To those who have not lost the "primal sympathy," of which Wordsworth was so fully possessed, it will be a revelation. It is usually the musician who opens the ivory gates of the world where Algernon Blackwood wanders at will. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

"LOVE'S PURPLE," by S. Ella Wood Dean, reveals the soul of a woman in quest of love. The woman is of a certain American type—

impulsive, emotional, but she has high ideals and ambitions. This novel has much spirit, and is extremely intense and unconventional. (Chicago: Forbes & Company).

*

TO many readers it will be a pleasant exercise to read Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "The Case of Richard Meynell," even if only to be reintroduced to the *Elsmere* household and to some of the persons who appeared in this author's notable novel, "Robert Elsmere." But this new novel has two disadvantages: it is a sequel and a novel of purpose, perhaps more of purpose than of novel. But, after all, it is pleasant to meet old friends, even if now and again they do seem to be platitudinous. In the third chapter *Richard Meynell* meets *Robert Elsmere's* daughter *Mary*. From certain indications we gather that he is about to fall in love with her. The same idea striking *Mrs. Flaxman*, we are not surprised to find that her smile was almost immediately drowned in real concern. "Oh! my poor Catherine! What would she—what would she say!" she exclaims; and we realise that, like ourselves, she represents the fact of history repeating itself quite so flagrantly as this. What the lady in question did say under similar provocation twenty years ago received at that time our most respectful attention. But even then it left us older. And so on. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

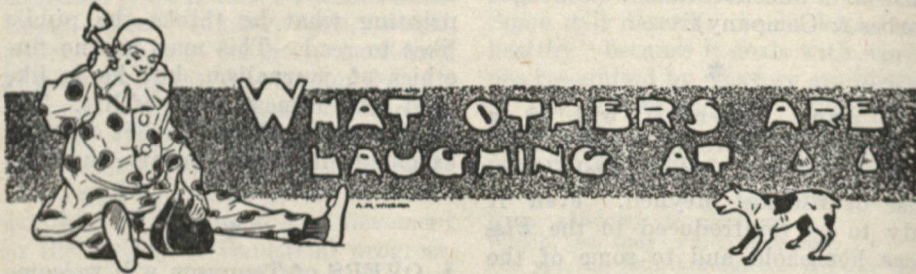
*

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT sometimes uses the pure dialogue form of the play in order to serve his literary purposes, it would seem, more than to produce a drama suitable for presentation upon the stage. A good example of this form is "What the Public Wants," which is

a travesty on modern newspapermen and methods. The leading character is a man who has made a financial success of the newspaper business by printing what he thinks the public likes to read. This man has no fine ethics of journalism, but he is like most men in most walks of life. The dialogue is sparkling, and it contains excellent humour. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

LOVERS of Tennyson will welcome as authoritative the volume of reminiscences edited by the great poet's son Hallam, Lord Tennyson, and entitled "Tennyson and His Friends." The volume is arranged in distinctive chapters, each one treating of some especial aspect of the laureate's life, character, or work. The first chapter (written in 1896) is written by Emily, Lady Tennyson, and is entitled "Recollections of My Early Life." Each chapter is written by some person pre-eminently qualified to write it, as, for instance, "Some Recollections of Tennyson's Talk from 1835 to 1853," by Edward Fitzgerald. There are chapters by Sir Henry Craik, Dr. Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, and now Professor of Poetry; Lady Ritchie, Margaret L. Woods, Professor Jowett, Henry Graham Dakyns, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; Wilfrid Ward, Sir James Knowles, Arthur Coleridge, Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Norman Lockyer, the Bishop Ripon, Louisa E. Ward, Aubrey de Vere, Arthur Sidgwick, Sir Alfred Lyall, and Professor Henry Butcher. There are also a large number of poems by Tennyson, mostly addressed to some friend, besides some miscellaneous letters. The whole, with the illustrations, makes a volume of surpassing interest and importance. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).



EASIER

A Chicago banker was dictating a letter to his stenographer. "Tell Mr. Soandso," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?" asked the stenographer.

"S-c, S-c—er—er—er—— Tell him I'll meet him in Albany."—*Argonaut*.

*

A SAD MEETING

"I think we met at this café last winter. Your overcoat is very familiar to me."

"But I didn't own it then."

"No; but I did!"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

TRUTH WILL OUT

As an illustration of great devotion to truth, would-be M.P. told his auditors that he "underwent a severe thrashing when a boy for telling the truth." Imagine the sickly feeling which came over him when a gruff voice called out from the centre of the audience: "I guess it's cured yer, guv'nor!"—*Christian Life*.

*

ON THE TRAIL

"Does your fiancé know your age, Lotta?"

"Well—partly."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

TAKING CHANCES

An aviator descended into a field and said to a rather well-dressed individual: "Here, mind my machine a minute, will you?"

"What?" the well-dressed individual snarled. "Me mind your machine? Why, I'm a United States Senator!"

"Well, what of it?" said the aviator. "I'll trust you."—*Argonaut*.

*

ON THE JUMP

One of Lord Charles Beresford's tenants who conducted a small undertaker's establishment in Waterford was one day asked how the business was getting along.

"Grand, me lord!" he exclaimed. "I now have the luckiest little hearse you ever saw. Glory be to goodness, it was never a day idle since I got it."—*Tit-Bits*.

*

AFTER THE CAMPAIGN

Once, at the height of the Civil War, two men at a railway station saw a cartload of wooden legs depart for a military hospital.

"Those wooden legs," said the first man, "are a rather eloquent protest against war, aren't they?"

"Yes," agreed the other; "they are what you might call stump speeches."—*Sacred Heart Review*.



LADY—"Hullo, Neil; you've started a golf course here, have you?
 NEIL—"Yes, Mum, a fine new golf course." LADY—"How many holes are there?"
 NEIL (Vague on the subject)—"Oh, there'll be a good few."

—Punch.

A REAL MOURNER

Down in Georgia a negro who had his life insured for several hundred dollars died and left the money to his widow. She immediately bought herself a very elaborate mourning outfit.

Showing her purchases to her friend, she was very particular in going into detail as to prices and all incidental particulars. Her friend was very much impressed, and remarked:

"Them sho is fine cloes, but, befo' Heaven, what is you goin' to do wid all dis black underwear?"

The bereaved one sighed:

"Chile, when I mourns I mourns."

—*Harper's Magazine*.

*

AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

Michel—"Come away, wife, or else they will want us afterward as witnesses."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

599

CANDID

"I am very sorry, Captain Snob, that circumstances over which I have no control compel me to say no."

"May I ask what the circumstances are?"

"Yours."—*Lippincott's*.

*

A NEW TITLE

"I beg pardon," said the reporter, "but are you Mr. Spudde, the Potato King?"

"Yes, but I don't like that term," replied the murphy magnate, testily. "Oil kings and cattle kings and the like are so common. Call me the potentate."—*Harper's Magazine*.

*

YEARLY

"George, dear," said the young wife, "you are growing handsomer every day."

"Yes, darling," replied the knowing George. "It's a way I have just before your birthday."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

A CHASER

The Inquisitive Old Woman—
“Guard, why did the train stop before we came to the station?”

The Guard—“Ran over a pig, mum.”

The Inquisitive Old Woman—
“What, was it on the line?”

The Guard—“No—oh, no; we chased it up the embankment!”—
London Sketch.

*

SOLUTION SIMPLE

A lady in the centre seat of the parlour-car heard the request of a fellow passenger directly opposite, asking the porter to open the window, and, scenting a draft, she immediately drew a cloak about her.

“Porter, if that window is opened,” she snapped testily, “I shall freeze to death——”

“And if the window is kept closed,” returned the other passenger, “I shall surely suffocate.”

The poor porter stood absolutely puzzled between the two fires.

“Say, boss,” he finally said to a commercial traveller near by, “what would you do?”

“Do?” echoed the traveller. “Why, man, that it a very simple matter. Open the window and freeze one lady. Then close it and suffocate the other.”

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

IN A GLASS HOUSE

Mrs. Brown—“Mrs. Jones has the worst habit!”

Mr. Brown—“What is it, dear?”

Mrs. Brown—“She turns around and looks back every time we pass on the street!”

Mr. Brown—“How do you know she does?”—*Judge.*

*

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

“It's three months since I saw you last,”

The one who met her plainly states. Says she: “Can that be possible?”

It's awful how time aviates.”

—*Harper's Weekly*

*

A SAD CASE

The greatest buttonholer in London, on his return from a winter holiday, was telling his acquaintances at his club that he had been occupying a house at Davos, not far from Mr. Labouchere, who, he added, was in a very melancholy state. “I am truly sorry for that,” said one of his hearers. “What is the matter with him?”

“Well,” replied the bore, “I was out walking one day, when I saw Labouchere coming down the lane toward me. The moment he caught sight of me he darted into a fir wood which was close by, and hid behind a tree till I had passed. Oh, very sad, indeed!”—*London Daily Mail.*



JONAH: “Well, ‘you can't keep a good man down.’”

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS WITH

BOVRIL

The report of experiments made to test the nutritive value of Bovril, read before the annual meeting of the British Medical Association is attracting wide attention in the medical profession.

It was conclusively proved to the full satisfaction of medical experts that BOVRIL is a valuable food and consequently a great body-builder.

BOVRIL IS CONCENTRATED BEEF

We Told You So!

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Now Perfected—
The best on the market!

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FILLED WITH *Snyder's* PURE
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Chocolates and Bon Bons

"A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE CANDY HE SENDS"

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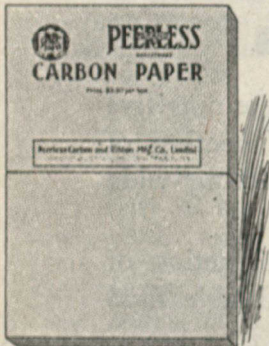
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Chocolate and other Fountain
Drinks unexcelled.

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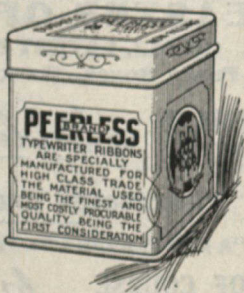
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Any Time
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With cream and sugar or fruits are wholesome and please the palate.

Crisp bits of Indian corn, cooked and toasted to an appetizing golden brown.

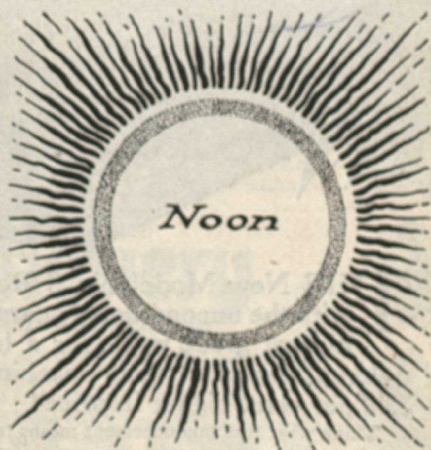
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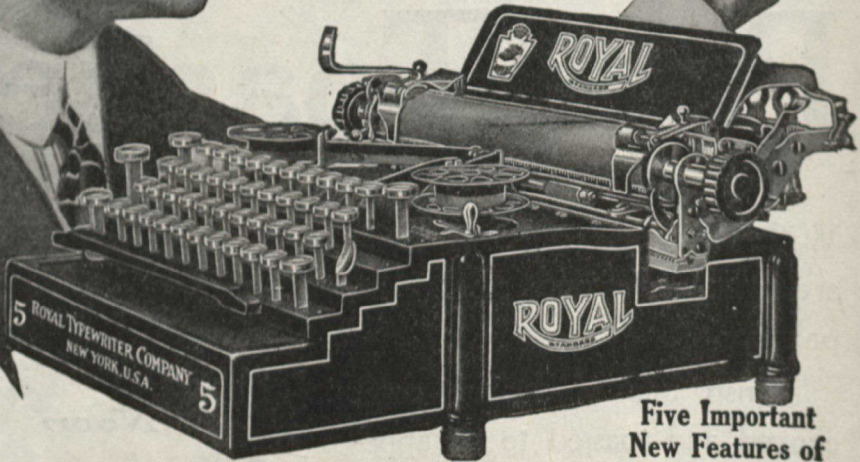
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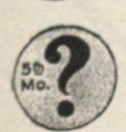
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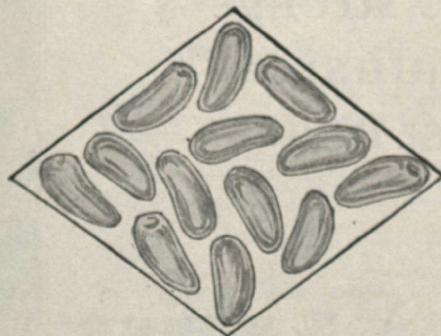
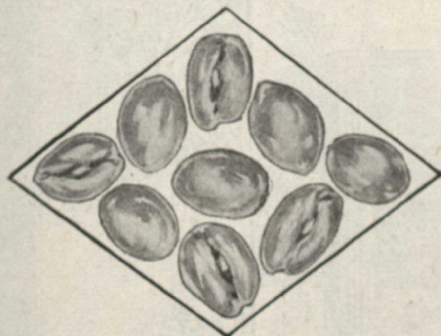
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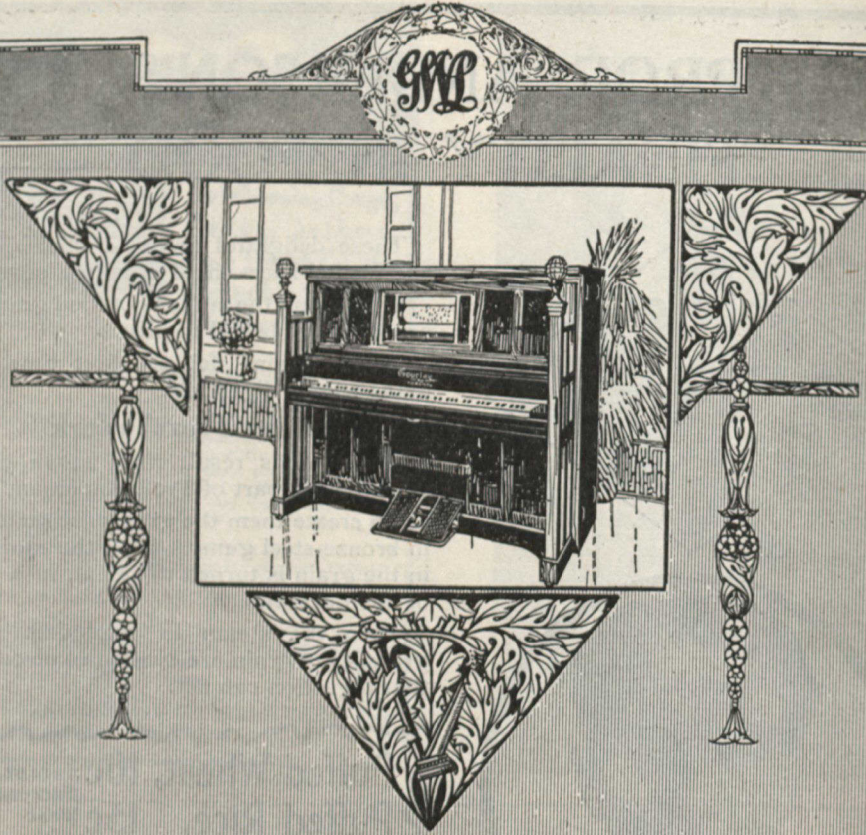
Serve with sugar and cream, and mix them with fruit.

Or serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

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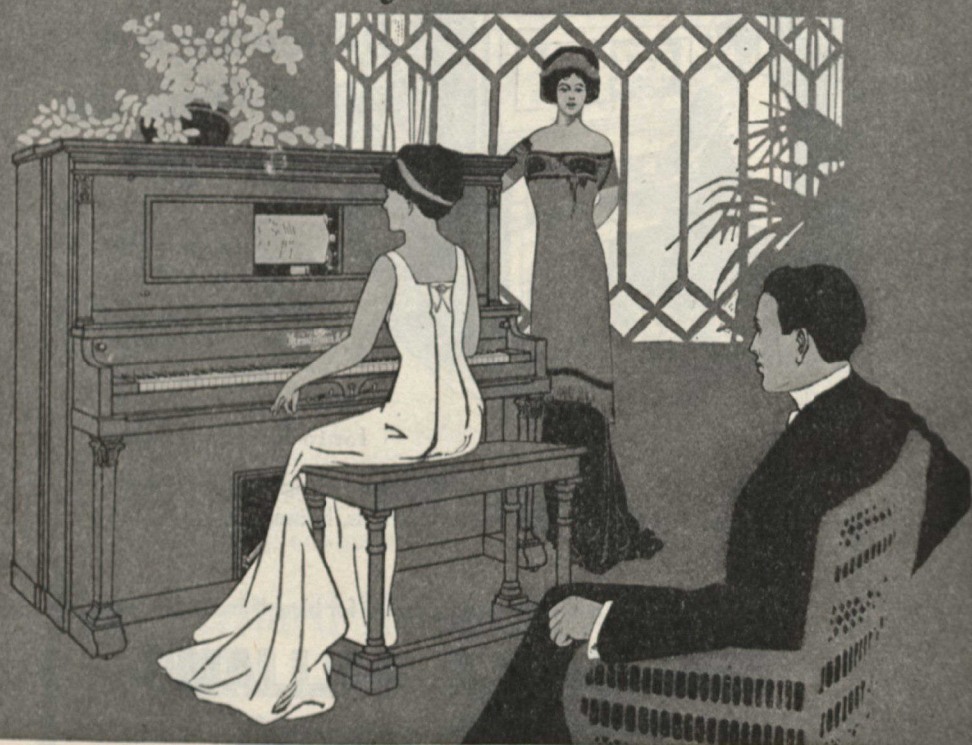
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Heintzman & Co., Player-Piano

and become in fact a Paderewski. The mechanism of this marvelous player-piano puts his technic at your disposal. The music rolls provide you with his repertoire. Could greater joy be yours? The opportunity for perpetual pleasure and gayety is yours with one of these player-pianos in your home.

Piano Salon: 193-195-197 Yonge Street, — TORONTO

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CIGARETTES EGYPTIENNES



Still I puzzle
and I ponder
and rack my brain
in wonder
Over **MOGUL**,
Mystic **MOGUL**-
Bring this **MOGUL**
I implore!
Mighty **MOGUL**
so applauded,
so mysteriously lauded
And so generally ordered-

"**MOGUL! MOGUL!**" ever more.

Only "**MOGUL!** smoke some more."



NA-DRU-CO

Royal Rose Talcum Powder



THE dainty embodiment of the queenly rose's fragrance. Made of best Italian Talc, ground to impalpable fineness, to which are added soothing, healing, antiseptic ingredients, Na-Dru-Co Rose Talcum Powder keeps the skin soft, comfortable, healthy and a joy to look upon.

25c. a tin at your druggist's, or write for free sample to the

**National Drug
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Co. of Canada,**

Limited

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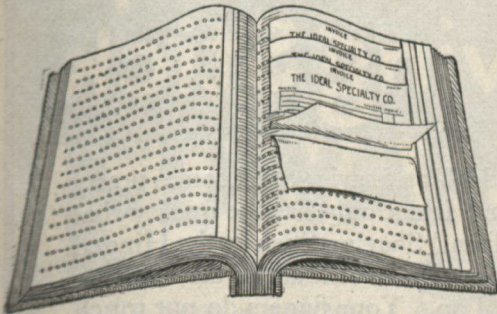
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A stylish tab collar for afternoon wear. Has the distinctive "Redman" style that differentiates a Redman Collar from all others.

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**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL
BEAUTIFIER**

**Purifies
as well as
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the Skin
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient)—"As you ladies will use them, I

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GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

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Removes Superfluous Hair. **Price \$1.00 by Mail**
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Your name can be interwoven on a fine Cambric Tape for \$2.00 for 12 doz. \$1.25 for 6 doz. 85c. for 3 doz.

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Holder Top Shaving Stick

Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick comes pretty near perfection. It not only has the quality that has made Williams' Shaving Stick in the Hinged Cover Box so popular, but the added convenience of the Holder Top. Your fingers do not touch the soap. By the nickeled cap in which the Stick is fastened, you can hold it as firmly when used down to the last fraction of an inch, as at first.

That peculiar creaminess of lather, the softening, soothing effect upon the face, found only in Williams' Shaving Soaps, have made them always the first choice of discriminating men.

Three forms of the same good quality:

Williams' Shaving Stick, Hinged cover, nickeled box

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Williams' Shaving Powder, Hinged cover, nickeled box

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

They all want more

"Remember my
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me again."



And no wonder! Here
is a thick, nourishing,
strengthening soup, pre-



pared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce.

The Manufacturers of Edwards' Soup are soup-makers and nothing else. They are large and close buyers, and by specialising in this way for over 25 years, they have been able to produce an assortment of soups of the highest merit at a price within the reach of all.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED 5c. per packet. SOUP

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' Soup, too, is also an excellent addition to your own soups. It imparts strength, colour, nourishment and flavour; it improves the skill of those who make, and the appetite of those who eat. Edwards' Soup is made in Ireland.



Pen Angle Hosiery

You have never before had any certainty of fit and wear when you bought hosiery. You had to take your chances.

You no longer need do that. For now, at some reliable store near you, you can choose the hosiery that is **GUARANTEED**—Pen-Angle Hosiery.

We can safely guarantee Pen-Angle Hosiery for several reasons. In gigantic mills we knit this hosiery on machines for which we have the sole Canadian rights.

With these machines we fit the hosiery to the exact form of the leg, ankle and foot—without a seam!

You need no argument to see that seamless hosiery must be more comfortable than the seamful foot-wearing kind. Don't forget the name, or how the trademark looks.

FOR LADIES

No. 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs \$1.50; 6 pairs \$3.00.

No. 4150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720, Fine quality Cotton Hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs; \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50,

No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

FOR MEN

No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere, 2-ply Botany yarn, with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500—"Black Knight," winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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READ THIS REMARKABLE GUARANTEE

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

ORDER THIS WAY

Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order post-paid. Remember we fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. **BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.**

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Penmans, Limited, Dept. 68, Paris, Canada



Chocolates Without a Rival

For Daintiness and
Flavor

The
Utmost
in Candy

Made
of Purest
Ingredients!

All Moir's Chocolates are prepared from our own Exclusive
Receipt from cocoa beans selected and ground by ourselves.

The creamy insides and centres of nuts, fruits and jellies
have just the Right Flavor—the rich, thick chocolate coating
has just the Right Taste.

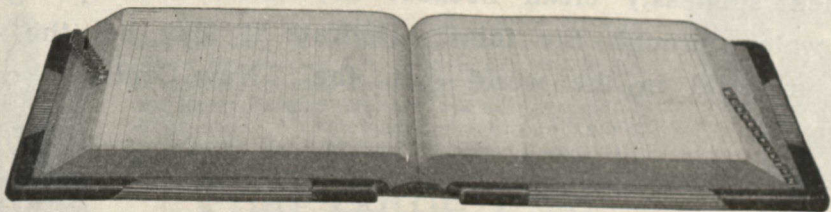
Our blending of these two confection extremes creates an
exquisitely delicious flavor not found in other brands.
Try Moir's.

MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

MOIR'S LIMITED, Halifax, Canada.

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are essentially bound books with interchangeable leaves.



Flat opening with narrow binding margins.

Save $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the safe, and 3 inches on the desk.

Easy to operate, guide bands made of especially tempered
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Write for sample of business stationery.

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"It Certainly Do Wash Dem Clean an' Quick"— *Aunt Salina*



The colored lady may be off in her grammar but she certainly knows how to wash clothes' clean and wash them quick.

The "New Century" washing machine is a marvel for efficiency and money-saving.

A six-year-old girl could do the weekly washing of the average family with a "New Century" washer.

Now ladies! just take a soft pencil and figure out how you can increase your bank account—or begin one that this washing machine will make substantial in time.

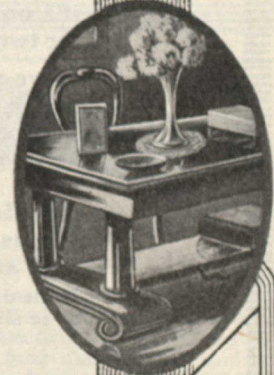
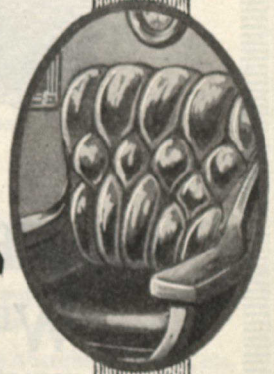
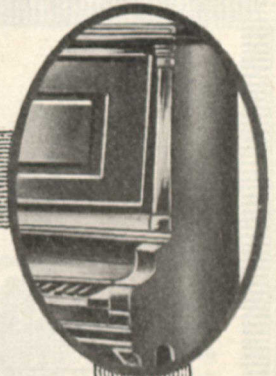
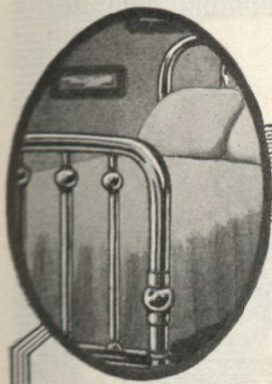
Wash day bother through in a few minutes — Clothes washed spotlessly clean because the "New Century" gushes the water through the fabric—Delicate it may be—the flimsiest material in the world—yet, the "New Century" cannot injure it.

Ask your dealer to show you how easy the "New Century" works—

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N.B. A post card will bring you Aunt Salina's Washday Philosophy. Read the booklet and tell us what you think of it.

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Housecleaning Made Easy By Dusting With **LIQUID VENEER**

LIQUID VENEER robs housecleaning of its drudgery. It is easy to use. No special directions are necessary, and there's scarcely anything in the house on which it cannot be used with wonderfully beautifying effect.

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Trial Bottle Free

Send the coupon today for free trial bottle of LIQUID VENEER and learn what a great help it will be to you this housecleaning time, and how its constant use in the daily dusting will make future housecleanings still easier.

HOME OIL is the best oil you can use on squeaky door hinges.

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Buffalo, N. Y.

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COUPON

BUFFALO SPECIALTY
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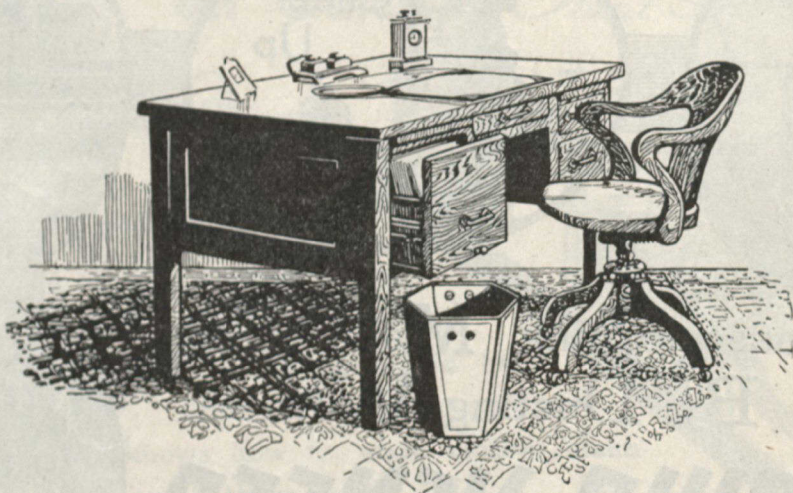
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Please send me free and without further obligation on my part sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER.

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Have you ever noticed how conveniently a carpenter's bench is arranged with drawers and racks for holding the tools, *each in its definite and proper place and within arm's reach?* This System Desk embodies the same idea. The Vertical Filing and Card Index Drawers provide the places for filing, *within arm's reach*, the papers you use every day in your work. It's a great saver of time and effort.

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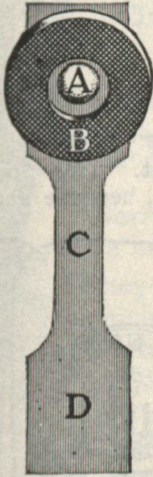
MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

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AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD

That Corn Will Go for Good



It will be ended forever in 48 hours, if you use a Blue-jay plaster.

The pain ends instantly when you apply it. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days it comes out, root and all.

Nosoreness, no discom-

fort. Nothing else known does what Blue-jay does.

That's why millions use it. You will never let corns disturb you when you find this out.

Nor will you ever pare them. Paring takes off just the top of the corn. And a slip of the blade means infection—sometimes a dangerous one.

The right way—the easy way—is to end them completely with this famous Blue-jay plaster. Prove it today.

- A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
 B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
 C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
 D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (161)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

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One Man and
His Son Made
\$12,000
In One Year
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You will want to read his letter telling how it was done. And best of all any one who will follow the same simple practical rules will be sure to make big money with poultry. Every one who keeps poultry or who is thinking of starting in this business should have a copy of this big

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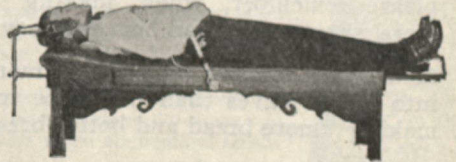
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and mail it to us at once. We will send the complete book free and postpaid. You will want to know about the new PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR with Sand Tray—also the PRAIRIE STATE UNIVERSAL HOVER BROODERS which you can make at home and save money. All leading agricultural colleges and experiment stations endorse Prairie State incubators because they "hatch chicks that live." Write for free book. Ship your eggs to us and get highest market prices.

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Man'rs in Canada of the famous Prairie State Incubators.



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It has been upon the market seven years. It has been given unqualified scientific endorsement by the foremost physicians of all schools of healing. It is used by them in their daily practice and endorsed for use in the home, by the laity, as a machine for repairing the skeletal, muscular, ligamentous, nervous and circulatory mechanism of the human body. It remakes and rejuvenates men and women. Diseases of nervous origin, due to skeletal, spinal or muscular derangement, such as paralysis, locomotorataxia, rheumatism, curvatures, old age and decrepitude, can be corrected by you in your home.

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The present huge demand for **PURITY FLOUR** shows the confidence in which it is held by thousands of home-cooks.

Those who have used **PURITY FLOUR** have come to believe in it. They look on **PURITY** as a friend. They feel they can trust it implicitly, because each and every lot of **PURITY FLOUR** has always been uniform—always up to the high standard of quality that has made it famous.

Wouldn't you, too, like to use a flour you could always rely on? Wouldn't you like to feel certain that your bread, cakes and pies were going to turn out exactly right? That's just how you'll feel when you become a user of **PURITY FLOUR**—the confidence-creating flour.

PURITY FLOUR gives high class results, because it consists exclusively of the high-grade portions of the best Western hard wheat.

On account of the extra strength of **PURITY FLOUR** please remember, when making pastry, to add more shortening than an ordinary flour requires.

And when making bread, add more water, and **PURITY FLOUR** will expand into more loaves than the same weight of ordinary flour can produce, thus making "more bread and better bread."



PURITY FLOUR

"More bread and better bread"

Make your next flour order spell P-U-R-I-T-Y F-L-O-U-R
It costs slightly more, but it's worth the difference
ADD PURITY FLOUR TO GROCERY LIST RIGHT NOW

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fields for money-saving you
can spend your time in.

Berry Brothers' Varnishes

Berry Brothers' Varnishes have proved that fact time and time again.

They have proved it not only in the factories where varnishes are used in large quantities, but in houses and other buildings as well.

No matter what your needs—how small or how great—you cannot afford to slight the buying of varnish, nor overlook Berry Brothers' goods when making your choice.

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Sold Through Leading Dealers
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ANY dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Architectural Varnishes and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well-known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade-mark—your protection against substitution.

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Sold by Us Direct to Those
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EVERY manufacturing requirement in Varnishes, Shellacs, Air-Drying Black Japans, Baking Japans, Stains, Lacquers, Fillers and Dryers, can be filled under the Berry Label.

Our special representative will call on any manufacturer interested in better and more economical finishing.



A Theatre Party

whenever you want it

on the Edison Phonograph

—a whole season's entertainment in an evening

Think what it would cost to give a theatre party for your friends—and consider that it would mean *one evening's* entertainment only, *one kind* of entertainment that some might like and some might not.

And what a difference when you own an Edison Phonograph! *Every kind* of entertainment—everyone's *particular* kind. All the season's successes in a single evening. Hear the comments go round the circle: "That's a wonder! Put on another Lauder record." "Oh, what a beauty! Gypsy Love Waltz?" "Isn't it great to hear a star like Slezak, in a beautiful aria like that without having to listen to all the dull stuff in the Opera?" "Say, Stella Mayhew certainly has the negro dialect *down pat*, hasn't she?"

A single Edison evening will mean more to you and your friends than any theatre party. And think!—You can have an Edison party *whenever you want it*, as long as you live. You can have a "Record making party" next time. Be sure to ask the dealer about this great feature when you go to pick out your Edison Phonograph.



Send for complete information today

The advantages of the Edison are as definite as they are important—and the way to know all about them is to send for the complete information which we have ready to send to you. Any Edison dealer will give you a free concert. Edison Phonographs range in price from **\$16.50 to \$240.00**, and are sold at the same prices everywhere in Canada. Edison Standard Records, **40c**; Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) **65c**; Edison Grand Opera Records, **85c to \$2.50**

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From Canada's GREATEST Brewery

For sixty years we have brewed by the old English method as adopted by BASS AND CO. and GUINNESS AND CO. WE DO NOT CARBONIZE, and by so doing destroy Nature's best and finest health-giving properties of barley, malt and Bohemian hops. No fad, no new methods, as used by some brewers who can't compete with genuine methods.

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TRANSFORMATIONS
from \$17.50 up.
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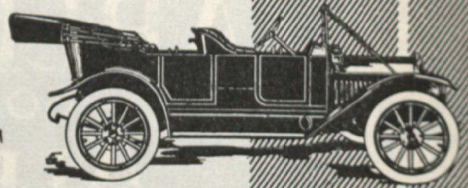
The Glenn-Charles Hair Goods are of the finest quality and workmanship, and very moderate in price.

Our celebrated Hair Braids and Switches are in popular demand.

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The owner of a McLaughlin-Buick automobile feels no hesitation in advising his friends to follow his example, for he knows that no car bearing the name "McLaughlin" can fail to give absolute satisfaction.

Ask the advice of a McLaughlin owner.

All McLaughlin cars have the famous Buick Motor, with Overhead valves. There is no more popular or more efficient motor made than the Buick—the world's record orders have all been for Buicks. One order received January 25th of this year was for 547 Buicks.

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 - "34" Torpedo Roadster . . . \$1,150
 - 35" Touring Car \$1,300
 - "43" Touring Car \$2,300
- Top and windshield extra.

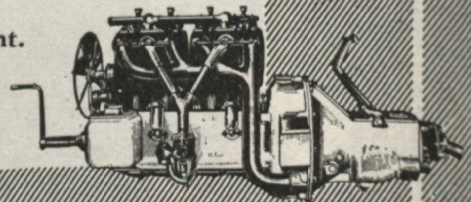
Prices f.o.b. Oshawa.

- "43" Berline Limousine . . \$4,000
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Carriage Co. MCLAUGHLIN-BUICK MOTOR

Limited
Oshawa, Ont.
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HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAGNIFICENT 45 HORSE-POWER TOURING CAR?

Wheel base, 115 inches; horse-power, 45
Bosch magneto; tires, 34x4 inch, quick detach-
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Top, Top-boot, Windshield, Warner Autome-

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Black and Nickel Gas Lamps, Electric light-
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IF not, do so quick! Waste no time
—no words. Don't argue or ponder.
Just see it. Don't ask the price
until you have looked it over. Then
give yourself a big surprise!

See the handsome rich finish—the
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with heavy nickel plate—the long sweep-
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pleasing lines—flush body—trim doors
with inside handles—the big solid black
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ioned leather seats—soft and comfort-
able as your easy chair. This gives
you a faint idea of some of the comfort
and beauty of the car. What is the
price? \$2500.

There is not a car below \$2800 that
can touch it. Take some of the mechan-
ical facts and features. The wheel base
of 115 inches—the powerful 45 horse-
power motor—the big wheels and tires
—the full-floating rear axle—the fine
F. & S. annular and famous Timken
bearings used—the aluminum crank and

gear casings—the Vanadium steel gears
—the centre control—Bosch magneto
—the pressed steel frame with a double
drop. Equipped with a self-starter—
if you wish.

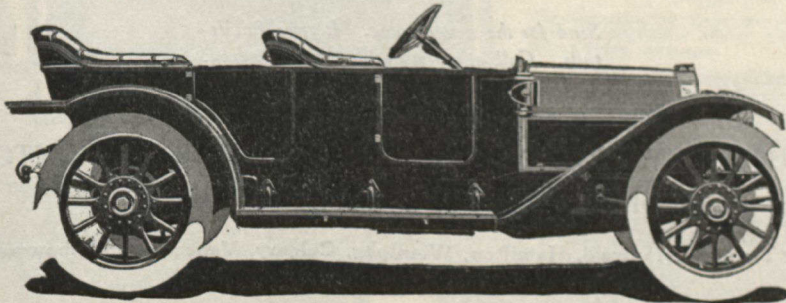
Do you find these specifications in
any other car selling at less than \$2700
or \$2800?

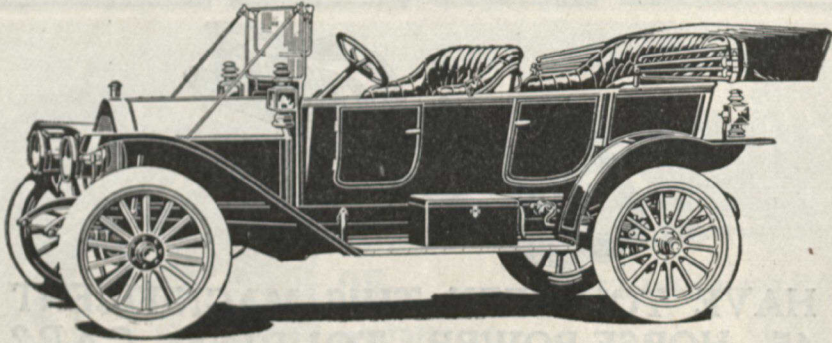
The average manufacturer must
charge you more for it costs him more
to produce his car. Having the largest
factory and the greatest facilities in the
business we can give you for \$2500 what
most other makers *must* get \$2800 for.

A comparison of cars will prove this
statement. We don't ask you to take
our word. Use your own judgment
Compare values and decide for your-
self. Get the Overland dealer in your
town on the phone today and make an
appointment. Also send for one of our
handsome catalogues, which gives you
the whole detailed story. Please ask
for book J24.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

**Shaw-Overland Sales Company, Distributors
53-59 Adelaide Street West**





The Self Starting

RUSSELL "30" \$2375. Equipped

And This is the Equipment:

TOURING Car, Toy Tonneau, Torpedo and Torpedo Roadster bodies include the following equipment: Pantosote Tops and Side Curtains, Top, Envelope, Folding Glass Front, Speedometer, Gas Head Lamps, Prest-O-Lite Tank, Self Starter, Side and Tail Oil Lamps, Foot Rest and Robe Rail, Single Tire Irons with well in running board, Pumps, Tire Repair Outfit, Full Kit of Tools, Jack.

This car is the ultimate success of years of improvement. Beautiful in design and finish, luxurious in its deep upholstery, smooth and delightful in action, powerful and economical.

Send for the new catalog. It gives full details. Call at our nearest branch or agency.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED, WEST TORONTO
Makers of High Grade Automobiles

BRANCHES: Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Australia.

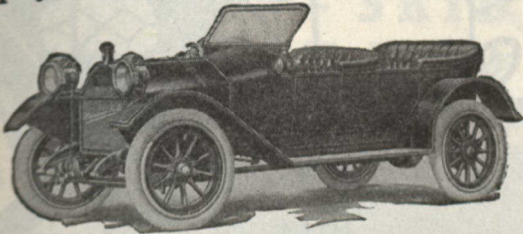
Agencies Everywhere

Globe-
Girdling

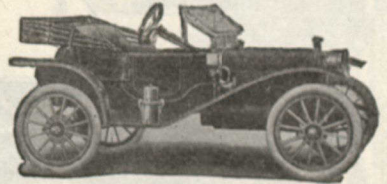
Hupmobile

Completes
Tour

pays striking tribute to the staunchness of its splendid successor



Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car—\$1,000.
F.O.B. Windsor, including equipment of windshields, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor 3 1/2-inch bore x 5 1/2-inch stroke. Bosch magneto, 106-inch wheel-base, 32 x 3 1/2-inch tires, Color—Standard Hupmobile blue.



Standard 20 H.P. Runabout—\$850.
F.O.B. Windsor, with same power plant that took the World-Touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H.P., sliding gears, Bosch Magneto. Equipped with top, windshields, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster—\$950. Coupe—\$1,300.

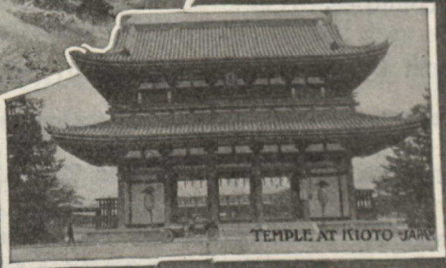


New York's eyes were opened during Show Week to the splendid "staying powers" of Hupmobile construction by a triumphant return of the World-Touring car.

The amazing achievements of this car, in its 40,000 mile trip, conferred additional distinction upon the new Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32,"—first publicity shown in New York—because both are fruits of the same skilled organization and the engineering leadership of E. A. Nelson. Hupmobile sturdiness, exemplified so strikingly in the World-Touring Car, receives new and more impressive expression in the Long-Stroke "32," with its distinctive features of construction and its generous power—found heretofore only in cars costing a great deal more than \$1000.

Hupp Motor Car Company
1269 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Branch Factory
Windsor, Ont.

The accompanying views are reproduced from photographs taken during the Hupmobile's world-tour.



TEMPLE AT KIOTO JAPAN

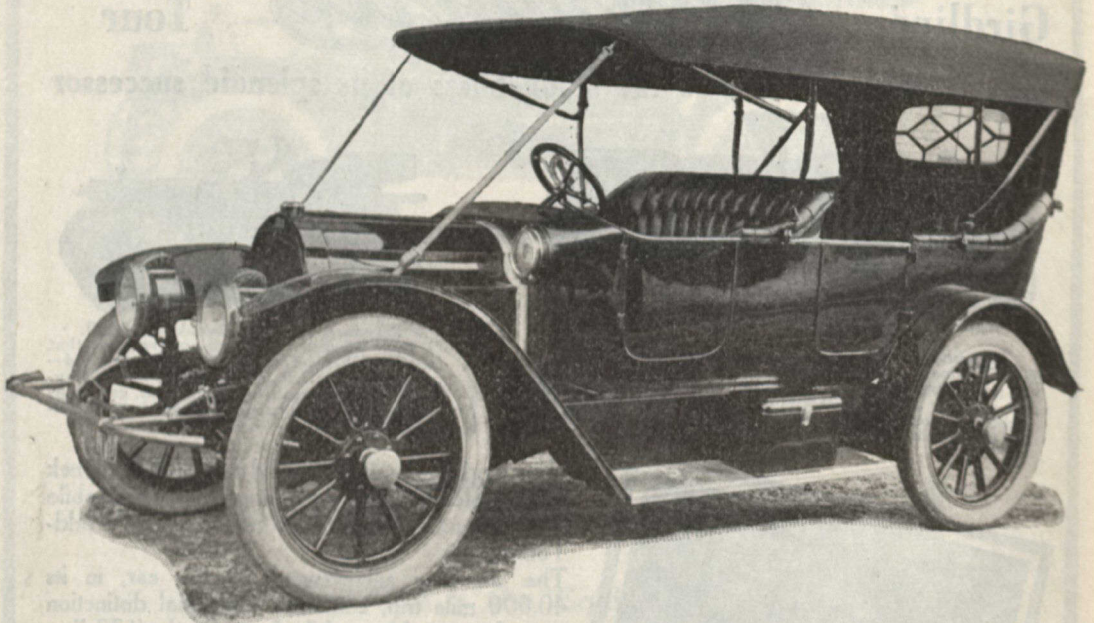


HUPMOBILE AT PYRAMIDS EGYPT



FINISH AT DETROIT JAN-24-1912 GREETED BY MAYOR THOMPSON

THE CLINTON



THE CAR OF CANDOR

The extremes of temperature and the road conditions of Canada, render it imperative that a motor car for use in this country should have an efficiency and a factor of safety considerably in excess of the maximum required in other countries.

The CLINTON is built by Canadians who know, for Canadians who can discriminate. In every essential it is

"Just a Little Better Than Need Be."

Durability, Reliability and Accessibility are the basic principles; but attractive appearance and beauty of design have not been sacrificed.

THE CLINTON MOTOR CAR CO., Limited
CLINTON, ONT.

TORONTO: 75 Jarvis St.

LONDON, Ont.: York St.

GOOD YEAR

NO - RIM - CUT
NON - SKID
TIRES

**A live tread of thick
clinging blocks**

**Prevents Skidding - Reduces Puncture
Lessens Vibration**

WHEN you buy tires, look to the construction of your treads. To get a tread that grips the road is not enough.

Get one that is *alive*,—one that will not shake the motor out of adjustment.

See how the Goodyear Tread has added the clinging rubber blocks without deadening the tire. Deep blocks, cut diamond shape, with air spaces between them.

The angles and edges hold in every direction. The blocks spread out and distribute the weight of the car over the whole tread.

The extra thickness reduces the danger of puncture 30%.

But here is where the Goodyear differs from any other tread. It is perfectly resilient. The tire is just as springy as a plain tread tire and has the advantages of longer wear, fewer punctures and freedom from skidding.

Non-Skid-Treads are vulcanized on to No-Rim-Cut Tires. These tires cannot rim-cut and 23% of wrecked tires are due to rim-cutting.

They are 10% oversize, that adds 25% to the tire mileage.

**"How to select an Automobile Tire,"
a book full of information for Motor-
ists, will be sent on request.**

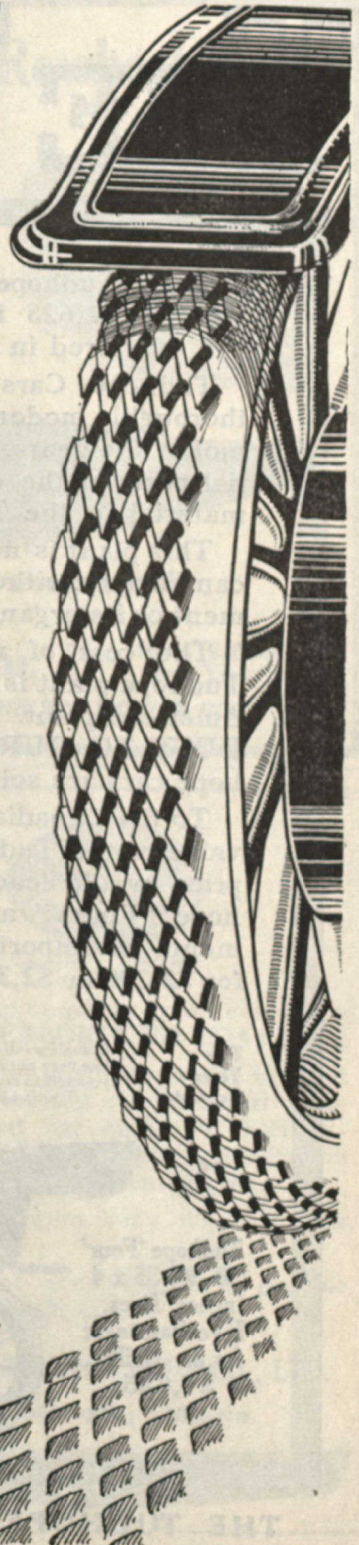
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

OF CANADA, LIMITED

GENERAL OFFICE - - TORONTO, ONT.

Factory:- Bowmanville, Ont.

BRANCHES at: Montreal, Hamilton,
London, St. John, N.B., Winnipeg,
Calgary, Regina, Vancouver, Victoria.



THE TUDHOPE

THE Tudhope "Four" could not be sold for \$1,625 if it were not wholly manufactured in Canada.

Tudhope Cars are made in Canada in a thoroughly modern factory. The parts of the motor, the gears, the axles, in fact all essential parts of the car are made from the raw material in the Tudhope Factory at Orillia.

This plant is not surpassed by any American Factory, either for its efficiency of equipment or its organization.

The cost of manufacturing cars in the Tudhope plant is as low as is possible in any American plant. **AND WE DO NOT ADD DUTY TO OUR SELLING PRICE.** Tudhope cars are sold at their true value.

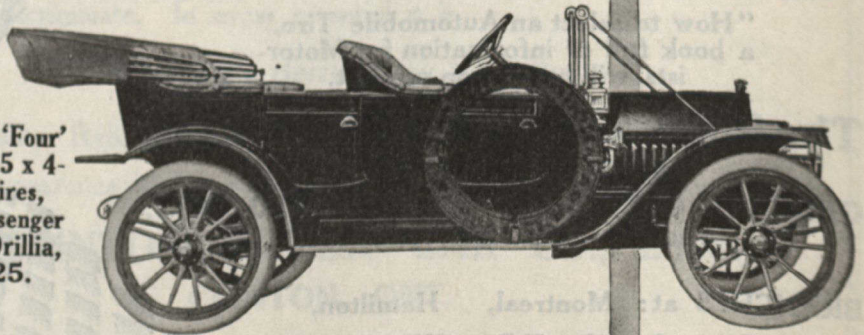
To the Canadian Buyer this means that the value of the Tudhope is far beyond what the price would lead one to expect. The Tudhope "Fours" at \$1,625 have the appointments of imported cars selling in Canada for \$2,200 or \$2,300.

**Two
Years'
Guarantee**

Complete information about the Tudhope Cars has been put into Booklet form. You owe it to yourself to see this book before you buy a car. Your address on a post card will bring it.

**Extra Tire
with
Every Car.**

**Tudhope 'Four'
30-36, 35 x 4-
inches Tires,
Five-Passenger
f.o.b. Orillia,
\$1,625.**

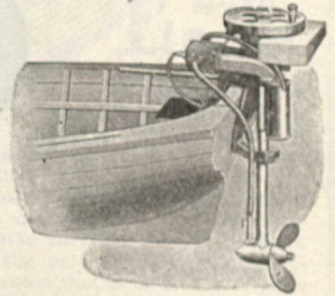


*"The
Car
Ahead"*

THE TUDHOPE MOTOR CO., LTD., Orillia, Can.

THE "EVINRUDE" Detachable Rowboat Motor

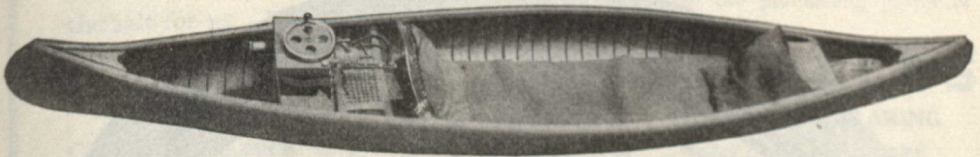
FITS any kind of a rowboat, round or flat bottom, square or pointed stern. Requires no special fittings. Adjustable for any angle of stern. Adjustable for depth. Steers with propeller. Attached or detached in mid-stream in one minute. Weighs 50 lbs. complete. Makes a motor boat out of an ordinary rowboat or canoe, and will drive same over 7 miles per hour. Runs through weeds.



Special Attachment for Canoes.

A HIGH-CLASS OUTFIT. FULLY GUARANTEED.

Sold Wherever Boats Are Used.

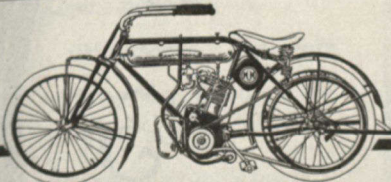


AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Write for circulars and export prices.

Melchior, Armstrong & Dessau, Dept. 19—116 Broad St.,
New York

EXCLUSIVE FOREIGN DISTRIBUTERS FOR EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.



M.M. Motorcycles

Positively the best machines with more features to recommend them and at the lowest prices ever offered. **\$140 to \$225.**

Write today for handsome free booklet.

American Motor Co. 812 Centre Street,
Brookton, Mass., U.S.A.

GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS



Made in the Largest Plant in the World devoted to manufacturing 2-cycle marine gasoline engines.

3 H.P. with Complete Outfit ready to install **\$55**
ALSO 3 1/2 TO 36 H.P.

Guaranteed by a big responsible concern. Write for big catalog—tells and shows you all about these high grade motors and how they are made.

GRAY MOTOR CO., 43 U. S. Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



REGISTERED TRADE MARK

This stamp of quality is on every genuine "PETERBOROUGH BOAT."

It stands for good design, for the best of material and that careful expert workmanship that has made PETERBOROUGH CRAFT the highest standard in the eyes of all boating enthusiasts.

Our Catalogues fully illustrate our boats.

Insist that your boat is a genuine "PETERBOROUGH."

PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO., LTD.

Peterborough, Ontario.



2 HORSE POWER

AMERICAN \$38

MARINE MOTORS COMPLETE
OTHER SIZES 2 TO 20 HORSEPOWER
PROPORTIONATELY LOW PRICES

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE.
AGENTS WANTED.

Send for complete marine engine book FREE.
AMERICAN ENGINE CO., 429 Boston St., Detroit, Mich.



HENRY BIRKS
AND SONS
LIMITED

MONTREAL
OTTAWA
WINNIPEG
VANCOUVER



SEND
FOR WATCH
CATALOGUE

Birks' Thin Model Watches
ARE GOOD WATCHES



WINDSOR TABLE SALT

"Windsor Table Salt is the salt for us. We pay our money for good salt—made right here in Canada—that every one knows is absolutely pure.

We certainly won't pay fancy prices for an imported salt with a fancy name."

Windsor salt is all salt—pure, dry, dissolves instantly, and lends a delicious flavor to every dish.

IT'S ¹⁵
WINDSOR

Sweeping with Ease

This has been made possible by the BISSELL Sweeper. It weighs but 5½ pounds, operates by a mere touch, cleans thoroughly without injury to carpets or rugs, raises no dust, always ready, no burden to carry from room to room, is the only efficient cleaning apparatus that is offered at a price within the purchasing power of the masses.

BISSELL'S

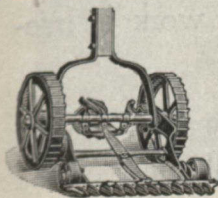
"Cyclo" BALL-BEARING
Carpet Sweeper

excels all other cleaning devices in the work it does in the sewing room, dining room, or wherever there is a miscellaneous lot of litter to gather up. The "BISSELL" picks up without effort, lint, large crumbs, matches, threads, ravelings, scraps of paper and cloth, etc. The "BISSELL" gives the Maximum Sweeping Efficiency at the Minimum Cost. Prices \$3.00 to \$4.75, depending upon style and finish. Sold everywhere by the best dealers in Furniture, Carpets, Hardware, House-furnishings, and Department Stores. Send for booklet, "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping."

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Dept. 23
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Canadian Factory:
Niagara Falls, Ont.

(Largest Exclusive
Carpet Sweeper
Makers in the
World.)
(24)



What is Killing Your Lawn?

Dandelion, Buck Plantain and Crab Grass secure such a hold on many lawns that the grass is completely smothered out.

The **Clipper Lawn Mower** is the only mower that will cut and drive these weeds from your lawn and it will do it in one season.

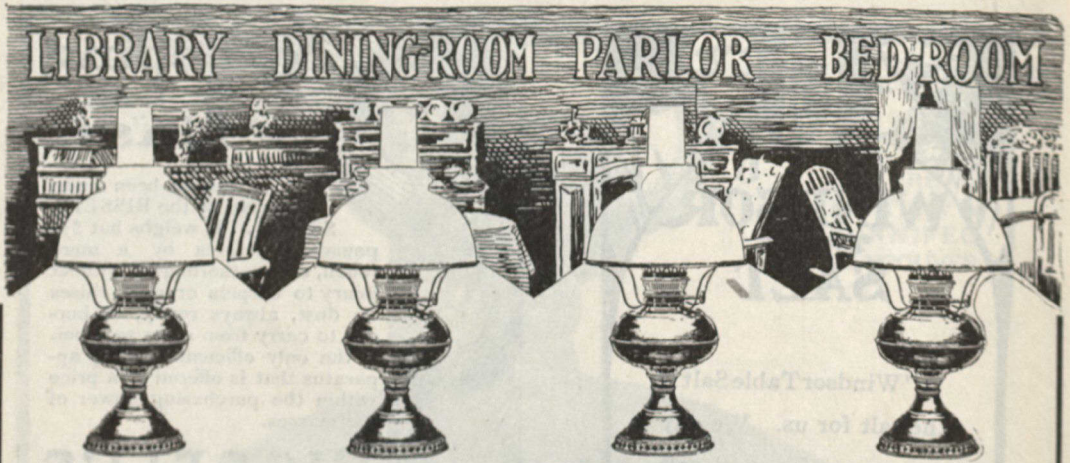
Old style mowers catch the top of the grass, jerking it, breaking the feeders at the roots and killing it. The Clipper Mower does not touch the grass

until it cuts it. In this way the feeders of the roots are not broken and the grass becomes thick, producing a beautiful lawn. **WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.**

Clipper Lawn Mower Company

Dixon

Illinois



The Famous *Rayo* Lamp

The Rayo Lamp is the best and most serviceable lamp you can find for any part of your home. It is in use in millions of families. Its strong white light has made it famous. And it never flickers. In the dining-room or the parlor the Rayo gives just the light that is most effective. It is a becoming lamp—in itself and to you. Just the lamp, too, for bedroom or library, where a clear, steady light is needed.

The Rayo is made of solid brass, nickel-plated; also in numerous other styles and finishes. Easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewick.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

**Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, Halifax and
Queen City Division, Toronto.**



Don't take chances with your fine things—Silks, Satins, Laces, Suits.

Send them to Fountain, to be cleaned or dyed.

If soiled, our Dry Cleaning will restore them to pristine freshness. If stained or faded, we can dye them as good as new. Fountain's work is irreplaceable.

We pay express one way on goods from out of town.

Write for free copy of our book, which tells all about our work and our prices.

**FOUNTAIN "My Valet" 30 Adelaide St. W.,
TORONTO.**

You haven't forgotten the Stone Age

That uneasy, cooped-in, "stuffy" office feeling which makes you restless in the spring and fall—that makes you look up through the city's smoke and wonder if the ducks are flying, and brings to your mind memories of dogs, and guns and camp-fires—it's your Stone Age inheritance surging in your blood. In the Stone Age the man whose flint hatchet was heaviest and sharpest got the most game. To-day the owner of a

Tobin Simplex Gun

Is pretty sure to have the heaviest bag when the day is over. Hunting is man's natural sport, and has been ever since he was a monkey. It's the best cure for brain-fag known. But the gun is all-important. You can't get a better gun than the Tobin and you'll look long to find one "just as good." Stock, lock and barrel of the best materials, fashioned to the smallest fraction of an inch in a modern factory; sold under a "money-back" guarantee.

Priced from \$20 to \$210. Ask for our new catalogue.

The Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., Limited
Woodstock Ontario



Your Child's EYES

Nature did not foresee the Modern Schoolroom—or she would have given to every Child's Eye a Natural Supply of Murine. It's the most Delicate and Sensitive of all the Organs, this splendid little Mechanism called the Eye—yet Modern conditions demand of it almost impossible Things. Nothing else that's Human would stand the

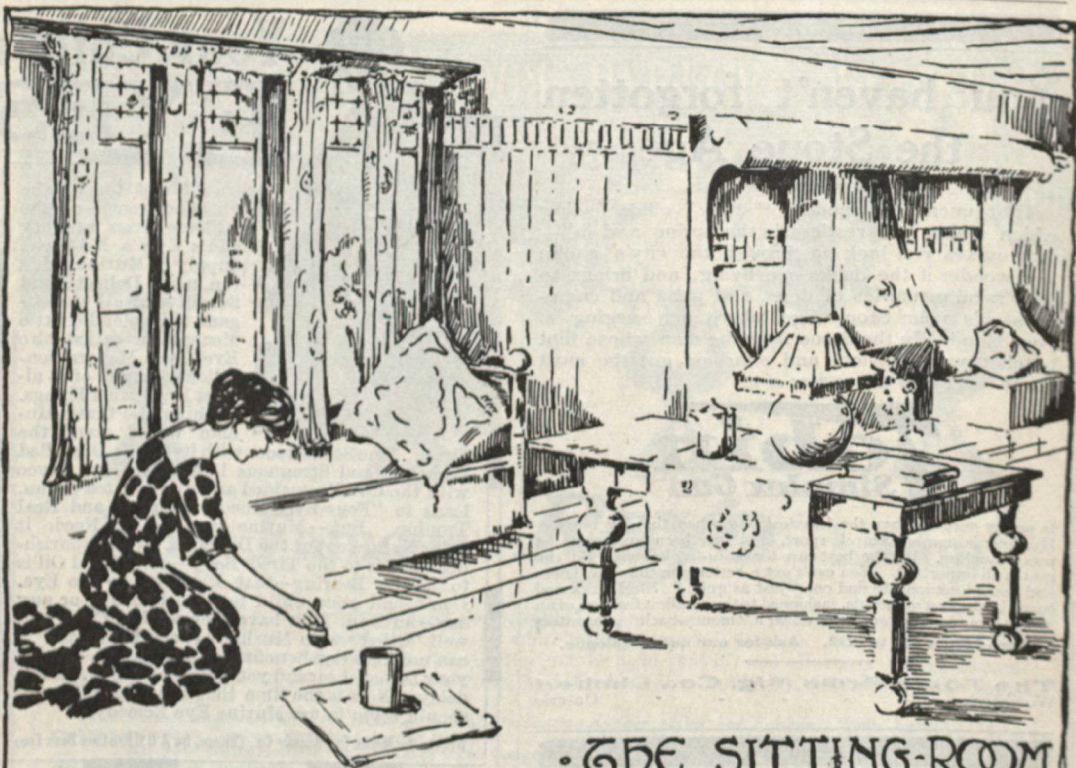
Strain. The Schoolroom with its Chalk Dust, Bad Lighting, and Strenuous Demands plays havoc with the Child's unaided and unprotected Optics, leads to "Four-Eyed Inconvenience" and Real Trouble. But—Murine supplies the Need; it helps Nature out of the Dilemma. What Nourishing Food is to the Tired Body—what Good Oil is to the Dry Bearing—that Murine is to the Eye. Don't send your Child to School today—or any day—until its Eyes have been washed Clean and well "Oiled" with Murine. It can not harm. It can not help but Benefit and Strengthen. Phone your Druggist to send you a Bottle—today. Don't delay. Now is the time that the Whole Family should begin to use Murine Eye Remedy.

Write to the Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for A B C Eye Care Book Free

GANONG'S
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

"As You Like It"

Shakespeare Series 1921



• THE SITTING-ROOM

ANYTHING AMISS?

We refer to your sitting room—the room you live in most—the “show” room of your house!

Is the floor worn in places? The wainscoting scratched? Table and chair legs marred? Picture frames a little shabby?



will restore the original finish and it is so easy to apply.

Lacqueret is made in eight shades and clear, also silver and gold, flat and gloss white and flat and gloss black.

Lacqueret works wonders on any kind of wood.

Send for our booklet the “Dainty Decorator”, it gives you a better idea of what can be done with “Lacqueret”.

Cans contain Full Imperial Measure—Don't accept a substitute—Ask your dealer for “Lacqueret”

TORONTO

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

WINNIPEG

“Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality.”

G 98



THE
**DOUGALL
VARNISH
CO., LIMITED**

J. S. N. DOUGALL
PRESIDENT.

**MONTREAL
CANADA.**

Associated with
Murphy Varnish Co.
U.S.A.

66 **THE VARNISH THAT LASTS LONGEST** 67

Dougall's Marine Varnishes Which Stand All Tests.

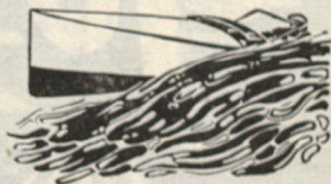
There is one varnish which truly **does** stand the **marine test**—and that is Dougall's Marine Varnish.

Varnish with Dougall's Varnish and your boat will retain a fine smooth even lustre, proof against brine (doubly so against fresh water)—spray—heat—cold—blazing sun.



Furthermore, Dougall's Varnishes **last the longest**. We have a book on finishing water craft which tells you just "how and why."

It is full of useful pointers on boat varnishing. Get one **now**—a card will do.



**WONDER-
-SHINE
SILVER CLEANER**

CLEANS WITHOUT RUBBING

**SOLVES
THE
SILVER
CLEANING
QUESTION**

SO EASY
TO
USE

Constipation is Dangerous

It is evidence of a derangement of the digestive or excretory organs, and if neglected will result in an accumulation of poisonous waste in the body that will cause serious complications.

Constipation is Curable

But not by drugs. They relieve temporarily—then increased doses must be taken. Finally, the system becomes accustomed to them and they fail to act.

The only safe and sane way to treat Constipation is by means of the

INTERNAL BATH

This removes the fetid matter, cleanses the intestines and stimulates them to perform their normal functions. The internal bath is often administered by doctors and nurses; but the J.B.L. Cascade permits the convenient and comfortable application of the treatment at home.

A 64-page book entitled "Why Man of Today is only 50% Efficient" explaining the internal bath will be sent free on application to the inventor of the J.B.L. Cascade

DR. CHAS. A. TYRRELL,
275 College St. Toronto, Ont.

Good Cheert

THE FURNACE WITH A REAL WATER PAN

WARM
AIR

FURNACES

STAND FOR
QUALITY
& SATISFACTION

A
Winter Warmth
in the home like the breath
of a day in June, compared
to the July like like dryness
and intensity of the furnace
heat with which you are fami-
liar. It's all in the big CIRCLE
WATERPAN with its adequate
provision for humidifying the
heated air, and a furnace con-
struction absolutely gas
and dust tight.

The James
Stewart
Manufacturing
Company, Limited

WOODSTOCK ONT
WINNIPEG MAN

FURNACE CATALOGUE
MAILED ON REQUEST

General Roofing
The world's largest manufacturer of Roofings and Building Papers.



Don't Waste your Money on Wood Shingles & Metal—Here's a better Roofing for less Money

A MODERN, easy-to-lay Ready Roofing made of the highest grade materials especially to withstand the severest Canadian weather—known as “the best” the world over.

Certain-teed Roofing

Quality Certified—Durability Guaranteed
Made in Shingles as well as Rolls



—is the logical roofing of the future—it is adapted for covering Residences, Bungalows, Barns, Garages, Factories, Warehouses, and all classes of Farm Buildings.

On each roll or bundle of shingles, we paste a Certain-teed label for your protection—look for it, it authorizes the merchant to furnish the manufacturer's **15-year guarantee**. There are a number of reasons why you should use Certain-teed Roofing in preference to the old style wood shingles or metal. Wood shingles are not always waterproof—they are never weatherproof—they will rot and soon wear out. Tin and metal are more expensive roofing materials—they soon rust and disintegrate—and require constant expense for painting and repairing. Certain-teed Roofing is guaranteed—will last longer—costs less money—is easy to apply.

Certain-teed Roofing is sold throughout all the provinces of Canada by local dealers and is distributed by wholesale jobbers in Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria.

Ask your local dealer for Certain-teed Roofing—insist on the Certain-teed label on each roll or bundle. He will quote you such low prices that you cannot afford to use any other roofing.

At least investigate—use this coupon today—learn the truth about roofing materials—get our valuable book—“How to build for LESS money”—free.

GENERAL ROOFING MFG. COMPANY
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Free Book Coupon

Without obligation on my part, please send me your book BJ-1 “How to Build for LESS Money?”—and I will read it. This book to be absolutely free.

Name _____

City _____

Province _____





SPRING NECESSITY

A Light Weight Overcoat - Raglan, Chesterfield or College Style.

FASHION-CRAFT showing of light weight Overcoats is most complete at this season of the year.

ALL STYLES, ALL PRICES but always the same kind of workmanship.

POPULAR COATS at \$18.00 and \$20.00.

MANY MORE, SOME LESS EXPENSIVE.
Do you like to look well dressed?
If so, we can suit you.

SHOPS OF

Fashion-Craft

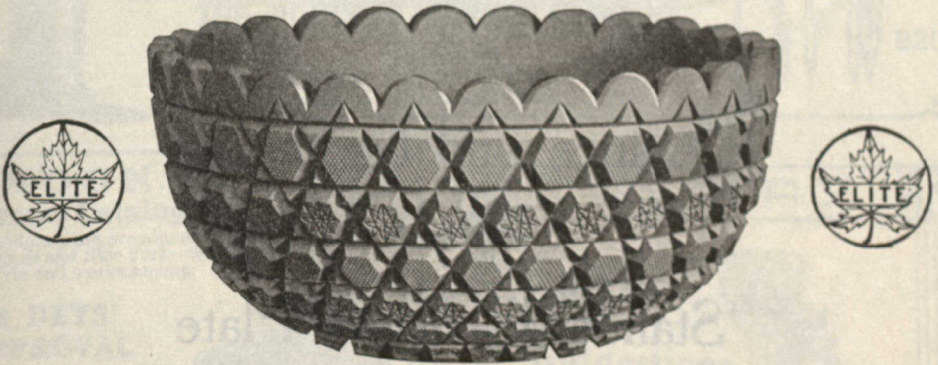
AND AT STORES IN EVERY
CITY IN CANADA

Elite Cut Glass

The Ideal Gift

¶ Long after ordinary gifts have been forgotten a beautiful piece of rich cut glass remains with value and beauty unimpaired—a delight to its owner and a never-ceasing reminder of the friend who gave it.

Of all good glass Elite Cut Glass is the most exquisitely designed and carefully cut. As for brilliancy it is in a class of its own. We import special Crystal blanks from the best makers in Europe, glass expressly intended for cutting and of such fine color that it gives the best results. We employ artisans of the most advanced skill.



¶ Elite Cut Glass carries with it distinct exclusiveness. The special designs are its own and procurable nowhere else. It is little wonder, then, that Elite Cut Glass has come to be the most desirable on the market.

¶ Insist on the genuine Elite—your dealer can supply you. Look for the trademark on each piece. Pressed Blanks are never used in the Elite factory.

Gowans, Kent & Co., Limited

Manufacturers

16 Front St. East

Toronto



No. 2057.

Elegance and Endurance

centre in

“Standard” Silver Plate

WE present in the above illustration as beautiful a set as has been produced in high-class Silver Plate. The perfect harmony of every detail of the design is made more pleasing by the highly burnished finish, and the elaborate engraving on every piece. Covers are mounted with real Ivory Tips. Of well-known “Standard” workmanship and reliable “Standard” quality. Satisfaction as to wear is guaranteed. Enquire at your jewelers about it.

Sold by reliable jewelers everywhere.

Look for our name.

Every piece manufactured and guaranteed by

Standard Silver Co., Limited, 33-41 Hayter St., Toronto



La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

LA DIVA 820 has medium high bust, very long hip, medium back, and is especially adapted to fall or medium figures.

Just a Wee Help to Nature

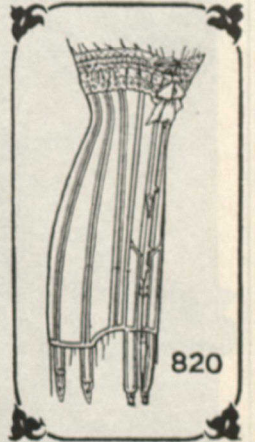
Such is the latest "Paris" idea of a proper corset, to suit the prevailing *corsetless* figure effect. And the latest La Diva and D & A creations have just hit this off.

No distortion, no cramping, just the enhancing of the form divine according to the latest style of dress.

La Diva 820, shown in cut, is an entirely new Directoire Model combining all the newest ideas and avoiding all extreme features. It is finished in white English coutil, boned with "Wabone" and trimmed with valenciennes lace. Six suspenders, draw strings, hooks, etc. An imported corset of similar quality would cost \$7.00. Our price in all good stores is \$5.00. Other La Diva models, \$3.00 to \$5.00; every pair guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded.

THE DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
QUEBEC

Makers of the Celebrated D & A Corsets



LONDON PLUMES

Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free.

London Plumes are prominent in the fashion salons of London, Paris and New York—they excel everywhere for beauty, style and workmanship.

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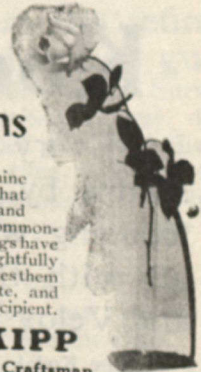
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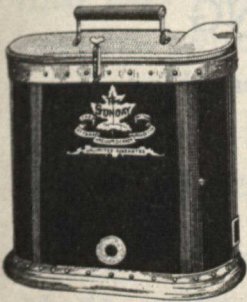
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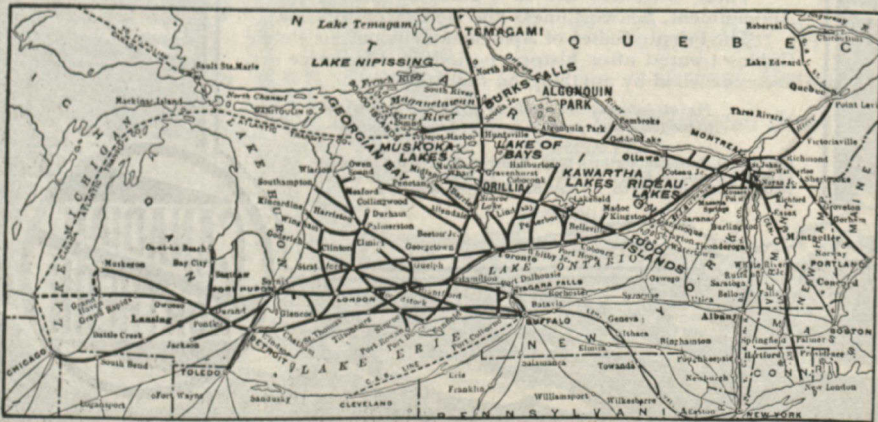
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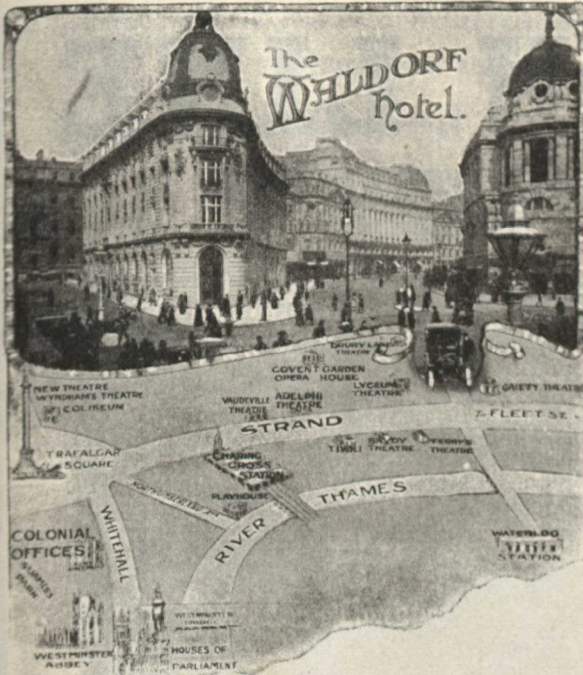
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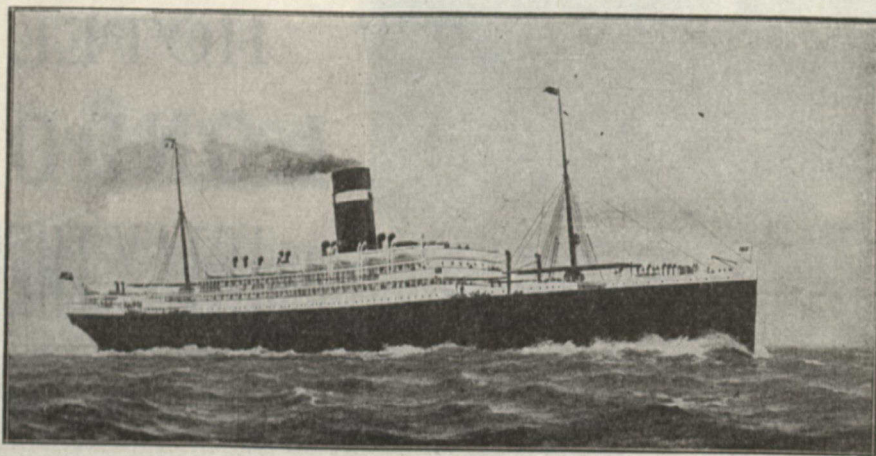
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29 Mar.	*VIRGINIAN	12 Apr.	13 Apr.	23 Mar.	SCANDINAVIAN	11 Apr.
4 Apr.	CORSICAN	20 Apr.	30 Mar.	SCOTIAN	16 Apr.
12 Apr.	*VICTORIAN	26 Apr.	27 Apr.	From Montreal			
From Montreal				20 Apr.	STEAMER	4 May	4.00 a.m.
18 Apr.	TUNISIAN	3 May	3.30 a.m.	27 Apr.	HESPERIAN	11 May	4.00 a.m.
26 Apr.	*VIRGINIAN	10 May	8.00 a.m.	4 May	SCANDINAVIAN	18 May	4.00 a.m.
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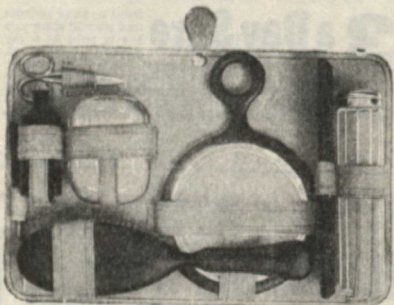
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GELATINE

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Maple Sponge Boil 2 cups Brown or Maple Sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water to a syrup. Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ package of Knox Pure, Plain, Sparkling Gelatine in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold water and pour the hot syrup over this. Put in cool place; when nearly set beat in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 or 3 eggs and cup of English walnuts cut up fine. Serve with custard made of yolks of the eggs, 1 pint milk and 3 tablespoonfuls sugar.

Knox Gelatine comes in two packages, both in GRANULATED form, QUICKLY DISSOLVED—the PURE PLAIN SPARKLING, UNFLAVORED, UNSWEETENED and the

KNOX PURE SPARKLING ACIDULATED GELATINE

called "The Busy Housekeeper's Package," because in addition to the two envelopes of Pure Sparkling Gelatine, it also contains an extra envelope of Pure Concentrated Fruit Juice (Lemon), affording the busy housewife a ready prepared flavoring.

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More than 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Candies, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, etc., have been reproduced in our illustrated recipe book sent FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.

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IF YOU ARE USING A

cheap grade of coffee, a few cents extra per pound will give you an immeasurably finer beverage worth many times the extra expenditure. A trial of

Seal Brand
coffee will prove it.

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O'Keefe's
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"The Beer with a Reputation"

O'Keefe's "Pilsener" has a reputation because it sets a standard of quality reached by no other lager—imported or otherwise.

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Eau de Cologne Hégémonienne.
 Eau de Cologne Impériale.
 Eau de Toilette Gardénia.
 Eau du Coq.
 Sapoceti, savon pour la toilette.
 Crème de fraises.
 Crème Secret de Bonne Femme.
 Poudre Ladies in all Climates.
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Is your furnace heating your house? All of it—or are you perpetually shovelling in coal and not getting sufficient heat? Is it the quality of the coal or is it the construction of the furnace that is at fault?

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STEAM, HOT WATER, WARM AIR OR COMBINATION

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PREPARATION
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Especially Valuable for Old People and delicate children, weak, run-down persons, after sickness, and for all pulmonary troubles

Vinol is a delicious *modern* Cod Liver preparation without oil, made by a scientific extractive and concentrating process from fresh Cod's Livers, combining the two most world famed tonics, peptonate of iron and all the medicinal, healing, body-building elements of Cod Liver Oil *but no oil*. Vinol is much superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions because while it contains all the medicinal value they do, unlike them Vinol is deliciously palatable and agreeable to the weakest stomach.

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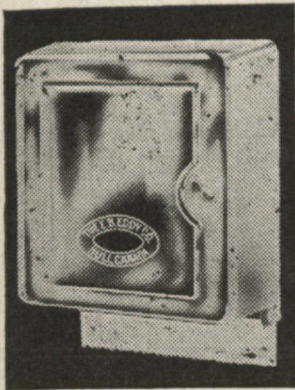
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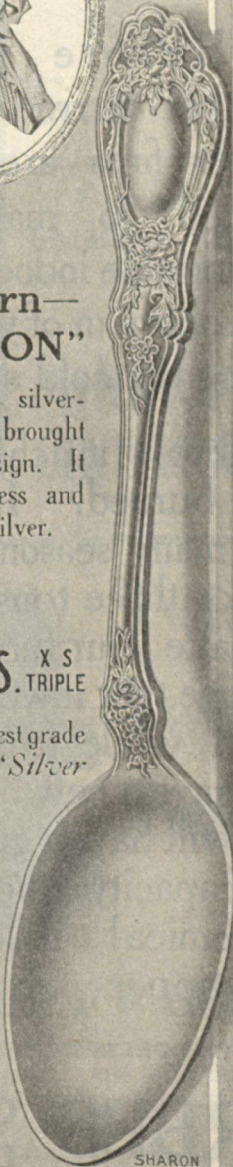
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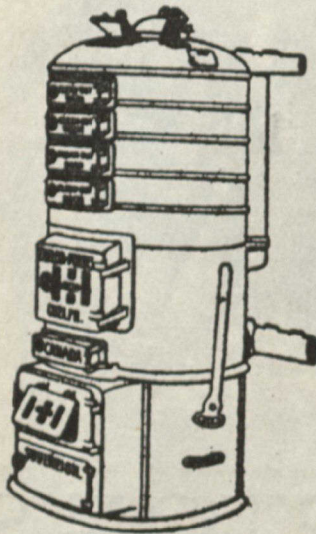
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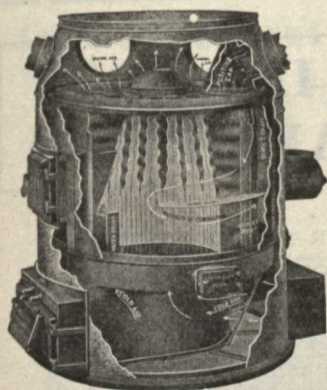
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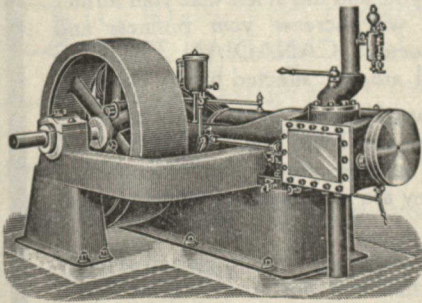
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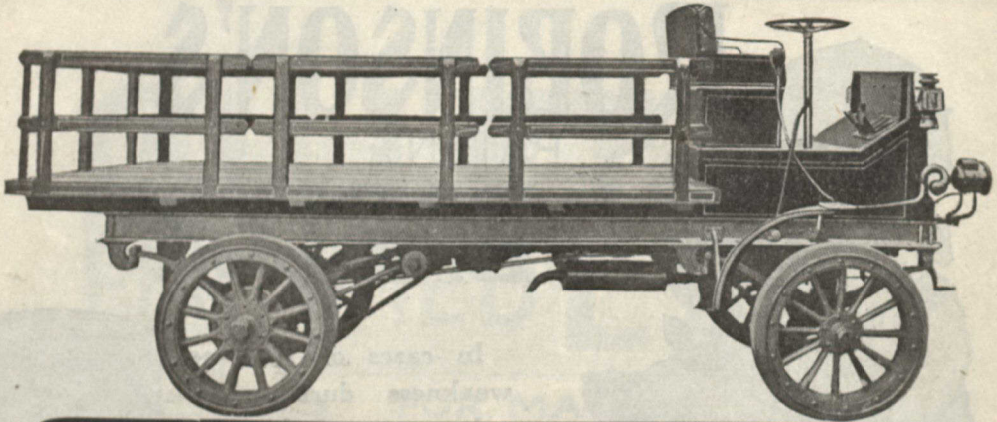
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