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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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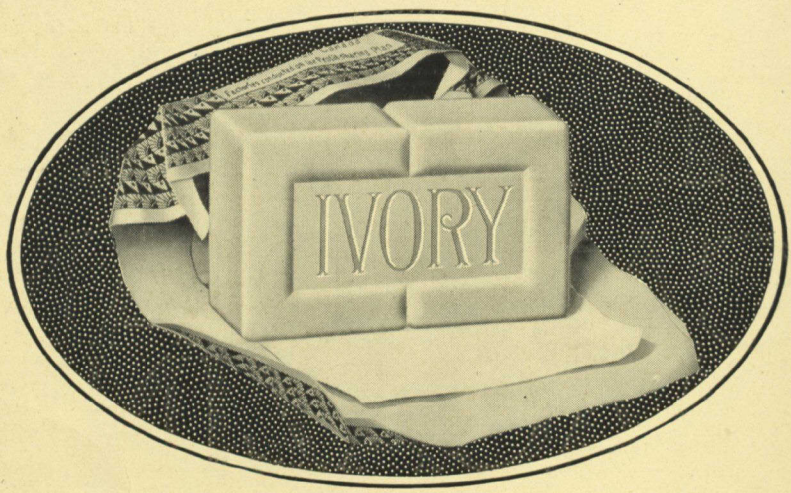

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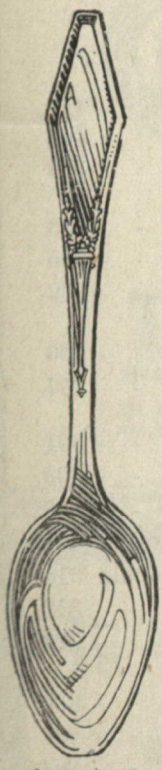

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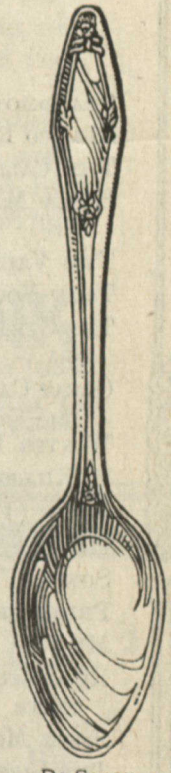

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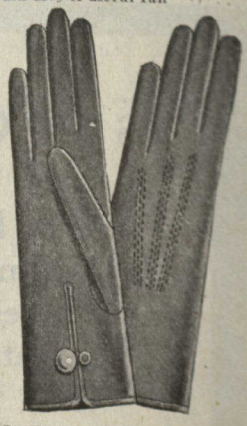

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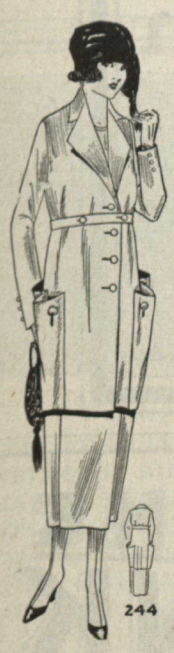

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LV. TORONTO, AUGUST, 1920 No. 4

BLANCO REY

BY BILLEE GLYNN

SHE came from Eastern Canada—a very unusual type for such a politically dignified section. The fact that she was convalescing from a severe attack of pneumonia blurred temporarily, perhaps, the complete richness of her temperament, but in any degree of herself she appeared wholesomeness and quality through and through. Her father was a mining man who had wandered much but finally struck his pick into fortune in Colorado. Then he had gone over into New Mexico and bought this rancho—to which the girl was now en route, accompanied by a trusted mulatto maid—with probably the idea of owning something he could roam on, quartz rock not possessing that characteristic.

That a man of his nature should have settled in Montreal is best explained in the intelligence that the girl's mother came from there, and died there about seven years before this story opens. Besides, Montreal is not so far from the jungles of Gotham Greatness where he hunted on the stock market and where the girl usually spent her winters.

This was her first trip into the West, and she fell in love with it by degrees beyond the capital of Kansas. It was strangely impressive, this brown, endless sweep of plain, silvered with alkali here and there, with countless tops of tumbleweed at chase on dry buffalo grass, and scary prairie dogs, coyotes, and sandhill cranes—queer, parched, flat hamlets, and little, lone cabins seemingly lost between horizons; then Pike's Peak, star-flung, and the blue ridge of the Rockies, and the kaleidoscopic panorama and marvellous colouring from the creeping foothills. Enthusiastic as only a girl can become she made side trips and wrote letters home about it.

Yet it was not till one day when she stood on an apex of this celebrated range and looked both ways that she realized the sublime bigness and breadth of this continent. The smoke of a dozen cities curled like pot wraiths beneath; and mile on

mile, whence she had come, the infinite plains, blue and brown, billowed in deepening colours to horizons that could not limit them. To the west, soul-calling, in sheer and delicate hues, alluring and subtle as a woman's smile, tremendous valleys lunged and groped to other faery ranges. The girl's heart caught in her throat at the unexampled wonder of it, and she felt singing in her veins the spirit of the argonaut.

Dropping from mountain heights the journey was a little less picturesque, but of unceasing interest in its difference of life, and showing in patches truly Mexican. Then other ranges caught them up flinging them to the valleys of the Pueblo people. At length beyond San Antonio, beyond Isleta, and San Jose, at a very small station at the end of a spur track, the girl and her companion reached destination, and found Don Fontana awaiting them with saddle horses. And they rode into the fifteen-thousand-acre hacienda in which the Don had bought a quarter interest from her father, and was given over with grand courtesy at the ranch-house to Senora Rita, the Don's charming Mexican wife and to a welcome known only in a Spanish or Mexican heart.

"I feel that I am dead," she breathed before dinner. "But I know that after all I've seen, I am a much better woman."

During the next couple of days she did nothing much but rest and learn to love Rita who quickly became mother and friend. She loved the splendid Don, too, with his white mustachios and his look of dignity befitting a man who managed an estate as large as lots of ducal kingdoms. She recalled the story her father had told her about this man saving his life, and how when he had offered him a share in the rancho to get him to manage it, he had insisted on buying.

How delightful the big adobe house and its furnishings—the quaint, seclusive furniture, valuable Indian weaves scattered about, priceless Navajo blankets on the beds, odd potware, Mexican modellings, the low-raftered roof, and deep long windows, with a clear New Mexican day burning steadily outside, and behind the house a sort of plaza filled with trees, flowers, and shrubs—an exotic garden spot abloom in endless, rolling, implacable brown!

She liked the coloured costumes of the Mexican riders who passed the door, and others quite as picturesque according to their pursuit, sometimes with the skins of animals thrown over their shoulders or on their saddles, the tall, lank cowboys in leather "chaps" and sombreros who worked on the rancho and appeared as nonchalant and deep-lifed as the cactus or cottonwoods.

Rita had told her of an Indian pueblo only thirty miles away and a distinctively Mexican hamlet about half that distance. She also regretted that Senor Wentley had ridden to Cubero. He was her husband's assistant, foreman of the vagueros, and he would be back the second day following. He would show the Senorita around, also he was young and good-looking.

The Latin woman's instinct for romance came out in the suggestion. But the girl was a different type, blithe and wholesome, but, maybe, to some degree blasé. Civilization in crowded and moneyed environments has a mental brand difficult to escape, a brand of the perennially artificial. Yet there was certainly a zest in these curiously new quarters, in this country that gave little yet caught both eye and heart, whose hospitality was as free and full as the laughing life of spring waters. Hilda thought she had never met a man as fine and big-natured as the Don, a woman as gently and considerately a lady as his buxom wife, who had never lost, though her waist had grown stout, the shining youth of her dark eyes. Yet all this, and all around that

seemed to emulate and pertain to it, had apparently been bred out of a parched and alkali country! Wonderful, wasn't it?—something scarcely to be understood.

The third day after her arrival Hilda asked for a mount. She felt entirely rested and thought a gallop would be refreshing. One of the cowboys, a silent fellow, deeply burned as leather, brought her the mustang on which she had made her advent and gave her also some general directions. She had ridden for half an hour and stopped to fasten her hair from the breeze, but when she urged the pony to move on he stood stock-still refusing to budge. Then a crackly sound in the buffalo grass directly in front, and she saw a rattler reared and ready to strike. She sat regarding it, strangely attracted by the liquid sinuosity of its head. Then she heard hoofs from over the hogback she had begun to climb and the rider came into view straddling his horse in careless fashion. His eyes seemed to take in the situation in a glance. He whipped out a Colt, fired as he drew it down, and the rattler's head disappeared from its body.

"You might have gone around it," he said, approaching her.

"You're a pretty good shot," she laughed. "Do you belong here?"

"I assist the old Don on the ranch here. My name is Wentley."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of you. I am Hilda Bracken from down east. Father and the Don are partners, you know."

He lifted his hat and saluted with particular grace, horse and all. He was slender, brown-haired, broad-shouldered and probably thirty-two, and in spite of the West his voice carried the soft drawl of the East.

"I guess I'll ride back with you," she suggested. "We might as well get acquainted—I believe they have picked you out to show me around. It may take you a little while to get used to me."

He smiled but made no reply as they started their animals toward the ranchhouse. "I have been to Cubero," he said, after a while. "Sometimes I go there."

"To see a woman, of course—that is, I have no doubt." This sort of suddenness had always pertained to her.

"Why 'no doubt'?" he asked serenely, but without looking at her.

"Because somehow you are a woman's man. However that has no bearing on me, for I am going to be married."

His cheek turned toward her seemed to take the aspect of marble. She wondered beyond the light perversity latent in her why she had said something so absolutely uncalled for, and they rode on in silence till they dismounted. Then, with a bow as much Virginia as New Mexico, he took her mount with his own and left her standing there looking after him.

She did not see him all next day till suppertime, when he entered the big dining-room with the other men. There were two tables, at one of which sat the five cowboys, and, at the other, the Don with his wife, and Pablo, a grandchild, an orphan boy of six, whom he was bringing up, and usually Wentley, with whom the Don liked to discuss the business of the day. This evening, however, Wentley had evidently given orders to one of the Mexican maids to seat him with the men, and he was just taking his place after bowing to the other table, when Rita, noticing the swift look of disappointment in the girl's face, called him and asked that he sit with them.

The meal proved entertaining. The girl had an adventure in real Mexican chili con carne, so much hotter than its many imitations, which caused everyone to laugh, even the cowboys at the next table. Rita undertook to explain to her the customs and life of the Pueblo Indians. The Don and Wentley were called upon for a remark here and there. The girl's mulatto maid was seated with them, too, freer now than she had been since

her employment for her mistress had forgotten to require anything of her.

When it was over and while they were alone for a moment, the girl suggested to Wentley that he take her to see the Indian village on the morrow. There was a flash of almost real fire when he refused, claiming that he had to attend to some branding.

"You don't act very much like a ne'er-do-well and a Southerner. That's what Rita told me you were," she flung. "But she said you were nice and I don't agree with her."

"You have the ne'er-do-well dope right, anyway," he smiled.

"Then you should do what a lady asks when she asks it. You could put over the brandings well enough till Thursday."

"I suppose—but I shall not. There are times when I don't run true to form."

She pouted all the next day and scarcely noticed him when he came in at night.

The next morning he brought her horse to the door for her already saddled. "We can make that little trip now," he suggested.

"I did not tell you I wanted to," she rejoined. But she hesitated only a moment.

On the road she said to him: "I think you have it in for me for what I said the first time I met you. Of course, it is true that I am engaged, but I guess there wasn't any need of putting it so."

"I had forgotten it," he returned, "because it was true."

And she looked at him not knowing just what he meant.

They spent practically the whole day at the Indian village and fortunately it was the beginning of a fête. Possibly he had known this, she thought, when he had refused to take her the day before, guessing that she would be interested in the quaint ceremonies and dancing. Up a pathway of rock worn by centuries of footsteps they climbed to the plaza flat as a plate on the limestone dome, surrounded on all sides by tall house-walls, and on all the housetops in coloured, gala array, like perched butterflies, a thousand aboriginals, both sexes, all ages, watching a curious spectacle beneath. About thirty bucks, faces painted, stripped to the waist, with eagle feathers, and every assortment of weapon, took part in a leaping, rhythmic, terrible and tireless grand march without end and accompanied by the chant of a chorus and the mad tom-toming of several drums. Besides fancy buckskin shirts to the knees, and here and there wonderfully beaded leggings, they were bedizened with jewellery, mostly silver and turquoise; bracelets, earrings, rings, and coral necklaces.

This strange scene held the girl for more than two hours, then they wandered about the cliffs picking up pieces of turquoise, while Wentley told her the remarkable history of these cliff-dwelling people.

It was thirty miles back home and they made it in a lazy gallop, unable to say very much but with now and then—a look.

The next morning when Wentley was about to start on his rounds the girl came up mounted and ready to accompany him.

"Now you see why I got up so early," she smiled.

He demurred a little but she put it all aside. "I want to see my father's property," she stated.

There was no gainsaying this, so they rode on together. And thus it was she learned how he spent his days, novel enough for her, but, surely, month by month, weary for a ne'er-do-well. Yet there was a feeling among foothills and cattle, and an ever clear, painfully clear, sky, breeding reptiles underfoot with the dart of death in their glands.

During the day Wentley killed, with a skill that seemed to her marvellous, two coyotes, several rattlers, and a large bush spider that came hideously hopping at the girl in quick

lifts. But in spite of these two days' association, she had not yet got behind his reserves. The laconic mask he wore was new to her, interesting, and aggravating. Her precipitation that flattened most things had not yet even pierced it.

"Have you ever been married?" she asked suddenly on the way home.

"No."

"Have you ever been in love?"

"I don't know what it was."

"Was it a woman ruined you?"

"No, women ruin only good men."

"Are you a bad man?"

"Not exactly—according to Western ideas."

What was the use of trying to know a man who answered like that?

Later she turned to him precipitately. "I am going to raise the boys' salaries twenty dollars a month each."

"Will your father let you?"

"He always does what I ask of him and I'll not ask him first. The Don will not have to stand for any of it, either."

He smiled. "Now I am really beginning to like you. But mine will remain just where it is."

"It will not."

"It will."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because I never let a woman do anything for me."

"I think," she threw, "I actually dislike you." And as they were near home she had no need to say anything more. For at least twenty-four hours she was merely civil to him.

Sunday came with an unusual mellow quality in the air, and at Rita's suggestion and her own Wentley took the girl to church at the Mexican hamlet twelve miles distant. She went into ecstasies over the quaintness of it all — the big adobe building with murky arches and short steeples, and square, high windows cut through a four-foot depth of wall; flickering candles on the altar, pictures of saints and religious chromos, round, reflecting vigas and brackets overhead, the deep-voiced padre and ghostly, gray-haired sacristan! the flashing Mexican women in bright tapalos and shawls, in costly corals, turquoise, and silver beads, the masculine gender almost as picturesque in bandanas and sashes, and a silent, awe-eyed sprinkling of wondering Indians.

Wentley, of course, had to answer a thousand questions, and he did so politely and kindly, that was all. She had a feeling that he was treating her much as he might a man, some young fellow who had never been anywhere or seen much. And she asked herself if the fact that she was her father's daughter had not, probably, something to do with his attitude—but decided quickly that all the respect he had for money you could put in the eye of a needle and still thread it.

That evening she led him into the plaza of flowers and shrubs behind the ranchhouse, which the Don kept so carefully in bloom. Surrounded by a sort of low palisade, the place appeared delightfully seclusive. Two Mexicans happened to wander by with guitars, and he called them in and had them play their wonderfully soft songs of love. Meanwhile the stars came out one by one, and the moon rose.

"You know," she said, when the music had ceased, as if remembering music, "I usually spend my winters in New York."

"I fancied so."

"Why?"

"Because you are so well dressed."

"Were you ever there?"

"I left ten thousand dollars on Broadway."

"Did it leave you penniless?"

"Not exactly, but it made my old man disown me and decide to trust his estate to someone else."

"I am sorry."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Who did you spend it on?"

"So far as I remember she was a 'show girl'."

"I am not sorry now—it served you just right."

"It was merely a kid's first champagne case."

"So you've had a past!"

"I'm telling only the foolish part of it."

"But you've spoilt my evening. I always did hate 'show girls'."

"They are rather a poor lot," he agreed. "But this one had a specialty—she danced stunningly."

"Oh, that was it?" She had already started for the house and did not say good-night.

The four days following she did not see him at all. There was work to do at the farther side of the rancho, and he and the men took provisions and blankets and slept there. She, on her part, found a great deal to interest her in the Mexican village and had Rita go with her once to explain things about which she was curious.

When the men came back it was with a tale of wild horses. The white stallion, Blanco Rey, was down again from the government hills leading his following of mares and keen as ever to danger.

The girl listened with eager eyes. "Oh, catch him for me, please," she asked of Wentley.

The men laughed and so did Rita and the Don.

"Mi caro," advised Rita, "you do not know that el Blanco Rey, the White King, has evaded capture season after season for years."

And the girl excused herself for the impossible request. She felt, however, she would like to glimpse this White King of the plains, and, with that idea in view, accompanied Wentley next morning.

They had, perhaps, ridden twenty miles, when Wentley pulled up suddenly at the mouth of a deep gully. He pointed with his gloved hand to the other end of it, and, two thousand yards away on the mesa, she saw a stallion white as foam, his head reared like a wave. He expressed such untouched freedom, grace, and life, poised apart a little from his mares, that even at that distance it caught the breath.

Her quick exclamation Wentley cautioned to silence. Then he lifted his hat with the salutation she had come to know. "Ride back to the house," he said. "I am going to try for this fellow." And he turned his swift bay animal into the lower level of the incline topping the gully, thus riding in the direction of the prize but unobserved. She turned away, for the quarry appeared to be taking fright. A minute later she heard their hoofs and spurred to the top of the gully to watch the race. But Wentley seemed too far behind that throbbing, free flash of white, springing as if it disdained the rods it threw back at him.

She did not tell them when she reached the house, or later in the evening when the men returned, the impossible conquest Wentley had attempted. She felt certain that he would fail and she fancied the men might find a jest in it. So she merely stated that he had said he might not come in that night.

It was late the next afternoon when he arrived, and he led by an ingenious halter and a sort of hobble that permitted trotting but no real running, the white wonder of the plains, Blanco Rey. His own bay looked as though it were done.

Despite the hobbling it took him an hour to get the stallion into the corral and by this time everyone on the hacienda had gathered.

To the hundred questions flung at him, Wentley answered simply: "Just run him till I got him into a tight place. Really more luck than anything else."

But the girl did not think so and tried to tell him. "The men say they don't see how you did it," she announced. "The Don thinks it marvellous and so do I. But I wanted him and you went and got him."

"Oh yes," he replied, "just as I might an orange or lemon, but not any of the stars or the moon."

Undoubtedly she was a little hurt. But he went to bed and slept for twelve hours.

In the corral of evenings he and the other cowboys broke the animal in about two weeks. He was a truly marvellous conception in horseflesh —matchless perfection in grace and life; the trembling, springing, lightning speed of him, the flung head, and fine eye, the rippling, rapid beauty of line, combined with nervous tension and power that made one wonder the corral held him. It was fitting, indeed, the cowboys called him Blanco Rey. The Don avowed again and again he had never before seen such a horse. Then one evening the girl succeeded in riding him in the corral.

"I am writing home and telling papa all about it," she breathed, delighted.

Later when she and Wentley met in the plaza, he said: "I may, perhaps, be going to Cubero next week."

She looked at him. "I do really believe you go there to see a woman."

"No, just provisions—but I wouldn't mind if it were true. It gets monotonous here month after month."

"One doesn't love because it gets *monotonous.*"

"Most people do not love anyway."

"That's true"—then impulsively—"I do not love the young man to whom I am engaged. But I am rather fond of him and he has an unusual position and wealth—and these are things a girl must marry."

"You are entirely right."

"Yes, and you are entirely matter-of-fact. Yet you seem, somehow, to suggest sentiment. Most women would look at you twice."

"And then no more."

"Perhaps not — after they found you out."

"I guess that's right, too."

"Are you really deep?"

"I don't know—I reckon, as deep as the average woman."

She gave him one of her swift penetrating glances.

"I think, for instance, this night here and the stars and you are something that I shall not forget quickly." It was about the first compliment he had paid her.

"I am going home in ten days, that is, I am going to stop over for two weeks at Santa Fe."

A cloud came into his face which she noticed.

"And I am going in now," she added wickedly." Then, turning away—"Aren't you going to say good-night?"

"I have nothing to say and you going home so soon."

When she reached the bend in the path she turned and saw him sitting there with his chin in his hands, a lonely figure in quickly gathering night.

If his spirits were downcast, however, he did not show it during the days leading to her departure. Neither did he express a wish that she extend her visit. There was something only of deeper reserve in his manner toward her, with now and then a break of rollicking humour that aggravated her.

She had evidenced so much interest in how and where he had captured the stallion that he consented at length, to take her out to the place and show her. They did this the day before she was to leave. It was a wonderful morning on the mesa and the girl looked like a flower in it, a golden flower with a dewy charm of frankness in her eyes.

They had taken a northwestern direction off any of the accustomed trails, and they rode for more than an hour with only an occasional word. Wentley seemed wrapt up in his mood and yet he expressed silent enjoyment.

"Blanco Rey," he suggested, at length, "should create quite a sensation on Broadway." It had already been arranged that the horse was to be shipped so as to reach destination about the same time as the girl herself, allowing for her stopover in Sante Fe. "I hope," added Wentley,

"that your future husband will like him."

"I don't care whether he does or not," she rejoined, a little exasperated. They had ridden nearly twenty miles—with her leaving in the morning—and he had not even fringed on sentiment. Not that she would have let him, she said to herself, but then—— Another half mile of silence sped by.

"You will probably be here when I return in a couple of years."

"No, I am apt to hit the trail any day."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I suppose I shall remember you sometimes."

"And I shall probably read of you in the society columns and remember you."

She felt like swinging her horse right there and going back to the house. Instead she lashed it rather savagely, her thong hitting the foreleg. It reared, and, leaping forward as it came down, its front foot went into a sand pit and it fell, throwing the girl clean over its neck.

She fell heavily but without losing consciousness and lay perfectly still with closed eyes. To all appearances she had fainted. Wentley flung himself from his horse and caught her up in his arms. Then he pressed her to him passionately, kissing her lips again and again, and holding her face to his with his hands crushing the golden beauty of her hair.

Her eyes opened and she smiled at him. "I caught you," she said.

"Yes, I love you," he admitted, meeting her look.

"And I am going home to-morrow," she answered in a definite way.

He kissed her again and she returned the caress fully, her arms caught about his neck and holding him to her. Just after she made a movement to be free, and he let her go.

"I was not a bit hurt," she stated dusting herself. An unusual joy sparkled like wine in her.

The mustang, which had quickly righted itself, stood waiting guiltily. They mounted again and rode on wordless for perhaps the space of a minute. His face was set straight ahead while she watched him beneath her lashes. Then she pulled up her horse, and he, likewise, and they sat with knees touching.

"It's a pity you're a ne'er-do-well," she said, with mixed tenderness and frankness. "I am going to confess—I love you, too."

He leaned toward her, his hand covering hers on the saddle, an intensity of pleading in his whole expression that swept the colour to her cheeks. For the first time she saw the depths to which he could go.

"No—we musn't—I can't," she breathed, controlling herself mentally "I've set my mind on certain things and I wouldn't be satisfied. You see, I am only a woman. Of course the other will be a tragedy."

He turned away, placing his rein.

"I hope you don't despise me?"

"No, I understand you," he answered simply enough. "A man has a right to have enough to support the woman he loves according to her station and the times. I wonder only at my being tempted."

"Now you are getting proud again." She leaned over and lifted his hand to her lips. "We will just remember each other and dream a little always."

He touched his animal with the spurs and they proceeded leisurely. They mounted a foothill which let down into a basin, narrowing to a ravine which crept smooth-trailed between heights.

At the entrance to this he got down and she followed him over to a point of jutting rock. A boulder, new-broken, probably a ton in weight, lay at their feet.

"This is the place," he explained. "I had chased and crosscut him for nine hours, then run him through this ravine and with the last spurt that was left in my horse got the rope on him by a lucky throw just before

he reached this end. He turned so sharply into the basin that the line caught and pulled down this boulder. In the open here with the rope on him, the rest was easy, of course."

"If you want to belittle yourself," she advised, "at least, don't slander Blanco Rey, too. It must have been some struggle when it started by pulling down such a rock."

"The most of it was out already waiting for time to finish the job. That sharp, deep side of it was merely caught in slated strata. I am sort of a "nut" about them. I worked for a while as assistant expert for the U. S. Government. Peculiar formation, isn't it? Rocks have a language, you know." His eyes met her aggrieved ones, smiling a little.

"I am glad I made you take me anyway"—with a look of not caring what he said. "I am sure it was perfect drama from beginning to end and this basin was an ideal stage for the climax."

He shrugged his shoulders, stooping to pick up a small piece of rock, which, with other loose fragments had come down with the boulder. Then she spoke. Her eyes melted and there was a tremble in her voice.

"Honey, I want this half hour to be full. Don't spoil it for me—I want it to remember. I want you to hold me in your arms again and kiss me. Perhaps that is the reason I asked to come here to-day. I am going to do a mercenary thing because I have somehow got to do it—but I love you—and I shall regret it—and you never can tell what may happen."

He leapt from her at the hole out of which the boulder had come, scraping, prying, and digging into it with a knife he carried at his belt.

She eyed him dumbfounded and angry, kicked fiercely the débris at her feet, and then sat down on the boulder frowning.

He changed his attack to other portions of the cliff, twenty, thirty, forty yards away, still working with the frenzy and speed of one actually possessed. He had told her he was a "nut" on rocks and certainly she believed him now. It was really funny that should be his hobby, though nothing could be funny at a time like this. She had made the greatest and only love speech of her life and it had not been deemed worthy of a reply.

In ten minutes or a little better he returned to her, and, kneeling before her, placed in her lap a piece of rock. "Take this," he said, smiling, as a memento of my heart for you."

Every feather was ruffled—she gave him only a glance. "I am so glad now," she flung, "that I am not going to marry you."

"But you are," he corrected, "at the Mexican church to-night. It doesn't matter what time we get back."

"Oh, doesn't it!" She was too angry for words.

"No, you will do it in spite of yourself."

"Oh, will I, indeed? Marry a heart of rock?" Had he let her she would have flung to the winds the pseudo memento in her lap. Her voice had a break in it close to tears. She endeavoured to rise but he held her back. "You've spoilt the day for me," she added with difficulty, "and I wanted to make it beautiful, something to have always."

"You have made it beautiful and so is the memento. If you just scrape that rock you will see it is clear jewel. You have helped me discover a wonderfully rich turquoise mine. There is only one other that I know of—at Chalchuiti—I worked in that one for two years. That is the reason I know absolutely what I have found here. This is government land, too, and the claim is ours. El Blanco Rey has left us the treasures of his domain."

She looked at him too much given to surprise and joy to say anything. Then she drew his head in her lap weeping over it.

"I had such a narrow escape, didn't I," she breathed.

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD

BY FRANCIS DICKIE

"LUCK!" a man's voice shouted. Another's breath doused the big oil lamp's light. In the quick, following blackness a revolver spat, its momentary flame lighting fitfully the cabin's single room.

Darkness again——the dead hush of tense, horror-frighted air——then, after a breathless second, the soft slithering of unsteady moccasined feet on rough plank floor, and quick in the wake of this the sound of striking inert body, a hollow, heavy thud, gruesome in the silent blackness of the room. Almost in unison came the padding of another pair of moccasins, barely audible, yet clearly conveying the direction of their owner's steps. Only a moment this continued, dying in the faint click and jarring slam of a door, swiftly opened and closed.

*

Corporal Morton snapped closed the last metal clasp of his hip-length bearskin coat, pulled down tight the matching fur cap, drew on his mitts, and, thus attired fully prepared against the cold of the northern winter night, paused, eyeing regretfully the comfort of his quarters.

The big tin arctic heater, now tight-dampered, hummed softly. From the stove's rounded black side and low, conical top wave on wave of heat atoms shimmered upwards in an endless succession of tenuous rippling lines, no longer colourless, but tinged faintly golden under the play of yellow rays from the kerosene lamp. The room was somnolently warm; the air still strong with the fragrant incense of fresh pipe smoke from a tobacco redolent with much *perique*. A rough table occupied the centre of the room; on it, face down and open, a magazine lay close to the zincware lamp. Beside the table stood the corporal's just vacated chair, a plain arm one, its harsh outlines, however, almost completely hidden by shrouding coyote pelts, and a big cushion of goose feathers, covered by coarse, brown twill. Despite the roughness of the furniture, the log walls and the board-made bunk in the corner farthest from the stove, there was an attractiveness about the room, a certain indefinable something portraying more surely than words that its solitary occupant was a home-loving body.

"My, I wish the regulations would let me have him here with me," he voiced aloud, his eyes passing swiftly from object to object till finally they settled upon the magazine he had reluctantly put down the minute before, right in the middle of an interesting story. "Now, I wanted to finish that," he went on, still speaking aloud after the fashion one much alone falls into, "but I guess I had better slip down to the settlement and see if brother's all right. Now, if I could only keep him here with me, I'd be able to watch over him a little better." He shrugged his shoulders; tried to smile impatiently at his own fears; then growled: "Getting to be a regular old woman, I am—a regular old woman."

But his face did not clear. Leaning over the table he blew out the light, crossed the room and stepped out into

the early born night, where the Northern Lights had just begun their dancing. Across all the expanse of sky they were, and wide; a shimmering sheen, disporting on the vast blue bowl of heaven in multi and varicoloured brightness, softly brilliant, radiant, though subdued. Moving in wonderful array, this driving host of hyperborean space ran in an undulating ribbon on the breast of night, then retired to rush forth and back again in ceaseless play, while below, the gray wilderness, crouching there under the frost and the snow, listened grim and silent to the sounding of their dancing, at first but faint, weird rustling like gently crushed and bruised silk, then louder, till all the sleeping winter world became alive with tiny cracklings, as the simultaneous snapping of the lashes of a million million toyish whips.

Yet the esthetic soul of Corporal Tenner Morton—usually most responsive to all things beautiful—refused now to thrill at the sight, one often seen, and until now never fully without charm. To-night, however, his eyes travelled straight to where two hundred yards away, the dozen cabins and three stores of Pelican Settlement lay dark against the snow.

Morton's cabin—known officially as Pelican Patrol Headquarters, one of the many lesser Mounted Police posts in Division "N"—lay on the side of a hogsback ridge perhaps a hundred feet higher than the settlement snuggling in the valley below, giving Morton a bird's-eye view of the entire place.

From several cabin windows came squares of light glowing softly through the crepuscular night; and out of every chimney the smoke, in slow, thick columns, climbed straight up, strangely like solemn, snow-shrouded conifers painted in mid-air by some fantastic artistry of the frost. And seeing this last, Morton knew how bitter was the cold, without consulting the thermometer at the side of his door.

A moment his gaze took in the whole scene, then his eyes came finally to rest upon the cabin nearest him, one lying back and a little apart from the rest. He eyed it frowningly.

For years he had covered the four hundred odd square miles comprising his patrol, till now he knew every water-course and trail, and the white and halfbreed trappers and small-farming squatters, in ahead of the survey, that dwelt within the land. Yet it was only lately that worry had come with its hurtful strain and rust to rasp his nerves.

This was not caused by trouble within his district — for Pelican Patrol was a fairly crimeless one, no different from most northern ones — but through the coming, in the late Fall, some three months previously, of his brother, Charley, now aged twenty-two.

Charley, ten years his junior, had been shipped post haste from the effête East, three thousand miles away, by his frantic parents, after the boy as assistant teller in the Merchants Bank had gambled two thousand dollars of the institution's money. To make this good, Morton Pere had hastily placed a mortgage on his corner grocery store, thus saving Charley a term in jail and the family name from disgrace. Then, with that fanatic faith and hope common to all parents, they had shipped Charley to his brother in the North, in the fond belief that a few years spent where no temptations could harass might bring him to the age of riper judgment, when he might once more with safety return to the places of crowded things.

Corporal Tenner Morton, being a good son, clean-living, and straight, and fonder of Charley than brothers sometimes are, had accepted the burden gladly. And, being a general favorite with all the community, it had required but little importuning on the part of the mounted policeman to place his brother as bookkeeper and general store assistant to Ginger Smith, a veteran trader of the northland. Smith ran a string of small trading-posts throughout the sur-

rounding territory with a headquarter one at Pelican. Finding his new assistant extremely competent, he had, for the past two months, left everything in Charley's hands at Pelican while he spent most of his time at the other points where his stores were situated and where business was alwas brisker with the deepening of winter.

This, while highly gratifying to Corporal Morton, had only increased his worry, for once again Charley, young of years, and childishly headstrong and reckless, was placed in control of a large sum of money for days and weeks at a time, and Pelican Settlement, wilderness spot though it was, was yet perhaps a more dangerous spot than even a great city to one possessed of the gambling mania which was the blight of the younger brother's life, for in the silent places time often hangs heavy on men's hands, and unafforded the same clean, sane and natural pastimes which civilization offers, those of weak wills and tendency to sinful traits, fall the more easily into the ungodly ways of drinking and high play at cards, as a manner of breaking the monotony which marks their days.

In Pelican lived Piano Jack, a disreputable character, and at the moment proprietor of the big cabin which Corporal Morton's eyes now rested upon. Within this cabin a card game went continually on. Here, too, Piano Jack sold whiskey, the same being forbidden north of fifty-three, but though Corporal Morton had twice raided the place in the past year, he had either come at the wrong time, or Piano's cache was too cleverly concealed, for never once had he found a drop of incriminating liquor on the premises. As for the card game, he was helpless; for regarding such a matter the Canadian law is intricate and in its ruling goes rather to help the gambler than the upholders of the law. Thus, while Morton knew that within Piano Jack's cabin there went on continually a card game—from which the proprietor derived a fat living in the form of "rake-off"—the mounted policeman knew that until such a time as he could induce two competent witnesses to swear to the existence of the "rake-off", it was useless to proceed against Piano. The mere fact that cards were played upon the premises did not constitute an offence against the law—the taking of a "rake-off" had to be proved by at least two witnesses, and so far Corporal Morton had been unable to find two men willing to play stool pigeon on Piano Jack. The gambler's continued operations grieved Morton, for, while he held no malice against the cabin's proprietor, Corporal Morton was a thorough policeman, holding duty first at all times. Too, with his brother Charley's arrival, Piano Jack's place became a spot with new and personal menace in the officer's eyes, standing as it did a continual temptation to the boy's gambling-loving nature.

As yet Corporal Morton had no proof his brother had ever entered Piano Jack's; several times late at night he had dropped down unexpectedly to Ginger Smith's store, always to find Charley at home in the little back room. Still, despite this evidence of good behavior, the Corporal was worried for he, being often away days at a time on patrol duty, Charley had ample opportunity to frequent Piano Jack's place without his knowledge.

So now to-night—though but a few hours before he had returned from a hard three-day trip — the Corporal was deserting the comfort of his warm room, book and pipe to satisfy himself again that Charley was all right.

Then, just as he went to step upon the trail, and while his eyes still lingered on the light shining from the cabin window of Piano Jack's, the gleam winked out. Almost with it came a revolver's detonation, the sound hollow and muffled, but still plainly audible to the alert policeman in that frosty air.

Every instinct of police nature aroused, Morton broke into a run. With half the distance still to cover he saw the light flare out once more;

but, the entrance door being on the side away from him, he could not see whether anyone left the building.

Fully conscious of the value of even seconds if a murder had been committed and the killer escaped, Morton ran his best, bringing up panting before the door. Not knowing what to expect he drew his gun, then, pulling the latch string, threw the door open and sprang into the room, covering its occupants as he did so.

His action was all quite unnecessary; and, seeing, Morton put away his gun, crossed the room to a round table near the farther side of which and standing a little back therefrom were half a dozen halfbreeds staring stolidly at two white men leaning over a still form on the floor in front of them.

As Morton came forward the white men rose, giving him full view of the fallen one. It was Piano Jack.

"Well?" Morton said, interrogatively eyeing the two.

Neither spoke for a moment, then, Dutch Webber, an independent trader said: "He's dead."

"Damn it, man, that's evident!" the policeman snapped angrily at the fatuity of the remark. "But how did it happen?"

Instead of replying, Webber turned his gaze upon the other white man, his partner, Durant, in his eyes a queerly fearful light. Following his glance, Corporal Morton fastened his eyes on Durant's face; but Durant too remained silent, dropping his head to avoid the look, and uneasily shuffling his feet.

Now thoroughly exasperated at this continued silence on the part of two men with whom he had been on the friendliest terms for years, the policeman said harshly: "If this is murder, and you are stalling to let the murderer get away, so help me, I'll arrest you as accessories, if you don't speak up."

But even this threat elicited no response. Furious, Morton turned his attention to the halfbreeds. "You—Johnny Boileau," he said, fiercely pointing a menacing finger at a swarthy youth, the most intelligent-appearing of the group—"tell me who shot Piano Jack?"

A moment the boy hesitated, his eyes dropping as Durant's had done. Then, suddenly brave, he blurted out: "Charley keel heem; your brudder Charley."

"Great God!" Very low, very hoarse, his tone like a stricken animal's cry, Morton breathed the words. He shrank a step back, and in the pained hush that followed the announcement there came floating through the open doorway the momentary ecstatic yelping whine of sleigh dogs when first taking to a trail.

At that sound, Morton's official self leaped back into active being. The personal equation of brotherly love, all ordinary feeling that had swayed him for the moment became secondary, without weight or power now to stem or stay his answering to the call of duty. He stood no longer individual, no longer as a distinct entity capable of controlling and guiding his actions along any personally desired groove in the scheme of things, but as the law incarnate, a man apart, different from all these others, a mere flesh and blood cog in a vast organization that, like a perfect machine, moved relentlessly, though without fear or favour, demanding always from each and every part of its human mechanism unswerving loyalty, unquestioning obedience, and prompt and unfailing action against all those who offended against its tenets and decrees.

So, after a moment, turning once more directly to the white men, Morton said: "Tell me about it, Durant—just as it happened."

"Well, all right." Durant replied, and plunged into the story: "Charley found Piano cheating. You see, the two of them been playing almost without a break for two days now, with Piano winning steady." He waved his hand to the pile of bills littered on one side of the table, and went on rapidly. "Dutch and me wasn't in it. We'd only dropped in a little before the shooting from our store, being kinda

interested in the game. You see, we was in it when it first started the night before; but them two, Piano and Charley, was like two strange bulldogs, eternally going after each other. They never give Dutch or I much play when we got a hand, just seemed to want to buck each other. You know how some fellows get in a poker game. So we just naturally dropped out. Well, when we come in to-night, I guess Charley was feeling pretty mean from the bad whiskey he'd drunk, not sleeping and always losing. They was setting opposite each other, and the breeds was standing a little back watching. They was playing stud. The two chairs Dutch and me had set in the night before was still in the same places, so we dropped into them, figuring maybe we'd take a hand after while, if they was agreeable. But they went right ahead never paying any attention to us, more'n to give a nod.

"Pretty soon after we come in they gets into an awful big pot—it's there on the table yet, must be over two thousand in it easy. With three cards showing, Charley has a pair of kings and an eight spot. Piano has got a four, an ace and queen. Well with three cards showing they raised back and forth right smart, fifty and a hundred at a clip. The reckless way Piano bets makes me think Piano has got an ace buried. I thought then maybe Charley had two pair; but, judging the play now, I guess Charley had been getting suspicious through the last few hours, and right here seen a chance to satisfy himself. Well, it's up to him again to bet. And he sticks in every last nickel, a little over four hundred bucks. Piano's dealing, and I seen him kinda glance down at the cards, an with his thumb he slipped the top card back ever so little, as though to make plumb certain what he expected was beneath it *was* there. Then he makes the last call. He did his thumb work awful smooth and quick. I don't think Charley seen him. Anyway, Piano sees the bet, but doesn't raise. Then he deals the last card, a deuce of spades to Charley an ace of clubs to himself. Of course, Charley having no more money, it's a show down. 'Wat you got?' said he. 'A pair of bulls,' says Piano turning his hole card up. It was a measly ten of spades.'" Durant stopped abruptly, eyed the Corporal searchingly as if to make sure of his hearer's understanding, then, concluded with righteous ire: "Well, you or I, or any other man that plays stud poker and is in his right mind, knows that there isn't a man in the world with only ace high in his hand is going to spend four hundred bucks for a last card chance of getting a ace, when the other man is already showing a pair of kings, with maybe another pair behind it. He might do it figuring the other fellow for only a pair of kings and with a chance to bluff it through afterwards in case the last card wasn't a ace. But with Charley setting in his last dime before that, the only thing Piano could get was a show down, all of which must have cinched Charley's suspicions that had been growing maybe for hours, that Piano knew the backs of them cards pretty near as good as the front.

"'You win,' Charley says, very quiet, 'all I got's kings,' and he shoves back his chair. 'But you lose,' he adds and laughs kinda queer. I looked at him sharp, and his face was strange like a man gone mad for a minute. Then his hand went down as he half riz up—Piano seen the move and his face went white, for gun play wasn't in his line. But though I hollered to him to duck, the fool riz up, shoving back his chair. Just then Dutch—he's sitting right next the big lamp—sees a chance yet to spoil the play, an blows the glim. But the kid still shot, and even the dark didn't spoil his aim. Piano's plunked right through the heart. And — well, you know the rest." Durant caught his breath, then added deprecatingly: "Of course, he oughtn't to have done it; but, what with being full of bad whiskey, and madder'n hell, there's some excuse. Piano wasn't much account anyway.

and Charley's such a kid, you ought to make allowances for that. We could make it suicide if you say so, couldn't we, Dutch?" he finished, winking humorously at his partner. Dutch nodded eager, vigorous assent.

Morton shook his head, and moving over to the table, gathered quickly the cluttered bills. Methodically he counted them, made note of the amount in his book, dropped them into his pocket, then turned once more to the waiting men. "You can take care of the body; there'll have to be an inquest sometime later to conform to the law." He wheeled about sharply, went out into the night, and toward his cabin, there to make ready for the stern hardships of a winter chase.

Even an inexperienced man may travel in the winter northland provided he has food and proper clothes; but he will not cover ground so quickly as one learned in the ways of the trail, and the superior handling of that most temperamental of all beasts, the northern sleigh dog.

Thus early on the third afternoon after leaving Pelican, Corporal Morton, driving his three splendid police huskies judged from the trail he followed that Charley was only a matter of some two or three hours ahead. What puzzled the policeman was the oddness of his brother's actions. Out of Pelican Charley had driven north straight down the river. Then, when halfway to Old House, some sixty miles farther on, he had left the ice and turned east for a day, then south—a direction which would bring him out to civilization near Northtown city, some three hundred miles away. And the Corporal knew that this route could not be chosen through ignorance, for, with Ginger Smith, Charley had made several trips in the district, and so now must know that the way he was trending would bring him out to civilization. Too, though Charley drove five dogs, the Corporal had overtaken him even more rapidly than the boy's trail inexperience warranted. In fact, in the past two days the Corporal had noted many things that pointed to an entire lack of haste on the part of the fleeing one; an action that led to only one conclusion: Charley did not expect pursuit.

It was nearly five o'clock and the early falling dusk of the northern winter regions had begun to turn to soft dark when Corporal Morton brought his dogs to a halt upon the top of a fairly high ridge.

He was travelling through a rolling, lightly timbered country. Now ahead, through the dark, the tiny flare of a fire twinkled up at him from the bottom of a little draw perhaps a quarter of a mile farther on, where another small coulee met the valley of the ridge upon which he now stood.

Quickly he turned the dogs loose from the toboggan, set it against a tree, hung the harness high out of their reach and threw them their feed. Then he slipped off along the ridge top toward where the flame of the campfire glowed like a tiny beacon through the night from the coulee bottom below.

The snowfall had been particularly light, and Morton moved carefully forward, reaching a point on the ridge directly above the camp he went creeping soundlessly down through the trees until he was within a dozen yards of it.

Charley, supper over, was lying on his blankets before the fire smoking, his back toward the approaching man. Foot by foot, feeling out every step to avoid the snapping underfoot of hidden twigs, the policeman came on stealthily, cat-like, at last swinging out from behind a tree not ten feet from where his brother lay.

"I got you covered, Charley," he called sharply, "don't try to draw!"

His fears were needless, for at the sound of his voice the reclining youth turned over to face him with a look startled, that quickly gave place to unbelieving wonder. Then as the corporal reached his side and stood staring down at him, the boy found his tongue to gasp in tone still questioning and unbelieving: "Why, what do you mean?"

"I've come to take you back to stand trial for shooting Piano Jack."

"You've come to take *me* back!" He spoke as one suddenly hearing the unbelievable.

"Of course; what did you think?" This with sad grimness.

A grieved look came into the boy's eyes. He drew himself up to a sitting position, raised his effeminate face, a little rough now from five days' growth of beard, and, gazing up with almost petulant air, replied: "What did I expect?—Why, that you'd hush it up—a perfectly natural feeling, wasn't it, considering our relationship?" He smiled tolerantly, and his weak face, that of a thoughtless, headstrong and selfish child, grew almost insolent with the sureness he felt at changing the other's resolution.

But to his astonishment the Corporal shook his head. "I got to do my duty," he said, very simply; and there was a queer huskiness now in his voice.

Like a rat at bay, the boy's whole demeanour changed. "Duty!" he hurled out the word with scornful bitterness. "Does your oath of office take the place of greater things? Would you sacrifice me to official tradition?" Under the sway of varied emotions of scorn and fear, his voice rose a shrill treble, almost girlish, grotesque, a mingling of whining appeal and growing contempt.

With eyes now dumb, but unflinching, steady, the Corporal gazed. How like Charley, he thought, to wax theatrical and fine of phrase in this hour of extremity. How often as children together this boy had won his childish way by action similar. But coldly now he said: "I've got to do my duty. It's greater than you or I."

At this, the hope, still faintly lingering in the boy's eyes went out. His features, almost womanish in their fineness, became distorted into the twisted mass of a raging child, a mad fury at disappointment at failure where an easy victory had been expected. Then, all hope gone, but still true to the feminine streak in his queerly complex nature he flung out tauntingly: "I'd hate to be you—I'd hate to have your soul. Nothing counts with you—ties of blood, family name — you'd even break your mother's—" he stopped short, startled, surprised; for at this last word his brother recoiled, his gun went down, while there came to his eyes a strange new light.

Always from that first moment he had taken up his brother's trail until now, the long ruling official part of self had been uppermost within him. It had conquered his personal feeling; triumphed over his brotherly love for Charley. But never once in all that time had his thoughts gone farther—through those last long hours of torture, as he followed the trail, he had dwelt upon the crime only as related to himself and Charley, to the exclusion of those distant ones; a peculiar single point of view that had marked his psychological workings all through life.

But now, with the boy's last uttered words striking like a blow in the face, all in a moment he was no longer the officer or the brother with single point of view, but a man fired with the realization that upon him a greater duty lay.

Impulsively he threw his gun away. "Yes; boy, you're right—a mother's heart is too precious a thing to break, even for the sake of duty." He walked over to the fire, now but glowing embers from inattention, and stood for a long moment thinking. At last he came back again to the boy still seated upon his blanket, stopped before him to remark shortly: "Tomorrow you be on your way to the outside, and go home—surely now you'll be good."

"And you?" Charley's voice was interestedly questioning.

"I'm going back to turn in a report of suicide on Piano Jack. The boys are pretty good friends of mine; they already offered to do this; they'll see me through on it now. And then," his voice was suddenly listless, "I'll resign. I couldn't go on upholding a law that I myself had broken."

BELLA MATRIBUS DETESTATA

From the Plaster cast by
A. Laliberté.
Exhibited by the Royal Canadian
Academy of Arts.

THE VALLEY OF OBLIVION

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHARDT

"SHE was a dear," Mrs Osborne said, dealing the cards with a twist of deft white wrists, "but so casual about her clothes. The artistic instinct, I suppose. All the Nettletons are dowdy. I met her at Capri, before the return of the Prodigal Husband, and she looked like an Englishwomen en tour, which is the last word. But the whole story is thrilling and unusual, and Olive Nettleton was faithful enough to deserve to be happy. It is over to you, Caroline."

The girl across looked at her cards languidly. She was a very slender girl, with level brows and a direct gaze. She named a trump at random, and put down her cards with a little sigh of relief. Past Mrs. Osborne's carefully *coifed* head, past Leila Dixon's satirical smile when she saw the exposed cards, she looked through the long French window to where the passing clouds cast their shadows on the hills, and down in the valley a loaded hay wagon creaked along the road.

Up here on the hill-top there was little enough air stirring. The card table had been moved to the music-room for coolness; and in the shadows of the alcove beyond a man in white flannels picked querulously at a guitar, striking an occasional impatient note on the piano as a guide. His eyes sought the girl persistently. Mrs. Baxter, a languid shadow of some brilliant and devastating yesterday, had been "sitting-out" the rubber. She picked up her heavy jeweled purse and trailed toward the man in the shadows.

"It is profanation to gamble or to gambol—in a room like this," she said, looking down the length of the music-room to where a sudden buzz of conversation showed the end of the rubber. "A music-room without music is a body without a soul. I feel as though I am being facetious in the presence of a corpse."

"It is pretty bad, isn't it?" Osborne Kingsley said idly, watching Caroline Summers's white-clad figure as she rose and went to the window. "The solemnity of those marble heads, and that funereal procession of black chairs against the wall—four chairs and Brahms, four more and Chopin, four more and Liszt."

"High against the wall, with all their poor weaknesses written in their marble faces for the ages to see, instead of being allowed to rot respectably in their graves. Ah, me. And speaking of marble, how do you progress with Caroline?"

"I hardly see——" he began rather stiffly.

Mrs. Baxter laughed. "Caroline is a husk," she declared. "She's a sort of frozen fire, King. Whatever happened to that man—a year ago, wasn't it?—whether he died or was kidnapped or voluntarily effaced himself, everything that was worth having in Caroline Summers went with him."

"Think of it," Mrs. Baxter persisted. "The bridesmaids and men, the bishop, everybody—well, 'Waiting at the Church!' Bella Severance was there, and she said she never put in such a half-hour. Mrs. Summers in hysterics. Every one but Caroline sure he had funked it at the last minute."

The man rose suddenly and the guitar sent a sharp discordant jangle of piano keys through the room.

"I would like to shoot him—for her," he said.

Mrs. Baxter smiled. "Don't threaten," she observed drily. "You might happen to run across him, you know. Look at the Nettletons! Greg Nettleton is lost in New York, searched for from Alaska to Brazil, and is picked up in Rome, looking as if riotous living agreed with him. Oh, it's a mean little world after all, King, and it shrinks every year. Look how the splendid isolation of twenty gives place to the rubbing of elbows of sixty."

"And from that"—King caught her mood—"it is the merest step to the funeral urn of seventy, I suppose. Jolly, aren't we, this afternoon.

"I cannot think of you matrimonially, King," said Mrs. Baxter. "What kind of a husband will you be? Will you be like the rest, or—will you be as you are now, just a little different?"

"I will love and honour the woman I marry," he said stiffly.

"And marry a woman you love and honour! But you will be a loving husband, King, and the marriage will be most successful, because in every happy marriage there is one who cares, and one who does not care—so much."

"And I will be——"

"The one who cares."

Tea had come in, but no one wanted tea. There were decanters and tall glasses and ice, and the bridge game had given way to scraps of gossip. Mrs. Baxter got up and walked slowly down the room. Near the table she turned.

"Caroline is on the veranda, King," she called back. "I am sure she wants her tea."

"Caroline is hopelessly temperate," Mrs. Osborne sighed as she put in the cream. "I do not know whether I am wicked or merely self-indulgent; although I suppose we are always self-indulgent when we are wicked."

"I don't agree with you," Leila Dixon said acidly. "I think it is a lot of trouble to do what we ought not to do."

"You would, naturally," agreed Mrs. Baxter, nibbling at a stalk of mint. During the ominous pause that followed, the small woman in blue, who had made the fourth at the table, took up the thread of conversation.

"We were talking about Olive Nettleton——" she began, but Mrs. Baxter raised a warning, slender forefinger.

"No scandal until King gets out," she objected. "He has not yet learned that our feminine gossip is precisely the same as his masculine sense of humour—both treat of the other person's misfortunes. Only we take seriously what men treat as a joke."

Outside on the wide stone veranda Caroline was standing with her slender arms behind her, erect, poised, outwardly cold and self-contained. If the question in her eyes was almost an appeal, as she stood there alone—if there was tragedy in the corners of her mouth, there was an instant relaxation when she heard King's step behind her.

"The mater sent out some tea," he said, "and she says you look tired and are to be sure to drink it. If you don't care about it, I can pour it over the rail. Shall I trouble you if I stay here?"

"You are a friendly light chasing away shadows," she said slowly. Kingsley stood by, made absorbedly self-conscious by the unexpected reference to what was always in his mind. The girl sipped her tea slowly, looking down the straight path with its flounting borders to where the pergola, wreathed with trumpet vine and creeper, framed the valley below.

"Dear hollyhocks and four o'clocks," she rhymed, "and the lady slippers and larkspur, and salvia—each one as prim and spruce and bright as a little New England lady in her Sunday gown. Do you know," she said whimsically, "I am an

anachronism. I am not a Californian, King; not a truly bred-in-the-bone one at all. I belong here in the East, I am sure. I have the Puritan conscience."

"Then I like the Puritan conscience," he said, smiling at her.

Some one's voice was raised in the music-room.

"Four years missing, my dear," the voice said, "and Olive Nettleton wandering over the continent, looking into people's faces on the street, everywhere; Rome, St. Petersburg, Cairo! Oh, it was creepy!"

"Well, it is Olive's affair," Mrs. Osborne's comfortable voice put in, "and they seem to be beginning things all over again. But suppose she had married again!"

"Olive had the Puritan conscience," came Leila Dixon's thin, clear voice. "She would never have married again, unless she had known he was dead."

Caroline had been listening, her head slightly bent. Now she looked up suddenly at the man beside her.

"I wonder if you understand King?" she said. "It's psychology, I suppose; the problem of a small soul, at that. But—I am like that—woman they are speaking of."

Kingsley took the cup and saucer from her and put it carefully on the rail. Then he sat down somewhat awkwardly beside her.

"I'm glad you've given me a chance to speak," he said. "I'm not very agile mentally, and I can't fence with shadows. But I think I know how you feel. It's the not knowing how or why—it's a sort of wound to your pride that won't heal. Don't tell me you still love him. I don't believe it. I don't want to be brutal, but people don't love the dead; they remember them—you know that, Caroline—and everything I know of that awful time points to the one thing."

"That he is dead!" she breathed. "But—I want to know; I'm like my old nurse at home, when her boy was drowned. She didn't cry; she just stood by the river bank and waited, day and night, until they found him. And then she cried, and they knew her mind was saved."

King leaned over and took one of her cold hands between his warm, brown ones.

"You said a little while ago that I drove away the shadows," he said earnestly. "Caroline, can't we face this thing together? I love you—God knows. I don't want to divide you with any one, not even a memory; but it's come to the point where I'm almost ready to throw myself on your pity. Caroline, let me drive the shadows away, always."

The girl dropped her chin into her two palms and stared frowningly ahead.

"You are like him," she said at last, "and he loved me, too. Oh, yes, whatever people may think, nothing can take that away from me. He loved me, King; and what if he should come back and find that I have not been faithful? In there"—she nodded toward the house—"they have been talking of some woman who haunted the continent, looking into the faces of the people she met. I sit here and look out over the hills, and I say, 'Which way? Which way?'"

The young man had folded his arms, and leaning back he, too, gazed over the hills. He was baffled, discouraged, but not beaten. "If you cared for him, Caroline," he said, after a silence, "he was not a scoundrel. I accept that as I accept the ghost that stands between us. But suppose I can lay the ghost? Would there be a chance for me?"

"Could you save my faith?" she asked sharply, turning to him.

"I will try," he pleaded solemnly.

Mrs. Baxter came languidly to the window and held the curtain aside with a sweeping gesture.

"Dear me, how intense you look!" she mocked. "Caroline, you have lost thirty dollars, and Carrie Osborne says your last make surely lost the rubber."

"I am coming in," the girl said wearily, and rose. Mrs. Baxter looked past her at King's face.

"Don't come," she said more gently. "I'll take it in for you. Sit down like a good girl and make that gloomy person beside you happy."

As Caroline opened her gold purse, something dropped to the floor and rolled under a chair. With a little cry the girl picked it up and clutched it jealously. Mrs. Baxter's smile was inscrutable as she turned back into the room, and through the open window came again the voice of the little woman in blue. Not a word was lost to the two on the veranda, who listened because they must.

"I shall always call it the greatest event I ever lived through," she said, "and when you remember that I was only an onlooker, you can understand the emotional pitch. Here was poor Olive Nettleton, in the heaviest kind of crêpe, rushing all over Europe after exhausting America, looking for a husband who had absolutely dropped out of existence, without leaving a trace. You know what Olive is, very much like Caroline Summers"—she dropped her voice a little—"very. Well-poised and self-reliant, so you can only guess what she feels. There must have been lots of rows when Olive's emotional temperament tried to climb the fence of her hereditary conscience. You know Cassidy, the Irish artist, who tried to make her marry him, whether poor Nettleton was dead or not? Well, she stuck it out and was faithful, and lost her good looks, partly, and all her cheeriness—an attractive woman trying to be faithful to a memory has a hard time, anyhow.

"Olive had been touring the Riviera in a car, and Adelaide and I were to meet her at the Grand Hotel in Rome. The day before she was due there came a cablegram for Olive, and Adelaide opened it, for fear it was urgent. Adelaide read it and fell back in a chair, and it was a full minute before she rallied enough to give it to me. It said: 'Sailing next steamer. Explain everything. Love,' and was signed Gregory Nettleton. My dears, if Greg Nettleton had risen out of his grave and fired his headstone at me, I should not have been more shocked."

As the voice paused for greater effect, Caroline turned to King. "You see, he came back," she said.

"Olive stayed longer at Naples than she meant to, and it was not until the day Greg was due that she came to Rome. Adelaide and I had talked all week of how to break it to her best, and Adelaide, who has more diplomacy than I have, suggested we work her up to it gradually—telling her first that there was news, and then, while Olive was thinking it was Helen—that's the child, you know—and that maybe she was dying, then we could spring Greg's cablegram, working her through one emotional climax to another.

"But you can't do those things by rule. Just as Olive drew up at the Grand Hotel in her muddy car, with her face perfectly covered with dust and her hat on one side, of course, a carriage dashed up and Greg Nettleton jumped out. What did they do? My dears, it was the most disappointing thing I ever heard of. She didn't even faint. I think she had felt all along that some time she would meet him face to face, just as she did. In that instant she lost the queer, questioning look she had had for so long, and when she found Greg had little Helen in the carriage, she was illuminated! So Adelaide and I missed it after all. But we went around with Olive and helped her get some respectable gowns and sell her crêpe."

"What an alluring story!" Mrs. Baxter said lightly. "And how did handsome Greg account for his four years' defection?"

The lady in blue hesitated.

"Well, he did explain," she said apologetically, "but it was not what a more worldly woman would have called an explanation. He said he had lost four years, that was all; dropped them out of his life. That the last he remembered was of walking across

the links at the Country Club with a caddie and a bunch of clubs. You know that's where he was last seen. And the next thing he knew he was on a train in California, with his mustache gone and a ticket for Los Angeles in his pocket. And it was four years later."

"All the women loved Greg Nettleton," commented Mrs. Baxter, with a drawl. "It would be interesting to know if he had married in the interval."

"There *was* something queer," confided the narrator. "He was sitting with little Helen on his knee, and Olive beside him—he wouldn't let her move out of his sight—when he showed it to me. He gave it to Helen to play with while he told us, and it seemed incongruous, somehow. It seemed that he found on his finger one of those heavy old Egyptian rings with a dull red stone sunk in it, and a 'C' cut into the stone. It was strange to know that he didn't remember at all where he got it."

The girl on the veranda had sat through it all, and King had lost no single expression on her face. She sat quite still after the story was finished, then she turned to him suddenly and held out the hand that had been closed. On its palm lay a heavy gold ring of Egyptian workmanship with a dull red stone sunk into the metal.

In an instant something had gone out of the girl's face, and her mouth had lost its tragedy of uncertainty.

"I—have buried my dead, King," she said at last.

THAT YOU DIED FOR DREAMS

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

YOU'RE quiet, forgetful of the blind disaster
That laid you here. You're quiet. Shall I tell, then,
At Whose word you went out saying, "O Master!"
And with what strange beauty your dying blessed your men?

You're quiet, oh, so still and pale and quiet!
You who were ruddy, and the quickest, and so strong;
I shall tell them, I think, after this riot,
That you died for dreams because the world is wrong.

THE GERMAN LOYALIST IN UPPER CANADA

BY LORNE A. PIERCE

IN order to appreciate the advent of the German branch of the Loyalist settlers in Upper Canada, one must go back to the year 1661, when Louis XIV became master of France. At last he could truthfully boast "L'etat; c'est moi!" His bigotry, narrow-mindedness, commonplace arrogance, his insane and insatiable vanity knew no limits. At once he set himself to raze everything that challenged his supremacy and destroy everything that did not contribute to his glory. He must accomplish the suppression of Spain, secure the succession to the Spanish throne for a French princeling-parasite, seize the provinces of Castille and Aragon besides the great possessions in the New World. But this was not enough. The Treaty of Breda gave him the opportunity for which he had longed and of which he fully availed himself in 1667. His preparations were minute, his thrust sudden and unexpected and his success complete. But his spectacular progress produced other results. The appearance of his victorious legions on the Rhine caused consternation and panic in parochial and lethargic England. Charles forgot his vanities for his own security, and hastily consummated with Protestant Holland and Sweden a Triple Alliance designated to curb and humiliate Louis of France.

About this time there came out of Holland a mere youth, yet a shrewd observer of men and movements and an honour graduate in the school of practical experience. He was not brilliant but he possessed a genius for painstaking perseverance. He was not spectacular but he was dauntless. Moreover he was endowed with a genius for defeat. From this rare faculty he extracted his most enduring victories. And above all, he was a nobleman (of the old school) a seer and a born statesman. William, Prince of Orange, was destined to be the undoing of the presumptuous Louis Quatorze. He was largely instrumental in forming the Treaty of Nimeguen (1678), with Louis, but while this restrained the grasping monarch, it still left France dominant. Louis's arrogance was still colossal and unbounded. The peace meant nothing more to him than an opportunity for studied insult and swaggering braggadocio. Lorraine was subjugated, Genoa bombarded, the Pope humiliated, the imperial fiefs in Elsaas seized and the Huguenots persecuted.

Treaties could not eradicate from the ambitious mind of Louis his dream of making the Rhine the Eastern boundary of France. To this end he compelled the people to work and save, declaring that the last louis d'or would tip the scale of victory in the favour of France. To this end he also raised, equipped and provisioned an army variously estimated between two hundred thousand and half a million. He also built a fleet that

could challenge the naval forces of Holland and England. And being mediocre himself he gathered around his person able advisers, shrewd and capable statesmen, and trained, expert generalship. One of his generals, Turrene, laid waste the Palatinate, which Louis immediately claimed for his brother Philip.

The Palatinate was independent, proud and prosperous. Its capital was Heidelberg, citadel of learning. Mannheim and Worms were among its cities. The Palatines could boast with justice that they were citizens of no mean State. And besides, being in close proximity to Witemburg and Geneva the influence of Calvin and Luther made a marked impression on its people. They espoused the cause of the Reformation, embraced the new faith, and championed religious tolerance, freedom of thought and utterance and non-conformity in all its forms. The Electors of the Palatinate were fearless champions of Protestantism, the single exception being John William, and his attempt in 1690 to urge a return to the old faith ended disastrously for himself. The Palatinate continued solidly and stubbornly Protestant.

In 1686 the princes of Germany bound themselves together against Louis in the League of Augsburg. The soul of this movement was Prince William of Orange. His ambition was to consolidate Protestant Holland, Germany and the Palatinate against the aggression of the Roman Catholic French monarch. England was indifferent, besides the sympathies of the King of England were with Louis. Louis's reply to the presumption of the League was to again over-run Protestant Palatine under the pretext of punishing them for their open hospitality towards the French Protestants who fled from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Prince and peasant, statesman and vine-dresser suffered alike. Many perished, but, as Macaulay has said: "Enough survived to fill Europe with beggars who had once been prosperous shop-keepers and farmers."

Terrible as had been the blow to the Palatinate it proved to be, ultimately, the means of their deliverance. The rumoured birth of a son and heir to James of England was only too true. This infant Prince of Wales sealed the doom of the Stuarts and finally of Louis in France. The rule of James had been intolerable to conscientious Catholic and Protestant alike. Parliament had been insulted, the people systematically plundered, justice raped, learning prostituted and the royal palace made a reeking nest of bastard aristocracy, scheming Jesuitry and fawning, vascillating, arrogant misgovernment. James produced proof of the legitimacy of his heir. England saw in him the perpetuation of all the loathsome and hateful régime of his father, and secretly the Protestant Lords sent an invitation to the Prince of Orange, urging him to intervene and save England. William accepted and hastened to make the necessary preparations.

Just then the impending storm breaks in Europe. France attacks. Here Louis made the great error of his life. He directs his operations first against Protestant Germany and not Holland, leaving William free to cross to England, an event fraught with grave consequences for the ambitious Louis. William anchors on the fifth of November in Torbay with thirteen thousand men. The Protestant Lords rally all England to his banners. The King's army scatters from Salisbury without giving battle. William's triumph is instant and complete. James is openly assisted to escape and embarks December the twenty-third for France. By the Declaration of Rights in Whitehall February the thirteenth, 1689, William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, were declared King and Queen of England.

In the meantime Louis completed the capture of the whole country west of the Rhine. His armies overran the Palatinate and penetrated as far as

Witemburg. But James's arrival caused the invader to fall back on a war of defense. Brutal and inhuman were the ravages perpetrated in his retreat from the Rhine. The Palatinate was again turned into a desert and a smoking ruin. The palace of the Elector of Heidelberg was sacked and the venerable tombs of the emperors at Speyer mutilated and outraged.

William became firmly established in England. Trained on the battlefields of Europe, he perfected the power that was eventually to emancipate that Europe from the impudent serfdom of Louis, sweep the fleets of France from the seas and scatter the enemies of England where ever they were found. It is true that during the wars of the Spanish Succession the Palatinate was again invaded and spoliated, but the great Marlborough showed that France was not invincible. He made England a name to conjure with. Culprit kings quaked at the thought of an indignant England. He caused the oppressed of every nation, and harassed of every colour, the distressed of every cult and creed to feel that they had an asylum of hope and a refuge in Mother England. During his time the Naturalization Act was passed, promising a home in England or her colonies to refugees from France or any other country where life was made intolerable, guaranteeing not only protection of their life and property but safeguarding their civil and religious liberty as well.

The spring of 1708 saw the first fruits of the act, fifty-two Palatines led by their Lutheran minister, Joshua Kockerthall, land in England. They at once petitioned to be sent to America, the Mecca of colonists, adventurers and traders. Each settlement in the New World was inspired and promoted by impulses widely variant from the others. While some indeed seemed identical in that their raison d'etre was a desire to escape from religious or political persecution or to better their material conditions, yet there were great differences of another nature. The settlements were divided by many years in point of time. The lands from which the settlers originally haled were widely separated and widely variant. They were of a different race, worshipped at other shrines, possessed political ideals that were diametrically opposite and expanded and developed according to their own inherent genius. The English Protestants located in Massachusetts and Virginia, the Dutch in New York. The continental catholics settled in Maryland and the Germans in Pennsylvania. Consequently the Board of Trade recommended "that they be settled on the Hudson River in the Province of New York, where they may be useful, particularly in the production of naval stores and as a frontier against the French and Indians". They were accordingly sent out under Lord Lovelace, Governor of New York, given agricultural employment, and located on Quassaick Creek where Newburgh now stands, so named after the then reigning house of the Palatinate.

About the month of May, in the following year (1709), the highways from the Rhine to Rotterdam swarmed with eager hordes of pilgrims on their way to London and to liberty. The hospitality of the people of Rotterdam was severely tried by this vast army of voluntary exiles. The British ministry had committed itself in legislation, it was now compelled to put this proferred hospitality into effect. Therefore they consented to receive 5,000 and provide transportation for them. But by June of the same year the 5,000 had become 7,000! Queen Anne and her government became gravely concerned. The stream of pilgrims flowed on with a suggestion of endlessness. Nothing could stop them. They were an army of indomitable and optimistic Calebs and Joshuas. Agents were hurriedly despatched through Holland, sent up the Rhine and even rushed to the court of Elector John William of the Pala-

tinate in a wild but futile attempt to stay the flood-tide bearing Eastward. By October there were 15,000 in England.

What was to be done? They were no ghost army, no phantom troopers to be banished with an august wave of the hand, a petulant gesture, but a tangible, palpable and a disquieting fact. Hundreds and thousands of facts, hungry too and without clothes and shelter. Their general misery and helplessness, and the fact that they were from the Palatinate, and therefore staunchly and notoriously Protestant moved the "Good Queen Anne" with tender sympathy and compassionate humanity. She was not alone in her charitable resolve. Behind her stood the mighty and unconquerable Marlborough, the polished and gallant statesman Sutherland, and the tolerant and courageous churchman Gilbert Burnet, Lord Bishop of Salisbury. Each pilgrim from the Palatinate was to receive a daily allowance in money of nine pence, not much, it is true, but yet adequate for their few simple necessities. Besides this the Queen ordered army tents from the Tower, and set aside all government warehouses not in use to shelter them from the inclemencies of the English autumn until more permanent arrangements could be devised.

Finally it was decided by the Board of Trade that some should be settled within the United Kingdom. To this end £5 for each immigrant was offered to those parishes who would receive and settle them. Some became finally absorbed in this manner and proved clever craftsmen and worthy citizens. But, as was to be expected, the lives of many were made intolerable once the government largess had been received, so once again they were compelled to plod the weary way back to Blackheath. Numerous schemes were attempted to dispose of them. About 4,000 settled on farms in Munster and became efficient and wealthy. The Carolinas, partially colonized by French Huguenots, absorbed about 100 families. Another futile attempt was made to settle 600 on Scilly Island, the experiment costing about $7,000,000. A contract to place 500 on the Barbados evidently got no further than the speculative stage. About 750 were repatriated, several hundreds enlisted in the British army and Death, that tireless reaper, claimed about 1,000.

Deliverance came from a totally unexpected quarter. Peter Schuyler and Col. Nicholson were on a mission to the Court of St. James with four Mohawk chieftains. During their stay they were taken to Blackheath to see the strange people that had migrated there, the unhappy colony being regarded as one of the "sights". Their wretchedness prompted the Mohawk braves to offer the Palatines homes and lands in hospitable America, and to render their promise practical and effective they give Queen Anne a really royal grant of land on the Schoharie. In the month of March, 1710, Governor Robert Hunter set sail with ten ships and about 3,500 Palatines for America. Nine of these reached New York in June and July. One ship, "The Spectre Ship" or "The Palatine Ship" was lost on the Long Island coast, its fate being shrouded in mystery.

The Schoharie "reserve" is, therefore, the original colony from which the German loyalists of Canada came. Miscellaneous additions were made up till the end of the War of Independence, but they were infrequent, and of an entirely individual character. It must be remembered further that these Palatines are not to be confused with the colony brought out in the *New Netherland* by Skipper Cornelis Jacobs of Hoorn, "mostly of Walloons" and landed on Castle Island and the island of Manhates (New York). Those who survived the ocean voyage were housed on Nuttan Island for half a year while farms were being marked off for them and surveyed. In the meantime a great many of the orphan children found employment in New York.

Misfortunte and disappointment awaited the remainder. Governor Hunter purchased 6,000 acres of land east of the Hudson River and placed many of the refugees there to manufacture pine tar for the British navy. Some occupied the huts that were hastily constructed and commenced work. Many enlisted in the ill-fated expedition of Sir Hovenden Walker against the French in Canada. As the summer wore on the workers grew discontented. Many threw up the pine tar business. They had been for generations men of the soil and they wanted farms of their own. They were ill fed, scantily clothed and poorly paid. The Governor temporarily pacified and intimidated them, but the power to spell-bind soon forsook him. The whole venture failed, the tar project was abandoned and the unhappy Palatines once more left to drift and shift for themselves. Some sought employment with New York and New Jersey farmers. Some few remained on the Hudson River estate. About three dozen families moved south and founded the town of Rhinebeck. Others still moved to the estate on the west bank of the Hudson. But by far the largest number defied the order disallowing them, on pain of being treated as deserters, to leave the province, and dispatched seven deputies to report on the lands of the Schoharie granted to their people by the Queen. A small party sets out in the winter of 1712-1713, the heralds and forerunners. The hardships and privations they experienced were unknown even in the Palatinate. The Dutch befriended them and the Indians taught them how to live in the wilds, to protect themselves against the bitter weather, wild beasts and discover food in unsuspected places. The spring saw about 100 more families arrive. But the Governor forbade them to settle and the great landowners denied them farms, and so began a struggle, bitter and intense, that lasted for upwards of a decade. Some bought farms, others became tenants and the rest moved to Mohawk lands. Here for almost half a century they lived peacefully. The desert blossomed as the rose. The lands they chose were the fairest and most fertile in all the Mohawk Valley, and under their thrift and indomitable perseverance the fields that gently sloped to the Hudson soon resembled the smiling gardens among the vine-clad cottages in the old Fatherland on the Rhine.

Other immigrants came to America from Germany but the unsavoury history of the New York Colony prompted them to seek homes elsewhere. It is due to the enterprise of Governor William Keith of Pennsylvania that his province became the haven of hordes of prosperous Palatines. While attending a council of Indians in 1772 at Albany he was struck with the misery and discontent of the German colonists and offered them all "freedom and justice" in his province. We are told that about two-thirds accepted. At last they were happy, and it is cause for no surprise that when the War of Independence broke out three years later that the Palatines of Pennsylvania, about 200,000 strong and almost one half the population, either took arms with the rebels or else remained coldly neutral. However, many years later, hundreds of Germans, who had grown tired of republican government, emigrated to Upper Canada there to enjoy again British institutions, dwelling chiefly in the vicinity of fortified posts on the Niagara and St. Clair rivers.

But what of those that remained? The great final struggle that had been brewing between ambitious France and anxious and jealous England finally broke upon Europe in all its fury. In November, 1757, Belletre with a mob of drunken and infuriated French and Indians swept down the valley of the Hudson and only those who crossed to the south and entered the fort escaped with their lives. But every building was burned, forty were killed and more than 1,000 taken as hostages. Next year the south side met the same fate, with the exception

that there was greater material damage and less loss of life. The English alliance with the Indians and also the Palatines as fostered by Sir William Johnson, a man of exceptional astuteness and farsightedness, turned the scale in favour of England. It is true that the Germans were somewhat divided, but it is also true that the majority remained loyal, and this in spite of a concerted effort on the part of France for years to disrupt those settlements favourable to England, by seditious rumours of every kind. French officers, flushed with wine, had openly declared that though the English were in a great majority, they were too slow and that they (the French) intended to take the Ohio Valley and "by God to keep it".

France received her answer in September, 1759, when General James Wolfe wrested Quebec from The Sieur de Montcalm. "Egad, they give way everywhere!" Parkman, speaking of the victory says: "With it began a new chapter in the annals of the world." Green, in his "History of the English People" affirmed—"with the triumph of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham began the history of the United States." John Fiske wrote that "the triumph of Wolfe marks the greatest turning point as yet discovered in modern history". This importance was due to the fact that the brilliant coup d'etat decided forever for North America that her civilization should be English rather than French.

For a decade afterwards the Palatines enjoyed peace. December, 1775, saw the hostilities renewed against them. Philip Schuyler with 4,000 New England troops descended upon them to seize their arms and demand from them assurances of strict neutrality. Everything asked for was granted, but to make the pledge still more binding numerous hostages were carried off to Connecticut. However in spite of this, on a mere pretext, the soldiers fell upon the defenseless colonists and plundered and ravaged everywhere. Even the vault containing the remains of Governor Sir William Johnson was violated and the leaden casket melted and cast into bullets. Schuyler received the approbation of Congress for his "gallant" conduct. Insults, violations, raids, outrages of every kind and intensity now became common and even habitual. Only one thing was left to be done, flight, and that without any delay. Sir John Johnson heard of the new indignities that were in store.

Hurriedly burying his private papers and trusting his treasure to a faithful negro slave, he mustered 200 friends and followers and hastily departed, by a secret route for Montreal. After suffering untold agony from hunger, and exposure, many falling from sheer exhaustion, they reached the city the next day after it had been entered by Sir Guy Carleton on the heels of the rebels. Caughnawaga Indian scouts were immediately sent out to rescue those who had fallen en route, and also to the Mohawk to escort other malcontents and loyalists to British posts.

Sir John Johnson, son and heir of the great Sir William, on July 7th was granted the privilege of recruiting a battalion among his followers and the Loyalists around Johnstown on the Mohawk. The battalion was called "The King's Royal Regiment of New York" or "The Royal Yorkers" or "Royal Greens". In the fall the battalion was complete. Yet another was formed in 1780. The majority of these regiments were, strangely enough, Palatines, who, though they had felt the rigour of war and bivouac yet had no military training. There were many Palatines too in Butler's "Rangers". It is not known how many died in the various campaigns of the six gruelling years of border warfare, in the numerous perilous enterprises of the "Royal Yorkers", or how many died from exposure in prison or were executed by the foe. The number must have been great. When peace at last settled over the land again a thousand or more of German Loyalists from these

various units settled in eastern Ontario.

The government in Canada set about almost immediately to make proper provision for these Palatine Loyalists to the British Crown. In the spring of 1784 the regiments were broken up and settled along the St. Lawrence River from Glengarry to the Bay of Quinte. The Highland Scotch Roman Catholics were placed farthest east by their French co-religionists, then the Scotch Presbyterians, next the Palatines and lastly the English to the west. So was laid the primitive foundation of Ontario. Differing in race, speaking in different tongues, worshipping at other altars, yet they possessed a common bond, an overmastering love of freedom and of tolerance, and an enduring pride in and affection for British institutions. And this bond of unity was no fleeting or ephemeral thing, for the sons of those who once sacrificed lives and all for a "United Empire" but yesterday poured out a costly sacrifice with their French, Scotch and English brothers and compatriots on those historic battlefields of Europe, and within sight of the ancient cradle of freedom, the Palatine on the Rhine.

The forests of Upper Canada were cleared and upon the banks of the ancient and majestic St. Lawrence again appeared the fields of smiling plenty of the fertile valley of the Hudson, and the vine cottages that nestled along the banks of the Rhine. Here towns were built and flourished, monuments to the enterprise and integrity of those whose forebears had caused Mannheim and Worms to spring like fairy tents from the wilds of northern forests. And here upon the banks of the St. Lawrence was built by the Lutheran Palatines the first Protestant church in Canada. The first pastor was the Rev. Samuel Schwerdfeger, who had been terrorized by the rebels, humiliated, plundered and imprisoned all because he continued to be loyal and to exhort his scattered flock on the Mohawk to be faithful in their allegiance to the British sovereign. A country founded on such devotion and loyalty, and permeated from its very beginning by a genius and a passion for political and religious liberty, ever possessing the elements of permanent worth, cannot fail to achieve a high and holy and an honourable destiny, standing as a monument and a living memorial to the zeal, the character and the vision of those who "bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke".

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

XI.—BISHOP BALDWIN

AN orator, whose brilliant powers of speech, were unquestioned, was that phosphorescent expression of eloquence, spirituality and lovability, Dr. Maurice S. Baldwin, third Anglican Bishop of the diocese of Huron, in the Province of Ontario. Bishop Baldwin was connected by both blood and genius with the famous house bearing his name, a house which for several generations has furnished jurists for the bench, leaders for the bar, orators for the public platform and the forum, statesmen and lawmakers for the legislative chamber and the senate house, divines for the pulpit, and incumbents for other positions of influence and authority.

Maurice Scollard Baldwin was born in the City of Toronto on the twenty-first day of June, 1836. In Canada we have not yet learned to ascribe much reverence to those uninviting piles of faded brick and crumbling mortar which bear some association with the introduction of genius to our planet; consequently Baldwin's birthplace has been swept away in the onward rush of a highly developed modern progress. His parents were people of considerable means, of excellent education, and of a high social standing. The son therefore was enabled to obtain an education quite independent of the ordinary public schools of the land. As a youth he attended Upper Canada College, and during a portion of his stay in that institution, was brought into contact with other youths, who, like himself, were destined to figure conspicuously in the future history of Canada. The Blakes, the Harrisons, the Camerons, the Cockburns, and many other men, on whose careers Fame was yet to set heavily her mark, were contemporaries of Baldwin at Upper Canada. From there, he went to Trinity University to fit himself for the work of the Anglican ministry. His college career was not very eventful, although he stood high in his classes during the years he spent within the Gothic walls of noble Trinity. He appears to have been in his youth what he was in later years, endowed with a large amount of ordinary common sense, without any of the variable eccentricities of precocious genius.

In 1859 he graduated from the University as Master of Arts, and in the following year he was ordained a deacon of the Church. Two years later he became a curate, and was placed in charge of the Anglican Church of St. Thomas, in the southern Ontario city which bears the same name. He remained in St. Thomas for but a short time, after which he was placed in charge of St. Paul's Church in Port Dover. This pleasantly situated harbour on the shores of Lake Erie was at that time a village quite extensively renowned for the trade which it carried on in the twin industries of lumbering and fishing. Since that era the vast and

valuable forests of America have disappeared before the altogether exaggerated demands of commerce, and the saw-mills and lumbering camps, which for several generations picturesquely adorned the banks of many a rushing river upon this continent, have vanished, never again to return. The occupation of fishing is still carried on very actively in the neighbourhood of Port Dover; for although the relentless axe has robbed the country of its timber, no art of man that has yet been discovered and no vandalism in the disguise of an imperative commercial exigency, can impair the apparently exhaustless treasures of the mighty inland seas of North America.

Among the inhabitants of Port Dover Baldwin laboured for a little less than two years. In that time he had won the hearts of the people, by reason of his gentle disposition, which seemed to fairly sparkle in the merriment of his eye, and also by reason of his oratorical powers, which were fast reaching a golden maturity. His sermons were human even beyond the ordinary; and he attained heights of eloquence, which, although not aimed to ascend above the intellectual comprehension of the simple labourers who formed such a large part of the population, were quite uncommon in one of his ability, who had been placed in his rather limited and not too promising surroundings. Although his stay in this new sphere was of brief duration, he left an impression upon the people which has descended almost undiminished to a different generation, and is still sweet and fresh in the minds of some of the venerable residents of Port Dover.

In 1865 Baldwin was removed to a larger arena of activity. He became Rector of St. Luke's, one of the largest Anglican Churches in Montreal. There he won the reputation of being a versatile and eloquent preacher, and many people, neither members of his church nor of his religious denomination, flocked to hear his earnest preaching and to profit by his accomplished oratory.

One of the greatest pulpits in Canada—Christ's Church Cathedral of Montreal—afterwards became vacant, and to it Baldwin went in 1870 as its pastor. There his ministrations both among the people and as a preacher were repetitions of his previous successes in western Ontario. His efforts produced noticeable and speedy results, and his congregations rapidly became more numerous. Other eloquent preachers were there in his neighbourhood, but he easily satisfied the exacting demands of the worshippers, and held his own in the face of all possible rivalry. In 1871 he was created a Canon of the Cathedral, and when, in the following year, the Very Reverend Doctor Bethune passed away, Baldwin became his successor as Rector. This position he held until 1879, when he was appointed to the responsible office of Dean of Montreal. This dignity he retained until 1883, when the command came to him to cease his labours in the commercial capital of Canada accompanied by the invitation to ascend to a still higher post of honour and usefulness.

In 1883 Baldwin was consecrated Bishop of Huron, in Ontario, and in consequence was required to forsake Montreal for his new residence in London. Before leaving, however, he was given a princely farewell at the hands of the entire population of the City, where he had lived so long, and where he had unconsciously grown to be universally beloved and honoured.

In London, Baldwin found himself not very far from his birthplace, and within range of his early surroundings. There he spent the useful remainder of his life, which continued for another score of years. While residing in London, he preached, lectured, and spoke extensively, and increased his already established reputation as an orator. He rapidly as-

cended to a foremost place in Church circles, while in all the philanthopies of western Ontario, he was an acknowledged leader. He speedily won the hearts of the people of his diocese, and as a master of the noble art of the public speaker, he had few rivals between Toronto and Detroit. He took part in many of the great events which occupied the attention of the Anglican clergy during the momentous years which followed his consecration. He attended and participated conspicuously in the famous Lambeth Conference in England, which was held in the year 1887, and again in the following one at the same place in the succeeding year. There his voice mingled with the voices of the illustrious divines of England, and he surprised some of the rather less informed delegates to that ancient assembly who were not acquainted with the fact that Upper Canada had ceased to raise buffaloes and red Indians, and was intent on raising scholars and orators. Not only did he display, before those bodies of famous men, an eloquence which brought the look of amazement to the faces, and the burst of applause from the lips, of those who had been charmed and stirred by the mighty oratory of Gladstone, of Bright and of Beaconsfield, but he contributed useful information to the discussions, and wisdom to the conclusions of the conferences. He taught the people of England, that when the sun went down each night upon the glory of European civilization and happiness, it did not slip into an Atlantic Ocean of boundless desolation, but that it merely set upon the British Isles to rise in all its luminous splendour upon a Dominion beyond the Seas where newer hopes were blossoming, where vaster ideals were developing, where old world errors were disappearing, and where a brighter future for humanity was slowly evolving into being. He confirmed the notion which was fast spreading over England, that a new British Empire was unfolding upon the Continent of North America, where statesmen, preachers, orators and thinkers were striving with many complex problems, and wrestling with much darkness, in the hope that the western hemisphere would one day perform its serious part in establishing a millenium upon this earth.

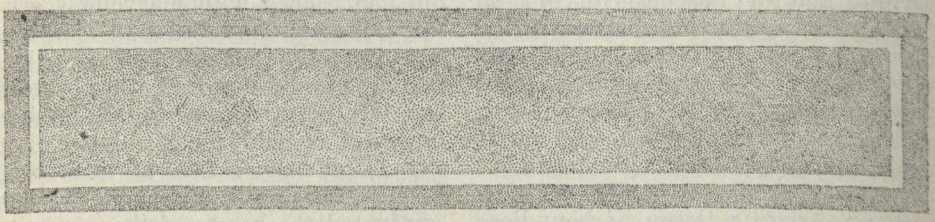
In 1890 Bishop Baldwin was sent as a delegate to the Union Conference of the Territories, held in Winnipeg, then rapidly growing to be a fit custodian of the countless interests which were arising and developing on the extensive plains of western Canada. He brought to that city of the sunset enthroned upon the harvest gilded plains of beautiful Manitoba, a touch of old Ontario's eloquence, to delight those who still bore some remembrance of an art which thrilled and inspired them, in the years before they had turned their eyes towards the visions and the promises of the prairies. There as in England, his oratory and his earnestness enchanted and convinced thousands of eager and delighted listeners. In 1896 he was appointed to represent his diocese at the Epworth League conference in the great capital of the vast American Republic. For generations the splendid and polite City of Washington had echoed with marvellous oratory; Webster and Sumner, Phillips, and Everett, Calhoun, and Douglas, Conkling and a hundred other orators had left their echoes ringing in her thousand assembly halls. Yet in that city of eloquence and of memories, Bishop Baldwin's stirring oratory captivated the hearts of thousands to whom the potency of the human voice was both a vision and a reality. As he had revealed the American continent to Englishmen ten years previously, so at this time he revealed to the world's greatest republic the existence of an erudite and cultivated Dominion of Canada which lay, throbbing with life and possibility, a little to the north of New York and Pennsylvania, and stretching beyond cities,

towns and farms until its loveliness was lost in the frozen sea.

Bishop Baldwin was also honoured in many ways during his years of residence in London. He was elected President of the Lord's Day Alliance, a society which has done much to snatch the Sabbath from the desecrators of its sanctity; and he was also for some years President of the western branch of the Upper Canada Bible Society. He was chairman of local charities, and held other prominent and helpful offices in a number of important and beneficial organizations. He preached constantly, with his customary simplicity, his genuine zeal, and his unfaltering eloquence. He also constantly maintained an appreciation of the fact that men and women persistently hungered for something new, and he strove at all times to supply this very necessary demand. His great Church in London was ever well attended, and the spell of his rich and passionate eloquence spread not only over his congregation, but also over London and much of western Ontario.

In 1908, advanced in years, but yet with his whole being in close contact with every throb of the social and spiritual, as well as the intellectual needs of his swiftly moving age, he died, preserving to the last his splendid powers, and retaining to the end the love and veneration of thousands to whom he was as a protector, a guide and a father in the land. The lines which Virna Sheard wrote about that time as a tribute to the fame of the great English impersonator of human emotions and passions, Sir Henry Irving, may be fittingly applied to one, who, though no impersonator, yet gave every evidence of knowing human emotions and passions to the very depths:

No more the sea of faces turned to thine,
Swayed by impassioned word and breathless pause;
No more the triumph of thine art,—no more
The thunder of applause.



WINTER LANDSCAPE

From the Painting by
Paul Barnard Earle.
Exhibited by the Royal Canadian
Academy of Arts.

McKILLIGAN'S BRIDGE

BY LOUISE RICHARDSON RORKE

"LANDON, have we a man named McKilligan on this division?"

It was Thomson, the new Divisional Superintendent who asked the question, his hand covering the mouth-piece of the telephone. The Divisional Engineer looked up from his blue-prints.

"The men say—", he began.

"What has he to do with McKilligan's bridge?"

"Everything. He built it.

"What! Old Pat McKilligan!" But this man says—It's Jimmy Kinelly. Hold the line a minute, Jimmy—says there's something wrong at the bridge—wants me to send out Jeffrey with the repair gang, and—no, listen, Landon! He says *Pat McKilligan told him.*"

"What!" exclaimed Landon. He sprang up and passed around the table to Thomson's side, "Let me talk to him," he said.

"Hello, Kinelly! Landon speaking. What's wrong at the bridge? . . . . . *You don't know!* . . . . . Only fifteen minutes ago; wasn't that late? . . . . And couldn't find anything? . . . . . You've been drinking, Jimmy. You *must* be drunk! Go home and go to bed, man. We'll put Williams on your beat . . . . What? . . . . Oh, nonsense!"

Landon rang off uncertainly, but as he turned away the telephone bell clanged out sharply, and he re-possessed himself of the receiver.

"Hello! . . . . What! Who's speaking? . . . . Hello! . . . . Hello! . . . . *Who's* speaking? . . . . He's gone! . . . . We've lost connection! My God, Thomson, where's Jeff? I must find him."

He turned to confront the young engineer himself.

"Jeff," he cried, "What used McKilligan to call you?"

"That engineerin' shtep-son o' me own," said Jeffrey.

"Yes, yes," Landon cried, "that's what he said just now, now, over the telephone. 'Send the bridge repair gang down to the Little Devil—Jeffrey with 'em, that engineerin' shtepson o' me own'."

"Landon, what do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"He spoke to me, I tell you," cried Landon, "Old Pat himself. There's something wrong with his bridge."

Jeffrey strode across the room and grasped the chief engineer by the shoulder.

"Are you drunk," he said, or crazy? You know McKilligan died six years ago."

Thomson's hand flew to the telephone. "Give me Kinelly," he said hoarsely.

Half an hour later Kinelly came, white-faced and eager. At first he told his story incoherently in answer to their questioning; then, his eyes on Jeffrey's face, he started again, telling him the tale in his own way. These two had worked together under Ould Pat on the Mountain Division—Kinelly a "rough-neck" on the heavier construction, Jeffrey a cub engineer getting his first breaking in. Both knew well the pride of the old Irishman in the bridge which spanned

the Little Devil Gorge—"McKilligan's Bridge" it was called for the length of the line. Both remembered the terrible spring freshets of 1910 when all the force of the Little Devil raged against the huge abutments, flinging upon them battering-rams of forest giants and attacking them by means of insidious sappers in the form of swirling currents and treacherous back waters. In the struggle which saved the bridge—the only bridge left on a hundred miles of the Mountain Division—both had had their part. Side by side, waist deep in the swirling water, they had fought the overwhelming tyranny of the flood; side by side they had struggled vainly to aid their chief, swept, stunned and helpless, into the foaming torrent in the ruin of his improvised breakwater. And when the flood had sunk again to its old levels, together they had followed the sullen river and found at last the big brave body in which the kindly Irish heart had ceased to beat. . . It was to Jeffrey as to a comrade that Kinelly told the story.

"You know, Mr. Jeffrey, the wee bye's been sick-like for days—that fretful an' shtrange that it's all the missis can do to mind him. An' tonight she got some sort of quare notion that the little chap 'ud maybe be slippin' away—she's half sick wi' worryin'—an' she was feared to be left alone wi' him—an' so, God forgive me! whin I came just to the end o' McKilligan's Bridge, sor, an' cud see the thrack all shtraight an' safe for miles ahead in the moonlight, I knows it must be right, an' back I turns, me heart inside me sore wi' worryin' over the wee lad. An' while I was thinkin' o' the lad an' herself there, alone an' afraid—an' before God, niver a thought o' nothin' else—I heard him call me back. Yis, sor, he called me—Ould Pat McKilligan himself. 'Kinelly! says he, an' I turned, an' there was the thrack an' the moonlight all shtill-like—so I knew I was dramin' in me mind an' I wint on—ten fate or more—till he called me, sharp-like.

"'Kinelly!' says he, an' when I turned, 'Jimimy Kinelly,' says he, a-swearin' promiscous, like he always did, 'For what did I brow-beat ye, an' lick ye to shape?—to be walkin' short o' yer bate?'

"Yis, sor; an' back I goes. Afraid? No, sor, not of Ould Pat McKilligan. But I knows—I knows, Mr. Jeffrey, though I can't tell ye why, that there's something wrong with the Ould Man's bridge. An' back I goes, an' down, an' around it all underneath at the fill an' out to the 'butments. The water's higher, sor, but not more than a foot, not within twenty inches of whin the bridge was built, just they're lettin' more over the dam at the big mill. The fishplates are tight an' all the shpokes are driven, an' iverything's in line—an' I can't find it. Mr. Jeffrey, the bridge is as right as the thrack forninst this window—an' he won't let me go! There's something wrong I can't find! An' whin he found I cudn't find it—an' he shwore at me for fair—a damned stupid gomeril an' worse!—Oh, I never *heard* him, sor; I knowed all the time he was doin' it—somehow I knowed it. An' thin says he—an' I cudn't make it out at first—an' me shtandin' down there by the 'butment in the moonlight an' thryin' to get it, —an' thin, shure like a flash o' God's light I knowed; 'Jeffrey, Jeffrey, Jeffrey,' says he, 'that engineerin' shtepson o' me own.' An' whin I ran, sor, for the tillyphone he never called me back. And I got 'em here, an' —shure there's something wrong with his bridge, an' the ixpress comin' by in an hour! 'Havers,' ye're sayin'. 'Tis not, sor. 'Twas Ould Pat McKilligan as tould me. Come on, sor, an' bring the men;—shure they're half at the roundhouse yet.

"Yes," said Jeffrey dazedly, half convinced.

Landon spoke.

"You called Mr. Thomson," he said, "and then I—"

"Thin ye wudn't belave me, an' rang off, an' thin—thin I shtarted back for the bridge an' Scottie came

runnin' from the section house in a minute sayin' ye wanted me, an' now"

But Landon had ceased to listen; he was giving curt eager orders to the round-house. At his first word Jeffrey had turned from the room. "Come on, Kinelly," he cried.

"You fellows are all crazy," said Thomson.

Landon, white-faced, looked at him across the table. "Thomson," he said, "as sure as I'm here Ould Pat McKilligan spoke to me on that 'phone to-night."

"Nonsense," said Thomson, "one drunk Irishman sends you all insane. You, in your sober senses claiming a telephone message from hell! Is this a figment of Kinelly's Irish brain, or has it foundation in established superstition?"

Landon admitted the latter. Men had reported Pat in charge of his bridge more than once. It was current talk that the old engineer himself walked it in every storm. After the "big snow" when the road from Domrey to St. Hubert's was buried in drifts and the ploughs took twelve hours to get through to Arkwright McKilligan's bridge was clear — a trick of the wind, of course; but Quinlan said—"

An engine puffed up from the yards, and Landon, ceasing abruptly, turned to draw on a coat from the peg behind the door.

"Coming?" he asked.

"No," said Thomson shortly, yet he, too, rose and walked to the platform. The engine with the auxiliary attached was panting excitedly. Young Marsh was in charge, for McDougal, whose regular she was, had gone up to the boarding-house. Workmen, a dozen or so, were gathered in the caboose and among them Thomson saw Landon and Phil Jeffrey still in his shirt-sleeves. As he watched Willett gave the signal and the engine pulled out, gathering speed as she went. Thomson swung himself aboard.

It was barely a ten-minute run to the bridge, and for the most part it was made in silence. The men, having just come in from a long shift, either "groused" in an undertone or smoked stoically. Kinelly and Jeffrey conversed in low tones at intervals. Thomson caught McKilligan's name a dozen times and Kinelly's "D'ye raymimber?" For the most part, he noted, Jeffrey was silent, Landon had picked up a paper and appeared to be reading: It was a morning *Globe* with a date that was three weeks past.

The engine slowed down, perceptibly. "Phwat's this?" said Kinelly and Jeffrey answered laconically, "Bridge approach". The men stood up and reached for coats and caps. The door opened and the cool night air blew in. Landon threw down his paper with relief. As he swung from the caboose he was greeted by a vista of silent moonlight and silvery track stretching unbrokenly eastward.

"What fools we are! What fools we are," he said.

He stood uncertain watching the others. Thomson had paused to light a cigar in the lee of the train, and the men had fallen into an uncertain group waiting for orders. But the young engineer, with Willets the foreman of the bridge gang, and Kinelly, and Maclin from the section station a few rods away were already crossing the bridge. Landon watched them walk to the end and return slowly. At the near end they separated and disappeared under the bridge. The minutes lengthened. Somebody in the gang had a deck of cards and the men moved back to the caboose to play. Thomson, walking gingerly along the yielding ballast of the fill, strolled up to the engine and began to talk to the engineer. Landon joined them, but he stood silent, scarcely listening to Thomson's banter and Marsh's boyish replies.

The long fill shone gray-golden in the moonlight, blotted here and there with the sharp black shadows of the pine trees on the opposite slope toward which the moon was sinking.

The engine had crept up to within a few rods of the bridgehead and Landon watched the long uncertain shadows of the smoke uncurl and glide down the steep sides of the big fill and lose themselves in the blackness of the shadow below. The night was intensely still. In the pauses of the conversation he could hear the voices of the men working below the bridge, a subdued murmur mingling with the incessant voice of the river. A big owl whirred from the pines and was gone. Across the gorge a nighthawk followed its prey, the harsh stridency of its swoop made musical by distance. Back in the caboose there was a ripple of laughter and sudden voices breaking the silence.

Landon strolled away toward the bridge. For the convenience of the trackmen rough steps had been placed in the side of the fill and after a moment's hesitation he followed these to the level of the river below. Under the bridge the group of men, weirdly lit by the lanterns which they carried and fringed by their own long goblin shadows, stood for a moment inactive, nonplussed. Landon could hear the chuckle of the Little Devil among the rocks at his feet.

Jeffrey, catching sight of the Divisional Engineer, detached himself from the group and came over to his chief.

"Everything's all right, sir," he reported, "as far as we can find, and yet—" He hesitated.

"Everything in line?" asked Landon.

"Yes, sir. But I wish you'd go over it with me."

The two men climbed the steps in the fill and slowly crossed the bridge. Landon's eyes were on the rails.

"O. K. there," he said.

They turned down into the darkness of the gorge, Jeffrey leading the way. "No," he said, "there's nothing wrong, and yet—". He did not finish his sentence. In the deep blackness at the bottom he led the way along an uncertain footpath to the river, striding forward glumly, his head down and his hands buried deep in his pockets. The lantern he carried swung an oscillating disc of light in which the bracken took strange and weird forms and into which the cement pier loomed abruptly, huge and gray, out of the night. Jeffrey paused, his hand against the pier.

"I wish I could get at it," he said. "He was *great* to me. He taught me more than I ever learned back at school—not just knowledge, but enthusiasm. He was my first boss. For those days—even yet—this bridge with the long fill and the Little Devil to fight was no mean piece of work; he had every reason to be proud of it. An he *was proud.* It isn't easy to put these things into words—I can't begin to tell you, but to me then and always since, the splendid thing about the old man was that he was so *loyal* to his work. I've always felt he gave his life for it. He just wouldn't see the danger. Or perhaps he did see it, but the bridge must be saved at all hazards. And now—now there's something wrong and we fellows that he taught and trusted can't find it out for him. . . . . Oh I know how this must sound to you, Landon, but I'm not crazy. It's just the night — and the moonlight — and Kinelly. . . . . Let's go back."

In the darkness under the bridge the swirling water sucked and eddied about the great pier. Landon fancied that he heard again that malignant chuckle.

The abutment proper rested on a huge concrete block or foundation which in its turn was supported by piles driven deep into the river-bed on the stream side and shoreward into the bank itself. Sometimes when the river was low Landon had seen the tops of the piles exposed, but tonight they were fully twelve inches below the level of the water. This foundation-block or base rose some four feet above the water-level and extended eighteen inches or less beyond the base of the pier.

Jeffrey drew himself up on this narrow ledge and setting down his

lantern began to make his way slowly along it until he stood on the front or river side of the pier. A sudden fear gripped Landon's throat.

"Be careful," he warned.

Jeffrey laughed an "All right", but Landon, who had moved away, turned back toward the pier. It was only a few steps from where he stood and he could have touched the lantern with his hand. Suddenly without the slightest warning it slid from the ledge where Jeffrey had placed it, and dropped to the rocks below. As it fell it flared up wildly and went out. Landon had a fleeting vision of Jeffrey on his knees on the ledge at the front of the pier above the river. He was eight feet at least from the falling lantern, the full width of the pier base.

"Jeff," he called uncertainly.

There was an answer which he did not catch. Then he heard Jeffrey's feet on the ledge, heard him creep back along the side of the pier and drop to the ground on the shoreward side. He was fumbling for a match when Jeffrey's fingers closed on his arm.

"A light!" he cried, "for God's sake, a light! The pier is settling!"

Landon stooped and tore up a great handful of bracken. At first the match refused to ignite in his trembling fingers; then the light flared up suddenly.

"It was just on the edge," said Landon, "a little wind—"

"I felt it give," Jeffrey insisted. "Can't you see—"

But the flare was gone.

A moment later in Landon's hands it blazed again. Its brilliance found the eyes of both upturned to the bridge above them, for in the moment of darkness had come the unmistakeable creak of strained and settling timbers. Jeffrey found and relighted the lantern. The glass was broken and the light flared weirdly. The two men turned toward the pier.

"It's settled," said Landon breathlessly, "it must have dropped six inches on the stream side.

"Yes," said the younger man," the piles must be at fault. She was just ready to go and my weight out there on the edge started her. We'll get the men at this right away." There was relief in his voice. "I wonder what's the damage on top. A cant of six inches isn't enough to wreck Ould Pat McKilligan's bridge; but there must be a frightful strain on the plates. Here's Kinelly. What's he found?"

"Hold on, Kinelly! Coming."

He turned to meet the excited Irishman who was plunging wildly down the bank.

"Mr. Jeffrey, sor," he was crying, "Come yerself up, an' look at the Ould Man's bridge."

In the light of an early daybreak Landon, Thomson and Jeffrey, sitting over steaming cups of coffee, held their breath while the westbound express crept over the bridge. She had been delayed five hours and the repair gang were still working below.

"Nonsense. It's easily explained," said Thomson. "Kinelly is a conscientious beggar. It's quite natural that the first time he didn't walk his beat he'd be haunted by a feeling that there was something wrong. He'd have felt just the same last week or next. That and the superstition of the men was quite enough to set his Irish eyes to seeing ghosts;—and, by the way, he never did really see the old man, only knew that he called him."

"He got his orders somehow, all right," said Landon. "Besides—"

"Your telephone message? But, Landon, you must know that couldn't be! How could it?"

"I'll tell you," said Jeffrey. "Kinelly says he rang you, Thomson, and then Landon came, but naturally neither of you believed him; and when Landon rang off he says—"

He walked to the door and swung it wide. "Marks," he called, "ask Kinelly to come here. Kindly, tell Mr. Landon what happened at the section station after he rang off."

Kinelly cast an apologetic look in the direction of the Divisional Engineer.

"Shure, sor," he began, "I cudn't make yez belave me—shmall wondher, an' it such a wild tale! But, see, sor, I *belaved mesilf*, an' I was half crazy, for the ould man had sent for Mr. Jeffrey an' I cudn't get at him; an' when Mr. Landon rang off I was just wild-like. I didn't think o' doin it—shure I must ha' been possessed! for I niver *waited* to think. The ould man's words were ringing in me ears an' I just reached out an' rang in the call agin like a flash, an' sez I—an' I cudn't belave me ears it were me, for before God it sounded so like Ould Pat himsilf! The words of him were ringing in me ears an' sez I 'Send down the bridge repair gang to the Little Devil, Jeffrey with em', that engineerin' shtepson o' me own.'"

"An' Ould Pat sez, sez he, an' right be me shouldher, like, sez he, 'Ring off, you fool. An' I rang off, an' shtarted back to the bridge."

"There," said Thomson, "that explains it."

"Maybe it does," said Landon doubtfully.

Jeffrey and Kinelly were silent.

AGAIN

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

JUST to live under green leaves and see them moving,
Just to lie under low stars and watch them wane,
Just to sleep by a kind heart and know it loving,
Again——

Just to wake on a sunny day and the wind blowing,
Just to walk on a bare road in the bright rain.
These, O God, and the night and the moon showing
Again!

HIS FATHER'S HOUSE

BY JOSEPHINE DASKHAM BACON

CAROLINE stopped abruptly at the edge of the little pine-encircled glade that edged the pond-lily pond and waved her hand in warning.

"Hist! there are human creatures there!" she whispered loudly.

It would be evident to anyone not absolutely stone blind that she was a fairy. A lace-edged, snowy night gown was caught up by a sky blue ribbon about her hips, trailing gloriously behind her over the grass; two large wings artfully constructed of wrapping-paper flopped behind her surprisingly bare shoulders—the nightgown was decidedly *décolleté*, and had been made for a person several sizes larger than Caroline.

"Hooma keecha da!" crooned the General. His conversation was evidently based on the theory that the English language is a dark mystery, insoluble by system, but likely to be blundered into fortuitously, at any moment, if the searcher gabble with sufficient steadiness and persistence. His costume, consisting merely of the ordinary blue denim overalls of commerce, would have been positively commonplace were it not for the wings of bright pink tissue paper, which he wore with a somewhat confusing obstinacy, pinned firmly to his chest. Miss Honey assisted his wavering footsteps rather sulkily; she longed for the white and lacy draperies in front of her, and regarded her ballet skirts of stitched newspaper with bare tolerance. It is true she wore a crown of tinfoil and carried a wand made of half a brass curtain rod; but her laced tan boots, stubbed and stained, showed with disgusting plainness, and nobody would take the trouble to make her a newspaper bodice.

"If you don't stop tickling me with that arrow, Brother Washburn, I'll go back!" she declared snappishly.

The fourth member of the crew, whose bathing trunks and jersey, fitted with surprisingly lifelike muslin wings, pointed to Puck, though the quiver slung across his shoulder woke conflicting memories of Diana, chuckled guiltily and took a flying leap from the big boulder into the center of the glade. His wings stiffened realistically, and as he landed, poised on one classically sandaled foot with arms outspread, the picnic party before him started violently, and one of them clutched the other's sleeves with a little cry.

"What the—oh, it's all right! He's the real thing, isn't he, now?"

The young man patted the girl's shoulder reassuringly and chuckled as the rest of the crew emerged from the pines and peered over the boulder.

"They're only children," he said.

She dropped her eyes and tightened her fingers around the shining drinking-cup.

"Why, yes, they're only children," she repeated carelessly.

Now, each of these picnic people had said the same words, but it was entirely obvious to their fascinated audience that the words meant very different things. For this reason they sidled around the young lady im-

personally, avoiding with care the edges of her pale-tinted billowy skirts, and lined up confidently beside the young gentleman.

Not that he controlled the picnic. It was spread out in front of her, bewitching, intimate, in its suggestion of you—and—I; two shiny plates, two knives, two forks, two fringed and glossy napkins. A dark red bottle was popped upright between two stones, a pile of thin, triangular sandwiches balanced daintily on some cool lettuce leaves, and a fascinating object that glistened mysteriously in the sun held the platter of honour in the middle.

"The Honourable Mr. Puck," suggested the young man, in the tone of one continuing an interrupted conversation, "is figuring out how the chicken got into the jelly without busting it—am I not right?"

Brother grinned, and Caroline moved a little nearer. Miss Honey stared at the young lady's skirts and glistening yellow waves of hair, at the sweeping plume in her hat, and her tiny high-heeled buckled slippers.

"I am obliged to admit," the young man went on, slicing into the quivering aspic, "that I don't know myself. I never could find out. Perhaps the young person in the—the not-too-long skirts waved her wand over the bird and he jumped in and the hole closed up? He slipped a section of the bird in question upon the lady's plate and held the red bottle over her cup.

"There was hard-boiled eggs stuck on those jelly things at our wedding," Brother remarked, "on the outside, all around. But they were bigger than yours.

"I don't doubt it for a moment," the young man assured him very politely.

"Have you been married long, may I ask? And which of these ladies—"

"Brother doesn't mean that *he* was married," Miss Honey explained, "it was his oldest sister. She married a lawyer. I was flower girl."

"Ima fow guh," murmured the General, thrusting out a fat and unexpected hand and snatching from a hitherto unperceived box a tiny cake encased in green frosting.

"Oh, dear, it's got the pistache!" said the yellow-haired lady disgustedly.

Miss Honey flew after the General, who, though he was obliged to wear whalebone braces in his shoes on account of youth and a waddling and undeveloped gait, scattered over the ground with the elusive clumsiness of a young duckling. Brother blushed, but scorned to desert his troop.

"He's awfully little, you know—he doesn't mean to steal," he explained.

"Twenty-two months," Caroline added, "and he does go so fast." She smiled doubtfully at the lady, who selected a cake covered with chocolate and looked at the young man.

"Don't forget that Mr. Walbridge wants to use the car at six," she said, "and you have to allow for that bad hill."

He looked a little uncomfortable. "Don't you want to speak to the children, Tina, dear?" he asked, dropping his voice: he sat very close to her.

"They have both spoken directly to you, you see, and children feel that so—not being noticed. They're trying to apologize to you for the cake."

She bit her lip and turned to Miss Honey, who arrived panting, with the General firmly secured by the band of his overalls. An oozy green paste dripped from his hand; one of the pink wings intermittently concealed his injured expression.

"That's all right," she said, "don't bother about the cake, little girl, the baby can have it."

Miss Honey sniffed.

"I guess you don't know much about babies if you think they can eat cake like that," she answered informingly.

"Hush, now, General, don't begin to hold your breath! Do you want a nice graham cracker? It's *so* nice! It really is."

"*So* nice!" Caroline repeated mechanically, with a businesslike smile at the General, helpfully champing her teeth.

The General wavered. He allowed one sticky paw to be cleaned with a handful of grass, but his expression was most undecided, and he was evidently in a position to hold his breath immediately if necessary.

Miss Honey nodded to Caroline. "You've got 'em, haven't you?" she asked.

Caroline fumbled at the interior of the nightgown and produced a somewhat defaced brown wafer.

"General want it?" she said invitingly. There was another moment of disheartening suspense. Brother assisted gallantly.

"They're fine, General!" he urged, "try one!" And he, too, nodded and chewed the empty air. Instinctively the strange young gentleman did the same.

The General looked around at them cautiously, noted the strained interest of the circle, smiled forgivingly, and reached out for the brown wafer. Peace was assured.

"If you could only see how ridiculous you looked," the young lady remarked, wiping her shining pink finger nails carefully, "you'd never do that again, Rob. Have a cake?"

He laughed, but blushed a little at her tone. "I suppose so," he admitted. "No, thanks, I'll pass up the cake. Isn't there enough to go 'round perhaps?"

He examined the box.

"By George, there are exactly three left!" he said delightedly. "Will the fairy queen hand one to her brother—the big brother—and one to—to the angel?"

Caroline moved firmly to the front. "I am the Queen," she explained, "but I let Miss Honey take the crown and the wand, or she wouldn't be anything. Brother isn't her brother—that's just his name. Brother Washburn. The General's her brother. I'll take that strawberry one. We're much obliged, thank you."

The cakes vanished unostentatiously and the young gentleman filled his cup and disposed of it before anyone spoke.

"We were such a big family, you see," he explained to the pursed red mouth beside him, "and I know just how it is. You never get enough cake, and never that dressy kind. It's molasses cake and cookies, mostly.

Brother moved nearer and nodded.

"Well, but you can have all the cake you want, now, thank goodness," said the lady, glancing contentedly at the tea basket, complete with its polished fittings, at the big box of bonbons beside her, and the handsome silk motor coat that was spread as a carpet under her light dress.

"Oh, yes, but now I don't want it," he assured her. "I want—other things." He flashed a daring glance from two masterful brown eyes, and she smiled indulgently at him for a handsome, spoiled boy.

"Am I going to get them?" he persisted.

She laughed the light laugh of the triumphant woman.

"My dear Bob," she said ,"anybody who can buy all the cake he wants can usually get the—other things!"

His face clouded slightly.

"I hate to hear you talk like that, Christine," he began, "it's not fair to yourself——"

"How'd you know I was Puck?" Brother inquired genially. He made no pretense of including the lady in the conversation; for him she was simply not there.

"Oh, I'm not so ignorant as I look," the young man replied. "I don't believe you could stump me on anything you'd be likely to be—I've probably

been 'em all myself. We were always rigging up at home. Didn't you use to do that, Tina?"

The lady shook her head decidedly.

"If I'd ever got hold of a—well, if I'd had a chance of things as nice as that biggest one's dragging through the dirt there, I'd have been doing something very different with it, I can assure you, Mr. Armstrong! I'd have been saving it."

"But at that age—" he protested.

"Oh, I knew real lace from imitation at that age, all right," she insisted.

"But you don't think of those things—you go in for the fun," he urged.

"It wasn't exactly my idea of fun."

"No?" he queried, "why, I thought all children did this sort of thing. We had a regular property room in the attic. We used to be rigged out as something-or-other all day Saturday, usually."

"What were you?" Brother demanded eagerly. Unconsciously he dropped, hugging his knees, by the side of the young man, and Caroline, observing the motion, came over a little shyly and stood behind them. The young lady raised her eyebrows and shot a side glance at her host, but he smiled back at her brightly.

"Well, we did quite a little in the pirate line," he replied. "I had an old Mexican sword and Ridgeway—that was my cousin—owned a pair of handcuffs."

"Handcuffs!" Brother's jaw fell.

"Yes, sir; handcuffs. It was rather unusual, of course, and he was awfully proud of them. An uncle of his was a sheriff out in Pennsylvania somewhere, and when he died he left 'em to Ridge in his will. That was pretty grand, too, having it left in a will."

Caroline nodded and sat down on an old log behind the young man. A long smear of brown, wet bark appeared on the nightgown, and one end of the blue ribbon dribbled into a tiny pool of last night's shower, caught in a hollow stone.

"It was a toss-up who'd be pirate King," the young man went on, smiling over his shoulder at Caroline, "because I was older than he was, handcuffs or not, and after all, a sword is something. This one was hacked at the edge and every hack may have meant—probably did—a life."

He paused dramatically.

"I bet you they did!" Brother declared, clapping his hands on his knees.

"Weren't there any girls?"

Caroline slipped from the log and sprawled on the pine needles.

"Dear me, yes," said the young man, "I should say so. Four of them. Winifred and Ethel and Dorothea and the Babe—about as big as your General, there, and dreadfully greedy, the Babe was. Winifred had the brains and she made up most of the games: I tell you, that girl had a head!"

"Just like Caroline," Brother inserted eagerly.

"Probably," the young man agreed. "She was pretty certain to be Fairy Queen, too, I remember. But Thea sewed the clothes and begged the things we needed and looked after the Babe."

"And what did Ethel do?"

"Why, now you speak of it, I don't remember that Ethel did much of anything but look pretty and eat most of the luncheon," he said. "She used to be Pocahontas a good deal—she's very dark—and I usually was Captain John Smith. Ridge was Powhatan. And Ethel's married now. Good Lord! She has twins—of all things!—and they're named for Ridge and me."

"I'm glad General isn't twins," said Miss Honey thoughtfully, pulling her brother back from the fascinations of the tea basket and comforting him with the curtain-rod wand.

"Still, we could do the Princes in the Tower with him—them, I mean," Caroline reminded her, "and then, when they got bigger, the Corsican

Brothers—don't you remember that play Uncle Joe told about?"

The young man laughed softly.

"If that's not Win all over!" he exclaimed. "She always planned for Ridge to be Mazeppa on one of the carriage horses, when he got the right size, but somehow, when you *do* get that size, you don't pull it off."

"I did Mazeppa," said Brother modestly, "but of course it was only a donkey. It wasn't much."

"We never had one," the young man explained. "Nothing but Ridge's goat, and she was pretty old. But she could carry a lot of lunch."

He turned suddenly on his elbow and smiled whimsically at the lady.

"Come on, Tina, what did *you* play?" he asked.

"Is it possible you have remembered that I still exist?" she answered, half mockingly, half seriously vexed. "I'm afraid I'm out of this, really. I never pretended to be anything, that I remember."

"But what *did* you do when you were a youngster?" he persisted, "you must have played something!"

She shook her head.

"We played jackstones," she said, indulgently, after a moment of thought, "and then I went to school, of course, and—oh, I guess we cut out paper dolls."

Caroline looked aghast.

"Didn't you have any dog?"

"I hope not, in a four-room flat," the lady returned with feeling. "One family kept one, though, and the nasty thing jumped up on a lovely checked silk aunty had just given me and ruined it. I tried to take it out with gasoline, but it made a dreadful spot, and I cried myself sick. Of course I didn't understand about rubbing the gasoline dry then; I was only eleven."

The children looked uncomfortably at the ground, conscious of a distinct lack of sympathy for the tragedy that even at this distance deepened the lovely rose of the lady's cheek and softened her dark blue eyes.

"But in the summer," the young man said, "surely it was different then! In the country——"

"Oh, mercy, we didn't get to the country very much," she interrupted. "You know July and August are bargain times in the stores and a dressmaker can't afford to leave. Aunty did all her buying then and I went with her. Dear me," as something in his face struck her, "you needn't look so horrified! It's not bad in New York a bit—there's something going on all the while; and then we went to Rockaway and Coney Island evenings, and had grand times. To tell you the truth, I never cared for the country—I don't sleep a bit well there. Of course, to come out this way, with everything nice, it's all very fine, but to stay in—no, thanks."

"I know what you mean, of course," he said, "but the city's no place for children. I'm mighty glad I didn't grow up there. And I've always had the idea the country would be the best place to settle down in, finally. You can potter around better there when you're old, don't you think so? I remember old Uncle Robert and his chrysanthemums——"

"Dear me, we all seem to be remembering a good deal this afternoon!" she broke in. "Since we're neither of us children and neither of us ready to settle down on account of old age, suppose we stick to town, Bob?"

There was a practical brightness in her voice, and her even white teeth, as she smiled persuasively at him, were very pretty. He smiled back at her.

"That seems a fair proposition," he agreed. He reached for her hand and for a moment her soft, bright colouring, her dainty completeness, framed in the green of the little glade, were all he saw. Then as his eyes lingered on the cool little pond and the waving pine boughs dark against the blue sky, he sighed.

"But I'm sorry you don't like the country, Tina, I am, truly," he said

boyishly. "I've had such bully times in it. And I—I rather had the idea that we liked the same things."

"Gracious!" the young lady murmured, "after the arguments we've had over plays and actors!"

"Oh, well, I suppose girls are all alike. But I mean other things——"

"Where did you do the Pirates?" Brother inquired politely.

"What? Where did I—oh, to be sure," he returned good-naturedly. "We had an enormous cellar, all full of pillars, to hold it up, and queer little rooms and compartments in it; a milk room and vegetable bins and a workshop. You could ride on a wheel all round, dodging the pillars. There were all kinds of places to lie in wait there, and spring out. Win told us an awful thing out of Poe that had happened in a cellar and Thea would never go there after four in the afternoon.

"It was a jolly old place," he went on dreamily, "I can't keep my mind off it this afternoon, somehow, since I've seen you fellows rigged out the way we used to. And there was a pond back in the Christmas Tree Lot like this one. Ridge and I built a raft out there and stayed all day on it. It was something out of one of Clark Russell's books, and Win pushed a barrel out and rescued us. She was a wonder, that girl."

He chuckled softly to himself and then proceeded:

"We tried to stock that pond with oysters once, and Ridge and I printed invitations for a clambake on our hand press, on the strength of them, but it was a dreadful waste of money. When we found it wasn't working, Ridge nearly killed himself diving for 'em, so we could get some good out of 'em. There they lay at the bottom, showing just as plain as possible, but it was no use. Poor fellow, he'll never dive any more."

"Is he—did he—" Caroline had crawled along till her head lay almost on the young man's knee, her eyes were big with sympathy.

"Lost his leg," he told her briefly. "Vimy Ridge. Above the knee. He ran away from college to go. He had the fever badly, too, and he'll never be fit for much again, I'm afraid. But he's just as brave about it——"

"Oh, yes," Brother burst out eagerly, "I bet you he is!"

"We had such plans," he said softly, "all of us, you know, for coming back to the old place and ending up there. Win says her kids shall stay there if she can't."

"Where is she?"

"Oh, she's 'most anywhere. Her husband's in the Navy — Asiatic Squadron—and she hangs about where he's likely to strike the country next. She was in Honolulu the last I heard. So she's not likely to do much for the place, you see."

"Where's Thea?" Miss Honey inquired.

"Wha tee?" mimicked the General, with an astounding similarity of inflection.

The young man threw his light cap at the baby's head; it landed grotesquely cocked over one eye, and the General, promptly sitting upon it to protect himself against further attacks, fell into convulsions of laughter as the young man threatened him.

"Thea's out West, on a ranch just out of Denver. She was married first, and her boys have ponies now—broncos. Of course it's fine for them out there, but she says she won't be happy till they can get East for a year or two. She wants them to see the place and grow up a little in it. She wants 'em to see the attic and poke about the barn and the stable and climb over the rocks. You see they're on the ranch all summer and in school in Denver all winter, and Thea says they don't know the look of an old stone wall with an apple tree in the corner. She says the fruit's not nearly so nice out there."

"Where is the place? Near here?"

"No, not so very. It's in the Berkshires, just out of Great Barrington. Father's practice was there, and

grandfather's, too. Grandfather built it."

"That's where Lenox is, the Berkshires, isn't it?" the lady inquired with a yawn.

"Heavens, it's nothing like Lenox!" he assured her hastily.

"No?" she moved slightly and scowled.

"My foot's asleep! That comes of sitting here forever!"

She got up slowly and with little tentative gasps and cries stamped her prickled feet.

"Aunty has several customers who go to Lenox"—a vicious stamp—"it must be grand there, I think. One of them, a regular swell, too—she thinks nothing of a hundred and fifty for a dress"—a faint stamp and a squeal of anguish—"told her that property was going up like everything around there. You could probably"—a determined little jump—"sell your old place and buy a nice house right in Lenox."

The young man sat up suddenly. "Sell the place!" he repeated, "sell the place!"

He had been watching her pretty, vexed contortions with lazy pleasure, noticing through rings of cigarette smoke her dainty ankles, white through the mesh of the thin silk stockings, her straight slim back, and the clear flush that deepened her eyes. But now his face changed, and he stared at her in frank irritation.

"Sell the place!" echoed Brother and Miss Honey in horror, and Caroline's lower lip pushed out scornfully.

The lady stamped again, but not wholly as a therapeutic measure.

"Well, really!" she cried, "anyone would think that these children were your friends, and I was the stranger, from the way you all talk. What is the matter with you, anyway? What are you quarreling about, Rob?"

He looked at her thoughtfully, appraisingly.

"I don't think we're quarreling, Tina," he said, "it's only that we look at things differently. And—and looking at things in the same way rather makes people friends, you know."

He glanced down at the children, close about him now, and then over appealingly at her. But she had moved to a rock a little away from them and now sat on it, her face turned toward the road, leaning on her pale pink parasol; she did not catch the glance.

"What became of the Babe?" Caroline suggested suddenly.

"Babe? She's—her name's Margaret—at school now. She's growing awfully pretty."

"And is she going back to live at the place, too?" queried the young lady sharply.

"Babe's going to capture a corporation or a trust or something, and have oceans of money and build on a wing and a conservatory and make Italian gardens, I believe," he answered, pleasantly enough.

"But I'd just as soon she left the gardens alone," he went on, "the rest of us like 'em the way they are. There was one separate one on the west side, just for Uncle Robert's chrysanthemums. He used to work all the morning there and then read in the afternoon. He'd sit on the side porch with his pipe and Bismarck—he was an old collie—and he did tell the bulliest yarns. He helped us with lessons, too. I don't know what we'd have done without Uncle Rob. Father was so busy—he had a big country practice and he used to get terribly tired—and we went to Uncle Rob for everything. He got us out of more scrapes, Ridge and me——

"There were tiger lilies in the south garden and lots of clumps of peonies. Grandmother put those there. And fennel and mint. Mother used to like dahlias—it seems as if she must have had a quarter of a mile of dahlias, but of course she didn't—all colours. That garden ran right up against the house and directly next to the bricks was a row of white geraniums. They looked awfully well against the red. It's a brick house and the date is in bricks

over the door—1840. Of course it's been rented for ten years now, but we have our things stored in the attic and the people are careful and—well, they love the old place, you know, and they keep up the gardens. They wanted to buy when father died and again after mother——

"But Ridge and I just hung on and leased it from year to year. We always hoped to get it back. And now to think that I should be the one to do it!"

"How are you the one?" Brother inquired practically.

"Why, Uncle Wesley, that ran away to sea—I used to have his room, just over the kitchen, and many a time I've climbed down the side porch just as he did, and ran away fishing—Uncle Wesley died in England, last year, and left me considerably more than he'd ever have made if he'd minded grandmother and studied to be a parson. It seems Uncle Rob knew where he was all the time, and wrote him, before he was sick himself, to leave the money to the family, and by George, he did.

"Lots of the old stuff is there—the sideboard and the library table and grandfather's old desk mother kept the preserves in.

"I used to lie on an old sofa in the dining-room all hot afternoons, waiting for it to get cool, reading some travel-book, eating summer apples and listening to Win and Thea practising duets in the parlour. Lord, I can hear 'em now! I'd look out at the brick walls, hot, you know, in the sun, and the pear tree, with the nurse rocking Babe under it, and old Annie shelling peas by the kitchen door, and it all seemed so comfortable——"

His eyes were half closed. The children listened dreamily, huddled against him; low red rays crept down from the west-bound sun and struck the little pond to copper, the nickel dishes to silver, the lady's skirt to a peach-coloured glory; a little sudden breeze set the red bottle tinkling between the stones. But to the group entranced with memories so vivid that reality blurred before them, the peach and copper glories were ripe fruit against an old brick wall, the tinkle echoed from an old piano in a dim, green-shuttered parlour, and the soft snoring of the General, asleep on the silk motor coat, was the drowsy breathing of a contented little fellow in knickerbockers dreaming in a window seat.

"Did you ever go to Atlantic City?"

The lady's voice woke them as a gong wakes a sleeper. "Now, that's my idea of the country!"

He stared at her vaguely.

"But—but that's no place for children," he protested. He had hardly grown up at that moment himself.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It's not exactly necessary to have six children, you know," she said. "and then you needn't be worried over a place for them, and can afford to think a little about the place you'd like for yourself."

The sun was in her eyes and she missed the look in his as he jumped up from the astonished group and seized her wrist.

"Christine, you simply shan't talk that way!" he said. "I don't know what's the matter with you to-day—why are you so different? Are you trying to tease me? Because I might as well tell you right now that you're succeeding a little too well."

The pink parasol dropped between them. Her eyes met his squarely, though her voice shook a little.

"Let my wrist go, Mr. Armstrong," she said, "you hurt me. I assure you I'm not different at all. If you really want to know what the matter with me is, let me ask you if you saw anything out of the way before your friends there interfered?" she pointed to the little group he had left. "We seemed to be getting on very well, then."

His face fell, and she went on more quickly and with less controlled tones.

"You are the one that is different! I have always been just the same—just exactly the same! Ask anybody if I've changed—ask Aunty! 'Tina

has the best temper of any girl I know', Aunty always says. But it's just as she warned me. Aunty always knows—she's seen lots and lots of people and plenty of swells, too—it isn't as if you were the only one, Mr. Armstrong!"

He looked curiously at the flushed, lovely face: curiously, as though he had never really studied it before.

"Perhaps—perhaps it *is* I," he said slowly, "I—maybe you're right. And of course I know—" he smiled oddly at the pretty picture she made—"that I'm not the only one."

Something in his tone irritated her; she unfurled the rosy parasol angrily.

"Aunty said from the beginning you'd be hard to get on with," she flashed out. "She said the second time you came to the house with Mr. Walbridge for his sister's fitting and asked Kitty and I for a ride in the machine, 'I'm perfectly willing you girls should go, for they're both all right and I think the dark one's serious, but ——'."

"You discussed me with your aunt, then?"

She looked at him in amazement.

"Discussed you with Aunty? Why certainly I did. Why shouldn't I? How do you suppose I'm to get anywhere, placed as I am, Mr. Armstrong, unless I'm pretty careful? I've nothing but my looks—I know that perfectly well—and I can't afford to make any mistakes. And Aunty said, 'I think the dark one's serious, Tina, but, I don't know, somehow, I'd keep in with Walbridge. He may not have so much money, but he'll be easier to manage. Armstrong seems like any other gay young fellow, and for all I know he is—he's certainly generous—but I'd rather have you Mrs. Walter Walbridge and lose the family custom, than have you tied up to an obstinate man'."

"And—excuse me, but I'm really interested," he asked, "could you be Mrs. Walter Walbridge?"

"Yes, I could," she answered, "he asked me when he lent you the machine. I suppose he thought you might," she added simply.

He drew a long breath.

"And you answered——"

"I said I'd think it over," she said softly. "I—are you really angry with me, Rob? We're friends, aren't we? Friends——"

Her eyes lifted to his. "You see, Rob," she went on, still softly, "a girl like me has to be awfully straight and pretty careful. It's not easy to go to theatres and suppers and out with the machines and keep your head—you can't always tell about men. And I've cost Aunty quite a lot, though of course, my clothes were the cheapest, really, all made in the house. I had two good offers to go on the stage, but she wouldn't have it. And even if Mr. Walbridge's mother did make a fuss, she can't help his getting the money. Of course I told him I'd think it over, but I always liked——"

"And now you've thought it over," he interrupted quickly, "and you've found out that your remarkably able aunt was right. You're a wise little girl, Tina, for if I know Walter, he *will* be easier to manage! He's a lucky fellow—always was. But he'll never get his car at six to-night."

He plucked out his watch and strapping up the tea basket began to push the things hastily into it.

She stared ahead of her, her chin shaking a little, her eyes a little dim and most beautiful.

"I—you don't—you're not angry, Rob?" She leaned over him.

"Tina, if you look like that I'll kiss you, and Walter will call me out!" he said lightly. "Of course I'm not angry—we're as chummy as you'll let me be. Come on and find the choo-choo car!"

He slipped his arm through the basket handle and made for his coat. The children scrambled off it apologetically; they were not quite certain where they stood in the present crisis. But he smiled at them reassuringly.

"We'll have to meet again," he called, already beyond them, "and have

some more of those little cakes! Good-bye till next time!"

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" they called, and Miss Honey eyeing the pink parasol longingly, ventured, "Good-bye, Miss Tina!"

The lady did not answer, but walked slowly after the young man, shaking out her billowy skirts. Soon he was behind the big boulder; soon she had followed him.

"Yady go!" the General then announced.

"They had a quarrel, didn't they?" Miss Honey queried. "But they made up, so it was all right."

Caroline shook her head wisely.

"We—ell," she mused, "they made it up, but I don't believe he changed his mind, just the same."

Something puffed loudly in the road, whirred down to a steady growl, and grew fainter and fainter.

"There they go!" Brother cried.

He picked up a bit of bark and tossed it into the little pool.

"I bet you Ridge will be glad to get back to the place," he said.

SONG

To J. M. G.

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

SURGES of billowing green
Break round the door,
Small magic flowers star
The world's green floor;

White blossoms wreathe the boughs,
Birds fling their song
Fountain-like to the blue,
Silver and strong.

Every voice calls for you,
Comrade of dream,
Here in the waking wood
By the bright stream.

PRISONERS OF WAR

From the Painting by F. Horsman Varley. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy ot Arts

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV

WILLARD amused himself with Clara and waited with what patience he could for the coming of John Baird. Nothing could be done until John's arrival, for John was bringing the plans. This arrangement, which had been made at the last moment, was an unfortunate setback, but Murray consoled himself with the reflection that it would have been necessary to wait for a few days anyway. Also the rest and quiet was doing him good in spite of himself. His eyes grew clear and colour came back to his face.

Clara observed the change, and she wondered. Then, coming close to him the first chance she got, she said:

"What are we staying here for? Can't we go now?" Then. meeting his look of slow astonishment, "Don't let's pretend any more! Don't look as if you didn't understand. I can't help guessing what you came here for, Murray, and—you needn't wait any longer. I've made up my mind!"

"You guessed—what I came here for?"

Willard's voice was quiet, but there was a note of strain in it which Clara caught and misinterpreted. Her cheeks reddened with an unfamiliar blush. "Silly boy!" she whispered. "Of course I guessed that you came for—me!"

"How clever of you!" said Murray. His tone was like the flick of a whip and Clara drew back as if he had struck her.

"Didn't you?"

"Aren't you enjoying yourself?" he asked, ignoring her question. "What's the hurry? I hate being hurried."

"I know, Murray, but—I want it settled. I'm not finicky, but our being here doesn't seem—nice. I want David to know. He's been pretty decent to me——"

"Oh, it's David you're thinking of!" with pretended anger.

"You know it isn't. It's you, always you! And I want every one to know it."

"And I—don't. I want things to remain exactly as they are, at present."

The "at present" was a concession, and he managed to put so much of hopeful meaning into it that the girl forgot her moment of suspicion and smiled again. To make a perfectly good job of it he kissed her.

"Little girls shouldn't dictate," he told her teasingly. "I'll go when I get ready. But if you don't want to wait——"

Clara returned his kiss with a kind of bitter passion. "I'll wait," she said, "only don't play much longer, Murray, I can't stand it!"

"Oh, the devil!" said Murray, but he didn't say it out loud. He was aware of a growing certainty that if Clara's delusions were dangerous, her disillusions would be more dangerous

still. What a fool he had been to involve himself with the girl at all! He began to positively dislike her.

Fortunately, John Baird was due upon the morrow. David had had a letter announcing his impending arrival and his hope that when he did arrive David's other visitors would have departed. To this David had replied that he had no intention of hurrying his guests' departure but that a little human society would doubtless do John Baird good. He added, in a comforting postscript, that the workshop was quite separate from the house and that mealtimes only happened, as a rule, three times a day.

John grumbled and hesitated but finally he came and, with him came Willard's opportunity.

"Here are your plans, David," said John grumpily. "And like as not you haven't even a safe to keep them in."

"But I have!" triumphantly. There's an old safe out in the workshop where they'll be as safe as in a bank."

Murray listening eagerly felt a glow of satisfaction. It was going to be easy.

"Who would want to steal old plans?" asked Clara in surprise.

"If David made them they are probably very valuable," said Miss Mattie. "Perhaps, Davy dear, we ought to get a dog."

They all laughed at this and the matter of the plans was dropped. David took John off to look over the workshop.

Clara had not another chance of a word alone with Willard all that day. It seemed to her that he deliberately avoided the possibility. Clara was not at all stupid but this puzzled her. Why should he avoid her when her company had been, apparently, the sole reason for his being there? There seemed no answer to this, unless—unless she *hadn't* been the sole reason! Clara forced herself to consider this, although the confusion of mind into which it threw her made reasonable consideration hard. If she had been mistaken, if her goal, which had seemed so near, had again eluded her, no plausible hope of ever reaching it not fair to him. You never have been She tried to be coolly confident again. She tried to be sensible.

Then she began to watch. She watched so closely that the little flash of exultation which Willard showed when John Baird produced the plans, did not escape her. But its meaning did. Of what possible value to Willard were the plans of a not yet manufactured engine? He didn't build engines, or sell them or even understand them.

Perhaps it was his uncle and not the engine which interested him? He might want money from John Baird. He might be jealous of David's friendship with the old inventor. This seemed quite likely. But though she watched very carefully all that day she detected no attempt on Willard's part to play the dutiful nephew. When John and David went off to inspect the workshop, leaving the plans on Miss Mattie's sewing-table, he did not attempt to follow them, neither did he so much as look at the envelope which held the plans. Instead, he watched Miss Mattie make berry pie, teasing to be allowed to trim off the crust. Murray in this mood was wholly boyish and delightful and more completely puzzling than ever. Perhaps he would arrange to see his uncle alone in the evening? Clara watched for that. But quite the opposite happened. Willard avoided John Baird even as he had avoided her. And his good spirits persisted. He and David behaved like a pair of children playing with Alice the cat. Clara tried to forget the pain in her heart and play too, but it was a sorry pretense.

"You look tired, my dear," said Miss Mattie. "Davy, if Clara and I go upstairs do you think you'll remember to put Alice in her basket and lock the door?"

David thought he could safely promise and the two women said good-night. But though Clara left Miss Mattie at her door, she did not enter her own room. She slipped into a dark corner of the stair and waited. John Baird was already in his room. David would stay behind to lock up. She might manage a private word with Murray as he came upstairs.

The murmur of voices in the sitting-room seemed to last for a long time, but at length she heard David push back his chair and, rising, open the door.

"You're not going out again to-night are you?" she heard Willard ask in evident surprise.

"Only to put the plans in the safe. I promised John. Better come and see that I do it properly."

"No thanks," with a yawn. "I'm for bed. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Murray was coming now! Clara ran down the steps, waiting with beating heart in the shadow of the stair.

But he did not come. He had gone into the kitchen after David. Clara tapped her foot impatiently. What was keeping him? She waited a moment and then followed. But Murray wasn't in the kitchen either. The door was open. Clara ran to it and looked out—she was going to see something at last! But all she saw was an empty garden with the workshop quiet in the faint moonlight. David and Murray must both be inside. But no! There was a moving shadow outside, under the window from which came the light of David's electric torch. The shadow lifted itself and peered in, intently watching. Then it stole quietly back across the garden. The girl, drawing herself behind the open door, saw that it was Willard. Murray spying on David? Watching in secret what he might have seen openly? Why? In a moment he passed her, going directly upstairs and into his own room. Clare waited until she heard him close the door before she slipped from her hiding-place. Her desire for a private word had quite evaporated. She lay long awake, her mind in tumult, her eyes burning in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXV.

Next day they all went on an excursion to the woods, and on their return Willard walked down to the post-office to post a letter. On the way he dropped into the telegraph-office and sent a telegram to a certain address in Toronto. The telegram had to do with the placing of a small bet. At least that is how it appeared to the telegraph clerk. The gentleman at the Toronto address read something quite different. He whistled gaily as he hurried back. He felt as if he were already safe and free. He would follow Iago's advice and put money in his purse. After that it would be his own fault if life ever caught him in such a clumsy snare again. Nevertheless when he rejoined the company he took the precaution to complain that the drive had given him a nasty touch of neuralgia.

"Nothing to make a fuss over," he explained with a deprecating air. "I often have it. A good smoke is the best thing. I'll walk up and down the garden for awhile before I turn in. Please don't let any one wait up for me."

"I'll put a hot-water bag under your pillow," said Miss Mattie, "and if you feel worse in the night you must promise to let me know."

Willard thanked her and promised. He was certainly playing in luck at last! Everybody going to bed early, tired out. No hysterics from Clara, everything lovely! Clara, in fact, was unusually silent.

Presently he heard David kiss Miss Mattie good-night. Then Miss Mattie, herself called softly to know if he was all right. "Fine and dandy," said he, "I'm coming in soon."

Through the lighted kitchen window he saw her wind up the clock and put Alice to bed in her basket. Set-

tling Alice took a long time, and there were various other last things. But at length she too went upstairs.

Willard waited a little longer. But not too long. It would be better, he thought, if some one should hear him when he came in. Presently he allowed his idle steps to take him across the garden in the direction of the workshop. The door was locked, but Willard had not forgotten to slip the key from its nail behind the kitchen door into his pocket. One moment, and he was safely inside. Another, and he had twirled the old-fashioned combination of the safe as he had seen David do. Still another, and the plans were safely in his hand. He relocked the safe door. When Stumpf's man came it would be his business to make the breaking-in look like a crackman's job. Then, smiling at the ease and simplicity of it all, he rose and turned—to find himself face to face with Clara!

The exclamation he gave was certainly not one that Clara had ever heard before!

Nor did she really hear it now. She was not thinking of exclamations.

"What the devil are you doing here?" asked Willard roughly.

The answer was so obvious that Clara did not make it.

"Go back to bed!" he ordered with a look of stinging contempt at her negligé. "Do you want to make a scandal?"

"I don't care," said Clara simply. The exact truth of this appalling statement was so evident that it took even the resourceful Willard aback. When a woman doesn't care whether she creates a scandal or not she is a long way toward being invulnerable. Murry changed his tactics.

"You mustn't stay here," he said more kindly. "See you in the morning"

"What do you want with David's plans?" asked Clara still quietly.

"What plans—what do you mean?"

"I saw you take the packet. I know what is in it. What do you want them for?"

Willard began to shake with cold rage. To be thwarted now, with freedom already in his hands, and by a girl he had despised! He came close to her. So close that she could not miss the look upon his face. But Clara who had been used to shrink before his anger, seemed scarcely to notice it. Instead, she went on in her unnaturally quiet voice. Her sentences were short and concise, very different from her usual slurred periods.

"They are all in bed," she said, "we are quite safe. I watched you come here. I watched you last night. I knew you wanted the plans. But I don't know why. That's what you've got to tell me. I don't care about you're being a thief. I don't care what you are. Can't you see that? But I've got to know what you are to me. I've got to know what you came to Milhampton for—these plans, or me?"

With a smile which he endeavoured to make natural he looked into Clara's sombre eyes and answered.

"Both!"

The eyes still questioned him.

"I should have thought," he went on easily, "that you might have guessed. These plans mean money, money means—you."

"I have never bothered you about money."

"No, but, my dear girl, one can't marry without it. Not you and I, anway."

He did this well. His manner of condescending affection was perfect. Clara caught her breath with a little gasp and all the tenseness went out of her. She might have fallen if he had not steadied her.

"You wanted it for our marriage?"

"My dear, for what else? I have enough to rub along on alone. But really, Clara, I'm awfully sorry you have come in on this. I didn't want you to know. I didn't want you bothered. The truth is, I'm broke. It was this way out, or none. These plans are worth a lot of money to me. They mean very little to David. Besides, David has my uncle on a string. He

can get all he wants from him and I can't get a penny. This engine is partly my uncle's invention, so I'm only getting a little of my own back. Don't you see?"

"I—oh, it isn't that, Murray! I don't care about that. But you've been so strange—I thought you had just been playing with me—using me as a blind—that all you wanted were the plans—I—oh!——" She broke down and clung to him, sobbing wildly.

Willard mastered his rage.

"Please, Clara—don't!" he entreated. Then, appearing still to misunderstand, "I'm not really as bad as I seem. I'm not just a common thief, you know."

The girl quieted herself enough to pour forth broken protestations. She didn't care if he were a thief. She didn't care what he was. But of course he wasn't. She knew that. As for David—oh, she would be so glad to be through with David! He could make more plans, they were all that he cared about anyway. Let Murray get the money quickly so they might go away together and be happy. And he must forgive her—oh, he must forgive her for ever having doubted him!

Murray endured this with what patience he might, biting his lips.

"Clara," he said as soon as she would listen. "You're in on this now, a sort of accessory. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. So you may as well help me a little. But you will have to control yourself at once. I'll give you three minutes.

"What if they find you out?" she gasped, shivering.

"They won't. That's what I want to explain if you'll stop shaking and listen. I shan't appear in this at all. There is a man coming to get these plans to-night. He will arrange everything to look like a safe-breaking. Then when he is ready to make his getaway I'll give the alarm. I'll be supposed to have been disturbed, you see, and to have given chase. I'll fire off Miss Mattie's old revolver that she keeps loaded in the kitchen cupboard—at the thief of course. Now, this is how you may help. When you hear the shot, run down at once, *quickly*. You will be the first down. You will see me chase the thief. You will see him get away in his car; David and the others will be aroused at once, of course, but perhaps not quickly enough to see what it is wise should be seen. Do you understand?"

"They—they might find out," she stammered.

"Look here, Clara," he said. "I want you to understand that all we need in any case is a stiff upper lip. If they do find out (and it's next thing to impossible) there is no fear of anything save temporary, and private, unpleasantness. I've got a pull over David that he doesn't dream of."

"What is it?"

"Haven't you ever guessed for yourself what it is? We are half-brothers."

"What!"

"We can't stand here all night discussing it but it's a fact. My father was married twice. David is the older son. He was adopted when he was born. And he has never guessed our relationship—some nonsense about not caring to know even his own father's name."

"Oh, Murray!" Amazement at this bit of family history, and admiration of the use to which Murray intended to put it, almost steadied Clara. Her quick wits began to put two and two together. "But Miss Mattie knows," she said. "That is why she acted so strangely when she met you first."

Willard nodded with a reminiscent smile. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her with convincing thoroughness. Then she stole back silently to her room.

A few moments later Willard, whistling softly, came in, closing the kitchen door with a slight bang. Miss Mattie heard the whistle and the bang and settled to sleep, glad that her suffering guest had recovered from his neuralgia.

Separated by only a partition, Willard sat, sunk in angry thought of the girl who dreamed so happily of him. Clara had crossed his luck! All the superstition of the gambler called down maledictions on her head. And his wounded pride rose up and taunted him. To be at the mercy of Clara Sims! It was a bitter pill for the arrogant Willard.

Anxious waiting seems to still the very pulse of time. But the pulse goes on beatitng. Half past one chimed from the parlour clock.—A quarter to two—five minutes——

Clara, motionless at her window, saw a car glide down the tree-lined street. It stopped noiselessly at the end of the lane under the trees. She did not hear Willard leave his room. The old stairs were solidly built and did not betray him. But in a moment she saw him run across the grass. The moon had set early but it was not a dark night. By straining her eyes, Clara saw a darker figure detach itself from the darkness of the trees. Then the two figures went around the corner of the house in the direction of the workshop. In imagination she followed. She knew what was to be done there. The safe must appear to have been forced. That ought not to take long.—But it seemed long—— Should she go down? No. Murray had told her not to move until she heard him call—and the shot. It was wildly exciting—like a movie show! But the beating of her heart made her feel a little sick!

There they were, now! Murray was the one in the lighter suit—pajamas, of course. He was coming back to the house. The other man moved slowly in the direction of the trees and the lane. Another breathless, sickening moment and she heard Murray call—a chair in the kitchen was thrown over with a crash—the kitchen door banged—the mock chase had begun!

Clara flew down the stairs. As she went she heard a shot, and screamed excitedly.

Willard heard the scream, also a sleepy shout from David. For good measure he shot again, laughing as he did so—the affair was really an excellent joke! He could distinguish the purr of the starting car through the trees. Clara must be just behind. She could be witness to the get-away—but what was that? Something moved in the shadow of the trees—a thin spit of fire leaped out to meet him. Murray's racing feet stumbled, he faltered, spun round like a top and fell!

The hum of the motor grew louder for a moment, then lessened. A powerful car sprang forward, swift and effortless as the wind and vanished into the night. No need to waste a backward look. Herr Stumpf had fulfilled his promise. He had sent a man who was a good shot!

Clara, running swiftly, was almost near enough to catch Murray as he fell. She was excited but not alarmed. It was all just part of his clever acting.

"It's all right!" she whispered, smothering an impulse toward hysterical laughter at the easy success of their plans. Then, as she stooped to lift him, she felt something warm upon her hands and screamed terribly.

David and John, their steps winged by the terror of that scream, arrived hot-foot to find no nicely staged denouement but the stark reality of a frantic woman desperately imploring word or look from the man who lay like dead upon her arm.

"Oh, Davy dear, what is it?" Miss Mattie had paused to bring a lantern and its yellow circle of light fell thin and clear around that tragic two upon the grass.

"It is Clara—and Murray," said David slowly. Wonder was in his voice, halting the words. And so long did he pause that John Baird pushed him impatiently to one side.

"What has happened?" he asked of Clara. "Has Willard been shot?" The dry and passionless voice controlled the girl's hysteria but she was beyond

coherent speech. It was only with difficulty that he loosened her strangling arms sufficient to answer his question for himself.

"Not dead," he said briefly, "but dying—I think. Get the brandy."

"Dying!" Clara's hysterical laugh rang out. "He isn't really hurt. It's all a game. He's just pretending—to give time—to let the man get away. Murray, tell them! Murray!" Her voice rose to a shriek.

"Just keep her quiet a moment, will you?" said John coolly. "Now then, let's try the brandy."

They forced a spoonful between the tightly closed lips and watched for a moment while life, so nearly fled, fluttered back, hesitating. Willard's eyes opened.

"See, see!" cried Clara. "He is all right now. Oh Murray, why did you frighten us so?"

"Be quiet," said Baird sternly. "Let him speak while he can."

"Let me go—he wants me! Murray—Murray!"

But the dying man's eyes moved past her with indifference.

"David!" He could only whisper the name and that with difficulty.

The others drew back in silence and David still in his maze of wonder would have answered the call but Clara, lost to all reason now, threw herself in front of him. Out of the confusion of her terror and despair she knew only one thing—David must be kept apart from the man who had wronged him.

"Don't touch him!" she cried. "You shan't touch him. He hasn't got the plans! He gave them to the man—the man in the car. He had a right to take them if he liked. Don't touch him, David—you shan't touch him!" Her hands closed in a vicelike grip upon his arm.

David's wonder suddenly left him. His mind became suffused with a wonderful, sharp lucidity. How clearly it comprehended! How plainly it saw everything! Clara and Willard—Willard and the plans! Absurdly simple. And himself—what a fool! He could almost have laughed as he gazed into the face of the man who had fooled him.

The flicker of a cynical smile twisted Willard's blanching lips.

"Clara . . . no sense . . . never had!" he murmured.

At the sound of her name she would have thrown herself upon him, had not John restrained her with his iron grip. The agony in her face might have touched any one. But not Murray Willard. In death, as in life, he sought the thing he wanted.

"David!" he said, and tried to hold out his hand, already heavy with the weight of death.

But David, his eyes frozen in his dead white face, made no motion to take the seeking hand.

"It was true—what she said?"

"I tried—other ways—first!"

From sheer weariness Willard's eyes closed, but next moment they opened sharply. In the clear light of the lantern in Miss Mattie's hand their glance was wide with a new and terrible knowledge.

"I'm dying!" Sheer surprise lent strength to the whispering voice. The wide eyes searched the circle of faces bent above him and read the truth there. Even the mightiest effort failed to lift his leaden hand.

"David!" There was fear in the whisper.

It was Miss Mattie's turn now. Down on the grass she knelt beside the boy she loved and that other whom she had forborne to judge. Her clear eye sought David's and compelled them with her kind, deep look—the look he had loved to obey when he was a little child.

"Take his hand, Davy dear," she said. "Whatever has happened, he is dying and—he is your brother."

She might as well have spoken to a stone. He had not caught her meaning. "Brother" meant nothing to him—the common uses of the term had robbed it of any intimate significance. Miss Mattie's eyes sought those of

John Baird in anxious questioning. How were they to make him understand—quickly, before it was too late?

Then Mattie out of her eternal youthfulness, had an inspiration.

"Davy," she said, "don't you remember long ago how you used to wonder what would happen if you had a brother? This is your brother—your father had a second son. And remember, Davy, you always said it wouldn't be fair to judge."

From a long way off her words beat in upon his brain, shocking it even in its cold paralysis. . . . Murray his brother? . . . Murray his father's son, that mythical scapegoat over whose fate his childish mind had agonized? What could Mattie mean? . . . The thing seemed more and more a fantastic nightmare from which he would presently awake. . . . But no! There in the lantern light gleamed the face of his sometime friend, traitor and thief; there stood John Baird grim and silent; Clara's huddled figure was there, and there beside him waited Miss Mattie, her rare tears falling fast and warm upon his hand.

"Oh, Davy," Miss Mattie was sobbing unrestrainedly now. "Don't be so hard, my dear! Remember—what if it had been you?"

What if it had been you?

It could have been but a moment, yet it seemed an eternity that David battled with that question. Then he looked again into the pallid face, dead already save for the eyes which followed him. Murray's look of surprise and fear had faded, to be replaced by a wordless, eager watching. And it, too, was fading fast.

David knelt down again, gathering the heavy hands in his.

No words, but still that eager, watching look.

"What is it, Murray?"

"Mattie says we are brothers, old chap. Did you know?"

The slightest flicker of a smile answered this.

"I wish you had told me, Murray!" David's voice broke.

Something like content stole over the dying face. The lips moved once again.

I—liked you—best—old David," they murmured.

Then the light in the watching eyes went out.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was a breathless day in summer. So like was it to the day on which this history opens that Rosme, slipping through the front gate of the Widow Ridley's mansion, might well have slipped back ten years to find herself still playing in the garden.

The house drowsed in the heat; the fir tree shadows lay long and dark across the lawn: the clang of the gate was still the clang which had once awakened Aunt. Years had not changed either the shadows or the sun. But the house was changed. It was no longer the house of the Widow Riley. stared blank and lifeless.

Rosme, once the gate had clanged behind her, did not stop to notice the sameness or the change but, taking the Infant by the hand, ran with her into that other garden of more cheerful memories. Here in the warm shade, in the riot of weeds and bushes and hardy, uncared for flowers she drew a long breath. The seasons which had come and gone had left small traces here. The bees hummed drowsily. There were chirpings and whirrings in the grass. Birds accustomed here to a happy freedom hopped sedately along the old stone wall.

"Oh, I like it!" exclaimed the Infant, with an ecstatic sniff. "Is it your garden, Rosme?"

"No, but I used to play here when I was a little girl."

"Whose garden is it?"

"I don't know—the church's, I suppose."

The Infant looked puzzled; churches, she knew, did not have gardens. But God might.

"Is it God's garden, Rosme?"

"No—yes—perhaps it is, dear. But what are you staring at?"

"A man," said the Infant. "But I'm not rude because he stared first."

Rosme lifted herself from the sheltering tangle of grass. She had in that moment the odd conviction that all this had happened before; that she was living over an already familiar experience and knew exactly what would happen next. So there was no surprise, only wonder and a fluttering fear and pleasure, in seeing David's face looking at them across the wall. Then the lightning flash of memory or prevision faded as unexpectedly as it had come, leaving her to stammer a commonplace greeting.

"I thought you might be here," said David apropos of nothing.

"But you—I thought you were in Toronto." Rosme's hands strayed instinctively to her tumbled hair.

"I was," he nodded, adding obviously, "I have come back."

"What is the man standing on?" asked the Infant, in a shrill whisper.

"He is standing on a brick," answered David. "It is a very uncomfortable brick. He might slip off any minute."

"Won't you come in?" asked Rosme politely.

"I will come over," said David. "Thank you."

Rosme wished that the grass were longer or that her face were more in the shadows of the tree. She knew that her hands were trembling and that her cheeks were pink. She felt indeed, for all her involuntary joy, decidedly at a disadvantage. Since her way with David was to be the cool and sensible way of friendship it was certainly unfortunate to be caught with a handkerchief drying on the clover.

"What's the matter?" asked David. His eye had fallen on the telltale handkerchief at once.

"Nothing at all," said Rosme. "Infant, run away and play."

"Yes, do, Infant," said David warmly.

Yet when that obedient but interested child had retreated behind the nearest currant bush neither of them seemed to have anything to say.

Rosme, out of her unsought embarrassment was beginning to feel a little angry. It was hardly fair of David to come like this. It was hardly playing the game. She stole a look at him under her long eyelashes and the anger grew. Why did he look so —so satisfied? Almost happy? He hadn't looked like that when she had seen him last. Was it possible that her saintly wish had come true and that Clara was really—oh, wouldn't it be dreadful if she were!

"Is there any fresh news?" asked Rosme, trying hard to make her tone one of casual interest.

"News?" David's gaze was distracted and it was plain that her question had conveyed no meaning.

"European news," prompted Rosme.

"Oh! No—that is, yes. I mean—Rosme, you don't seem very glad to see me."

They were looking at each other now and neither seemed able to look away.

"I am glad to see you," said Rosme. She said it gravely. All at once and certainly she saw that evasion and pretense were useless and undignified. Her dream of a future which would include David—as a friend—was suddenly whisked away. Mists, when disturbed, lift swiftly.

"I—I think you had better go away!" she added. (How David's heart leapt to the little break in her girlish voice.)

But he made no movement to go. Neither did that strange light in his eyes die out.

"I can stay if you'll let me, Rosme. I want you to know, I want to tell you, Rosme—Clara has broken our engagement." Above the buzzing of the bee and the noise of the crickets she heard him say the words in a low, jerky voice unlike his own. "She never cared for me. You were right. And I—oh, Rosme!"

He had lost her eyes now. There was not even the tiniest glimpse of them visible. Shadowy lashes hid them well and the blush had faded, leaving her cheeks quite white. Panic surged on David and all his nice control went by the board.

"Rosme, look at me! Oh, my dear ——" He caught her hand, crushing it; that hand which a moment ago he would have been afraid to touch. Fear armed him with desperate bravery. What if he had been mistaken and she didn't care at all!

"Rosme!" It was not a boy's pleading now but a call which her heart must hear.

Very slowly her white lids lifted. He had his answer—all that any lover needed—before they fell again.

"I may stay then?" David's whisper was so low that the greatly intrigued Infant behind the currant bush missed it entirely. But Rosme heard. The whisper was very close to her ear.

With a swift, contented movement which set the pleasant grasses nodding she turned to him; and somehow her happy head found just the place it dreamed of—where his kiss might fall upon her hair.

The Infant behind the currant bush grew very tired of listening to people who would not talk.

"Lucie!" Rosme's bright head lifted with a start.

"I'm so hungry it hurts," complained the Infant, "and there's a boy calling 'Extry'! He's calling so loud I'm afraid he'll bust hisself."

The lovers drew apart, listening. It was odd, they thought, that they had not heard the call before. Certainly it was loud enough. Clear and insistent it shattered the beautiful silence of their enchanted garden.

"Extry! Extry! Just out. Extry!"

There were other words, indistinguishable yet. David and Rosme looked at each other with swift anxiety. Already the world had come to dread that ominous cry.

"Can you hear?" asked Rosme.

They strained their ears to catch the tenor of his distant shouting.

"It may be nothing special," comforted David. "They have so many extras."

"Or it may be good news!" Rosme found it easy to believe in good news now. More than ever the thought of war seemed foolishly grotesque.

"Listen!"

Was it her fancy or did David's arm slacken its hold a little as he waited? And his eyes—what had made his eyes so suddenly grave? Why did they look so far away?

The boy was nearer now. He was rounding the corner.

"Germany—invades—Belgium!"

Rosme felt her lover stiffen beside her. It seemed that his face grew older while she looked.

"David—what is it? What does it mean?"

"It means war, Rosme."

"But not England? Not—us?"

He did not answer. Instead he drew her closer. There was no slackening in his arm now, no far away look in the eyes which sought her own. He kissed her on her lovely, rumpled hair, on the white triangle of her forehead where it parted, on her little, pink ear half-hidden by its wave——

Rosme forgot her question. David forgot his sure conviction of its answer. The newsboy passed. His calling softened into the distance—ceased. Quiet came back to the garden; quiet and the sound of bees and little chirpings in the grass. The great world grew small—and smaller—until it held but two!

And they were happy. For though war might find them to-morrow, to-day they had found love.

THE END.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

EDWARD LEVI BAUGH

IN the year 1915 Col. Stimson, a well-known stock-broker, of Toronto, entered action against Edward Levi Baugh, a mining and real estate broker of Montreal, to recover $28,000, the balance due on the purchase price of mining stock. The total amount of the purchase price was $30,000. In this action it was proved that Baugh had purchased these stocks, although he claimed that he had only taken an option and had never undertaken to purchase them. However, on the document produced the Court held that it was a straight sale and gave judgment for $28,000 with costs. Baugh appealed and the judgment was sustained. This brought the total amount of the judgment to $30,000. In order to realize on his judgment it was necessary for Stimson to appear in the Courts of the Province of Quebec, as Baugh's assets were in Montreal. About the time the case was to come up in Montreal Baugh appeared in Toronto in company with an officer from the High Constable's office, Montreal, and the latter held a warrant for Stimson's arrest and also a search warrant for the offices. The officer applied to the Detective Department here for an officer to acompany him which was granted. A number of letter books were seized and taken to Montreal. When Stimson appeared in Court in Montreal to answer to a charge of obtaining money by false pretences he was confronted by his own letter books and asked to look at some of the letters there. Although he admitted that the signatures were his, he asserted that he had never seen the letters before. These letters showed that Baugh had only taken an option on the mining stocks and had not purchased them as claimed by Stimson in the civil action. Stimson was found guilty and in order to escape the penalty he agreed to forego his judgment and this was accepted.

Stimson returned to Toronto and although he knew that he had never written the letters that showed in his books, yet he was unable to explain their presence in his books.

About six months afterwards a man named Gariepy arrived in Toronto and asked for an interview with Col. Stimson. The interview was granted, and he explained that he had been engaged in the employ of Baugh at Montreal as stenographer during the years 1914 and 1915, and was still in his employ and had just come to Toronto on a holiday. He said the reason he had come up was that he wanted to make a clean breast of what had taken place in connection with the arrest of Stimson. He told how Baugh had approached him some months in advance of the arrest and explained

how he had been fleeced by Stimson. He said that if he could get possession of the letter books of the Colonel he could show letters that would prove the original transaction was an option and not a straight sale. He then asked Gariepy to go with him to Toronto and if possible get possession of the books. The latter agreed, as he thought Baugh had been wronged.

Arriving in Toronto, Baugh registered at the King Edward Hotel in his own name, and Gariepy registered at the Hotel Mossop as J. B. Henderson, Ottawa. Baugh got in touch with one Pett, a young man who he thought was still in the employ of Stimson. The three met in Baugh's room at the King Edward Hotel and Baugh asked Pett if he had a key to the offices. The latter informed him that he was no longer in the employ of the Colonel, as he had been discharged, and was not on friendly terms with Stimson. Baugh then asked where the books were kept and the locality of the vault. This Pett gave to him but when asked if there was any way of forcing the premises he refused to have anything to do with the matter, telling Baugh that he would be committing a criminal offence by breaking into a man's office. Blocked in that direction, Baugh then wanted Pett to get in touch with the caretaker and if possible get him drunk and get the keys of the office from him. Pett, instead, warned the caretaker to have nothing to do with them. Baugh impressed Pett with the idea that the letters were in the books which would clear him. Pett did not warn Stimson of what was planned.

Next day Gariepy, who was unknown at the Stimson office, strolled through the building and learned that the vaults were in the hallway leading to the offices and next to the lavatory. He also saw that they were open, and stepping quickly into the vault he sized up the position of the books and also learned that each book was indexed on the back with the dates between which the letters were written. He then returned to the hotel and gave this important information to Baugh. He was instructed as to the dates that the letters were supposed to have been written on and asked to get the books with those dates on them. Gariepy returned to the offices and going into the vault grabbed one of the books and ran into the lavatory. Here he placed it under his overcoat and went back to the King Edward. After looking this one over Baugh expressed it to Montreal. He addressed it to an office next door to where he had his office and used a fictitious name. He then returned to Montreal but instructed Gariepy to remain in Toronto and if possible get two other books which he required to carry out his scheme. This Gariepy did and on the next day he stole the other two books. He then returned to Montreal. On the last day he was here he received a letter from Baugh, evidently written on the train, warning him to be careful and not to trust Pett, as he might post Stimson.

After he arrived in Montreal he and Baugh went over the books and in the place where the letters were which Stimson had written to him showing the sale of these stocks, he and Gariepy planned to put other ones showing that it was an option. In order that they might have sheets with the page numbers on, the same as the ones in the book, it was necessary to buy a new book. They then found that they could not purchase such a one in Montreal and it was necessary for Baugh to come to Toronto, which he did. He finally located a place on Adelaide Street where this style of book was sold and he purchased one. Again he returned to Montreal. Gariepy claims that it was about this time that he really became aware of what Baugh was planning to do but he made up his mind he would go through with it. When they came to make copies of letters similar to the ones in the book, they found it would be necessary for them to have an Un-

derwood typewriter and as the one they had was of a different make they rented a typewriter from the Underwood Company, but had the lease made out in the name of the Hygienic Ice Company, of which Baugh was the President. The tape being new on the machine, it was necessary to use it some time before it would copy letters dim enough to match the ones in the books. This took some time. It was then necessary to have the wording of the letters as near perfect, as regards the language used by the Colonel, as possible. Gariepy says they made a dozen copies before they got one that they regarded as satisfactory.

After the letters were all prepared the books were taken apart and the new letters inserted instead of the originals. They then took the books to a bookbinder named Murray and had them rebound. Now everything was in shape except for the signature of Stimson to the letters. Finally Baugh found an old cheque with the Colonel's endorsation on the back. Gariepy traced this over with copying ink and after dampening this he transferred it to the letters.

Everything was now complete and again Gariepy came to Toronto and after registering at the Prince George Hotel as Henderson of Ottawa, he proceeded to secretly place the letter books back into the vault. This he succeded in doing without being detected. He then returned to Montreal and Baugh swore out a warrant for Stimson with the result as stated in the beginning.

When Gariepy was asked where his evidence was to back this up he showed that all the time he was helping Baugh he was double-crossing him. He produced the telegram from Baugh, and also all the different copies they had made when they were attempting to duplicate the letters of Colonel Stimson. He also had the dates they were in Toronto, and the name of the bookbinder who put the books together.

When this state of affairs was brought to the atention of the City Crown Attorney the latter ordered warrants to be issued for Baugh on the three charges. Detective Guthrie was given the warrants and instructed to go to Montreal and as quietly and promptly as possible get Baugh and have him returned here as it was thought that Baugh would make a big fight before leaving Montreal. This was attempted, but it was found that he would have to come anyway, so his solicitor, Mr. Laflamme, who had been called in, advised him to come. He appeared before me and after hearing the evidence he was committed for trial.

Baugh claimed then that it was a conspiracy to get him, but when confronted with all the documents he could not evince the jury who tried him, and he was found guilty. He appealed and was granted a new trial but again he was found guilty. He again appealed but the conviction was sustained and on February 14th, 1917, he was sentenced by his Honour, Judge Winchester, to five years in Kingston Penitentiary. This case dragged on for fourteen months from the time of his arrest.

The most extraordinary thing about the case was that this criminal, one of the most daring and cunning offenders in my experience, was released by the Minister of Justice in three or four months on the pretence of ill-health.

*

The Children's Court

In 1892 we instituted the Children's Court. It was not really a separate court, but we set apart a small room in the lower part of the City Hall, with a table and a few chairs, and I was accustomed to go down to that room to try all charges against children, in order to keep them out of the public court. I allowed no one in except the parties immediately interested in the case being tried. The child or children stood in front of the table

opposite to me, the clerk sat at the end of the table, the Crown Attorney at my elbow. The representatives of the Children's Aid Society, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society, were both present. I would hear the evidence, and the parents were generally present. If I felt that punishment was necessary, I would send the child to the Children's Aid Society, or the Roman Catholic School for children, for a few days, and give the culprits a scolding, and warn them to behave themselves in the future. Sometimes I put a fine on for the parents to pay, if I thought they were negligent and required a lesson.

When the Victoria School was established at Mimico the incorrigible boys were sent there. Reporters were not admitted to the Children's Court, and everything was done in a quiet and unassuming manner, so much so, that after we had been doing good work for years on the lines still used, it was not generally known, that we had such a court in Toronto.

I understand that the Court was carried on for eight years before any court of the kind was started in any part of the world. In 1904 Sir Howard Vincent was passing through Toronto, and came to sit with me on the Bench. I took him with me into our Children's Court. He was intensely interested in the idea, and asked many questions, and gathered all the information he could obtain about it. After his return to England, he, as a member of the House of Commons, brought up the matter in the House, and succeeded in securing legislative action and establishing the system in England.

After this a certain Judge Lindsay of Denver, Colorado, went about lecturing in favour of establishing juvenile courts. I imagine he was surprised when he found one had been established in Toronto some fifteen years before he came here.

In 1912, a Juvenile Court was established formally by law, and a Commissioner placed at the head of it, with a large staff. Rev. Mr. Starr was the first Commissioner, an excellent and kindly gentleman. He died not long after his appointment, and the late Commissioner, Mr. Boyd, was appointed as his successor.

Before leaving this question I wish to pay tribute especially to Mr. Duncan of the Children's Aid Society, and the late Mr. Patrick Hynes of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, for the excellent service and assistance they rendered me during the eighteen years that I held the Court.

I am under the impression that the first Special Women's Court was also started in Toronto. Several organizations of women had been agitating for a separate court for women. Some years ago at a meeting of the Police Commissioners the Mayor mentioned that he had been spoken to about it. I said to him, "Let the Council place the room next to the Police Court at my disposal and I will establish a court for women at once."

Very soon I had the room, and at once established the court, where the women are tried separately, away from the mob, and we are fortunate in having the assistance of a few ladies of the charitable organizations. We also appointed two women to act as constables and only lawyers and witnesses engaged in the court are admitted, and no reporters are allowed in. This has been an excellent regulation, and a great advantage to many girls up for minor causes, and for the first time, and to many who may possibly be retrieved. Lady representatives of the charitable organizations, are always present, and I often appeal to them to assist in cases where a kindly helping hand will prevent a young girl from going astray. The comfort to a judge of having aid of this kind cannot be overestimated, and I gladly testify my gratitude to these kind ladies.

After this Court had been working for some time and had attracted a good deal of attention, the Attorney-General, Mr. Foy, meeting me casual-

ly said, "What is this I hear about a Women's Court being established? How could that happen without my knowing anything about it?"

I replied, "You were busy, and I did not want to bother you, as it was no trouble to me to establish it, when the Mayor and Corporation gave me the room, and I was not bound to hold my court in any particular room." This private court for women, especially for young women, is one of the most satisfactory institutions in the city, especially when aided as we are by the Salvation Army, the representatives of the Good Shepherd, the Deaconesses of the Church of England, and the Presbyterian Home.

*

Some Police Court Reporters

For some ten years back one of the ablest, if not the ablest, Police Court reporters we ever had, has been reporting for *The Evening Telegram*. Mr. H. M. Wodson is still engaged by that paper, and writes daily, very humorous and interesting accounts of the varied stories of human life, which are unravelled day by day. He has a high reputation all over the Province, and his reports of the court proceedings are read from one end of the country to the other. Often when I am away from home and meet strangers, they refer to my court and tell me they are constantly reading about my work in the Police Court in *The Toronto Telegram*.

In 1917 Mr. Wodson published a book called "The Whirlpool" or "Scenes from Toronto Police Court." It is a remarkably clever, bright book, and most interesting to the general reader, and conveys a good moral lesson to all who read it.

While these Recollections have been passing through *The Canadian Magazine* I reached the age of eighty years and the day before my birthday six of the reporters, who regularly attend the Police Court, came to my private room and presented me with a copy of Viscount Jellicoe's book, "The Grand Fleet", with kind wishes on my birthday. Mr. Wodson was the spokesman, and at the front of the book was inserted a neatly printed page with the following inscription:

A TRIBUTE

To Colonel G. T. Denison on the occasion of his 80th birthday, August 31st, 1919.

Well, Colonel, you have had a day,
Much longer than most men, Sir,
But n'er-the-less, we do not pray
That you should say "Amen, Sir."

Such men as you are hard to find,
Astute, and just, and bluff, Sir.
The world is richer for your kind,
You're made of first-rate stuff, Sir.

We've watched your work upon the Bench
And oft extolled your sense, Sir;
And felt your jokes with painful wrench—
Now please don't take offence, Sir.

If asked to guess why you've held out
Against attack and slam, Sir,
We'd say at once beyond a doubt
You do not care a damn, Sir.

Signed,

Athol Gow, "Star."
H. R. Drew, "Telegram."
S. C. Cain, "Star."
Harry M. Wodson, "Telegram."
Tom Levine, "Telegram."
P. D. Daniels, "Times."

The verses were written by Mr. Wodson. I was very much gratified at the kindly and friendly feeling evinced in the whole affair, a feeling, which I thoroughly reciprocated.

*

Assistant Magistrates

For many years I was the only Police Magistrate in Toronto, and when occasionally absent it was necessary to have one or two Justices of the Peace to attend to the Court. I have had the assistance in this way of a number of gentlemen who placed me under great obligations to them for their help.

One of the ablest of these men was the late Alderman John Baxter, J. P., who for many years attended the

Court when I happened to be absent. He was a man of great natural ability, with plenty of common sense, although not a man of much education. His decisions were rarely upset. On one occasion the late Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, the leader of the Bar and Treasurer of the Law Society, was acting before Mr. Baxter in a case where the construction of a statute was involved. Mr. Cameron argued with much ability and earnestness in favour of a certain construction of the clause. When he had finished Mr. Baxter said very coolly, "I do not agree with your view in this, Mr. Cameron. I construe that statute in this way". And he gave the decision against Mr. Cameron. His decision was carried to the Court of Appeal and Mr. Baxter's ruling was upheld. He was much pleased, and when he met Mr. Cameron he said to him, "Well, you see, Mr. Cameron, I was right on that point". "Yes", replied Cameron, "I thought you were all the time."

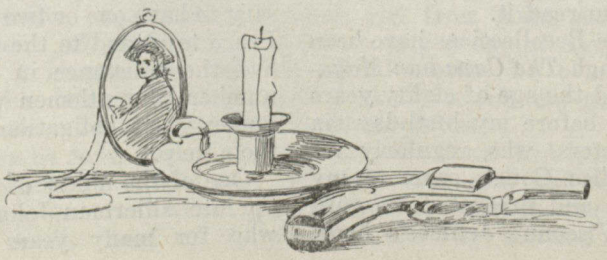
There were a number of other Justices of the Peace who were very helpful to me, and I wish to testify my gratitude to them. Neil C. Love, J.P., J. B. Boustead, J.P., Hugh Miller, J.P., Jacob Cohen, J.P., were the foremost among them. Afterwards Rupert E. Kingsford was appointed Deputy Police Magistrate, and for years has been working with me, taking a share of the work dealing with all the by-laws cases, and taking my court in case of my illness or absence. Mr. Ellis has since the annexation of West Toronto Junction, of which he was Police Magistrate, been also of great assistance in the Court. Mr. Jacob Cohen was appointed to act as a Justice of the Peace some years ago, but both Mr. Ellis and he have been recently appointed Police Magistrates, so that at the present time there are four of us.

I must express the satisfaction with which I look back upon my association with all these men, for all of whom I hold the highest esteem and confidence.

I must also refer to the Clerk of the Police Court and the Assistant Clerks, who have always given me the most loyal support and service. Mr. Morrison the clerk, and Mr. Webb, the assistant clerk, have been invaluable to me. And the various underclerks who have been employed from time to time have been most reliable and industrious in fulfilling their duties.

These Recollections will close with this month's issue and before concluding them, I wish to draw a comparison between the conditions which existed in the police administration at the time I took my seat on the Bench, on the 2nd June, 1877, (forty-three years ago), and the present state of affairs. In 1877 Toronto had a population of about 75,000. The number of cases in the Police Court in that year was about 5,000. I was the only Magistrate, with one clerk. Now the population is more than half a million. We have four Magistrates and seven clerks and the cases in the Police Court in 1919 were 30,170.

Editor's Note.—After forty-three years of continuous service as Police Magistrate of Toronto, and in his eighty-first year, Col. Denison still presides in that capacity.



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

Whether one favours or opposes Home Rule for Ireland, there can be nothing but execration for the cruelties and brutalities of Sinn Fein. There is danger that these incendiaries and murderers will give an evil fame to Ireland only comparable with that which Germany has acquired among the nations. It may be that for generations Ulster was arrogant and England arbitrary and intolerant. In English rule there was no consideration for Irish susceptibilities nor any respect for legitimate Irish aspirations. It is easy to understand that no spirited people can be reconciled to alien control in their local affairs. Dublin Castle to multitudes of Irishmen represented political domination and social superiority. The English constabulary throughout the South of Ireland were a perpetual reminder of control and conquest. Absentee landlords reaped where they did not sow and taxed where they did not produce. But for years Great Britain has been atoning, spending hundreds of millions in acquiring land for the Irish people, and prodigally assisting the restoration of Irish industry and agriculture. Still the harvest of discontent ripened and social, political, and religious rancour flourished with the old luxuriance.

At bottom the Irish quarrel is religious and sectarian. Ulster, looking back into history, fears a Parliament at Dublin in which its religious faith and its industrial fabric would be subject to a Southern majority. It distrusts guarantees and covenants. It opposes coercion by Westminster and threatens revolution if coercion is attempted. All negotiations and conferences end in disagreement. Ulster does not want a divided Ireland, but if forced to choose will accept separation from the South rather than submission to a Dublin Parliament. The South opposes division and requires Ulster's submission. Finally Sinn Fein demands complete separation from Great Britain and establishes an Irish Republic. In the meantime a Bill goes slowly through the Imperial Parliament which practically provides separate legislatures for North and South with machinery to create a common Parliament when the Irish people themselves can agree upon what powers such a Parliament should possess and what should be the relation of Ireland to Great Britain and its position in the Empire.

Separation, Mr. Lloyd George has declared, Great Britain will never concede. Nor, he asserts, will the Imperial Parliament coerce Ulster. But it is manifest, that short of separation, there is nothing the Imperial Parliament will not yield to Irish demands if North and South can agree upon the provisions of a common constitution. Mr. Lloyd George recalls that America fought a bloody civil war to prevent dismemberment of the Union and he declares in unequivocal language that Great Britain will do likewise to prevent the disruption of the Empire. The British people know in what desperate situation they might have found themselves, if before the Great War Ireland had

achieved independence. Indeed, it is possible that Germany, with Ireland as a base of military operations and aided by an Irish Republic, would have triumphed. Even the responsible leaders of British labour have been alienated by the excesses of Sinn Fein, while tens of thousands of Liberal Home Rulers in England, Scotland and Wales turn towards Ulster with new sympathy and understanding. No cause can be hallowed by murder or sanctified by outrage. Human nature is shamed by creatures who kill in the night and shoot from behind hedges. One feels that the Irish people of Canada and the United States should raise their voices, not for De Valera, his skulking criminals and his midnight bandits, but against acts and methods which defame the race throughout the world and deny the natural kindness and humanity of the Irish character. It is strange that the Church which exercises such peculiar and often such wholesome influence over its people does not exercise its last vestige of authority to restrain the Sinn Fein assassins and separate the Irish people from the madness of insensate leadership.

It must be clear that Great Britain cannot submit, without dishonour, to intimidation and violence, treachery and murder. Nothing is more inconceivable than that the Imperial Parliament will set Ireland adrift under Sinn Fein leadership, or that Ulster will accept a common Irish Parliament until these desperate, blood-guilty extremists are repudiated and delivered to judgment by the Irish people themselves. The hope of British people all over the world was that the war would heal the age-long quarrel between England and Ireland. It was not the fault of John Redmond that the hope was not realized, nor of statesmen in authority at Westminster. Throughout the war there was tender dealing with Ireland, exemption from conscription, and relief from burdens which bore cruelly upon the Britsh people and which the Dominions voluntarily assumed. But the answer to conciliatory treatment was intrigue and revolution, as now the offer of substantially complete self-government is met with armed forces on the highways and murder in the byways.

What Sinn Fein demands Great Britain cannot give without present dishonour and infinite danger in the future. To yield to violence and terrorism would be only less humiliating than defeat by Germany. Those elements in the United States which fill the treasury of Sinn Fein and force approving resolutions through meddling and spineless Legislatures would mock at Great Britain through the generations if she should now yield to Irish tormentors, persecutors and rebels. They would sanction and glorify any extreme action by the Government at Washington if there was a like attempt to dismember the Republic. It all, therefore, comes down to this: If the Irish people will cast out incendiaries and murderers and show themselves fit for self-government there is nothing short of complete separation they cannot obtain. If they fail to do this the British Government may not hesitate at any measure, however harsh and heroic, to restore order and constitutional authority in Ireland and crush the Irish Republic in its cradle. Moreover there can be no thought of forcing Ulster under an Irish Legislature, or of the institution of Dominion Home Rule for Ireland, until the forces of Sinn Fein are scattered and guarantees are afforded for the future security of the Northern Counties which the people of Ulster can accept with confidence that they will not lose their British citizenship nor ever be subject to the agencies and influences which are making Ireland a shame and a byword throughout the world.

II

For many months Canadians have been "looking to Washington" with placid rather than with anxious interest. We have come to expect that during a Presidential contest Great Britain will not be popular with certain American

elements and that the "lion's cub" will not be regarded with exceptional favour. But we think we understand. There have been political contests in Canada in which the United States was not commended to the affection of the Canadian people and when we discovered designs at Washington, which perhaps were not seriously, or at least, not widely entertained.

Behind all the "tumult and the shouting" we believe that somehow or other, and sometime or other, the United States will understand the British people and have a better conception of the spirit and ideals of the British Empire. The masses of people in Great Britain, in Canada, and in the other British Dominions desire only good relations with Americans. But there could be no greater mistake than to think that this desire arises out of any fear for the future of the British Empire or any desire to shelter the Empire behind American support.

III

Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey, K.C., who died a few weeks ago, was a man of rare personal charm and of greater gifts than were ever fully revealed to the public. For thirty years his health was precarious, but he made the journey with smiling serenity and adequate courage. He had a genius for hospitality, a humour that was happy and infectious, and a great persistence in tasks to which he set himself. With a greater reserve of physical strength he would probably have stood foremost among the political leaders of the country. As an after-dinner speaker he had few equals among his contemporaries, and he was singularly persuasive and effective on public platforms.

Those who knew George Lindsey and had studied the career of William Lyon Mackenzie did not need to be told that he was a grandson of the Rebel of 1837, if one interprets history as Lindsey did not. For to Lindsey Lyon Mackenize was a patriot and he had an hereditary dislike of privilege and autocracy. To none of those who separated from Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the crisis of the war could the strain have been more severe than for Lindsey. His political creed was essentially that of Laurier in national outlook and in conception of the Imperial relation. But there was hatred in Lindsey's "bones and blood" for the things which Germany represented. He was ready, therefore, even to sanction conscription and forsake cherished associations in order that democracy should exert all its power to maintain free institutions.

But many of us think of Lindsey not so much as a man who loved books, who had a consistent political creed, who was loyal to convictions, and had skill to interpret and power to express himself and his opinions, but as a happy, laughing, engaging, inspiring companion who would allow no company to be dull, whose jests left no scars, and whose sympathy comforted his friends when the sky was dark and the road lonely. One likes to think that in the final adjustment of accounts there will be a balance in favour of men who made the way brighter and smoother for those who journeyed with them across the years. In Lindsey's life there was much bravery and fortitude. For years he was in arms against physical weakness. But he won on many a field and in spirit he died unconquered.

IV

Unquestionably Parliament loses in distinction and authority by the withdrawal of Sir Robert Borden, Sir Thomas White and Hon. N. W. Rowell from the Government. For twenty-five years Sir Robert has been influential in the House of Commons and for nine years he had been Prime Minister. Whatever may be his faults or virtues it is certain that he held office during the great days of Canada, and that the relation of the country to Europe and its status

in the Empire have vitally altered since he became leader of the Conservative party.

One doubts if Borden ever was a Conservative. In his attitude towards Imperial problems he was a Liberal and in domestic affairs he was far more radical than was Sir Wilfrid Laurier. All his thinking was deliberate, and he was often so slow in action that events travelled faster than he did. He could wait for vexing problems to settle themselves and many times they did so, perhaps as wisely as if he had shown greater decision and energy. How much in this method was indecision and how much calculation only the gods know. He could not easily resist importunity and yet on occasion could be stubborn and unbending. An unsatisfactory colleague he could not displace until even his extraordinary patience was exhausted and action became not so much a duty as a necessity. From the first, however, he saw that Canada's obligation in the war was measured only by its resources and its endurance and as a war minister he will have his place in history.

Borden was at his best in the House of Commons. On the platform he was cold and unemotional. He could reason and there is literary quality in many of his speeches. But he was seldom inspiring and the respect in which he was held by his followers seldom softened into affection. He was eager to win the confidence of Quebec but he failed just as Laurier never could secure a majority in Ontario. It will be found, however, that in all his speeches there is not a single ungenerous reference to the French Province. The war, conscription and the organization of the Union Government vitally affected the party which Borden inherited and that which Laurier virtually re-created and one doubts if the old elements which constituted the historic parties will ever be fully reunited in the national political organizations of the future.

Not only does Borden disappear from public life but Sir Thomas White and Mr. Rowell also secure relief from the responsibilities of office. All three may hold their seats in Parliament until the general election, owing to the difficult situation at Ottawa, but there is a suspicion that none of the three will seek re-election. Thus the country loses a Premier, a man who could have been his successor and another man who probably would have been Premier in the future if he had chosen to devote himself primarily and finally to public affairs. No man in the Union Government had a greater personal following than Mr. Rowell. It cannot be said that he has had generous treatment from a wing of the Conservative party while by a few newspapers he was pursued with malignant ferocity. So, by an element of the Liberal party he was continually hunted and slandered. But despite all these hostile influences he compelled the respect of Parliament and leaves office with an enviable reputation for industry, integrity and ability. It is unfortunate that at this time White and Rowell should be forced to withdraw from the direct service of a country which never was poorer in statesmen of capacity and distinction.

Probably the most powerful members of the new Cabinet will be the Premier and Mr. Calder. No one will question Mr. Meighen's moral and intellectual qualifications for the great position to which he has been lifted. That he was ready to face its responsibilities is something over which the country may rejoice. In the fact there is assurance that he will give the country all that he has of energy and ability. And he has great ability, and energy almost too great for his physical strength. That he is a young man is not a ground of reproach; that he comes from the West is a real national advantage at this juncture in the history of Canada. One feels that from the East Mr. Meighen will receive generous sympathy and as full measure

of support as any leader of older Canada could obtain for the political platform of the party to which he belongs. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the East rejoices in the growth and expansion of the West, desires only intimate understanding and co-operation with the Western people, and is neither so arrogant nor so self-righteous as to doubt that the national sentiment of the newer Provinces is as strong and fervent as that of older Canada. Differences must develop in every virile community, but it is not conceivable that Mr. Meighen will be less strong in the East because he comes from the Prairie country or that in the long run any class or sectional feeling will prevail over the common national sentiment and the common national interest.

Mr. Meighen, who is forty-five years of age, was born at St. Mary's, in Western Ontario, and was among the most brilliant students of his time at the University of Toronto. Mr. Calder, who is six years older, was born in Oxford County, not far from Mr. Meighen's birthplace. Mr. Meighen has represented a Manitoba constituency in the House of Commons since 1908, while Mr. Calder was elected to the Saskatchewan Legislature in 1905 in the first general election after the Province was created and held office in the Provincial Government as Minister of Education until he entered the Federal Cabinet when the war Coalition was effected.

It is universally admtited that Mr. Meighen is among the very best debaters in Parliament. He has all the controversial skill of an able lawyer, an exceptional command of scholarly English, and thoroughly masters any subject he undertakes to discuss. He has amazing industry with genius for detail. It is known that Mr. Meighen drafted and perfected the measure which established closure when by no other method could the Borden Naval Aid Bill be forced through the House of Commons. No other member defended the measure with such skill and resource and it was found that in not a single clause or paragraph was it open to successful attack. He was the associate of Sir Robert Borden in the difficult negotiations for the purchase of the Grand Trunk Railway. In all the vexing and complex railway legislation of the past few years he has been perhaps the chief adviser of the Primer Minister and the most effective spokesman for the Administration. Indeed, no one in greater degree relieved Sir Robert Borden of such portion of the heavy load as could be lifted from his shoulders or was so ready for any task which the leader could commit to his hands.

It is believed that Mr. Meighen framed the War-time Franchise Act which has produced such bitter and continuous controversy in Canada, alhough he was not more responsible than his colleagues for the decision to disfranchise a considerable percentage of enemy aliens in the last general election, or for other features of the measure which has been subjected to such savage criticism. No one was more vigorous than Mr. Meighen in advocacy of conscription, or more zealous and self-sacrificing throughout the war in every movement to stimulate recruiting, to equip and support the expeditionary forces and to organize all the resources of the country for the supreme struggle in which Canada and the Empire were so vitally involved. It is understood that he was only prevented from enlisting himself by the urgent personal appeal of Sir Robert Borden, that nothing that he could do in the field would have greater value than the service he could give as a member of the Government. Mr. Meighen has been regarded as a strong Conservative. He is, too, a moderate protectionist, a "progressive" in political outlook, and a devoted Imperialist. His Imperialism, however, is tempered by Canadian nationalism and his conception of Empire is that of Borden rather than that of the older colonial school.

Mr. Calder was, perhaps, the most influential personality in the Liberal party of Saskatchewan. There is no more sagacious or effective organizer in Canadian politics. As Minister of Education in the Western Province he was constructive and courageous. He planned the University of Saskatchewan and never hesitated to provide and defend generous appropriations for elementary and secondary education. Denounced as a politician in political method, he is prudent and practical in administration. He speaks seldom, and neglects all the arts and devices which produce popularity. Often described as "Silent Jim Calder" he remembers that "A fool's voice is known by multitude of words". He is never obscure, never emotional, never apologetic. But manner and language suggest ability and solidity. He achieved such a position in the Cabinet that it was said Sir Robert Borden favoured his accession to the Premiership. He was, however, a Liberal with a reputation for extreme partisanship in Saskatchewan, while probably 85 per cent. of the Unionists belong to the Conservative party. But Mr. Calder, like most men of robust and aggressive character, has the quality of loyalty. He was frankly and unflinchingly loyal to Borden. He seems to have acquired the complete confidence of the old Conservative element in Parliament. There is no doubt that he will be as loyal to Mr. Meighen or he would not have agreed to remain in the Cabinet. And in any Cabinet in which he sits he will be singularly influential. Thus, whether the days of the new Cabinet be few or many, two Western ministers will be very powerful in settling its policy and determining the exact character of its appeal to the country in the next general election.

V

Sir Lomer Gouin has resigned the Premiership of Quebec. He held office for fifteen years, to the great advantage of his Province, and, as they say in the railway statutes, to the general advantage of Canada. Sir Lomer has never been a smooth or accommodating politician. He has, perhaps, commanded more respect than affection. In his character and in his utterances there is something of the bluntness and roughness for which Lord Salisbury was distinguished. No man could be more unlike Mercier or Chapleau, who inspired a passionate devotion among groups of adherents in Quebec. He has neither the charm nor the distinction of Laurier. Nor has he any of the genius for agitation which gives Mr. Bourassa his power with the Nationalist element of the French Province. Sir Lomer Gouin has had no sympathy with academic idealism and destructive social and political theories. He has been a practical statesman in a practical world, holding support by progressive, constructive measures, resisting extreme groups and revolutionary proposals, and guiding public opinion into rational and moderate courses.

Unquestionably Quebec has benefited greatly from his wise and prudent administration of its affairs. Twenty-five or thirty years ago Quebec was regarded as the most careless and spendthrift of all the Provinces. Political scandals there were common enough and the other Provinces had adopted a somewhat pharisaical attitude towards French Canada. A common belief was that Quebec was plunging towards bankruptcy, and that sooner or later the Province would be without reputation or credit in the money markets. That seems now to have been a long time ago. To-day Quebec is in as good a position, if not actually in a better position, than any other Province in the Confederation. Nova Scotia, perhaps, ranks second among the Provinces in present financial ease and in the prospect of future revenues. The debt of Ontario increases but the investments in the Provincial railway and the Hydro-Electric enterprises do not necessarily impose any direct or permanent obligation upon the taxpayers. These enterprises will be self-supporting if they are wisely and

conservatively managed. By reduction of charges they may indirectly reduce taxation and strengthen the financial position of the Province. All depends on whether or not policy continues to be sound and management prudent and efficient.

So the Province may gain or lose by the construction of radial railways. It is certain that radial roads create new traffic and therefore may be profitable undertakings where a competing steam road would not be justified. But no community benefits by unnecessary competing railways. The country has learned that lesson at great cost to the treasury. Whether private or public capital is invested interest on the investment must be paid out of earnings or out of taxation. Where two railways are built to do the work of one the cost of transportation is increased and what was designed to be a public benefit becomes a public injury. On this continent as in other countries hundreds of millions of dollars have been wasted in duplicating railways on the supposition that competition in itself would reduce freight and passenger charges. The result has been waste of capital and defeat of the very object for which the roads were constructed. In the construction of electric railways wiser counsels should prevail. The primary object should be to serve sections of the country in which transportation is now inadequate and to protect rather than to destroy invested capital. The public is not necessarily benefited when a corporation is injured nor is the credit of Canada improved by retaliatory measures.

There are many communities in Ontario which need radial railways and if they are constructed where they are needed, with economy in building and a proper relation to requirements, public ownership will not be condemned unless there should be future slackness and inefficiency in operation. Public ownership does lay heavier duties upon Governments and does require extreme vigilance in administration. But, whatever may be the future advantages or disadvantages of public ownership, it cannot be said that the financial position of Ontario is as good as it was twenty years ago even if it be admitted that for so rich a Province the actual public debt is still comparatively insignificant. Probably all the Canadian Provinces are running towards extravagance in government. One feels that a Bradshaw in Queen's Park could improve the financial position of Ontario by $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 annually. All the Western Provinces are extravagant although farmers are the predominant element in Western Legislatures. Moreover, the consequences of extravagance are as serious for farmers as for other classes of the people, even if taxation is so adjusted as to fall chiefly upon financial institutions and industrial corporations.

It may be that even in Quebec it is still easily possible to improve the revenues by greater economy and more prudent administration. But under Sir Lomer Gouin the Province has made remarkable advances in agriculture and in industry. He has been honest enough and resolute enough to prevent any considerable waste on any flagrant jobbery. No man has ever served Quebec with greater fidelity or with fewer of the shifts and artifices of the professional politician. He has held his position, not because he was sinuous and agreeable, but because he gave the people service of such quality that they could not afford to set him aside. There is a general expectation that he will yet appear at Ottawa and whether one agrees or disagrees with his political opinions there can be no question that men of his type are needed in the House of Commons, that he would be soundly influential in federal affairs, and that the whole country would benefit by such prudent, conservative, and resolute qualities as he has displayed in the government of Quebec.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE HUSBAND

By E. H. Anstruther. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

AMONG the great mass of fiction published just now this book will be relished for its many passages that reveal not only an appreciation of life and nature but as well a splendid literary style. It is an English novel. To give an idea of its flavour, the following is quoted:,

"The heather is a little over" said Mrs. Dennithorne, pointing away behind them, as they wound a little back on their tracks up the drive. "It is all in that direction, west and to the North, and beyond that you come to the Fens—you know our famous Fen district? Down there, to the left, you see our river, the little Farr—look, you can just see it again through the wood! That is the oak wood; it is much admired; oaks will hardly ever grow in this country".

Penelope noticed everything; she was entranced by the changing scene, the tranquil air, the tinted woods, the silver stream, the flowing heath; and then the tall red brick house, with its stone terrace, and balustrade covered by the knotted trunk and branches of an ancient wistaria; with behind it all glimpses of smooth lawns, a sun-dial, and rows of formal "bedded-out" flowers. She felt the inevitable, sensuous charm of a dignified, sequestered, established, English home.

They went into the house. In the still, almost religious quiet of the large square hall tea was set. Penelope and her new aunt sat down in deep chintz-covered chairs, and, while they ate little pieces of food from ever so many different kinds of plates and dishes, Penelope gradually supplied the links which were missing in her cousin's knowledge of her own recent antecedents.

. . . . . .

"I must live, I can't stifle myself to death".

And then, quite suddenly, she felt her own terrifying smallness and insignificance, creeping up the long silent path, past each little, black block of semi-detached houses, nearer and nearer, and on, in perfect solitude, at her own gate. The Great Bear still hung in the sky, as it had always hung for thousands and millions of exactly similar dark, starry nights before this one; as she could, herself, remember it to have hung on an innumerable succession of occasions; and beneath this awe-inspiring spectacle she felt that the trifling fact of her own existence was a thing too mean to matter. It appeared ludicrous to suppose that it could signify at all what she chose to do with her infinitesimal self. And although she knew that it did matter, that in some recondite way, inexplicable to herself, its signification was just as tremendous as was the whole vast phenomenon of the universe; still, by some other devious path, she contrived to manufacture a justification and absolution for herself out of the smallness and helplessness of mankind.

So Penelope, journeying thus silently up the little hill, had come at last to her own gate, and then her thoughts came to an abrupt halt. She opened the gate stealthily, all her body tightened up and alert again. Her meditations on things in the abstract were dissipated as swiftly as a soap-bubble, her perception of mundane realities was as keen and lucid as a spring morning.

The trouble she had, at this moment, but begun to visualize would be one to attack her in her most vulnerable spot. She would have to defend herself before a tribunal of opinion not only foredoomed to hostility, but to a complete inability to comprehend her defence. To face her aunts with her new plans would be like facing Margery again; it would be like talking in an imperfectly assimilated foreign tongue, like a desperate exchange of phrases that carried no meaning. The girl who, a little more than an hour ago, had bravely shouldered her fate, recognizing—before the mute appeal of those

piled-up papers—the course true courage plainly pointed out to her, now stood before the front door (latch-key in hand) with dry lips, a throat that swelled, and a heart whose beating was like the erratic flight of a leaf before the wind.

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THE VOICE OF THE PACK

By Edison Marshall. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

IT is a tense moment in this romantic story of the Canadian West when Dan Failing, the hero, is put to the supreme test of facing single-handed an enraged cougar that is threatening the life of his sweetheart. The girl, Snowbird, is attacked by the great beast at night, on a mountain trail, and when the girl shoots at it, it leaps upon her. The scene that follows is here given in the words of the author:

Hurled to her face in the trail, she did not see the cougar crawl on the earth beside her. The flame in the lantern almost flicked out as it fell from her hand, then flashed up and down, from the deepest gloom to a vivid glare with something of the effect of lightning flickering in the sky. Nor did she hear the first frenzied thrashing of the wounded animal. Kindly unconsciousness had fallen, obscuring this and also the sight of the great cat, in the agony of its wound, creeping with broken shoulder and bared claws across the pine needles towards her defenseless body.

But the terrible fangs were never to know her white flesh. Some one had come between. There was no chance to shoot; Whisperfoot and the girl were too near together for that. But one course remained; and there was not even time to count the cost. In this most terrible moment of Dan Failing's life, there was not even an instant's hesitation. He did not know that Whisperfoot was wounded. He saw the beast creeping forward in the weird dancing light of the fallen lantern, and he only knew that his flesh, not hers, must resist its rending talons. Nothing else mattered. No other consideration could come between.

It was the test; and Dan's instincts responded coolly and well. He leaped with all his strength. The cougar bounded into his arms, not upon the prone body of the girl. And she opened her eyes to hear a curious thrashing in the pine needles, a strange, grim battle that, as the lantern flashed out, was hidden in the darkness.

And that battle, in the far reaches of the Divide, passing into a legend. It was the tale of how Dan Failing, his gun knocked from his hands as he met the cougar's leap, with his own unaided arms kept the life-giving breath from the animals lungs and killed him in the pine needles. Claw and fang and the frenzy of death now could not matter at all.

Thus Failing established before all men his right to the name he bore. And thus he paid one of his debts—life for a life, as the code of the forest always decreed—and in the fire of danger and pain his metal was tried and proven.

☆

THE STRANGER

By Arthur Bullard. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE are irritating perplexities about this book. At times it is harsh and gaudy. Then, by a change in the author's diction and subject matter, the scene mellows and softens and manifests a certain richness. The total effect of the book is to give a sense of thinness that almost approaches vacuity. But again this thinness, like the thinness of the air of a Western summer,seems sometimes the accompaniment if not the guarantee of distance and vistas and exhilarations.

The story, to one who has read the book and laid it down, is vague like something dreamed and falf forgotten if it was ever really grasped. For some readers the characterization will be artistic, an achievement of the author; for others it will be simply a baffling flaw that the author's immediacy in the matter of dates and contemporaneousness will not remedy. It is as if the action of the book happens behind the semi-transparent screen at the theatre. This, for a summer and half dreamy mood, is pleasant. For the mood of the ordinary year-round reader, who feels that it is the novelist's business to create, to create vividly and concretely, it will be without strong appeal. The few places in the book where the screen disappears and life stalks plainly will be the satisfactory places.

THE SECOND LATCH KEY

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

THESE two writers, who are noted for the constant and fascinating action in their stories, have not failed their numerous readers in this their latest novel. It is the story of an English girl and an adventuring American millionaire who, entering like a Galahad, wins her, and then assumes what appears to be his real nature—a cad. How the mystery which makes him act this part is solved, and enduring love comes to them, is the main theme.

☆

KINDRED OF THE DUST

By Peter B. Kyne. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THIS is a love story of the great Northwest, of the sort of people there. There are three principal characters:

The old Laird—Hector McKaye, millionaire lumber man, a fine old gentleman who has centered the great hopes of a mighty life in his son to whose broad shoulders he has now shifted the vast McKaye enterprises.

The young Laird—Donald, who is torn between his love for his father and his love for Nan, his marriage to whom he feels would break his proud old father's heart.

The outcast of Port Agnew—"Nan of the Sawdust Pile" ostracized by the townspeople, who has made two mistakes in life. She has been deceived into marriage by a bigamist whom she left, and then has fallen in love with Donald McKaye, for whom she named her child. Above all, it is a man's belief in the woman he loves.

Hector McKaye and his close-mouthed general manager Andrew Davey were the only persons who knew the extent of the Laird's fortune. Even their knowledge was approximate, however, for the Laird disliked to delude himself and carried on his books at their cost priced properties, which had appreciated handsomely in value since their purchase. The knowledge of his wealth brought to McKaye a goodly measure of happiness—not because he was of Scottish ancestry and had inherited a love for his baubees, but because he was descended from a fierce, proud, Scottish clan, and wealth spelled independence to him.

☆

THE FORGING OF THE PIKES

By Anison North. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

THIS is a story of the rebellion in Upper Canada in 1837. It is, therefore, a novel of political strife at a time when this young country was in the moulding process. It is a period in Canadian history that has appealed to a number of Canadian writers, notably to Wilfred Campbell, who undoubtedly has left a more pronounced impression as poet than as novelist. In this particular story by Anison North, which is really the *nom de plume* of Miss May Wilson of London, Ontario, the history of the period is well sketched, but there is as well for readers who are not so much interested in history a pretty romance which treats of the love affairs of a handsome girl, Barry, and an equally handsome youth, Alan. The part that Alan takes in the rebellion, especially after he joins the rebel forces under Mackenzie and assists in the attack on Toronto, makes interesting reading quite apart from the love story, which fortunately is ever dominant. One of Alan's observations, which applies to-day as much as it did then is that "The whole trouble of this country comes of lack of common experience and the difficulty of getting a common point of view". Miss Wilson is to be congratulated on having woven a successful romance into a very important event in Canadian history.

THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE TAVERN

THE old axiom that good wine needs no bush was not observed by the tavern of my recollection. For this tavern flaunted a sign that was large and square and much beaten by weather. The sign was supported by a cedar post erected, almost in the middle of the cross-roads, so that even those who ran might read. That is, they might have read had not the characters on the face been almost wholly obliterated by sun and sleet and snow. Nevertheless it stood there with as much significance as the inscription above the bar-room door: "Licensed to sell beer, wine and other spirituous and fermented liquors." *The Tavern Sign-post*

The roads crossed at the foot of two hills, at the very foot of the village. There stood the sign-post, and over from it, against the hillside, lay the tavern, a gaunt, square, light brick structure, with the bar-room steps at the nearest corner and a main entrance in the middle. A plank platform ran all across the front and far enough around the end to pass the bar-room door. In ordinary circumstances an old-fashioned wooden pump would have stood on one corner, but in its stead, just a few feet away, under the edge of the road, a spring of clear water appeared. The water was cold, and it shone in the sun, turning over slowly once or twice before it slipped back into the earth again, to reappear by the roadside, behind the stables, in the form of a rivulet, which, after many years away from it, at length prompted my dissertation on "The Source".

The real source of this stream was farther up, past the grist mill and behind the blacksmith's shop; but here by the tavern it made its first real appearance. Sometimes, as children, on the way to school, we used to make the interesting experiment of casting a chip of wood into the churning water, watch it glide down from sight, then run out behind the stables by the roadside, and wait for it to emerge triumphant into the light. What a weird, perilous voyage for craft so frail! How the chip must have held its breath and shut its *A Perilous Voyage*

A Line of Notable Beasts

eyes as it went hurtling and tossing through that subterranean passage! Niagara gives no more genuine thrill than this. Nor does Kakabeka, Montmorenci, or the upper chasms of the Fraser.

The water, following its course under ground, flowed beneath the bar-room door, beneath the gravelled space where steeds of noble blood have stamped at the hitching post, almost beneath the stables honoured by the memory of Lord Haddow, Prince Charlie, Pride of Perth, Perfection, and a line of other notable beasts whose pedigrees hung upon the bar-room walls.

The bar-room itself was the place of peculiar interest in those days. As to beauty it could make no boast, nor was it attractive in its plainness. Its floor was plain and bare, as was also its walls, except for the hangers that published the qualifications of specimens of live stock, the dates of auction sales, the programmes of fall fairs and the wonderful attractions and marvellous feats displayed by some travelling circus. There were the usual bar, the usual cuspidors, the usual Windsor chairs, and the very usual flavour of stale beer and cigar stubs. On the shelf behind the bar was a modest assortment of liquors, and in the middle, above the shelf, instead of the familiar picture of a horse-race, a boxing tournament or a cock-fight, the space was used to display the likeness of some prominent politician. In the seventies there hung for years a large framed portrait of Hon. George Brown, which served in contradistinction to the numerous crude, counterfeit presentments of local stallions and bulls.

Bull, singularly enough, was the name of the landlady. She was at least a grass widow, and she seemed to enjoy dispensing liquors. It was a treat to see her plump right arm work the brass handle every time anyone called for beer, her black eyes flashing constantly, and the smooth ivory skin of her cheeks sinking into dimples with every jibe and every sally.

Sally, odd as it many seem, was the name of her daughter. She, too, perhaps to her sorrow, had black eyes and red lips and a marvellously strange look that was not of earth nor of sky. I have seen this mother and this daughter, both beauties of the same stock, the one enticing, the other threatening, serving drink to boisterous men who revelled in blatant boast and ribald jest.

Jesting and boasting were the conspicuous accomplishments, and while mighty deeds of valour can be recalled, one dare not venture to perpetuate the jokes. For the delicacies of thought and speech oftentimes were disregarded and strong drink

Mighty deeds of Valour

had a wonderfully loosening effect on the tongue. But boasting, in many instances at least, is a harmless pastime, especially if you can get someone else to boast for you. Take the case of Jack Lampert. Jack was a short, stocky, young farmer who was noted for his great strength. It was said of him that once during the haying, seeing a rainstorm approaching, he went into a field with a barley fork and threw the haycocks on to the wagon, one at a time, as fast as the horses could walk. Jack was handicapped inasmuch as he could not stage a haying scene in the bar-room. Instead he used to fold fifty-cent silver pieces with his fingers.

The Case of Jack Lampert

Then there was big Bill Benson, who went about the countryside with Lord Haddow, drew sawlogs in winter, and stopped at the tavern every time he perceived any likelihood of conviviality. His turn, so to speak, was to carry the box stove full of live coals out and set it down in the middle of the road. This feat was not likely to be performed without at least a small wager, and if a stranger could not be induced to act as victim, a drink or two on important occasions like Christmas, Hallowe'en or somebody's birthday would ease Bill's conscience. Because Bill, like many another whose profession compels him to appear in public, believed in commercializing his talent, or at least in not pandering merely, without profit, to vulgar curiosity. Under drink his bearing became heavy, his perception dull. And while he seldom lost the use of his great strength, frequently his faculties lagged until it seemed as if his great hulk acted while his mind stood still.

Still in particular did it stand one Thanksgiving night when Charlie Mitchell, anticipating the occasion, slipped some extra dry hardwood from the mill pile into the stove and sat back to await the result.

It was one of those cold autumn nights when leaves rustle on the ground, when shutters creak, when chickens leave the orchard for the coop, and cattle crouch against the stack.

The bar-room was warm and inviting. Yankee Tom had got out his fiddle, and little Jimmie Jordan was doing a clog dance to the tune of "The Wind Shook the Barley". George Grimes, who shipped more fat cattle from those parts than any other three men in the county, sat in a chair tilted against the wall, humming the tune and beating time with his fist on the arm of the chair. Bobbie Boak, a Nova Scotian, whose paunch was like a barrel, whose calling was that of drover, who carried a stop watch and had gold in his front teeth, stood with his hands in his pockets intently watching Jimmie's twinkling

Bobbie Boak, Nova Scotian

With a tin of Oysters

little legs and spitting betimes into a flat brown cuspidor. Arthur Bisaillon, a French-Canadian, whose name nobody could pronounce, and who always came in with a tin of oysters under his arm, marked time with his heel and picked his teeth with a quill. Joe the teamster, having taken a five-cent cigar on the first round of treats, sat with his eyes on the ceiling, his feet on the fender. The carpenter, with hair all round his neck like down on a chicken, was ready for oysters and more than ready for gin. Gin he could not resist, and he relished it neat, because, as he was wont to remark, it smoothed out the wrinkles in his throat, and its fumes were like hell fire.

Hell fire, indeed, the Methodist parson used to call it, and the tavern itself was the hell-hole of destruction. Not so, however, in the opinion of Hi Horner, man of all trades, who used to say, whenever he had a glass of liquor in his hand, "They claim that bread is the staff of life, but whiskey is life itself".

On this especial Thanksgiving night Hi leaned against the jamb of the door leading into the hallway, his whiskers standing straight out like a wire brush and the hair on his head clipped close like a jail-bird's. He boasted of the finest set of teeth in the township, and to prove it he could, if sufficiently provoked, bite through a tenpenny nail or take a chunk out of the hardest flint whiskey-tumbler that ever crossed a bar.

Close to Hi stood the blacksmith, who never came down to the tavern except on special occasions and always called for ale in a pewter mug. His hair, as usual, was oiled and parted carefully all the way down at the back. He wore a mutton-chop beard whose ends were long enough to tie in a bow-knot. He had extraordinary forearms, acquired no doubt by hammering at the anvil, and he always was willing to have a trial of wrist strength with anyone, and he usually earned a drink by a simple twist.

Under the drawing of Lord Haddow stood Charley Campbell, one of the nimblest and supplest nuisances north of the Boundary. His most exquisite pastime was breaking door panels with his fists, but if only half tight he could spring into the air with the agility of a cat, kick one side of the room with one foot, and then, without touching the floor, bound across and kick the other side.

Charley's Long Suit

Kicking was Charley's long suit. He kicked Hi Horner in the face one fall fair day, but didn't even loosen a single tooth. He kicked off Finlay Ferguson's hard hat one fall

fair day, and the row that followed lasted until they laid poor Finlay on the hill. He was a good farmer, was Finlay, but a sad humourist: like many other persons, he never seemed to know when to laugh. *But a sad Humourist*

But laughing was in order, even for Finlay, though it was suppressed, this Thanksgiving night when Jimmie stopped dancing and Big Bill spat on his hands as he asked whether anyone would say that he could not carry out the stove just as it stood, fire and all. Everyone knew that the top was red hot, that it was roaring inside, that even the legs were warm.

It was a tense moment. Mrs. Bull stood, arms akimbo, beside the cask of rye. Dimples appeared in her cheeks, and a flash of merriment in her eyes. For she was inured to the adventure, well schooled in the cunning knack of letting the men have their fling. Sally, resting thin elbows on the bar and blanched cheeks in the hollows of her hands, fixed her eyes on a stranger who half sat on the window sill, in the shadow, behind the stove. Her stare no doubt, was a challenge to this man, for until now he had not suffered his eyes to turn away from feasting on her comeliness. Perhaps it was fate, perhaps it was perdition; but, whatever it was, some irresistible impulse must have surged within them.

"Will anyone bet me I can't do it?" shouted Bill, again spitting on his hands.

No one replied.

"Will anyone stand the drinks if I do it?"

All but Bill himself realized that the stove was red hot, and, knowing Bill, all laughed to themselves at the prospect of seeing the local giant thwarted at last.

Just then the stranger came out from the shadow. Then we could see, and Sally also should have seen, all the more plainly, that he had an uncertain kind of good looks, with black eyes, a flowing black moustache, rather flashy clothes and a brilliant scarf pin.

"I tell you what I'll do," he said, addressing Bill: "if you carry that stove out, I'll carry it in again."

Bill looked aghast. Here after all was one who challenged his hitherto acknowledged supremacy. What could it mean? It was not possible that this upstart of ordinary physique could wrest from him the sweetness of his present glory. Let him try.

At this turn of events Mrs. Bull's dimples disappeared, but Sally didn't change a hair. Bill, striding over towards the stove, contemptuous of the stranger, stretched his arms and shouted for someone to open the door. Two or three jumped forward, and almost before anyone could tell just what was *Sally didn't change a hair*

The Stranger, True to Type

happening, Bill went out through the door, holding by some superhuman resistance the hot stove in front of him. The pipes clattered to the floor and smoke filled the room. Everyone rushed towards the door, and when the last of us got out we saw Bill standing serenely over the stove warming his hands. Presently he looked about him, and then called for the stranger.

The stranger, true to type, had remained inside to snatch a word with Sally. But now he stood boldly silhouetted in the doorway.

"Now, stranger," said Bill, "it's your turn."

"There's no hurry," replied the stranger. "Let's all cool off."

"The stove too," said Bill, with a sneer.

"The stove too," said the stranger: "I didn't say when I'd carrry it back."

There was something tantalizing in his tone, for Bill sprang towards him and was about to strike when Sally rushed in between them. The stranger drew the girl to one side, and then addressed Bill.

"I didn't come here," he said slowly, "to fight. Nor do I intend to carry a red-hot stove. But I tell you what *I'll* do: we'll wait till the stove cools off, and then, to make up for the heat, I'll carry it in again with Sally sitting on top."

While the stove was cooling off everyone went inside again, and the stranger stood the treats all round. Then he stood them a second time, taking whiskey himself, neat, and swallowing it with a little gurgle that made Joe look narrowly at him across the edge of the bar.

The bar was not long enough for all to stand up to it abreast, so the stranger stepped back to let Yankee Tom reach for his glass. As he did so, Sally came from behind, and looked saucily up at him. With that he crooked his elbow and invited the girl to sit therein and put one arm round his neck. In that position he walked with her triumphantly, as we thought, out and placed her neatly on top of the stove. Then he stooped down and with what seemed like the greatest of ease he lifted the stove, Sally and all, and carried it gracefully into its proper place. And he did more than that, for a few nights later he disappeared, and, what was always regarded as a remarkable co-incidence, Sally disappeared at the same time.

Nobody ever seemed to hear anything more about Sally, and in time she was forgotten. Perhaps not altogether forgotten, for there is one at least who remembers her black eyes, her red lips and the look that was not of earth nor of sky.

Not of Earth nor of Sky

TAX ON CLOTHES A BURDEN ON NECESSARY OF LIFE

BY OTTIWELL WOOD

DURING the stress of the war period the men of Canada were never accused of extravagance. The six hundred thousand who went across put up with the rough cloth and ill-tailored uniforms, and those who stayed at home to carry on the business of the country practised economy and thrift.

I was talking to John Brownlee, managing director of the Semi-ready, Limited, of Montreal, who are recognized leaders in the tailoring of clothes of quality for men.

This firm achieved the distinction of filling every order for their customers in Canada, and they never offered an excuse. "We make clothes—not excuses," was the terse statement of one of the directors.

Mr. Brownlee's chief objection to the tax on men's clothes was, that it was ill-considered in the first place, then was reconsidered after consultation with some of the manufacturers, who should have been asked for information in the first place, and that the exemption line as drawn at $45 was too low to permit of a fair deal to the thrifty man who was neither extravagant or luxurious.

"The tax will lower the quality and depreciate the value generally," said Mr. Brownlee. "Instead of uplifting the quality of workmanship and material, there will likely be a return to the old system of just seeing how cheap clothes can be made, without regard to the quality of material or of workmanship.

"The placing of the exempt line at $45 on our Semi-ready clothes, while the custom-made suit or what we call the special made to order suit enjoys an exemption up to $60, is hardly fair.

"The inference is that our $45 stock suit is of as good value as the $60 made-to-measure suit. This is a distinction far beyond our claim, that there was only about $8 or $10 saved by our system of tailoring," continued Mr. Brownlee.

"What affect will the tax have on values as they exist to-day?" I asked.

"When a man pays $3.75 more for a suit than the label says it is worth, he cannot argue that it will reduce the price," he replied.

"In the five years since 1914 the clothing manufacturers had one prosperous season. That was during the half year period in 1919, when a grand army of Canadians returned from Europe to civilian life.

"In the previous year men were practising economy in their apparel. Prices of woollens went up 200 and 300 per cent. and there has been no break in the highest prices as yet. The cost of labour advanced more than 100 per cent. and at the beginning of the present year a further advance of fifteen per cent. was demanded by the workers and acceded to by the employers.

"A fine, wool worsted suit or a fine, wool tweed cannot be produced, to sell

at $45. Why should men who practice thrift in quality-buying be compelled to pay more for their suits than the men who are content with the more wasteful shoddy and cotton mixtures?

"A good suit of clothes, made from a fine wool, cannot be classed as a luxury. A plain suit of clothes is as much a necessary of life as are eggs, butter and bacon.

"The cost of wool and of labour jumped so high that the ordinary $25 suit values went up to $50 or $55, with a lesser profit to the makers than in normal times. In the good old days, when peace reigned and we started to build a Peace monument in Montreal's largest park, a $25 suit was never classed as an extravagance or a luxury.

"I understand that the Minister of Finance confessed his ire in strong terms to the furriers because ladies wore neck scarfs in the streets in the summer. Possibly if he wore as gauzy clothes as a lady does he would need a fur ruff.

Canada needed a lesson in economy, but the gross expenditures of our governments, municipal, provincial and Federal, have not given the people any semblance of a lesson in thrift.

Another objection to the differential between clothes made to measure and clothes sold as Semi-ready clothes are tailored was registered by Mr. Brownlee:

"Semi-ready tailored clothes finished to the try-on stage, and ready to be finished in an hour by any skilful tailor are exempt up to $45, and there is a tax of 15 per cent. on all money paid over this amount, whilst clothes made to measure are exempt from taxation up to $60.

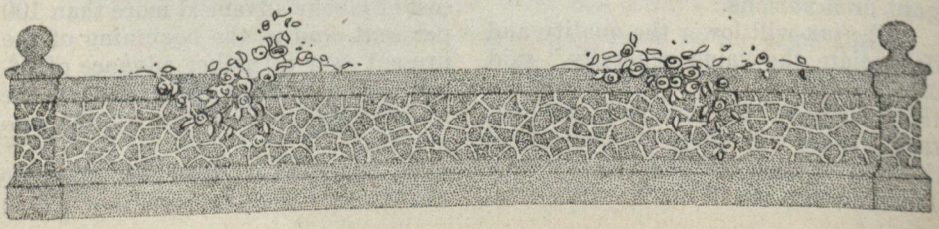
"This would argue that our $45 suits in the shops are equal in value to the suits of the retail tailor which are sold at $60," said Mr. Brownlee.

"I do not combat this argument, but I do know that we make thousands of custom-made or made to order suits every year, and they do not cost us more than $3 to $5 extra to make. The difference is not fair to the shop selling ready-made clothes, and is really a surtax on modern efficiency and organization.

"The collection of an income tax by government authority has always been a travesty. But a small fraction of income and poll taxes were ever collected. It will require a costly army of new officials to collect the new taxes enforced. The honest and upright merchant will be at a disadvantage always, for many men have an easy conscience in evading taxes or customs duties.

"The merchant who has reputation and money at stake, and who honestly collects the super-tax imposed under the first attempt at direct taxation, will no doubt be further harried by the officials on making his returns. While the merchant who wishes to evade the tax and treat its meaning with contempt, will find methods to do so.

"To be sure, a license is to be issued to each merchant, and the withdrawal of his license may put the dishonest merchant out of business. But a government does not usually show any skill or initiative in matters of this kind. I cannot believe that this means of taxation, copied from a like system inaugurated by the dying Democratic regime in the United States, will meet with public favour," concluded Mr. Brownlee.



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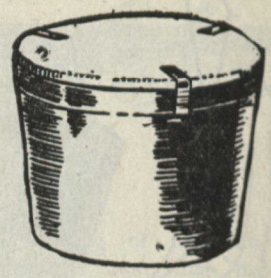

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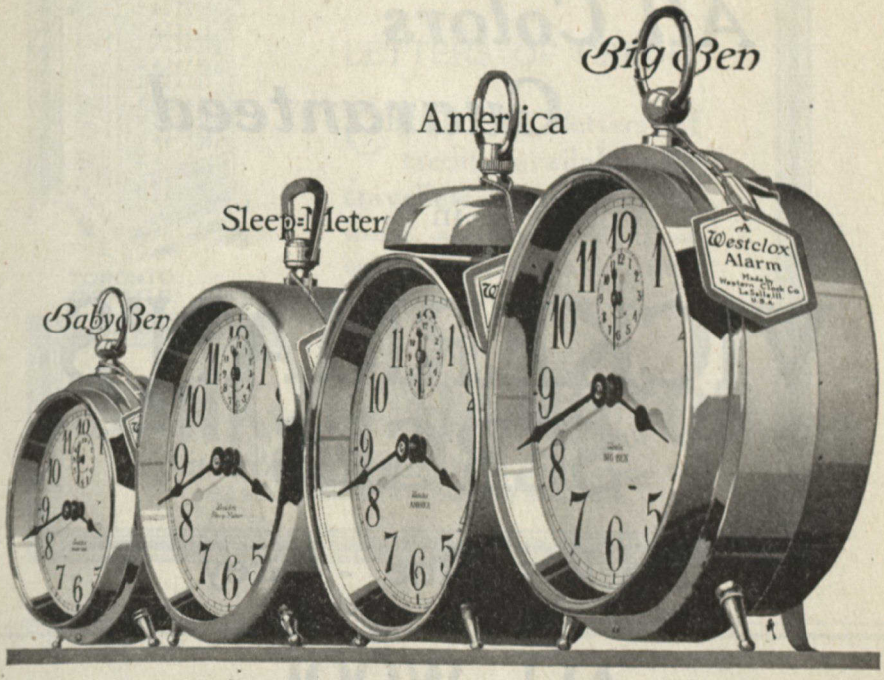

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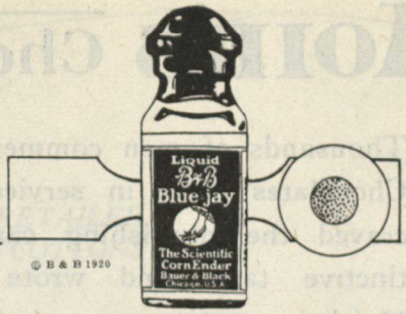

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Whether it is an itching, burning skin trouble, an annoying rash, irritation, cut, wound or burn Cuticura will soothe and in most cases heal. First bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry and anoint with Cuticura Ointment. In purity, delicate medication and refreshing fragrance Cuticura meets with the approval of the most discriminating.

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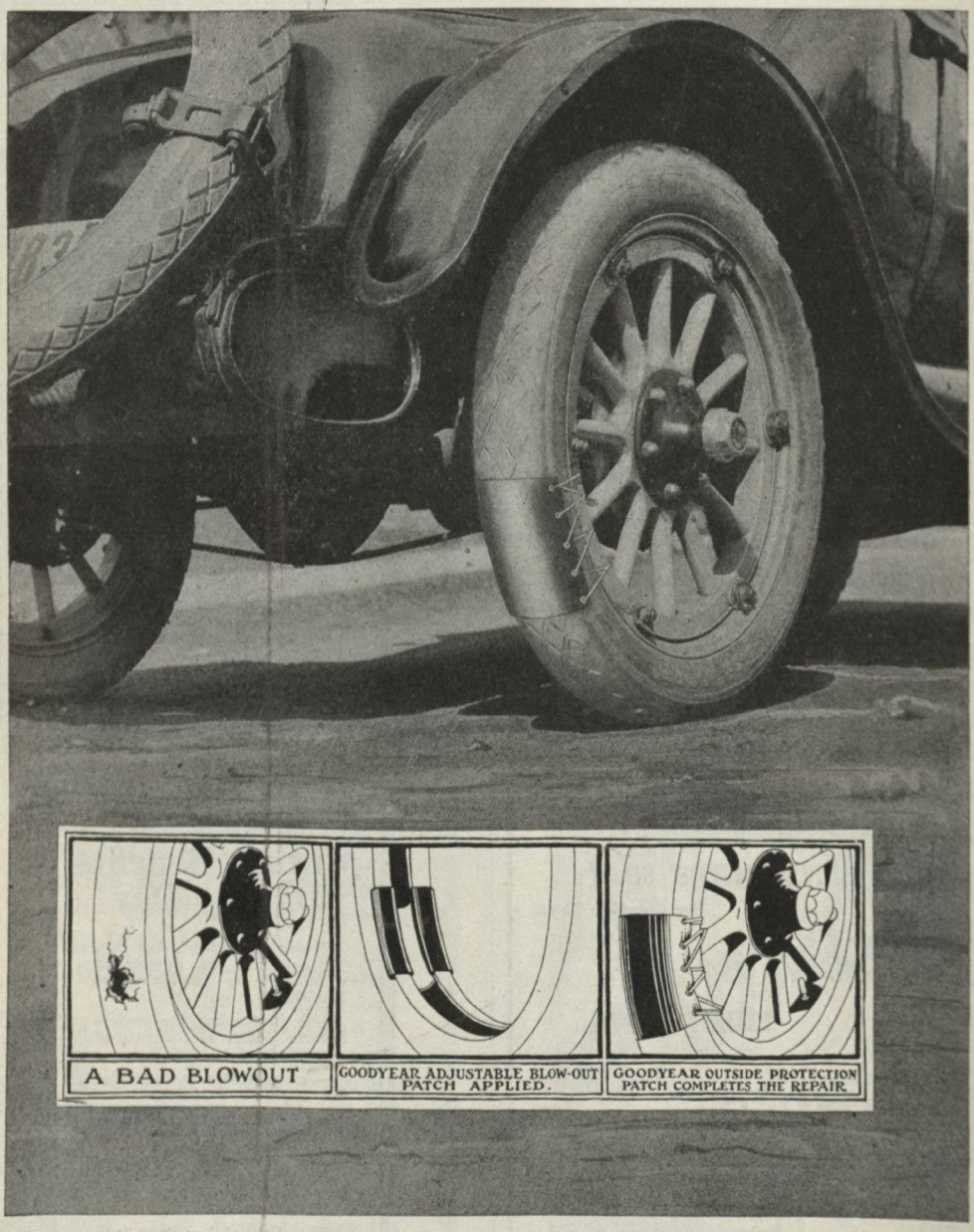

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Greater Tire Mileage and the Goodyear Service Plan

Every Goodyear Tire Saver, like the Outside Protection Patch illustrated, is designed to insure that greater mileage which is the purpose of the Goodyear Service Plan.

To the built-in mileage of Goodyear Tires, this plan adds effective means of prolonging the usefulness of injured tires.

A well-worn or injured tire may blow out on the road. The Goodyear Outside Protection Patch and the Goodyear Adjustable Blow-out Patch have been provided to enable you to make quick repairs on the road, in case of such emergencies.

If these two Tire Savers prevent you driving a half-mile on a flat tire, they may have saved the full value of the casing.

It is such Tire Conservation as this which is aimed at by the Goodyear Service Plan of Service Stations and Tire Savers.

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If you are interested in knowing why more motorists ride on Goodyear Tires than any other brand in the world, talk to a Goodyear Service Station Dealer and write us at Toronto for our free Tire Conservation Course.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
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TO say that a motor *improves with use* may sound paradoxical. But owners, after years of use, say this is their actual experience with Willys-Knight motors.

The Willys-Knight motor receives its gas through openings in sliding sleeves mechanically operated. It has no clashing valves. A gradual accumulation of carbon, between the sleeves, seals the compression more tightly. In power and quietness, the motor thus improves with use.

That explains why owners so universally declare, the Willys-Knight runs *better* the *longer* it runs.

Willys-Knight Booklet on Request

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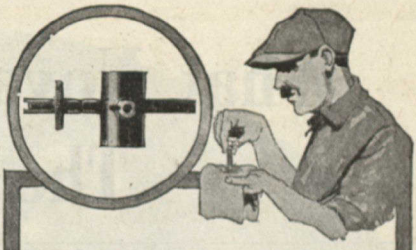

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To Damaged Valves

DON'T throw away the tube because the thread of the valve is injured. Repair it in a few minutes with this handy Schrader Universal 5 in 1 tool. It consists of: Tap, Die, Valve-inside Remover, Reamer, and Deflater. With it you can remove insides from valve stems, repair damaged cap threads, re-tap inside thread, ream damaged cap seat, deflate tubes. It will save you many dollars and yet costs only 45 cents anywhere in Canada.

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McClary's

Make good stoves and Cooking utensils.

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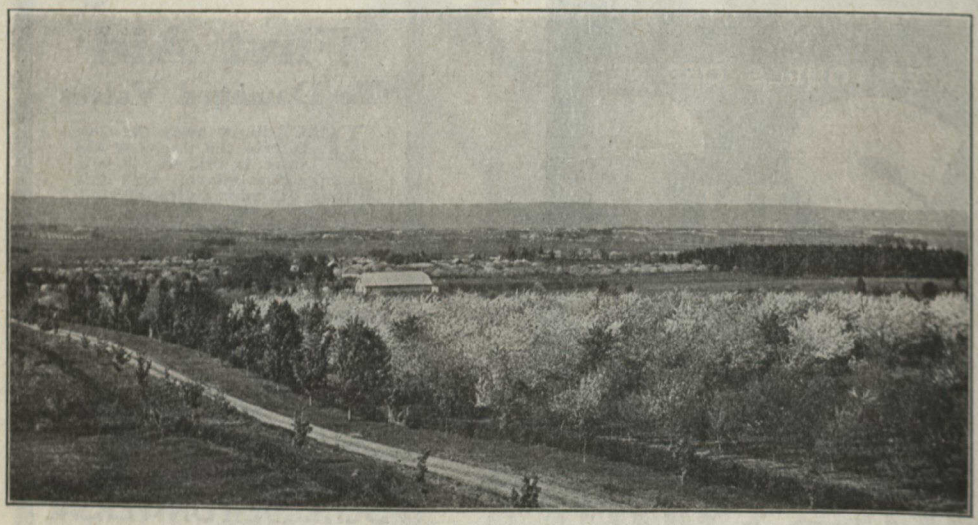
What Nova Scotia Offers The Farmer



Land Suitable for Dairying with succulent and well watered pastures. The climate is moist and cool and the markets for dairy products unexcelled. Good breeds of cows average 10,000 pounds of milk per cow.

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For there never was a fabric so wonderfully apt in defying a "hot" situation . . . Its open, porous weave —its clean, fresh appearance—its airy lightness— make living a joy, even when the old thermometer is dizzily climbing around the hundred mark!

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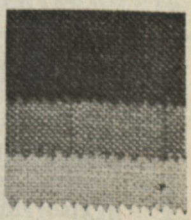

GENUINE PALM BEACH SUITS are shown in many patterns—in dark colors as well as light.

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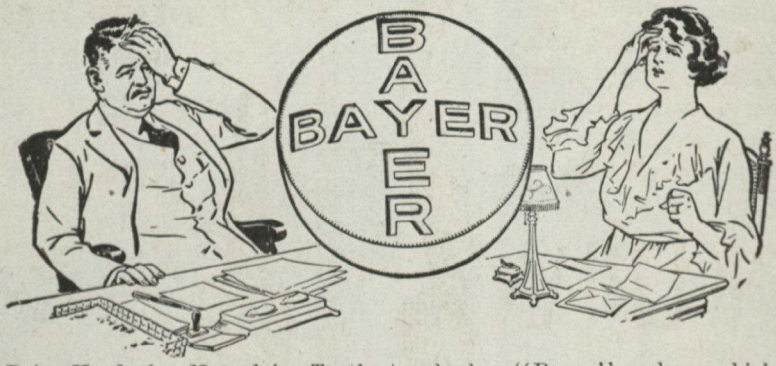

For Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, and for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, take Aspirin marked with the name "Bayer" or you are not taking Aspirin at all.

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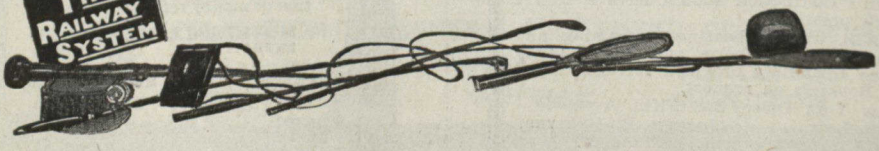

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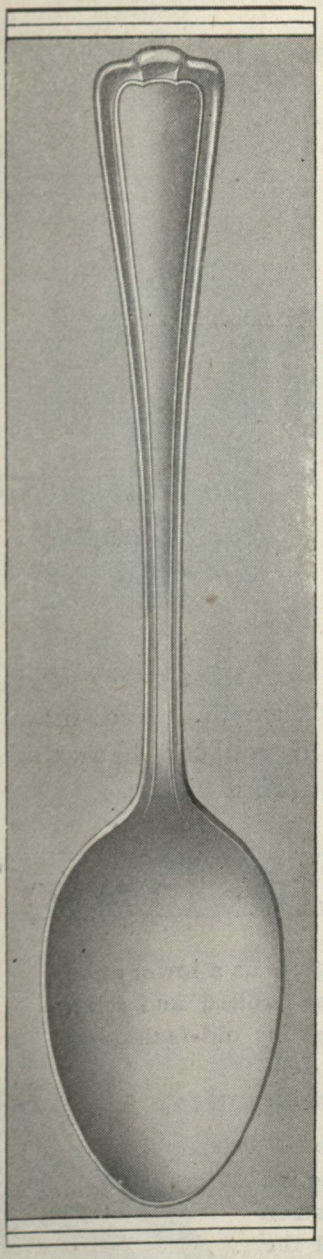

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WHEN you decide to purchase spoons, knives and forks be guided by those who have preferred the 1847 Rogers Bros. brand for seventy years. Buy quality! Quality alone makes silverplate a good investment. None but the highest quality bears our trademark.

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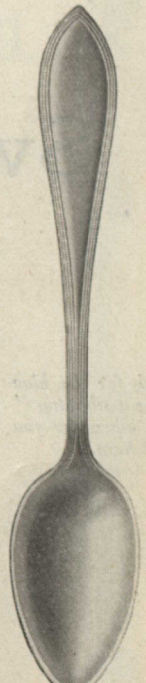

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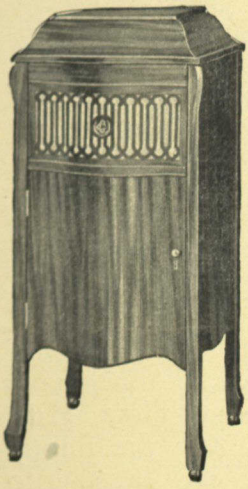

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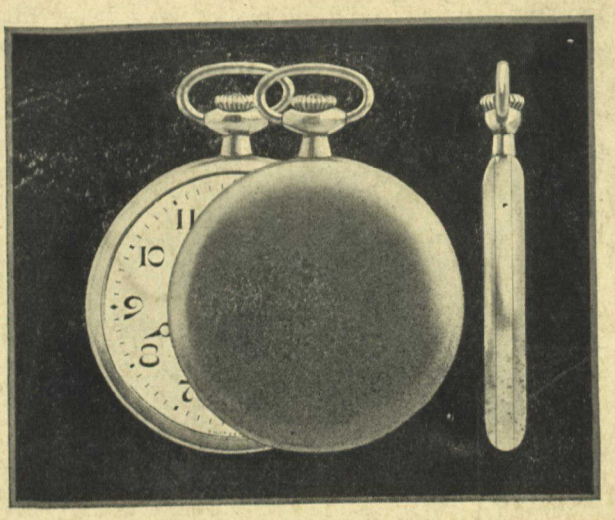

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