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Vol. II. MAY, 1908. No. 5

Calgary To the Fore. Early in July the annual Dominion Exhibition will be held in Calgary, the capital of the Western plains. This is an important fixture, which in previous years has brought much gain and more kudos to Winnipeg and New Westminster, and which will add something to the fame of Calgary. At the present time, there is no city west of Winnipeg which is growing so rapidly. Only six years ago the population had fallen to less than five thousand, during the last three it has jumped from seven to fifteen, and will probably pass the twenty thousand mark this year. Calgary has had its ups and downs, but its real importance, not only as a great ranching but a great transportation centre, is now realized. It received a powerful impetus when the C.P.R. decided to undertake extensive irrigation works in the Bow Valley and now that the possibility of mixed farming has been demonstrated there is hardly any limit to the expansion and possible prosperity of Calgary. Those who knew it in the early days as the headquarters of cattle ranching and the home of a few hundred Englishmen who realized the opportunities it offered for a free and easy life in a new country, would hardly recognize it as the substantial, stone-built, commercial city of today, with hundreds of settlers cultivating their corps within a few miles of its depot. It is a compliment to the industry and enterprise of Calgary that it should have been selected by the Dominion Government as the site of this year's Exhibition. It fully deserves the compliment, and will without doubt rise to the importance of the occasion.

Homeseekers. The next number of Westward Ho! will be called the "Homeseekers' Number," and will contain special articles dealing with the resources of the West in relation to the settler. Everyone admits that what the West most needs is men, but they must be men of the right sort; not wage earners so much as land cultivators, who will drive in their stakes, fence their section, build their home, stay with the country and assimilate with those who are building up a "white" Canada. There is room for millions, and even the least fortunate of them can get a better living under more favourable conditions than at any point in the old world. All homeseekers are not looking for the same tracts of land, although mixed farming is almost everywhere becoming the rule. Westward Ho! will give special information with respect to each important district so as to prevent disappointment in the selection of the future homestead. A high authority stated recently that less

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than five per cent. of the cultivable land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was occupied, no other country in the world has the available extent or offers the opportunities of Western Canada, to make these known in a reliable manner will be the chief object of the "Homeseekers" issue of Westward Ho!

The Question of Coal. The next number of Westward Ho! will contain an exhaustive article on the subject of coal. Every known source of supply in Western Canada will be canvassed and our readers will be placed in possession of the fullest information with respect to one of the most important subjects which could engage their attention. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that coal mining as an investment is receiving more attention, and the repeated attempts of Westward Ho! to direct attention to this are beginning to bear fruit. New mines are being opened up continually —Vancouver Island has contributed three such enterprises within a year. On the mainland East Kootenay will have at least three new shippers this year, and just East of the Rockies in Alberta quite a number of valuable properties are being exploited. The latest information is that Mr. Jas. McEvoy, the able and popular chief engineer of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. for the last seven years, has resigned his position in order to undertake the management of a large German Company which will develop coal mining near Calgary. Men of Mr. McEvoy's character do not surrender lucrative positions in pursuit of a mere "will o' the wisp," and as no man is better acquainted with the Geology of the District, it may be taken for granted that the new enterprise is a solid one. With all these developments coal should be cheaper, at any rate at the Coast. Seven dollars fifty a ton is a ridiculous price say for Vancouverites to pay for coal mined within sixty miles, and transported by water for fifty cents a ton. Bituminous coal in Montreal, carried by rail a thousand miles, only costs the same price. The City Council of Vancouver has just received tenders for a supply of Australian coal at $5.50 per ton delivered. It is only fair to point out that this is unscreened coal, or at any rate that it will be practically of that grade by the time it reaches Vancouver, but even so the possibility of mining coal at a distance of 14,000 miles, transporting it to British Columbia and selling it at $5.50 conclusively shows that $7.50 is not a reasonable price for the local product. Westward Ho! does not hesitate to say that coal should be sold at the Coast delivered to the consumer at a maximum of $5 per ton, and if a trade combine is responsible for the present high figure, it is the duty of the Government to investigate the matter.

Publicity. The Pacific Coast Advertising Mens' Association will hold its annual meeting in Portland, Ore., June first, and the occasion is one to which attention may well be directed. Only those who are conversant with the inner working of publicity advertising know just how effective and how valuable it is. All good advertising is the result of careful study combined with ingenuity and experience. The members of the Pacific Coast Association are all expert in their line, and have made good in one direction or another. The West needs advertising, because it needs population, and the task before this Association is so to advertise the attractions and the resources of the territory in which it operates as to attract population. It all depends on the way it is done; there are hundreds of newspapers, journals and magazines turning out page after page of well written illustrated articles on the beauties of the West, but unless this mass of information is utilized by a specialist in such a manner as to fasten the attention and startle the reader into a recognition of the fact that here is something for him, it simply passes through his mind like the average column of reading matter, without leaving any impression. Adaptation is the art of advertising, the bringing of the seeker and his quest together, and this work has been successfully accomplished by the men who will gather in Portland early next month.

Bremerton's Navy Yard.

Bonnycastle Dale.

THE Navy Yard at Bremerton is a busy place these days. The greatest fleet of modern war vessels that ever traversed the Pacific is approaching along the coasts of North America. Sixteen grim battleships. Are they on a manouvre cruise or have they a deeper purpose? The Department says the former. Great captains of industry like Maxim, college professors, magazine writers, the yellow press in many issues, insinuate that it has a greater object before it, other than the navigation of a long untried course. Rumour—that impalpable thing—says once the fleet is in its desired position certain demands will be made upon Japan relative to Manchuria—if not indeed Corea. If we could hear the words whispered by President Roosevelt in that momentous five minutes farewell instructions to Fighting Bob Evans on board of the Mayflower off Fortress Monroe last December we could tell more about it.

Anchored at the Navy Yard, or tied to the docks are the Wisconsin, battleship, the armoured cruisers Pennsylvania and the Colorado. In the harbour lie the battleship Oregon, half dismantled, the protected cruiser Boston and several despatch boats, cruiser yachts, etc. The Wisconsin is having a pretty thorough overhauling, the Pennsylvania will have to undergo extensive repairs. The Colorado will have her new 8-inch. guns installed. Very soon the Maryland and West Virginia will come to the Yard to be docked, then along comes the Washington and Tennesee. So a really presentable fleet will be here to greet Evans and his four-mile long line of battleships.

Intensely interesting are the great coal bunkers with a foreign vessel discharging coal. What would this mean if war actually took place. A fleet now ranking second among the navies of the world —on paper and in effective strength— without enough United States bottoms to carry her coal. Did Roosevelt mean this as an object lesson when he sent the mighty fleet on this long trip, an object lesson to assist in the passing of the Ship's Subsidy Bill? Speak to United States captains as I am doing every

Admiral Evans and President Roosevelt.

day and they will tell you they are ashamed to glance around among the crowded shipping of any great foreign port for the Stars and Stripes. Usually some dainty pleasure yacht is flying it, for there is no money in building ships in the United States where it costs from thirty to fifty per cent. more to build and twenty to thirty per cent. more to run. So the millionaire is abroad with his pleasure yacht while the flags of every nation but his own flaunt on the breeze

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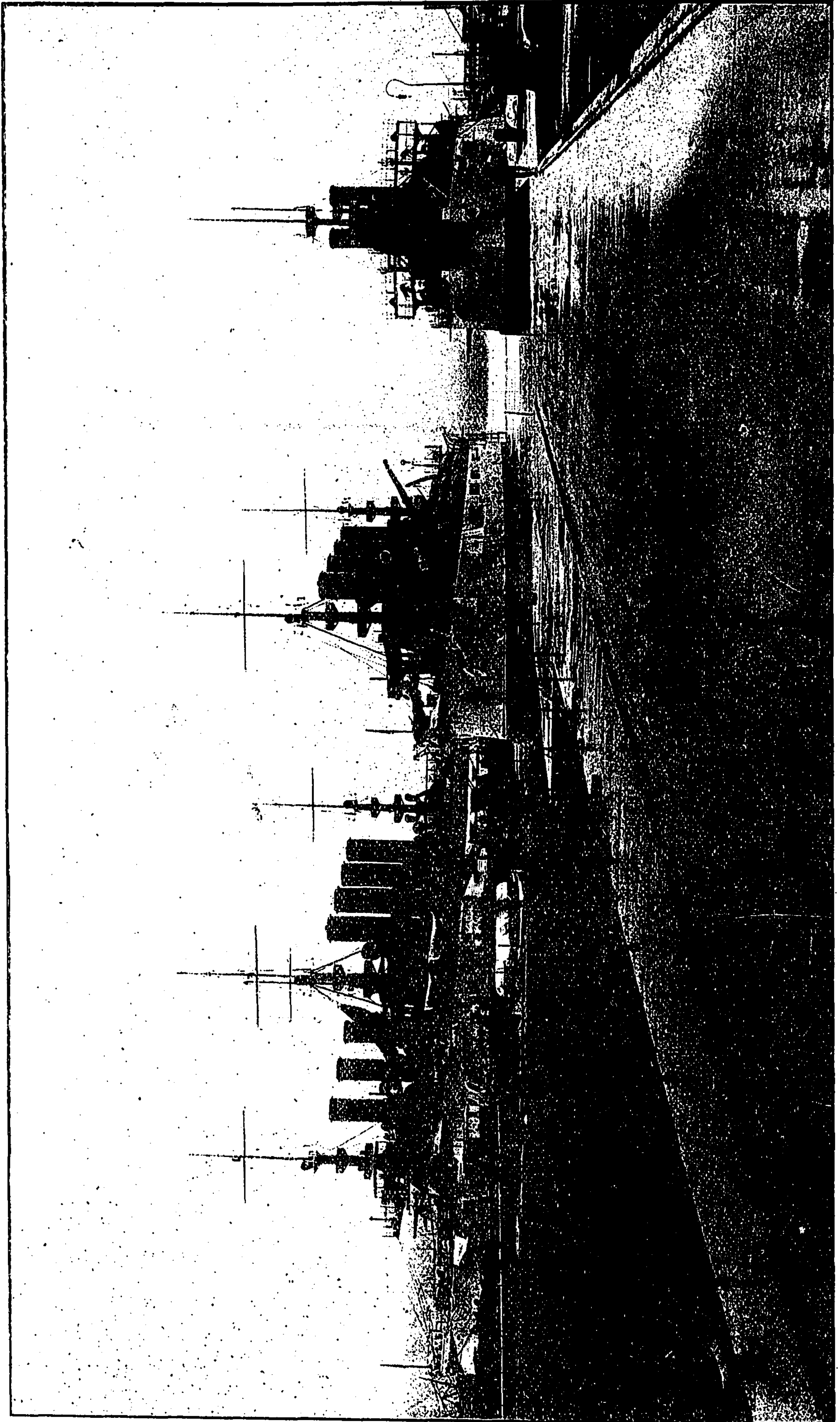
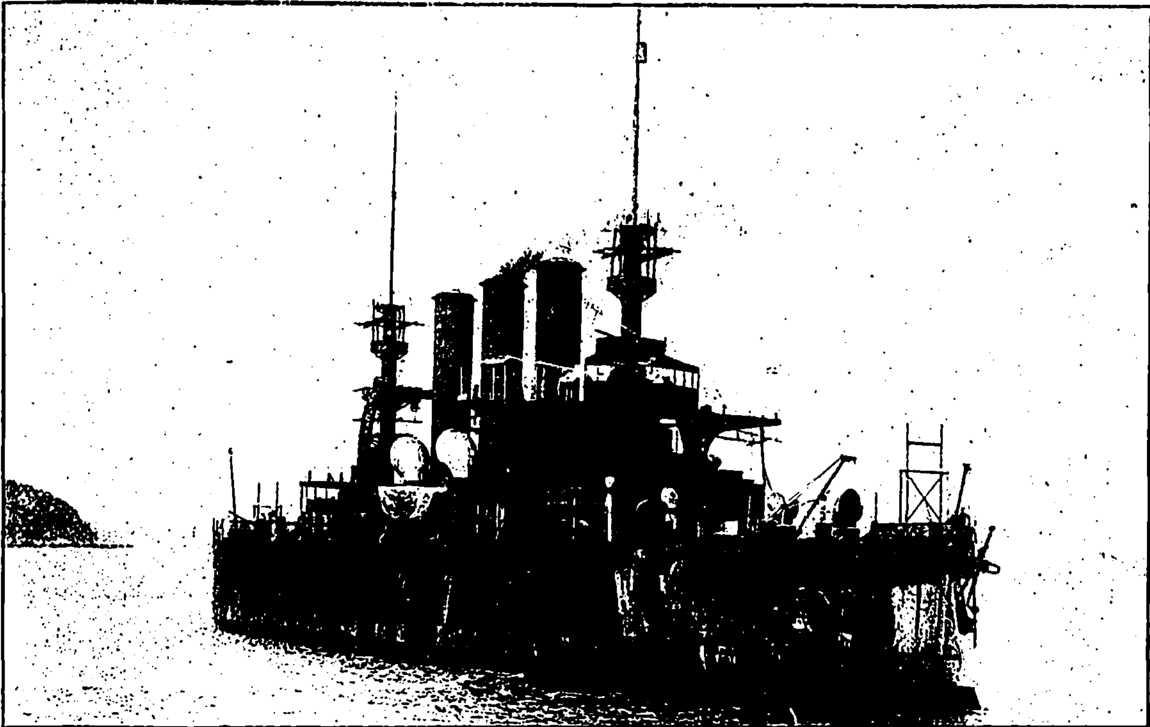


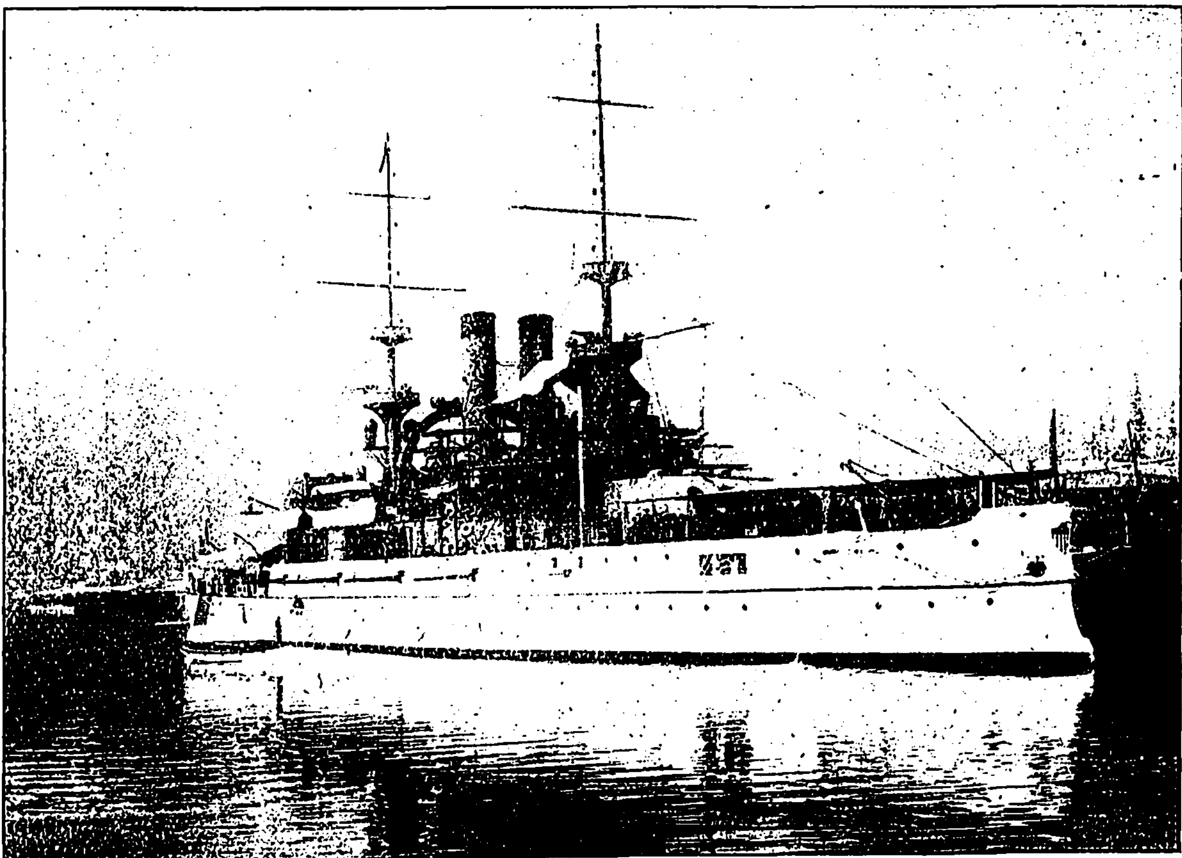
U. S. Battleships at Bremerton Navy Yard.
From Left to Right—"Nebraska," "Pennsylvania," "Colorado" and "Wisconsin."



U. S. Battleship "Nebraska."

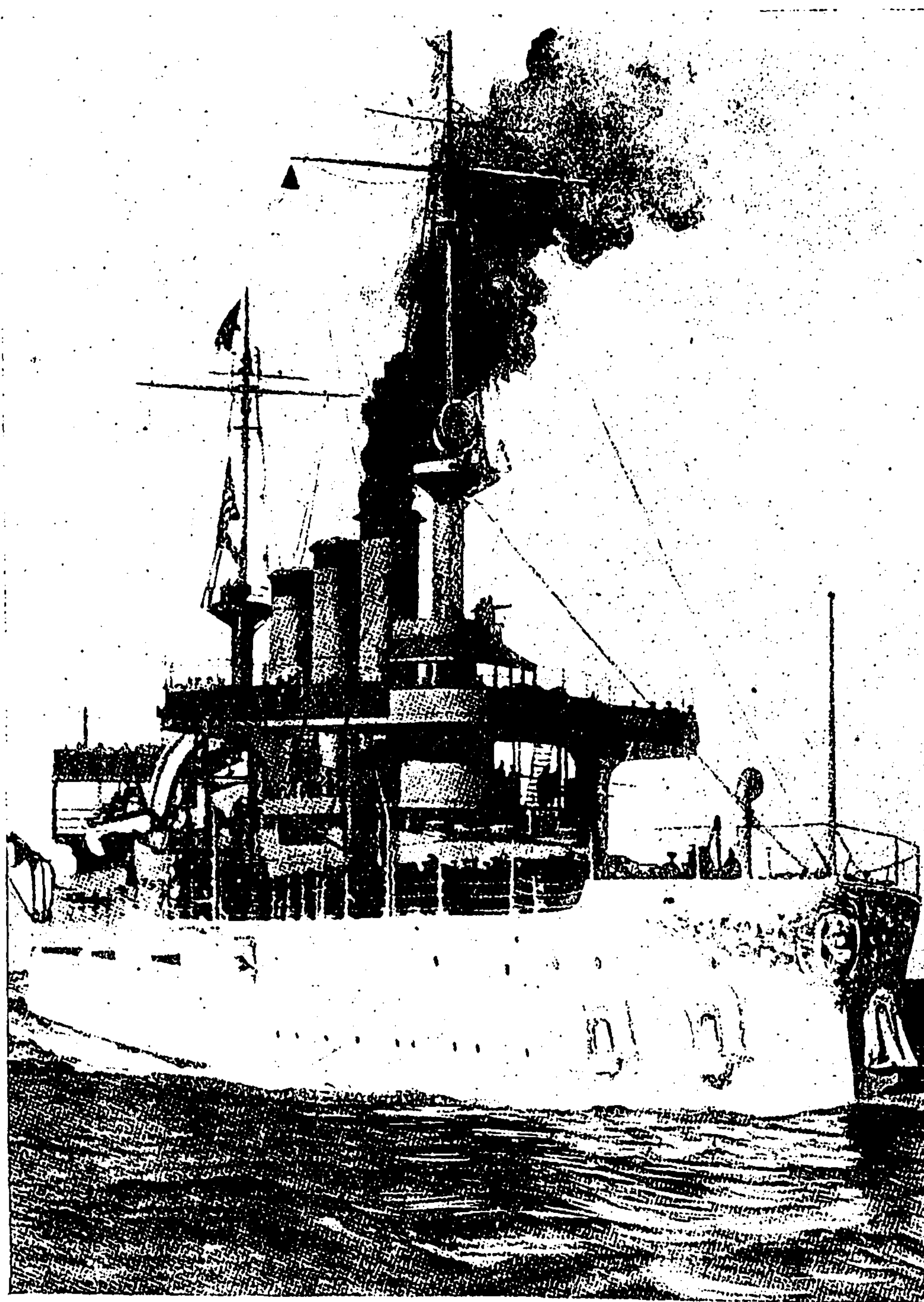
of the routes of traffic the world over. Owners of coastwise boats tell me the Norweigans have run them out. Directors in companies say the English, the Japanese, the Canadian subsidized bottoms have actually run the Stars and Stripes from off the Atlantic and will run it off the Pacific by 1910.

Should not this fend against the war rumour tells us is looming up? Again,



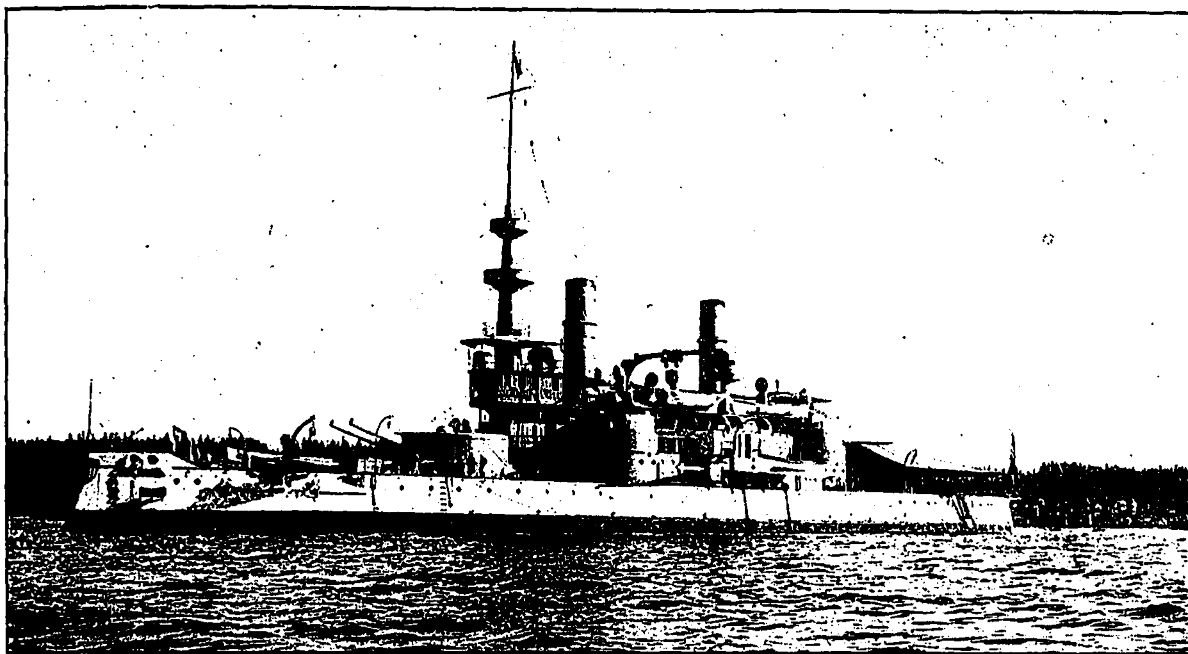
U. S. Battleship "Dakota."

there is only one dock on this northern coast capable of taking in a battleship —unless you include ours at Esquimalt. And if the enemy was an ally of England this would be closed to our friends south of the line. I strongly advise the press not to talk war scare. We are in a very for a moment that this war the press talks so freely about were to break out. Any battleship of the United States damaged or crippled would fill this big dock at Bremerton for months. Now just imagine another great war vessel reeling towards port. Could we—as fellow white



Admiral Evans' Flagship, the "Connecticut."

delicate position if war were to break out. In our hearts we would undoubtedly take sides with the United States. With our hands we could not help them. The mother has bound her daughter in this case by the Japanese treaty. Imagine man—allow her to pass our dry dock if her need was very great? Do all that lies in us, by word and deed, to put down these disquieting rumours, else we may find ourselves called upon to decide

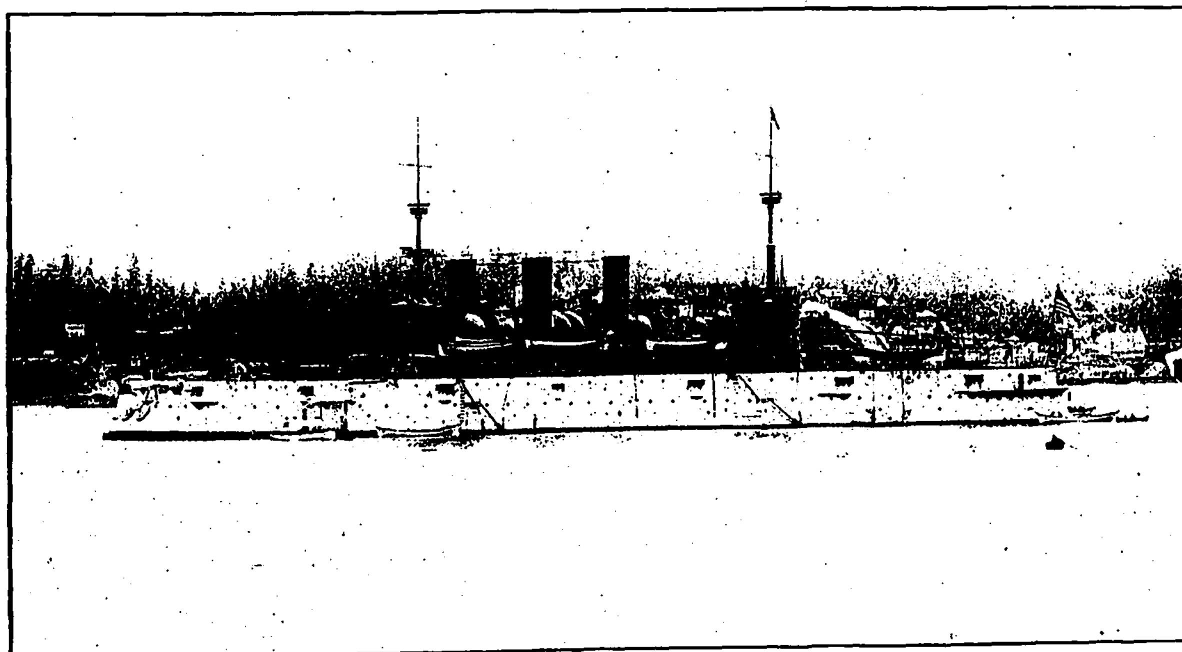


U. S. Battleship "Oregon."

a question much greater than the present one of Oriental emigration.

Remember the United States is very much alive to the need of larger and other dry docks at Bremerton, so much alive that they have just passed an appropriation of two millions to buiid a longer and a wider dry dock. I spoke with many of the men at the Navy Yards. All seemed satisfied with Uncle Sam as a taskmaster. The ex-army and navy men have the preference for employment, but it will need the work of many thousands if the new docks are to be rushed. Labour must be paid on a more suitable basis everywhere. Today the only thing man can put his money in that will not return a fair interest is labour. Thus we have hard times—and as the labouring man is in the great majority—it is he that must feel those hard times.

The general view of the great docks, the departmental buildings, the men's and the officers' quarters, the anchored and moored fleet, all go to teach that this great nation is rapidly assembling a mighty storehouse for the supply of her fleet. Even submarines will soon be stationed here. Men who know say that the gunnery of the fleet is par excellence.



U. S. Armoured Cruiser "New York."

2,8,3

I read the blue book on the Spanish-American war. In it you will find accounts of rapid, accurate practice, both at target and at the enemy. I have been informed that the mortar battery at Fort Casey is as near perfection in dropping a shell—over a tall grove of trees from their concealed implacement—as they well could be. Note the string of forts and disappearing guns, the mortar batteries, the quick firers that line Puget Sound and have no fear that any invading force will ever get—by water—to the Navy Yard at Bremerton.

Shakmut.

Clive Phillips Wolley.

Chapter V.

"Wast thou ever afraid, Anadirski?"

The two, excited and unable to sleep, had paced up and down on the Governor's walk, watching the night wear away, and now stood looking out to sea.

The Cossack fingered his fierce moustache, thinking deeply.

"It may be, your excellence," he said at length; "but it must have been a long time ago. I have a bad memory."

"*I* never used to be," the other mused, half to himself. "*He* had no cowards about him, but——"

"The vodka is dying out. This cursed sea air kills the good drink. Let us go to bed."

"In the attic? The shadows will be there."

"Shadows! Is a soldier of Miloradovitch afraid of shadows?"

"Aye, brother, one is. Did'st see Shakmut rise when the holy taper went out?"

Anadirski looked at his comrade pityingly. The drink and the noise of the sea were beginning to tell upon the brain of the Petersburg dandy.

He, Anadirski, had seen others go mad from the same cause.

"I wish there was nothing worse in Sitka than the shadows," said he.

"What is worse?"

"The substance! Alexander Andreevitch, for instance."

"Baranoff? He has shot his bolt."

"You think so? May be. His mascot failed him to-night, and I think he sees the end of his tether, but it is hard to believe him beaten."

"He will be recalled within the year, and then he will die."

"And your fair report to the Empress will help his recall?"

"If I ever reach that ship, yes. She is far out," and he pointed to where a ray of moonlight showed the St. George, very white and ghostly, lying in the shelter of the spit.

"A mile or may be a little more, but the sea is calm to-night."

"Brooding, it seems to me. Dost mark how the skin of it crawls?"

"It dreams, and its dreams are evil. It is no white man's sea."

Just then from beyond the stockade a low wailing chant arose, rising and falling to the time of the sea's pulse.

"What is that, Anadirski?"

"The Kalushes singing. Men say that the sea life is in them, that they feel the storm coming, and sing its coming."

"My God, if a storm should come now!"

"What then?"

"How should I reach the ship?" and he pointed across the sullen waters.

"Don't be afraid. If you could not reach her, it would be too rough for her to leave Sitka. A Kalush could reach the St. George in any weather in which she dare put to sea. But come to bed."

"The Kalushes are not alone in expecting a storm. Dost see how all the boats have been hauled up?"

For a moment Anadirski made no reply. Instead, he shifted his position so that he could obtain a better view of the beach. After a long scrutiny of it, he turned sharply to Stroganoff, and seemed about to say something, but checked himself and expressed his feelings in a hollow whistle, that reminded one of a distant fog horn.

"They, too, expect a storm at the fort," suggested Stroganoff.

"Aye! They expect something. It has even stirred the Governor. He was sound enough when we left him. Look now!"

Stroganoff looked, and saw lights moving hither and thither rapidly, but almost at once they disappeared, and the darkness fell upon the place again.

"Well, to bed. We can get in unseen now," and Anadirski led the way to the attic, and, as he prophesied, passed unnoticed through doors where no man watched, unchallenged to his home beneath the roof.

But though all was still whilst Anadirski and his comrade passed in, there were goings and comings about the fort long after the two fell asleep.

When Stroganoff woke, a strange hush lay upon the place, the hush, he thought, of early dawn, and the dense fog which covered everything lent colour to his idea.

Kicking the embers together, to obtain a little light, he collected the few things that he cared to take back with him, and then went out upon the beach. Here the same strange waiting silence held everything. There was not a soul in sight, either about the fort or about the stockade, nor was there a boat or canoe upon the beach. Even those earliest risers, the crows, were absent from the waterfront.

At first Stroganoff put all this down to the earliness of the hour. There was no reason why others should be as impatient for this day as he was. Even the ship on which he was to sail, looming high above the fog, seemed still to sleep.

So he went back, and sat silently in the dark waiting for Anadirski to wake, and after a while busied himself with the preparation of their breakfast.

This they ate in silence, and then the two went out together. But Sitka still slept, only the sea muttered louder in its sleep than it had done, and the roar of the tide rip was beginning.

"You could hardly find your way to the ship if that fog were to shut down, Excellence."

"Who? I, by myself? Of course I could not, but any Kalush could. They know this accursed bay as I know the streets of Petersburg."

"Where are the Kalushes?"

For a full minute Stroganoff did not answer. A strange feeling of uneasiness had taken hold of him. It could not be early morning still, and yet the beach was deserted; there was not a soul in sight.

"They must be in their camp beyond the stockade; but it is strange—strange."

"Let us go and see. It is time we found someone to take you on board."

Together they climbed the boulder-strewn beach, and stillness was such that the little cracking of the pods of seaweed beneath their feet seemed loud as pistol shots, but as they reached the stockade, something screamed past them, rattled the old fence, thundered under the roofs and passed on into the mountain gorges behind the settlement.

It was the first blast of the storm, and it left a black path on the crawling sea which began to stir as a snake which wakes from sleep.

For a while, after the first blast, the stillness only grew, the shattered fog curtain was drawn away, and through the rents of it was seen a sky of livid purple.

Inside the stockade the silence was as great as it was outside. There were the utensils of savage everyday life, with food still warm in some of them, but the embers on the hearths had been extinguished and the blankets had gone from the sleeping corners.

The Indian settlement had been deserted. Stroganoff, his hands shaking, and lips twitching, turned to Anadirski—

"I don't understand," the Cossack re-

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plied to the unasked question. "Come to the fort and we shall find out."

But the fort was almost as the stockade. Baranoff had gone; the soldiers were not on guard; no man was visible; only the women were left, and it was long before the comrades could obtain speech even with one of them.

"Ho! Matushka, come hither," the Cossack cried at length, as the old crone, caught as she vanished down a passage, stayed and then hobbled sulkily in his direction.

"Where are all the folk hiding this morning?"

"Ask Alexander Andreevitch. Am I their keeper?"

"Nay, God forbid, but thou feedest them."

"It is wolves I feed then, and they have gone in the night."

"Whither?"

"Can I tell where wolves go? The old one howled at midnight, and they went. That is all I know. Why wert thou not with them?"

"Answer my question, curse you," cried Anadirski, savagely, gripping her by the wrist. "Where is the Governor, and where are the men? Is it forgotten that I am peredovtchik?"

"Alexander Andreevitch seems to have forgotten it," she answered insolently, and then seeing the glare in the Cossack's eyes she grew frightened, and whined to Stroganoff:

"Surely *you* know, your Excellency, that the Governor was to make a secret expedition to Klawak? Servants are not told these things, but all knew, as all know that your Excellency sails today for Russia. Has your Excellency hired a boatman?" and the hag grinned maliciously as she curtsied to the Russian.

Anadirski threw her from him roughly and strode towards the hall door.

"Come," he said; "something is going to happen, after all," and he laughed savagely and wrenched at the great door. But his strength was needed to open it. As the handle turned, the door drove inwards with a great crash, and a squall came through the doorway which tore every loose thing from the walls, whisked the old hag down the corridor, and went rioting through the empty room, as if it would wreck the building.

The two men had to bend their heads and lean their weight against the wind to make any headway in it, but the roar almost drowned the Cossack's shout.

"He has won in spite of your knave of spades. The storm fights for him, and there is neither boat nor boatman left in Sitka."

Stroganoff needed no explanation. A mile off lay the ship in which he was to have returned to Russia; the only ship the settlement would see for six months at least. It might as well have lain a hundred miles away.

Between him and it was a barrier which, unaided, he could not cross. The tide rip now was a live devil, roaring hoarsely, the current of it running against the wind, so that a tumult of waves seemed to come from all quarters and shatter themselves in white foam along its course.

Only the best boatman in the staunchest boat, or the skill of the sea-bred natives, could cross it in safety, and Baranoff had left neither boats or natives on Sitka beach.

He, Stroganoff, had served his time; he had played and beaten his enemy at his own game; he had paid the iniquitous charges of the Company; he was free to go or stay, yet he had chosen to stay, even as those others had *chosen*.

His freedom and his revenge were before him, but it was no part of Alexander Andreevitch's duty to put him on board that man-of-war.

And still the storm grew.

The sea that had crawled in an oily evil calm the night before, had now writhed itself into an agony of curling waves, and the pines through which the salt spray flew, bent and shrieked like beings in torment.

This was God's justice.

In the impotence of his anger the man stood, with white face and clenched hands, glaring into the heart of the storm, cursing with his heart, though his lips remained dumb.

Then his voice came to him, and he cried to the Unseen to come to him, that he might struggle with It like a man; he cursed the winds and the waves, and

taunted their Maker and cursed Him for daring to thwart the plans of that which He had made.

And then a strange thing happened.

In the midst of the man's ravings, the winds heard him, and dropped, and the frightened waves waited.

The Cossack crossed himself, and took off his sheepskin cap, standing bare-headed.

"God listens," he said. "They were not my words."

But Stroganoff paid no heed to him. His white strained face was set towards a point which jutted out to sea, on which through the ragged clouds could be seen the outlines of the monsters which guard the Kalush dead.

As he looked, a long black canoe shot out from shore, and passing through the waves as if it were of them, came straight towards Sitka beach.

"Thank God, there is a canoe coming."

"Hush, man! Your thanks come too close on the heels of your curses."

Stroganoff looked at him as if he did not understand, and at the vast panorama heaving at his feet, and his face became troubled, but he pulled himself together desperately and laughing harshly, said, "Peasant."

"That is true," retorted the other, steadily. "There are other things that may be true, too."

After that neither of them spoke, but in the strange silence, they heard the rattle of the chains and of the rigging on the St. George.

She was making ready for sea, and in another half-hour, if the calm held, she would have left Sitka behind for a year.

But the long black shape of the canoe grew closer and closer, and at last grounded without a sound upon the only square yard of sand upon that beach, and a figure in her stepped out, and stood waiting immovable, its face towards the sea, a Kalush, as far as they could see, of gigantic stature, and obviously one to whom a landing through the surf was as easy as to the sea otter.

Curiously enough, it did not occur to either Yaksheem or Stroganoff to ask why this man had come, or what he was waiting for.

To Stroganoff he represented the one chance of freedom, and darting down the beach, he crammed a handful of roubles into the Yalush's hand and, pointing to the St. George, said, as he stepped into the canoe:

"Another hundred if you reach her before she weighs anchor."

Those were the last words Yaksheem heard from his lips.

They had been comrades for seven years, but they parted without a word, without the waving of a hand.

Even the canoe seemed to take the water without a sound, and shoot straight through the surf as if the sea recoiled before it, and in that moment it occurred to the Cossack that the shoulders of the man whose face he had not seen were familiar to him.

He had even a strange craving to see the face of him, but seafaring savages of Alaska sit not as white men do, but with their face towards their goal, and this man's goal was out at sea, towards the heart of that livid purple from which now the winds came shrieking like harpies who gather about their prey.

For fourteen years the Cossack had known the seas of Alaska in every mood, and knew the rapidity with which they rise, but such a sudden madness of all the elements as succeeded that strange calm he had never dreamed of before.

The wind drove him almost from his feet, though he was by all odds the strongest man in Sitka; the driven sand stung him like small shot, and the wind whirled pieces of seawreck past him, which might have stunned him had he stood in their way.

The stoutest boat, manned by the strongest crew, would, had it faced that storm, have been tossed back like a toy upon the beach, but the canoe impelled by the strength of that one man, made nothing of wind or waves.

Straight and unswerving it went towards its goal, and its goal seemed not the St. George, but the very heart of the storm, and such tricks does the atmosphere of the North play with men's eyesight, that the figure of the Kalush seemed to grow in greatness as it left the beach further and further behind—as a tiny beacon on a misty day will lift itself,

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until it seems to be climbing into the clouds, and as it grew, the outlines of it became more and more familiar, until Yaksheem knew it for that of Shakmut the Shaman.

For a moment it towered above the sea rim; the next, the livid purple swallowed it, and the Cossack, standing bareheaded, crossed himself and repeated a prayer that he had not heard since he left the Volga.

Oddly enough, though the superstitions of Russian peasants are so ridiculous as to be beneath the contempt of all reasonable men, the St. George reached her port without any passenger named Stroganoff on board.

As usual "something, had happened."

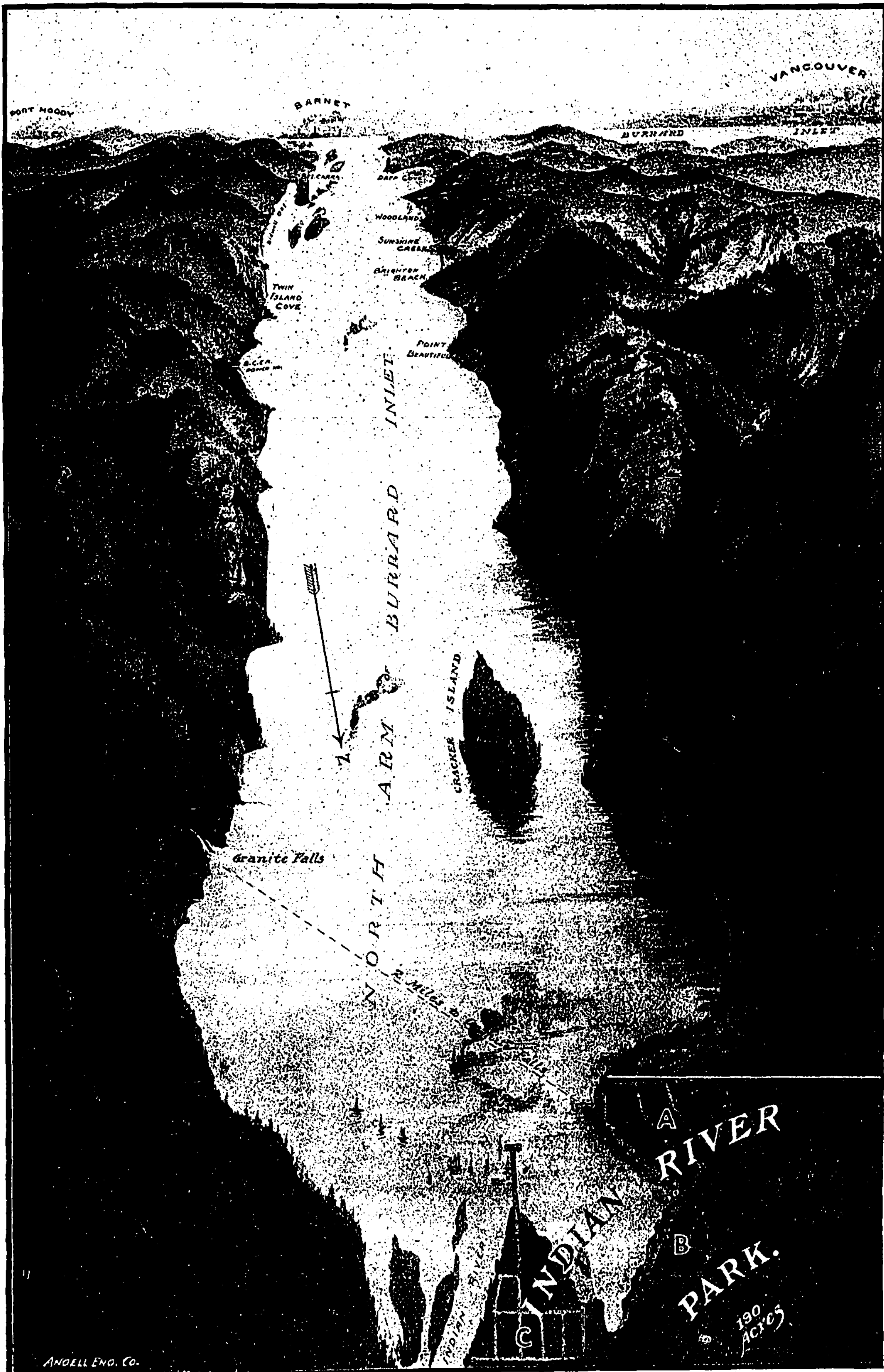
Vancouver's Playground.

Howland Hoadley

IT has been truly stated that the visiting stranger is the one who specially realizes and appreciates the beauty spots and attractions of the locality which the resident heedlessly overlooks or passes by, so familiar have they become to him by reason of close proximity. This is especially true of the North Arm of Burrard Inlet, which was but little known, and rarely mentioned as one of Nature's assets to Vancouver, until rather more than a year ago. But little by little, with a growth that is sure and strong Vancouverites are realizing that at their very door is an ideal spot in every respect for a mountain and seaside resort combined. Already a number of villas, bungalows, and summer cottages nestle along the shores or cling to the vantage points, where the almost precipitous mountains skirting the water offer plateaux and level places, and it is no exaggeration to state that in a few years the North Arm is destined to become the successful rival to many of the most famous and celebrated watering places of Europe and the American continent.

It is true that Vancouver has Stanley forest, as a magnificent city park, and the far-famed English Bay, a delightful bathing beach, within the city limits, yet, although the city boasts of a population of 75,000 showing a steady increase of over 10,000 annually, it has had practically no actual summer resort where people can go for a season remote from the hustle and bustle of town. But the metropolitan growth of Vancouver has now shown the imperative need for such a watering place, and in a short time residents will point to the North Arm with pride, as one of the special attractions of the vicinity, and, as today Victorians boast of the beauties and scenic attractions of the Gorge, it is already acknowledged that the natural beauties and charms of the North Arm offer to both sportsmen and tourists alike a paradise which for magnitude casts the other far in the shade.

In order to fully appreciate the marvelous beauty and magnificent splendors of the North Arm, one has to view them, as no description is sufficiently adequate, and no pen picture vivid enough to approximate to the witchery of the scene. One has to have one's being saturated with the pure mountain air, blended with the perfume of the wild flowers, stately cedars, firs and balsams; to see the towering mountains rising sheer from the water's edge; to watch the ever changing atmospheric effects upon the greenery of the forest-clad hills, transforming the sombre of vivid shades at times from the deepest purple to the most delicate tints of violet or cream; to look into the mirror-like surface of the placid waters, to see there faithfully reproduced every

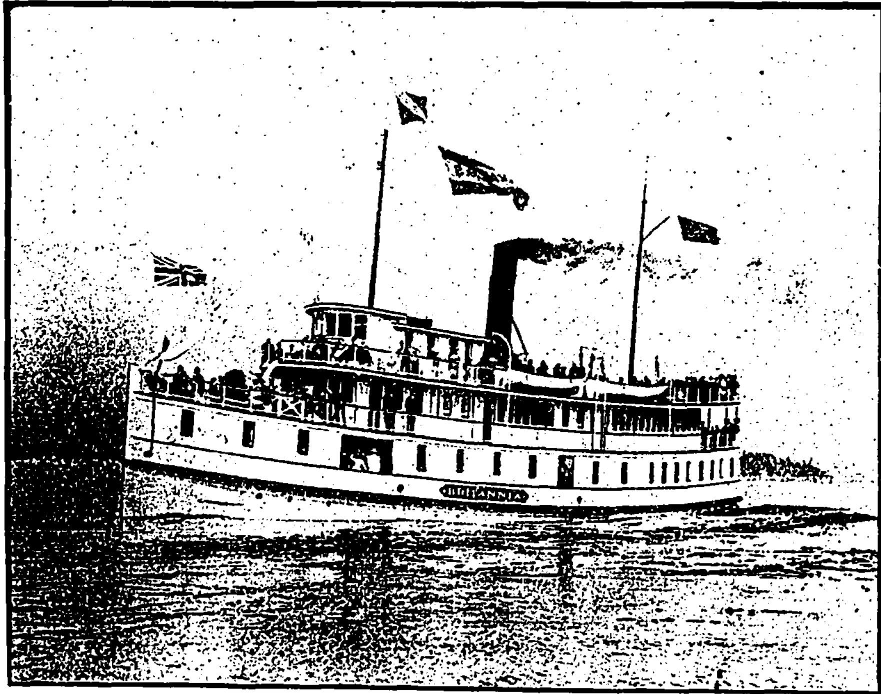


Birdseye View of the North Arm of Burrard Inlet.
Courtesy of the Indian River Park Co.

form and color as they appear above the water line. No language can tell of these things, yet some idea may be drawn by means of a brief outline description of an excursion from Vancouver to the head of the North Arm, where the Mesliloet, or more familiarly known, Indian River, rushing down through a wild mountain pass mingles its crystal waters with the salt of the Inlet, through a wide delta where the stream is so clear that pebbles may be counted at a depth of twenty feet.

Already an excellent service of steamers make round trips daily, and so rapidly popular is becoming this latest beauty spot to the many attractions of Vancouver that pressure is being brought to bear to increase the accommodation materially. The distance from the city is approximately twenty miles to the head waters, and when the proposed service is in operation, the trip may be made in ninety minutes.

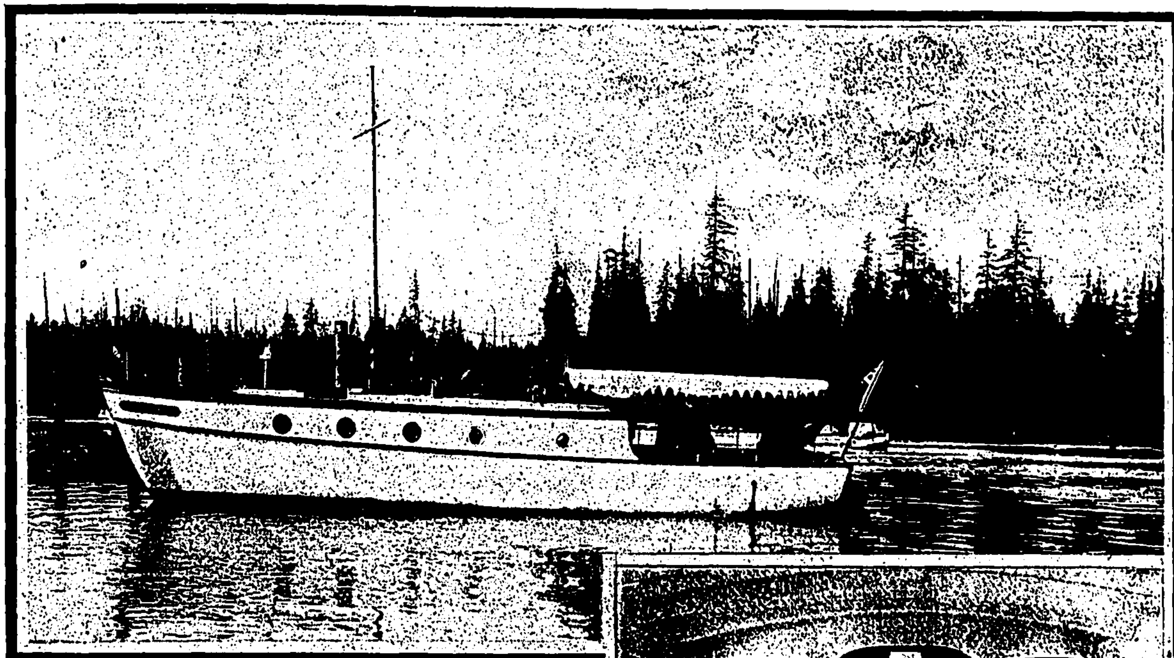
From the moment the steamer leaves the wharf at Vancouver the interest in the surrounding scenery is keyed up to the highest pitch. After a short run up the broad waters of Burrard Inlet one is transported into the smooth placid surface beyond the Second Narrows, and on reaching Barnet, swinging almost due north, through a panorama of twining channels, leading in among the mountains, the mouth of the fiord of the North Arm presents itself. The beginning of this inland, land-locked sea is guarded by verdure-clad islands which dot the bosom of the ever quiet waters, and some of these sentinels have for years been owned by private individuals who here have erected their chalets and country homes. On the left side of the fiord lies Deep Cove, where 500 acres have been platted in a valley rising from the beach to a level plateau. To the northern side over precipitous rocks flows a body of water which will afford a generative force of fifteen thousand horse power. Already a fine wharf has been constructed and telephone service with North Vancouver has been installed while plans are on foot for the extension of the electric tram line, in the near future.



S.S. Brittania, one of the Popular Excursion Steamers on the North Arm.

Woodlands, named after Mr. Myddleton Woods, the pioneer settler on the North Arm, just above Deep Cove, is a promising summer resort. Twelve cottages have been erected here, modeled after the "Thousand Islands" homes, each having its own landing and bathing beach with ornamental walls built from the rock-strewn beach.

Sunshine Creek, another settlement, lies some 500 yards above Woodlands,

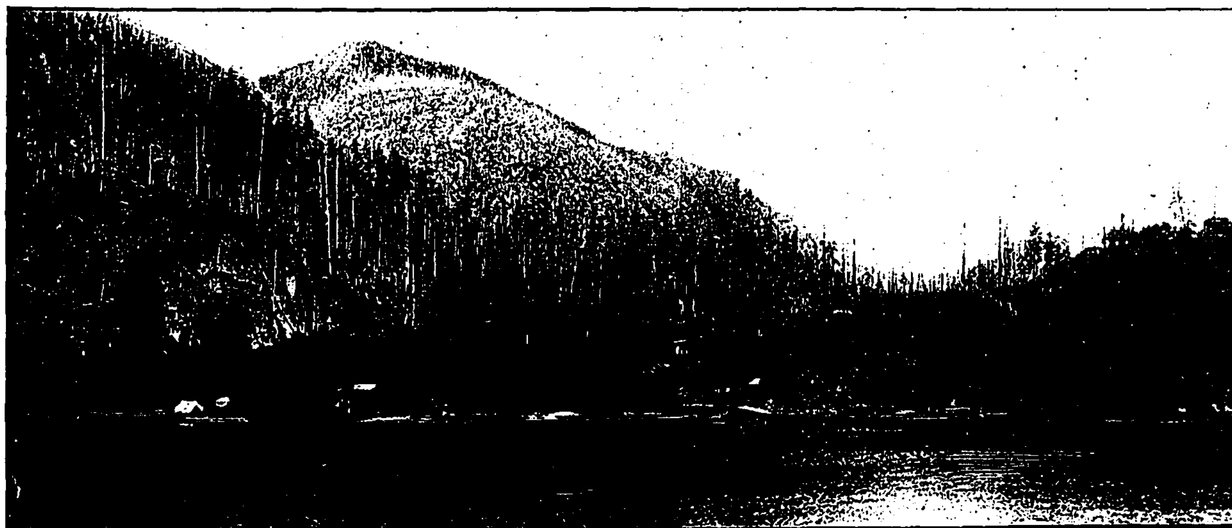


H. M. Cottingham's "Whistle Wing," a modern raised deck Cruiser, built by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co., and one of the finest pleasure crafts on the waters of Burrard Inlet.

(where a beautiful cascade, which gives the name to the locality), has been laid out in lots, most of which have received eager purchasers.

On the opposite shore is another charming resort formed by a peninsular, bounded on the one side by the level plateau known as Belcarra, and on the other by Bidwell Bay. Here many of the choice building locations have been taken up, though the present owners of the property decline to place this locality on the open market. A little further along one sees Twin Island Cove, an ideal spot, where already the contract has been let for a landing stage, and the erection of the first bungalow.

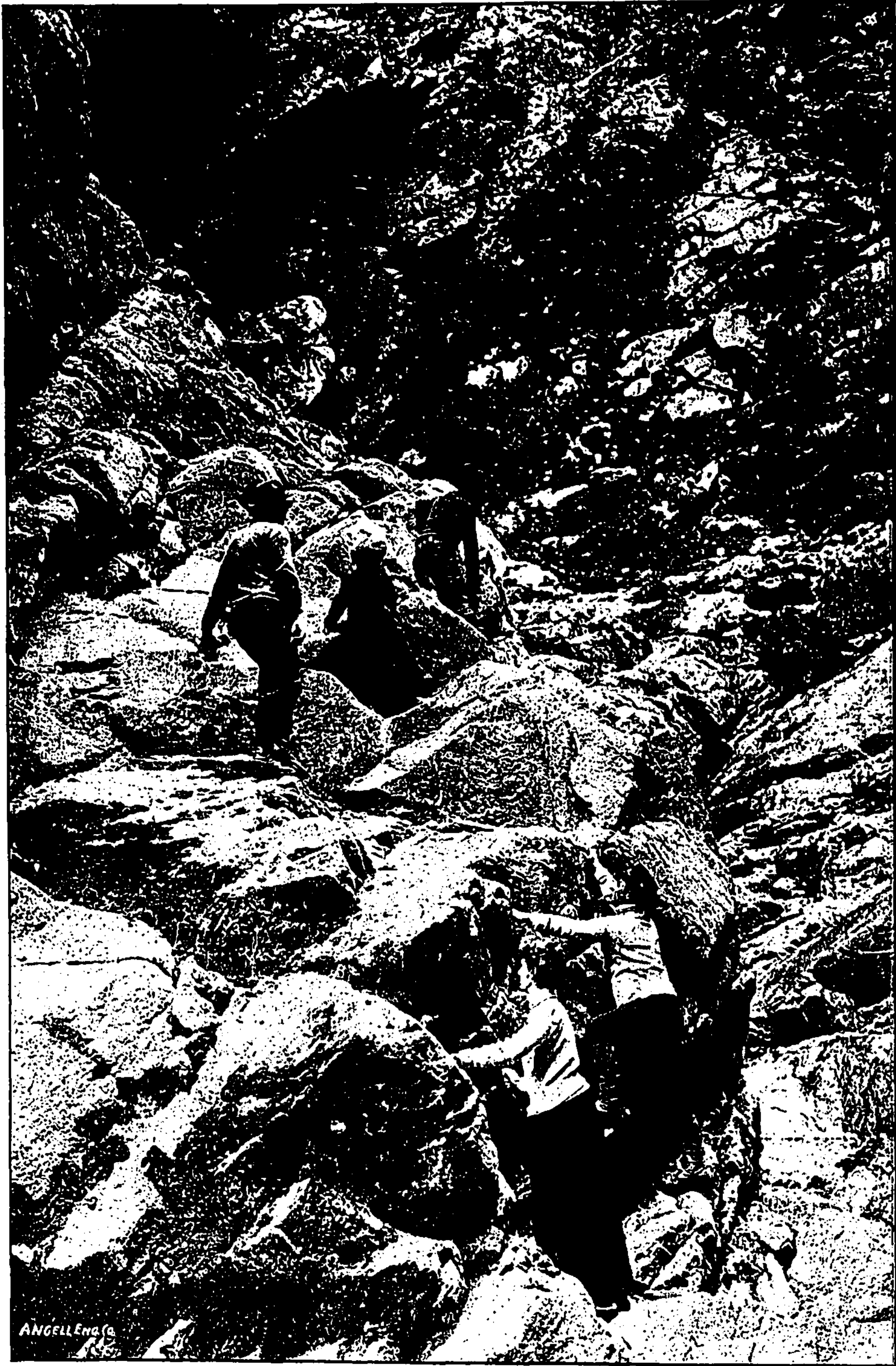
Further along on the same shore is



Brighton Beach.

undoubtedly one of the most striking industrial objects on Burrard Inlet. Here is located the power plant of the British Columbia Electric Railway, where, by means of costly flumes, and tunnels, powerful machinery, harness the waters of Lake Beautiful, supplying exhaustless electric energy.

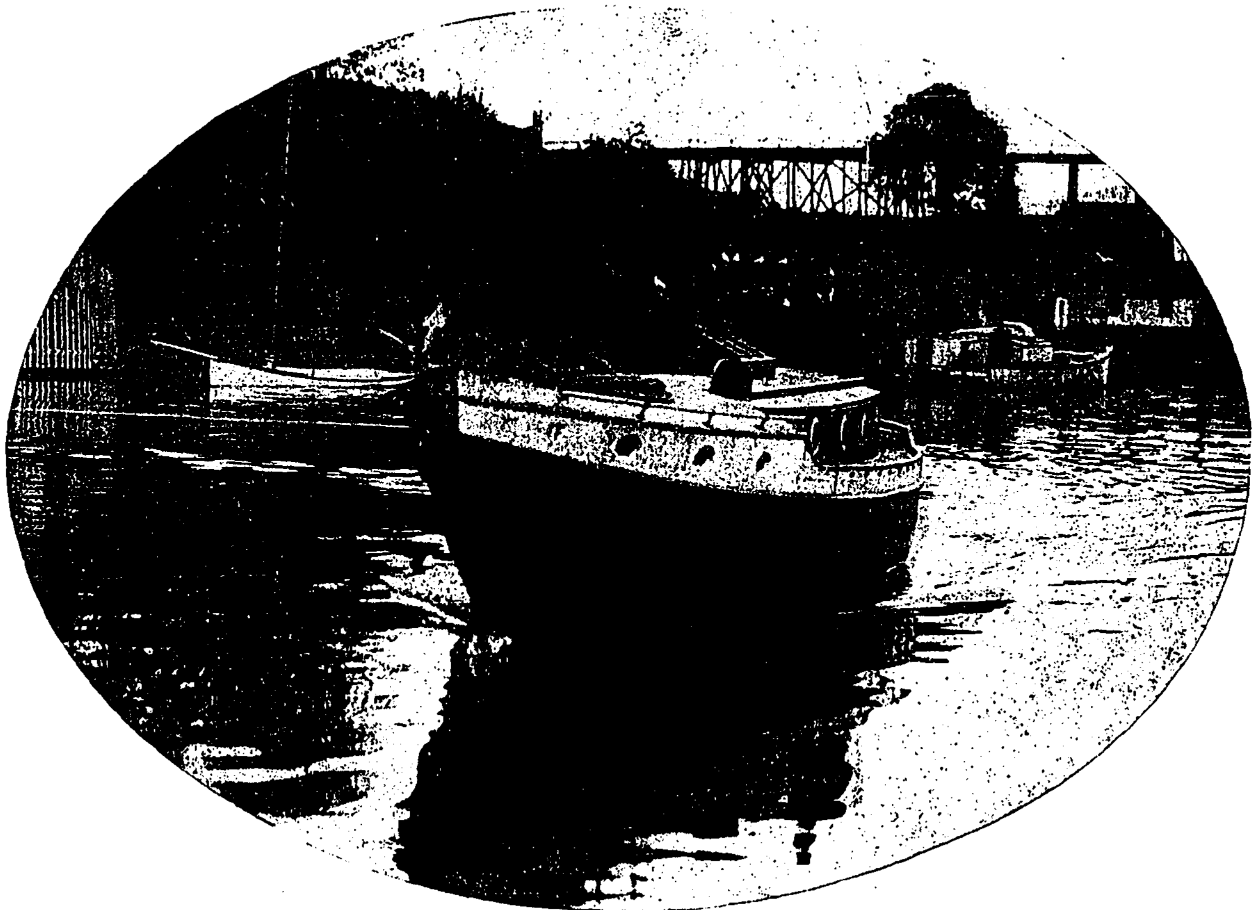
On the opposite shore just beyond Sunshine Creek, lies Brighton Beach, located about twelve miles up the North Arm of the Inlet, on what was known as Rainey's Ranch comprising about one hundred acres facing the southwest and taking in a panoramic view of the Inlet as far as Barnet, where the trains of the C. P. R. can be seen passing to and fro. Here the land has been judiciously platted, and a wide avenue running through the centre to the crest of the hill gives easy access to the high lands. A wharf has been built, where steamers and gasoline launches may land at all stages of the tide. In addition, an es-



In Cathedral Canyon at the Foot of the Falls.

planade has been built, beautified by fruit and shade trees, with rustic bridges over the creek, and an ample water supply is already on the premises, from an never-failing mountain stream, which runs through the property. It is further understood that arrangements have been made with the power company for electric light, and telephone service is also promised at a very short interval.

Point Beautiful, opposite the power plant, is another promising location, with a view of five miles up or down the Arm. Already a picturesque cottage has been mountains, whose sides are so steep that straight ahead one seems to be entering a narrow canyon. Occasionally glimpses of waterfalls are caught, like white silken ribbons descending the mountain side, twixt fringes of dark green foliage. Here and there deep bays indent the lofty walls, and while rounding a point or making a swing signs of settlements and habitations are encountered, wherever any spot is to be found which in any way allows for the site of a dwelling, or the pitching of a tent.



V. M. Dafoe's Cruising Launch "It"

built on the end of the point, and several locations have been taken up as summer residences.

From this point the lofty mountains arise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, and standing in the forward part of the steamer, what a view presents itself! On either side the snow-capped peaks pierce the clouds, while on the slopes the tall coni-firs rear themselves. On every hand, new forms of beauty meet the eye. The vessel appears to be sailing into the very midst of rugged

As the head of the North Arm is approached, Granite Falls is seen, well named from the great volume of water that comes rushing and tumbling down the mountain side, over the gray granite boulders, making a picture of striking beauty though suggesting to the practical mind the useless expenditure of vast energy. Here the Coast Quarries Company have a large plant for crushing rock, suitable for street paving, and although now fully equipped, is capable of unlimited enlargement, as the genera-

tive power-force of the falls is estimated roughly at 20,000 horse power.

Two miles above this point is Indian River Park, situated partly on the salt water, and partly on the beautiful Mesliloet or Indian River. Here the mountains attain their greatest altitude—nearly a mile high above sea level, and nature with a lavish hand has scattered over a small area many of her most wonderful scenic treasures, among which may be mentioned Catherdral Canyon, over which pours a cascade well named the "Spray of Pearls," 200 feet high, together with "Cascade Glen," where the forest giants rival those of Stanley Park.

The Indian River Park comprises 190 acres which have been most scientifically laid out, following the idea of the picturesque; while broad roads, trails, and a marine walk give easy approach to the natural beauties of the spot.

But the wild grandeur of the North Arm fiord is by no means the only attraction which is offered by this paradise to the tourist and as well as the city man, who desires a summer home, sufficiently near Vancouver to permit of easy access, yet far enough from the dust, heat and smoke of the sweltering city; and in consequence the entire locality is developing with great strides, both commercially and as a rendezvous for pleasure seekers. To the lovers of boating the waters of the inlet offer superb opportunities for their favorite pastime, whether their crafts be large or small, and possibly no sheet of water—a practically waveless inland sea—affords more perfect facilities for the accommodation of motor boating, while the wide bay at the head of the fiord gives promise that it will be the scene of many rowing and motoring regattas, as the waters are always suitable for speed tests in this class of sport, which has lately become so popular.

To the disciple of Isaac Walton both the salt water of the Inlet and the deep pools of the streams will not only afford excellent sport, but yield generous returns for his patience and skill. At certain seasons of the year the Indian River is fairly alive with running salmon, while the open waters of the bay teem with rock-cod, sea bass and flounders. Seals too are plentiful, and now and again porpoises and even whales find their way to these placid waters.

This region is a veritable huntsmen's paradise, abounding with deer, Rocky Mountain goat, with occasionally a bear, while grouse, also duck, and other water fowl are to be had in almost any number.

Here and there along the shores are tiny beaches, with smooth sandy reaches, forming excellent bathing places, as the tide which creeps in slowly gives the water ample time to become warm, while it rises higher and higher over the sun-heated sand.

To the energetic mountain climber the peaks, precipices, and cliffs on every side, towering to the clouds, are a great attraction. From the summits of the most lofty is a vista unrivalled even by the grandeur and sublimity of the Swiss or Italian Alps. On every hand one may behold gigantic mountains, cascades and canyons, while below like a thin silver band, sparkling in the sun lies the crystal waters of the North Arm, and far in the distance appears the smoke of Vancouver, New Westminster and other outlying towns and suburbs.

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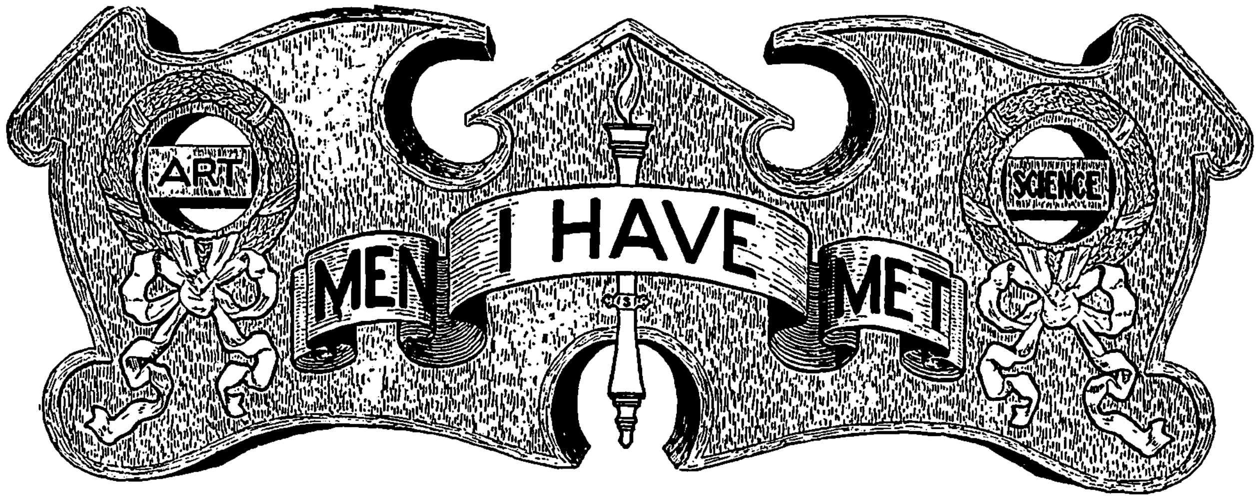

Right Hon. Winston Churchill.

WILLIAM BLAKEMORE.

IT is probably not too much to say that the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill occupies a more conspicuous position in the affairs of the Empire than any other man of his years. He has his admirers and his detractors, the latter predominate. Those things ought to help a young man, and undoubtedly they have helped him, but it must in fairness be admitted that it is his own personality which has carried him to the front, and that his political score has been made off his own bat.

I met Winston Churchill in Montreal in the Fall of 1902 when he had just returned from South Africa and all the world had been talking of his bravado, and his somewhat sensational escape from Pretoria. I interviewed him at the Windsor Hotel and found him affable, taikative, vivacious, picturesque and egotistical in all he said and did. The same evening I heard him lecture in the Windsor Hall. Major Pond, the Prince of entrepreneurs, was his manager, it is therefore needless to say that the affair was well advertised, rather too well to suit the sober judgment of the man in the street, who read with some amusement, and probably a touch of contempt, that "Winston Churchill, the future Premier of Greater Britain," would lecture on his South African experiences. At 8 o'clock the hall was packed with probably the most stylish audience which ever assembled in Montreal to hear a lecture or address. About two-thirds of those present were ladies and probably three-fourths of the whole audience was in evening dress.

As young Churchill had done literally nothing in South Africa which counted, it is not easy to explain such a fashionable turnout on other than social grounds. I have no doubt that it was more curiosity to see the son of Lord Randolph and Lady Churchill than to hear his address which brought fifteen hundred people out. He lounged on to the platform, after keeping the audience waiting an unconscionable time, in a manner which was either studiously affected or horribly bored. For a young man of twenty-seven he had the most blase and indifferent air, he did not attempt ornate delivery or indeed anything more than a "sotto voce," unanimated, desultory talk of himself and his doings. It might fairly be called a rambling description and contained few ideas or con-

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clusions. My recollection is that it added nothing to one's stock of knowledge on South African affairs.

The Press reports show that as a lecturer he was not more successful elsewhere than in Montreal, and that when the curiosity of the public had been gratified by seeing him the great mystery was at an end.

Since it must be admitted that Churchill has proved that those who appraised his character and ability by these bizarre performances reckoned without their host. A man who with the obvious deficiencies mentioned (to which may fairly be added intolerance of others and contempt for their opinions and feelings) has nevertheless forged his way to the front and so acquitted himself as under-Secretary for the Colonies that Mr. Asquith could not leave him out of his Cabinet, must have at least some of the characteristics of greatness.

I well remember his father in his earliest Parliamentary days when he was a member of the Fourth party; it seems almost incredible now to think that so staid and philosophic a statesman as Mr. Balfour was one of the four. In those days Lord Randolph exhibited all the recklessness audacity, smartness, and readiness which characterize his son. Lord Randolph rose to Cabinet rank and might have been Premier. At the time Lord Salisbury took him into the Cabinet it is doubtful if there was a man in public life who had so surely caught the public ear and seized the popular imagination. He was almost an orator, which his son will probably never be, and this helps to account for his hold on the masses.

But in view of the recent utterance of Winston it is rather striking to recall the fact that his father's greatest public speech was the one delivered at Newcastle in opposition to Home Rule. At that time Mr. Gladstone had no more formidable opponent. Soon after came the collapse, which has never been explained in the press and the whole truth of which cannot be told for many years. But allowing for what is known, it still remains that the erratic trait which manifests itself in every Churchill had something to do with the "debacle."

Winston Churchill is still young, but he has yet to reveal the statesmanlike qualities which his father evinced. His brilliancy has dazzled, but there is no evidence yet that it is other than superficial. His surrender to Mr. Redmond at the eleventh hour looks far more like expediency than conviction, and the result of the Manchester elections tends to show that that was the construction put upon it by the electors.

Once on a time Mr. Chamberlain's critics dubbed him "pushful," yet he never possessed half the pertinacity of Winston Churchill, and while I am willing to concede to him intellect, industry, ambition and extreme pertinacity, his most enthusiastic admirers must admit that he has yet to win his spurs as a constructive politician.

It is too early to predict how far he may go, his great opportunity would be to popularize Fiscal Reform, and his portfolio that of the Board of Trade would seem to open the way to this. But the young Minister has never familiarized himself in any special manner with the subject and both his experience and his duties have led him in another direction. He may inherit that natural aptitude for finance which caused his father to gravitate to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, but if so the public has yet to learn the fact. He has a great opportunity, influential backing, and the splendid traditions of an historic house. He has in him the makings of a statesman and even those who are the most inclined to resent his peculiarities are willing to concede that if he fails to make good it will not be for lack of ability or opportunity, but because of the persistence of an inherited streak which has been so apt to manifest itself in the Churchill family in lack of poise and balance, especially when confronted with a crisis.

c. 3226

Joe and Aileen.

From Tales By Mate Wilson.

Arthur Davies.*

"LET go that spring! Hold on aft! Check her up for'ard!" yelled the pilot, in a voice indicative of wrath, as the ship Selkirk came up taut to her bow and stern lines at the dock head.

"Now, Captain Matson, what are you going to do? My time is valuable; I can't stay here all day waiting for that third mate of yours," he continued, as he paced rapidly up and down the fore-and-aft bridge, between the standard binnacle and the poop.

I enjoyed our skipper's dilemma. For the last three days he had kept me chasing coal dust in the Bute Docks, Cardiff. That he was in a dilemma was evident—the leaving of the third mate being a small matter, as we had two senior apprentices well able to take his place. Afterwards, I found he had received a special letter from the owners with regard to the new third; hence his hesitation.

At this moment the tug under our bows gave a shrill, angry whistle; and, as if to clinch his argumetns, the pilot made another break across the bridge, poked his weather-beaten face round the jigger mast, saying:

"If you stop here five minutes longer, captain, we'll lose the tide."

This was effective; the prospect of paying twice over for pilot and tug was too much for our skipper, and with almost a sigh he retorted: "All right, have it your own way; let her go!"

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the pilot called to the mate, on the fo'castle-head, to pay out the hawser; the tug gave a toot, and in another minute we should have been off; when—through the dull haze of the early June morning—I noticed a figure sauntering slowly along the dock wall.

"How's that for the new third, Captain Matson?" I asked.

"What! That thing?" replied he, pointing to the figure now plainly visible; "I was prepared for something out of the ordinary, but that fellow is a London swell; he's no sailor man."

"Let go that stern line!" came angrily from the pilot. I looked at the skipper, then at the bollards at my feet, round which the stern line was already creaking and surging. Then I threw another glance at the party approaching. In Bond Street or Piccadilly he would have been in keeping with his surroundings; but here—on the Selkirk—with every inch of deck, every spar, and every rope thickly coated with coal dust, in the midst of toil and grime, he was distinctly out of place, in his glossy top hat, tight-fitting frock coat, and faultless number eight patent leather footwear, not forgetting a silver-headed cane which he swung daintily between his finger and thumb.

"Let—go—that—stern—line !" again bellowed the pilot, and this time the tones were positively sulphurous; but a spirit of opposition had entered me, and I looked again at the skipper, then cast my eyes for'ard to note—the tug was already straining the hawser, the ship's bow had swung clear, and the Selkirk was hanging by the stern line with the half round of her poop about ten feet from the dock wall. I had scarcely grasped the situation, when evidently the top-hatted swell on the dock wall also grasped it. He hurried his pace, breaking into a run as he got close to the ship; then, to my utter amazement, he gathered himself together for a spring, and the next second had taken one of the

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finest pierhead leaps I have ever seen; right over the ten feet of space, up on to the Selkirk's half round, just as if it had been three feet instead of ten. I had no time to admire his nerve, for at that momnt the stern line gave a final groan, stretched to half its circumference and parted close to the bollards.

The stranger vaulted lightly over the poop rail, crossed over to the skipper, and, as if he had come on board in the ordinary manner, reported himeslf as "Joe Brady," the new third.

Matson was evidently struggling between wrath and the humour of the situation. I fully expected an outburst, but the skipper merely responded: "Then you had better turn to, Mr. Brady." I saw at once that humour had conquered. The frock coat, top hat, and patent leather shoes were a distinct addition to the comic side of a sailor's life.

The punishment would have been pretty severe, but our skipper was not yet acquainted with Joe's character. Without a word the hat was raised from his head, it took a circle through the air, and fell into the Bristol Channel; he divested himself of his frock coat, leaned over the side, where the pilot boat was made fast, and dropped the coat on top of the boatman, with the information that it would make a good overcoat for him next winter. Then he came across to me and I turned to him, with the feeling that I was dealing with the maddest specimen of an officer outside the pages of a dime novel.

Such was my first meeting with Joe Brady. Many would say his first appearance on the Selkirk was good acting; it was nothing of the sort; it was just Joe, and nothing more.

For eighteen months he was my shipmate. In fair weather or foul weather, afloat or ashore, he was not only my shipmate, he was something more, he was my friend. The most careless being, the finest gentleman, the most lovable man it had ever been my fortune to meet. We met pleasure together; we met trouble together—tons of it—but he was always the same happy-go-lucky, "come day, go day! God send Sunday!"

To describe his outward appearance is difficult; he was one thing ashore and quite another being at sea; but here is a description published by the police at Rio, after Joe's escapade with Don Miguel, when the don tried to knife him for paying undue attention to a certain lady, and Joe retaliated by picking him up bodily and throwing him into the harbour:

"Height, five feet eleven; complexion, dark; oval face; hair, black; eyes, dark gray; clean shaven; age, about twenty-one; weight, about one hundred and seventy pounds; wearing a well-tailored serge suit; mole on right side of neck; marks of bullet wound on left side."

Where they got the description from I never knew; but it was fairly accurate. One thing I am certain of, they never got Joe, for we sailed the day the description was published.

Afloat, he was the most careless and slovenly dressed man in the ship; any old thing did for Joe to wear; and never by any chance did he make repairs to his miscellaneous collection of sea garments. His seafaring abilities were as promiscuous as his clothing; he had a smattering of sailorising and a fund of good humour; but the lack of real seamanship was compensated for by the man's wonderful agility both on deck and aloft. I have had some daring messmates, but never one to approach Joe. In the worst gale of wind, he would run out on the yard as if he had been stepping on the sidewalk; he reduced the ship's record from deck to truck and truck to deck by a minute. To dive off the foreyard-arm was an ordinary occurrence—Joe went one better—he preferred the topsailyard. His agility was beyond the ordinary sailorman's; it reminded me of the acrobats I had seen at Procter's and the Empire.

From haphazard remarks during the voyage, I gathered his people were well-to-do in the old country; one of his uncles being the well-known diplomat, Sir William Brady. Of his mother—or "mater," as he called her—he spoke with the utmost reverence and affection; at the same time, the moment he was short of funds, he did not hesitate to pawn the gold watch she had given him. He was about as mixed up a mass of strength and follies as one could find in a lifetime.

I have hinted he was of English parentage; but it would be more correct to say he was of English parentage from Irish stock. I never asked him why he had gone to sea; there was no reason to do so; on shore he would have been impossible.

II.

'Frisco in the year 188—. The ship Selkirk was at Porta Costa, completing her cargo of wheat. It was New Year's Eve. Joe and I—after drawing every possible cent of our pay—had secured three days' holiday, and were having a right royal time. He had gone to the British consul's for dinner, whilst I—tired out after the three days' racket—had retired to my room at the Baldwin. Sleep, however, was impossible; somehow or other, 'Frisco never seemed to sleep, and this night it was more actively awake than ever. I was not at all sorry when Joe burst into the room.

A glance was sufficient for me to note that the consul's champagne had been moderately effective; Joe was in one of his most brilliant moods, and needed my torpid nature to qualify his exuberance. He rallied me for being in bed, and within ten minutes we were out on Market Street. The glare of the lights, the mood of the passersby, the very abandonment of all restraint, were sufficient to completely wake me up, and I asked Joe what he intended to do.

"What do you say to the 'Cremorne' or 'Bella Union'? he responded. "Tell you what we'll do"—taking a dollar out of his pocket—"I'll toss—heads, 'Cremorne'; tails, 'Bella Union.'"

Up went the coin and came down a true head. Little did Joe know he was tossing up the whole course of his future life; for the matter of that, the thought never entered my head, as I put my arm through his and we strolled down Market Street, or—to be absolutely correct—we strolled down Market Street, making several ports of call on the way. By the time we reached the "Cremorne," the hereditary tendencies of Joe's Irish ancestors were evident. Only one thing stands out clear in my own mind, and that was a flaring poster at the entrance to the "Cremorne," on which I read, in black letters on a vivid red background, the following awful alliterative:

BESSIE BOLTON

THE

BILLOWY BOWERY BELLE

AND

BOSTON BANG BANG

The horror of this vulgarity must have damped my ardour, for I mounted the stairs with a feeling that I should be bored by something unusually blatant.

By dint of struggling we got well in the centre of the audience, an audience which, in those days, was constantly coming and going, and consisted, in a great measure, of the rakings and scrapings of the universe. Every nationality had contributed of its people, and of that people the very worst type. I mention this in view of what afterwards occurred. By no possible argument could it have been called an American audience.

Number nine—a very badly made-up coon—was just completing his turn when we entered. The "Bowery Belle" was billed for number ten.

In the interval I looked round at Joe. The heat of the room and the fumes of the mixed drinks had done their work; he was already commencing to nod; but his sleep lasted only a minute, for the curtain rolled up and there literally sprang out on the stage as perfect a piece of feminine humanity as it has been my lot to see, and I have seen them in all countries; from Greenland to Patagonia, from Cairo to Nagasaki, in London, in Paris, in places as remote as the Yukon and Vienna; but never before, or since, have I seen such perfection as I witnessed that night.

Her entrance was accompanied by a fusilade of shots from a brace of revolvers, one of which she held in either hand. When the smoke cleared away, there stood on the stage a girl of about nineteen. Her hair was bright golden—

not peroxide, but natural human gold; it must have been long, for it was piled on her head in massive coils. The contour of every part of her body seemed perfect —there was quite a lot of it to see; she must have been in the pink of condition, for her complexion had that healthy, rosy look denoting perfect health and a perfectly trained body; it was real complexion, not rouge; you can tell the difference in a second. But there! that is all the good I can say of her at the first introduction. Her songs and her actions were about as empty and vulgar as it is possible to imagine. I remember to this day wondering how anybody could take interest in such trash.

Then came the finale. She took up two flags—the Stars and Stripes, and the Union Jack—and sang a song, the words of which I do not remember, but I do remember the conclusion of the chorus—"Down with the Union Jack and up with the American Eagle!"—which she illustrated by elevating the Stars and Stripes and stamping on the Union Jack. Poor Bowery Belle! She was merely taking advantage of what was then a current form of recreation—twisting the lion's tail. I have said before, the audience was not an American one; to be perfectly candid, I should think fully a third were English sailors of the lowest type; but they roared with delight, and I turned to Joe to see if he also joined in the applause—turned, just as the singer was commencing the chorus of the final verse —turned, in time to see Joe seize the top of the opposite bench and give one of his fearful springs, half pulling himself with his hands and half springing from his feet, and landing on top of a bench some eight feet nearer the orchestra. Three or four strides on top of the benches, a jump over the orchestra, and he was on the stage, just as Miss Bolton was raising up her flag.

Had she been long at stage work she would have treated the situation humourously—possibly have danced with Joe—and there would have been an end of it; but instead of that, she stopped short; and Joe concluded the chorus for her, but altered the position of the flags.

The next moment all was pandemonium; the girl ran off; Joe broke out into an Irish jig; and from the front the audience rushed pell-mell on to the stage. I have a faint recollection of seeing Joe's body passed over the heads of the audience; of the lights going out, of a few revolver shots, and finding myself at the head of the stairs, to learn that Joe had been pitched headlong from top to bottom. I forced my way to the front of the crowd, gathered on the sidewalk. There lay Joe—pale and senseless—one arm evidently helpless and the blood pouring from a wound on his head. Two policemen were keeping back the crowd, a hack had been called, and within a few moments I, in company with one of the officers, was driving rapidly to the hospital, with the head of my dear old shipmate pillowed on my knee, his body supported by the constable.

Poor, foolish Joe! What he had intended for a lark had ended almost in a tragedy.

I was up at five next morning, arriving at the hospital shortly before six, anxious to know how my shipmate was getting on. The tale was soon told—broken arm—bad concussion—absolute quiet—no worry. I smiled at the idea of Joe ever worrying himself. By dint of pleading, I got the doctor's permission to take a peep at Joe, with a solemn promise on my part not to let him see me.

I went up the stairs three at a time, anxious to be near my friend, who had been placed in a private room at the far end of the hospital, away from any noise. I crept in, filled with the desire to obtain a position of vantage behind the bed, but was forestalled. There! seated at the head of the bed, employed in some crochet work, was a figure, neatly gowned in black. My eyes—which were bent on the ground—rested first on the edge of the black dress, and for a moment I thought it was another nurse, but was undeceived when I reached the face—there sat the "Billowy Bowery Belle," calm and unruffled. If ever I read a woman's thoughts aright, her first glance told me she was in possession and would brook no interference. Had it not been for the doctor's warning, I would have started to argue the matter there and then; as it was, she was in

command of the field, and I could merely make a stiff bow—take a look at my shipmate—gaze for a few moments, until the position was becoming ludicrous, and back out, the same way I had entered.

I have seen a tigress watching her cub, a lioness standing guard over the prostrate form of her lord, and I saw in this woman's eyes the same light I had seen in both animals'. I verily believe, had I made the slightest noise or attempted to claim my friend, she would have attacked and forcibly ejected me. My feelings, as I walked down the corridor and out of the hospital, were those of a man who knows he is losing something out of his life which he will miss terribly; and that feeling was not much bettered by the doctor's assurance that Joe would recover consciousness during the day, and —all being well—I might speak to him in the morning.

At parting I hazarded the question, "How early?" and received the reply, "Any time after four."

I went to bed that night with orders to the hotel clerk to call me at three a.m. I turned in all standing, with the result that I reached the hospital as a neighbouring clock was striking four, and was already congratulating myself on being first in the field; when—as I reached the top of the staircase and looked down the corridor, the flounce of a black dress disappeared into Joe's room; and I said "Damn!" But there was hope yet; today, possibly, we might talk; she would not be in entire possession as on yesterday.

The room looked changed. Yesterday it had been a simple hospital room, devoid of accessories. To-day, on the centre of the side table stood a vase of magnificent roses; the curtainless windows were now draped neatly with lace; two engravings had been hung on the wall, within sight of the bed; the one was a portrait of Queen Victoria, the other of the then Prince of Wales. How the hospital rules and regulations had been got over I never knew, but would have gambled my life on naming the party who had made the transformation. There she was—seated at the head of the bed again—commencing that everlasting crocheting. But the message in those two engravings had won my heart; the song on the stage was obliterated.

Joe was resting easily; the arm had evidently been set, the head neatly bandaged; and, best of all, there was just the shadow of that wicked smile which I knew so well.

I caught myself looking at her, and with my eyes mutely asking permission to speak to the patient. I could have kicked myself for thus acknowledging he in any way belonged to her.

As I had not seen the doctor, all I could do was to gently touch the unwounded hand, to let him know his shipmate was standing by, awaiting his orders at any time. He gave my hand a squeeze in return, but he gave that woman a look which was worth far more, and I counted my friend lost already.

She followed me out of the room. We stood facing each other in the corridor—the first little skirmish in a number of pitched battles. Without waiting for me to commence, she made the opening movement by presenting me with a neat little card on which was engraved, "Miss Aileen Sargeson, New York." So far as I was concerned, Bessie Bolton ceased to exist from that moment. Sailors not being addicted to such luxuries as cards, I introduced myself, and hoped her self-inflicted watching at Joe's bedside was not undermining her health. It was a bad beginning and fell quite flat.

For five days I played second fiddle in that hospital room, and on the sixth came to say good-bye to Joe and his keeper. The Selkirk was already at anchor in the bay, and would sail early next morning. It was evident this intimacy must be broken at once or left to run its course.

Joe was out of bed, sitting in an easy chair; undoubtedly he would be well and about again in another fortnight. Miss Sargeson had opened the door for me as usual. The black frock had disappeared, and in its place she was wearing what the fashion papers would describe as a delicate creation in gray. It fitted her to perfection, and—as if she could intuitively read Joe's tastes—no ring nor gaudy ribbons destroyed the symphony, but juts a little white chiffon at wrists and throat. This morning the crochet was not in evidence, and to my joy I

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found she was hatted, ready for a walk. Scarcely had I seated myself, when she announced her intention of going out shopping and would return in an hour's time.

No sooner had she left the room than I commenced on Joe—he was a much easier prey—telling him pointblank he was an ass. He replied "he was perfectly well aware of the fact, and for that reason required mating with a little sense." I mentioned his mother and his home people; to which he said "Pshaw!"—then put the question pointblank to him, did he intend to marry her, or was it merely one of his usual epidemics? For the first time, to my recollection, Joe looked grave, took hold of my hand, and said: "Yes, old man; the minute I get out of this place." After that it was impossible to say more, but I longed for a chat with his fiancee. So far as Joe and I were concerned, we banished the subject and talked about old times; he filling me up with messages to his home people, with instructions to say nothing about the "Cremorne" incident.

At this point the lady returned, and I said good-bye to my old shipmate; it was easier now, for I felt he had gone out of my life and belonged to another. She followed me into the corridor, and, —by the powers above! she was a lovely woman, as she placed her small, neatly-gloved hand in mine and invited herself to take dinner with me that evening; evidently wishing to give me every opportunity to say my say.

Under ordinary circumstances, the most bohemian restaurant to be found in 'Frisco would have been my selection; but to meet Joe's future wife I reserved a secluded table at the quietest and most respectable in the city. For one hour I faced her; no longer battling for my friend's freedom, but trying to make her see what was before them. To do so properly required a tact much greater than mine, so the speaking was plain and to the point. She listened like a saint, never winced once, and when I finished, looked into my eyes and said:

"You are Joe's friend—it is only right I should tell you; I never knew my father and mother—I was born in Chicago, I expect practically in the gutter—I lived and was brought up where vice and poverty were the daily food of the people—I hated it then; I hate it still more now. Every day I looked for some way to escape; but, there was none. Although they know it not, the upper ten crowd down the submerged tenth, and I was one of that class. Suddenly into my life God threw your friend. I loved him for himself. I love him still more because he will lift me up into a better life; and I shall not drag him down. I know his weakness better than you do. My strength will correct it. He will give me of that higher life which I have seen, but have not been able to touch. Joe is mine—God gave him to me."

I replied never a word to this outburst, but took out of my pocket a little morocco case, opened it, and fastened round her neck a small gold chain, to which was hanging a plain gold cross. Then took her hand and kissed it; and I call God to witness the hand was the hand of a pure woman.

III.

Seven years had elapsed since my parting with Joe. Only once had I heard from him, simply a copy of the San Francisco Argonaut, containing a short paragraph announcing his marriage to Miss Sargeson. As for the old Selkirk, she lies buried, fathoms deep, off the pitch of the Horn, and with her rests Matson, her skipper. That was enough for me; I changed into steam, went through the usual routine, to emerge at last master of the Drummond, a tramp steamer, A1 at Lloyd's, but at the time I write of, just concluding a three weeks' spell of idleness in the Royal Roads, Victoria, waiting for orders. They had arrived that morning by wire—"Portland, to load for Liverpool." During the three weeks' spell I had kept pretty close on board, but with the prospect of activity, a desire seized me to run up town just to vary the monotony.

I spent the day seeing the agents in the morning, viewing the surroundings in the afternoon. Thoughts would fly to the homeland, and amongst the chaos of thoughts came up memories of Joe—memories that, try as I would, were always coupled with and overshadowed by

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the personality of his wife. As I passed the doors of the Victoria Theatre, the billboard announced a travelling vauueville show for that evening. Old memories were awakened, and the evening found me seated in the fourth row of the stalls, with an excellent view of the stage. Turn after turn passed by, and at last there was a ripple of applause; we were in for the most popular part of the show. The two previous turns had required very little space, the back of the stage being hidden by a drop scene, which was now removed and disclosed—to my amusement—the deck and a considerable portion of the rigging and mast of a ship.

The piano, doing duty for an orchestra, broke into a gallop, as there rolled out from the wing a five-year-old boy, dressed in an Eton suit, with chorister's collar and top hat complete. The little fellow was smart; in his somersaults he never once touched the stage with his hat. The minute after, he was followed by a man, faultlessly attired in evening dress; who entered in the same fantastic fashion. When he had finished and stood upright on the stage, within a few feet of me was my old shipmate, Joe; and when I gazed again at the child, I had not the slightest doubt he was Joe junior. But I had no time for further thought; the audience was applauding the entrance of someone from the other wing. There were no somersaults nor any of the usual trimmings; she simply walked on, attired in a black silk dress. Husband, wife, and son stood there before me. Both Joe and his wife knew me at once; just a glance, but it was sufficient.

They went through their performance; it was clever and original. The climax was reached when Joe—by a series of acrobatic feats—climbed the mast and stood out on the yard; this was followed by the child performing similar evolutions, which landed him eventually on his father's shoulders. There they stood, balanced on the thin yard, right at the top of the theatre, with the mother standing in front of the mast. The piano stopped playing, the audience seemed to cease breathing; the lad balanced himself for a spring, the mother steadied herself on the stage, looked up at the boy, and suddenly exclaimed, "Now!!!" The youngster sprang from the dizzy height, turned a double somersault, and landed on his mother's shoulders. She stood the shock like a rock, steadying him with her arms. The curtain dropped, there were loud calls for an encore, but by this time I was passing out through the theatre door, and making my way to the stage entrance, on Douglas Street. Joe had not waited to take off his stage toggery; he had guessed I would come round, and was waiting to take me to his wife and child.

Within twenty minutes we had left the theatre and were soon in their lodgings—humble enough, in all conscience—but I had the greatest meal that night that ever mortal enjoyed. She prepared it with her own hands on a little stove in the corner of the room; a Saratoga trunk did duty for a table. From 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. we sat round the trunk, and by that time I had been told all the happenings of the past seven years. Just one continual fight against abject poverty; the first portion intensified by Joe's careless handling of the cash, and the struggle for recognition on the circuit. She did not mention this; it was Joe who told it all amid peals of laughter. Then the latter portion, when they had been able to make both ends meet and save a little money.

As the city hall clock struck 1 a.m., I said good-bye, though I hated to do it. For many long days after, the memory of that evening was sweet to think of.

IV.

Two years had elapsed since the evening in Victoria. I was back in London again; the Drummond lay in the Royal Albert dock; times were bad, and after paying off the crowd, I had received a curt intimation from the owners that the boat would be laid up and my services dispensed with for at least six months.

I had been so much away from the old land, friends were dead and gone or scattered; and as I walked up the Commercial Road to my diggings, the feeling of loneliness was accentuated by the passing throng; everyone seemed to have a friend, whilst I had none, and did not know where to look for one. On reaching my rooms the landlady handed me a letter, which had been directed on from the company's office—an ordinary

letter would have caused no surprise, but this puzzled me. The envelope was in deep mourning, with a crest embossed on the centre of the flap. I tore open the envelope, and the very first words that met my eyes prepared me for more surprises to come. This was the letter:

"Dear Old Shipmate,—You will be knocked sideways when you get this. You remember the uncle I once told you about, Sir William Brady, and my cousins; there were three of them—three of the jolliest fellows I ever met—many a spree I have had with them up in town—but they would persist in interfering with the hill men in India. You know, we Bradys are always seeking trouble, and they, poor fellows, found it. Two died of dysentery, and the eldest was sniped by the hill men. It was too much for my uncle; he went under within a month of the death of my cousin Harry. I have only learned this recently, as the first intimation I got was a call from a lawyer in Portland—where we were showing to big crowds. I almost had a fit when, after asking if my name was Joseph Brady, nephew to Sir William Brady, and my telling him 'Yes'—he turned and said to my wife, 'And this is Lady Brady?' I believe the old boy did it out of all kindness, to take my mind from the shock of the terrible trouble in my uncle's family. To cut a long matter short—I am here, Sir Joseph Brady, lord of the Manor of Guiseley, in the County of Berkshire, and I never felt so strange in my life before. But the wife—bless her heart!—revels in it, in spite of the fact of the whole country side diligently investigating as to her antecedents, and in the interval standing severely aloof.

"I want you to join me, old man. I have a sort of idea, the wife would be skipper; but you could be purser, and—if you are only half as mean as you were on the Selkirk—I know the estates will be well looked after. Your room is all ready. Take the train at Paddington and change at Reading. Drop me a wire when you are coming. The wife encloses a line, and we have told the boy his uncle is coming to live with him. He is very anxious you should try his pony; I am also anxious, it would be a sight for the gods.

"Your old friend, JOE."

"P.S.—I forgot all about the pay. Take whatever rake-off you like out of the rents. For heaven's sake, don't let the missus know, as she has developed a passion for bookkeeping, and I hate figures."

Lady Brady's letter was much shorter, though none the less sincere. It was simply:

"Dear Mr. Wilson,—My husband wants you to pay us a long visit and, if you can manage it, to leave the sea altogether and live with us. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to know that my husband had his old friend with him. Our boy is also looking forward to your coming. Yours faithfully,

"AILEEN BRADY."

To become purser of Guiseley Hall was unthinkable; but I longed to see my old shipmate and his wife again. The sudden elevation in their social position did not excite my curiosity so much as the desire to see how Lady Brady—asI must now call her—would deal with the altered circumstances.

Within three hours I had reached Paddington, safely negotiated the change at Reading, and was on the lookout for Joe, as the train slowed up at the little wayside station. Outside in the yard a fore-and-aft rigged dogcart was standing. A groom held the leader's head; there was no mistaking the lad sitting on the after seat—it was Joe's boy. Joe himself was on the platform; just the same to me as of old, in spite of the Norfolk suit and pigskin leggings.

We said but little on the drive; he being fully occupied with steering that flying jib leader, and I in gripping the hand-rail of the dogcart, with an occasional glance of envy at the groom, who folded his arms as we left the station, and kept them in that position through-

out the drive; he might have been comfortably seated in the smoking room of a Cunarder, instead of in this rickety, shaky craft, which never seemed to ride two seas alike.

After twenty minutes' drive we topped the crest of a low hill. Joe checked the horses, pointed wtih his whip across the valley to a large, old-fashioned mansion on the opposite side, and then described a sort of semi-circle, following the lines of a park wall; and I knew this must be Guiseley Hall, his home and inheritance.

As we drove down the hill, across the stone bridge, and up through the park, my thoughts jumped suddenly to the Indian frontier, to a grave which I knew must be there; and the man who had been trained to consider all this as his. Then, just as suddenly, to that scene in the "Cremorne," nine years previously, and those words spoken in the hospital corridor—"I was born in Chicago, I expect practically in the gutter."

This thought was still lingering in my mind as the tandem swept from under the shadow of the copper-beach hedging into the circular drive in front of the Hall, and there—standing under the wide portico—was the connecting link in my thoughts, a picture of radiant health and happiness, and something more; the higher life was hers now—outwardly as well as inwardly.

I passed three weeks at Guiseley Hall—the holiday of my lifetime—Joe trying to make me understand farming and country life; the boy, with equal zest, attempting to interest me in his dogs and pony; and Joe's wife passing in and out amongst us all the time—the radiant head of the household. I verily believe it was an intensely happy quartette; the only clouds that passed across the sky being little bursts of irritation from Joe, because one or two old ladies—heads of county families—had neglected to call on his wife. I thought then, and still think, he was magnifying the trouble, for I soon found all the younger folks in the district were already her friends, caring nothing about where she had sprung from. Given a few months longer, her own personality would have won over the old tabbies—as Joe styled them—but he was impatient, and made matters worse by retaliating on imaginary slights. It required all Lady Brady's tact to keep him within bounds and prevent a breach with some of the neighbours—a breach which might have become impassable. During these three weeks I had ample time for a study that has always been one of my recreations—the noting of development of character from both internal and external sources.

The improvement in Joe was marked. He was still impetuous, but the bohemian carelessness and rashness had, in a great measure, disappeared. I found he had learned the meaning of the word "Tomorrow," and I remembered she had said: "My strength will correct his weakness"—and I knew that from her he had gathered strength.

To say that Aileen Brady was a beautiful woman, correctly mannered; would be the verdict of a casual observer only. You could not be with her long, without seeing; that behind the mask of mere beauty and manners was a strong, brave heart, self-reliant, and—better still—able to gauge another's sorrow and help to soothe it, in such a manner that the sufferer felt no debt. To me it seemed, as if the seed of some beautiful plant had been sown by the wayside; the plant had grown up among the coarsest grasses and weeds, defending itself with armour of a like coarse nature; then had been suddenly transplanted into more fertile soil, clear of the unwholesome surroundings; without hesitation it had thrown off the coarse armour and trusted entirely to the head gardener—God. I was soon to learn that improvements in her social well being had in no wise diminished her native courage.

Guisely Hall was a long, low, rambling building of two stories. It is impossible to describe the style of architecture, as it was evidently built in sections to please the fancies and whims of various owners. Luckily age had mellowed what would otherwise have been a somewhat uninteresting building. The main entrance was in the centre of the building, immediately in front of the rose-garden; a broad flight of stone steps led down from the entrance and divided the wide porticos which ran the entire front of the Hall. The only other points

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of interest were a very heavy oak cornice supporting massive overhanging eaves; the eaves were built of strong oak beams bolted together with iron. I knew those eaves well, as the boy Joe delighted to take me out through the man-hole in the roof, the view from this vantage point was something to be remembered. The remaining point of interest was the ivy, which covered the entire front, growing from two roots, one at either end; the great age of the Hall could be guessed at by these enormous creepers.

On the third Sunday evening after my arrival, we retired early; as Joe had arranged for a long drive in the morning. The day had been hot and, for a wonder, I slept badly. My bedroom was at the western end, the wind, having changed, was now blowing from the north-east, probably the reason why I got the first intimation of the impending doom of Guiseley Hall.

It must have been about 3 a.m. when I noticed the fitful glare of a flame reflected on the window; at first I thought it was merely imagination on my part; but immediately afterward the air seemed pungent with burning wood. I jumped out of bed, threw up the window, opening on the courtyard at the back of the Hall. There was no mistaking the fact, the whole of the lower part of the centre was on fire.

To partially dress occupied only a few seconds; within a few minutes I was stumbling down the corridor, locating Joe's room; reaching it just as the door burst open and Joe and his wife rushed out, the heat having already told its dread tale. The boy occupied a room next to his tutor, away at the east end of the building; without a word Aileen Brady ran to that quarter, whilst Joe and I rushed to the servants' rooms, hammering on each door as we passed, for already the heat was getting unbearable. By the time we had aroused the household, Lady Brady returned, with the information that the tutor was up, and—acting under his instructions—the boy had already left his room for the garden.

Within ten minutes the whole of the inhabitants of the Hall were apparently gathered in the rose-garden; watching the avalanche of fire now pouring through the centre of the lower story—it struck me as curious then, and even yet I can hardly explain, how the people from the country side were already assembling; evidently the fire must have been burning some considerable time before we noticed it. Little or nothing could be done, there were no fire engines nearer than Reading, and even then the water supply would not have been adequate—Guiseley Hall was doomed.

Just as this fact struck me, I noticed Aileen Brady rushing in and out among the people. It was so unlike her to be excited that my curiosity was aroused; but the moment I knew she was looking for her son, I cried out—"The boy is missing!"—the whole crowd caught up the cry; we rushed hither and thither; for a moment the building was entirely forgotten—one party was sent off into the shrubberies—another to the stables at the rear, with instructions to let go the horses and look for the boy. There were plenty of willing helpers, as by this time other parties had driven up from the outlying mansions—anxious to do their utmost—the whole population of the district must have been there—high—low—rich—and poor.

Joe came across to me, seized my arm, and almost hissed in my ear—"let us go on the lookout, old man!"—I knew what he meant; we divided about the width of a ship's fo'castle-head; he took the port side; I, the starboard; then—aided by the flames—we stood and concentrated our gaze—just as we would have done on board ship; no rushing, but just standing still and looking.

Flames were bursting through every window on the lower floor; in the centre the old oak door had just given way, allowing tongues of flame to pour out through the doorway; they shot up and brought into clear relief the heavy overhanging eaves at the top of the Hall. Joe and I gave a simultaneous shout; for there—plain to be seen—was the lad, running to and fro, looking for a place of escape. I yelled out for a ladder, but Joe made one break for the ivy at the east end, and by the time the ladder had arrived he had scrambled half way up the face of the building. He had

taken the only course—the ladder was useless—even had it been long enough, the belching flames from the lower floor would have been fatal.

The shouts from the crowds had drawn in the outlying searchers, we stood in a mass watching with bated breath, as Joe drew himself gradually higher and higher, until his head was right underneath the eaves; then, for a moment, his progress slowed down; every man in that crowd expected to see him fall, as he clung to the branches of the creeper under the eaves, and gradually worked his way under and over the abutment; at one time his body must have been horizontal. A sigh of intense relief came from the crowd when his head and shoulders appeared above the eaves, and a shout rang out as he stood upright on the roof. It was a shout that spoke of anxiety, for the all-conquering flames had at last dried up the sap in the ivy; the lower part was already in flames, cutting off the means of escape.

As this thought struck the crowd, I turned to Joe's wife, who stood close to me while Joe had been climbing the ivy. I scarcely dared to look at her, fearing the truth would overwhelm her. To see husband and son perish before her eyes, almost at the moment their life's battle had been fought and won, was a terrible end to their struggles. When I did look there was no fear, just simply the same resolute face I had seen at Joe's bedside.

But I had looked enough; it was time for work—Joe had reached his son; the two stood together right in the centre of the building, seemingly on the very edge of the eaves. A cry went up for blankets and tarpaulins, but none were forthcoming, and the nearest house was the lodge at the park gates. What had to be done, must be done in the next few minutes.

Suddenly Aileen touched me on the shoulder and rushed forward, taking up a position a little to the right, where the scorching heat from the flames was less than in the centre of the building. I followed and saw her wave her arm to Joe; they ran along the eaves until father and son stood immediately opposite the wife. Then she made several signs to him which I did not understand, but which he seemed to catch immediately—then to hesitate—but as if her power over him was greater than his own will, I could see he both understood and agreed. He spoke to the boy, and I wondered if the lad had lost the power of action, in fear, and wondered still more what possible means of escape she had devised.

Joe stretched out his hand, bent a knee; the boy grasped the hand, stepped on to the knee; in another second he was on his father's shoulders. The crowd stood in absolute silence, for it was hid from them, but my mind went rapidly back to that scene in the Victoria Theatre and for a moment I almost clutched and dragged her back; but another look at her face told me she would go through her part without fear.

She steadied herself for a moment, folded her arms just as on the stage, looked up at the boy for another second, and then, clear over the raging of the fire there was a sudden exclamation of —"Now! ! !"—and immediately the lad made a spring; the crowd gave a groan of horror as—obedient to his training—the little fellow sprang from his father's shoulders clear of the burning building, turned a double somersault in the air, dashed through the intervening space, and landed fair and square on his mother's shoulders—she staggered for a moment, raised one steadying arm, then dropped as if stunned from the impact—the lad himself was unhurt.

Careful hands picked her up and carried her out of the heat of the fire; but only for a moment, for she struggled to her feet and looked back at Joe—a look in which we all joined; for the end had come.

The fire had already undermined the centre of the building; flames were leaping up from the back part of the roof, both wings were a mass of flame; only a semi-circle consisting of a small portion of the upper story and the roof, was left untouched; and it seemed floating on a sea of flame. A mad impulse seized me to dash at the building; an impulse in which I saw she joined; but at that moment there was a cry from the people and a sudden rushing back;

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the whole unburned portion of the roof was rocking and swaying like a ship at sea. My God! What an awful death for Joe to die—he stood there just on the edge of the big eaves and never moved—stood amid the terrific heat and swaying of the burning building.

In a few seconds all was over. The massive roof swayed to the rear; then, as if propelled by some unseen hand, it lurched forward again, but this time the immense weight of the cornice and eaves was too much, and the whole compact mass shot forward like an avalanche—very slowly at first—but faster and faster as it gathered momentum—till it dashed itself in pieces on the solid ground, almost at our feet; but just before the wreck touched the ground, Joe gave a spring and seemed literally, to bounce from the falling debris, and in another second was at his wife's side and had clasped her in his arms; she did not faint, but I saw an agony of pain in her face and knew she must be injured.

V.

It was about ten days after the fire. Joe, his wife, and the whole staff from the Hall were located at the village hotel—a quaint old building amply large enough for our wants—plans were already being drawn for a new and larger Guiseley Hall. It was the last Friday in the month, the day on which Lady Brady received, and this afternoon we had taken possesion of the dining-room. She was seated in one of the comfortable old oak chairs close to the open window, through which the blackened ruins of the Hall were plainly visible. The dislocated shoulder had soon been put right; the internal injuries, though slight, required more care. Joe laughed at the idea of receiving, but Aileen was terribly methodical in these little matters, and had her way. I merely looked on, to study the faces of sundry callers; and because, on this day, I did not wish to be far from them.

At three o'clock visitors began to drive up; from that hour until six I think everybody within a radius of twenty miles paid homage to our heroine. My interest began when Joe's pet aversion—Lady Sowerby—was announced; she had never called before, and her modus operandi on this occasion would be a study for me. The room was packed with callers; they made way for her ladyship—casting covert glances at one another—as much as to say—"what a cheek to call after keeping away so long." She walked straight up to Aileen, and I think everybody was ready for one of those cutting remarks for which Lady Sowerby was noted; but no remark was made; she just stooped down and kissed her hostess, not once, but twice; and when she stood upright again, I saw tears were rolling down her old withered cheeks.

The next caller was old General Creighton; he had never stood aloof from Aileen—in spite of his wife's evident antipathy to her. On this occasion the old boy had donned his uniform; he was wearing his V. C., medals, and orders, which almost covered his breast. Nearly all his life had been spent abroad; even his wife was a comparative stranger to him. On this afternoon his face seemed radiant with happiness, and as the crowd moved on one side, he passed up the room, his wife meekly hanging on to his empty sleeve. He made his bow to Aileen; it was one of those courtly bows that only those who were trained in the early part of the nineteenth century have brought down from more courtly ages. With his solitary arm, he took a package from his pocket, struggled with it for a moment—I longed to help him—finally succeeded in opening it, and took out a bronze medallion which he pinned on to her frock; then, handing her a letter, said:

"My dear lady, this letter and token are from one brave lady to another—Queen Victoria bids me hand you this as a mark of her esteem."

The rest of the afternoon he spent at Aileen's side, fussed over her as if she had been his own child and I knew that he was making amends for others' misdeeds—misdeeds that seem little, but rankle much; and was silently telling everybody in the room—our dear lady was more than their equal—that she had conquered in her own right.

That night we held a family council; I had spread a telegram on the table,

from the owners of the "Drummond"; it read:

"Join tomorrow; got charter as transport."

Joe offered to answer it; Aileen offered to answer it; and the boy—all three in a manner that would have utterly prohibited my further service with those owners—but I knew "God had given him to her—*She* was his strength"—so I picked up the telegraph blank and wrote:

"Screws London"

"Wire received; joining tomorrow."

"WILSON."

AFTERTHOUGHT BY THE AUTHOR.—Gold is frequently found imbedded in the coarsest rock. The diamond is mined from clay. The gold is purified in the refiner's fire; the diamond is polished by the cutter's wheel. The goldsmith takes the gold and fashions a ring, into which he mounts the diamond—the gem is held securely in position by a few slender tentacles of gold—the coarse rock and the clay have disappeared.

Inborn Faith.

John Barrow.

Whoever sees the crimson sun decline,
With ling'ring beams aslant the smiling lawn.
And hopes to see again tomorrow's dawn,
Sweep o'er the autumn fields and flashing brine,
Who looks to see the harvest moonbeams shine,
Above the ripening vales which he had sown;
Or he, who, simply tossing up a stone,
Awaits its fall, has faith in The Divine.

We could not live apart from God, and faith,
Nor seek our daily toil, our nightly sleep.
As well might finny tribes desert the deep!
Or trees the soil,—refuse the spring's life-breath!
We eat and sleep by faith. We sow and reap
In Him, and trust for something after death.

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The Widow of Baalbek.

Aubrey N. St. John-Mildmay.

Author of "In the Waiting Time of War."

THERE was mourning in the house of Armid.

Mohammed Abu Armid, the wealthy Christian merchant, had succumbed to a September attack of fever, and Cora Armid, his relict, who had once been the reigning beauty in the Armenian quarter of Damascus and was now a comely matron of fifty, was prostrated with grief.

When she announced to the worthy Archimandrite who had been summoned from Beirut, by special messenger, to perform the last rites, that she was going to bid farewell to house and friends and spend the rest of her days in uninterrupted communion with the spirit of the departed carpet-merchant, and tearful meditation upon his cruel fate, and many amiable qualities, the old priest shook his head.

Partly because he was sceptical; partly also because, as his eyes travelled over the priceless curtains and tapestries which bore witness to the opulence and taste of the deceased connoisseur, he felt that it would be better for the poor Christians of Baalbek and for the finances of his diocese, that Widow Armid should remain an active church member, and take her place as a leisured leader of piety and fashion among the Greek community of Baalbek, surrounded as they were by the hosts of Islam, the favourites of the Turkish Government, and by the Druses of anti-Lebanon, whose bitter hatred of the Mussulmans did not prevent their being serious rivals and competitors for popular favour with the "Giaours," as these Mahommedan nonconformists still called the Levantine Christians.

But the women were too much for him. The very extravagance of the high-born widow's impulsive resolve appealed to their 'Galatian' susceptibilities and captivated their foolish fancy, so that the caveats of the Archimandrite, whose ripe experience of human nature in general and of Mrs. Armid's temperament in particular, persuaded him that the frenzy of self-immolation would not outlast the first weeks of widowhood, were drowned in a chorus of Syrian superlatives and adulatory hysterics.

Mrs. Armid was determined to be a world's wonder of exemplary widowhood.

She caused a divan to be carried down into the marble chamber adjoining the actual place of her husband's sepulture in the great mausoleum, which he had prepared for himself and his descendants, and there she protested that she would henceforth take up her permanent abode. A few other necessary articles, together with a whole array of eikons and books of devotion, were transported to this melancholy place, and shortly before sunset on the day after the funeral, having made arrangements for the sale of all her other property, Cora Armid bade a solemn farewell to the world, and prepared to spend the first night in her self-chosen place of lifelong exile from mankind.

Mrs. Armid retained only one of all her husband's servants, a faithful Cypriot handmaid, who was to bring her daily meals to the monument from an adjacent lodging. No other living soul was ever to be permitted to enter the sacred precincts; and the faithful Theodosia herself was to be admitted only at stated intervals during the hours of daylight.

Throwing herself upon her knees, the inconsolable and heroic widow poured out her heart in tears and lamentations,

interspersed with solemn vows of lifelong adherence to the pious and solitary programme which she had so strenuously embraced.

Then she paid a first visit to the sepulchral chamber, where she renewed her vows, and while gazing long and ardently at the marble and alabaster sarcophagus beneath which reposed all that was mortal of the husband to whose memory she had vowed the touching sacrifice of her remaining days, her heart glowed with an exhilarating sense of the sublime, novel, and yet dignified existence upon which she had now entered.

Nor did any doubt of the permanence or sufficiency of these agreeable and flattering sensations disturb the exquisite satisfaction of her first experience of the new conditions.

Presently the faithful Theodosia descended the marble stairs with her mistress' coffee, and having helped her to disrobe, bade her good-night, not without giving lively evidence of her admiration for the piety and devotion which had prompted the touching experiment.

Glowing with vague emotion, Cora turned over page after page of the "Lives of the Hermits," by the light of her single lamp, and was reading, not without a shudder of conscious superiority, sundry realistic details of the temptations of St. Anthony, when she was startled by a sound of clanking steel.

With heavy footsteps someone was approaching from the gate of the churchyard. When, after a moment's pause, she realized that the intrduer was actually descending the marble steps of the mausoleum, she sprang to her feet in an agony of terror. Peeping through a chink in the massive door, she behld a Turkish janissary in full armour, carrying a flaring torch, by the help of which he was clearly endeavouring to find the handle of the door.

She withdrew in horror to the far corner of the apartment, only to encounter the still more disconcerting vision of a handsome helmeted face gazing in upon her through the narrow lancet window.

Then mastering her fear, she withdrew the bolt and opening the door was about to challenge the unexpected visitor, when the soldier anticipated her.

"Madam," he said, smiling, "I am discharging a somewhat peculiar office, under the instructions of the Pasha, and being on guard for the night in this churchyard, I was naturally surprised to see your light gleaming from the window of the revered Nicolas Armid's mausoleum. Peace be to his holy soul!"

"Ah, soldier," said the lady, completely disarmed by the courtesy of his address and the engaging smile upon the soldier's open countenance, "the loss of such a husband is irreparable. Did you not know that I had sold my possessions and betaken myself to this sacred retreat, there to pass the remainder of my days in perpetual lamentation for my beloved Mohammed Abu, cut off in the meridian of his days?"

Her face had fallen a little at finding that even one of the Sultan's soldiers should have failed to hear already the report of her heroic and singular devotion. Womanlike, she saw no inconsistency between such anxiety about the world's appreciation of her conduct and the complete renunciation of all worldly interests which she had espoused as her profession.

Quick to discern his mistake, Alexis Caftanioglu hastened to explain that owing to the disturbances in the city between the Druses and the followers of the Prophet, the janissaries had been too much occupied to receive any news for days even of their own relatives outside the walls.

"Yesterday, madam, for the first time for seven days we were allowed to lay down our arms, for half an hour, in order that every man in the regiment should attend Mass to pray for the soul of your late sainted husband. May St. Nicolas intercede for his soul!" he added, as the peroration to this unblushingly mendacious apology.

By this time her visitor was so far advanced in Cora's good graces that she (who had but lately renounced all human society) could scarcely conceal her mortification when Alexis rose, explaining that he must return to his duties.

"I shall be close at hand, till the guard

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is relieved at dawn," he explained, with a reassuring smile. "So while I watch the corpses of the felons, I can also keep an eye on this place, so that no night prowlers may disturb your holy vigil. If only there were more such women in Syria, this hard and careless world would be more like the Paradise of the large-eyed houris which the Koran promises us up there. For myself, I do not take much stock of these sayings of the Hadji. I think I am half a Christian—though you must not give me away to my captain."

Then Cora returned to her "Visions of St. Anthony," and assured herself that she was deep in the edifying recital of the African hermit's allegorical combats with the devil, though as a matter of fact she was counting the distant footfalls of the loquacious sentryman, as the ironshod heels clanked on the pavement of the small churchyard.

It was cold work marching up and down in the winter night, and the naked corpses of the single Mussulman and the two Druce rioters, whom the authorities had strung up as a warning to the turbulent factions, who make life in the Lebanon a perpetual orgy of sanguinary religious conflicts, were dreary companions enough.

After a time the faithless Alexis slipped out of the churchyard, in spite of his promise to the lady below stairs, and repaired to a nearby caravanserai. Presently he emerged with a bulky parcel under his cloak, and to Cora's secret delight once more descended the marble stairway and knocked softly on the door.

"Who is it," called the widow, in tones of stimulated indignation, "that disturbs the peace of the good Armid's sepulchre? Heaven rest his soul."

"Do not disturb yourself, madam," replied the janissary, humbly. "But I was uneasy at the thought of your sojourning in this place, since the night has turned suddenly cold. At the risk of my neck I repaired to the city and have brought you as an humble offering two most unworthy litres of the good red wine of Hermon."

"Nay, but you must come in and comfort yourself with a glass, at least," was the widow's smiling answer, as the soldier handed the bottles to her and was preparing to withdraw.

"No, no, madam. I have been doubly too bold. It was a most reprehensible boldness to venture to disturb your holy meditations a second time. And it was a fearful daring to withdraw from the place I have to guard. You must know that if I am too long from my post those miscreants will come and take down the bodies of the three felons, and my own life will be forfeit if but one of them should be gone when to-morrow dawns. I am not afraid of the Druses; they are not so particular. But it is a terrible thing for the faithful (murderous crew as they are), to allow such indignity to be inflicted on the body of a believer. And they will surely attempt to carry off the body, if I give them a chance. No, madam," persisted the artful Alexis, "you would not have me risk my life?"

"Time was," replied the newly-vowed lady-anchorite, "when many a brave Christian, aye, and Mussulman too, of Baalbek would have risked his life three times over for Cora's invitation. But when one becomes an old woman"—she interrupted herself to indulge in a sigh, a different kind of *sospiro,* differently tempered from those sighs, many and long-drawn, which she had heaved so dolorously and well for her sainted husband just forty-eight hours dead.

"Well, then, madam, adorable Cora, I will risk my life—trebly for your sake. One life for each of those nasty, naked corpses up there. Ugh! . . Let me draw the cork."

Hospitality was Cora's second nature, and it was not long before the handsome soldier felt entirely at home. Cora had made up the modest fire into a cheerful blaze by the addition of abundant fuel, and by the time that the second cork was drawn, the soldier guest was moved to propose a merry toast.

"Let us drink, adorable Cora, to the memory of——"

"Sir!" Cora began, with a fearful and indignant glance towards the inner chamber close at hand.

"To the memory of all foolish vows," continued Alexis, quite unabashed.

Cora's hospitable instincts forbade her to decline the innocent but artful toast. They drank, and the good red wine wrought upon the mood of each of them.

If the sage Archimandrite had doubted the wisdom or permanence of Cora's much-applauded resolve of yesterday, even he would have been staggered at the remarkably prompt fulfilment of his predictions which a single night was to bring.

By the time that the hour of midnight tolled from the belfry of the Church of Santa Sofia, not only had Cora forgotten her imprudently-contracted obligation to the life of an anchorite, but the so-disconsolate widow had taken upon herself yet another vow of lifelong import.

Good fellowship had ripened into friendship, and friendship into a yet warmer entrainement; in fact, Armid's widow was the affianced bride of a soldier of the guard, an adherent of Islam, a handsome stranger with an engaging smile and, for all she knew to the contrary, a seraglio of his own, to which this sudden betrothal might be merely introducing her as an additional unit.

So frail is the edifice which disordered emotion builds for itself in the first poignant moments of bereavement. So easy is it for a shallow-hearted and impressionable widow to mistake the mere self-importance which sudden calamity and the solicitude of flattering friends lends to a mourner in high life, for the solid evidence of exceptional and heroic virtue in her little, lacerated apology for a heart.

But at the sound of the Basilica clock, the bridegroom aspirant started up in dismay, and with scant ceremony of adieu hastened back to the gibbet, which he had been set to guard from Mussulman marauders on pain of death.

Alas! for the fleeting pleasures of that midnight assignation, that which he dreaded had indeed come about. One glance at the corpses swinging in the ghostly moonlight was enough.

With the cold perspiration standing on his brow Alexis Caftanioglu returned to the fatal trysting-place.

"Unhappy woman! I will go for the patriarch. Though the curse of Allah rest upon me, I will turn Christian, and we will be wedded here at the tomb of your husband of yesterday. And tomorrow you will be once more a widow. Embrace me for the last time. The corpse of the Mussulman felon has been stolen from its tree, and at 9 o'clock this morning my life will have to pay the penalty."

Cora understood. But it may be that the hysterical self-abandonment of her brief two days of widowhood had exhausted the shallow limits of her superfluous emotions, or it may be that the natural and the womanly in her had triumphed over the unnatural and morbid developments with which the long service of superstition had clogged her womanhood, and that the change had been effected by the accident of entertaining the unexpected lover and submitting to his embraces—in face of her lover's despair, Cora retained her self-command, and calmly reviewed the situation.

A sudden inspiration rewarded her for her self-control.

"How was the corpse dressed?" she asked.

"Dressed? What does it matter, Cora? Are you crazed? Would you like to come and look at its comrades out there?"

Bravely the little widow drew her mantle over her head and followed Alexis out to view the remaining corpses. It was not a comely sight for a man's lady-love. Cora came, and saw—and if she blushed, her soldier-lover never knew it.

"Cheer up," was all she said. And as his strange inamorata drew him back into the monumental chamber, her expression filled him with amazement. Instead of the dismay which was written on his own countenance, he saw there a strange mixture of thankful confidence and unholy merriment.

"Alexis, you need not go for the priest, just yet. It seems to me that without his clothes one man's as good as another, especially dead men. Was this poor Mohammedan a very stout man? My late husband — Heaven rest his soul — was somewhat spare of figure. I shall always be glad to think that he had so fine a funeral. Six of the principal men of the

city were the bearers. But, after all, now he is dead and buried, he'll never know, and nobody else would ever guess it. . . . It is a grand thing to save a life."

The rough Mohammedan soldier was taken aback, as the whole daring of the scheme began to dawn upon him.

* * * * * * *

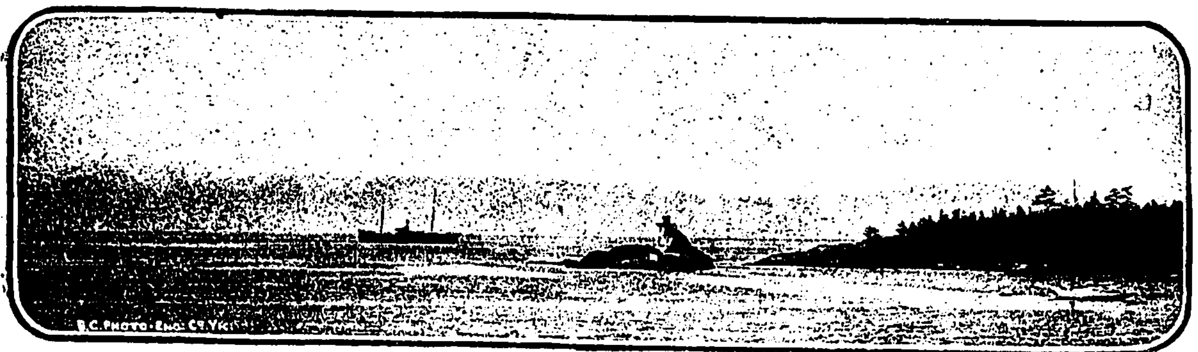
It is a wonderful thing, woman's wit. And woman's curiosity also is a thing unfathomable. For all that remains to be recorded is that when the trusty Theodosia brought the early cup of coffee to Armid's mausoleum, she was surprised to find the door open and no signs of her unfortunate mistress.

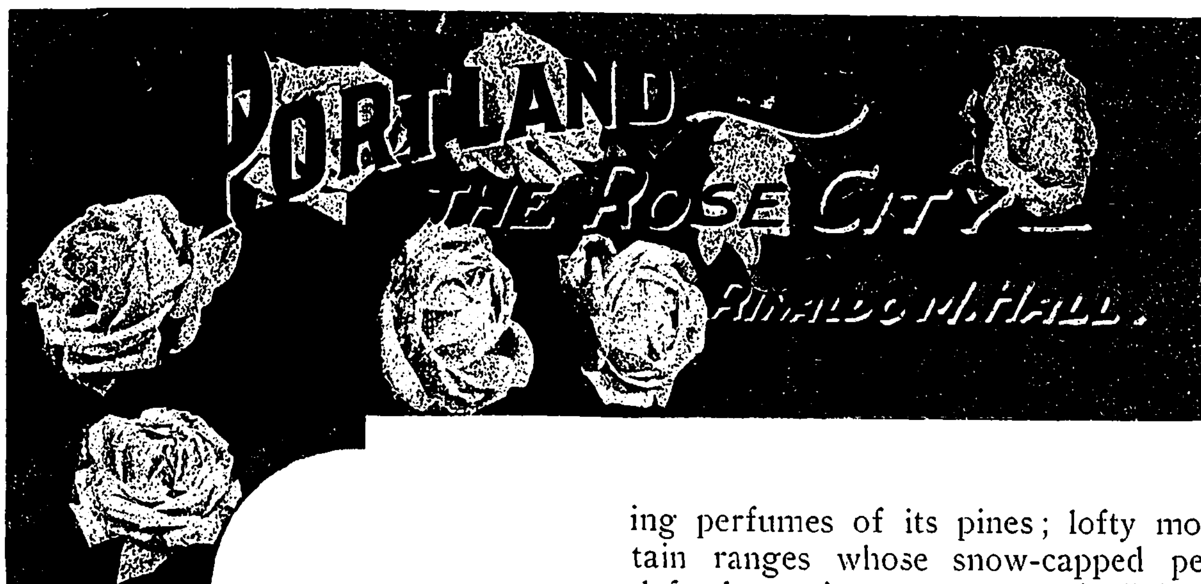
Cora and most of her belongings had vanished.

The maid searched the churchyard in some alarm, which was in no way diminished when she came upon a gibbet, upon which were swinging three naked corpses, two of them stout rascals of dusky hue, and the third of a somewhat different appearance, sparer and lighter of complexion, and comely even in death.

The sight chanced to awaken in her a certain morbid curiosity, and returning to the marble mausoleum, she bethought herself that she would like to peep at the alabaster sarcophagus in the inner monumental chamber. There she was somewhat horrified to find the alabaster lid laid awry, so as to expose a small space at the outer corner, instead of fitting closely over the sarcophagus.

Lighting the fragment of a torch which she found in the outer chamber, she peered in. Theodosia saw plainly the whole of the interior, which, to her amazement, contained, instead of the expected corpse, nothing but a winding-sheet and a heap of cerements lying in unsavoury disarray.





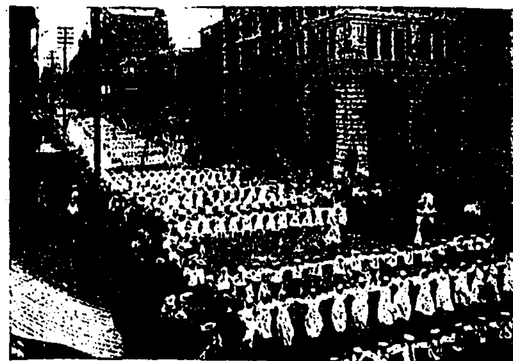
I HAVE been asked to write something of Portland, Oregon, and the surrounding country, and to one who was born in the Middle West and whose six years on the coast has completely wedded him to the section, the subject is one of genuine pleasure, excepting the fact that there is so much to say that one is bewildered as to where to begin and where to end.

Europe possesses nothing of scenic interest that is not equalled or surpassed in America, and her greatest competitor for honors is that vast domain in the Pacific Northwest drained by the majestic Columbia River, rapidly becoming famous the world over as the "Tourists' Paradise," where the beauty of Nature is exceeded only by the healthfulness of the climate. Easy of access and incomparably grand in scenic attractions, it is destined to become the starting point for those loyal American citizens who have appropriately taken for their slogan "See Europe if you will—but see America first."

From the very sources on the Columbia River, through an area of nearly five hundred thousand square miles, past Astoria, where it pours its waters of crystalline purity into the Pacific, Nature has pictured entrancing scenes, and everywhere throughout the section is the charm of legend and romance, clinging to it like the invigorating and health-giving perfumes of its pines; lofty mountain ranges whose snow-capped peaks defy the sun's warmest rays in July and August and look down upon fertile valleys that fairly groan with their weight of luscious fruit and golden grain; ice-cold mountain streams and unnumbered lakes gleaming like jewels amid wild gorges and primitive forests where hunting and fishing is unexcelled; great high walls of verdure-clad and moss-covered rocks with streams and cataracts tumbling over their sides in mad rushes to join the Columbia; fountains of marvelous healing and long stretches of sandy beaches—all combining to make it the mecca of the health-hunter and pleasure-seeker.

Portland, the metropolis and pride of the Pacific Northwest, is the very center of the region; and from the city innumerable resorts, holding their charms from season to season, are easily and cheaply reached. By boat or rail—up or down the Columbia, to Mount Hood or to the beaches, to fertile valleys fragrant with the perfume from garden and orchard, or to the mountains where the dry and pure air is laden with the balsamic influence of the pines and other native trees—go where you will and there is always something new and fascinating to instill in one the longing and determination to take the trip over again.

Queenly in its majesty, peerless in beauty, with a wealth of historic facts and legendary lore, the mighty Columbia River, with a flow at times of over 1,600,000 cubic feet of water every second



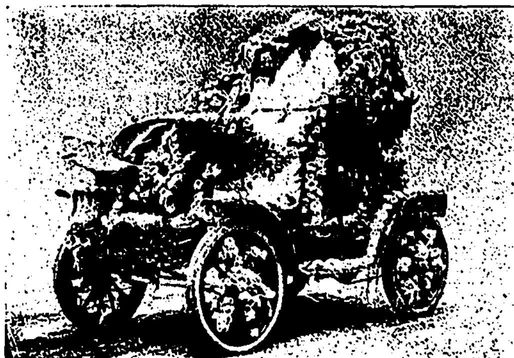
—greater than the Mississippi or Saint Lawrence ever attains—fed by everlasting snow-fields and glaciers, gracefully winds its way through the Pacific Northwest, growing in size until at a point fifteen miles above its mouth it reaches the remarkable width of seventeen miles. For two hundred miles or more it forms the boundary line between Oregon and Washington, and for the greater part of this distance the scenery is unsurpassable. From the Pacific Ocean to Portland, one hundred and ten miles, the Columbia and Willamette are navigated by the large ocean-going vessels, while from Portland to The Dalles, nearly one hundred miles, lines of steamers ply, passing through the Cascade Locks.

From Portland to the Pacific on one of the palatial river steamers of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company is a trip long to be remembered and is seldom missed by the excursionist and visitor. The usual heat of a summer day is tempered by a gentle breeze freighted with the aroma of pine trees and seasoned with salt sea air, while the winding Columbia with its graceful curves, reflects a radiant sky, green banks and forest covered hills.

He whose travels have been the most extensive at home and abroad is wildest over the trip between Portland and The Dalles as enjoyed from trains of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company. In this eighty-eight mile stretch Nature has strewn a scenic panorama of valley and hill, mountain and river, field and forest, great high and picturesque walls of rock, fern and moss-covered crags, gorges and cascades that has no equal, the extreme wildness and beauty of the scenery filling the heart of the tourist, recreationist and visitor with a constant succession of delights.

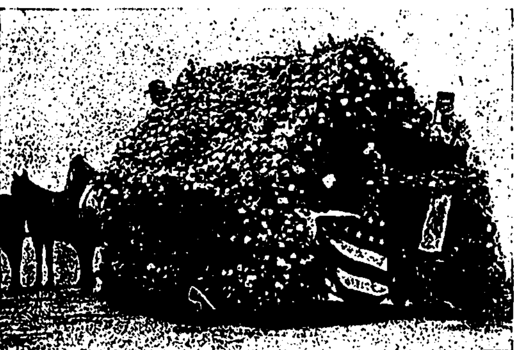
In the Pacific Northwest there is a wild and picturesque domain of forest and mountain that offers an irrisistible charm to the recreationist. The air, laden with balsam, is always cool, invigorating and healthful, while the lakes, rivers, and streams afford hunting and fishing that is a revelation to the most experienced sportsman. Perpetually crowned with snow, Mount Adams, Mount Saint Helens, Mount Jefferson

and Mount Rainier stand forth in wondrous fascination, but the trip of all mountain trips in this matchless scenic wonderland in to the summit of Mount Hood, more beautiful and impressive than all combined and easily the pride of the mountain-climbers and tourists. Fifty miles east of Portland by air line and ninety-three by shortest route, this favorite proudly rears its head 11,225 feet heavenward, thousands of feet above every neighbouring object. Easily accessible, hundreds climb to its summit each year, those who have once experienced the pleasure always being eager to repeat it.



No city enjoys greater charms of climate than Portland, the metropolis and pride of the Pacific Northwest, most beautifully situated on both banks of the Willamette River, twelve miles above its junction with the Columbia. Nowhere has Nature pictured more inspiring scenes than are found in and around the city, and few, if any cities, enjoy greater charms of climate, green trees and grasses and blooming flowers being found in the open yard every month in the year.

Rightly has it been called "The Rose City," for nowhere else do such beauties grow. From every yard and alongside many walks in the street sweet fragrance is wafted to the breeze from rose hedges and gardens, the dweller in the humble cottage, as well as those in the palaces, growing to perfection the beautiful La France roses and other varieties that require the greatest skill and care to do even moderately well in other favoured localities and under most favoured conditions. In size, colour and fragrance they have no rivals, all the well-known desirable varieties being grown. A trip through the residence section of the city in the summer time is a surprise and revelation to the visitor, Samuel G. Blythe, special correspondent for the New York World, after a visit said in writing to his paper:



"Portland is bowered in roses, blooming all the year round. No home is too shabby, no person too poor to have a rose bush in the yard or climbing up the wall. When you go along the streets in Portland the roses nod at you from

every lawn, and you smell their fragrance everywhere. A drive up Portland Heights, viewing the city below and the snow-capped mountains in the distance, would make a poet out of a butcher."

Mr. Blythe was right and his statement will be verified this June during the first week of the month, when we hold our "Rose Festival," which will be pulled off at an expense of $100,000. The event will be the finest affair of the kind ever given in the United States and the city will entertain as never before.

During the "Rose Festival" the Pacific Coast Advertising Men's Convention will be held in Portland and the brightest intellect of the coast will be assembled for a most interesting and profitable session.

Again, the healthfulness of Portland is as remarkable as the scenery in and around it is beautiful. Its mild and equable climate, wholesome water supply, coming from the everlasting glaciers of Mount Hood, piped for a distance of over thirty miles, always soft, cold, clear as crystal and unsurpassable as to purity; and its improved sanitary systems are factors to which is due the phenomenal death rate—about 8.5 to the thousand, while that of Denver is 18.6, Chicago 16, Cleveland 17, Cincinnati 19, Washington, D.C., 23, and Portland, Maine, 22. Portland is almost exempt from the diseases so common in many eastern and southern cities. Epidemics of typhoid and malaria are comparatively unknown in the city, the mortality never exceeding from 1 to 2 per cent in typhoid cases.

Portland has an enviable reputation as an educational center. Over $1,500,000 has been expended for grounds and structures, and over 20,000 pupils enrolled. And what is true of the schools and school-work is true of religious work, few ctiies of 220,000 people having such handsome and costly churches, every religious denomination being represented, and the ministers men of high culture and wisdom. The city is well built and metropolitan in appearance. With miles and miles of splendidly paved and well-lighted streets, 250 miles of electric street railway, including a first class suburban service, handsome public and private buildings—custom house, chamber of commerce, court house, hotels, theatres, schools, churches, hospitals, mercantile blocks and residences—it is, in every respect, an eastern city.

Portland is the most substantial American city west of the Rocky Mountains, and stands near the top of the list in the entire country. Few cities are wealthier in proportion to population, its business firms being rated at $150,-000,000.

Statistics are dry reading, so just a few must suffice—1907 figures being used:

Bank clearings, $350,932,422.11.

Building permits, $9,585,797.

Custom House receipts for fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, $1,163,856.08.

Jobbing trade, $220,000,000.

Imports, $4,417,038.

Exports, lumber, $3,000,000; wheat, $9,000,000.

Portland's greatness will be increased by the numerous important railroad projects which are under way; the deepening of the Columbia River bar and the construction of The Dalles-Celilo canal, at a cost of over $4,000,000. Both of these projects will open the Columbia River to the largest Pacific steamships and extend its navigable waters for rivercraft back to the heart of the Inland Empire, where about 50,000,000 bushels of wheat are produced annually, where lumber is in illimitable quantities, agriculture in general is claiming vast untouched areas, and mineral, live stock, fruit and other products are as rich as in any other part of the world.

Visitors to the city will find many points of interest quickly and cheaply reached by street car from the business center among which are the following:

Lewis and Clark's Exposition grounds.—In Northwest part of the city, at foot of Willamette Heights.

City Park.—West of the heart of the city, among the high hills, commanding a fine view; has beautiful walks and drives, and flower beds and shade trees: interesting collection of wild animals and birds.

River View Cemetery.—Four miles south of the city. Reached by a de-

lightful drive or car ride along the river and foothills.

Council Crest.—Southwestern part of the city. From here can be had an unobstructed view of Portland and its surroundings to the north, east and south, including the Columbia River and five snow-capped mountain peaks in the Cascade Range. An especially fine view is obtained from the Observatory, powerful glasses being brought into service. This trip is one of the finest scenic car rides in the entire west.

Mount Tabor.—Four miles from the center of the city, reached after an interesting car ride through residence districts and suburbs, and affording a good view of city and mountains.

Willamette Heights.—A beautiful residence section on the hills in the northwest part of the city.

St. Johns.—A thriving suburb, overlooking the Willamette and Columbia Rivers; a pleasant trolley ride of six miles through the northeastern part of the city.

Riverside Driveway.—A beautiful six-mile driveway skirting the foothills along the river bank in a southerly direction.

Oregon City and Willamette Falls.—Twelve miles south of Portland; one of the oldest settlements in the state, with a population of about 5,000. Here the Willamette, about one-third of a mile wide, plunges over rocks forty feet high, furnishing water power for many large factories, including electric light plants, paper mills, woolen mills, flour mills, etc. Reached by car and steamer.

Vancouver and Ft. Vancouver, Wash.—Situated on the north side of the Columbia, distant from Portland six miles by trolley line and ferry and fourteen miles by river. Fort Vancouver, the largest army post in the Northwest, is located at Vancouver. It is claimed to be the most healthful and picturesque barracks in the entire United States of America.

The Second Claim.

Billee Glynn.

FORTY-MILE CITY, the Yukon, in July of 1896! That is the place and time of our story. A number of blue-shirted miners were gathered in the company's store, patiently waiting the winter to begin work, and incidentally gossiping.

"Yes," reiterated Bill Hudson, with a leer in the surprised faces about him. "Geordie Carmack has turned good an' bought a church for Forty-mile, an' as the new minister's duly installed, you fellows had better get a sight on your morals."

"But how did it come about?" chimed a dozen voices.

"And how did a parson ever reach this forsaken country?" asked one, who had just returned from prospecting.

Hudson paused to answer the latter first. "It's easy seein' you come from the country, Jack. He's a young feller that's drifted in with the last crowd from Juneau. I don't know whether he came on purpose or whether he came to mine, but when he saw the place with the saloons running full blast, fell into the notion of preaching some good into it; but anyway he took hold of the idea and began lookin' for a place to speak in. Well, there was only that big shack of Jim Birchard's—that was the Company's first store—an' Jim wanted five hundred for it, an' the parson didn't have the dust. It was pretty mean in Jim, too, seein' he was off for Circle City, an' would have no further use for it, but he at length made it up with the parson to

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let him have one meetin' in it to raise the necessary wad. That's how we all come to be invited down there last night."

"But how did Geordie Carmack come to buy it for him?" vociferated a dozen miners, crowding about the narrator.

"Well, Geordie an' I was comin' by there about nine o'clock last night, an' the minister was standin' at the door, lookin' pretty glum. We knew what was wrong with him all right. The meetin' had been set for eight o'clock, an' no one had turned up. It was really too bad. becuz he has a nice, kind look about him, an' so young that one could almost imagine a mother down in Canada somewhere prayin' for him. I was a little touched myself, an' Geordie has the heart of a woman, anyway.

" 'This is too bad, Bill," he says: 'let's go in.'

"So in we went. And the only person we found inside was Jim Birchard, waiting for his five hundred. Well, the minister shook hands, introduced himself as McDonald, an' told us he was very glad to see us. Then he read, sang, and prayed a little—Geordie an' I joinin' in the singin' as best we could—then ended up by tellin' us that he was sorry he could not invite us to another meetin', as he could not expect Mr. Birchard to let him use the place for nothin' when he would not, as he had hoped, be able to buy it. Well, I could see Geordie meltin' all along—an' in fact I was thawed considerable mysel'; but anyway, when the young feller came over this about havin' to give the thing up, Geordie turned plump around on Birchard, with a glint of fire in his eyes, an' asked him his price.

" 'Five hundred,' said Birchard.

" 'Well, come down to my shack an' get it,' said Geordie.

" 'But you're not going to do this alone, Mr. Carmack,' exclaimed the minister.

" 'I guess I'll have to make up for the ones that didn't come,' said Geordie, grinning. Then he went out, Birchard an' I after him, leaving the minister kind of done up, like a fellow that's run his pick against a nugget.

"I went down with Geordie to his shack, where he weighed out the dust for Birchard, and then ordered him out, telling him what he thought of him for selling to a minister what he didn't pay for himself. The Company gave it to Jim, you know. So the summing-up of the whole thing is that Geordie Cormack has bought a church for Forty-mile, that there's a minister to go into it, an' you're all invited to attend."

The blue-shirted men clustering about Bill Hudson fell back and surveyed each other questioningly, then proceeded to thresh out the sensation among themselves. For sensation it was, and one of the most flagrant character. That old Geordie Carmack—who had figured in "gold rushes" and mining camps since his teens, who had seen the boom days of California and even South Africa, who as far as morality went was no better than his varied experiences—should have bought a place of worship for Forty-mile was a puzzle that demanded explanation. By that evening all Forty-mile were shaking their heads over it, and wondering if Geordie had got "converted," and how the "preachin' " would take.

Down in his own shack, George Carmack was finding his action in the matter—now that it was over—somewhat of a puzzle to himself. He, of all men, establishing a place of worship, and in a mining camp especially, where no one ever thought of such things! The money was nothing, but it was absurd on the face of it. Well, the boys would have something to banter him about for the next month or two, till work set in, and he was too old an head to mind them.

Beneath this, however, was still the sympathy for the young man, which had caused his action—a sympathy that sprang from kindliness, and partly from a feeling that this young minister represented in some way all he, himself should have been.

The next day being Sunday, the miners all flocked to worship. They were not very anxious to hear the service, perhaps, but decidedly so to see "Geordie" and his "new pard," as they called the young minister, "working in harness." They were disappointed in this, however,

for George Carmack was not there. Perhaps he had feared the minister's compliments, perhaps he thought he had done enough. But the sermon was forceful and eloquent; inspiring no little respect among the miners for the speaker, and many of them turned homeward in a thoughtful mood. The young minister watching Foley's saloon, from across the road, that night, saw with a glad heart that it did not do its usual roaring trade.

It was the following Monday night—in regard to time only, for the Yukon summer is one long day—that George Carmack met the crowd in the Company's store. He was hailed on all sides with good-natured chaff and met it in the same spirit. They had not expected to "rile" Old Geordie, of course, who had seen more life than any of them, and did not; but there was one who was particularly persistent in his gibes, which were of an ill-flavoured character. He was a fellow by the name of Snogley, who tended bar at Foley's saloon.

"You should've been down yesterday to hear that sermon of his on castin' your bread on the water an' gettin' it back agen," he said. 'You might've got onto a plan to get that there five hundred of yours back agen, doubled up a few times. Do you think it's likely?'

"Who knows?" remarked George Carmack, quietly, meting the other's eyes with a glance that caused them to fall.

It was not the last time he answered that question in the same manner to Snogley. When the meetings at the log church, which were held three times a week, dwindled down to an attendance of five or six, Carmack, out of his growing respect for the young minister, became one of these; and Snogley's gibes in regard to returns from bread cast upon the waters became more cutting. But Carmack always met them with that quiet question, "Who knows?"

About the last of August, however, he left Forty-mile on a prospecting tour, and was absent so long that it was thought he had drifted to the boom in Circle City.

In early October the Yukon River commences to close up. Blocks of ice, loosened from the bottom by the long summer's thaw, come floating down from the tributaries, increasing in number and size, till the whole river is a moving, grinding mass of floating ice, which it is impossible to cross either on foot or by boat.

During the first days of October a man was seen on the eastern side of the Yukon, opposite Forty-mile, making signs that he wished to cross. With the condition of the river, however, this was not to be considered, and the miners gathered on the bank at Forty-mile were unanimous in the opinion that he would have to stay where he was for a couple of days till the clogged mass of loose ice froze into solidity. But the man seemed determined to gain the Forty-mile side without delay, so determined that the watchers fancied he must be without food. He ventured out on the ice cakes from the shore several times, and pausing where the water evidently formed a gulf, would return. One time, however, he did not pause, but leaped the gulf, and the watchers held their breath, for they knew the man was taking his chances of life or death, and was going to cross or die. It was at least three hundred yards On and on he came, leaping from cake to cake, now trembling on a small berg now fairly falling on a larger one, as he saved himself from the submersion which meant death should the swift undercurrent of the river catch him. On and on he came, till half way across, and the watchers could make out his form. Then as a dozen voices exclaimed, "Geordie Carmack!" the man, making a long leap reeled suddenly, clung desperately for an instant, and then disappeared in the river depths. With paling faces and straining eyes those on the bank watched for him to reappear He did so, a few rods farther down, when they had given him up for lost, endeavouring to drag himself on top of a berg, then finding it impossible, clinging frantically to the edge; his head a black knob on the white surface of ice, his one hand sometimes waved in an agony of appeal. That was all. The man was helpless and must perish.

At this moment young McDonald, the minister, came running into the crowd.

"Can no one save him?" he cried.

A murmur of dissent arose.

"Then I will," he said, and he made towards the river's edge. A dozen hands were put out to deter him, but he shook them off.

"I know my duty," he averred, quietly.

At the brink he paused, his eyes raised to Heaven. The crowd knew he was praying, and in accord a silent prayer went up to God from every heart—rough, unpraying hearts, as most of them were. Then he swung gallantly out on the ice. Out he went, out and out—tall, slender, agile—swaying, tottering, recovering his balance—now in quick little runs, now with the long sure leap of the greyhound—till gaining speed and dexterity, his weight seemed scarcely to touch the ice. Twenty yards from the expectant head he fell on his knees. The crowd on shore held its breath. They had begun to love him now that they might lose him. But he was up again, and the next minute had reached Carmack and was pulling him on the ice. When they stood up together a great cheer greeted them from the shore. But the return journey was yet to be made. There was a moment's rest, then the watchers saw the minister start out, moving ahead of the older man to show him the way. On and on they came, slowly and carefully. Twice Carmack fell and would have gone down but for the quickness of his companion, who never went more than one leap ahead of him. Fifty yards now. The crowd prayed silently. Now twenty—ten. The minister leaped on shore. A great cheer went up, and Carmack fell fainting in outstretched arms.

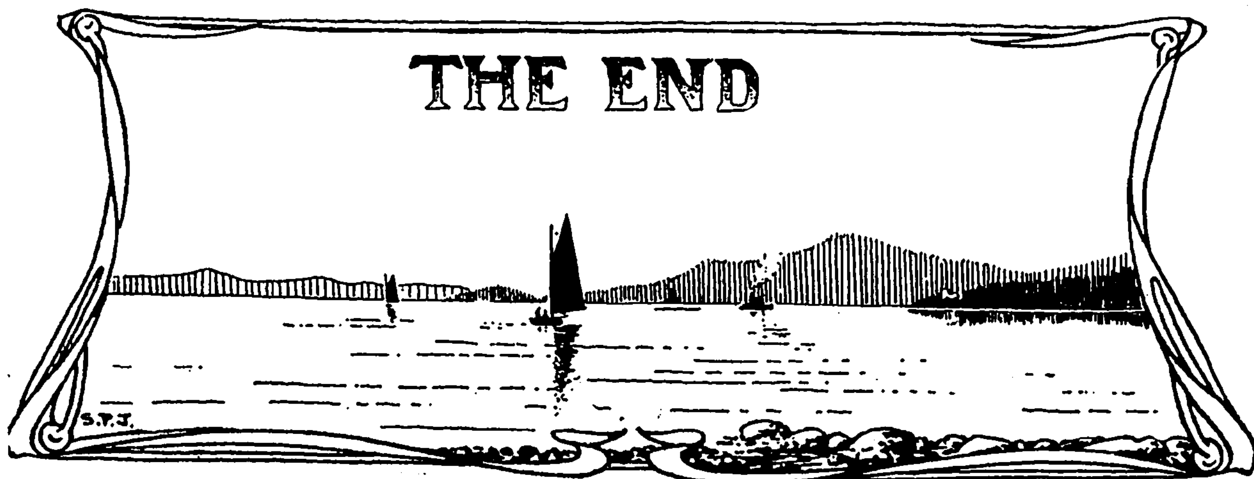
When he opened his eyes it was in the Company's store. The young minister was bending over him. The men were gathered about, Snogley standing nearest at his feet. Carmack's eyes drifted with growing expression from the minister's face to that of the bartender. Then, with returning consciousness, a sudden impulse seemed to seize him. He rose to a sitting position, then to his feet, and with his hand on his rescuer's shoulder he looked Snogley in the face.

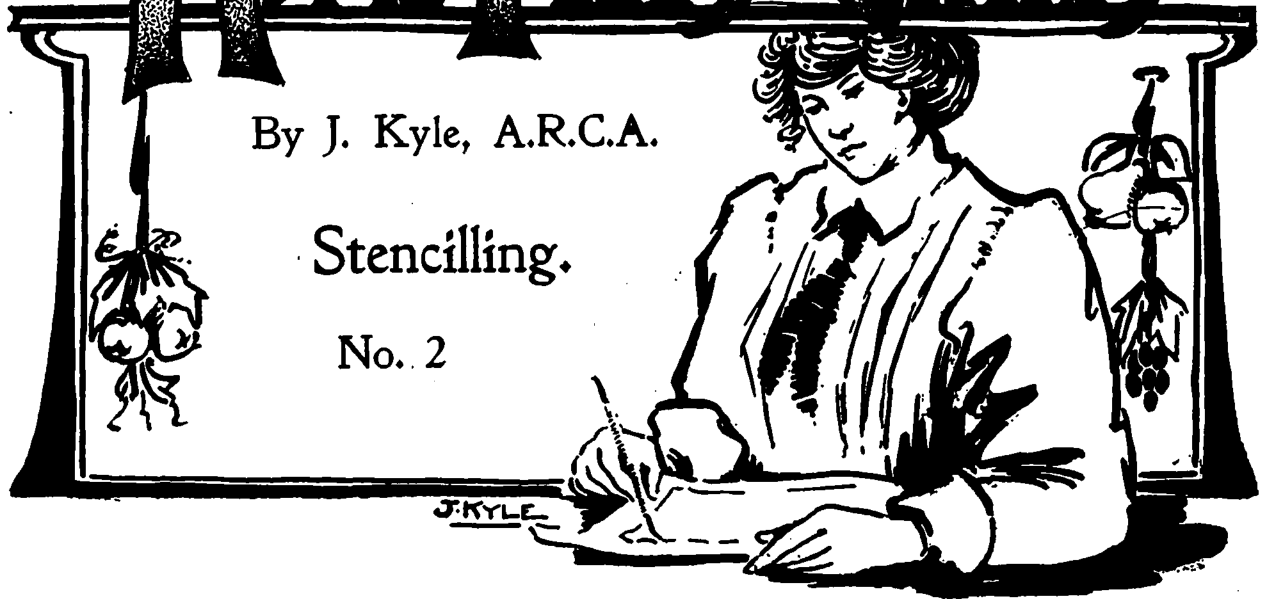
"What have you got to say now?" he asked, slowly and with meaning.

The bartender slunk away, while the two men wrung hands in an awed silence.

"And that isn't all, boys," continued Carmack. "You must have thought I was pretty anxious to get across the river. Well, I was. I was starved for one thing, and for another I have here a nugget to register two claims—one for Discovery, you know—in the biggest find in this country. You're all in it too. It's down on the Klondike. So go and drive your stakes. I am off to the Mounted Police at the Fort to register my claim, and also"—he paused, "and take my friend here, Alexander McDonald, to whom I am giving the other."

So started the Klondike boom, and so did a young man achieve wealth by a brave deed. But Alexander McDonald ever found the greatest joy of that wealth in works of charity.





IN my last article I promised to deal with the designing of a portiere or hanging, something which requires more thought and knowledge of principles than d'oleys, table centres and such like.

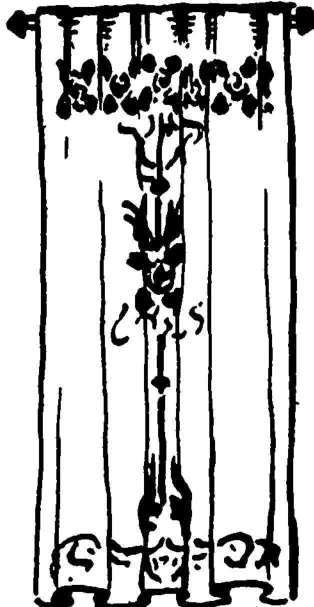
To set out a large surface for decoration, and make it look well when the material is hanging in folds, needs careful work. It is interesting to watch how various designers have surmounted the difficulty.

The scaffolding for the design is best treated geometrically, that is, the surface divided up mechanically into squares, oblongs or circles and then the disposition of the masses and plain spaces decided on. All these things being quite clear in the mind before the details are drawn at all. Remember the motto: "Plan out your work, then work out your plan." A design for material to be hung in folds, is always most successful when arranged in bands. A strip of ornament full of work, contrasting with another strip of opener treatment as seen in Illustration B. This is simply made by the repetition of two details arranged in squares and oblongs.

An equally good effect might be obtained by dividing the portiere into three parts with a Friese and Dado as in Illustration A. Notice that the detail 1, 2, 3, 4 is repeated six times in this pattern; while a simpler design is shown at C with two details arranged as a border.

When guiding lines are required on the portiere have it stretched firmly on the table; then cover a thread with chalk and pin it tightly across the cloth as shown in Sketch D. With the blade of a pen knife lift the thread at the centre and let it down with a spring; this will make a thin chalk line on the cloth which may be used as a guide for keeping the pattern straight. The ornamentation should be treated in a big style. Simple masses of good shape will tell far better than little bits of detail. A large flower or plant should be selected to design from, and the character of the stencil, which is peculiarly its own, should be preserved. It is always best to go direct to Nature for inspiration and hints; the one point to remember is not to try to copy Nature in a pictorial way, but to obtain as many ideas from the growth, form, and colour of the natural plant, as is necessary for the drawing of an agreeable and harmonious pattern. Choose just the necessary parts of the

NO I



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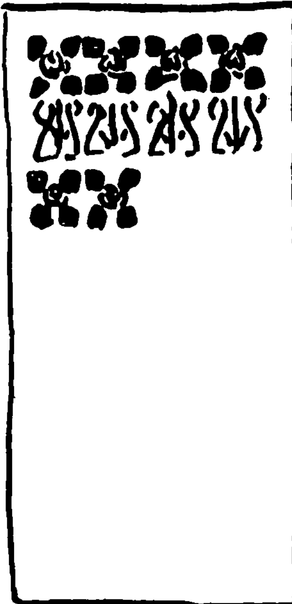

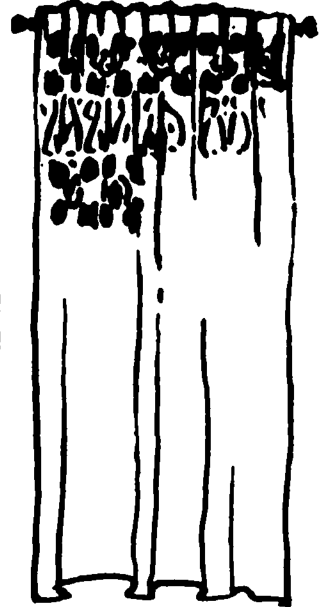

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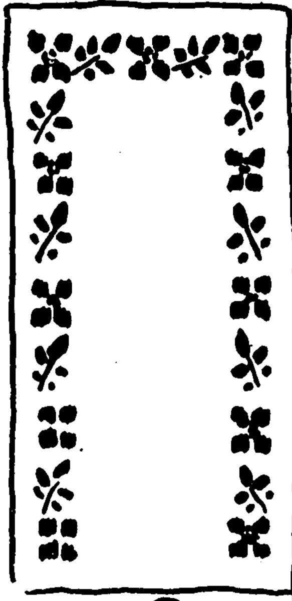
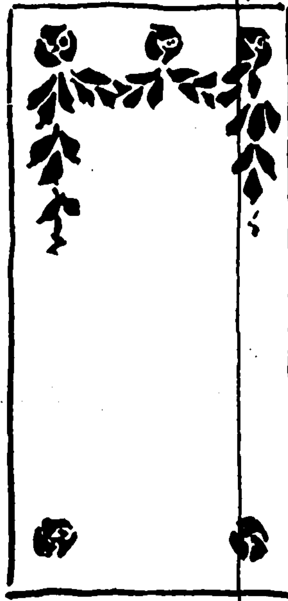


C



D

STENCILLED DESIGNS FOR PORTIERES

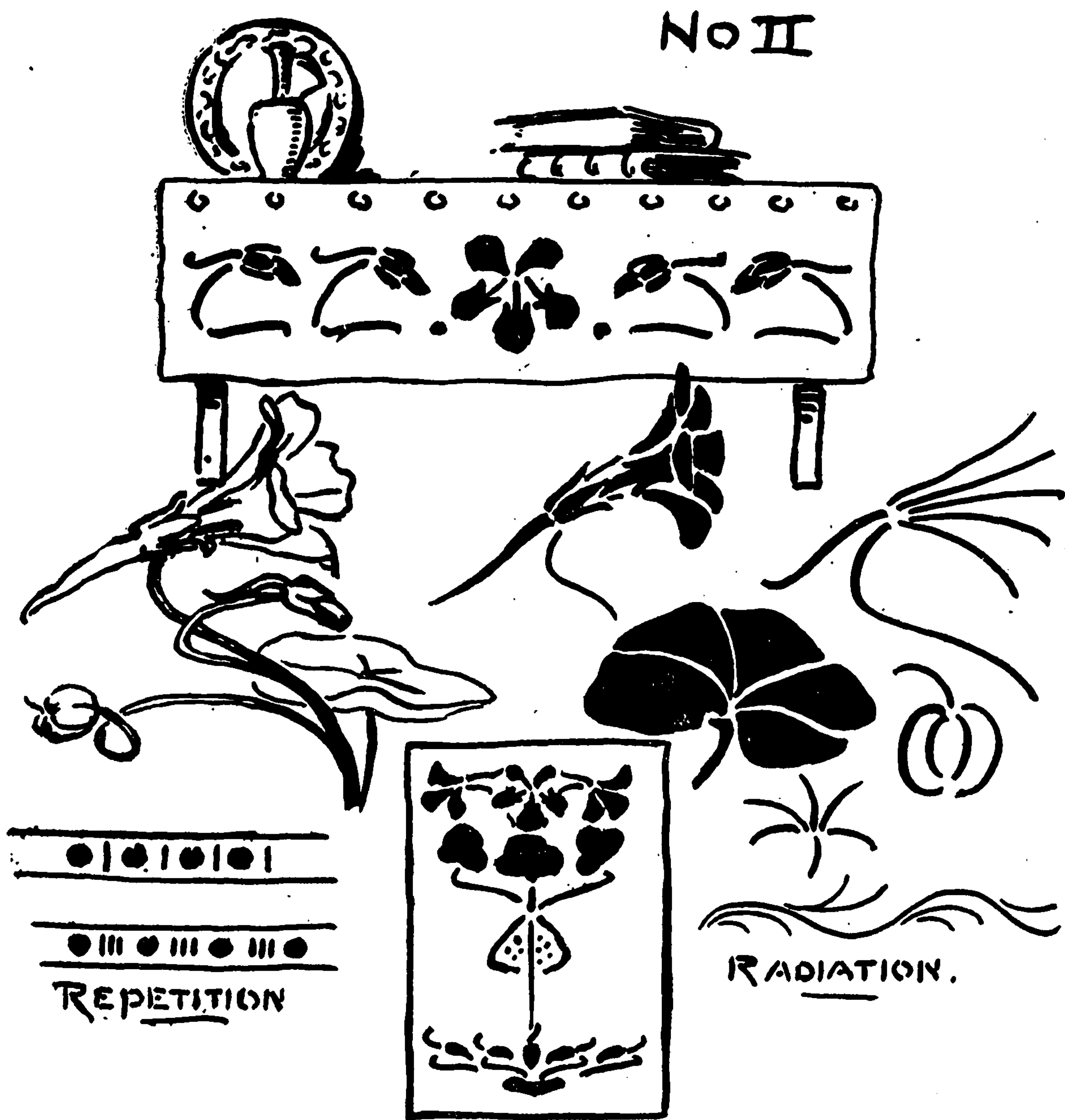
plant and leave out all that is superfluous.

The example in Illustration No. II may make this explanation clearer. It is the taste displayed by the craftsman in selecting just those parts which are best adapted to an effective design, which gives success, and the scheme of colour may be adapted from nature likewise.

Can one better the colour scheme of a peacock's feather for instance, or the tints and shades of some of our flowers, or the superb combinations of red, brown and green in our forests at this period of the year. Let us look round about us for ideas and we shall never want. The fruit and flowers in their season, the birds, insects, and animal life are al! given gratuitously to the artist and craftsman to use at his discretion. Just a word or two on the principles which should in all cases be understood when making original designs. If certain rules in drawing are obeyed the work will be made more beautiful, which after all is the main feature in pattern making. Observe in plant life the way leaves and minor stems radiate from the parent stem; how the feathers in the wing of a bird radiate from the shoulder blade and you will see that this radiation is a principle worth attending to (see Illustration No. II). When drawing out any pattern see that the lines run harmoniously towards one another, not necessarily touching each other, but giving the impression that they would ultimately do so. One could dwell at great length on this point and examples could be shown from the finest styles of decoration, but for the present in drawing out a design give thought and attention to it. Its importance will soon become evident. Symmetry is another principle worthy attention. To trace a design from one side to the other is a common method used by designers, and an easy way, but of course not absolutely necessary. It has a tendency to make a pattern look mechanical, while a slight difference on either side would obviate this.

On Illustration No. II will be seen a

cover for a bookshelf, the ornamentation consisting of the front view of the nasturtium and the bud. The repetition of such details form excellent borders for curtains, etc., in fact repetition is another principle which all decorators take into consideration. The repeating of two or more forms to prevent monotony may be recognised in all good work.



A book-cover as in Illustration No. II, may be suggested as a very suitable and useful exercise. Made of brown Holland it will form a rare background for rich colouring, and as all the colours will be slightly influenced by the hue of the linen, a harmony will be pretty well assured. In this article I have endeavoured to give guidance to those who wish to make their own designs. First to select a plant which will be suitable for the size of the work to be undertaken. Next plan out the part to be ornamented and then begin the drawing of the details. Preserve the character of the stencil, and recognise the principles of Radiation, Symmetry, and Repetition. A former article explained the cutting of the stencil, and preparation of the colour.

Emerson and His Lectures on "Representative Men."

Robert Allison Hood.

"MEN have a pictorial or representative quality and serve us in the intellect. Behmen and Swedenborg saw that things were representative; first, of things, and secondly, of ideas." So says Emerson in the lecture on the "Uses of Great Men," which forms the introduction to the series entitled "Representative Men." The six great names with whom he deals—Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon, and Goethe—have been chosen by him as possessing in the highest degree the pictorial or representative quality of which he speaks. He shows us, as it were, their portraits one after another, and reveals to us by means of his greater insight, the type which each stands for and the ideas that he represents.

Valuable as these studies are for their own sake, they have a reflected interest for us in the light that they shed upon the character and the opinions of the writer. He has said to himself in his Essay on Compensation: 'A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eyes of his companions by every word." It is as they reveal the man Emerson himself then chiefly, rather than the various great men of whom he treats, that we will consider this series of papers.

In the first paper, that on "Plato, or the Philosopher," Emerson hails the great Ancient as the man who first combined in his teachings, the idea of one deity existing in all things, with the practical, matter-of-fact philosophy of materialistic Europe. "In short, a balanced soul was born perceptive of the two elements," he says: "A man who could see two sides of a thing."

It would seem that Emerson has sought to realize this excellence in himself, for he, too, has managed to combine the transcendental with the practical. He is no mere "dreamer of dreams and seer of visions," but a man who takes a wide interest in his fellow-men. True, his function is that of the scholar to think for them, and does not require him to mingle with them actively, but the service he renders is none the less real. All his writings have a practical bearing. Honesty in busines, purity in politics, vitality in religion, are the doctrines that he preaches; and he drives home his truths by examples drawn from the office, the farm, and the forum, in such a way as to be almost irresistible. He is the apostle of a glorified commonsense.

Emerson is an admirer of the broad minded man who is willing to look at both sides of the shield; and this is one of the excellences he finds in Plato. "He is a great average man," he says; "one who to the best thinking adds a proportion and quality in his faculties so that men see in him their own dreams and glimpses made available, and made to pass for what they are." Again, "Plato seems to a reader in New England, an American genius. His broad humanity transcends all sectional lines."

This same quality stands out in Emerson's own writings. They voice the better feelings of the average man when his judgment is free of the dictates of worldly ambition and self-interest, when his moral nature, as it were, stands on tiptoe. They are addressed from a plane above all party strife and faction, all considerations of race or convention. Emerson stands on the rock of truth and his judgments are sincere and unbiassed.

Plato recognizes three forces in the universe which must govern all things—Nature, Intellect, and the Divine. "Plato," says Emerson, "lover of limits, loved the illimitable, saw the enlargement and nobility which comes from truth itself and good itself, and attempted as if the part of the human intellect, once for all, to do it adequate homage."

Again, he says: "The banquet is a teaching in the same spirit, familiar now to all the poetry and to all the sermons of the world, that the love of the sexes is initial." This is the doctrine that he sets forth so beautifully in his esasy on love.

Even Plato, however, is found wanting in certain respects. His aim is intellectual merely. Even in his greatest flights of eloquence in describing the highest laws of the universe or the deepest passions of the human spirit, he is the literary man and not the priest. "It is almost the sole deduction from the merit of Plato that his writings have not—what is no doubt incident to this regnancy of intellect in his work—the vital authority which the screams of prophets and the sermons of unlettered Arabs and Jews possess."

Emerson was entirely free from this failing which he condemns in Plato. He had none of the literary man's self-consciousness. His writings have this much in common with the "screams of prophets and the sermons of unlettered Arabs," that they were entirely the spontaneous utterances of inspired thought rather than the polished product of the literary man. Literature with him was never an end, but a means. This is to be seen in the subordinate matter of style, in which Emerson leaves much to be desired, not because he was incapable of greater stylistic excellence, but because it was a matter of comparative indifference to him. His sole care was to give expression to his thoughts which come forth in such profusion that the ordinary brain finds it hard to connect and assimilate them.

Again Emerson scores Plato for his lack of a system. His theory of the universe is neither complete nor self-evident. He does not stand by his guns, but shifts from one side to the other, so that there is no one who really knows what his system was. Thus his attempt to dispose of nature fails, and his work, in spite of all its brilliancy, must fail. "No power of genius," says Emerson, "has ever yet had the smallest success in explaining existence."

In the appendix to the essay written after reading some new translations that had appeared subsequent to his writing of the first part, Emerson seems to repent somewhat of what he had said as to Plato's aim being intellectual and literary merely, for he says: "The secret of his popular success is the moral aim which endeared him to mankind." "Intellect," he said, "is king of heaven and earth; but in Plato intellect is always moral." He praises him, too, for his Doctrine of Ideas. "Plato's fame does not stand on a syllogism or on any masterpieces of the Socratic reasoning. He represents the privilege of the intellect, the power namely of carrying every fact to successive platforms, and so disclosing in every fact a germ of expansion."

Throughout the whole essay is evident the admiration and love with which Emerson regards the greatest of the Ancients. One cannot help seeing that he must have drawn a large part of his inspiration from him. His whole philosophy is saturated with the doctrines of the Platonic school. As one writer has pointed out, Emerson's essay on "Intellect" is permeated with them. "That intellect is impersonal, that we are nothing of ourselves, that all thinking is a pious reception of truth from above, that one person knows as much as another, that silence is necessary for the incoming of God's grace, that entire self-reliance belongs to the intellect as representative of the over-soul, are all ideas to be traced to this source.

Turning from Plato to the scholar, to Swedenborg the Mystic, Emerson passes from "the mere gownsman, the robed scholar," to the man who did things, the man of action and thought, combined; for Swedenborg was a scientist and a man of affairs before ever he became a mystic. His chief service to the world in Emerson's eyes, seems to have been

that he set forth a religion which was practical, a religion for the needs of every-day life, and that he pointed out the great correspondence existing between thoughts and things. His mind however, was enslaved by the doctrines of the Church. He was too much influenced by the Hebrew theology instead of by the moral sentiment. "Nothing with him has the liberality of universal wisdom, but we are always in a church. That Hebrew nurse which taught the lore of right and wrong to men had the same excess of influence for him it has had for the nations. The mode as well as the essence was sacred."

We get here the keynote of Emerson's own attitude towards the Church. He regarded its dogmas and ceremonies as a hindrance to the free exercise of thought. Even the broad avenues of Unitarianism were too straight for him to walk in.

It is evident that Emerson had profound sympathies with the mystic beliefs and was much influenced by the religion of the Hindus, with whom mysticism had its birth. Indeed, a Hindu gentleman lecturing before the Concord School of Philosophy on "Emerson, as Seen from India," claims him to be in far more sympathy with the Oriental world than with the bustling active life amid which he lived, and regrets that Emerson had not been placed there within its more auspicious environment. His doctrine that all evil is negative is carried out to its farthest significance in the teachings of Vishnu, whom he quotes from in condemning Swedenborg for his belief in a hell.

"To what a painful perversion had gothic theology arrived that Swedenborg permitted no conversion of evil spirits," he says. "But the divine effort is never relaxed; the carrion in the sun will convert itself to grass and flowers, and man though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true." What an inspiring optimism is here! No wonder Emerson's life has been such a happy, peaceful one, such a great contrast to that other seer of the age, his friend, Carlyle, eating out his heart in doubt and despair over in London, when he could own to such a faith as that. As Mr. Bartol has said of him "Emerson is Adam before the Fall. The ground is not cursed for his sake or in his view. He scouts the notion of doom."

As to Swedenborg's mystical experiences, his revelations from the other world, Emerson ascribes them to an unhinging of the man's brain. There is too much hocus-pocus about them to make them credible. They were not in harmony with nature and therefore could not be divine. "These angels that Swedenborg paints," he says, "give us no very high idea of their culture; they are all country persons; their heaven is a *fete champetre,* an evangelical picnic, or French distribution of prizes." What a characteristic utterance this is! With what finality his good-natured sarcasm disposes of the whole question. He cannot admit inspiration to Swedenborg because it does not appear in his writings. "It is the best sign of a great nature that it opens a foreground, and like the breath of morning landscapes invites us forward." Certainly the poet himself is not found lacking when put to his own test.

In his essay on "Montaigne, or the Sceptic," Emerson seems to feel it necessary to justify himself for his admiration of the Frenchman. He tells of finding his "Essays," when a boy, and reading the book in wonder and delight. "It seemed to me as if I had myself written the book in some former life, so sincerely it spoke to my thought and experience." He cites John Sterling, Carlyle's friend, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Byron as worthy participators in his love for the great essayist. He praises his sincerity and truth. "Montaigne is the frankest and honestest of all writers," he says. He affirms his real faith underlying his outward scepticism. No doubt, he can sympathize with him all the more deeply because of the criticism and condemnation that his own heterodoxies had evoked. "Great believers," he says, "are always reckoned infidels, impracticable, fantastic, atheistic, and really men of no account. The spiritualist finds himself driven to express his faith by a series of scepticisms. . . . Even the doctrines dear to the hope of man, of the Divine Provid-

ence and of the immortality of the soul, his neighbours cannot put the statement so that he shall affirm it. But he denied out of more faith and not less." Scepticism is justified, he says, and "Belief consists in accepting the affirmation of the soul; unbelief in denying them." According to him, then, scepticism is a proper attitude of mind and consistent with his theory of the right of each individual to be his own interpreter of nature and the universe.

One of the chief merits of Montaigne's writing, Emerson finds in the fact that they spring out of action. "He likes his saddle," he says; "you may read theology, and grammar, and metaphysics elsewhere. Whatever you get here shall smack of the earth and real life, sweet, or smart, or stinging."

Emerson finds Montaigne in sympathy with him also in his hatred of evil and his contempt for its would-be reforms whose aims are selfish and whose sympathies are narrow. 'The superior mind he says, will find itself equally at odds with the evils of society, and with the projects that are offered to relieve them." Throughout the whole essay, it is very evident that there were many things in common between Emerson and Montaigne, and that Emerson felt a deep debt of gratitude towards the earlier writer.

In dealing with Shakespeare, the poet, Emerson finds in him an example to point his doctrine that great genius is simply complete receptivity to the spirit of the age. Shakespeare, he says, was the product of the Elizabethan Age. He absorbed into himself all that was best in it, and passing it through the alembic of his master mind, gave it forth again clothed in beauty and marked by a new significance. He regrets that we have so few details about his life, and yet he says we know all the material facts from his plays and sonnets. He has portrayed himself there in all that really counts, his standing and beliefs on every question of life and nature. Emerson contends that he was primarily poet and philosopher, only secondarily a dramatist. The drama was simply the vehicle of expression for the thoughts that thronged his brain. 'Shakespeare is as much out of the category of eminent authors as he is out of the crowd," Emerson says; "he is inconceivably wise; the other conceivably. A good reader can in a sort nestle into Plato's brain, but not into Shakespeare's. He is unique because his writings lack egotism and personal idiosyncracy. The other men show their personal history, their faults and foibles in their work, but not so Shakespeare."

The other great quality that Emerson assigns to Shakespeare is his cheerfulness. This is essential to the true poet, because beauty is the end he strives for. By this alone, Shakespeare has proved a fund of never-failing joy and encouragement to the heart of man.

After such a sympathetic and glowing critique, one would expect to find Emerson admit that he had come to the truly great man at last; but no! In spite of the fact that Shakespeare could discern the rich, hidden meaning that lay behind every part of nature, the analogies between it and human life, he prostitutes his power to an unworthy end. He puts it to an æsthetic rather than a moral use. He rests satisfied with the beauty and fails to reach the truth. "Is it not," asks Emerson, with biting sarcasm, "as if one should have, through majestic powers of science, the comets given into his hand, or the planets and their moons, and should draw them from their orbits to glare with the municipal fireworks on a holiday night, and advertise in all towns 'Very superior pyrotechny this evening'? It would seem, then, that Shakespeare has the same defect that Plato has, he makes literature the end and not the means. With all his talent and his genius, he fails to give us any vital counsel as to how we shall better order our daily lives and conduct ourselves toward our fellows. He was not even wise for himself," says Emerson; 'and it must even go into history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement."

Without attempting to pass judgment on Emerson's views on the propriety of Shakespeare's life or the question as to whether he made the best use of his talents, on both of which points a rational

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defence might be set up for him, we may at least see from them the loftiness of Emerson's conceptions of the chief end of man. Shakespeare was too merry and irresponsible, Swedenborg too mournful and so he still looks for the world's poet-priest to come.

Emerson's estimate of Napoleon can be summed up in a very small space. He is the representative democrat, the exponent of the people of France and of the world. Emerson cannot help admiring him for his personality and his power which is based on those qualities mainly that he recommends in his essays. Indeed, the man seems a kind of lay-figure on which he can exhibit most of the traits that make up the character of his ideal man. "He is strong in the right manner, mainly by unsight." His power consists "in the exercise of commonsense on each emergency instead of abiding by rules and customs. Bonaparte relied on his own sense and did not care a bean for the other people."

But there is another side to the picture and Emerson discerns it very clearly. Napoleon's aim is purely selfish. He desires wealth and power and he has no scruples as to how he gets it. "He has not the merit of common truth and honesty." Emerson deals with him unsparingly. "It does not appear," he says, with cutting innuendo, "that he listened at keyholes, or at least was caught at it. In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendour, you are not dealing with a gentleman at last; but with an impostor and a rogue." . . . Here was an experiment, under the most favourable conditions of the power of intellect, without conscience."

Napoleon, at first, represented the party of reform, but when he succeeded he took the other side and cast off or ignored those by whose aid he had risen and they in turn deserted him. His selfishness was his undoing. Emerson closes the paper with the characteristic epigram: "Only that good profits which we can taste with all doors open and which serves all men."

In the last paper in the series on "Goethe, or the Writer," Emerson describes him as representative with Napoleon of the life and aim of the Nineteenth Century. He is the type of the scholar that Emerson is so fond of drawing and yet not the perfect type either He forms the text of a sermon on "Contemplation versus Action," which is a subject on which Emerson feels very strongly and which forms the keynote of his paper on "The American Scholar." He voices the ever-necessary protest against the materialism of the age, which commends overhighly the practical man and looks upon the scholar as a useless cumberer of the ground. "If I were to compare action of a much higher strain with a life of contemplation," he says "I should not venture to pronounce with much confidence in favour of the former Mankind have such a deep stake in inward illumination that there is much to be said by the hermit or monk in defence of a life of thought and prayer. . . . A certain partiality, a headiness and loss of balance, is the tax which all action must pay."

Of course, Emerson would be the last to decry action, except as in this place to put it in its proper relation with regard to thought. He quoted the sacred books of the Hindus to show that the two things are really but one and the same "Children only, and not the learned, speak of the speculative and the practical faculties as two. They are but one."

Emerson is filled with admiration at the great extent of Goethe's learning. His brain had ample accommodation for the huge array of facts that his century had accumulated. "Amid littleness and detail, he detected the genius of life, the old cunning Proteus nestling close beside us, and showed that the dullness and prose we ascribe to the age was only another of his masks."

Emerson admires him too for that independence of the dogmas of the past, which he praises so highly in Montaigne. This trait led Goethe to modernize in his creation of Faust, the mediaeval conception of the devil with his horns, and cloven foot, and other paraphernalia and paint him as a very real terror, combining in his nature the common sins to which mankind is heir. "He shall be

real; he shall be European; he shall dress like a gentleman and accept the manners and walk in the streets, and be well initiated in the life of Vienna and Heidelberg in 1820—or he shall not exist."

This love of getting down to the practical in religion, as well as other things is a marked trait in Emerson's own character. He accepts nothing on trust, but passes everything under the test of his own reason.

Even the great Goethe, however, is lacking of the highest in spite of all his learning, his love of truth, and hatred of shame. He, too, like Plato and Shakespeare, lacks the complete self-surrender to the moral sentiment which is essential to the world-priest. Culture was the prime end which he strove for; intellect was his god. "Goethe can never be dear to men. His is not even the devotion to pure truth but truth for the sake of culture. All possessions are valued by him for that only, rank, privileges, health, time, being itself," says Emerson. "He is the type of culture, the amateur of all arts and sciences and events; artistic, but not artist; spiritual, but not spiritualist."

In his essay on Religion, Emerson declared it to be the last development of culture, its final and supreme stage. It seems then that Goethe had never reached this stage but had remained in the chrysalis. Yet Emerson does full justice to his high qualities and to the services he rendered to mankind. "I join Napoleon with him," he says, "as being both representatives of the impatience and reaction of nature against the morgue of conventions—two stern realists, who with their scholars, have severally set the axe at the root of the tree of cant and seeming for this time and for all time." Again "Goethe teaches courage and the equivalence of all times, that the disadvantages of any epoch exist only to the faint hearted. Genius hovers with his sunshine and music close by the largest and deafest eras."

Considering this series of essays as a whole, despite the fact that they are as Emerson says himself but "half views of half men," they present a commentary that is suggestive, inspiring, and illuminative. They impress us as the sincere convictions of an earnest soul that seeks to reach the truth at all costs. If the writer's enthusiasm and love carries him at times perhaps beyond the bounds of judicial impartiality it is against his will and without his knowledge.

The series was written in 1850, however, when Emerson had reached the prime of his intellectual vigor and his youthful enthusiasm had been tempered by time and a wide experience of life. He had learned by this, to take things more philosophically. This is to be noticed in the frequent flashes of humour that appear, as in his description of the character of Socrates or the picture he calls up of Napoleon listening at the keyhole. Yet, his high moral standard has not been lowered and, one by one, his heroes fail to reach it as he passes them in review.

Great as is the light that he sheds upon their characters, he has shed a greater on his own. Whether he has approached the high, intellectual plane of the men he writes of we need not enquire; probably not to that of all of them; but we are assured of the calm serenity of his nature, the loftiness of his ideals, the unselfishness of his great aim to lead his fellow-beings to a happier and higher life. All efficient thought for him must have a humanistic bearing. Intellect must be subordinate to the moral sentiment. To quote Mr. Cooke, writing on "Emerson as a Thinker": "He has presented a theosophy rather than a philosophy in his writings, a spiritual rather than an intellectual theory of the Universe."

The Trials of Three.

G. A. Russell.

THE job was proving harder than I imagined; not that I ever thought it would be especially easy; but I had determined on it, and must get through in some manner.

"Nellie," I remarked, "you are charming this afternoon, but for a girl who has the privilege of her sweetheart's company, you seem to me quite indifferent."

"Indifferent wooers make indifferent maids," she carelessly remarked, and there was a suspicion of heightened colour in her face, without my understanding the cause.

"Then you acknowledge that you are an indifferent maid?" I said, at first secretly greatly elated; then the second thought came and I was not so sure that I was as glad as I ought to be.

I had to acknowledge that she looked very pretty as she sat there in the hammock that languid, sleepy summer afternoon. We had been engaged so long and had known each other so well even before we were sweethearts, that it occurred to me that it was a very unusual occupation, my studying Nellie's looks. I knew in a vague, indefinite way that in summer she usually wore something fluffy and fleecy and light; in winter, something snug and cozy and fetching. and that whether it was summer or winter, she seemed very satisfying, very appropriate as it were, but I had long, long ago quit studying her looks. I wonder why I did to-day! Was it because one often thinks long and well over the possession they intend relinquishing; or was it because one of those delicate waves of colour that swept over her face, had accidentally caught my eye, just as a beautiful sunset holds the lover of nature?

A moment later she spoke, and I noticed her little foot gave the grass a vicious kick, as she said: "I acknowledge that young lawyers usually ask their silliest questions in the courts of justice, and their most impudent ones in the courts of love."

"If I were enough of a lawyer to take myself very seriously, I would say that I did not possess a monopoly of caustic remarks—or of foolish ones, either."

I could hardly keep a ring of triumph out of my voice, for I considered I had said a very neat thing; nor in a sarcastic tone, either, because I was fast losing my temper. When I do a disagreeable thing, I wish it done right. I had come over to tell Nellie that I had learned to love Julia Churchill in the way a man ought to love his wife. How I should say it I hadn't the faintest idea; but this much I knew, I dreaded the job as much as the next man.

But Nellie was making the task altogether too easy. I can stand just as much ease in certain lines of work as anyone, but things were coming my way so fast, that I began to grow dizzy with the excitement of it.

"Jack, dear," she said, and a smile came to her face so quickly that even I, who knew her as I did, was greatly puzzled. "Jack, dear," she repeated, and the smile and the sentence faded away into nothingness, and leaving her wistful little face positively appealing, almost beautiful.

"I wish you would not be so sudden—and so extreme," I said, for I was in a secret rage at my own impotence. "First you almost wish to do me bodily harm, and then you are as lovely as the charming princess in the fairy book. Why can't you strike an average?"

That was good. I would have to crush this sentimentalism.

"Do you know that you are very hard

to understand to-day? I am going to give it up. Besides, I haven't time, if I am to dress for the drive that Harvey Jerome promised me this afternoon."

"Harvey, Jerome, that——" I was so ablaze with anger that I had forgotten that Harvey Jerome was just the man I ought to be looking for. To be sure he had his faults, a great many of them it seemed to me, now. He was too fat, too pompous, yes, I thought, too rich tc know the right uses of money. This last idea was not wholly satisfying, for one of my virtues is poverty. He has a thousand faults, and yet let us be fair to the egotistical little boor—he has few vices. I have known Nellie Lawrence all my life, and loved her a greater portion of this time, and now that I am about to give her up, shall I not wish her nicely placed and reasonably happy? And yet, try as I would, I could not act less than a brute. I cut that vicious sentence in twain. It was the best I could do. I said no more, but walked from the yard down to the road with a dignity and silence that I thought crushing. An hour later, from the windows of my office, I saw Harvey Jerome and Nellie Lawrence driving by.

If it is easy for two to drive, it ought to be easy for four, I thought. Before the sun had set that night, Julia Churchill and I were spinning over the roads in various directions. If others were having a good time, we surely were, if high spirits and laughter are indications. I had never seen Julia look more lovely She had come to our town of N—— some months before on a visit, and it was not long before she was the acknowledged belle of the place. She was lovely in disposition and charming in manners beside. It was with a self-accusing pang that I remembered that Nellie had been chiefly instrumental in promoting my acquaintance with Miss Churchill, and had insisted more than once on my taking her to entertainments and on drives.

However, this was a time to easily forget Nellie, and to remember only this beautiful girl at my side. That she was deeply in love with me, if looks and actions count, I was sure. And yet to-day she acted strangely unlike herself; seemed unusually nervous, and at times very absent-minded.

Early in our drive we met Mr. Jerome and Nellie, and later we met him alone as he drove up, after his ride, to the hotel. He lifted his hat, smiled a pleasant greeting and seemed very glad to see us. This good humour was very irritating. "That fellow seems as happy as if a rich relative had just died," said I. trying in vain to be funny.

"Mr. Jerome may well look happy, for he has been riding with one of the smartest, prettiest, and truest of women."

"Yes," said I, for though I believed all she had said about Nellie, I would have preferred to have said it myself. I figured, however, that such gracious words contained a secret meaning that I knew nothing of. However, they sounded genuine, impersonal. I wondered, as I wiped the cold sweat from my forehead. if they were possibly personal.

"Yes," I repeated, "Nellie is all that you say and more; nevertheless, I feel rather sorry for her this afternoon, for I am confident she has had anything but a pleasant drive."

The speech was an ungracious one, and the motive convicted me. I regretted having made it the next instant. There was no mistaking the cause of the wave of colour that swept over her face; it was one of anger, and the purple of it remained for some time. "If you are speaking of Mr. Harvey Jerome," said she, "I would have you know that I regard him as one of the noblest and best of men. I am not the only one, Mr. Complacent One, that so regards him. Nellie is herself more than two-thirds in love with him. She is always praising him. Her string of descriptive adjectives tells me that she is far gone. It would be a good match," she added, reflectively; "I could think of no better for either party."

If she had intended to irritate me, she had succeeded splendidly. No one enjoys being shown up in the wrong; neither does one care to have their self-love and vanity bruised. As for Nellie's admiration for Jerome, I was confident her words were spoken merely to goad me. She succeeded admirably.

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"Jerome is fortunate in the choice of his champions," I said. "I would willingly be caluminated, if I could be sure of such a fair adherent. Nevertheless, I am glad to correct myself. I did not wish you to seriously think that I felt badly towards him. He is a worthy young man."

However, we soon parted, neither of us in the best humor or spirits.

It was after eight o'clock that evening, as I sat in my office smoking my turning-in cigar, and reviewing the events of the day, that I heard a knock at the door. Bidding the intruder enter, I was never more surprised in my life, than when Jerome entered the door, smiling, complacent, satisfied. I almost admired his sleek, well-fed appearance. I am certain I was amazed at his cheek. He drew a chair up to my side, with the remark: "I saw you out riding with Miss Churchill, this afternoon."

"Yes," I said; "Miss Churchill is a very dear friend of mine, and somehow we enjoy driving together so much."

I knew this would hurt, because for a time he had been a very devoted admirer of hers.

"I see that she seems very fond of you."

"Not more so than I am of her, I can assure you," was my reply.

His face had grown drawn and white, and his breath was laboured, as if he were undergoing deep emotion. I reflected upon this with considerable satisfaction.

He paused for a few moments, as if considering words, and then began slowly: "Then what I have to say, will make my visit, and your answer, very easy."

I was mildly interested; I must have shown it.

"I came here at the request of Nellie Lawrence," said he, and paused. He evidently found it hard to choose the right words. I noticed that my lips were dry, yet I would not help him. If she were sending him to chide me for my indifference, I would sufficiently rebuke him for his interference, and her for her presumption.

"We were talking considerably about you and Miss Churchill this afternoon," he resumed; "and both of us were very glad to see you so fond of each other."

"Very kind of you," I said at last, in as sarcastic a tone as I could muster. "We are so young, we need looking after."

My tongue seemed thick, my throat parched, my voice grating. This conversation was taking a queer turn. I hate mysteries.

"I asked Nellie to be my wife this afternoon," he said.

I could only stare at him in helpless amazement. Speechless, whiteless, and to me it seemed bloodless, I gazed at him with assumed indifference.

"And the young lady's answer to your honoured proposition?" I finally managed to say.

"That I was to go and see you; that there was an old affair between you, which you would doubtless be glad to break, but she could not cast you off without your consent."

"I think I will see the young lady myself on the subject," said I, as I arose stiffly and walked to the door, with what dignity, if any, there was left in me, leaving him sitting there.

When I met Nellie, I noticed several things that had long ago escaped my observation. She had never seemed so pretty to me as she did that evening. Her eyes shone with a brilliancy and lustre that was positively unusual, and her cheeks were like the painting of the rose. As I thought of the probability of losing her, I knew that I loved her, always had loved her, and it would break my heart to lose her.

"Nellie," I cried, and I rushed forward to embrace her.

"Not so fast, Prince Ardent. I took a drive this afternoon, and if you do not know all about it, I wish to tell you."

"I know all I care to know," my face blanching at the thought. "I know that I love you more than I ever did in the days of long ago. I know how well that is. I know that I am a mean, insufferable cad, but despise me if you will, I cannot help it. Oh! Nellie, you don't know how dear you are—the whole world to me."

I was afraid I was losing ground fast.

The very thought of it turned me sick. The room seemed to be whirling, and hope was fast leaving me.

"How about our fair, mutual friend, Miss Churchill?" said she, after a pause; "would you have her grieve and pine away over your perfidy?"

"She will never do that," said I, with conviction.

"Then there is my friend, Mr. Jerome. It would be too bad to disappoint both of them," said she, musingly.

"They are nearer finding consolation in each other's company, right now, than you think," said I, with a trace of my old spirit. I afterwards found that this was one of the most truthful lies I ever uttered.

"You are so egotistical," said she, in the same tone, as if not noticing my interruption.

"I know it," said I.

"Not more so than most men, Jack; not more so than most men. And," she continued, "I never said that I didn't love you."

"Nellie!"

And this time the bound forward was effective, for in one moment I had her in my arms, and every agony of doubt was forgotten, as I strained her to my breast in a transport of happiness and content.

The Brain-Storm.

L. McLeod Gould.

IT was just seven-thirty as Jackie passed the big Departmental Store on Trinity Street, and though it struck him as somewhat curious that the doors were open so early, he took no stock of the occurrence; everything had been out of the usual run that morning. On a sudden impulse he turned in. The mere fact that he had only a nickel in his pocket worried him not at all. That also was one of the curious things, Jackie had never to his knowledge awakened in the morning with such vast potentialities of wealth.

"Good morning, Sir," said a pleasant voice. "What can I do for you this fine day? Anything in the brain variety? We have some fine specimens on hand today."

"Jackie turned round in surprise. He was unaccustomed to such treatment. "Skidoo; 23" was more in his line. He tried to speak in his ordinary whining voice, and to say that he had just turned in out of the cold. But his voice—it was changed; he couldn't say what he wanted. Instead:—

"Ah, I just turned in to see what you could do for me in the authorship line. I've fitted him out now all except the brain part; if you could manage to spare me a few minutes, I should like to talk over a few specialties with you."

"One moment, Sir. Mr. Gabriel will attend to that. I only make out his prescriptions."

Jackie stared again. It was all so different; and as he stared everything seemed to change, and the store seemed to fill with long lines of shelves arranged alphabetically; and each shelf was composed of little boxes having names on them, but he was too far away to be able to read them. Anyhow, he knew that it was all wrong, and that he ought to be turned out into the street in his rags. But—wonder of wonders; where were his rags? Involuntarily he looked towards a big mirror in which was reflected a kindly-looking, stout gentleman, well-dressed, and bearing in some unmistakable way the lineaments of Jackie's face.

"Oh well," he muttered to himself; it's

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all much of a muchness anyway; my voice has changed; what I wanted to say has changed, and of course I've changed. "Yes," he broke off aloud, "I've come about the brain equipment."

Facing him was an austere personage with business written clear on every feature. A certain brightness around the head, which Jackie inconsequentially connected with a halo, seemed to be quite in keeping with everything else; but then, everything, as has been said before, was curious.

"Brains? Yes sir. This is our department. What kind of brains sir? Electrical, organizing, administrative, literary, scientific, or what kind, sir?"

The haloed personage seemed to be sincere; the shelves and boxes looked businesslike; even the nickel seemed to promise help, so Jackie answered, feeling as though he were but a mouthpiece, but presumably out of his own mouth and by help of his own tongue.

"Just literary please. I've fixed the rest in that line. The infant is pre-destined to a solitary boyhood with kind but unsympathetic parents; his character is honourable but misunderstood; the very attic to which his manuscripts are to be returned has been located; the finest selection of good but well-worn clothes has been made, and the landlady with a gruff exterior but with one soft spot in her heart has been chosen; all that remains for his equipment is the right sort of brains."

Jackie finished and gasped. What on earth it was all about was a double-dyed mystery to him; but he had to say it, and the austere individual did not seem to be surprised.

"Very good, sir. Now what class am I to draw from? Literature is somewhat vague you know. We have the very best ingredients taken from the brains of the close of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries to draw from. Is it novels, essays, philosophical treatises, or in short what do you require in this line?

"Novels," said Jackie.

"Certainly, sir. And now what kind of novels? You must understand that in pursuance of Dr. Osler's theory the people of the early twentieth killed off their brightest men, and following a later idea dissected and assorted their grey matter; thus giving to future generations some idea of the ingredients necessary for the compounding of brain material suitable to various walks in life. Now the novelists of that period ran very much in grooves, and we have here the information necessary for the filling of prescriptions suitable for the brain composition of any particular groove. If you will kindly walk with me I will show you what I mean."

So saying Mr. Gabriel moved down the nearest row of shelves followed by the wondering Jackie.

"Here, you see, under the heading 'D'," said the leader, "is an assorted sample of detective brains. This large box on which we frequently draw is full of material similar to that which formed such a prominent brain feature of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The smaller box above contains the Arthur Morrison dust; we have smaller quantities for mixing purposes based on scientific analyses from the brains of celebrated working detectives. I can recommend our product as furnishing a big money-maker."

"What can you do in European history?" asked Jackie.

"Well, pretty good, sir." And Mr. Gabriel moved quickly down to Shelf "H." "We find that the best results come from a judicious mixture of Henry Seton Merriman and Anthony Hope, according as to whether you want the underground diplomatic or the romantic chivalrous to predominate. Then again, if the hero is to appeal to the American reader a slight flavouring of MacCutcheon draws the masses. Of course this only deals with fiction history; we don't go in for real facts."

"How's religion go now-a-days in novels?" queried Jackie.

"Very well indeed; provided you have Marie Corelli and Hall Caine properly combined: we can fix you up well. To bring in an Oriental turn if desired a solution of Rudvard Kipling is advisable."

"And what else can you show me."

"Well, sir. Just walk along. You'll see W. W. Jacobs for vernacular sea;

Jack London for adventurous wilds; Max Pemberton for imaginary invincibles; Gordon Smith for Nipponese romance. Look around and take your choice.

Jackie looked around.

"Say, mister," he said at length. "I don't see anything here which guarantees me that there'll be what I've always learnt is most necessary for the attic business. Where's the genius guarantee?"

"The face of the haloed one fell. He looked round apprehensively. "Kid," he said, "you've struck it in once. We can't do it. Call it a bunco shop if you like; we'll furnish the fittings, give the outlines, place the surroundings, but—we're up against it when it comes down to that. Say, I'll tell you; they call that the 'Divine Spark' and we ain't got it in our outfit Most folks don't think of it, and that's why they don't make a success when they think they've given their kids every chance in life to make a hit. Twixt you and me, we're no good unless your kid has got that there 'Divine Spark' it's no good shoving him along the wrong set of metals. If he's got it, it sort of wanders about and gets caught up, I can't explain better, he'll find out for himself that he's wrong, and when he gets to the switch, he'll shunt and the 'Spark' will put him right. If he hasn't, well—it's N. G. Now what will you take, sir?"

"I think I'll take a five-cent beer please, waiter."

Jackie blinked his eyes at the waiter, who went off wondering whether Mr. John H. Gilroy, so lately a father, had been asleep or had merely had bad news in the long envelope which he had personally given to him an hour before.

A Hero of the Plains.

Charles Doran.

ROBERT CLEWS, or "Honest Bob," the name by which he was was known at Four Creeks, was a man whose life for six years had been shadowed by a crime. A crime which he had allowed to fasten itself upon him rather than let the truth be known and a mother's heart be broken.

Clews was a handsome, broad-shouldered fellow, above the medium height, and in years not far beyond the thirty-five mark, although his prematurely gray hair and careworn face made him look many years older.

He was a man of refinement before he came to the Territory, and until the event occurred which changed the whole course of his life, he was highly respected back East.

When he crossed the Rockies he set aside any thought of ever returning home again, and resolved to forget all that had once been dear to him. It was a very hard and cruel task at first, and often Clews had fallen back on rum to drown his sorrows.

Life was pretty rough in the Territories for a man accustomed to the culture and comforts of a refined home, and it was a long time before he could get down to it.

Four Creeks was a typical border-town, with its full quota of gamblers, half-breeds and cowboys. It was the rounding-up place of all classes of men who lived in the saddle, and life was as little valued as the Mexican silver that filled the pockets of the faro bankers and the saloon keepers. The town was the only one within two hundred miles of a railroad, and long, hot stretches of prairie separated it on either side from the next inhabited spot. It had no laws except those made by a sort of vigilance committee, whose trials were usually very short, and whose verdicts seldom differed from the one for all crimes in those days—hanging.

The Vigilance Committee liked Clews, and soon chose him their leader. He was a brave fellow, with a record for rounding-up and checking a stampede of wild cattle with a prairie fire in their rear, and just the man they needed.

Everybody at Four Creeks knew the stalwart fellow and respected him, and his say always carried weight. He was one of the few men in the town that was liked as well by the law-abiding class as by the tough element that held the balance of power there, and when he presided at a trial his decision was seldom questioned, even by the man to whom the verdict meant a "swing in the air."

Clews lived on the outskirts of the town—if you could call the end of the only street the place could boast of, an "outskirt." He seldom left his quarters after dark, and rarely entered any of the many gin-mills, except when the thought of home and those dear to him would almost drive him wild, and he would seek forgetfulness in a glass of liquor.

It was not in the man to be a careless, shiftless fellow, although he had chosen a life that must sooner or later lead to such an outcome, and often when alone he would fight the desire to return home, which seemed to grow on him as the years rolled by and he realized that the dear mother was getting older and could not expect to live much longer. He often thought, too, of one who had once been all the world to him, and in his bitter regret at times would almost curse the day he had allowed the crime that had driven him away from her to fasten itself upon him, even if it were to shield a young brother—a mother's idol.

Estelle Gray had always loved Robert Clews and never believed him guilty of the crime that had tarnished his name and sent him a voluntary exile to the distant West. She had told him she was willing to share his sorrows and mortifications if he must keep hidden the truth of his innocence, but he refused to listen to her doing so, for he loved her and felt he had no right to connect her name with his own, to which shame had been attached.

He had never spoken to but one person of his sorrows and why he had left home, and this one was a cattle-puncher, his best friend in the Territories, and one whom he knew he could trust.

This man had been won over to him by what he heard and the nobility of his friend, and ever after had stood by Clews. He was a rough fellow, with nothing to recommend him but a frank countenance and honest ways. Reared on the Western border, he had followed cattle-punching for a living. He liked Clews from the first, so he always said, and for two reasons: one, because he was the only Easterner that he had ever met that had the right kind of stuff in him, and the other because he was a dead sure shot, and knew enough to handle a gun only when his head was clear.

Jim Daily, as the man gave his name, used to tell the boys that he had never attended a school and what little he knew about reading had been taught him by an old ranchman, to whom his rearing had been intrusted, Jim's parents having died while they were crossing the prairie.

The man had grown up in an atmosphere of lawlessness, yet he had the making of a good man in him, and so did not suffer much from contact with the rough element in which his youth was passed. He was a fine shot and thoroughly at home in the saddle and as fearless as he was good at cutting-out with lasso and horse. The cowboys and cattlemen liked Daily, and so he always had plenty of work, and for those days got along as well as the next man, but he did not like the life and wanted to leave it and seek one where he could "amount to something," as he used to express it.

To Clews he told his desires, and seeing in him an honest fellow, the Easterner made up his mind if ever he turned homeward he would take Daily along with him.

The long dry season in the Territories had begun, and the cattlemen had already started north in search of water for their stock. Four Creeks promised a season of comparative quiet; most of the saloons and faro banks had closed their doors for want of patronage.

It was a relief to Clews and Daily to be again in an orderly atmosphere, after a winter of lawlessness with its usual

number of shootings and lynching cases.

The town had held the record in the Territories for hangings, and at seasons of the year when the cowboys were idle, the boughs of the solitary cypress that stood in front of Clews' cabin often bent and swayed after the hurried decision of a jury called to try some fellow for horse stealing or drawing his gun upon an innocent companion.

Clews' cabin was the court house. The place was divided into three rooms, one of them being used for a court-room, one for a jail, and a third alloted by the Vigilance Committee to Clews to live in. Apart from choosing him their leader, the Committee had appointed him to the office of jailer—an office of honour and trust in the Territories in those days.

With Clews lived Daily, and together the men looked after the jail side of their home. Their life was often one of much excitement, for they were frequently called upon to protect a prisoner from an infuriated mob that sought to storm the jail and take him out and lynch him. The two men usually slept with their boots on and their guns under their heads whenever a notorious character was confined in the jail, and often but for the persuasive eloquence of Clews, many a desperado would have been dragged from his sleep in the dead of night and left swinging to a bough of the cypress when daylight again broke on Four Creeks.

One day Clews and Daily went down the valley prospecting for oil, which was reported to have been discovered in the Territory to the north of the town.

The day was warm and pleasant; a soft breeze fanned the prairie, gently swaying the wild flowers that had taken root in a bit of earth at intervals along the great wastes of sand and alkali. The flowers made Clews think of the beautiful wild flowers—poppies, buttercups and golden rod, that lined the roads in his distant eastern home at that season of the year. He was sad and despondent and often rode along for a mile or two without uttering a word to his companion. Finally on coming to a small oasis, Clews suggested that they dismount, rest, and water the animals. The two men then themselves sprawled out for a little rest, Clews all the while having very little to say. At last turning to Daily he said:

"Jim, I've been thinking of home all day; those flowers recalled many a happy summer back East and have almost made me a mind to go back." Then after a silence of several minutes he added, "But there's mother, and I promised to stand by the boy for her sake."

Daily said nothing; glancing at his companion he noticed that a big tear was slowly coursing down his weather-beaten cheek.

"I suppose I'm a bit childish, but pardner, when a fellow gets to thinking of home and all dear to him there, he's very apt to find his voice choking, and feel a tear or two trickling down his cheeks, eh!"

And Daily nodded his head approvingly.

"Well, it's this," continued the Easterner, after another silence. "I reckon I'll stick it out for a time longer. Pass me your flask. Mine's empty."

Daily handed the flask to his companion who raised it to his lips, got up, shook himself, and jumping into his saddle started to ride off. As he did so a sharp crack of a rifle rang out, and drawing in his reins he brought his horse to a standstill.

In the distance, coming toward them, their animals galloping at full speed, and sending up clouds of dust behind them, were two cowboys.

As they approached they drew rein, and when wtihin a few yards of Clews and his companion, dismounted.

"Excuse us pardners, we fired to stop you to ask if you seen a tenderfoot riding your way? The chap's stolen a horse from up at Dabney's ranch."

Clews, much irritated by being stopped so unceremoniously, answered that they were not looking up horse thieves, then turning his horse around trotted off, Daily following close behind him.

It was dark when the men reached town, and after Daily had put the horses up, he and Clews turned in for the night.

They had not been asleep long when loud voices outside the cabin aroused them. Jumping up the men rushed to

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the window. The street was alive with cowboys; some of them mounted, others leading or holding their animals.

"Something's up, Jim," said Clews, as he went to get his lantern.

"Yes," replied Daily, "and I'll bet it's all on account of that tenderfoot them fellers were telling us about."

As Clews opened the door, one of the crowd yelled out:

"Judge, we've got him, and a hard chase he gave us too. Here he is and he didn't give in until we piped a hole through him."

The crowd then began to jostle and push one another, and to shout and howl until the cabin fairly shook.

At last the horse thief was dragged into the room, where he was left securely bound in the custody of Clews.

After quiet had been restored, Clews fastened up everything and going into the room where the horse thief lay, bent down and asked him if he wanted anything. As he looked at the man he saw that blood was oozing from a wound in his side, and calling to Daily to fetch some water and a bit of rag, he proceeded to bind up the wound.

Soon he drew back and in a voice of mingled astonishment and horror, exclaimed:

"My heavens Phil, you here?" "What does it all mean?"

Daily heard Clews and came hurrying into the room. A change had suddenly come over his companion, and unable to speak, he stood staring at him. He was deathly pale; his brow was netted slightly, and his face bore an expression of pain and regret.

The wounded man lay still and motionless for some time, his eyes riveted upon Clews, then he spoke.

"Where am I, and what brought you here Bob?" he asked, his voice weak and scarcely audible.

"Wait, lad, don't try to talk, you are still too weak; wait until you have rested and then you'll know all."

The man sighed heavily, and when Clews had made him as comfortable as he could, his eyes closed and he was soon asleep.

Robert Clews stood looking at the wounded man for some minutes, then he picked up his lantern and with a heavy step left the room.

The next day he told Daily everything.

"He wronged me Jim, but I promised mother I'd always stand by him," he said, after the two had been conversing together for some time as to what course to pursue if they expected to save the boy. They knew the danger they would run if they attempted to hold back the mob by force or to assist the prisoner to escape, and so they abandoned any thought of either plan.

Clews had goten up very early and before the sun had risen was seated before his table studying a roughly sketched map of the Territories. He was pale and quite agitated, and noticing it Daily offered him a drink.

"No pardner," he replied, "I need all my wits and rum was never made for a man who expects to have to face trouble." The man's voice trembled slightly as he spoke, but he showed no signs of fear, and when Daily approaching him said:

"Bob, I'll stand by you, come what will," Clews grasped his companion's hand, and with tears moistening his eyes replied:

"God bless you pardner, you're a noble fellow. We'll see it through together."

The sun had scarcely gotten well above the horizon when the mob began to assemble in front of the cabin.

The two men got down their revolvers, examined them, and placing their rifles where they could quickly get them if needed, waited for the trouble to begin.

Clews was cool and determined. He waited until the noise outside told him the mob was ready to act, then opening the door he calmly said:

"Well fellows, so you've come to lynch my prisoner."

"Yes, judge, and we're all ready," came a chorus of voices while a man nearest to the cypress shouted out:

"Ready, you bet we are, and I've got the hemp already in place; see it there," and as he spoke he pointed to a piece of rope dangling from the bough of the tree.

Clew's face grew pale, but he showed no other signs of agitation.

"Well!" he said, "I don't reckon there'll be any hanging here today."

"Why?" came a dozen voices in surprise.

"Because the chap's as near dead as he can be, and Four Creeks isn't going to mar its reputation as a fair and square town by hanging a dying man."

There was a silence, then some one said: "The Judge is right, come fellers let's take a look at the tenderfoot and get back to the ranches."

Some of the men came in and after glancing down at the wounded horse-thief, went out, mounted their horses and rode off.

When the crowd had dispersed, Clews and Daily set to work to make arrangements for the departure they were to attempt to make that night.

The day passed without adventure of any kind, and the night came on dark and starless.

The men sat watching the little round clock hanging on the wall until the hands met at the top of its face; then they buckled on their cartridge belts, woke the wounded man, and cautiously left the cabin. Daily going ahead to get the horses.

"Mind you give the boy 'Little Annie,' Jim, for she's as fleet a steed as there is in the Territories. You keep my old mare. I'll take the one I borrowed of Watts when Annie got that splinter in her hoof last week," said Clews, as he turned to bar up the gate.

Soon Daily appeared with the horses and after the provisions had been placed in the saddle-bags, the men mounted and galloped off.

All that night and the day following the three horsemen rode on, only stopping when it was absolutely necessary. They knew their escape would be discovered before noon that day, as the cabin was certain to be visited by someone and the wounded man not being found there an alarm would be sent out and a search started.

Clews thought that in all probability four searching parties would leave town, each one taking a different direction, and that one of them was certain to come their way. He told Daily of his belief, and they concluded that the canyon was the only place that offered any protection if they had to put up a fight, and they pressed on to reach it by evening.

Once in the canyon the men dismounted and after watering their animals led them to a clump of tall cacti and sage where they tied them and left them in search of a place for themselves for the night.

A walk of a mile brought them to a large opening in the side of the mountain, where they decided to pass the night. They knew the pursuing party could not possibly come up with them for at least twelve hours, as they had that much start upon them, so no watch was kept, and soon after they had entered the cave they had wrapped themselves in their blankets and were sleeping soundly after their long hot ride.

The next day the horses were too worn out to continue the journey, and their riders were compelled to wait in the canyon until they had rested.

Daily had been out to get some water and was returning to the cave when he saw something in the distance coming towards the canyon, and hurrying back to where his companions were he told Clews what he had seen.

In an instant the Easterner was on his feet and shielding his eyes with his hand from the rays of the setting sun, he looked in the direction indicated by Daily.

What had at first seemed but a speck on the horizon line was now clearly discernible to the naked eye.

Six men were approaching; their horses sending up clouds of dust as they came hurrying on.

The three men in the cave looked at one another. Clews was calm and resolute. Daily appeared a little excited, while Phil Clews toyed nervously with his gun.

At last Phil broke the silence, his voice quivering perceptibly as he spoke.

"And it's all on my account. I've always been a trouble to you, Bob, ever since I stole the bonds and hid them in your desk at old Gray's bank. Now I've brought you to this. Let me go out and

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meet the men and give myself up. I can say that I escaped from you and Daily, and it will save you fellows."

Robert Clews got up and crossing to where his brother sat, extended his hand and said, his voice choking from emotion:

"Phil, you have still a spark of Clews in you, boy. No, we'll fight it out together. I can't go back on my promise to mother; but remember, lad, if I fall, and you ever get home again, tell Estelle I loved her to the last."

"Don't take it so to heart, lad; we may yet get out of this all right."

Robert Clews, however, did not believe what he said, for he knew that the chances of escape that lay before them were very slight, and at that moment he would have wagered all Four Creeks against a glass of rum that not one of the three men would ever leave the canyon alive.

He had hoped when they left the town that their horses would hold out until they had so outdistanced any party sent out in pursuit of them as to make their escape a certainty. He realized now that he had miscalculated the strength of his horses, and in despair settled down to await the outcome.

The cowboys were armed with rifles, and as they drew up their animals, the men in hiding could distinctly hear what they said.

"Well, fellers, if the judge and his pals ain't in the canyon, they've gone in the opposite direction from here, and the boys who started north and west will be as badly left as we are," said one of the men.

"Yes," replied another, "and I tell you it's no fun coming over fifty miles of prairie for nothing."

The men then dismounted and tying their horses started down the canyon.

The long, hot day was passing slowly, and evening was coming on. With the return of darkness, Clews hoped to perhaps evade his pursuers, and while considering what was to be done that night, should they attempt to leave the canyon, his attention was attracted by Daily, who, waving his hand to him to lay low, whispered:

"It's all up now, boys; they've found the horses."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when one of the cowboys shouted to his companion:

"Come, Joe, they're not far off, for here's the judge's horse, Little Annie, and a d—d fleet steed she is, too."

A few minutes later the men appeared, leading the horses.

"We're bottled up, boys," said Clews, as he saw their horses leave, "and it's gold to Mexican dollars that we are goners, unless we can put up a fight and get our horses back. It's hard to shoot a fellow down without warning, but it's give and take, and our only chance lies in taking them by surprise." Clews' face showed unmistakable signs of his unwillingness to adopt the course he had just named, and Daily noticing it, whispered:

"I know, Bob, but all's fair in——" He did not finish the sentence.

"Come, boys, be ready, and be sure you see to your aim." It was Clews who had spoken.

There was a short silence, then the three men raised their rifles, three sharp reports rang out, echoing like a charge of musketry through the canyon, and two of the pursuing party leaped into the air and fell to the earth. Clews and Daily had not missed their aim. Phil Clews' shot had passed wild of its man, and burying itself in the horse he was leading caused the poor animal to drop upon its fore knees and then roll over upon the ground, neighing pitiously with pain.

The fight was on and in a second more the cowboys began a veritable fusilade in the direction of the cave. Their fire was followed by another one from Clews and Daily. Then the smoke became so dense that the men in hiding could not see out. Night was setting in, and with one farewell volley of shot the cowboys mounted their horses and leading the others started off toward Four Creeks.

"They've gone, Bob, but ten to one they'll come back to-morrow, for they know we can't get away without our horses," said Daily.

There was no answer. After a min-

ute's silence the man repeated his remarks; still no answer.

"Say, Bob," he called, "where are you? Phil, are you and Bob together?"

"Yes," came the reply; "but Bob has fallen."

Daily sprang up and striking a match hurried over to where Clews lay.

"Quick, boy, some water," he said; "your brother's shot bad. Get the flask out of yonder saddle bag."

Dropping upon his knees the ranchman raised his companion's head and gazed anxiously into his face.

"My heavens, Bob! Speak, man. They've gone. We are safe now." Then applying the flask to the man's lips, he said:

"That's right, take a good one. You'll come round all right. Just a spent ball, I reckon." But Robert Clews was more seriously wounded than Daily supposed.

He was dying, and the pallor in his face and the numbness that was coming over him told only too well that he had not long to live.

"I'm shot bad, Jim," came the words with great effort from the wounded man. "Where is the boy? Is he all right? You know I promised mother I'd stand by him."

There was a long silence, then once more Clews spoke, his words now faint and almost inaudible.

"Phil," he said, "go home to mother, and let them continue to think it was me, and try to lead a good life, boy. Tell mother and Estelle I died thinking of them. Good-bye, Jim; stand by the boy. God bless you, pardner."

The breathing became harder and longer; the eyes closed, and a deep sigh, followed by a silence, told Daily and Phil that the spirit of Robert Clews, had passed.

The next day the poor fellow's body was borne to rest in a lonely grave in the canyon.

The cowboys did not return to the fight, and in time Phil and Daily succeeded in reaching the border line, from where they once more got into civilization.

Daily remained by young Clews until he saw him safe in the arms of his poor old mother, then he turned away to look for one person of whom his thoughts had been continually reminded by the little package sewed up in a bit of red scarf he had carried so sacredly for several months.

Estelle Gray was entertaining a lady friend when Jim Daily's name was brought to her, and she looked up with much surprise when the butler said that the visitor had a message for her from a dear friend who had been away several years.

Ushered into the beautiful parlor of Banker Gray's residence, Daily did not know where to turn, and much embarrassed dropped into a chair in an obscure corner of the room.

A handsome girl of a few years passed twenty, tall and graceful, but with a rather sad face, came forward to meet the ranchman, and with a most cordial greeting soon made him feel a little more at ease.

After a few minutes' silence, during which Daily tried to construct some sentences to express the object of his coming, he told the girl all that had occurred.

Estelle Gray's face had become very pale, and her hands toyed nervously with her lace fan.

Daily saw the effect his words had upon the girl, and stopped.

"Please continue," said the girl, summoning up all her courage.

"But, miss, you look so white," and involuntarily poor Daily's hand went to his pocket for his flask, then remembering where he was, he drew it back as though ashamed of himself, and said:

"Can't I call someone, miss? You look ill."

"Oh, no! I thank you. I am better now."

Daily then produced the little package from his shirt bosom, where he had guarded it so sacredly, and handed it to the girl.

Estelle Gray's hands trembled as she opened the package and removed its contents—a small time-worn portrait; she raised it to her lips; then burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

The poor ranchman bent over the girl, and in words full of sympathy and meaning, said:

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"It's hard, miss, I know, but Bob wouldn't have you give up, for he'd want to see you happy, even if he couldn't be with you."

The girl bore her loss with courage and resignation, but with no attempt to conceal her grief. She had always hoped that Robert Clews would yet come back to her, and had long waited anxiously for the time to come when he could do so. She knew that he had not forgotten her, and so she had continued to love him and pray for his return.

You ask what became of Jim Daily? Well, Jim liked the East and concluded to settle down back there, and was given a chance to do so by Mr. Gray, who placed him in his banking house.

Phil Clews turned over a new leaf; confesesd everything, and removed the stain that for so many years had tarnished the name of his noble brother.

Four Creeks is still on the map, but it is no longer a rough border town. Good influences have found their way out there, and no longer the whiskey flask and revolver play so important a part in its life.

There is one spot, however, that has not changed, and that is the lonely grave in the trackless wastes of the Territories, where rests the soul of as brave a hero as ever there fell on a nation's battlefield.

The Tree.

Blanche E. Vaughan Murison.

O tree in my garden so tall and so stately,
All robed in your vesture of delicate green;
I always have loved and admired you greatly,
You beautiful tree with your radiant sheen!

I creep to your shelter and weave sweet romances,
And peep at the sun through your lacework of leaves;
While Fantasy catches a hundred shy glances,
That flash from the depths of your shadowy eaves.

O beautiful tree, as I learn more about you,
What wonderland opens, what marvels appear;
What raimented splendor within and without you,
Enchanteth the eye and entranceth the ear!

They tell me that each little leaf that unrolleth,
Is wrought with its mystic mosaic of green.
Where perfected systems their wonders controlleth,
In miniature worlds that we never have seen.

That sunshine and sunsets gleam over the border,
Of each little molecule's separate source;
Where infinitesimal cosmical order,
Pursues its diminutive stellary course.

Oh beautiful tree, with your great revelation
Of Law in progression through infinite ways;
I come with the Spring to your glad coronation,
And sing with the flowers a song in your praise!

The Value of Magazines to Advertise Cities.

Herbert S. Houston.

BEFORE I was a magazine man, I was a newspaper man, and no one can excel me in admiration for the newspaper or my belief in its power as an advertising medium. In many ways it far surpasses the magazine and always will surpass it. Whenever advertising is for the local trade and whenever the news or time element is an important factor in general advertising the newspaper is supreme. In what other possible way can a magazine publisher, for example, advertise as effectively a current feature, such as a story by Kipling or a hunting sketch by the President, as in the newspaper? Manifestly that is the best way, because a quick market must be made for this month's magazine before next month's issue crowds it out. The newspaper is the one medium to be considered, also, for the retail trade of a retail store.

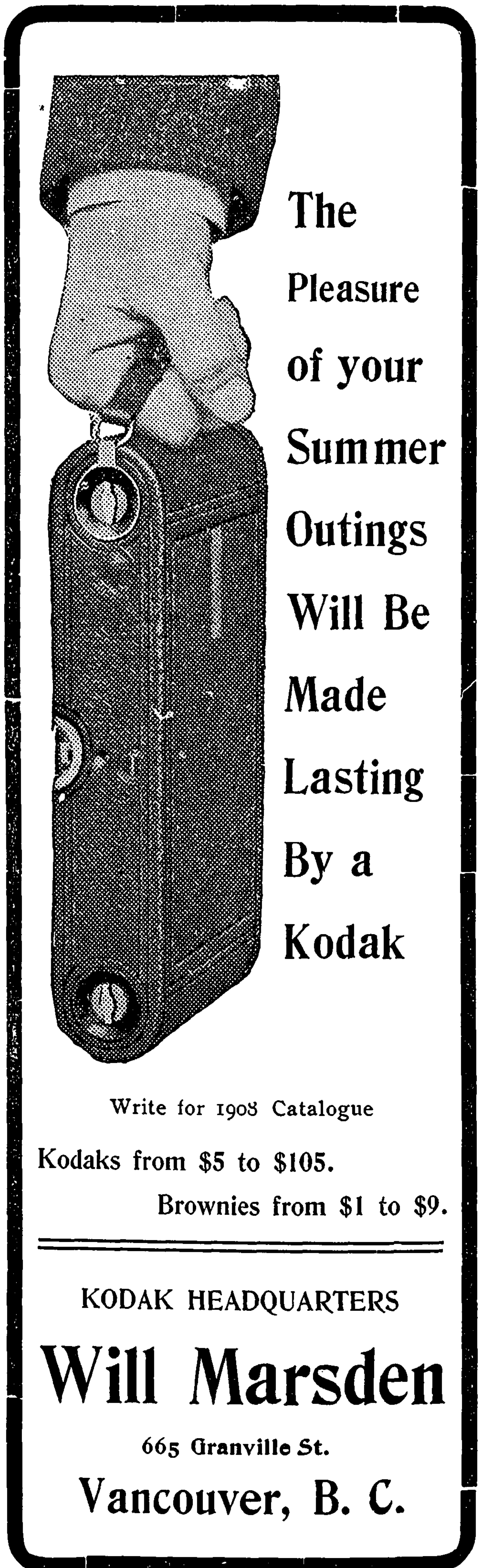
The point I want to establish in your minds is that the magazine more nearly approximates the letter in directness than any other form of advertising. This is due chiefly, I believe, to the confidence which the magazine reader has come to have in the magazine. And this confidence has been built up as a result of the strong feeling of obligation which publishers and editors have felt to the home, for which their periodicals are made. They have undertaken not only to entertain their readers, but to build them up in sound ethical views. Of course, we make no pretentions to any monopoly of either virtue or good intentions, and I sincerely hope we are not like the priest and Levite who go by and look at our newspaper brother on the other side. But I do believe that because we have such a clear perception of our responsibility, indeed of our trusteeship to the home, that we have taken great pains to have our advertising pages come up to the same wholesome standards as our editorial pages. They have excluded from their pages whisky advertising, patent medicine advertising, mining stocks, oil stocks, and other speculative announcements; indeed, they have undertaken to see that no unclean or doubtful thing should be borne in their pages over the threshold of a single home. We have reached no millennium, and like Andrea del Sarto "our reach still exceeds our grasp"; but we hope that our reach is in the right direction, and we sincerely believe that much which we have desired is already within our grasp. In a word, the magazines have already set up the standard which many

wish to see established through a national advertising law.

While the magazine is personal in the sense that it goes to its readers almost as a letter from a friend, it is, in another sense, impersonal. By that I mean that the national magazine, like some great colossus, has as its base the whole continent. This breadth of support relieves it from the questions of local interest which press upon the newspaper.

The newspaper has the defects of its qualities. Planted deep in the city, from which it draws its chief support, it is committed absolutely (both by loyalty and by necessity) to an unflinching advocacy of that city. Beyond question, the daily papers are the greatest advertisements which have ever been issued, or can be issued, for the city in which they are published. They stand for that city as against the world, arguing for its betterment, pleading its cause, and in every way furthering its interests. Their service in these broad lines is simply beyond calculation. No city, however great the advertising patronage it may give its daily press or the circulation support that it may extend, can ever adequately repay the newspaper for the service which it renders. But what is the defect of this high quality of unlimited devotion and loyalty to its own city: isn't it that the newspaper becomes so overwhelmingly a special pleader for its own city that the advertisement of any other city in its columns is in danger of becoming simply a bubble lost on the ocean?

As far as advertising a city in its own papers is concerned, their circulation, of course, is chiefly among those who live in the city itself and know all about it. But do I undertake to prove too much? Is there no place for the newspaper in city advertising, if economy and efficiency are to be considered? Most assuredly, there is. If a city wishes to do intensive advertising in a particular section, as for example, Atlantic City in New York and Philadelphia, the daily is the best medium. I can understand how a southern city could effectively concentrate its appeal in dailies of the northwest, laying great stress on winter climate. And if a city wishes to build



up its wholesale trade by advertising its advantages as a jobbing center, it can find no medium so well adapted to its need as the daily press in the trade territory it wishes to cultivate. Lynchburg has demonstrated the truth of this course in most convincing fashion. The jobbers in this progressive Virginia City have carried on a vigorous publicity campaign in the southern newspapers and told every merchant between the Potomac and the Gulf why it was to his advantage to buy in Lynchburg. The results have been definite and large, and Lynchburg is fast becoming one of the most important wholesale centers in the entire South. Here the newspaper is used for intensive work in a particular section, and it is unquestionably the best medium to accomplish this specific task.

Not only is the newspaper a great advertising medium itself, but it is a source and center of the publicity spirit everywhere. Look today at the cities of the country where the advertising idea is being quickened into life and you will find newspaper men the enlivening promoters of that idea. In Minneapolis and St. Paul I found the leading newspaper men fully identified with the strong publicity movement which is stirring those cities. Mr. Murphy and Ralph Wheelock of the Tribune and Lucian Swift of the Journal were hearty supporters of the idea in Minneapolis, just as Webster Wheelock of the Pioneer Press and Walter Driscoll of the Dispatch were in St. Paul. And it is so all over the country. John Stewart Bryan of the Times Dispatch is one of the directing committee of the campaign in Richmond, as Victor Hanson, of the Advertiser, is of the campaign in Montgomery. Lafayette Young, with his son, is the center of the movement in Des Moines.

As a magazine man, I wish to pay to these newspaper men and to their countless colleagues of a like view the homage of my sincere respect. They are men of wide vision who see far horizons. To the narrow soul who gazes only to the boundaries of his own bailiwick, it would be heartbreaking to see money for advertising sent out of the city. But to the public spirited newspaper man this is money put at usury,

Smacking Good Syrup LESS THAN HALF PRICE

How often have you longed for a pitcher of good syrup—something better than the blended varieties you have to pay $1.25 or $1.50 a gallon for?

What wouldn't you have given to be able to make up a batch right in your own kitchen where you could see everything that went into it and know that it was absolutely pure and wholesome?

There are thousands of thrifty housekeepers doing this very thing every day; they're saving nearly a dollar on the price of every gallon too.

The secret? Why there's none. Just get a 2-oz. bottle of

"CRESCENT MAPLEINE"

from your grocer; enough for two gallons. Make a syrup of granulated sugar and hot water and flavor with 'MAPLEINE" according to directions. If it doesn't produce the richest creamiest maple flavored syrup you've ever eaten, **we'll gladly refund your money.**

If your grocer can't supply you send us 35c in coin, stamps, post office or express money order for a 2-oz. bottle.

DEPT. W—SEATTLE, WASH.

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

as wisely spent advertising money always is. He knows it will come back in the growth and upbuilding of the city and add to the prosperity of every citizen. Genuine public spirit always brings a double blessing, one to the city in whose service it finds expression, and another to the willing worker who is one of the dynamos in generating that spirit. To the newspaper, this public spirit, of which it is the very life, brings growth, with the city's growth, and it brings also increased business from general advertisers, who see in an advertising city a progressive community that will buy advertised articles. And I rejoice in the prosperity of the newspaper. In this ill-starred endeavour to set the magazine over against the newspaper I have no sympathy.

For a city seeking the country over for new industries and new capital, and, above all, for new citizens, who are themselves an embodiment of both capital and industry, there is no form of publicity, I undertake to say, that can even approximate to the magazine in value. It has a long reach and a strong grasp. The magazine is the message bearer that is as personal as a letter and as impersonal as a letter carrier. And it does its service at a charge which makes Uncle Sam and his postage cost look like Standard Oil extortion. Just ponder for a moment a comparison made in an admirable address delivered recently before the Manufacturers Club in Kansas City by Mr. E. S. Horn. I give you his statement as that of a disinterested investigator, as he is a clear-headed agent who holds a brief for no one form of advertising. Here is what he found. He took a list of national periodicals for a campaign of full pages at a cost of $4,000 per month, which was to include postage expense and clerk hire in sending out printed matter as follow up. "This list of mediums," he said, "would give a circulation of approximately 3,300,000 copies each month, or if, as is commonly considered, there are five readers to each magazine, 16,500,000 readers. In other words, by this method you can place your full page announcement before fifty-five readers at a cost of only one cent. How can you obtain such results," he asked, "by any other method?" The answer which any student of comparative advertising costs and results is bound to give is that there is no other method that can show such results. But advertising must be continuous over a period of two years, if not of five, if it is to have a fair chance to yield its greatest benefits. Conviction in the human mind on so important a personal question as a change of residence or of business location is usually of slow growth. It is naturally so, because the stake is so great. And here lies the chief danger to the success of city advertising, whatever the medium used. The city must not only start for a goal of wide publicity, but it must keep on and attain it.

REMINISCENCES OF "SUGAR-DAYS."

By Marie Howland.

WELL do I remember the great forests of the old home in New Hampshire! In the edge of it, "the woods" we always called it, my father every spring used to "tap" the great rock maples. This consisted in boring a larger augur hole into the tree, and driving in what we called a "spile"—a tube about a foot long, through which the sap ran into a wooden pail or bucket. The whole simple operation was to transfer the sap to the big iron pot or cauldron, suspended by a chain to great straddling, green sappling trunks over a gipsy fire, and keep it boiling day and night. We children of over half a century ago could scarcely be kept out of the "woods" when the maple trees were "tapped."

How cheap was wood then! Huge rock maples, with trunks as straight as arrows, were ruthlessly sacrificed for fuel. So cheap were these giants of the forest that when the "spiles" were gathered up for the following spring no one thought of pegging the wound. It was left to bleed and bleed, and water the soil with its own blood.

At the time of "sugaring-off" there was a frolic among the young people

who dipped out of the cauldron the crystalizing syrup, and patting smooth and hard the top of a clean snow drift, poured on it slowly the partly cooled syrup. Aching stomachs followed as a rule, though we were always admonished by our elders, and sometimes, when we continued the gorging process too openly, we were sent to the house.

I wish I could remember the price of maple sugar then. It must have been inexpensive, for the children and pancake-eaters always liked it, it would not do for tea, and was not at all in favour with housewives for cooking. There was not much market for it then, but now we are told that the whole output of maple syrup in this country will not supply New York City alone. Yet you can buy "maple syrup" all over the world, nearly! What wonder that the genius of chemists and food purveyors for many years has grappled with the problem of supplying a substitute? But the delicious, distinctive flavour of the real maple product has never been produced until now when the Crescent Manufacturing Company of Seattle, Washington advertises their wonderful discovery, "Mapleine."

"Mapleine" is an original flavouring extract compounded solely from roots and herbs, and is guaranteed under all of the "Pure Food Laws" to be absolutely pure, wholesome, and healthful. A two-ounce bottle, which costs one only fifty cents, will upon being dissolved in the directed proportions of granulated sugar and hot water make two full gallons of smacking good table syrup which old Vermont and old Eastern Canadian judges pronounce an exact reproduction of the real maple.

MADE IN VANCOUVER.

A resident of Vancouver for over 15 years of which the greater part of the time he has been actively identified with the tobacco trade, L. Wilke, the popular proprietor of The Success Cigar Factory, is building up a splendid business at 14 Cordova St., West. His principal brands are "The Very Best" and "Vancouver Belle," both being popular among western devotees of My Lady Niccotine.

INVENTIONS PERFECTED.

It will be welcome news to many civil engineers and surveyors to learn that they can now have their most delicate instruments repaired or adjusted in Vancouver by the B. C. Model Engineering Works, as hitherto transits, levels, etc., and all fine instruments have had to go to the East to be overhauled. This firm also makes a specialty of developing the ideas of inventors and designers, and models can be built in their Vancouver workshop at cheaper rates than if sent to the Eastern Provinces. The B. C. Model Engineering Works have a special department for intricate machine work and fittings. They employ only expert men, and are winning universal praise in their model department for their fine and accurate results. This firm have at their command not only the men, but the machinery to do any and all kinds of electrical or mechanical work, not only devoting their skill for repairs on small launches, armature winding and elevators, but are prepared to re-adjust, build or restore anything in mechanical or electrical engineering.

A NEW FIRM.

Guaranteeing that their paper-hanging and painting is the best and cheapest that honest materials and labour permit, the new firm of Cross & Huestis, 437 Homer St., Vancouver, are gradually securing a fine business as dealers in wall paper, burlaps, mouldings, picture framing, etc. They have a new stock of Canadian, English, American and German wall papers which should be inspected by the home builder before placing his order.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

For years it has been customary for Canadians to buy motor engines from the United States. Today Western people can obtain what they need for power launches right at home. Letson & Burpee, Ltd., of Vancouver, B.C., manufacturers of marine gasoline engines, publish an interesting illustrated catalogue, which should be in the hands of all intending to purchase an engine. But

those who can do so, should make a personal inspection of their factory, and see their engines in process of manufacture. All the parts of their engines are interchangeable, and duplicate parts are always kept in stock. The firm manufacture 2-cycle as well as 4-cycle, in 10, 20 and 40 horse power. Not only will the buyer obtain splendid value for his money in buying at home, but is incidentally helping to build up a local industry, which every loyal Westerner should be proud to support.

TO SEE NIAGARA FALLS.

Travellers now find it much more convenient and interesting when visiting Niagara Falls to make Buffalo, N.Y., their stopping place, as it is only forty-five minutes ride by steam car, every hour, and by trolley every fifteen minutes. The Niagara Hotel, situated at the source of the beautiful Niagara River with a lovely view of Lake Erie, also adjoins a large public park and Fort Porter reservation. Its rooms are larger than those of any other hotel in Buffalo, and its palm court and sun parlors are attractive lounging places. Buffalo is itself one of the most beautiful cities in the world. In the evenings strangers have seven theatres for entertainment. The Albright Art Gallery, modeled after the Acropolis of Athens and costing nearly two million dollars, is in itself worth going to Buffalo to see. The Niagara Hotel is making a special tourist rate of $2.50 a day and upwards, (American), and $1.50 a day and upwards (European).

ASTOR HOUSE BILLIARD ROOMS

Among the most popular pool and billiard rooms in Vancouver are the parlors to the rear of the office of the Astor House on Hastings street—near Cambie—under the managership of Messrs. F. C. Phipps and C. E. Wells, who in planning their recreation rooms have devoted especial attention to the light thrown upon the tables during the daytime through the large plate-glass windows, in addition to the shades for the electric lights.

Many a Prosperous Farmer In the Fraser Valley

Dates his success from the day he purchased his farm from F. J. Hart & Co., Limited.

With seventeen years' experience in the land business; with offices in Vancouver, New Westminster and Chilliwack and with a capable staff of land buyers we can give home-seekers the best possible service.

Write today for maps and booklets on successful farming in the famous fertile Fraser Valley.

Pages Missing