HONG KONG—Illustrated

JOHN STUART THOMSON

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1902

PUBLISHED BY
THE
ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO, LIMITED
TORONTO

ASTRONOMY FOR BEGINNERS—Second Paper—Illustrated.

SHORT STORIES—By Virna Sheard and R. Henry Mainer.

Prepared from the finest selected Cocoa with the natural oil preserved, rendering it absolutely the most nutritious, easily assimilated and indispensable beverage for the daily meal.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

Distinguished everywhere for its specially fine quality, and delicate and agreeable flavour. Sold only in quarter-pound tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

St. Denis Hotel

BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH STREET

NEW YORK

EUROPEAN PLAN

Table d'Hote Breakfast and Dinner
Rooms from $1.00 per day up
Rooms with bath from $3.50 per day up

The Convenient Location, Tasteful Appointment, Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence, are characteristic of this Hotel, and have secured and retained for it a Patronage of the Highest Order.

WM. TAYLOR & SON, Proprietors
CHAS. LEIGH TAYLOR, Manager

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED
without such a simple precaution as

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

It assists the functions of the STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS AND KIDNEYS, by natural means.

It prevents any over-acid state of the blood, and should be kept in every bedroom and traveller's bag in readiness for any emergency. It always does good—never any harm. It forms a delightful, invigorating, cooling, soothing and health-giving beverage. It acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world. It is impossible to overstate its great value in health or disease. Its effect on any disordered or feverish condition is simply marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's own remedy, and an unsurpassed one.

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.—*European Mail.*

CAUTION.—*Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS IMITATION.*

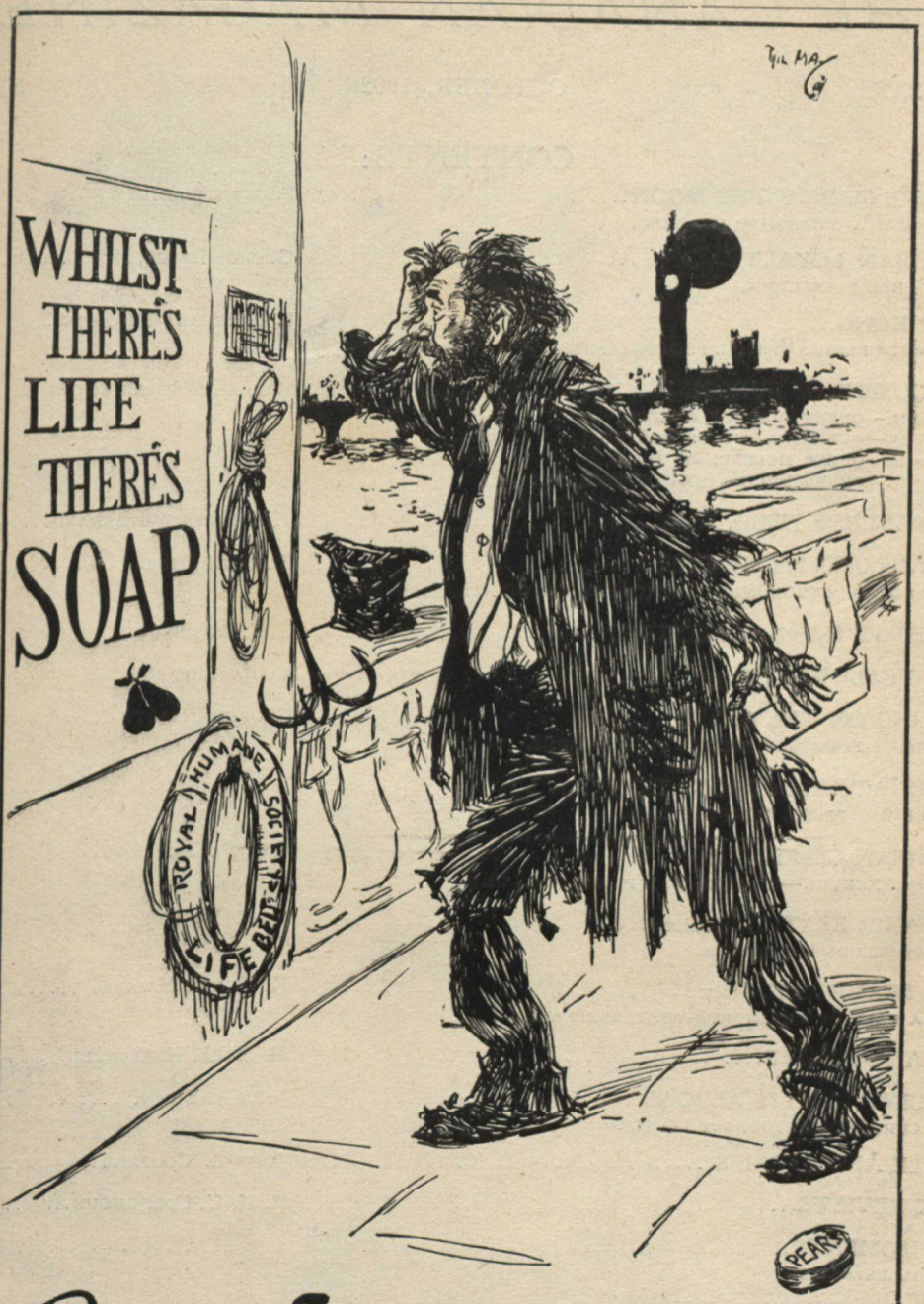
Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S. E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

"Gentlemen, I give you,
The King!"

When Queen Victoria was crowned, loyal Canadians drank the health of their fair young sovereign in Carling's Ale. There's no purer, better nor honester beverage in which to pledge his Majesty Edward VII.

Carling

PRESS OF THE HUNTER, ROSE CO., LIMITED, TORONTO



Pears' Soap is matchless for the complexion.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

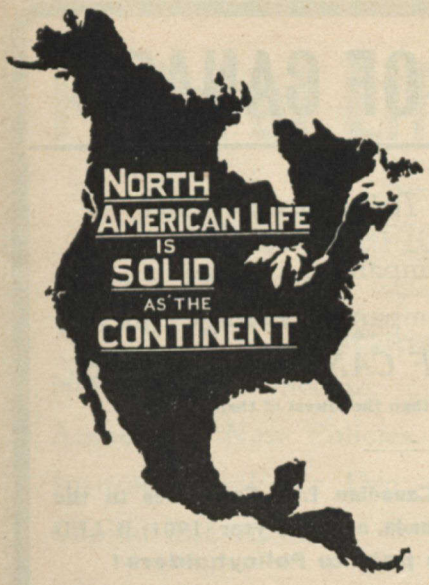
VOL. XIX. OCTOBER, 1902. No. 6.

CONTENTS:

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered, and should be addressed to

The Canadian Magazine, Traders Bank Building, 63 YONGE STREET TORONTO, ONT.

$2.50 Per Annum in Advance. Single Copies, 25c.



North American Life 20-Year Debentures make a gilt edge investment.

They may be purchased by easy payments extended over a period of twenty years.

If the purchaser die in that time, the Debentures become paid-up, and commence immediately to produce for the benefit of the beneficiary an annual income of 5% for twenty years, when they are payable in Gold.

Should the purchaser live and complete the payments, he is guaranteed an annual income for twenty years of 5% of the value of the Debentures, in addition to which a handsome sum is payable in accumulated dividends. At the end of twenty years the Debentures are payable in Gold.

The Assets of the Company and its relatively large Net Surplus offer unquestionable security.

North American Life

HOME OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA.

L. GOLDMAN, Secretary — WM. McCABE, Managing Director

Protection and Profitable Insurance

The necessity of Life Insurance as a means of protection for a wife and family appeals to the heart and intellect of every man. In addition, a good investment can also be secured by means of the

Unconditional Accumulative Policy issued by the Confederation Life.

Policies issued on all approved plans. Write for Pamphlets.

Confederation Life

ASSOCIATION

W. H. BEATTY, ESQ.,
President.

W. D. MATTHEWS, ESQ., FREDERICK WYLD, ESQ.,
Vice-Presidents.

W. C. MACDONALD,
Actuary.

J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

New Canadian Story

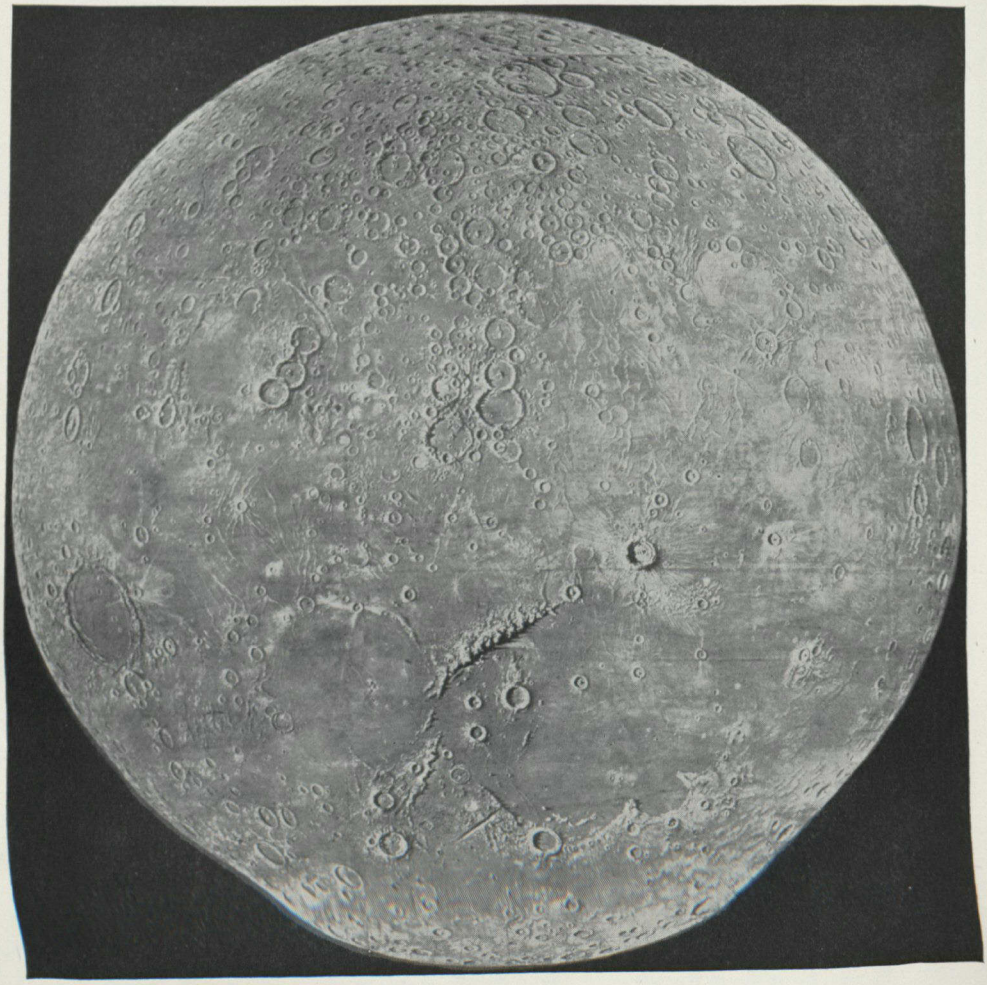
STUDENT LIFE

THERE is something about our college days which makes them unlike all other days, and there is a something in the student which makes him unlike all other individuals. In the life of Canada there is nothing more picturesque than the struggles, the ambitions and the victories of the young man from the country who desires to enter professional life. Such a picturesque figure is ***David Trent,*** son of the village blacksmith. He believes that there is but one kind of work which he could do well — the practice of medicine. His heart goes out to the suffering, and he knows his nerves will be steady. The decision made, he enters College and fills his days with work. And **Virna Sheard,** the author of this story, **"Fortune's Hill,"** describes these days as only the wife of a medical man and college professor could describe them. She throws about them a delightful air of romance and accomplishment. For, ***David Trent*** is of the strenuous school, and because of this quality in him he graduates a double gold medalist, and goes to the London hospitals for greater victories. And behind his career stands the fair one who inspires his dreams, she of the rich, aristocratic family, which would not for an instant tolerate a union with the family of a blacksmith.

VIRNA SHEARD
Who has written a charming story for the next volume of The Canadian Magazine.

This charming story will commence in the **November Canadian Magazine,** and be completed in five or six numbers. It will be specially illustrated by Mr. C. W. Jefferys, a Canadian illustrator who for some years served on the New York *Herald.* Those who have admired "The Lily of London Bridge" and "A Maid of Many Moods," will find this new romance more delightful and more powerful than either of the other stories which Mrs. Sheard has written.

The Canadian Magazine



PICTURE MAP OF THE MOON

This is photographed from a drawing made by two English men of science to show the large number of craters on the moon's surface. For example, to the right and just below the centre is the Crater of Copernicus, a vast rampart rising 12,000 feet above the level of the plateau. The crater is 46 miles wide and contains a magnificent group of cones, three of them attaining a height of upwards of 2,400 feet. See article, "Our Autumn Skies."

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1902 No. 6

CANADIAN LOYALTY

By George Bryce, M.A., LL.D.

THE growth of the Canadian sentiment of loyalty to the Crown and Empire of Great Britain is a curious psychological study.

The United Empire Loyalists, who sacrificed almost everything for British connection, claim our unstinted admiration for their devotion and heroism. And yet theirs was an unreasoning, dogged loyalty to the very form and corpus of monarchy.

Their loyalty was surprisingly like the Scottish Jacobitism as expounded by Scott and Aytoun. Yet even the Jacobite had a personal affection for the "bonnie Prince Charlie" that the U.E. Loyalist did not have for self-willed George III.

Another type of Canadian loyalty is that of the British colonist of Canada. The writer is a Canadian—the first-born son of British parents, who left the foot of the Ochil Hills to find a home in Upper Canada. That home was British in every thought and inspiration. The child grew up to hear of grandfather, uncles and cousins at "home"—meaning thereby Great Britain. A letter from "home" was one from the old land. The poetry and literature of Scotland and England were ever present to strengthen that ideal. The youth saw, it is true, the flowing Grand River, though even that was at times called the Ouse; the stately maples, the chestnut and butternut trees, and the picturesque redman—saw these as Canadian, belonging to his native land, but he bore the same natural allegiance to the Crown and Constitution of Great Britain as he did to his own family. He thought of nothing else, and he deserved little credit for that.

But what of the Mennonite or Quaker who had come from New Jersey or New England, and whose religious bias was against interfering in public affairs? What of the thousands of Pennsylvanian Dutch, who sought only fertile acres in Canada on which to live? What of the Germans of Waterloo and Perth counties, who knew nothing of the glory of Great Britain? What, moreover, of English chartists, and Scottish radicals, and the exiles caused by the Highland Clearances, who came to Canada with bitter feelings against their ancestral land? What of a million or more of French-Canadians who knew nothing of British liberty, "broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent?"

It is safe to say that one half of the people of Canada had little in themselves to lead them to swell with pride at the sight of the Union Jack.

In addition, there was little in the public life of Canada in the first half of the nineteenth century to awaken any loyal sentiment. The darkest and most dangerous period of Canadian life was the thirty years from 1820 to 1850. Governors Bond Head and Metcalfe were good men, but narrow and lacking in shrewdness. The writer has never been able to justify Lyon Mackenzie and Papineau for taking up arms. Rebellion may perhaps be a justifiable final resort in the struggle

for liberty, but the conditions did not justify it in '37 and '38. Yet the merest tyro can see that the defeat and destruction of the party of privilege was what saved Canada to the British Crown.

For half a generation after 1850 the rising tide of contentment both in Upper and Lower Canada was very noticeable. There was still, however, lacking the feeling of national life in Canada. The national consciousness was not yet awakened. The Canadian ear had never heard, at least in any full-tone, what Lighthall has called

> "The waking utterance grand,
> The great refrain, 'A Native Land!'"

Confederation gave Canada the conception, or at least the opportunity of conceiving the thought, "This is my own, my native land."

This too, it is right to say, was possible alike to the grandchildren of the U.E. Loyalists, to the descendants of British settlers, to the French-Canadians, and to the offspring of those of alien birth—and all in the same measure. "We are all," they could say, "on an equal footing, this is our native heath!"

But in this, the constitution freely consented to by all of us was British, given us by the British Parliament, carried out under British auspices.

The bonds of affection binding us to Britain then began to thicken and strengthen. An intelligent, considerate, deep-seated spirit of loyalty increased within us.

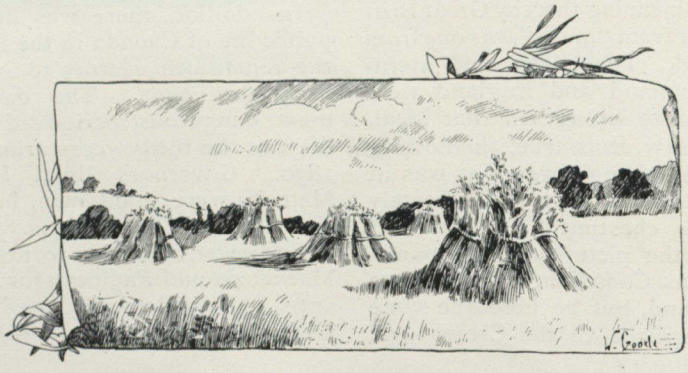
Undoubtedly, too, we have grown more fond of our British Constitution and customs by studying our neighbours. During the half century which has witnessed the uprise of Canada, we have seen in the neighbouring republic a terrific fratricidal war, out of which grew an era of unexampled corruption; a subsequent race strife between black and white marked by streams of blood; a maladministration of justice unknown under the British flag; and a struggle between labour and capital even now causing gravest anxiety.

We sympathize with our neighbours. Yet we cannot but say, "Thank God that we are subjects of the British Crown."

So much had our sentiment of loyalty strengthened, almost without our realizing it, that when the South African war, which was a battle for equal rights, broke out, Canada of her own free will arose and said, "Here are our young men of U.E.L., British, French-Canadian, German and American origin—all Canadians—now ready to fight for the great Queen and her Empire.

That was a gladdening sight!

When the most notable Canadian of to-day—the Premier of the Dominion—who is also the greatest French-Canadian, can speak, as he bears the insignia of honour given him by his Sovereign, in words of undoubted loyalty, of his love for the British Crown and Constitution, we are sure the lasting basis has been laid for the loyalty and devotion of the whole Canadian people to the British Crown and Empire.

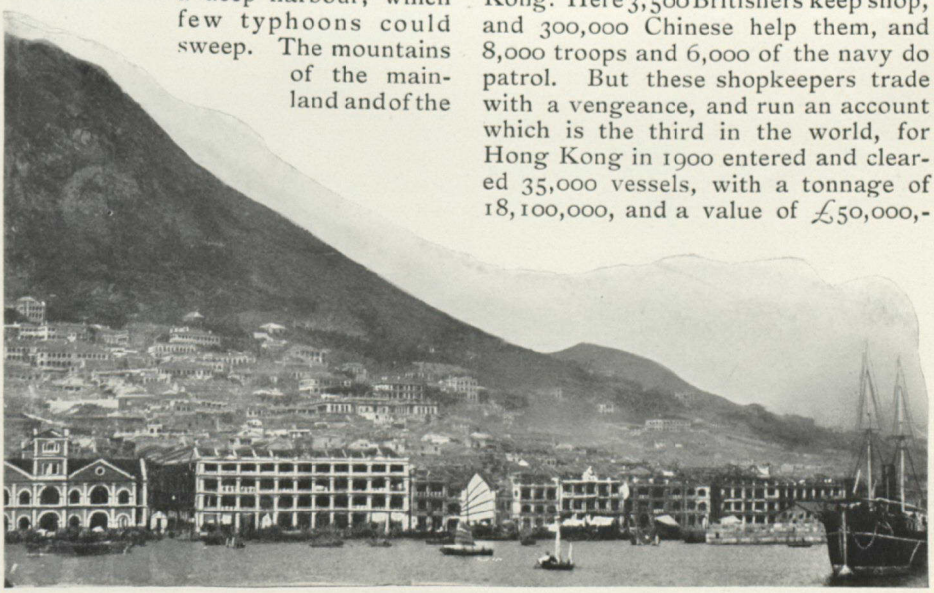


A CHINESE MARRIAGE PROCESSION

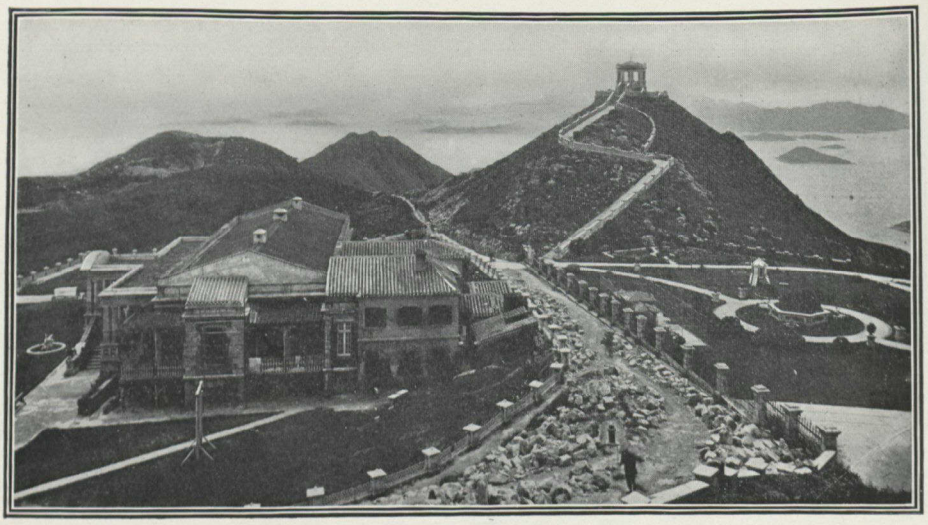
HONG KONG

By John Stuart Thomson

HONG KONG, small as it is, is the most wonderful of islands, as Great Britain is the most potential group of islands in the world. It came into being just sixty years ago. Some of Her Majesty's traders, with a Superintendent named Elliot at their head, were backed out of Canton by an insolent Viceroy. Ninety miles away, a lofty island, named Fragrant Streams, held with as high a mainland a mile across, a deep harbour, which few typhoons could sweep. The mountains of the mainland and of the island were as bleak and precipitous as any of the gray peaks of Utah. Here Britain landed and here she gathered her navy. She called her port free, and asked the nations to trade. With fanfare and demonstration a treaty like the one of the present year with Japan is announced, but what it means is that China shall keep her integrity and trade with the world over Britain's shop-counter, established under the peaks of Hong Kong. Here 3,500 Britishers keep shop, and 300,000 Chinese help them, and 8,000 troops and 6,000 of the navy do patrol. But these shopkeepers trade with a vengeance, and run an account which is the third in the world, for Hong Kong in 1900 entered and cleared 35,000 vessels, with a tonnage of 18,100,000, and a value of £50,000,-

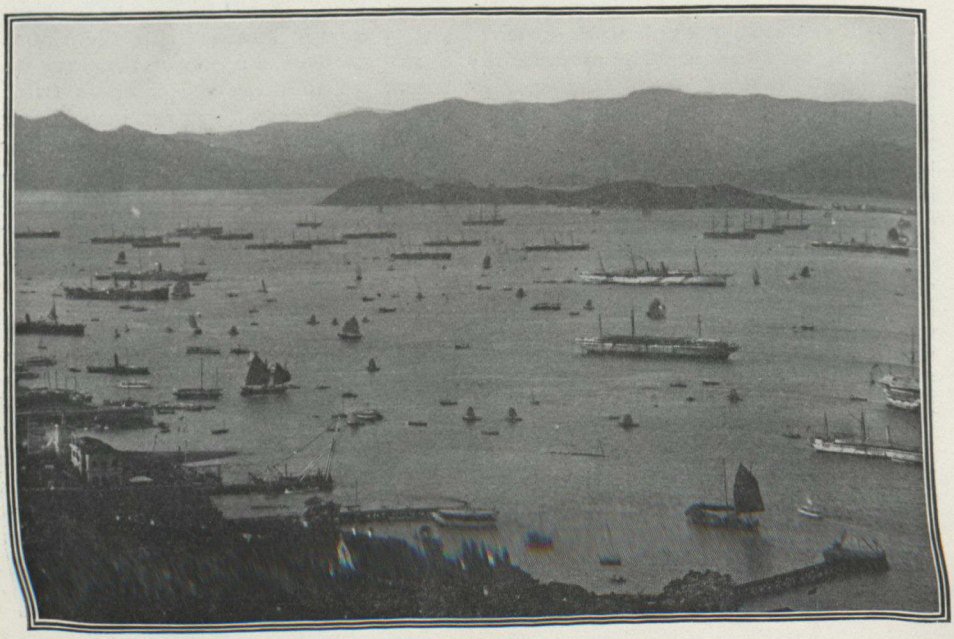


A BIT OF THE GREAT CITY OF HONG KONG



THE LOOK-OUT WHICH IS ABOVE THE CITY, OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR

000. Only London and Liverpool are greater, with tonnages respectively of 29,000,000 and 18,837,000 tons. The future will be as the past, and preparing for it the Colony has been enlarged to 200 square miles of islands and mainland. Another city, Kowloon, is building on the mainland, and 10 years from now railroads may connect Canton, Shanghai, and Hong Kong. The Philippines have brought American sympathy, energy and wealth to the Orient, and the intercourse between the old nations and the new is increasing across the oceans. Canada and Hong Kong are connected by a princely service of ships, and there is a weekly service for Hong Kong from



HONG KONG HARBOUR AND STEAMERS

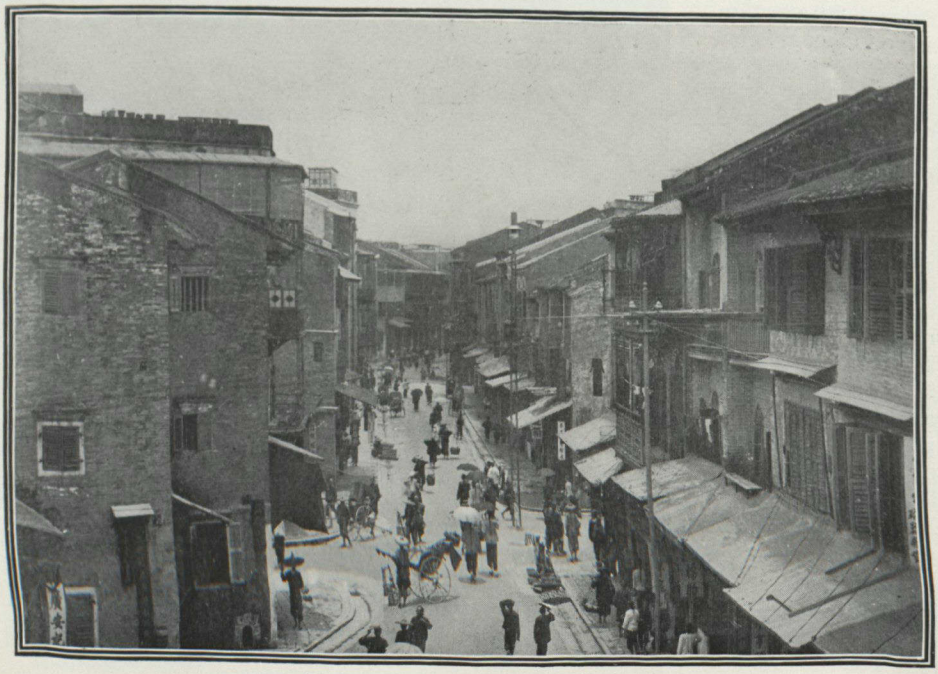
San Francisco—vessels that vie with the greatest on any ocean. The theatre of commercial contest has been moved back from the Levant to the Indies, and from the islands to its last and greatest field at Hong Kong. Not many places has been given so musical a name, like the sound of a bell. We wonder if the trader has ever put by his patriotism and dispassionately considered the euphony of Liver-pool!

Hong Kong has been blessed in all things save climate. It is not the worst on the earth. Manila can claim an undesirable precedence for humidity, and India is hotter, and West Africa is more malarious. But Hong Kong is the mean standard. Children should not live here between the years of 10 and 20. The hottest months are May inclusive to October, when the heat averages a maximum of 84, and the humidity a maximum of 83, and the humidity at its lowest in December is not below 65. It takes two years to acclimatize. Here are none of the joys of *dolce far niente* of other southern climes of story. The Hong Kong merchant works all the time, and when he is not "fit," goes home on furlough, or withdraws from the ranks, and new blood "comes from home." Life is keen, as becomes such a whirlpool of competition. Social life is secondary. During the tourist season from November to March, many travellers arrive, and the city of Victoria is at its best a promenade of strangers, who are recuperating for their voyages to Australia, Europe, India, Japan or America. The "man from Cook's" is no more an authority, for the native can tell you what hotel to stop at in Japan, Tien-Tsin or Pekin. The presence of a Crown government, ships of war of all nations, and the large military and naval colony, is an excuse and encouragement for entertainment. St. Andrew's Ball is the function of the year, crowded and gorgeous, and race week in February is a unique fête. Club life is popular. Sports are followed enthusiastically—golf, cricket, tennis, polo, football. All are well housed, for the Britisher, no matter how far from home, is never anything but a Britisher, and this is the virtue of him.

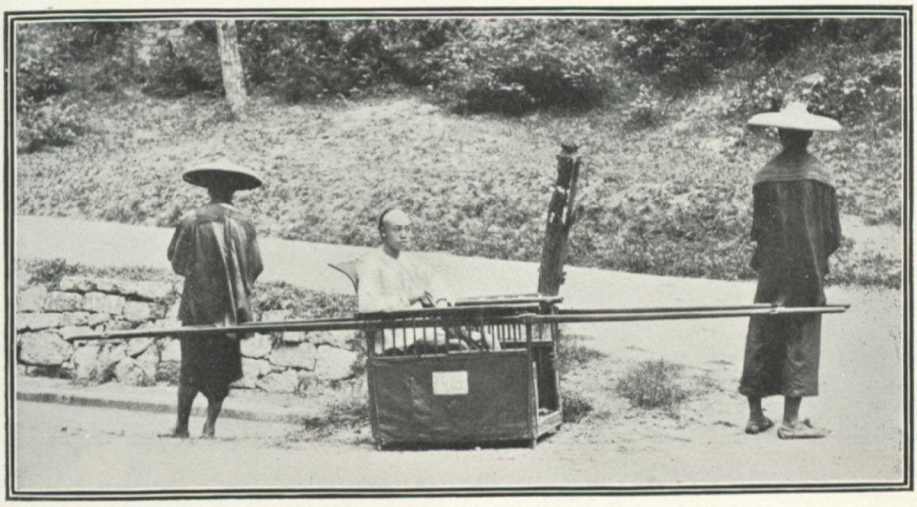
HONG KONG—A CHINESE HOME

A CHINESE MANDARIN'S SUMMER RESIDENCE

The wealthy Chinese is Europeanized; buys phonographs, automobiles and harness, and is only heathen in his wives, where he multiplies his sins according to his riches. The European equalizes the proportion, lives in a mess, and talks of a girl at home until he is old. This is practical poetry, very sad but very beautiful, and its bard is Kipling.

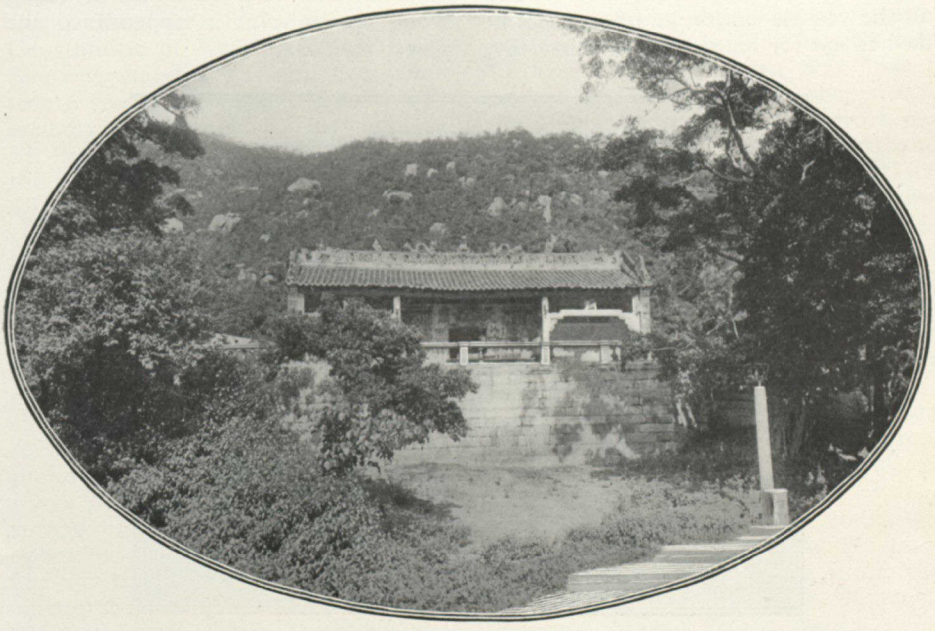


HONG KONG—BONHAM STRAND

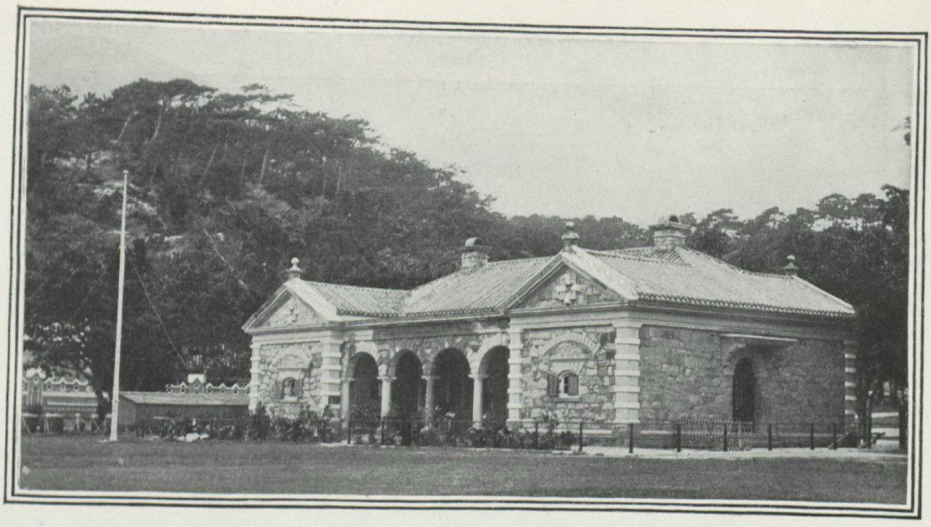


A STREET CHAIR CARRYING A CHINESE GENTLEMAN

The buildings of Hong Kong are magnificent in structure and material. Erection is slow, as only coolie labour is employed. Hong Kong is the only city in the world where man is cheaper than machinery. Imposing structures of granite, brick and stucco climb the peaks. The select residence quarter is on the Peak, which is reached by a tram, rising to an elevation of 23°. Buildings like the Hong Kong Club, Hong Kong Bank and Catholic Cathedral would adorn any city, and are the shrine for hearts, weary for home and



HONG KONG—A CHINESE TEMPLE



GOLF CLUB HOUSE, HAPPY VALLEY, HONG KONG

all its reminiscences. The Public Gardens are rich in flowers and trees, the banyan with exposed roots, the cocoanut, the purple Bougainvillea of Brazil, the white-flowering tea-plant, orchids, wisteria, and lotus, all finding a congenial home.

There is no escape from the throb of life at Hong Kong. One day the great *Terrible*, fresh from her glory at Durban (and Ladysmith) arrives, and all the vessels salute; another, the fleet dashes out for manœuvre at Mirs Bay, or to demonstrate along the Chinese coast where it is rumoured the French may land. On your busiest day you may be stopped by a long Chinese wedding procession, or by a host of Germans ashore, without arms, from the ships. But if ever a lonesome moment comes, with its reflections and its vows, you worship toward the Mecca of your heart, the land you love best, and that can never be China or Hong Kong, magnificent in appearance and power as it is.

THE NEW HONG KONG CLUB

THE QUEENS OF EUROPE

By Margaret Sherrington

VII.—QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE

BY those who know them it is said that no happier or more devoted Royal couple exist than the King and Queen of Greece. They are absolutely one in sympathies and tastes, they are bound up in their children and country, and it follows as a natural consequence that their home circle is one of peace and unity, and that they are beloved by their subjects.

King George never did a wiser thing than when he chose the Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, for his bride. She was married when in her seventeenth year, the wedding, following on a short engagement, taking place at St. Petersburg on October 27th, 1867, the King being twenty-three years of age at the time.

It was no easy task for a girl of Queen Olga's tender years to take upon herself and discharge the responsible duties expected from the Consort of a King, more especially as she was leaving her own country and taking her place among a nation of whose ways she was ignorant. Most Queens have served their apprenticeship for their present exalted positions by being the wives of Crown Princes or heirs-presumptive, but Queen Olga had no such opportunity of ingratiating herself with her subjects before she came to live among them as Queen ; and it was all the more astonishing, therefore, that she adapted herself so quickly to the great change of position which her marriage involved.

At her first reception an amusing incident occurred which illustrated her affection for the King and her natural girlishness. Supported by her maids of honour, she received the general company with all the dignity she could summon, but breathed a sigh of relief as her reception drew to a close, long before which time, however, she heard King George's step in the adjoining room, and on the impulse of the moment rushed to him to ask what sort of an impression she had made, clasping his arms and looking eagerly into his face, while her own was flushed with excitement. There she stood, with her Court train slung across her arm, anxious to know if her husband was proud of her, and forgetting the guests she had left, until, to her dismay, she discovered that she was plainly visible to them through the glass doors which separated the two rooms ! Blushing rosy-red, she returned to the reception-room, while King George laughed heartily at the little incident.

For the next few years Queen Olga was much taken up with her children. First came the Crown Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta ; then Prince George, the hero of Crete ; and afterwards Princess Alexandra (a goddaughter of her namesake aunt, the Queen of England), Prince Nicholas, Princess Mary, Prince Andrei, and Prince Christopher.

QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE

Princess Alexandra became the wife of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, the late Czar's brother, and met with an early death about two years after her marriage. This sad event was a crushing blow to Queen Olga, and the loss of her beautiful and dearly-loved daughter quite clouded the next few years of her life. The young Grand Duchess's early death was all the more pathetic in that she left a baby-girl, who naturally became Queen Olga's special charge. The motherless little one was taken to the Royal nursery at Athens, where she became the playmate of her uncle, Prince Christopher, who was only a few years older than his niece.

QUEEN AMELIE OF PORTUGAL

Queen Olga's love of flowers is proverbial. All her own private rooms are redolent of the odour of sweet-smelling blossoms and gay with foliage. In the summer she lives much out of doors in her gardens, where she spends many an hour in transferring her flowers to paper, for she has a great gift for painting and may often be met in the gardens at Corfu, where her summer residence is situated, copying from nature many of the lovely plants that flourish in that enchanted isle. Her flower-pictures form quite a beautiful collection, and are interesting not only from the fact that they have been executed by the Queen, but also as works of art.

Life at Athens, in the Winter Palace, is necessarily more stately, receptions, balls, dinners and other festivities taking place there with tolerable frequency. The Queen delights in riding and driving, but best of all she loves to associate herself with charitable work. In orphanages, charity schools, and especially in institutions connected with the care of the young or the nursing of the sick, she takes an active interest. Indeed, she might take for her motto, "Actions, not Words," so energetic is she in furthering what she considers to be a deserving cause. It is said that there is hardly a charitable institution in the Hellenic Kingdom which does not owe its origin more or less to the Queen, and that before King George brought her to share the throne of Greece such institutions were practically unknown there, and no kind of provision was made by the State for the sick poor.

Her Majesty is ably seconded in her philanthropic work by her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Sparta, a sister of the German Emperor. Princess Sophia and her mother-in-law are the best of friends, and the Princess's handsome sons are adored by their grandparents. Curiously enough, there is an old tradition that when a Royal Constantine weds a Princess Sophia his son shall reign at Constantinople. The prophecy should, in the natural course of events, be fulfilled.

King George I of Greece did not inherit the throne; he obtained it by election. He is the second son of King Christian of Denmark, and was born on the Christmas Eve of 1845. He chose the navy as a profession, and was already an eighteen-year-old Admiral when the Greek National Assembly unanimously proclaimed him, on March 31st, 1863, Constitutional Sovereign of the Hellenes. On June 6th the Danish Prince accepted the crown offered him by a deputation of Athenian citizens, and on September 12th he formally renounced his rights to the Danish Throne. He landed at Athens on the last day of October.

The King has frank, pleasing manners, and the happy knack of putting visitors at once at their ease. He is fond of outdoor exercise, is a good whip and a fine swimmer. His favourite amusement is yachting, a pleasure shared by the Queen, who possesses the unique distinction of being the only lady Admiral in the world. This naval dignity was conferred on her by the late Czar, possibly for the reason that her father held the rank of High Admiral and that she herself was a very clever yachtswoman.

The King and Queen have often been known to walk about the streets of Athens unattended, and to chat with any friends they may happen to meet while on these quiet excursions. The King is credited with a remarkable memory, and is a brilliant conversationalist. His is probably the only case on record where a son is an older Sovereign — majestically speaking — than his father, both reigning simultaneously.

VIII—QUEEN AMELIE OF PORTUGAL

QUEENS and Princesses born to the purple have on many occasions distinguished themselves in connection with nursing work as well as with the organization and management of institutions for the sick, but Marie Amélie of Portugal is the first Sovereign lady to become actually a full-fledged Doctor of Medicine, and acquire the right to add the letters M.D. to the Regina that follows her name.

After a couple of years of hard and serious study, pursued under disadvantages of no ordinary character, since every moment of a queen's time is supposed to belong to the nation, and to be taken up by the manifold duties pertaining to her lofty station, she passed with flying colours the difficult examination which entitles her to practise as a physician. She received her degree from the Eschola Polytechnica,

QUEEN HELENE OF ITALY

the College of the highest reputation in Lisbon, and to be worthy of it she worked as few queens work at a profession, giving up every moment of her spare time to the study which exercised so powerful an interest for her.

It is said that the Queen's wish to become qualified was due to His Majesty's tendency to stoutness, which showed no signs of yielding to ordinary precautions and prescriptions. Consequently Queen Amélie entered on a course of medical training, and when she was sufficiently experienced began to treat the King. His Majesty laughed at the Queen's little whim at first,

QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

but was quite willing to humour her, and with the utmost good nature became her patient. She insisted, as only she had the power to do, on a certain Spartan *régime*, putting before the King only what she considered he might safely take without aggravating the inclination to stoutness. She succeeded where others had failed, and for a time the King was very much benefited by following his lady doctor's advice.

After Queen Amélie had treated the King, she exercised her skill on many other people. One of her first patients outside her own domestic circle was an old soldier. His wife was dead and his daughter was unable, for one cause

or another, to nurse him. When the Queen heard of the case, her first impulse was to drive to the narrow little street where the soldier lived and see what she could do for him. Picking up her skirts, she climbed the creaking stairs that led to the sick man's room, and, aided by her lady-in-waiting, performed the part of a ministering angel.

Queen Amélie makes good use of her hobby, and loves nothing better than to act the *rôle* of the practitioner.

Her Majesty is the only Frenchwoman actually in possession of a throne. She is the eldest daughter of the late Comte de Paris, and was named after her great-grandmother, Louis Philippe's wife, Marie Amélie. One of a large and happy family, the Queen's girlhood was idyllic. The young Orleans Princess was a light-hearted, charming girl of brilliant character and fascinating appearance when the Duke of Braganza carried her off from Eu as his bride

The Crown Prince was a handsome, fearless young fellow, charming enough to win any girl's heart, apart from his position ; and it is doubtful if a better-looking young couple ever went to the altar than the Duke and Duchess of Braganza. The wedding took place in 1886, and the reception accorded the bride on her public entry into Lisbon was both touching and impressive. It is recorded that "All the splendour of the ancient days, when Portugal took high rank among nations, glorious in her brave and learned men, seemed revived in the magnificent pageants, whose picturesqueness was enhanced by the beauty of the town of Lisbon itself."

Touched by the youth and beauty of the Orleans Princess, Lisbon gave her a tender and hearty welcome ; and ever since that day Marie Amélie has awakened in the hearts of the Portuguese a feeling of devout admiration, love, and respect. She has fulfilled all the high expectations that her advent aroused.

The great sorrow of Queen Amélie's life has been the exile of the Orleans family. She was devoted to her parents, and in her father's lifetime was in the habit of writing to him constantly. She has many English friends with whom she communicates, and is very English in her love of horseriding and sports. She looks magnificent on horseback ; but on the whole she is never seen to better advantage than when in evening dress, her fluffy brown hair waving round her forehead, and her beautiful white throat rising like a column from her blue-veined neck. She is one of the prettiest and most fascinating of the Sovereign ladies of Europe. Tall and graceful of figure, she bears herself with unobtrusive dignity but with perfect poise. Her face is charmingly expressive and arch, brimming over with the brightness of good health and good spirits, and lit up by a pair of the merriest eyes. Her ears and hands are small and exquisitely shaped. The Spaniards have a proverb, "Small ears, great mind," which might with truth be appropriated by the Queen. With all the cares of Royalty she has lost none of the sweetness of disposition which marked her as a child. In her dress she displays the true taste of the Frenchwoman without excessive extravagance. She holds the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in the world. Her cycling costumes—for she has been a great cyclist—are always so charming that they are immediately copied. She wears her skirts conveniently short, and chooses the most artistic colouring and styles.

Her Majesty is a thorough Parisienne in being able to cut out and make underclothing and simple gowns. Like most French girls, she was taught how to do this in her youth. It is even said that she made, with her own hands, a great many of the dainty little garments which were included in the layette of her first baby, work that, of course, necessitated the finest stitchery. Queen Amélie works exquisitely. She has also a taste for painting, and is passionately fond of music. After her engagement she began at once to study the Portuguese tongue, and can now speak four or five languages fluently.

King Charles, who was born in 1863, is the son of the late Dom Luis I and his wife Maria Pia, the second daughter of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy.

The King and Queen of Portugal have two sons, both of whom are very good-looking. The eldest, the Crown Prince, was, as a small boy, perfectly lovely, with a wealth of fair, curly hair. On one occasion a barber, who was cutting the little Prince's hair, asked permission to take away with him the cuttings. "Why, yes," replied the Queen, coolly, "by all means take the hair. Surely it is of no more value when it comes from the head of a little boy than when it is cut from the back of a little dog."

Queen Amélie had no intention of fostering vanity in her children, and as the boys attracted a good deal of attention on account of their good looks she made a point of passing no comments on their personal appearance in their hearing. She adored her children, but was very particular when bringing them up that they should not be spoilt.

She is very brave, and shrinks from nothing, however unpleasant, that her husband has to go through.

Some years ago, when trouble threatened Portugal, the King remarked: "If I were ever put to to the test I should prove to Europe that, though the King of a small nation could not hope to be victorious over a powerful enemy, he could be brave and loyal, and could die for the honour of his flag."

The Queen immediately said, "And I should not let the King go alone."

A certain Marquis who happened to be present remarked, "Madame, a woman's place is not on the battlefield. You have your children to think of."

"Marquis," was the response, "a woman's place and a Queen's is by her husband's side, through good report and ill, through rough times and fair."

No wonder the Portuguese are proud of their Queen.

IX.—QUEEN HELENE OF ITALY

THE tragic death of King Humbert of Italy brought the present King Victor Emmanuel III abruptly to the Throne on July 30th, 1900, under very painful circumstances. At the time, the chief impression that the people had of the King was that he was delicate; very little was known to the public of his real character, and consequently his first remarkable speech from the throne had an electrifying effect, and was the talk of the world. "Brought up," he said in conclusion, "in the love of religion and the Fatherland, I call God to witness my promise that from this day forth and forever I shall labour with all my heart for the greatness and prosperity of my country."

Queen Hélène is the daughter of Prince Nicholas I of Montenegro, who succeeded his uncle, Prince Danilo I. She is one of a large family of brothers and sisters, and was born at Cettinje on December 27th, 1872.

Although the House from which she comes cannot by any means be considered as one of the most important of reigning Houses, yet Prince Nicholas's daughters have always been very highly thought of, and he himself was singled out for the special friendship of the late Czar Alexander III, who took an active interest in the education of the young Montenegrin Princesses. So much so, in fact, that he not only urged Prince Nicholas to send them to St. Petersburg to be educated, but he contributed largely, if not wholly, to their school expenses. Their education was carried on at a school which was under the patronage of the Empress Dagmar, and which was dedicated to girls of the nobility.

While in Russia the Montenegrin Princesses became intimately associated with the Imperial family at St. Petersburg, and shared, on many an occasion, the inner life of the Court.

Princess Hélène was the favourite friend of the Grand Duchess Xenia, the present Czar's sister, and was brought much into the company of Nicholas II — then Czarewitch, of course. Her eldest sister, Princess Militza, married the Russian Grand Duke Pierre Nikolaïévitch; and her second sister, Princess Anastasia, became the wife of Duke George of Leuchtenberg; while she herself was such a favourite with the Czar Alexander that he set his heart upon her as a bride for his heir. It would seem, therefore, as though Princess Hélène was destined to be a Queen. For a time it appeared not unlikely that she would one day become Empress of Russia. Everything seemed, from an outside view, favourable to the match, the fact that she had been educated in Russia being in itself a point that weighed heavily in her favour. But the present Czar, it is well known, was all along in love with Princess Alix of Hesse, and Princess Hélène remained heartwhole in spite of her intimacy with the Imperial Court. When her education was finished she returned to her mountain home, where, in company with her brothers, she used to spend the days in sports and outdoor pastimes, being enthusiastic over the chase —a whim which led her husband later on to make a gift to her of the island of Monte Christo, where she and the King occasionally spend a few days in his Majesty's shooting-box.

It is hardly exaggeration to say that Queen Hélène is, of all the Queens of Europe, the most highly accomplished, since her education was conducted on a wider scale than that of most Princesses, and she was given intellectual opportunities that fall to the lot of few girls. In addition to being educated at St. Petersburg, she used to pay visits to her grandmother, the Prince of Montenegro's mother, in Venice, where the latter frequently stayed, and there Princess Hélène's taste for art was fostered and encouraged.

It was in Venice that she first met her future husband—during the run of the exhibition of 1895, which brought among other visitors to Venice the Princess of Montenegro and her daughter Hélène, and King Humbert and the Queen of Italy and their son, the Prince of Naples. With the Prince it was a case of love at first sight.

He first saw Princess Hélène at a gala performance at the theatre in Venice, and was struck by her Oriental loveliness and grace. The next occasion of the meeting was at the Coronation of the Czar in the following year. Better acquaintance only confirmed the impression she had made months before, with the result that on his return to Rome the Prince of Naples asked King Humbert's permission to woo the beautiful Princess Hélène for his wife. The King willingly consented, but it was an open secret that he would have preferred a more important alliance for his son.

The course of true love, says the adage, never did run smooth, and Princess Hélène was to find a formidable opponent in Crispi, King Humbert's Minister, who was strongly against the match, and urged opposition on the grounds of the possibility of such a marriage interfering with the Triple Alliance and upsetting Germany, on account of the Czar's extremely friendly relations towards the Prince of Montenegro.

King Humbert, however, refused to be influenced, and merely remarked to Crispi that "The Princess whom my son has chosen is the scion of a brave race that has fought for liberty."

The marriage also had some opposition among a certain section of the public, who did not regard a Montenegrin Princess of sufficient importance to share the Throne of Italy.

The wedding was celebrated at Rome, in the church of Santa Maria Deglo Angli, on October 24th, 1896, Queen Hélène having previously been received into the Roman Catholic Church. She was in her twenty-fourth year at the time, and the Prince of Naples was nearly twenty-seven. After the wedding four hundred pigeons were let loose to signal the happy event to the people of Italy and Montenegro.

King Humbert and Queen Margherita soon found in Princess Hélène the most companionable of daughters. Her gentle, charming manners, coupled with her beauty and highly-developed intellect, her fearless nature and devotion to the Crown Prince, endeared her to them more and more, and after King Humbert's cruel death at Monza her tender solicitude and love were of the greatest comfort to the widowed Margherita. Nothing could persuade the new Queen for the first few days or so to usurp Queen Margherita's place ; she gently insisted on her mother-in-law preceding her as usual, and taking her customary place at table. It can easily be guessed, therefore, that with a nature full of such gentle courtesies she should have made for herself friends everywhere, and is quickly taking her place in the hearts of the people.

Both Queen Hélène and the King delight in yachting, and Her Majesty is also passionately fond of cycling, a pastime in which Queen Margherita, before her widowhood, freely indulged, finding it extremely beneficial to her health. She presented Queen Hélène, shortly after her marriage, with a bicycle fitted with gold and silver, and together the two Royal ladies used to cycle in the park daily.

Queen Hélène is a brunette of the richest type, with deep luminous eyes —gentle in expression—jet-black hair, and a clear complexion. She plays both the piano and the violin, and speaks four languages fluently. The King of Italy could have chosen no cleverer or more charming wife. The Queen is wise in her judgment, and has great tact, and, like the King, high ideals and a strict sense of duty. Her early home at Montenegro was not one to foster ideas of extravagance, and consequently when she came to Italy she was rather shocked at the waste that goes on in big Courts, and, on becoming Queen, made several economical reforms. She is specially interested in educational establishments for women, where they can obtain practical training to fit them for their daily life. Queen Héléne is never the one to offend willingly, but she can be outspoken when she likes, and never gives in to anything that does not appeal to her as being right. Bright, clever and amiable, her influence is all for the good of the people and her husband.

X.—QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

QUEEN WILHELMINA of the Netherlands occupies a unique position among the Queens of Europe. Not only is she the youngest of them all by many years, but she is the only one now living who has inherited a throne, the others being Queens-Consort.

Born to the throne, she has, from the beginning, had every advantage in the matter of education and training to fit her for her present exalted position ; and it is hardly to be wondered at that she holds the reins of government easily, and that her great responsibilities weigh comparatively lightly on her young shoulders. Blessed with the best of health and an abundance of good spirits, Queen Wilhelmina thoroughly enjoys her life and position. Happily for her, she is not of a timid disposition, and her physical health reflects itself on the views she takes of life. There is nothing weak or morbid in her nature. Her bright, open countenance, round, rosy, and charming, is the index to a healthy-minded character. Queen Wilhelmina is a typical Dutch girl in appearance, rather massive in build, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a rosebud mouth. Her face is full of pretty curves and amiability of expression, well rounded in outline, fresh and creamy in colour.

All Holland rejoiced in the young Queen's happiness when, in February, 1901, she married Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, just as all

Holland had years before rejoiced in the birth of the little girl who was ultimately to rule over the country. Until Wilhelmina came, things looked very ominous for the House of Orange.

In 1877, William III of the Netherlands lost his first wife, Sophia of Würtemberg, and by 1884 he was also bereft of his two sons, the Prince of Orange and Prince Alexander. In 1879 His Majesty married for the second time the Princess Adelaide Emma Wilhelmina Theresa, daughter of Prince George Victor of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and a sister of the Duchess of Albany. A little daughter was born to the King and Queen at The Hague on August 31st, 1880—the Wilhelmina who now reigns, and on whom the mantle of sovereignty fell before she had reached her eleventh year. She was the idol of her father, who spent almost all his leisure hours with his little daughter during the few short years that he lived to enjoy her society.

Queen Wilhelmina has grown up under the care of a wise and loving mother, who showed considerable tact and discipline mixed with affection in the upbringing of an extremely affectionate, albeit rather wilful, little lady, for Wilhelmina early showed indications of a very strong will, which satisfied those about her that she would, when the time came, be quite capable of managing her own affairs and the country's.

Self-dependent, spirited, reliable, conscientious, wise in judgment, cautious, and brave, Queen Wilhelmina seems to have been born with the ideal qualities for a Queen.

In the matter of choosing a husband she was not to be influenced by any opinion but her own. Various young Princes were suggested as suitable consorts, rumour, as usual, coupling the Queen's name with any but the right suitor, so that, after all, the news of her betrothal to Prince Henry came rather as a surprise.

Queen Wilhelmina has always been accustomed to rise at seven o'clock. In the old school-days she used to breakfast at 8.30 and begin her studies at nine. A ride on her pet pony would follow, at about half-past eleven ; then luncheon, or rather early dinner. The afternoon would be spent in drives and games and more studies. Near to the palace at Loo is a Swiss cottage, which was a source of huge delight to the Girl-Queen, and where, as a Sœstdijk, she mastered the arts of cooking and housekeeping.

Queen Wilhelmina's patriotism was manifest from very early days. During her history studies on one occasion, when she was reading about the deeds of violence done in bygone times by the Spaniards in the Low Countries, she suddenly exclaimed, in a fine outburst of indignation :

"Well, when I reach my majority and ascend the throne of Holland, if the King of Spain expects me to invite him to my Court he will be very much mistaken !"

The English do not seem to have impressed Queen Wilhelmina, as a child, very favourably, although she was very fond of her English governess, Miss Winter. The latter one day gave her a map of Europe to draw. When the work was completed her youthful Majesty had made Holland larger than Germany, while she had reduced England almost to a microscopic point.

Like Queen Victoria, Wilhelmina of Holland has had quite a wonderful collection of dolls, the biggest and best always been designated "The Governess," out of compliment to Miss Winter.

That even as a little girl she had a great idea of her own importance is illustrated in the following story :

One day the little Queen had done something to offend her mother, and she was, in consequence, rather in disgrace for half-an-hour or so. Presently she came to Queen Emma's door and knocked.

"Who is there ?" asked the Queen-Mother.

"It is I, the Queen of Holland," replied Wilhelmina.

"I open the door to no one but my daughter," said Queen Emma.

And then there was silence.

After a while there came another tap at Queen Emma's door.

"Who is there?" she asked again.

This time came the reply:

"It is I, Wilhelmina, your daughter," and straightway the door was opened, and the Queen-Mother and her repentant little daughter were locked in one another's arms.

Few people can appreciate the very difficult task that was Queen Emma's in the judicious upbringing of a Queen daughter. That she fulfilled her duty in an exemplary manner is proved by the result. Any tendency to selfishness, which so frequently exists in the case of an only child, was tactfully guarded against, and Queen Wilhelmina was taught the lesson of sympathy and kindness from one who is herself the most motherly and sympathetic of women.

Peculiar interest centres in so young a Sovereign, who, scarcely more than a girl is fulfilling a *role* that would tax the powers of older and masculine heads. Her marriage with Prince Henry was an absolute love-match. "I am in no hurry to wed," she used to say, when the marriage question was broached to her; "and I propose to take plenty of time in selecting a husband. I endeavour to listen respectfully to my advisers, but they must not expect to have any voice in the matter of my marriage."

On the Queen's wedding day—February 7th, 1901—the sun shone brilliantly, and under the happiest auspices the young bride went to the altar. The civil contract was performed in the white drawing-room of the Palace at Amsterdam, the second ceremony taking place immediately afterwards at the Groote Kerk. The bridal dress was of silver tissue, exquisitely worked with an orange-blossom device in silver bullion and seed pearls.

THE PASTURE FIELD

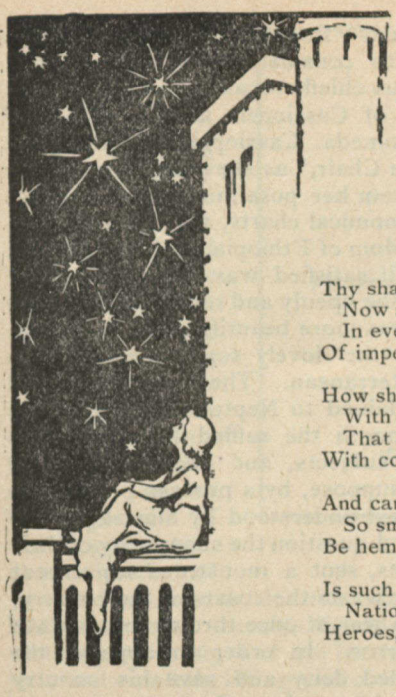
WHEN Spring has burned
The ragged robe of Winter stitch by stitch,
And deftly turned
To moving melody the wayside ditch,
The pale green pasture field behind the bars
Is goldened o'er with dandelion stars.

When Summer keeps
Quick pace with sinewy white-shirted arms,
And daily steeps
In sunny splendour all her spreading farms,
The pasture field is flooded foamy white
With daisy faces looking at the light.

When Autumn lays
Her golden wealth upon the forest floor,
And all the days
Look backward at the days that went before,
A pensive company, the asters, stand,
Their blue eyes brightening the pasture land.

When Winter lifts
A sounding trumpet to his strenuous lips,
And shapes the drifts
To curves of transient loveliness, he slips
Upon the pasture's wan autumnal brown
A swan-soft vestment delicate as down.

Ethelwyn Wetherald



OUR AUTUMN NIGHT SKIES

SECOND PAPER

By ELSIE A. DENT

Thy shadow, Earth, from Pole to Central Sea,
  Now steals along the Moon's meek shine
  In even monochrome and curving line
Of imperturbable serenity.

How shall I link such sun-cast symmetry
  With the torn, troubled form I know as thine,
  That profile, placid as a brow divine
With continents of moil and misery?

And can immense Mortality but throw
  So small a shade, and Heaven's high human scheme
Be hemmed within the coasts your arc implies?

Is such the stellar gauge of earthly show,
  Nation at war with nation, brains that teem,
Heroes, and women fairer than the skies?

—*Thomas Hardy*

DURING the past month, many of our readers have doubtless become acquainted with the constellations mentioned in our September star paper — the Dipper, Cassiopeia, Boötes, Corona Borealis, Hercules, Serpens, Ophiuchus, Scorpio and Sagittarius. At nine o'clock on the first of October the constellations which at that hour a month ago were in the east have moved towards the west by one-twelfth of their annual journey around the pole, or one-sixth of the distance across the visible half of the sky. The Dipper, which was in the northwest at nine o'clock on the first of September, is now nearly due north, and Vega in the Lyre, which was almost overhead a month ago, has moved a little to the westward ; Cassiopeia is approaching the meridan ; Arcturus has sunk to the horizon while Antares has set more than an hour ago.

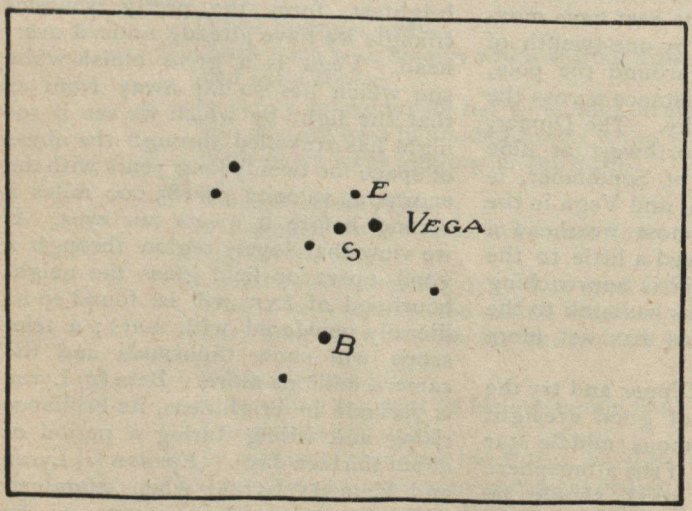
Now, turn to the Dipper and try the ancient Arabian test of good eyesight by examining the famous middle star of the handle, which, if the atmosphere be clear and sight good, should be easily seen as a double. These companions still bear the Arabian names Mizar and Alcor, or the Horse and his Rider. There is a tiny star almost between the pair, and a good glass shows Mizar itself to be a double, with five stars in the field.

A very beautiful constellation is that of Lyra, the Lyre, or the Harp. Three stars, Vega being by far the brightest, form the pretty isosceles triangle we have already noticed overhead. Vega is a great bluish-white sun which lies so far away from us that the light by which we see it tonight has travelled through the abyss of space for twenty long years with the enormous velocity of 185,000 miles a second before it meets our eyes. If we view that lovely region through a good opera or field glass the neighbourhood of Lyra will be found to be literally powdered with stars ; a telescope will show thousands and the camera millions more. Beta (β) Lyrae is variable in brightness, its brilliance rising and falling during a period of about thirteen days. Epsilon (ε) Lyrae and Zeta (ζ) Lyrae, when examined with an opera glass, prove to be

doubles, but when Epsilon is magnified with a good telescope each of the stars forming the double separates into two stars, so that what we see with the naked eye as one star is really four splendid suns, forming two systems of stars, and each of these systems is a binary pair. It should be explained that, although a star may appear to be double, triple or multiple in composition, it does not necessarily follow that there is any real connection or companionship between the objects apparently so close to one another. Double stars are either optical doubles or physical doubles. In the case of an optical double, the components lie the one nearly behind the other, but have no connection whatever, the accident of their being in the same line of sight being responsible for their apparent companionship ; indeed, they may be separated by an enormous distance. Epsilon Lyrae is, however, an example of the binary stars, which are, of course, really companions, being one of

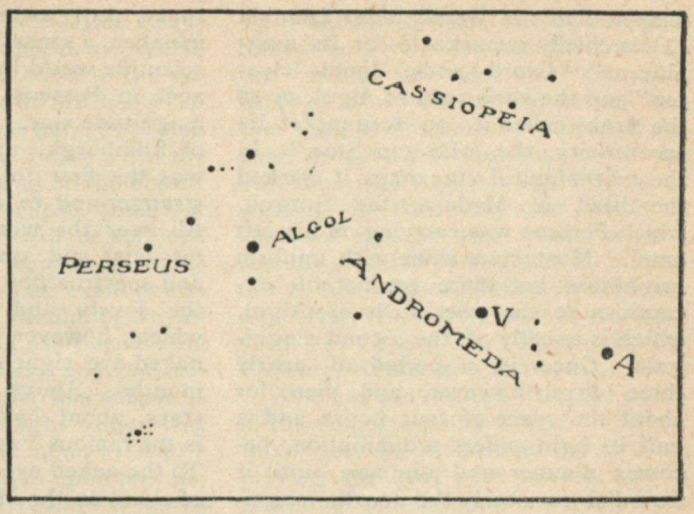
> "those double stars
> Whereof the one more bright
> Is circled by the other."

Cepheus as a constellation is not particularly interesting to the naked eye observer ; popularly speaking, the fact that he forms a member of the celestial "Royal Family" alone entitles him to consideration. Cepheus was famous chiefly because he was the husband of Cassiopeia and the father of Andromeda. Cassiopeia, or "the Lady in the Chair," as she is sometimes called, from her pose in the old-fashioned astronomical charts, was Queen of the Kingdom of Ethiopia, and so extremely well satisfied was she with herself that she openly and rashly boasted that she was more beautiful than the Nereides, the lovely sea-maidens of the Mediterranean. The incensed nymphs complained to Neptune, who, in order to smooth the ruffled feelings of his own subjects, and incidentally, one may suppose, by a process of reasoning best understood by himself, prove beyond question the superiority of their charms, sent a monstrous sea-serpent to lay waste the coasts of the country, which was at once thrown into a state of terror. In order to appease the offended deity and save his country from destruction, Cepheus was compelled to sacrifice his daughter, Andromeda, and the poor maiden, innocent of any wrong-doing, was accordingly taken to the sea-shore and chained to a rock where the monster could come for her. Her fate seemed to be irrevocable, but at the critical moment the gallant young Greek hero Perseus, homeward bound on his steed Pegasus, came swiftly flying overhead, flaming like a meteor along the sky. Returning from the destruction of the Gorgon, he bore in his hand the head of that dreadful creature, the aspect of which alone was so terrible that it literally turned to stone every living object which chanced to see it. As he flew past he beheld the beautiful girl—



THE CONSTELLATION OF LYRA

chained, helpless and hopeless. He took in the situation at a glance, and, descending with a mighty rush, attacked the monster single-handed. Long and fiercely they fought, but the skill and daring of Perseus as a swordsman were of no avail against the mail-clad surface of the sea-monster. Then he bethought him of the Gorgon's head, about which he had wrapped his mantle, for fear that he himself or some one else should inadvertently catch sight of the fearful object, and carefully lifting one corner of the garment, he exposed the Gorgon's head to the gaze of the serpent, which, as it flashed its eyes on the sight, stiffened and turned into a long serpentine rock, over which the waves of the séa wash to this day. Then—but let Andromeda tell the sequel :



CASSIOPEIA, PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

"Then knew I, I was saved, and with me all
The people. From my wrists he loosed the gyves,
My hero, and within his godlike arms
Bore me by slippery rock and difficult path
To where my mother prayed. There was no need
To ask my love. Without a spoken word
Love lit his fires within me. My young heart
Went forth, Love calling, and I gave him all."

Kingsley finishes the tale very gracefully : "And when they died, the ancients say, Athene took them up into the sky. And there on starlight nights you may see them still ; Cepheus with his kingly crown, and Cassiopeia in her ivory chair, plaiting her star-spangled tresses, and Perseus with the Gorgon's head, and fair Andromeda beside him, spreading her long white arms across the heavens, as she stood when chained to the rock for the monster. All night long they shine for a beacon to wandering sailors, but all day they feast with the gods on the still blue peaks of Olympus."

Andromeda may be seen in the eastern sky as a long curved line of stars below Cassiopeia, Perseus lies a little farther north, and the two southerly stars of the great W of Cassiopeia, point to Cepheus, an inconspicuous group now on the meridian, between the zenith and Polaris.

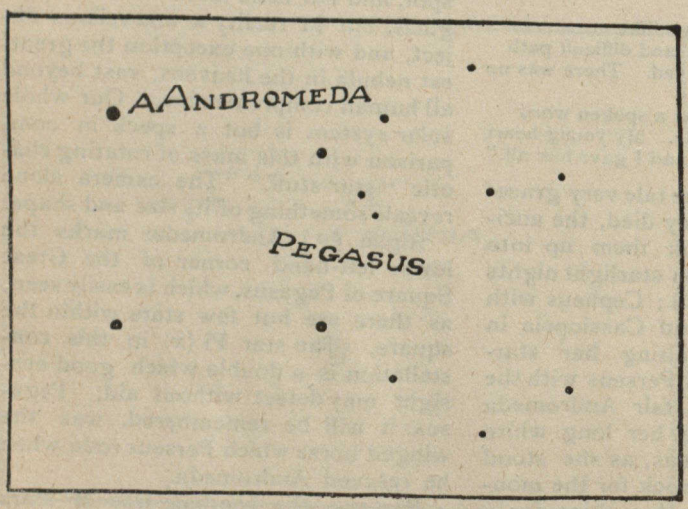
Near Nu (ν) Andromedæ there lies the Great Nebula of Andromeda, to the unassisted eye a misty looking spot, and but little more with an opera glass, but in reality a marvellous object, and with one exception the greatest nebula in the heavens, vast beyond all human comprehension. Our whole solar system is but a speck in comparison with this mass of rotating chaotic "star-stuff." The camera alone reveals something of its size and shape.

Alpha (α) Andromedæ marks the lower left-hand corner of the Great Square of Pegasus, which is easily seen, as there are but few stars within the square. The star Pi (π) in this constellation is a double which good eyesight may detect without aid. Pegasus, it will be remembered, was the winged horse which Perseus rode when he rescued Andromeda.

Perseus, the bending line of stars below the northern stars of Cassiopeia,

shaped like the Greek letter Lambda (λ) is chiefly remarkable for its magnificent "sword-handle double cluster" and the variations of Algol, or as the Arabs called it, on account of its eccentricity, the "Demon Star." In the mythological star maps it marked the head of Medusa, the Gorgon, which Perseus was carrying in his left hand. Most stars shine with uniform brightness, but there are notable exceptions to the rule, such as Algol, which is usually of the second magnitude. Once in a period of nearly three days, however, and then for about the space of four hours and a half, its light suffers a diminution, becomes dimmer and dimmer, until it dwindles to nearly the fourth magnitude, at which it remains for about fifteen minutes, when it begins to grow in brilliance again, attaining its maximum brightness in the same time, and maintaining it for nearly three days, when the variation is repeated. The generally accepted theory regarding the strange idiosyncrasies of this star is that it is periodically partially eclipsed by some dark body revolving about it. Now turn your glass on Alpha (α), and see how many stars spring into view. This constellation is one of the finest fields in the sky for an opera-glass observer. On the 22nd of February, 1901, as many readers will remember, a sensation was caused in the scientific world by the sudden appearance in Perseus of a beautiful first-magnitude star. Dr. T. J. Anderson, of Edinburgh, an amateur observer, was the first to hail the magnificent stranger and to announce its arrival. All over the world astronomers, professional and amateur, with telescope and spectroscope watched and studied the lovely and mysterious visitant, which, however, faded slowly from naked-eye sight during the next few months. Above the curved line of stars, about half way to Cassopeia, is the famous "sword-handle cluster." To the naked eye it seems like a wisp of cloud on the Milky Way. Here are hundreds of suns apparently bunched together—two swarms of suns, in fact. An opera glass is altogether inadequate to examine this wonderful cluster, but it will reveal enough of its splendours to animate one with enthusiasm and astonishment, and inspire a determination to seek an opportunity of viewing this and other wonders of the heavens through a fine telescope.

On the 16th of October it happens that the moon plunges into the shadow cast by the earth, producing a lunar eclipse, visible as a total eclipse in North and South America and as a partial eclipse in the western portions of Europe and Africa. Our beautiful satellite is, as everyone knows, the nearest celestial body to the earth, being only some 240,000 miles away, a distance quite insignificant in comparison with other astronomical distances. Obviously, therefore, we have a better knowledge of the composition and geography of the



THE CONSTELLATION OF PEGASUS

moon than of any other celestial body; some of the great telescopes are said to bring her features so close to the eye that an object the size of St. Paul's Cathedral would be visible here, by reason of the shadow it would cast when the sun was rising or setting on the object. On the night of the eclipse, the great brilliance of the moon will be softened and toned down to a copper colour by the earth-shadow, and an examination with an opera glass should prove interesting. We would ask our readers to note any phenomena, and particularly to observe whether this eclipse is a "dark" one or a "light" one. One curious fact about the moon is this—that though she revolves upon an axis, just as the earth does, she always turns the same face to the earth; no human eye has ever beheld the other side of our satellite. This is because the moon makes one revolution about the earth in the same time that she rotates on her axis. It is said that there was an ancient belief that the souls of the good were transported to the hidden side of the moon, and the souls of the wicked to the side facing the earth, where they could not but forever behold and brood over the scene of their misdeeds on earth.

Whatever features the hidden side may bear, there is reason to believe that they are much the same as those on the to us familiar surface, which we know is diversified by mountain, valley, plain and sea, like the surface of the earth, but on a larger scale in proportion to the moon's size, her diameter being only a little more than two thousand miles.

The first object to attract attention on the full moon will be a spot near the upper left-hand corner, from which brilliant streaks are radiating like the spokes of a wheel, or, as one writer says, "like a peeled orange." The centre from which the streaks radiate is the great ringed plain Tycho, which has a crater fifty-four miles in diameter, and walls rising in places to a height of seventeen thousand feet above the interior floor. The dark patches on the moon are comparatively smooth portions of the surface, level like plains. They have long been called seas, and have been given such fanciful names as the "Sea of Serenity," the "Ocean of Storms," the "Bay of Rainbows," and the "Sea of Showers." Many of the chief mountain formations, which are best seen when the moon is waxing or waning—for then they cast enormous shadows east or west over the surrounding country—are named in honour of men who spent their lives studying "Nature's infinite book of secrecy," such as Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Ptolemy, Kepler and Newton.

Who has not noticed "the old moon in the young moon's arms?" When this is seen to advantage, the earth is playing the part of a mirror, and is reflecting to the moon enough of the sunlight which she receives to illuminate that part of the moon not yet lighted up by the sun, and so we see the outline of the whole moon by "earthshine." The most interesting time for the opera-glass astronomer, or, indeed, for any observer, to watch the moon is from the time when the thinnest crescent is seen in the evening sky until the eleventh or twelfth day of the moon's age. Of course, an opera-glass observer cannot see fine detail on the moon, or even features that the smallest telescope will reveal, but a good glass in the hands of a careful student will be found to be an unfailing source of pleasure and interest.

OCTOBER PREDICTIONS

The total eclipse of the moon on the 16th is the astronomical event of the month, and if the weather be fine and clear will be a sight well worth sitting up perhaps a little later than usual to observe. The moon will enter the earth's shadow at 11.17. Totality will begin at nineteen minutes past midnight, and end at 1.47 a.m. The moon will emerge from the shadow at 2.49, and from the penumbra, or partial shadow, at 3.50.

There will be a partial eclipse of the sun on the 30th; not visible in Canada.

The moon will be new twice this month, on the 1st and 31st, and full on the 17th.

THE FIRST MAN'S CONSCIENCE*

By E. K. Robinson

SO far as we are able to know, man is the only animal with any form of religion, because he is the only animal who acts rationally, asking himself for reasons why he should adopt one line of conduct rather than another. To formulate these reasons has been the object of all the religions and philosophies which have been cultivated ; but, because the knowledge of savages is small, the reasons which they give for their lines of conduct are necessarily imperfect, and sometimes manifestly wrong, insomuch that their religions appear to us to be a mass of crude and illogical superstitions. But our own forefathers knew no better.

There must have been a point, indeed, in human history where the first glimmerings of conscious reason shone through the human mind, when for the first time in this world any creature asked itself why it should do one thing instead of another. Perhaps it was some savage, ape-like beast, communicating with his kind by means of language which was only a rude code of signals of emotions, who paused one day in weariness, to wonder why he should spend his strength to find food for his children ; and the answer which he gave to this question was the earliest gospel taught on earth. Yet whatever the given answer was we may be quite sure that it was wrong. Indeed, even in these days of extended knowledge not one person in ten thousand would state off-hand the correct answer to the question, Why did savage man spend his strength to find food for his children? He did it because in previous ages his race had been perpetuated from generation to generation by the care of parents for their children, and because those families in which the parents exhibited a tendency to neglect their children sooner or later became extinct ; so that in this savage's mind—the highest product of all ages to that time—there was a concentrated hereditary tendency to take care of his children. Wearied with the chase, he had paused and asked himself why he toiled in this way ; and even as the temptation to neglect his children and take his ease arose, he felt the strong inherited tendency tugging at his mind. No, he must look after his children. Something within him would not let him neglect them. Many of his later descendants would call that "something" his conscience. Looking to its origin, I prefer to call it his instinct. But, whatever we may call it, it must have presented so new and strange an idea to the savage subject of our speculation that we may be sure he had no name for it. At the same time we may be equally sure that when he cast aside the temptation to neglect his children, he felt in his mind that satisfaction which all creatures feel in doing what their nature bids them to do. Thus he was the first of living creatures in this world to discover that, while one thing was proper for him to do, another was improper. He had learnt, in fact, the difference between right and wrong. He had a religion.

But the human reason which had carried him so far would not be satisfied, of course, with the mere knowledge of the existence of right and wrong. The most potent characteristic of his human nature, that which differentiated him even then from the beasts of the field, was his inquiring mind. His ancestors had passed that mental stage of idle curiosity which monkeys still exhibit ; though there is no reason why, in the pride of our human intellects, we should despise this monkey-gift. . . . . .

How did the monkey and our ancestors acquire it? It came as the natural result of possessing a hand with thumb and fingers. All ani-

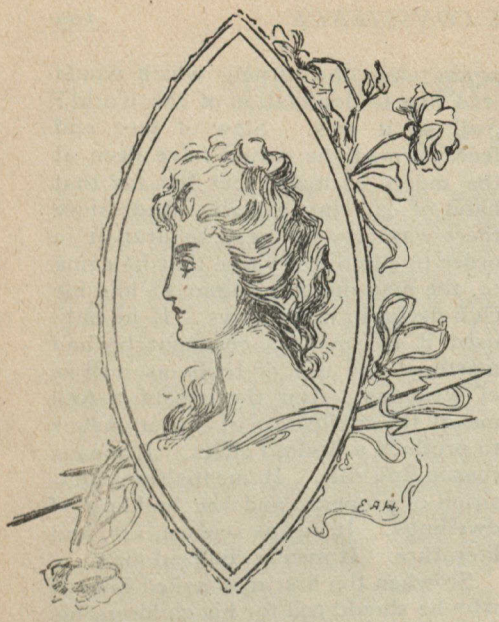
* By permission of the Editor of the *Outlook* of London, Eng.

mals are more or less inquisitive; but it is of little use for a horse, to take one instance, to speculate what is on the underside of a leaf that lies on the ground. He cannot pick it up to see. Nor can he feel its texture. He has none of that wide knowledge of the properties of things which we and monkeys derive from feeling both sides of them. He sees only one surface of things and gets no "grasp" of anything.

Perhaps, in the old days, the ancestors of the horse were better off than our ancestors. As they roamed the boundless plains with speed and grace, it may have seemed that they had taken a happier departure in their onward progress than the smaller animals which clambered about the trees and walked so awkwardly upon the earth, where their soft crooked toes could not compare with the hard solid hoof of the horse for purposes of locomotion. But the animal that clambered among the branches learned many things; and when later he met the horse on the ground again, his forefoot was a hand, its soft crooked toes held a stick; and the horse had found his master.

The monkey can use a stick, too; but only in an accidental and inconsequential sort of way. He has no idea of selecting a good stick and keeping it, still less of improving it into a special tool or weapon. He has been prevented from doing this by his arboreal habits. You cannot jump on all fours up a tree and carry a club with you to any extent. It was probably misfortune—as it would have appeared to the prehistoric naturalist—which compelled the ancestors of man to abandon their arboreal habits. So it had seemed to be a bad choice that the common ancestors of men and monkeys made when they took to scrambling about trees instead of galloping freely over the open plains like the horse. Yet, although this had, indeed, proved to be a blessing in disguise, who could have imagined, seeing the laborious progress which the man-monkey made upon the ground with his fingered feet, that he had again taken the turning which would lead him to domination of the world? Still so it was. Slow of foot and feebly armed, he would have been at the mercy of many foes but for that habit of carrying a club. And, since there was now no need to drop it in order to climb every tree that he came to, the man-monkey began to find his club useful in many ways. If he only used it to smash a cocoanut he had mastered the use of tools, as well as of weapons. And the use of a tool means the application of chosen means to produce a desired effect. It means reason and rule. It means the acquisition of property and the building of dwellings. It means science, art, and literature. It means civilized man.

So when the first man asked himself why he should toil for his children, his reason would not be satisfied with the discovery that it was right for him to do so. He wanted to know why it was right; and, of course, the only reason which appealed to his imperfect intellect was that something terrible would happen to him if he did not. What was really in his mind, though he did not know it, was that something terrible would happen to his race if individuals like himself did not toil for their children; but the whole secret of Nature's success in creating successful species is that she imbues individuals with hereditary instincts proper to the race. If the first man had known this, as we know it to-day, he might have said: "I am only an individual and have only one life; let me enjoy it in idleness, and if others care about the prosperity of the species let them toil for it." However, he had not been introduced by Charles Darwin into Nature's workshop, where she connects the wires that pull her puppets; and he really thought that the reason why he should toil for his children seriously concerned himself, and, as he could see no such reason in the material circumstances of his life, he believed that there must be some mysterious and invisible reason. In other words, he conceived a supernatural Will ordering his actions. He believed in God.



ROSE TRELAWNY

by

VIRNA SHEARD

ROSE TRELAWNY—at least, that was the name she sang understood by the French window in Lady Belton's south drawing-room and looked out into the garden.

She had come down from London the day before to make one of a house party; "a useful one," she said to herself somewhat bitterly. People must be amused, and nobody was more keenly alive to that fact than Lady Belton, so amongst her guests there were always a few who could do things. When they had finished their little song and dance they might return whence they came, so far as their amiable hostess was concerned, though she was always very charming to them, and when it required no effort made their stay pleasant.

Miss Trelawny quite realized why she had received the delightfully cordial invitation to Belton Park, but it was not in human nature to refuse it. It would make such a heavenly break in her busy days, and be so gladsome a change from hotel life and constant rehearsals.

Moreover, she knew Jack Merritt was coming down, and that decided matters.

Jack Merritt was not one of those who personally did things for the entertainment of his fellow-beings—that is, not wittingly. When a person is as rich as Jack Merritt they are saved such necessity.

The girl was thinking about him now. It was becoming a habit with her, she acknowledged to herself. The careless happy laugh of him rang constantly in her heart; his handsome face with the deep blue eyes that could say so much more than mere words express, was ever before her. "He has grown so dear," she said with a little contented sigh, "that I would pack up my pride fifty times over for the sake of being here and seeing him every day for one whole week." And yet how much they had seen of each other lately, and how often met by a kindly chance that is so ready to befriend people who are of the same mind.

Outdoors the June sunshine swept the green earth with gold, and the scent of many roses was carried in on a tiny breeze that stirred the lace curtains. It was a day made for all delight, a day whereon all must surely be well with the world.

"It is nearly five o'clock," she thought, and that was the hour Mr. Merritt was expected; perhaps he was even now driving up from the small dusty station and would come in at any moment and find her. It would be a surprise for him as he did not know she was on Lady Belton's list. Well, it would not do to give him too glad a welcome—one should not let all one's heart be seen.

A big bowl of marguerites stood on a table by the window, and the girl drew a few of them from the rest.

"I shall try the charm," she said softly, beginning to pull off the silver white leaves.

"He loves me—a little—passionately—not at all. He loves me—a little

—passionately—not at all. He loves me—a little—"

She threw down the broken flower and took another, but three times it ended so!

"You do not tell the truth," she cried, brushing the curled petals away and turning to the bowl full of blossoms. "I will find one that does. I would a thousand times rather you said, '*Not at all*,' than '*a little*.'"

Then she pulled the leaves slowly from a fourth and it gave the desired message. "*He loves me*," said the last leaf.

It was a woman's way of making the oracle speak, but it brought a certain content to her, and she pressed the little torn flower to her lips as one of the doors of the room opened and a girl entered.

She stood a moment irresolutely, and then went towards Miss Trelawny. The black dress she wore intensified the gold of her hair and the white beauty of her face, which was of a type that does not depend upon colour; if it had, many recent tears would have washed it away, to judge by the sad droop of the mouth and the melancholy shadows beneath the eyes.

"You are Miss Trelawny, I believe," she said timidly to the woman by the window.

The great singer turned and looked at the pretty figure with a smile—

"Ah!" she said, "I did not hear any one enter. Yes, I am Rose Trelawny—and you?"

"I am Margurite Burnham,—the children's governess. I—I have come to ask you something. It may seem—very rude—but this is my only way of knowing, and I cannot rest till I find out"—her voice broke, and then went on passionately—"till I find out if what they say is true."

"If what they say is true!" said the other, in an amused tone. "Why, I fancy they say many things of one who has to work in the way I do, and some of them are unpleasant, and most are quite *untrue*—but what have they been saying that could touch you? I do not remember having seen you before."

The girl clasped her hands tightly and raised her troubled eyes to Rose Trelawny's face.

"Oh," she answered, "it does touch me! I have heard that Mr. Merritt—Jack Merritt—loves you. That he is mad about you—and I—he made me believe he loved *me* last Christmas when he was here. He *did* love me then—we were engaged. See!" lifting her slender left hand where shone one star-like diamond. "See! this is my ring. But, during the last month I have hardly heard from him and it must be because what they say is true. I could not bear it any longer without knowing."

There was the soft closing of a door at the end of the room, and then, in a little mirror which hung above the bowl of daisies, Rose Trelawny on glancing up saw the reflection of Jack Merritt's handsome face.

"He *has* come down then by the five o'clock train," she thought, and by the expression of his eyes in the glass she knew that he had overheard the words just spoken.

"Well, he should hear more." A sharp pain contracted her heart for a moment, and the rose-tints faded from her face, leaving it whiter than the one of the girl beside her. Then she gathered her strength up and commanded her voice as she had often commanded it when the world had come to listen. Giving a little light laugh, she laid her hand over the one that wore the single diamond.

"My child! my child!" she said gently. "Do you not know better than to believe all you hear? It would make life too difficult if we did.

"And so this is your engagement ring? Well, listen then; I owe you a confession. I am not such a dear good little fool as you are, for I will never break my heart over any man, and I fear—I very much fear I have flirted somewhat seriously with this Mr. Merritt of yours. I didn't know about *you*, of course, and I like men to fall in love with me, they are *so* much more amusing when they do. Now Jack Merritt was of the obstinate

ones who at first defied my charms, so I punished him for it, and of late, for the last two weeks, victory has perched on my banner, and he has been what one might call attentive. But," went on the beautiful clear voice, "but he does not *love* me, and as for myself, he is not the kind of man I would ever dream of marrying. He is good-looking—but that is all."

The girl looked up with flashing eyes. "You are unjust!" she cried "You have been most wicked—for it is wicked to play at love—and I—I have been the one to suffer."

Miss Trelawny leaned over suddenly and kissed her soft cheek. "Why then," she said, "suffer no more, my dear, but be happy, and do not pull your toys to pieces to see how they are made. He should be very well content. You love him—and "a man is not loved every day." Besides, you are beautiful, much more beautiful than I am, and younger—and possibly a better woman."

Then she stepped out through the French window into the rose-scented garden, and left the two alone in the shadowy room.

"It would not have been possible," she said to herself, "I could not have taken what was not mine by right, and anyway—the marguerites told the truth."

That evening when the moonlight was white on the world, and the long south drawing-room at Belton Park was bright with lights, Lady Belton spoke to a man who stood beside her.

"Please do find Miss Trelawny," she entreated. "This will be our only opportunity to hear her sing, for she is going away in the morning to answer some sudden call. These musicians are such awfully spoiled people, and *so* uncertain."

Presently Rose came and, sitting down at the piano, waited a moment hesitatingly—as though she—even she—were not always sure of herself. Then the plaintive prelude to "The Rosary" floated through the room.

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over every one apart,
My rosary—my rosary.

Each hour a pearl—each pearl a prayer
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end
And there a cross is hung.

O memories that bless and burn,
O barren gain—and bitter loss;
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross—sweetheart, to kiss the cross.

The chattering crowd grew very quiet as she sang. The wonderful voice went out through the open windows and was carried away on the wings of the night wind. The unfathomed tenderness of it, the beauty of it, stirred the hearts of those who heard with a vague pity, and in a way they understood the loneliness of genius, and the isolation of those who are of the very few.

"By Jove! how strangely she sings that song," said a man to Jack Merritt, as they stood listening from the verandah.

"Yes," he answered with a shrug and as he lit a cigar. "Almost as if she meant it, you know. But it is merely her art, my dear fellow. She is a most perfect artist, and an actress beyond compare."

GROUNDS OF THE CAER-HOWELL BOWLING CLUB, TORONTO. THIS CLUB WAS FORMED IN 1837 AND STILL FLOURISHES

BOWLING ON THE GREEN

By George Elliott

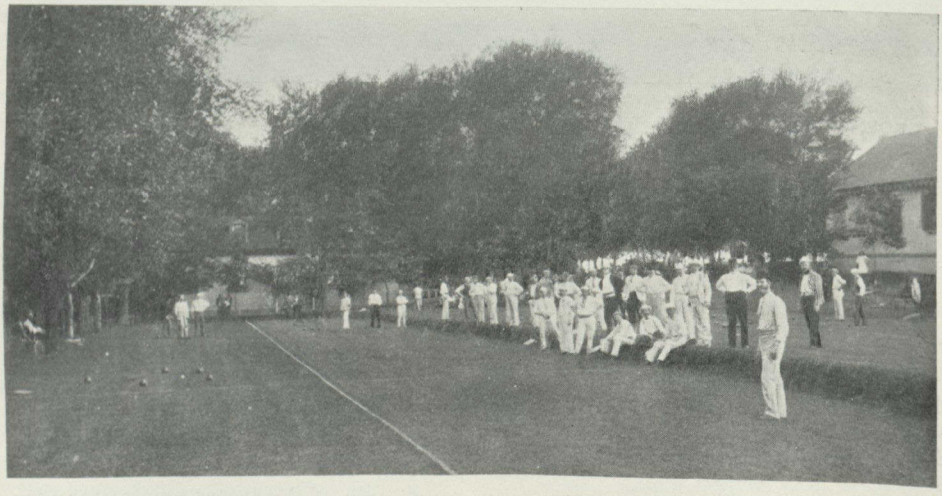
THE game of bowls is an ancient one. There seems to be no doubt that it originated in England some years after the Norman Conquest. Strutt, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, has traced the game back to the thirteenth century. It would appear from his and other writings that it was the habit of youths during their summer holidays to take pleasure and exercise amongst other pastimes *in jacta lapidem*, that is, "in throwing stones," as stones appear to have been first employed and continued to be employed up to the time of Henry IV, or about the year 1409. Early in the reign of Henry VIII the word "bowls" seems to have been first applied to these implements of sport. Strutt made numerous and exhaustive researches and then could only say that it was probably an invention of the Middle Ages. In his work already referred to, he gives an illustration of the earliest pictorial presentation of the game which he had found; and Mr. E. T. Ayers, in the *Encyclopædia of Sport*, states that the original coloured drawing is still preserved and may even now be seen in Strutt's MS. in the Royal Library of the British Museum. It shows two players, two bowls and two small cones, one of the latter being at the far end of the bowling green, while the other is near the player who is bent down delivering the bowl in the act of play.

The close of the fourteenth century saw the abandonment of the cones in the game and the substitution therefor of a single, small bowl, two and a half to three inches in diameter, made of earthenware or porcelain. Ever since this small bowl has been employed and designated, and at the present time still continues to be called, the "jack," although its size has been slightly reduced.

The game was always popular with the people, but not always so with the constituted authorities. In 1366 it was declared "dishonourable, useless

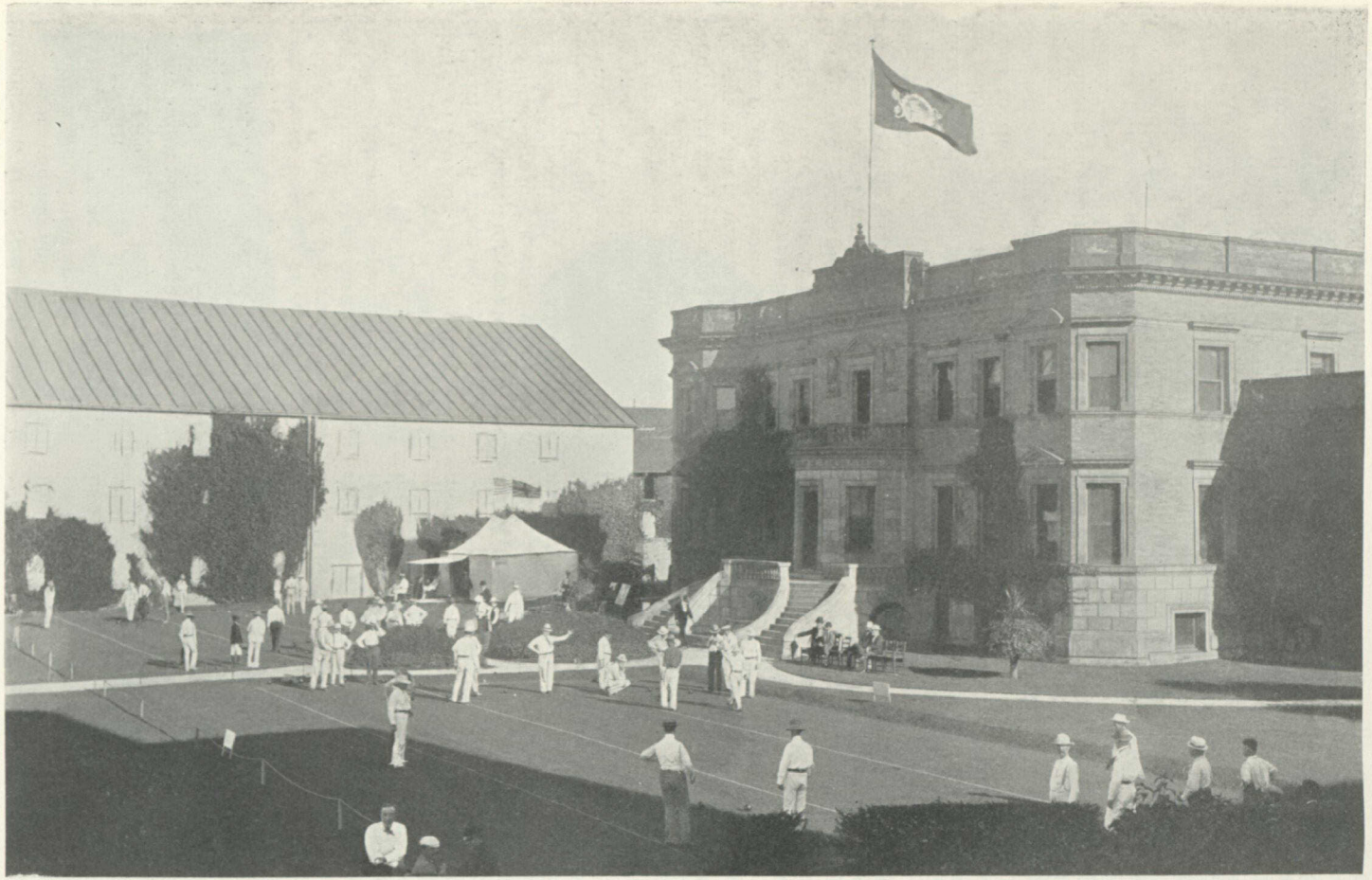
and unprofitable." So popular had the game become that the king was very much concerned lest archery, a necessary accomplishment of a military people in those days, should suffer thereby, and enactments were passed prohibiting bowl playing. By 1511 the stringency of the laws had not slackened, and in that year the statutes previously passed were again confirmed. The name "bowls" was now used for the first time and the game was placarded as an illegal pursuit, but, strange to relate, although there was much law against the game, no punishment was meted out to offenders other than binding them not to participate in the sport again. Power was again granted to commit offenders for having bowling alleys, about the beginning of the eighteenth century and again in 1745. The result of these laws was to suppress the inside game and to cause the outdoor game to flourish.

The consequence was that the pastime increased in popularity faster than ever. At that time, the beginning of the eighteenth century, no country gentleman's residence or mansion was complete without a bowling green. Now it was the sport of the rich, of kings, noblemen, clergymen and others of quality, and no one was permitted to have a bowling green unless shown to be worth, at least, £100. While Henry VIII was very fond of the indoor game, Charles I was an enthusiast for the outdoor sport, and it is stated that he was actually engaged in a game of bowls when seized by Cornet Joyce. In the lifetime of this unfortunate monarch, amongst others who had bowling greens unsurpassed in their excellency were Lord Vaux at Harrowdon, and Earl Spencer at Althorpe. History also hands down to us the fact that Sir Francis Drake was a great admirer of the game, and that he was even engaged in play when the Armada hove in sight. Count Cramount is the authority for the statement that among the diversions at the court of Charles II at Tunbridge, bowls had their full share of the sports and pastimes. After the time of Queen Anne a reaction set in which continued down to the memory of living men, but a great revival has been experienced within recent years and the game is now more popular than at any time in past centuries both in Scotland and in England.



A BOWLING TOURNAMENT AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

Apparently the game had been established in England long before its



A BOWLING TOURNAMENT AT WALKERVILLE, ONT., 1899

THIS LAWN IS IN FRONT OF THE OFFICES OF HIRAM WALKER & SONS

introduction into Scotland, where it has been considerably modified, although it would now appear as though the Scottish game was coming into favour with English players.

All laws against bowling remained on the statute books and were not repealed until the middle of last century when "any game of mere skill, such as bowling...." was declared to be quite lawful. One writer makes a peculiar reference to bowling after reciting its history. "And if the game be now less fashionable than formerly, it still remains extremely respectable." Probably the finest green that ever existed in past centuries was that of a Mr. Shute, of Barking Hall, a great resort of Charles I, a place where the game was always played for very high stakes. The first bowling green, which ever existed in Scotland, is said to have been at Glasgow. Edinburgh and Newcastle-on-Tyne have public bowling greens, established by their respective corporations, and here any one may play for an hour for a single penny. In the year 1895, in the bowling season, there were collected for the coffers of the corporation of Edinburgh no less than 57,646 pennies. Scotland is said to have had four hundred clubs in 1895 with 35,000 players. England also has several hundred clubs, but no general bowling association as exists in Scotland.

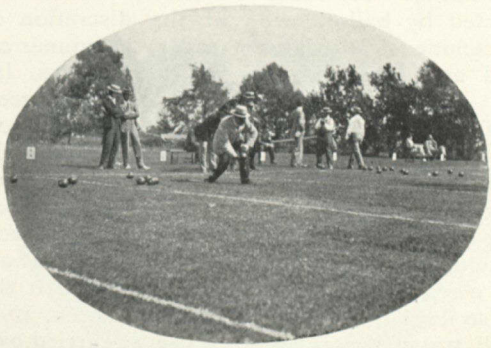
In the historical and literary productions of the Elizabethan period and the following centuries frequent allusions to the game are not wanting. Shakespeare makes many references thereto. "He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good *bowler.*"—Love's Labour Lost, V. ii.; "Like to a *bowl* upon a subtle ground, I've trundled past the throw."—Coriol. V. ii.; and "Madam, we'll play at *bowls.*"—Richard II. iii. 4. Herbert too, "As *bowls* go on, but turning all the way." "Many other sports and recreations there be much in use as ringing, *bowling*, shooting."—Burton; Anat. Mel. 266. Scott also exhibits an unusual knowledge of the game, very apparent in the following lines—"Like an uninstructed *bowler*, he thinks to attain the jack by delivering his ball straightforward upon it." He had quite evidently noticed in his time, what is often apparent in the present day, that the novice bowled for the jack instead of the point indicated by the stand of the skip. Macaulay was not unfamiliar with bowl-playing or the bowling green: ". . . . and, on fine evenings, the fiddles were in attendance, and there were morris dances on the elastic turf of the *bowling green.*" But by far the most remarkable reference to the game of bowls in the literature of the past is that which hands down to us the manners and gestures of bowlers in the act of play. John Taylor in *Wit and Mirth* (1629) is as applicable now as then, and as truly amusing. "This wise game of bowling doth make the fathers surpasse their children in apish toyes and most delicate dogtrickes. As first for the postures. 1. Handle your bowle. 2. Advance your bowle. 3. Charge your bowle. 4. Ayme your bowle. 5. Discharge your bowle. 6. Plye your bowle; in which last posture of plying your bowle you shall perceive many varieties and divisions, as wringing of the necke, lifting up of the shoulders, clapping of the hands, lying down of one side, running after the bowle, making long dutiful scrapes and legs, etc."

It is difficult to trace the introduction of the game of bowls into Canada; but it is well authenticated that the town of Annapolis, Nova Scotia, can justly lay claim to the distinction of having had the first bowling green in the British possessions on this continent; and it was there that the officers of a near-by garrison indulged in their favourite pastime. There were probably only two bowling greens in America (the other being in the State of New York), when several gentlemen in Toronto formed themselves into a club and prepared a bowling green. This may have been a few years prior to the troublous times of 1837; but the records of the club, which still bears the same name chosen by its founders and

A BOWLING GREEN—ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB, TORONTO

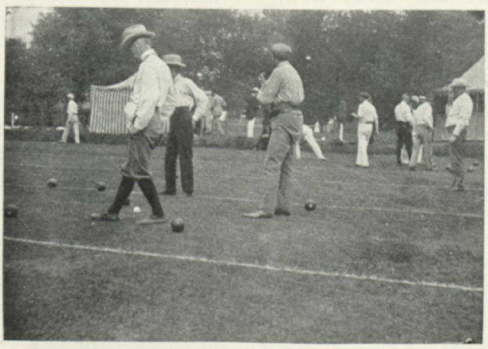
occupies the same grounds, cannot carry its history farther back than that year. The Caer Howell was certainly the first bowling club established in the British possessions on the American continent.

This club derived its name from the hostelry adjoining; and amongst the younger generation of bowlers, there has been often much conjecture as to the meaning and derivation of Caer Howell. Scadding in *Toronto of Old* makes two references to Caer Howell. This property which lies on the left hand side, going north, of College or University Avenue, near its termination, had Chief Justice Powell of Upper Canada as its original owner in the old town of York, a gentleman of Welsh descent; and the title bestowed by the Chief Justice is derived from Ap Howell, "in allusion to the mythic Hoel, to whom all Ap Hoels trace their origin"—hence Caer Howell means Howell's Place, Howell's Castle or Castle Howell, Caer (pronounced kar) being Welsh for castle.



METHOD OF PLAYING A BOWL

The minute book of the early years of the club's history (1837-1850) is a model throughout of neat penmanship, so accurately has it been kept and preserved. It shows the original founders to have been twenty-five in number, including three officers—a president, a vice-president and a secretary-treasurer. The rules of the club and green respectively of those days are interesting to twentieth century bowlers. 1. The members are not to exceed thirty in number. 2. The days of meeting to be Tuesdays and Fridays, to commence playing at three o'clock. 3. Any member not present on Fridays at five o'clock to be fined one York shilling. 4. No member to be excused from this



A SKIP INDICATING THE POINT AT WHICH HIS BOWLER MUST AIM

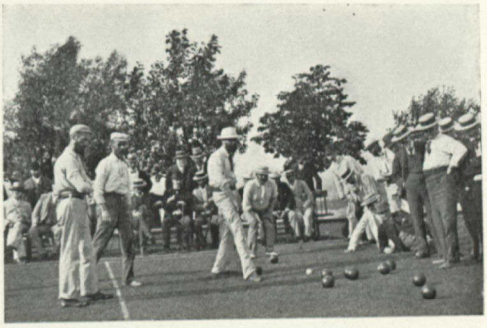
fine unless he notifies to the president, vice-president or secretary that he is obliged to be absent from Toronto on business for more than a fortnight. 5. No member can introduce any person more than twice the same season. 6. Every person so introduced must be presented to the president, the vice-president or secretary; and every member introducing a friend must pay a York shilling to the club. 7. The subscription for each member for the season to be one pound, to be paid to Mr. Erskine. 8. Each member to find his own bowls. 9. The fines to be spent at the end of the season in a dinner and wines. 10. The president to name the commencement and finish of the season according to the weather. 11. Members must be elected by ballot, two black balls to exclude; candidates must be proposed and seconded by members.

A description of the modern game must needs also include a description of the green, the jack, the bowls, the play and the players.

The bowling green or lawn should be a piece of absolutely level greensward, with no elevations, lumps, slopes or hollows, so level that a bowl when delivered will travel evenly and not "bump" or incline in a direction opposite to that intended. It is chalked out by lines into oblong spaces, which may run forty to fifty yards in length by four to five yards in breadth. These oblong spaces are styled rinks, the lines at the sides being known as boundary lines; those at the ends being known as ditch and back boundary lines respectively. In England and Scotland the "ditch" line is the boundary of a regular ditch or depression, over which bowls may fall in the act of play, when they are "dead" or out of the game unless they have touched the jack while running from the hand. In Canada, however, the ditch is a mere oblong space on the green, chalked out at the end of each and of all the rinks. The ground is kept level by lawn rollers, frequently employed, so as to correct creases and grooves which are formed by the travelling bowls. The ditch is usually about two feet deep, extending the whole breadth of each rink.

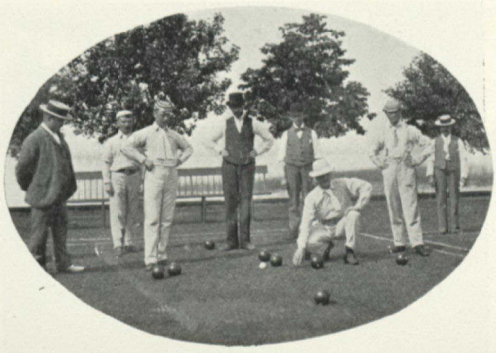
The bowl played at is called the jack or "kitty." Sometimes made of ivory, it is more often earthenware or porcelain, white in colour, having a diameter nowadays of about two inches. At the opening of a game, a toss is made of a coin to ascertain which side goes first. The toss is made by the skips, and generally the winner of the toss sends his opponents first. This decided, the skip whose side is to lead, takes the jack and places it, at least, twenty yards from the bowler, or in a position not less than two yards from the front or ditch line. It can be placed either "short," "intermediate" or "long," at the discretion of the skip or his leader, the winner of each end continuing the privilege. If not placed directly in the centre between the two boundary lines, as is commonly done, it cannot be placed nearer either boundary line than a distance from either which will allow of fore or back hand bowling on that side. If the jack becomes displaced by any of the bowls in any manner, it is left where it then lies. If driven into the ditch, it stays there, but if driven or carried over the back boundary line, beyond the ditch, it must be immediately brought back to the point where it crossed the back boundary line. If displaced over a side line into an adjoining rink, if all are agreed on the rinks concerned, it may be left there, and the end allowed to be played through by the players on that rink. But if objection be made, or if the jack strikes a bowl on the adjoining rink after it crosses the side line, that end is declared off, the bowls are sent back the green, and the end is begun anew. All measurements should be made from the edge of the jack and not from the central point on the upper hemisphere. Formerly, throwing the jack by the first bowler was custom, instead of having it placed for him by the skip, but this has been done away with, and now the skip places it, at the approval of the "lead." Throwing the jack has again come into popular favour within

the last season. When once placed it must never be moved, touched or interfered with in any way, except by the effects of play, or when driven off the green. Only when the end is counted and the vice-skip has satisfied himself of the winning bowl or bowls, should the "lead" of the winning side toss it down to his skip, if there is not a jack for each end, as is sometimes the case. This act shows the two skips which side has won the end.

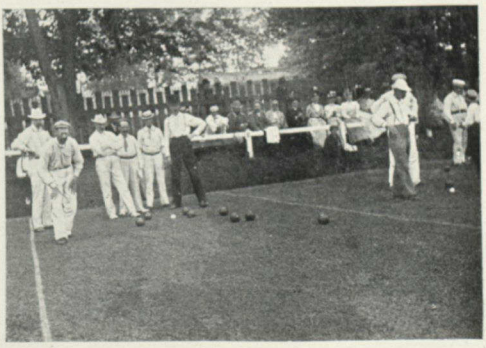


THE SAME—SHOWING THE "JACK" WELL-GUARDED

Bowls are made of Lignum Vitæ (wood of life), the wood of *Guaiacum Officinale*, a tree which is native to the West Indies and the northern coasts of South America. It grows twenty to thirty feet in height, and the Lignum Vitæ of commerce derives its name from the fact that in times past *Guaiacum Officinale* enjoyed high repute as a medicinal agent. Preparations from this tree are still largely used in medicine and have proven very valuable. After being divested of its bark, the wood is exported in logs or large blocks. There is scarcely any trace of pith, and when a magnifying glass of some power is employed, it will be discerned that the medullary rays are equidistant and very numerous. The inner or heart wood, the duramen, is the part employed for the manufacture of bowls. It is of a dark, greenish-brown colour, very hard and very heavy, the specific gravity being set down at 1.333. Bowls, therefore, will sink in water. The wood fibres are arranged in diagonal and oblique successive layers, and it is owing to this intricate arrangement, together with the density, that the wood and consequently the bowls cannot be split. It may be mentioned, as a matter of interest, that ships' pulleys and chemists' pestles, mortars and bowls are also manufactured from Lignum Vitæ. Bowls ordinarily measure from fifteen and one-half to sixteen and one-half inches in circumference, the average being sixteen inches. They are not perfect spheres. Instead, they are more or less oval with a bias, that is, one side is oblate and the other prolate. Formerly, the bias was secured by loading the oblate side with lead; this is now

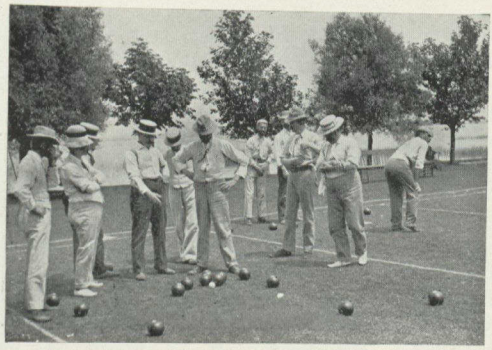


A SKIP INDICATING THAT HE DESIRES "A DRAW TO THE JACK"



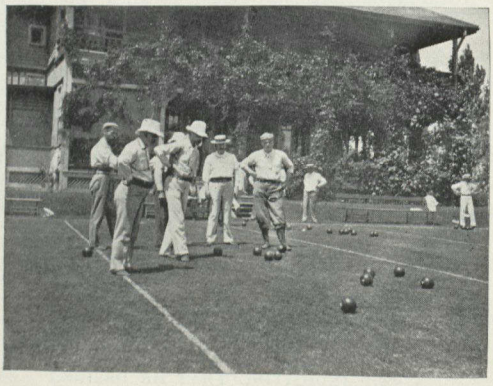
SKIP INDICATING A VERY WIDE DRAW

prohibited. During the process of manufacture by the turning-lathe a simpler plan is adopted. The oblate half of the oval is made smaller than the prolate. The polar diameter of the bowl is, therefore, slightly shorter than the equatorial. At the two poles are inlaid ivory or metal discs, a large one on the prolate, a smaller on the oblate. These serve as a guide to the player when presenting his bowl for play. On the larger one are the initials of the owner, one initial or a design being on the smaller.



A CONSULTATION OVER A DIFFICULT PLAY

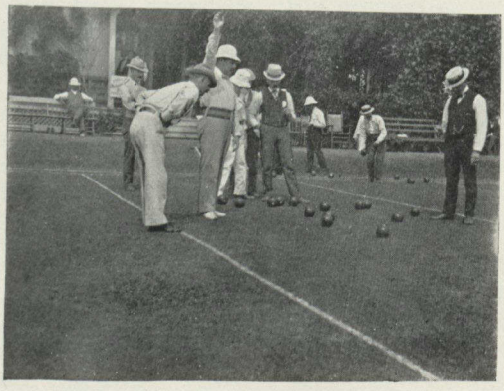
A bowl delivered and running from the hand, if it touches the jack, even though it may touch one or more bowls previously, is known as a "toucher" and is always in play or in the game even though displaced by another toucher. If a toucher rolls on into the ditch, it stays there; if it goes beyond the back boundary line, it is immediately brought back to the point where it crossed that line. If a bowl leaving a player's hand runs into the ditch, it is out of play for that end. Bowls are numbered according to bias —one, two, three, four. They should have a bias of one and a half yards in thirty on an ordinary green; that is, half way between the player and the jack, the bowl should be one and a half yards on either side of an imaginary line running from the bowler to the jack. Three and four bias are the numbers commonly employed, four having a greater bias or "draw." Touchers are marked X with chalk. A "burned" bowl is one which, when running from the hand, touches or is touched by a player or an onlooker.



WHAT WILL IT DO?

Several different forms of game can be played with bowls, those usually in vogue in Canada are "singles," "doubles," "rink matches" and the "game of points."

Singles.—In this game one player is opposed to another, and generally the one who makes a score of fifteen points first, wins the game. Each player uses two sets of bowls, and manifestly no one has won the game until fifteen points are scored.

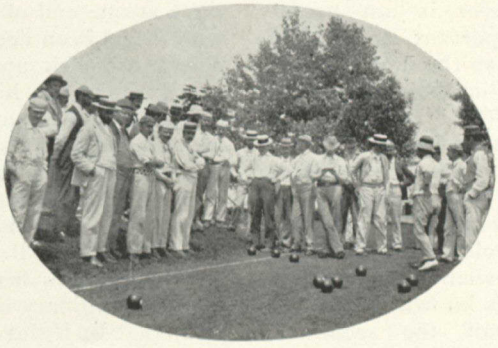


WELL PLAYED, OLD MAN!

Doubles.—Here two sides are arranged, two players on each side, each employing one pair of bowls. Thirteen ends are

commonly played, the couple having the highest score at the finish of the thirteenth end winning the game.

Rink matches are the most popular and constitute the great bulk of the playing. In this form of game eight players participate, and so used do players become to this number that the addition of one player to each side renders it somewhat cumbersome, less scientific and more a game of chance than of skill. Chance, or "luck," however, plays no unimportant part in the game throughout.



A "FINAL" TEST

Each "rink" or team of four is captained by a "skip" who always plays last.

The first man is commonly called the leader or "lead," and there are many who consider the "lead" to be the most important position on the rink. Certainly, it is very desirable that he is a good bowler, able to make a good "draw." It is an unwritten law of the game that the two "leads" kick back the bowls over the ditch after each end has been counted and before the commencement of a new end.

Hollis, B. Roberts, B. Munn, C. Sylvester, C.

Shields, B. Laird, Skip, B. Boeckh, Skip, C. Moore, C.

WINNERS AND RUNNERS-UP OF THE WALKER TROPHY IN 1902. THE WINNERS WERE A RINK FROM THE CANADA CLUB, TORONTO, AND THE OTHERS REPRESENTED THE BRAMPTON CLUB

The second player is not usually considered so important as the first, though he has often the most difficult work to perform in the whole game, viz., "guarding," that is, playing his bowl so as to protect, cover or guard the "lead's" bowl of his side—if it be a good one and near the jack—from being pushed out or "run" out by any of the succeeding players. He should also be a good bowler at the "draw."

The third man is known as the vice-skip, the lieutenant, the second in command, who takes charge when the skip returns to play his bowls. It is essential that he should understand the game thoroughly in every particular, and be able to play it as well as the skip, although he should not seek to be other than advisory counsel to his skip. The vice-skip must be possessed of a good eye for measuring distances, as upon him devolves the responsibility of counting up the shots at the close of each end, and he has to keep a correct score of the count as the game progresses. Though it is not customary, it should be the rule, especially when playing tournament or inter-club matches, that the third man stand alongside his skip, studying and carefully watching the position of the bowls until his time for play arrives. This familiarizes him with each end as it is played, makes him equally master of the end with his skip, so that when his time comes for taking charge of the game, he has it well in hand and is thus enabled to give competent advice to his skip if required of him. A fault all too common in the third player lies in the fact that he does not announce from time to time the results of the ends to his skip. He should frequently do this so that the skip may be in possession of the score as well as himself, the number of ends played or the number yet to be played. On no occasion should first, second or third man play contrary to the advice or instruction of his skip. But the skip may use his own judgment in playing his own bowls.

At the commencement of a rink match the two skips take up their positions at one end of the rink. The one who it has been decided shall precede places the jack and calls on his first player to deliver his bowl. Believing that the green is a true one, he gives the instruction by standing a full yard from the jack on its right or left side as he may wish. The first bowler steps up to the mat and with one foot on same, the right if he is a right-arm bowler, delivers his bowl to the right of the imaginary line from player to jack, that is, if the skip is standing on that side of the jack. The player must take good care that his bias is to the imaginary line, otherwise he will play a "wrong bias" and be chagrined at seeing his bowl going away off into an adjoining rink. This is the forearm method of delivering a bowl. Should the skip, however, stand to the right of the jack, the bowler must take aim accordingly and deliver his bowl by the backarm movement. This is done by a supinating movement of the forearm, the bias or "small ivory" also pointing towards the imaginary line ; in fact, the point to remember in delivering the bowl is that the oblate is always approximate to the imaginary line. Should the green not be perfectly true, it will be essentially necessary that the skip study it carefully and direct "narrow" or "wide" accordingly.

Several different names have been applied to the acts of play. There is the "draw" shot, "guarding," "raising," "wicking" and "running." A "follow" shot is also sometimes played. The draw shot is a quiet, steady play to lie alongside of the jack or a bowl. Guarding is protecting your own or your opponent's bowl from being interfered with. Raising refers to pushing a bowl nearer or farther away from the jack. Wicking means rubbing against another bowl. Running is a swift straight shot at a bowl or the jack. A follow shot has less speed than a running one, the object being to push a shot from a good position, the bowl following it a little way and thus defeating it. When all bowls have been played, the vice-skips proceed to count the end and the side having a

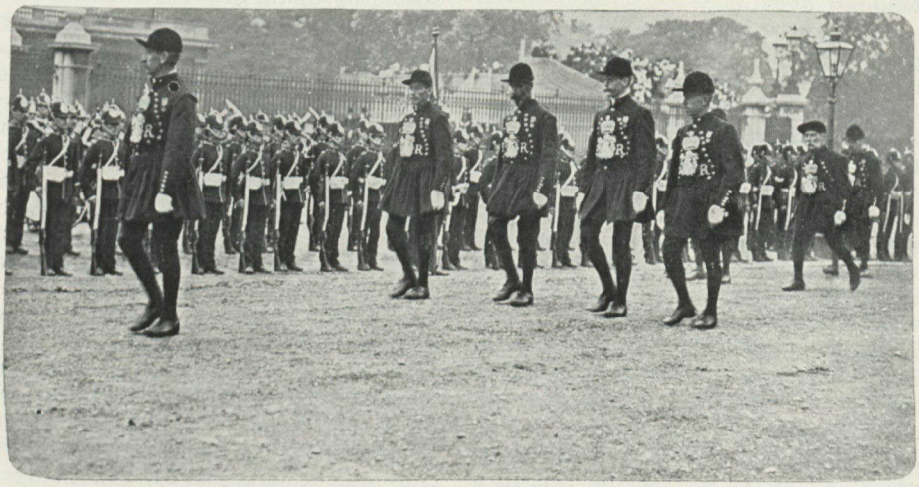
bowl or bowls nearest the jack count accordingly, eight being a possible at each end. In the rink matches eighteen and twenty-one ends constitute a game, the side having the greater score winning out.

The game of points is not very often played except at tournaments, but it is, nevertheless, interesting. Three rinks are employed, side by side, for play. The players engage in the game in rotation. On the first rink, which is the "draw" rink, several bowls are so arranged in front of the jack, that the player must either draw around or through them to lie within three feet of the jack. If these bowls are touched by the running bowl it is "dead." If he draws within one foot of the jack, it counts three points, if within two feet, two points, and if between two and three feet away, it only counts one. On the next rink two jacks are placed at the far end of the rink in a line with the player, but about twelve feet apart. These jacks are connected by a chalk line. On either side of this chalk line are three oblong spaces, six inches wide. A draw into an outside space counts one, into a second space two, into a third space three. The next rink is devoted to "driving" or "running." A jack is placed up the green, two yards from the ditch line. A foot on either side is a bowl, and another bowl some feet directly in front of the jack. If the player runs the jack out of its hollow, it counts three ; if the bowl passes between the jack and one of the side bowls, two ; if it drives a side bowl out, one. On each of these rinks a player is given twelve chances with bowls, six at forearm and six at backarm bowling. Thus there is a possibility of making a score of thirty-six on each rink, or a total of one hundred and eight. The player making the highest number of points wins the game. The points and the number of bowls played can be varied. So far as known the highest number of points yet made in Canada in this game is forty-one. During the past season a four rink points game has been introduced.

In Canada, and especially in the Province of Ontario, bowling on the green is ever on the increase. During the last decade the number of its players has easily doubled. Clubs are springing up all over the country. Associations are being formed and many tournaments are annually held during the summer-time in different places. The two best Associations are the Dominion Bowling Association and the Ontario Bowling Association, which annually hold tournaments on the grounds of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club on Hiawatha Island, Toronto Bay, and the grounds of the Niagara Bowling Club at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, at which many valuable prizes are competed for. Two trophies are also given, and as many as sixty-four rinks have been entered for these competitions. In the intervals between these tournaments, inter-club matches are played, and many a fine afternoon's sport is had between the different clubs, both at home and with clubs of neighbouring towns and cities. In the Dominion of Canada its devotees now number many thousands, and there are even a few female bowlers.

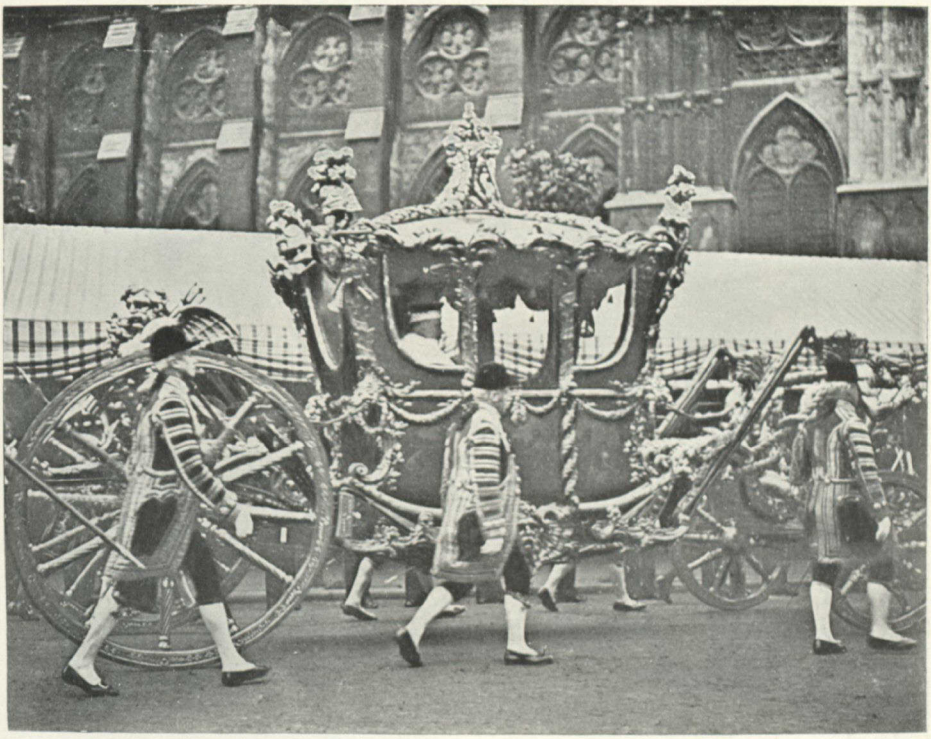
As a healthful and exhilarating amusement for the summer months bowling may be classified with golf. When a man who has been accustomed to some outdoor sport in his youth, feels that time is commencing to lay its hand upon him, he turns to bowling for pastime and pleasure ; but the game is by no means confined to the elderly, for many of the third decade of life participate at bowling, and it is no uncommon sight to see the young man of twenty pitted against the greybeard of seventy, and there are even some gentlemen in their eighties who are well-known enthusiasts. The open-air life, the relief from the cares and worries and disappointments of business and professional duties commend it to the banker and broker as to the merchant, to the lawyer and doctor as to the clergyman, to the judge as to the literary man, and to all who can find time to spend a few hours a day or week at this fine old English pastime.

Scenes at The Coronation

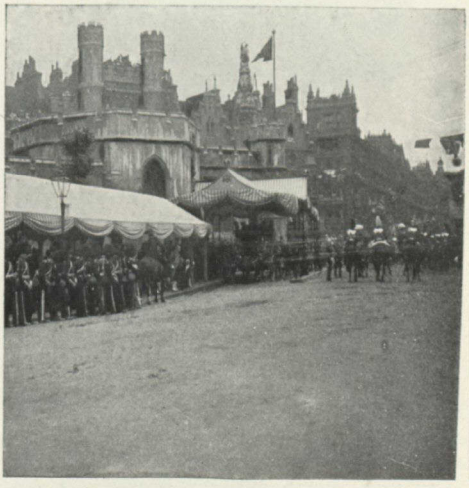


THE ROYAL WATERMEN—A REMINDER OF THE TIME WHEN THE STATE BARGE WAS USED

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE KING'S PROCESSION



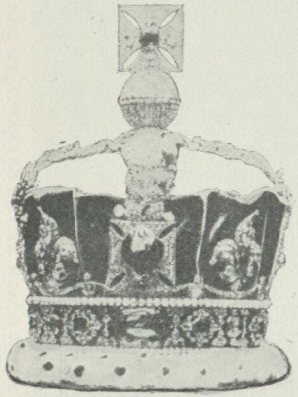
THE STATE COACH APPROACHING WESTMINSTER ABBEY, THE ENTRANCE TO WHICH FOR THIS OCCASION WAS IN THE ANNEX BUILT FOR THE CORONATION. THE UNCROWNED KING MAY BE SEEN WEARING HIS PECULIAR RED CAP



THE STATE COACH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SPECIAL ANNEX

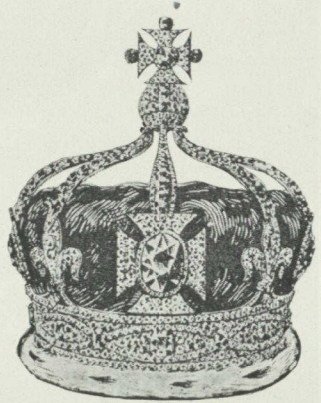
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CROWD SURROUNDING THE ABBEY—THE GRENADIERS PRESENT ARMS

THE KING REVIEWING AND ADDRESSING THE COLONIAL TROOPS, AUGUST 11TH, IN THE GROUNDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—MEDALS WERE PRESENTED



THE KING'S CROWN

LORD KITCHENER, ADMIRAL SEYMOUR, GENERAL GASELEE



THE QUEEN'S CROWN

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

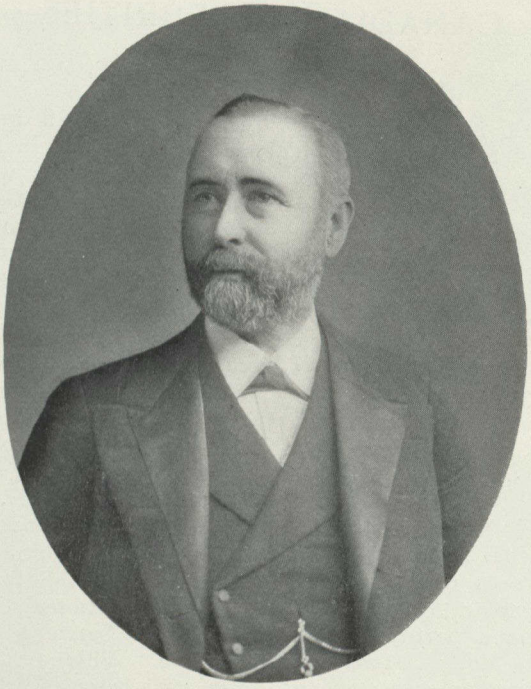
XXXVIII—THE RIGHT HON. W. J. PIRRIE, P.C., LL.D.

WHEN Mr. Morgan, the prince of trust-makers, began work upon the new shipping trust, Canadians were reminded that one of the leading shipbuilders of the world is a Canadian. This is the Rt. Hon. W. J. Pirrie, the leading member of the firm of Harland & Wolff, shipbuilders, Belfast, Ireland.

Mr. Pirrie was born in the city of Quebec, on May 31st, 1847, but was scarcely twelve months old when the death of his father caused his mother to return to her native land and settle at Little Clandeboye, in the County of Down, Ireland. He went to school in Belfast, and at the age of fifteen entered the shipyards of Harland & Wolff at Queen's Island. In twelve short years he won a partnership in the concern. Not long afterwards Sir Edward Harland entered upon a parliamentary career, and so did Mr. Wolff. Thus the active management of the concern fell to Mr. Pirrie, and he soon became one of the greatest of shipbuilders, in reality as well as in reputation.

With special reference to the work of Mr. Pirrie, whose enterprise is as bold as it is brilliant, and whose indomitable energy and resolution have given such an irresistible impetus to the progress of this concern during the last quarter of a century, it has been remarked, with truth, that one phase of his career as a shipbuilder is unique, viz., the method adopted by him of studying naval construction and the equipment of vessels for various trades, not merely in the office or at the building berth, but upon the ocean itself. He has made voyages for the purpose of this sort of technical education and experience on all the great oceans of the world, since 1872, and the results of his careful observations and investigations have been seen from time to time in important improvements which have amounted to nothing less than epoch-making departures in the plan and fittings of modern passenger steamships. Instances of such improvements were afforded by the *Britannic* and the *Germanic*, and later by the *Teutonic* and the *Majestic*, all of which were monuments to Mr. Pirrie's progressive spirit; while the culminating point of advancement and perfection has been still more recently reached in the colossal *Oceanic*, the successful launching of which, in January, 1899, brought home to the world the fact that at last even the mighty *Great Eastern* had been eclipsed. Since then the *Celtic*, an even larger vessel, has been floated. The names of the ocean giants just referred to remind us of the long and intimate business relations that have been maintained between Queen's Island and the White Star Line. The relations between these two great concerns have always been of the most cordial character, and, while the great shipbuilders have undoubtedly contributed to the success of the equally famous shipowners, the latter have displayed to the world the splendid achievements of the former, and a community of interests has been thus established. These interests have been carefully studied on both sides by Mr. Pirrie and Mr. Ismay, and complete mutual confidence exists between these gentlemen — the one representing modern shipbuilding in its most advanced condition, the other personifying the highest attainment of steamship enterprise.

The building of vessels upon commission terms was the original conception of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, and with such satisfactory results has this system of doing business been pursued, that by far the greater portion of the shipbuilding entrusted to Messrs. Harland & Wolff by their many clients at home and abroad, is placed in their hands upon these terms. To this fact Mr. Pirrie has more than once, with characteristic modesty, attributed



THE RIGHT HON. W. J. PIRRIE, P.C., LL.D.

much of the success of the firm over which he presides with such masterly ability and judgment. He argues that Messrs. Harland & Wolff have been allowed such a free hand in their work that they have been enabled to keep very high ideals in view, and to aim constantly at their realization.

Harland & Wolff employ over 11,000 men, pay $70,000 a week in wages, and last year established a record for tonnage output with nearly 100,000 tons.

Mr. Pirrie was for several years Lord Mayor of Belfast. As such he was brought into contact with some notable visitors, including the Lord-Lieutenant (Lord Cadogan), and the Duke and Duchess of York who visited Belfast in 1897. In the latter year he was sworn in as a Privy Councillor, the highest honour which may be given to a subject of the British Crown. He is an LL.D. of the Royal University of Ireland.

Mr. Pirrie is a Justice of the Peace for the City of Belfast and for the Counties of Down and Antrim. He is also a High Sheriff of County Down, and was High Sheriff of Antrim in 1898. Among the many other offices he fills are those of a Harbour Commissioner, a Director of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, a Governor of the Royal Academical Institution, and a Governor of the District Lunatic Asylum. Rarely, it may be truly said, have so many and such varied aptitudes been blended together in one personality as are found in that of this distinguished citizen of Belfast.

A great naval architect, a resourceful engineer, an acute and cool-headed man of business, an orator, a master of many social and economic problems, a public-spirited and successful civil administrator, Mr. Pirrie is a credit to Canada, the land of his birth. The only regret is that he did not remain with us, to become one of the builders of this new nation.

S. J. P.

THE FOUR FEATHERS

By A.E.W. MASON

Author of "The Courtship of Morrice Buller," "Parson Kelly," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII—PLANS OF ESCAPE

RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

Another June comes round; Durrance returns to England for another furlough, but makes no progress with his suit. He goes back to Egypt.

Still another June comes round; and two letters cross in the Mediterranean. One is from Ethne to Col. Durrance, saying that she has reconsidered the matter and will marry him upon his return to England. The other is from Col. Durrance to Ethne, in which he tells her that a sunstroke has deprived him of his eye-sight. Ethne had learned of Durrance's misfortune by cablegram from a friend of his and immediately sent her letter, thinking Durrance would not know of the cablegram.

The self-sacrificing fiancée meets her lover, on his return to England, at the home of their mutual friend, Mrs. Adair. Shortly afterwards Capt. Willoughby brings Ethne one of the four feathers with a strange story of how Harry Feversham has redeemed it by a gallant deed in Egypt. Her old affection and regard for Harry is thus awakened, and even her blind lover notices the change in her. His blindness makes him all the more susceptible to changes in tone and spirit. He tells her of meeting Harry at Tewfikieh on the Nile, disguised as a musician and attempting to play a zither. The tune was a mere memory of Ethne's favourite piece, the Musoline Overture, and was wretchedly played. Finally, Durrance guesses the story of the feathers, partly by what he learns from Mrs. Adair, who is secretly jealous of Ethne, and partly from General Feversham whom he visits. He begins to understand.

Durrance then visits Lieutenant Sutch and tells him that he has guessed the story of the feathers, explaining that he desires to bring Feversham back to the woman whom both love. Sutch agrees to go in quest of him. In the meantime, Feversham and Trench are in that terrible prison, the House of Stone at Omdurman.

FOR three days Feversham rambled and wandered in his talk, and for three days Trench fetched him water from the Nile, shared his food with him and ministered to his wants; for three nights, too, he stood and fought in front of Feversham in the House of Stone. But on the fourth morning Feversham waked to his senses and looking up saw above him the face of Trench. At first he put out a weak arm and thrust it aside as though it

were a part of his delirium—one of those nightmare faces which had grown big, and had come very close to him in the dark nights when he was a boy. But as he lay in the shadow of the prison-house, the hard blue sky, the brown bare-trampled soil and the figures of his fellow prisoners dragging their chains or lying prone upon the ground in some extremity of sickness, conveyed their meaning to him. He turned to Trench, caught at him as if he feared the next moment would snatch him out of reach, and smiled.

"You have been here a long while."

"Three years."

Feversham looked round the zareeba. "Three years of it," he murmured. "I was afraid that I might not find you."

Trench nodded.

"The nights are the worst, the nights in there. It's a wonder any man lives through a week of them. Yet I have lived through a thousand nights." And even to him who had endured, the experience seemed incredible. "A thousand nights of the House of Stone!" he exclaimed.

"But we may go down to the Nile by daytime," said Feversham, and he started up with alarm as he gazed at the thorn zareeba. "Surely we are allowed so much liberty. I was told so."

"And it's true," returned Trench. "Look!" He pointed to the bowl of water at his side. "I filled that at the Nile this morning."

"I must go," said Feversham, and he lifted himself up from the ground. "I must go this morning," and since he spoke with a raised voice and a manner of excitement, Trench whispered to him.

"Hush. There are many prisoners here, and amongst them many tale-bearers."

Feversham sank back on to the ground as much from weakness as in obedience to Trench's warning.

"But they cannot understand what we say," he objected in a voice from which the excitement had suddenly gone.

"They can see that we talk together and earnestly. Idris would know of it within the hour, the Khalifa before sunset. There would be heavier fetters and the cambag if we spoke at all. Lie still. You are weak, and I too am very tired. We will sleep and later in the day we shall go together down to the Nile."

Trench lay down beside Feversham, and in a moment was asleep. Feversham watched him, and saw, now that his features were relaxed, the marks of those three years very plainly in his face. It was towards noon before he awoke.

"There is no one to bring you food?" he asked, and Feversham answered:

"Yes. A boy should come. He should bring news as well."

They waited until the gate of the zareeba was opened and the friends or women of the prisoners entered. At once that enclosure became a cage of wild beasts. The gaolers took their dole at the outset. Little more of the "aseeda"—that moist and pounded cake of dhurra which was the staple diet—than was sufficient to support life was allowed to reach the prisoners, and even for that, the strong fought with the weak and the group of four did battle with the group of three. From every corner men gaunt and thin as skeletons, hopped and leaped as quickly as the weight of their chains would allow them towards the entrance. Here one weak with starvation tripped and fell, and once fallen lay prone in a stolid despair, knowing that for him there would be no meal that day. Others seized upon the messengers who brought the food, tore it from their hands, though the whips of the gaolers laid their backs open. There were thirty gaolers to guard that enclosure, each armed with his rhinoceros-hedge cambag, but there was the one moment in each day when the cambag was neither feared nor, as it seemed, felt.

Amongst the food-bearers one boy sheltered himself behind the rest and gazed irresolutely about the zareeba.

It was not long, however, before he was detected, he was knocked down, his food snatched from his hands, but the boy had his lungs and his screams brought Idris es Saier himself upon the three men who had attacked him.

"For whom do you come?" asked Idris, as he thrust the prisoners aside.

"For Joseppi, the Greek," answered the boy, and Idris pointed to the corner where Feversham lay. The boy advanced, holding out his empty hands as though explaining how it was that he brought no food. But he came quite close and, squatting at Feversham's side, continued to explain with words. And as he spoke he loosed a gazelle skin which was fastened about his waist beneath his jibbeh, and he left it by Feversham's side. The gazelle skin contained a chicken, and upon that Feversham and Trench breakfasted and dined and supped. An hour later they were allowed to pass out of the zareeba and make their way to the Nile. They walked slowly and with many halts, and during one of these Trench said:

"We can talk here."

Below them at the water's edge some of the prisoners were unloading dhows, others were paddling knee-deep in the muddy water. The gaolers were within view, but not within earshot.

"Yes, we can talk here. Why have you come?"

"I was captured in the desert on the Arabian road," said Feversham, slowly.

"Yes, masquerading as a lunatic musician who had wandered out of Wadi Halfa with a zither. I know. But you were captured by your own deliberate wish. You came to join me in Omdurman. I know."

"How do you know?"

"You told me. During the last three days you have told me much," and Feversham looked about him suddenly in alarm. "Very much," continued Trench. "You came to join me because five years ago I sent you a white feather."

"And was that all I told you?" asked Feversham anxiously.

"No," Trench replied, and he dragged out the word. He sat up while Feversham lay on his side, and he looked towards the Nile in front of him, holding his head between his hands so that he could not see or be seen by Feversham. "No, that was not all—you spoke of a girl—the same girl of whom you spoke when we dined with you a long while ago. I know her name now—her Christian name. She was with you when the feathers came. I had not thought of that possibility. She gave you a fourth feather to add to our three. I am sorry."

There was a silence of some length and then Feversham said slowly:

"I am not sorry. I mean I am not sorry that she was present when the feathers came. I think, on the whole, that I am rather glad. She gave me the fourth feather, it is true, but I am glad of that as well. For without her presence, without that fourth feather, snapped from her fan, I might have given up there and then. Who knows? I doubt if I could have stood up to those three long years in Suakin. I used to see you and Durrance and Willoughby and many men who had once been my friends, and you were all going about the work which I was used to. You can't think how the mere routine of a regiment to which one had become accustomed and which one cursed heartily enough when one had to put up with it, appealed as something very desirable. I could so easily have slipped on to a boat and gone back to Suez. And the chance for which I waited never came—for three years."

"You saw us?" said Trench. "And you gave no sign?"

"How would you have taken it if I had?" And Trench was silent. "No, I saw you, but I was careful that you should not see me. I doubt if I could have endured without the recollection of that night at Ramelton, without the feel of the fourth feather to keep the recollection actual and recent in my thoughts. I should never have gone down from Obak into Berber. I

should certainly never have joined you in Omdurman."

Trench turned quickly towards his companion.

"She would be glad to hear you say that," he said. "I have no doubt she is sorry, sorry as I am."

"There is no reason that she should be or that you either should be sorry. I don't blame you, or her," and in his turn he was silent and looked towards the river. The air was shrill with cries, the shore was thronged with a motley of Arabs and Negroes, dressed in their long robes of blue and yellow and dirty brown, the work of unloading the dhows went busily on; across the river and beyond its fork the palm trees of Khartum stood up against the cloudless sky; and the sun behind them was moving down to the west. In a few hours would come the horrors of the House of Stone. But they were both thinking of the elms by the Lennon river, and a hall of which the door stood open to the cool night, and which echoed softly to the music of a waltz, while a girl and a man stood with three white feathers fallen upon the floor between them; the one man recollected, the other imagined it, and to both of them the picture was equally vivid. Feversham smiled at last.

"Perhaps she has now seen Willoughby, perhaps she has now taken his feather."

Trench held out his hand to his companion.

"I will take mine back now."

Feversham shook his head.

"No, not yet," and Trench's face suddenly lighted up. A hope, which had struggled up in his hopeless breast, during the three days and nights of his watch, a hope which he had striven to repress for very fear lest it might prove false, sprang again to life.

"Not yet—then you *have* a plan for our escape," and the anxiety suddenly returned to Feversham's face.

"I said nothing of it," he pleaded, "tell me that! When I was delirious in the prison there, I said nothing of it, I breathed no word of it? I told you of the four feathers, I told you of Ethne, but of your escape I said nothing."

"Not a single word. So that I myself was in doubt, and did not dare to believe," and Feversham's anxiety died away. He had spoken with his hand trembling upon Trench's arm, and his voice itself trembled with alarm.

"You see, if I spoke of that in the House of Stone," he exclaimed, "I might have spoken of it in Dongola. For in Dongola as well as in Omdurman I was delirious. But I didn't, you say, not here, at all events. So perhaps not there either. I was afraid that I should—how I was afraid! There was a woman in Dongola who spoke some English, very little, but enough. She had been in the 'Kauneesa' of Khartum when Gordon ruled there. She was sent to question me. I didn't have the best of times in Dongola."

Trench interrupted him in a low voice. "I know. You told me things which made me shiver," and he caught hold of Feversham's arm and thrust the loose sleeve back. Feversham's scarred wrists confirmed the tale.

"Well, I felt myself getting light-headed there. I made up my mind that of your escape I must let no hint slip. So I tried to think of something else with all my might, when I was going off my head." And he laughed a little to himself.

"That was why you heard me talk of Ethne," he exclaimed.

Trench was nursing his knees and looking straight in front of him. He had paid no heed to Feversham's last words. He had dared now to give his hopes their way.

"So it's true," he said, in a quiet wondering voice. "There will be a morning when we shall not drag ourselves out of the House of Stone. There will be nights when we shall sleep in beds, actually in beds. There will be—" He stopped with a sort of shy air like a man on the brink of a confession. "There will be—something more," he said lamely, and then he got up onto his feet.

"We have sat here too long. Let us go forward."

They moved a hundred yards nearer to the river and sat down again.

"You have more than a hope. You have a plan of escape? Trench asked eagerly.

"More than a plan," returned Feversham. "The preparations are made. There are camels waiting in the desert ten miles west of Omdurman."

"Now?" exclaimed Trench, "Now?"

"Yes, man, now. There are rifles and ammunition buried near the camels, provisions and water kept in readiness. We travel by Metemneh, where fresh camels wait, from Metemneh to Berber. There we cross the Nile; camels are waiting for us five miles from Berber. From Berber we ride in through Kokub to Suakin."

"When?" exclaimed Trench. "Oh when, when?"

"When I have strength enough to sit a horse for ten miles, a camel for a week," answered Feversham. "How soon will that be? Not long, Trench, I promise you not long," and he rose up from the ground.

"As you get up," he continued, "glance round. You will see a man in a blue linen dress, loitering between us and the gaol. As we came past him, he made me a sign. I did not return it. I shall return it on the day when we escape."

"He will wait?"

"For a month. We must manage on one night during that month to escape from the House of Stone. We can signal him to bring help. A passage might be made in one night through that wall, the stones are loosely built."

They walked a little further and came to the water's edge. There amidst the crowd they spoke again of their escape, but with the air of men amused at what went on about them.

"There is a better way than breaking through the wall," said Trench, and he uttered a laugh as he spoke and pointed to a prisoner with a great load upon his back, who had fallen upon his face in the water, and encumbered by his fetters, pressed down by his load, was vainly struggling to lift himself again. "There is a better way. You have money?"

"Ai, ai!" shouted Feversham, roaring with laughter, as the prisoner half rose and soused again. "I have some concealed on me. Idris took what I did not conceal."

"Good!" said Trench. "Idris will come to you to-day or to-morrow. He will talk to you of the goodness of Allah, who had brought you out of the wickedness of the world to the holy city of Omdurman. He will tell you at great length of the peril of your soul and of the only means of averting it, and he will wind up with a few significant sentences about his starving family. If you come to the aid of his starving family and bid him take five dollars of your store, you may get permission to sleep in the zareeba outside the prison. Be content with that for a night or two. Then he will come to you again, and again you will assist his starving family, and this time you will ask for permission for me to sleep in the open too. Come! There's Idris shepherding us home."

It fell out as Trench had predicted. Idris read Feversham an abnormal lecture that afternoon. Feversham learned that now God loved him; and how Hicks Pasha's army had been destroyed. The holy angels had done that, not a single shot was fired, not a single spear thrown by the Mahdi's soldiers. The spears flew from their hands by the angels' guidance and pierced the unbelievers. At last came the exordium about the starving children, and Feversham begged Idris to take the dollars.

That night Feversham slept in the open, and two nights later Trench joined him. Overhead was a clear sky and the blazing stars.

"Only three more days," said Feversham, and he heard his companion draw in a long breath. For a while they lay side by side in silence, and then Trench said:

"Are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Well," and with some hesitation

he made that confession which he had repressed on the day when they sat upon the foreshore of the Nile. "Each man has his particular weak spot of sentiment I suppose. I have mine. Perhaps you will laugh at it. It isn't merely that I loathe this squalid, shadeless, vile town of Omdurman, or the horrors of its prison. It isn't merely that I hate the emptiness of those desert wastes. It isn't merely that I am sick of the palm trees of Khartum, or these chains or the whips of the gaolers. But there's something more. I want to die at home—not merely in my own country, but in my own parish, and be buried there under the trees I am familiar with, in the sight of the church and the houses, and the trout-stream where I fished when I was a boy. You'll laugh no doubt."

Feversham was not laughing. The words had a queer ring of familiarity to him, and he knew why. They never had actually been spoken to him, but they might have been, and by Ethne Eustace.

"No, I am not laughing," he answered. "I understand." And he spoke with a warmth of tone which rather surprised Trench. And indeed an actual friendship sprang up between the two, and it dated from that night.

CHAPTER XXIV—THE ESCAPE

"THREE more days," said Feversham.

"Three more days," Trench repeated; and both men fell asleep with these words upon their lips. But the next morning Trench waked up and complained of a fever, and the fever rapidly gained upon him, so that before the afternoon had come he was light-headed, and those services which he had performed for Feversham, Feversham had now to perform for him.

"In a few days he will be well," said Feversham. "It is nothing."

"It is Umm Sabbah," answered Ibrahim, shaking his head, that terrible typhus fever which struck down so many in that infected gaol, and carried them off upon the seventh day. Feversham refused to believe. "It is nothing," he repeated in a sort of passionate obstinacy, but in his mind there ran perpetually another question, "Will the men with the camels wait?" Each day as he went down to the Nile he saw the man in the blue robe at his post; each day the man made his sign, and each day Feversham gave no answer. Meanwhile, with Ibrahim's help he nursed Trench. The boy came daily to the prison with food; he was sent out to buy tamarinds, dates and roots, out of which Ibrahim brewed cooling draughts. Together they carried Trench from shade to shade as the sun moved across the zareeba; some further assistance was provided for the starving family of Idris, and the forty pound chains which Trench wore consequently removed; he was given vegetable marrow soaked in salt water, his mouth was packed with butter, his body anointed and wrapped close in camel-cloths. The fever took its course, and on the seventh day Ibrahim said:

"This is the last. To-night he will die."

"No," replied Feversham. "That is impossible. 'In his own parish,' he said. 'Beneath the trees he was familiar with'; not here, no," and he spoke again with a passionate obstinacy. He was no longer thinking of the man in the blue robe outside the prison walls or of the chances of escape. The fear that the third feather would never be brought back to Ethne, that she would never have the opportunity to take back the fourth of her own free will, no longer troubled him. Even that great hope of "the afterwards" was for the moment banished from his mind. He thought only of Trench and the few awkward words he had spoken in the corner of the zareeba

on the first night when they lay side by side under the sky. "No," he repeated, "he must not die here." And through all that day and night he watched by Trench's side the long hard battle between life and death. At one moment it seemed that the three years of the House of Stone must win the victory; at another that Trench's strong constitution and wiry frame would get the better of the three years.

For that night, at all events, they did, and the struggle was prolonged. Even Ibrahim began to gain hope, and on the thirteenth day Trench slept and did not ramble during his sleep, and when he waked it was with a clear head. He found himself alone and so swathed in camel-cloths that he could not stir, but the heat of the day was past, and the shadow of the House of Stone lay black upon the sand of the zareeba. He had not any wish to stir, and he lay wondering idly how long he had been ill. While he wondered he heard the shouts of the gaolers, the cries of the prisoners outside the zareeba and in the direction of the river. The gate was opened and the prisoners flocked in. Feversham walked straight to Trench's corner,

"Thank God!" he cried. "I would not have left you, but I was compelled. We have been unloading boats all day," and he dropped in fatigue by Trench's side.

"How long have I lain ill?" asked Trench.

"Thirteen days."

"It will be a month before I can travel. You must go, Feversham. You must leave me here and go while you still can. Perhaps when you come to Assouan you can do something for me. I could not move. You will go to-morrow?"

"No, I shall not go without you," answered Feversham. "In any case. As it is, it is too late."

"Too late?" Trench repeated; he took in the meaning of words but slowly, he was almost reluctant to be disturbed by their mere sound; he wished just to lie idle for a long time in the cool of the sunset. But gradually the import of what Feversham had said forced itself into his mind.

"Too late. Then the man in the blue gown has gone?"

"Yes. He spoke to me yesterday. The camel men would wait no longer. They were afraid of detection and meant to return whether we went with them or not."

"You should have gone with them!" said Trench. For himself he did not at that moment care whether he was to live in the prison all his life, so long as he was allowed quietly to lie where he was for a long time, and it was without any expression of despair that he added: "So our one chance is lost."

"No, deferred," replied Feversham. "The man who watched by the river in the blue gown brought me paper, a pen and some wood-soot mixed with water. He was able to drop them by my side as I lay upon the ground. I hid them beneath my jibbeh and last night—there was a moon last night—I wrote to a Greek merchant at Assouan. I gave him the letter this afternoon and he has gone. He will deliver it and receive money. In six months, in a year at the latest, he will be back in Omdurman."

"Very likely," said Trench. "He will ask for another letter so that he may receive money and again he will say that in six months or a year he will be back in Omdurman. I know these people."

"You do not know Abou Fatma. He was Gordon's servant over there, before Khartum fell. He has been mine since. He came with me to Obak and waited there while I went down to Berber. He risked his life in coming to Omdurman at all. Within a year he will be back you may be very sure."

Trench did not continue the argument. He let his eyes wander about the enclosure and they settled at last upon a pile of newly-turned earth which lay in one corner.

"What are they digging?" he asked.

"A well," answered Feversham.

"A well?" said Trench fretfully,

"and so close to the Nile? Why? What's the object?"

Feversham could not answer him, but within a few days an answer was forthcoming. A high wall was to be built about the House of Stone. Too many prisoners had escaped in their fetters along the Nile bank. Henceforward they were to be kept from year's beginning to year's end within the wall. They built it themselves of mud bricks dried in the sun. Feversham took his share in the work, and Trench, as soon almost as he could stand, was joined with him.

"Here's our last hope gone," he said, and though Feversham did not openly agree, in spite of himself his heart began to consent.

For six months the two men lived in this enclosure, at the mercy of the whims of Idris es Saier. At one time they would be freed from the heavier shackles and allowed to sleep in the open; at another without reason these privileges would be withdrawn, and they struggled for their lives within the House of Stone. But at the end of six months there came an order from the Khalifa that both men should be employed in the powder factory. They heard the order each with an impassive countenance, but there was the same question leaping in their minds, "Has our chance come?"

The powder factory lay in the northward part of the town and on the bank of the Nile just beyond the limits of the great mud wall, and at the back of the slave market. Every morning the two prisoners were let out from the prison door, they tramped along the river bank on the outside of the town wall, and came into the powder factory past the storehouses of the Khalifa's bodyguard. Every evening they went back by the same road to the House of Stone. No guard was sent with them, since flight seemed impossible, and each journey that they made they looked anxiously for the man in the blue robe. But the months passed and May brought with it the summer.

"Something has happened to Abou Fatma," said Feversham. "He has been caught at Berber, perhaps. In some way he has been delayed."

"He will not come," said Trench.

But towards the end of May, Feversham had news that others were working for his escape. As they passed in the dusk of one evening between the storehouses and the wall, a man in the shadow of one of the narrow alleys whispered to them to stop. Trench knelt down upon the ground and examined his foot as though a stone had cut it, and as he kneeled the man walked past them and dropped a slip of paper at their feet. He was a Suakin merchant who had a booth in the grain market of Omdurman. Trench picked up the paper and limped on, with Feversham at his side. There was no address or name upon the outside, and as soon as they had left the houses behind and had only the wall upon their right and the Nile upon their left, Trench sat down again. There was a crowd about the water's edge, men passed up and down between the crowd and them. Trench took his foot into his lap and examined the sole. But at the same time he unfolded the paper in the hollow of his hand and read the contents aloud:

"A man will bring to you a box of matches. When he comes, trust him. SUTCH." And he asked, "Who is Sutch?"

"A great friend of mine," said Feversham. "He is in Egypt, then! Does he say where?"

"No, but since Mohamed Ali, the grain merchant, dropped the paper we may be sure he is at Suakin. A man with a box of matches! Think, we may meet him to-night!"

But it was a month later when an Arab pushed past them on the bank and said, "I am the man with the matches. To-morrow by the storehouses at this hour," and as he walked past them he dropped a box of coloured matches on the ground. Feversham stooped instantly.

"Don't touch them," said Trench, and he pressed the box into the ground with his foot and walked on.

"Sutch!" exclaimed Feversham. "So he comes to our help! But did he know that I was here?"

They slept brokenly that night, and every time they waked it was with a dim consciousness that something great and wonderful had happened. And Feversham, as he lay upon his back and gazed upwards at the stars, had a fancy that he had fallen asleep in the garden of Broad Place on the Surrey hills, and that he had but to raise his head to see the dark pines upon his right hand and his left, and but to look behind him to see the gables of the house against the sky. Trench waked up at dawn with a great fear on his face.

"Suppose they keep us here to-day," he whispered, plucking at Feversham.

"Why should they?" answered Feversham, but the same fear caught hold of him and they sat dreading the appearance of Idris lest he should have some such new order to deliver. But he crossed the yard and unbolted the prison door without a look at them. Fighting, screaming, jammed together in the entrance, pulled back, thrust forward, the captives struggled out into the air, and amongst them was one who ran, foaming at the mouth, and dashed his head against the wall.

"He is mad!" said Trench, as the gaolers secured him, and since Trench was unmanned that morning he began to speak rapidly and almost with incoherence. "That's what I have feared. That I should go mad. Should die—even here—one could put up with that, without overmuch regret, but to go mad!" and he shivered as his fear took hold of him. "If this man with the matches proves false to us, Feversham, I shall be near to it—very near to it. A man one day; a raving, foaming idiot the next, a thing to be put away out of sight, out of hearing. God, but that's horrible!" and he dropped his head between his hands, and dared not look up until Idris crossed to them and bade them go. What work they did in the factory that day neither knew. They were only aware that the hours passed with an extraordinary slowness, but the evening came at last.

"Among the storehouses," said Trench. They dived into the first alley which they passed, and turning a corner saw the man who had brought the matches.

"I am Abdel Kader," he began at once, "who have come to arrange for your escape. But at present flight is impossible," and Trench swayed upon his feet as he heard the word.

"Impossible?" asked Feversham.

"Yes. I brought three camels to Omdurman, of which two have died. The Effendi at Suakin gave me money but not enough. I could not arrange for relays, but if you will give me a letter to the Effendi telling him to give me two hundred pounds, then I will have everything ready and come again within three months."

Trench turned his back so that his companion might not see his face. All his spirit had gone from him at this last stroke of fortune. The truth was clear to him, appallingly clear. Abdel Kader was not going to risk his life; he would be the shuttle between Omdurman and Suakin as long as Feversham cared to write letters and Sutch to pay money. But the shuttle would do no weaving.

"I have no means to write," said Feversham, and Abdel Kader produced them.

"Be quick," he said, "write quickly, lest we be discovered," and Feversham wrote—but though he wrote as Abdel suggested the truth was as clear to him as to Trench.

"There is the letter," he said, and he handed it to Abdel, and, taking Trench by the arm, walked without another word away.

They passed out of the alley and came again to the great mud wall. It was sunset; to their left the river gleamed with the changing lights, here it ran the colour of an olive, there rose pink, and here again a brilliant green; above their heads the stars were coming out; in the east it was already dusk, and behind them in the town drums were beginning to beat

with their barbaric monotone. Both men walked with their chins sunk upon their breasts, their eyes upon the ground. They had come to the end of hope, they were possessed with a lethargy of despair. Feversham thought not at all of the pine trees on the Surrey hills, nor did Trench have any dread that something in his head would snap and that which made him man be reft from him. They walked slowly as though their fetters had grown ten times their weight, and without a word. So stricken, indeed, were they that a man turned and kept pace beside them, and neither noticed his presence. In a few moments he spoke :—

"The camels are ready in the desert, ten miles to the west."

But he spoke in so low a voice, and those to whom he spoke were so absorbed in misery that the words passed unheard. He repeated them, and Feversham looked up. Quite slowly their meaning broke in on Feversham's mind, quite slowly he recognized the man who uttered them.

"Abou Fatma," he said.

"Hoosh!" returned Abou Fatma, "the camels are ready."

"Now?"

"Now."

Trench leaned against the wall with his eyes closed and the face of a sick man. It seemed that he would swoon and Feversham took him by the arm.

"Is it true?" Trench asked faintly and before Feversham could answer Abou Fatma went on :

"Walk forward very slowly. Before you reach the end of the wall it will be dusk. Draw your cloaks over your heads, wrap these rags about your chains so that they do not rattle. Then turn and come back; go close to the water beyond the storehouses. I will be there with a man to remove your chains. But keep your faces well covered, and do not stop. He will think you slaves."

With that he passed some rags to them, holding his hands behind his back, while they stood close to him. Then he turned and hurried back. Very slowly Feversham and Trench walked forward in the direction of the prison, the dusk crept across the river, mounted the long slope of sand, enveloped them. They sat down and quickly wrapped the rags about their chains and secured them there. From the west the colours of the sunset had altogether faded. The darkness gathered quickly about them. They turned and walked back along the road they had come. The drums were more numerous now, and about the wall there rose a glare of light. By the time they had reached the water's edge opposite the storehouses it was dark. Abou Fatma was already waiting with his blacksmith. The chains were knocked off without a word spoken.

"Come," said Abou. "There will be no moon to-night. How long before they discover you are gone?"

"Who knows? Perhaps already Idris has missed us. Perhaps he will not till the morning. There are many prisoners."

They ran up the slope of sand, between the quarters of the tribes, across the narrow width of the city, through the cemetery. On the far side of the cemetery stood a disused house, a man rose up in the doorway as they approached and went in.

"Wait here," said Abou Fatma, and he, too, went into the house. In a moment both men came back and each one led a camel and made it kneel.

"Mount," said Abou Fatma. "Bring its head round and hold it as you mount."

"I know the trick," said Trench.

Feversham climbed up behind him, the two Arabs mounted the second camel.

"Ten miles to the west," said Abou Fatma, and he struck the camel on the flanks.

Behind them the glare of the lights dwindled, the tapping of the drums diminished.

CHAPTER XXV—THE FLIGHT

THE wind blew keen and cold from the north. The camels freshened by it trotted out at their fastest pace.

"Quicker," said Trench between his teeth. "Already Idris may have missed us."

"But, even so, there will be a search through the town, and the making of enquiries," replied Feversham. "It will take time to get men together for a pursuit, and those men must fetch their camels, and already it is dark."

But though he spoke hopefully, he turned his head again and again towards the glare of light above Omdurman. He could no longer hear the tapping of the drums, that was some consolation. But he was in a country of silence, where men could journey swiftly, and yet make no noise. There would be no sound of galloping horses to warn him that pursuit was at his heels. Even at that moment the Ansar might be riding within thirty paces, and Feversham strained his eyes backwards into the darkness and expected the glimmer of a white turban. Trench, however, never turned his head. He rode with his teeth set, looking forward. Yet fear was no less strong in him than in Feversham. Indeed, it was stronger, for he did not look back towards Omdurman, because he did not dare, and though his eyes were fixed directly in front of him, the things which he really saw were the narrow streets, the dotted fires, and men running hither and thither among the houses, making their quick search for the two prisoners escaped from the House of Stone.

Once his attention was diverted by a word from Feversham, and he answered without turning his head:

"What is it?"

"I no longer see the fires of Omdurman."

"The golden blot, eh, very low down?" Trench answered in an abstracted voice. Feversham did not ask him to explain what his allusion meant, nor could Trench have disclosed why he had spoken them; they had come back to him suddenly with a feeling that it was somehow appropriate that the vision which was the last thing to meet his eye as he set out upon his mission he should see again now that that mission was accomplished. They spoke no more until two figures rose out of the darkness in front of them, and Abou Fatma cried in a low voice:

"Instanna!"

They halted their camels and made them kneel.

"The new camels are here?" asked Abou Fatma, and two of the men disappeared for a few minutes and brought them up. Meanwhile the saddles were unfastened and removed.

"They are good camels?" asked Feversham, as he helped to fix the saddles upon them.

"Of the Anaf's breed," answered Abou Fatma. "Quick! Quick!" and he looked anxiously to the east and listened.

"The arms?" said Trench; "you have them? Where are they?" and he bent his body and searched the ground for them.

"In a moment," said Abou Fatma, but it seemed that Trench could hardly wait during that moment. He showed even more anxiety to handle the weapons than he had shown fear that he would be overtaken.

"There is ammunition?" he asked feverishly.

"Yes, yes," replied Abou Fatma, "ammunition and rifles and revolvers." He led the way to a spot about twenty yards from the camels where some long desert grass rustled about their legs. He stooped and dug into the soft sand with his hands.

"Here," he said.

Trench flung himself upon the ground beside him and scooped with both hands. In a moment or two his fingers touched the lock and trigger of a rifle, and it was as much as he could do to repress a cry. The rifle was dug up, the ammunition shared.

"Now," said Trench, and he laughed with a great thrill of joy in the

laugh. "Now I don't mind. Let them follow from Omdurman! One thing is certain now. I shall never go back there, no, not even if they overtake us."

Two of the Arabs mounted the old camels and rode slowly away to Omdurman. Abou Fatma and the other remained with the fugitives. They mounted and trotted northeastwards. No more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed since they had first halted at Abou Fatma's word.

All that night they rode through half grass and mimosa trees and came about sunrise on to flat bare ground broken with small hillocks.

"Are the Effendi tired?" asked Abou Fatma. "Will they stop and eat?"

"No, we can eat as we go."

Dates and bread and a draught of water from a zamsheyeh made up their meal, and they ate it as they sat their camels. These, indeed, now that they were free of the long desert grass, trotted at their quickest pace. And at sunset that evening they stopped and rested for an hour. For days and nights they rode straining their own endurance and that of the beasts they were mounted on, now upon high and rocky ground, now traversing a valley, and now upon plains of honey-coloured sand. Yet to each man the pace seemed even of the slowest. A mountain would lift itself above the rim of the horizon, and for so long it stood before their eyes, and was never a foot higher or an inch nearer. At times some men tilling a scanty patch of sorgoum would send their hearts leaping in their throats, and they must make a wide detour; or again a caravan would be sighted by the keen eyes of Abou Fatma, and they made their camels kneel and lie crouched behind a rock, with their loaded rifles in their hands. Ten miles from Abou Klea a relay of fresh camels awaited them, and upon these they travelled, keeping a day's march westward of the Nile. Thence they passed through the desert country of the Abadeh, and came in sight of a broad grey land stretching across their path.

"The road from Berber to Merowi," said Abou Fatma. "North of it we turn to the river. We cross the road to-night, and, if God wills, to-morrow evening we shall have crossed the Nile."

All that day they lay hidden behind a belt of shrubs upon some high ground and watched the road. They came down and crossed it in the darkness, and for the rest of that night travelled hard towards the river. As the day broke Abou Fatma bade them halt. They were in a desolate open country whereon the smallest projection was magnified by the surrounding flatness.

"We must build a circle of stones," said Abou Fatma, "and you must lie close to the ground within it. I will go forward to the river, and see that the boat is ready, and that our friends are prepared for us. I shall come back after dark."

They gathered the stones quickly and made a low wall about a foot high; within this wall Feversham and Trench laid themselves down upon the ground with a water-skin and their rifles.

"You have dates, too?" said Abou Fatma.

"Yes."

"Then do not stir from the hiding-place till I come back. I will take your camels and bring you back fresh ones in the evening." And in company with his fellow Arab he rode off towards the river.

Trench and Feversham dug out the sand within the stones and lay down, watching the horizon between the interstices. For both of them perhaps this was the longest day of their lives. To Trench's thinking it was longer than a night in the House of Stone, and to Feversham longer than even one of those days six years back when he had sat in his rooms above St. James's Park and waited for the night to fall before he dared venture out into the streets. They were so near to a large town, and the pursuit must needs be close behind. They had no shade to protect them; all day the sun burnt pitilessly upon their backs, and

within the narrow circle of stones they had no room wherein to move. The sunset, however, at the last, the friendly darkness gathered about them, and a cool wind rustled through the darkness across the desert.

"Listen!" said Trench, and both men as they strained their ears heard the soft padding of camels very near at hand. A moment later a low whistle brought them out of their shelter.

"We are here," said Feversham, quietly.

"God be thanked," said Abou Fatma. "I have good news for you and bad news too. The boat is ready, our friends are waiting for us, camels are prepared on the caravan track by the river bank to Abu Hamed. But your escape is known, and the roads and the ferries are closely watched. Before sunrise we must have struck inland from the eastern bank of the Nile."

They crossed the river cautiously about one o'clock of the morning, and sunk the boat upon the far side of the stream. The camels were waiting for them, and they travelled inland, and more slowly than suited the anxiety of the fugitives. For the ground was thickly covered with boulders, and the camels could seldom proceed at any pace faster than a walk. And through the next day they lay hidden again within a ring of stones, while the camels were removed to some high ground where they could graze. During the next night, however, they made good progress. Coming to the groves of Abu Hamed in two days, they rested for twelve hours there and mounted upon a fresh relay. From Abu Hamed the road lay across the great Nubian Desert.

Nowadays the traveller may journey through the two hundred and forty miles of that waterless plain of coal-black rocks and yellow sand, and sleep in his berth upon the way. The morning will show to him perhaps a tent, a great pile of coal, a water tank and a number painted on a white signboard, and the stoppage of the train will inform him that he has come to a station. Let him put his head from the window, he will see the long line of telegraph poles reaching from the sky's rim behind him to the sky's rim in front, and huddling together, as it seems, with less and less space between them the farther they are away. Twelve hours will enclose the beginning and the end of his journey, unless the engine break down or the rail be blocked. But in the days when Feversham and Trench escaped from Omdurman, progression was not so easy a matter. They kept eastward of the present railway and along the line of wells among the hills, and travelling so for seven days they came to Shof-el-Ain, a tiny well set in a barren valley between featureless ridges, and by the side of that well they camped. They were in the country of the Amrab Arabs and had come to an end of their peril.

"We are safe," cried Abou Fatma. "God is good. Northwards to Assouan, westwards to Wadi Halfa, we are safe!" And spreading a cloth upon the ground in front of the kneeling camels, he heaped dhurra before them. He even went so far in his gratitude to pat one of the animals upon the neck, and it immediately turned upon him and snarled.

Trench reached out his hand to Feversham.

"Thank you," he said simply.

"No need of thanks," answered Feversham, and he did not take the hand. "I have served myself from first to last."

"You have learned the churlishness of a camel," cried Trench. "A camel will carry you where you want to go, will carry you till it drops dead, and yet if you show your gratitude, it resents and bites. Hang it all, Feversham, there's my hand."

Feversham untied a knot in the breast of his jibbeh and took out a couple of white feathers, one small, the feather of a heron, the other large, an ostrich feather broken from a fan.

"Will you take yours back?"

"Yes."

"You know what to do with it."

"Yes. There shall be no delay."

"We shake hands then," said Feversham, and as their hands met, he added, "To-morrow morning we part company."

"Part company, you and I—after the year in Omdurman, the weeks of flight?" exclaimed Trench. "Why? There's no more to be done. Castleton's dead. You must come home."

"Yes," answered Feversham, "but after you, certainly not with you. You go to Assouan and Cairo. At each place you will find friends to welcome you. I shall not go with you."

Trench was silent for a while. He understood Feversham's reluctance, he saw that it would be easier for Feversham if he were to tell his story first and without Feversham's presence.

"Perhaps you will see Durrance," said Feversham, "if you do give him a message from me. Tell him that the next time he asks me to come and see him, I will accept the invitation."

"Which way will you go?"

"To Wadi Halfa," said Feversham, pointing westwards over his shoulder. "I shall take Abou Fatma with me and travel slowly and quietly down the Nile. The other Arab will guide you into Assouan."

They slept that night in security beside the well, and the next morning they parted company. Trench was the first to ride off, and as his camel rose to his feet ready for the start, he bent down towards Feversham who passed him the nose rein.

"Ramelton, that was the name? I shall not forget."

"Yes, Ramelton," said Feversham. "There's a ferry across Lough Swilly to Rathmullen. You must drive the twelve miles to Ramelton."

And Trench rode forward alone with his Arab guide. More than once he turned his head and saw Feversham still standing by the well; more than once he was strongly drawn to turn and ride back to that solitary figure, but he contented himself with waving his hand, but even that salute was not returned,

Feversham, indeed, had neither thought nor eyes for the companion of his flight. His six years of hard preparation had come this morning to an end, and yet he was more sensible of a certain loss and vacancy than of any joy. For six years, through many trials, through many falterings, his mission had strengthened and sustained him. It seemed to him now that there was nothing more wherewith to occupy his life. Ethne? No doubt she was long since married . . . . and there came upon him all at once a great bitterness of despair for that futile, unnecessary mistake made by him six years ago. He saw again the room in London overlooking the quiet trees and lawns of St. James' Park, he heard the knock upon the door, he took the telegram from his servant's hand.

He roused himself finally with the recollection that after all the work was not quite done. There was his father, who just at this moment was very likely reading the *Times* after breakfast, upon the terrace of Broad Place amongst the pine trees upon the Surrey hills. He must visit his father, he must take that fourth feather back to Ramelton. There was a telegram too which must be sent to Lieutenant Sutch at Suakin.

He mounted his camel and rode slowly with Abou Fatma westwards towards Wadi Halfa. But the sense of loss did not pass from him that day, nor his anger at the act of folly which had brought about his downfall. The wooden slopes of Ramelton were very visible to him across the shimmer of the desert air. In the greatness of his depression, Harry Feversham upon this day for the first time doubted his faith in the "afterwards."

CHAPTER XXVI—ALL EXPLANATIONS ARE MADE

FOUR days later a telegram reached Lieutenant Sutch at Suakin, telling him that Trench and Feversham were both safe upon Egyptian soil. He in his turn telegraphed the news to Durrance at Wiesbaden and set out for Port Said. The telegram had come from Wadi Halfa, and he was in two minds whether to turn aside at Suez and travel to Cairo, where there was a chance that he might pick up Harry Feversham. But Harry Feversham had not suggested the plan. Sutch was inclined to think that he would rather journey home alone, and that he would now come back among his friends there could be no doubt. For the fourth feather was still his in keeping. Besides, after all it was Durrance's business. Lieutenant Sutch had done his part, and the only duty which now remained to him was to carry the news to the old General who had not understood.

Thus, knowing nothing of any of the occurrences which affected him, Feversham travelled from Wadi Halfa to Assouan, and from Assouan to Cairo. He kept himself private, and went back to his old disguise. Even Lieutenant Calder did not know that he had passed through Wadi Halfa. He put up for three nights with the Greek merchant at Tewfikieh who had been his banker while he was at Omdurman, and it was as an agent of his that he went northwards. But the farther north he went, the more completely he recovered his spirits. The fit of depression and reaction passed. A queer anxiety took its place. He became alarmed at all the possible accidents which might befall a man who travelled. There was that fourth feather. He felt it burning against his breast, even as he had felt it at Ramelton when he had first received it.

"So many things might happen," he said to himself; "trains run off lines or into other trains. A block may fall from a spar even on the best appointed ship," and he quickened the speed of his travelling lest some such mischance should befall him before that fourth feather could be taken back.

A Peninsular and Oriental boat landed him at Brindisi and he went on at once by the mail to Calais. And during that journey the last six years were rolled away from him as a stone from the mouth of a tomb, and he came forth again into the air. At times, it is true, the train annoyed by its dilatoriness; at other times it appalled him by the danger of its terrific rapidity. But for the most part he sat by the window, and rushing across the continent steeped himself in the life which he had known before Castleton's telegram had come to him. The green plains of Italy, the lift of snow mountains in the north, the first glimpse of Monta Rosa, the villages of Switzerland, the trim chateaus of France, caught at him, and told him stories and whispered to him recollections until the six years of the East became hazy like the remembrance of a nightmare, and the years which had preceded them very close at hand. He did not stay his journey either at Dover or at London, and the one night which he was forced to spend at Londonderry was a night of restlessness and fever. From Ramelton he walked up the well-known road towards Letterkenny, past the red letter-box in the wall and found Lennon House in ruins. This was the first news he had had of Ethne Eustace during six years.

The landlady at the inn of Ramelton told him the rest of the story so far as she knew it. Feversham heard of the fire, and of the death of Dermod Eustace at Glenalla.

"And the daughter?" he asked slowly. "She is married, of course."

"No," but the negative was uttered in a tone that conveyed that there was much to follow. Feversham constrained himself to listen with what patience he could, and patience was needed. He was told of his own engagement and its mysterious termination. He was compelled to listen to various suppositions as to the reason of his disap-

pearance, and a comparison of the suppositions. And when that comparison was at last exhausted, Harry Feversham heard of Colonel Durrance.

"A poor blind gentleman. But it is thought that he will rebuild the big house."

"Durrance," said Feversham slowly. "So, after all, it is Durrance. How long has Miss Eustace been engaged?"

"A year and more," and information concerning a long and fruitless visit paid by Durrance to Wiesbaden was given to him.

"And Miss Eustace is at Glenalla now?"

"Yes. Colonel Durrance is there too. He is lodging with the vicar."

"Oh!"

Feversham began to wonder whether it would be right for him, after all, to take that fourth feather up to Glenalla, whether he had not better go quietly away. On the other hand, since she was engaged to Durrance his visit would make no difference to her—no real difference. She might possibly be glad, but that would be all. Besides—and he turned to the landlady quickly:

"Did a Colonel Trench stay here?"

"For a night," he was answered.

"When?"

"A fortnight ago."

Ethne would expect him then. He hired a horse from the inn, and crossing the bridge rode along by the thicket of trees on the highway to Rathmullen. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when he came to the village of Glenalla straggled along its single street. He rode past the vicarage where Durrance was staying, but saw no sign of his friend. Just beyond the vicarage the small grey church stood bare to the winds upon a tiny plateau. As he passed the gate a collie dog barked at him from behind it. Feversham noticed that the dog was very grey about the muzzle, he noticed its marking too. Then he noticed that the door of the church stood open. He dismounted, fastened his horse to the gate, raised the latch and entered the churchyard. The collie thrust his muzzle into the back of Feversham's knee, sniffed and was satisfied. It barked, jumped at Feversham's shoulders, ran furiously in front of him, turned sharply, ran back and jumped at him again. Feversham had no doubts. This was Dermod Eustace's old dog, and somehow the knowledge that the collie had not forgotten him after these intervening years, touched him strangely. He stooped and patted the dog, then he raised his head again and stood stock-still. Over against him in the doorway of the church Ethne Eustace was standing. She stood erect and without a movement; she did not so much as put out a hand to steady herself against the door. And she looked quite steadily at Feversham as he walked up the gravel path towards her. She had changed he saw. The six years had left their mark on her. It was not that she had aged, her big grey eyes shone clearly, the colour was still bright upon her cheeks and the smile in her lips he knew of old. But there was more character in her face; she had eaten of the tree of knowledge, she had suffered. Feversham, as he looked at her, was stricken with remorse.

"You expected me?" he asked.

"Yes," and she turned and went back into the church. Feversham followed her. "Colonel Trench came to me a fortnight back," she continued.

Then she stopped and held out her hand to him, palm upwards.

"Will you give it me please—that fourth feather?"

Feversham drew a pocketbook from his breast with a look of curiosity towards her.

"But Trench could not have told you that I meant to bring it back."

"He did tell me."

"I made no mention of it to him."

"Yes, on your first night in Omdurman."

"Ah," said Feversham, "I was delirious, I remember;" and Ethne shivered ever so slightly.

Feversham drew the broken tip of ostrich feather from the pocket of his letter case and handed it to her. She

held it in the palm of her hand and looked at it for a little while in silence. Then she said :

"I wonder whether you have forgotten our drive to Ramelton, when I came to fetch you at the quay side. We were speaking of the friends one does not lose, and you said —"

"I said that one could make mistakes."

"Yes, and I answered that one might seem to make mistakes and perhaps for a long while, but in the end one would be proved not to have made them. I remember those words very clearly to-day. I was right you see, and you were wrong. I denied them the next day, I know ; I should have clung to them. But I was young, I knew very little," and her voice shook a little though she did not change in her attitude. "I judged too hastily, but to-day I understand." And she let the feather fall from her palm and drop gently down onto the paving of the church. Then she held out her hand to Feversham and he took it, and as he took it,

"So I have got my friend again," she said. She drew a breath and smiled. There was a look almost of wonder in her eyes, that the thing, at first unimagined, of late so earnestly longed for, should at last have come about. And Feversham, seeing the gladness with which she recovered him, cried :

"There were six years well spent, then."

"But I get you back," she resumed steadily, "only to send you away again. I hope that you won't mind very much. It doesn't really matter so very much, now that you have come back. We shall be friends, sure friends —although we shall see very little of one another. I am going to marry a friend of yours—Colonel Durrance."

It had been a difficult speech for her to make with Harry Feversham before her eyes, but she made it without a break or hesitation. It would be easier for both of them, she thought, that she should give no sign of what so quick a separation cost her. He would know, surely enough, and she wished him to know, she wished him to understand that not one moment of his six years, so far as she was concerned, had been spent in vain. But that could be understood without the signs of emotion. So she spoke her speech looking steadily at him and speaking in an even voice. Only when she had finished, she moved away a little and sat down in a pew ; and she faltered a little as she moved. Feversham went to her side.

"Yes, I heard that you were engaged. They told me at Ramelton," he said. "I don't know, but I think there is one thing I ought to say. It was no thought of mine that you would wait. When you gave me that fourth feather, I understood your meaning very clearly. There was to be a complete, irrevocable end ; and the end is irrevocable. It was not even with an unconfessed wish that you would wait, that I went out to the Soudan. I had no right to form any such wish and I never did."

Ethne bent her head and answered in a low voice :

"So Colonel Trench told me."

"He knew that too ?"

"On your first night in Omdurman."

"Well, it's the truth," continued Feversham. "I told Sutch so before I went out, I told Trench so in Omdurman, and between the two dates I did not think differently even once. The most I dared to hope for—and I did hope for that every day, every hour,—was this, that we might see something of one another—afterwards."

"Yes. There at all events there will be no parting."

Ethne spoke very simply, without even a sigh, but she looked at Harry Feversham as she spoke and if he had doubted before what the cost of the separation was to her, he could no longer doubt it now. And understanding what it meant now, he understood with an infinitely greater completeness than he had ever reached in his lonely communings, what it must have meant six years ago, when she was left with her pride stricken as sorely as her heart.

"What trouble you must have gone through!" he cried, and she turned and looked him over.

"Not I alone," she said gently. "I passed no nights in the House of Stone."

"But it was my fault. Do you remember what you said when the morning came through the blinds? 'It's not right that one should suffer so much pain.' It was not right."

"I had forgotten the words—oh, a long time since—until Colonel Trench reminded me. I should never have spoken them. When I did I was not thinking they would live so in your thoughts. I am sorry that I spoke them." And for a time she was quite silent. She meant to send Harry Feversham away, but she was deferring the actual moment. She rather hoped that he would begin to speak about his travels, his dangers, almost any subject indeed, so that for a few minutes longer she might still defer it. But he waited for her and she was compelled to go on.

"I have said this to you now, because we shall not see one another again." And Feversham asked slowly:

"Not even when you are married?"

"No, not even then, not until—afterwards. You see, Colonel Durrance knows nothing of the Four Feathers, he knows merely that for some reason the engagement was broken off. I do not wish him to know more. I do not wish that you and he should meet at all."

"Very well," said Feversham.

But Ethne did not rise, it seemed that there was something to be added. And indeed there was, but she was purposely slow, and for the same reason which had moved her before. She wished to defer the moment of farewell. Unconsciously Feversham hurried her however, for since the silence grew prolonged, it was chiefly in order to break it that he said:

"They told me at Ramelton that Durrance had gone blind."

"Yes," she answered. "It was after he went blind that I became engaged to him. It was before Captain Willoughby came to me with the first feather. It was between those two events. You see, after you went away, one thought over things rather carefully. I used to lie awake and think, and I resolved that two mens' lives should not be spoilt because of me."

"Mine was not," Feversham interrupted. "Please believe that!"

"Partly it was," she returned, "I know very well. I was determined that a second should not be. And so when Colonel Durrance went blind—you know the man he was—you can understand what blindness meant to him, the loss of everything he cared for—"

"Except you."

"Yes," Ethne answered quietly, "except me. So I became engaged to him. But he has grown very quick. If you came back, if you and I saw anything of one another, he would guess. And he must not guess. The straight and simple thing is for us the only thing to do. He must never guess, for, as you said, he has nothing left but me."

And now at last she stood up and held out her hand to him. Feversham took it.

"Good-bye," he said, and she did not answer. "Durrance shall not know that I have ever come to Glenalla."

But as they walked to the church door they saw that Durrance was standing by the gate, patting Feversham's horse.

Feversham drew back into the church.

"I can wait till he has gone." Ethne shook her head.

"That would be no use," and her words were hardly spoken before they were proved true. For Durrance entered at the gate, came straight up the path to the church door and cried out:

"How do you do, Harry?"

He came forward at a sign from Ethne, and she joined them. For a few awkward minutes they talked together of the Soudan.

"Why didn't you come to my quarters at Wadi Halfa, eh?" Durrance

asked with a laugh. "Well, we'll talk about that to-morrow. You are staying at Ramelton?"

"Yes, but I must leave to-morrow."

"Not until after you have seen me," he said, "promise!" and again a sign from Ethne bade him answer. Reluctance upon Feversham's part would only inspire suspicion in Durrance; and once he suspected he would be very sure to guess. Feversham obeyed her warning.

"Certainly," he said. "I will wait at the inn until you come. I am not after all so pressed that I cannot spare a day to a friend."

He mounted his horse and rode off, leaving Ethne and Durrance together.

"Well," Durrance asked, "did you take it back?"

He was smiling, and Ethne could not at the first believe that he spoke with a reference to Feversham. But he repeated his question, and in less ambiguous words.

"Did you take back the Fourth Feather?"

Ethne was fairly startled.

"So you know," she exclaimed. "How do you know?"

"What does it matter? I know—that is the main thing. However bravely you have tried to keep from me this story of a great mistake and a great reparation, still I know of it, and I know more. I know why you tried to keep it from me. Two lives were not to be spoilt through you. Well, I know, and the two lives are not spoilt. But they would have been had I not discovered what you hid."

Ethne turned in silence and walked at his side up the lane towards her house. As he had said, it mattered very little how he had come to know, since he actually did know. There was no possibility of any further concealment, and she made no vain effort in that direction. But she was confused by the suddenness of his avowal.

That Durrance's discovery that she still was no more than his friend would crown his misfortunes had been her point of view. But she saw now that there was another, and she strove to understand it.

"Two lives would have been spoilt had you not discovered?" she repeated.

"Yes, Feversham's and mine—yet mine no less than Feversham's. Sooner or later I should have discovered—at some moment I should have found you off your guard again. But it would have been after we were married. Two lives spoilt! No, three, for yours would have been spoilt as well! Imagine us living together all our lives, each trying to keep the pretence, you that you cared, I that I was unaware you did not care! It was well, indeed, that I found out. I kept back my knowledge until now, until Feversham had returned. But now I say to you quite frankly, that I would much rather remain just your friend and your husband's friend."

They stopped at the gate of her house, and he held out his hand to her with a smile.

"To-morrow," said he, "I shall bring back Harry Feversham from Ramelton." And he did.

THE END

A SIX-PART STORY OF CANADIAN STUDENT LIFE WILL COMMENCE IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER. THE TITLE IS "FORTUNE'S HILL" AND THE WRITER VIRNA SHEARD, AUTHOR OF "THE LILY OF LONDON BRIDGE," "A MAID OF MANY MOODS," ETC.

TWO BRAVE MEN

A TALE OF THE NORTHWEST REBELLION

By R. Henry Mainer

GEORGE HULBARTON was factor of the Hudson's Bay Co. trading post which bore his name, but apart from the business affairs, Marie, his only child, was the ruling power.

The wild freedom of the surroundings and a vigorous outdoor existence had given to the young despot a shapely form, and the cold, crisp wintry wind had kissed a healthful glow into her naturally pretty features. The mass of curly brown hair completed a picture which haunted the wandering half-breed trapper on his lonely trips into the fur-country. Her winsome smile was not the only memory with those who had met her, for she knew well how to extend the little hospitalities of her father's home. Many a hungry wayfarer tasted of the excellence of her cooking in the tiny kitchen over which she reigned supreme, and deemed her doubly gracious because she sympathized with his troubles, or listened in well-feigned eagerness to his stories.

That she should have many suitors was the most natural thing in the world, and, mayhap, she enjoyed the diversion which they afforded. But of love affairs she had small knowledge, having read but few books telling of such things. True, she knew that many seemed to appreciate her presence with more than passing admiration, but her household duties, and her interests in the doings at the store, left her small opportunity to speculate very seriously on the outcome of those languishing glances. Should one, more importunate, press his claims beyond the ordinary lines of civility and good comradeship, he would suddenly discover a will that could become as firm and obdurate as the swiftest current in the Athabasca. A few had tasted of the ordeal and had left the post.

Among these latter was One Lock, the son of Little Brown Horse, a very sagacious old Indian chief, whose people dwelt along the shores of the Great Slave Lake within the territory controlled by the factor of Hulbarton. As a youth One Lock had gone with the hunters of his tribe to the season's trading at the Post, and had grown gradually to know the child who chattered saucily in his own tongue to his august elders. Because she had shown him some attention and allowed him to wander within the forbidden precincts of her home, he had whispered to his fellows that some day he would win the heart of the pale-face girl. However, when Marie discovered that he was entertaining such high hopes, she lost no time in showing him the foolishness of his boastings. One day, while he was supping a bowl of soup by the side of the Factor's fireplace, she told him that he must not visit her any more, and if he wished a wife to share his lodge he had best seek her amongst his own people.

Then it was that Petrie Laval came into her life. Although she did not know it her petty throne began to totter when first she saw the strange young Frenchman, erect of carriage, loose-limbed and handsome, conversing with Father John, the missionary priest, as they two came up together from the river, where the boats of the McKenzie Brigade lay moored, surrounded by their crews of rough-bearded voyageurs, just arrived from Norway House with the supplies. Many years had Marie known Father John and had been a frequent visitor at his cabin, which lay deep in the forest and close by the villages of the tribes for whose spiritual welfare he had forsaken the highways of civilization at the call of his Church. A spare, hard-featured man he was, but withal kindly and forbearing, and because Factor Hulbarton had told his

daughter that a sorrowful story linked his austere loneliness with the past, she must needs show her sympathy by spending many happy hours in his bare little home, reading the few tattered books upon his shelves, and listening to his talk when he was in the mood. The coming of his nephew, for such was the relationship between the good Father and Petrie Laval, was not unexpected, as a letter had found its way northward some months before, and the news which it contained had been too good to keep. Marie had heard much of him from Father John. Almost before that day was out they had exchanged confidences, and to Petrie, fresh from the bustle and stir of Quebec, the dainty figure that swept into his vision from the threshold of the store was an agreeable surprise, and gave a quickened beat to his pulse which the monotony of a thousand miles of waterway in the boisterous company of the river men had deadened into clocklike regularity. Afterwards, on many occasions, he had played the part of weary wayfarer, so that he might sit in the kitchen of Marie.

It was like getting back to civilization when the Chief Factor and his family and the underclerks about the Post gathered around the fire, during the cold evenings, while Petrie talked of the latest news from the cities of Montreal and Quebec, and of the railway which was steadily creeping westward into the wilderness. Then when he became tired of the subject, Marie, with her large blue eyes fixed in admiration on the young Frenchman, would take up the banjo on which her father had taught her to perform and sing those sweet weird songs, half Indian, half French or English, which are the natural melody of the voyageur as he wends his solitary way down the river, or of the lonely trapper as he smokes by his camp-fire in the woods.

The months of summer waned into the early winter, while yet Petrie lingered under the hospitable roof of Father John—that troublesome winter of '84-'85 which brought evil days upon the peaceful traders about Hulbarton Post. Father John was the first to notice the strange faces that met him on his visits to the tribe of the Little Brown Horse, and also the low, muttered conferences that lulled to naught but averted glances upon his approach. With much misgiving in his voice he spoke of it to his friend the Factor.

Petrie had brought with him a curious story, gathered from the camp-fire talks of the half-breed boatmen, concerning Louis Riel, the exiled French leader, who had secretly returned to his kinsmen in the Saskatchewan valley and was working on their excitable natures to aid him in a second revolt against the unyielding encroachments of the Canadians. Already his influence had taken a strong grip upon the fancies of the men in his immediate neighbourhood, and each party of trappers or river brigade, who penetrated farther into the country, carried on the tale, or perhaps held amongst its company an agent from the disaffected region.

Antwine Duroc, a young half-breed trader, known to Factor Hulbarton for years past as a shrewd man in the store bargaining, and of considerable notoriety with his fellows, had suddenly appeared in the settlement. Instead of smoking his customary pipe with the Factor, preparatory to the opening of his pelt bundles and the setting aside of an especially valuable skin for "La petit Mmeoselle," he had passed the trading store without a glance in its direction, and on to the Indian village, where his deep tones could be heard nightly as he harangued the braves in the council-house. Trouble was in the air, and the priest tried vainly to learn the true meaning of it all. To his inquiries the men only shook their heads or muttered an ominous warning to begone before harm should befall him and his people. He bade Petrie seek the shelter of the Post until the spring sun should open a passage for him to return. Petrie took a different view of the matter and declared that he would not desert his uncle because a little danger threatened.

The night on which a messenger, snowshoeing and leading his dog-sledge, stalked through the forest with the sign from the south that hostilities had opened, there was a howling blizzard, and Father John and Petrie stayed close within their comfortable quarters. The priest was weary from a day of tramping about the Indian village and sick at heart at the stolid indifference of his once friendly flock, so taking his beads and his prayers, he retired early to his couch, leaving Petrie stretched lazily before the sparkling grate and reading by its light. The hours of the night sped by, and as the young Frenchman paused in his perusal of the book the sinister fury of the wind without, as it whirled the snow about the hut, drew a sympathetic shiver from him. He arose and laid fresh fuel upon the fire, then settled down again to gaze drowsily into its coals and finally to sleep. He knew not how long he slept, but the droning lullaby of the wind was suddenly pierced by the wailing cry of a human being. Petrie sprang to his feet, and thinking that perhaps he was the victim of some troubled dream, he turned to see if his uncle had been disturbed.

Father John was already up and bent toward the door in a listening attitude. "Mon Dieu! Some one in distress," Petrie exclaimed, and stepping over he lifted the door bars.

The scurrying snow and darkness at first blurred his vision, but becoming somewhat accustomed to the change, he could distinguish the figure of a woman, lying face downwards in the path. In a moment he had gathered the small form in his arms and carried it to the couch which he had vacated. Laying her down, the two men gazed in astonishment girlish features before them, now drawn and blue with the fierce struggle in the storm.

"'Tis Marie from the Post," murmured the Father, as he turned to mix a warming draught and fetch hot blankets, but Petrie, as he chafed the hands of the girl, felt the blood boiling in his veins so that he could scarce restrain himself, for well he guessed that terrible things were happening to drive her out unprotected on such a night.

The ministrations of Father John soon produced the desired effect, and Marie's blue eyes opened and wandered about the room in silent wonder.

It was the priest who spoke to her. "What ails thee, child, and why do you come to us at this hour?"

"I—don't know, but, yes—It was the Indians. They have taken to the war dance. They are sacking the settlement, and One Lock seized me in the fight and tried to run away unobserved, but Antwine Duroc, the half-breed trader, was close by and he sprang upon the young chief, and while they struggled I ran, and remembering your words, Father, I prayed, and when I felt that I must die, I saw your hut, and in despair I called, but it was so cold and I was afraid." The maid shuddered and lay back sobbing in the Father's arms.

"Say no more, my child," he whispered gently, stealing a second to lovingly stroke her hair ere he turned to Petrie, and continued in an undertone, "They will come to us next."

Petrie stood by the priest's side, but a grim, hard look had stolen into his careless, almost boyish, features, and his eyes dwelt hesitatingly upon two rifles that hung on the opposite wall.

"Watch over Mademoiselle, uncle, and I will open the door and listen."

A low murmuring sound, which rose and fell fitfully, above the moaning of the pines, stole softly in upon them. The priest knew what it was, for he had seen and known the unbridled Cree when love of war had swept aside the fear of God; but he said no word that might increase the terror of his charge. The howling grew in volume as they listened.

"They are following her trail, and in a few minutes will be here. Shall I load the guns?" Petrie asked.

"We will stop them with the cross," answered the Father as he helped Marie to a distant part of the room, and then took his stand by the open door.

Thus the two men kept their silent

vigil many minutes. The younger overwhelmed with his wild passions, and the older calm and dignified, his grey hair streaming in the blast. Suddenly slanting shadows fell across the white, and glided nearer, spirit-like, from tree-trunk to tree-trunk. They stopped some twenty yards from the hut.

"What want ye sons of the forest! Have you let the evil one creep into your hearts, that you should come to me, skulking from tree to tree, like wolves who dare not face the day? Is this the manner of your coming to a friend who has helped you in sickness and in trouble, and asked no payment but your good-will? Get you back to your lodges, and rather seek forgiveness for the wrongs which you have already committed this night. Listen to my good counsel, children, and destroy not those who wish you well."

The venerable churchman, standing forth undaunted in the light of the doorway, checked the savage rabble, but one young brave saw beyond to the spot where a little figure lay white against the black interior.

"You are no friend to us, but a brother to the hated pale-faces, and we only know the god of our fathers."

So, One Lock, the son of Little Brown Horse, shouted his defiance; and the long sear of a wound which had shorn from him the half of his scalp, and from which he took his name, added to the contortion of his features, made him indeed a desperate foeman as he stood out boldly in the open to encourage his companions. Father John noted with dismay that the casks at the store had been broached, and felt that appeals to their reason were well-nigh hopeless; yet he spoke again:

"Children, why do you thirst for blood of me or mine?" His entreaty was more that of a parent toward a wayward child, and suggested reproof. He stepped slowly out amongst them, with the majesty of one who was not afraid. "Get you home, my people, and touch not those who have loved you these many seasons," his lips muttered once again.

Those nearest to him began to slink away, abashed at the courage of the Christian, but One Lock, stealing up behind, dealt a blow upon the priest's head with his tomahawk, laying him lifeless upon the snow, and spreading a crimson stain about the spot.

For the moment Petrie had remained transfixed in the doorway, his eyes following his uncle in silent wonder, then, seeing the shadow rising stealthily from the path, he drew a rifle to him, and taking hasty aim, fired; but too late to stay the cowardly blow. Simultaneously with the report sounded the shrill death-cry of the Cree, and One Lock, tottering for one short breath of life, sank across the body of his victim. The spell was broken, and grotesque shapes sprang from behind the trees uttering their war-whoops, and swept in a wild medley toward the door. Petrie was there to meet them, and even as he fumbled with the recharge a small hand leaned toward him with the second rifle ready loaded. The foremost Indian died ere he had reached the open, and then, whispering an adieu to Marie, the young Frenchman advanced to meet the onslaught. There was no time for further shooting, so he grasped the iron barrel, and swinging it at arm's-length, beat them backward again and again, laughing his defiance, as the wild frenzy of the fight thrilled within him. The unequal combat could not last long against such numbers, and gradually they bore him down, but not until the stout deer-hide thongs bound him did he cease his desperate struggle. He fully expected that they would kill him at once, and waited proudly for the blow, but such was not the intention of his captors. They brought Marie from the hut, and left the two under guard at the edge of the forest whilst they returned to complete their devastation. The little of tempting value in the abode of Father John soon brought them forth again, and in contempt at its bareness they set it on fire. After a hurried division of the loot, the majority started off to where the bright glare of a settler's house offered better profit,

leaving a few to bring along the prisoners at a more leisurely pace.

Those who remained watched until the destruction of the hut was complete, and meanwhile buried their dead in a hollow scooped out in the snow. Then they too set off in single file to put as much space as possible between their next stopping place and the scene of their night's work.

The pain of Petrie's wounds hindered his movements greatly, so that they pricked him with their knives to hurry him, telling him all the while of the fate awaiting him at the centre camp. Happily it was different with the maid, for they treated her with a rough tenderness quite unusual—a circumstance which enabled Petrie to maintain a stony indifference in the face of their torments. Next day a great fire was kindled, and hunters came into the camp with plenty of game and sacks of pilfered food from the storehouse of Hulbarton Post. As a fitting celebration of their first victory the chiefs proclaimed a feast. The young braves were in high good humour, and while the elders sat around the circle eating and smoking their newly-acquired tobacco, they danced war songs, and vied with one another in fantastic apparel and in loud boastings of what they had done and were going to do.

Soon after dusk had fallen three half-breeds strode into the circle of light, and seating themselves by the fire, began to question the Indians as to their doings. The gaze of one fell upon the prisoners, who sat in the shelter of an improvised windbrake beyond the feasting, and a smile of keen satisfaction passed over his rugged features as he noticed that one was a woman, for he was Antwine Duroc the trader, who had saved Marie from One Lock in the fight at the Post. As the night wore away, one after another of the band rolled himself in his blanket, to sleep off his over-indulgence.

Antwine Duroc had assumed the right to guard the prisoners, and as he had no use for his blanket he gave it to the maid. He arose from his seat by the fire after a time, and with his rifle slung loosely over his shoulder, stalked back and forth, as if to frustrate any possible attempt at an escape. Petrie, lying wakeful and alert, cursed him for his watchfulness.

The half-breed stopped in the course of his beat to closely scrutinize the figures about the fire, and then, apparently satisfied, he stepped cautiously over to the Frenchman, and bending down whispered:

"If I save you will you get me pardon from the white man's government for what I have done in this affair?"

"What do you intend to do?" asked Petrie, suspicious of his would-be friend.

"Sacré, what of my intentions? I want free pardon, and you must get it for me if I liberate you and the child yonder," he continued angrily.

"Very well, Monsieur Duroc, let us be going."

Without further comment the half-breed cut the bonds of both prisoners, and giving each a pair of snowshoes, and a rifle to Petrie, he pointed out the direction, and bade them hurry and he would follow in a few minutes.

The forest was lighted with a clear moon, and Petrie found no difficulty in seeing a way through the trees. Uttering a short prayer of thankfulness, he grasped Marie's hand and started. Thus they travelled on in silence for an hour or more, each trying to realize the whole significance of the events of the past two days, and wondering what would befall them next, and whether they would ever reach a place of safety. Then Petrie's thoughts centred about the owner of the shapely arm which clung to his so tightly, and the pitiful gasps for breath as he hastened the pace gave him a confidence in his own powers that he had never known before.

After covering a couple of miles, Antwine caught up with them, and the cause of his delay was apparent, for on his back he carried the snowshoes of their late captors, so that when the flight would be discovered, the pursuit through the deep snow would be considerably hindered. Antwine deposited

his load against a tree with a grunt of relief, then grasping the free hand of the girl, he strode on so fast that it taxed even the long strides of Petrie to keep apace. Their progress was necessarily retarded, however, as the remaining strength of the weary girl was fast ebbing away, so that at times her two protectors had to carry her bodily between them.

The first grey streaks of dawn began to shoot across the sky lighting up the gaps between the pines overhead, and still no sound of their late foes could be detected. When it was broad daylight they halted. Antwine produced a few pieces of dried pemmican and maize cake which he had thoughtfully placed in his pouch, and of this they made a meal.

While resting, Petrie endeavoured to learn more of the half-breed's plans, but that individual was not in a talkative mood, and turned his back. At length, as if he had decided some definite course in his mind, he arose, and beckoning Petrie to follow, proceeded into the forest. He faced about in a spot where the trees partly hid him from the eyes of the maid, and for a space of minutes let his eyes dwell upon his companion as if pondering deeply the words which he was about to speak. Then a cynical smile convulsed his otherwise sober features.

"Well, Antwine, what is it?" querried Petrie.

"You whiteman think that I have a soft heart, and that I fear you so much that I save you for a pardon for myself. Bien! I cannot be the same Antwine, who was no coward until yesterday. What have I to seek pardon for? Why should I come to one who was already dead? No, no! I not save you for yourself, but that I may get the maid. I love her for many years, and she seem to like me, too; then you come and she turn against me. You love the ma'mselle, and I save you for that!" Antwine chuckled in derision at his own words.

"I will be fair and give you equal chance. You take rifle and stand by yonder tree, and I will stay here; when all is ready we both turn and fire. If I die you take girl; if you die I take her. It is our blood to decide such matters thus, and who would ask better? I cannot live with a dead heart."

Petrie realized that beneath the rough exterior of the man before him beat a heart as tender and susceptible as his own, and that no persuasion could alter his intentions.

"You have spoken the matter plainly, Antwine, and were we not the sole protectors of the Factor's daughter I would accept your conditions with pleasure, for you have guessed my secret that I, too, love her; still, she is not in safety, and it is ill-befitting two men, each planning for her sweet smiles, to fall into a quarrel over her hand while her life is in danger. Rather let our affections wait until it concerns but the two of us."

"I will have no chance when she is back amongst her people," muttered the trader bitterly. "She will forget poor Antwine as she had done before, so here it must be settled. Have I not dreamed of her as mine by my camp-fire, and now I will know whether I have lived in vain. Take your place and if you fear, you may have two shots and shoot first, Monsieur." The passion played about the breed's face like a storm at sea.

"Listen! Antwine. Already this folly has ruined our chances, for even now I can hear the bloodthirsty braves upon our trail."

"Mon Dieu! they are coming sure, and will catch us before we reach the foot of yonder hill. Let it be as you say, the safety of Ma'mselle must be considered. By Saint Chris, I can hold them for a short time, but if I escape you promise to fight me fair when I come to demand it."

"And if not?" questioned Petrie as he grasped the outstretched hand in a silent answer of acceptance.

The cloud on the trader's face lifted and almost jocularly he shrugged his shoulders, then spoke quickly: "You take the maid; there is a settlement but a few miles distant; in an hour you will

be safe. Adieu, Monsieur, we will meet again, perhaps." The gallant fellow slung his rifle over his shoulder, and walked back along the new-made trail.

Petrie did not understand his strange companion, so eager to fight for her and yet accepting a reverse of fate with equal nonchalance. However, actions of great issue were to be performed, so he turned from his reflections to tighten the laces of his snowshoes.

Throwing reserve to the winds he picked Marie up in his arms and ran, never casting a backward glance or doubting the word of Antwine the half-breed. On and on he sped, the fear for his charge lending strength to his limbs. Soon the sounds of distant firing told plainly that Antwine was doing his duty nobly, and with a muttered prayer for the heroic defender he pressed on still faster. The exertion opened his wounds, and a red line followed his footsteps, but his love for Marie Hulbarton was great, and her white face as she lay fainting in his arms nerved him to withhold the groans which seemed determined to come The length of the journey he never knew and his whole life seemed bound to the one object.

The firing became sharper and more vicious, and a smothered war-whoop floated to him on the frosty air.

As in a dream the sounds came but he watched only for the opening in the trees ahead. Suddenly he reached a beaten path, and from this he emerged into a cleared space in the centre of which stood a long row of buildings.

No sign of life was visible, but in answer to his shout a woman peered cautiously from a half-opened doorway.

"The Indians! They are coming," he cried as he stumbled into the room.

Marie, half dead with the fright and the cold, but dimly realized that she was past the danger. She gazed about at the people and then at the fainting form of her rescuer as if unable to comprehend.

A man with bullet pouch and rifle came hurriedly into the house, in answer to the strange warning, followed by many others.

"Marie, my child!" he called huskily, and Marie was in the arms of her father.

The sacking of Hulbarton was but a prelude to the conflict at Duck Lake, and the ill-fated rebellion of Louis Riel was in its throes. The tribe of the Little Brown Horse was to be taught a severe lesson before peace again dwelt in its villages, and throughout the campaign Petrie Laval took no laggard's place.

When the fur brigades went north again, after the decisive fight at Batoche, he journeyed with them, and in time came to the new Post of Hulbarton, where Marie awaited him. For had he not promised that they two should spend a happy honeymoon in the grand cities of the south?

With Antwine, the half-breed trader, it was different. He was never seen again. The Indians say that his body lies buried side by side with Father John, under the ruins of the old hut of the priest, where his kinsmen had placed him after his defence of the woman he loved. On the rude marking cross they cut the words:

"Here sleep two brave men."

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. MacLean Helliwell

EDEN

As a place of residence Eden was closed
When Adam and Eve left home ;
And no one can live there, it is supposed,
For many a year to come.
But now and again, in the summer days,
The gardens are open thrown,
That the public may walk down the grassy ways :—
And nobody walks alone.

E. THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

WHEN our American cousins come trooping over the border with all the gaiety and sangfroid of young Lochinvar, they little know the inestimable service they are doing us, for it is their presence among us in hundreds and tens of hundreds that makes it possible for us to retain our complacent belief in the pleasing fiction that we of Canada are the salt of the earth so far as manners, voices and general deportment are concerned. It was a bright little Yankee girl who first drew my attention to this fact.

"I have observed," she remarked dryly, "that throughout the length and breadth of this charming country, whenever a particularly ill-mannered individual appears he or she is immediately voted an 'American' in tones of withering contempt, by everyone within whose range of vision he or she may chance to be. What would you Canadians do if we did not come over to be your scapegoats and bear the odium of all your faults and follies? Of course, I know that there is a type of American who is decidedly objectionable to even his own countrymen. Now, my private opinion is that Canadians are not as clever at determining at sight a man's nationality as they flatter themselves that they are."

After this remark I kept eyes and ears wide open. The little Yankee maiden was right. Whenever a particularly discordant or nasal voice pierced the air ; whenever cloudy smoke-rings appeared in those places into which the etiquette books have decreed that tobacco shall not enter; whenever, in short, any established canon of politeness, tact, or general good-breeding were outraged, the universal chorus rose to heaven : "Lo, the rude American!"

Surely this attitude which, believe me, I am not exaggerating, is as unjust to Americans as it is injurious to ourselves. In the first place, this wholesale ascribing to Americans of all the sins and rudenesses on the calendar, even if it were justifiable from the standpoint of truth, is scarcely in harmony with that good taste and good breeding which are supposed to be Canadian characteristics. As a matter of fact, the Canadian Pharisee who takes such a position not only libels and insults the better class of Americans—than whom no people are more charming—but makes himself ridiculous and works harm to his own countrymen by drawing attention to several little failings of theirs which, had he maintained a discreet silence, might have been overlooked by charitably-minded visitors.

Undeniably there is, as the American girl herself confessed, a certain class of people living under the protection of the Stars and Stripes who are in every way objectionable and undesirable, but—is this type never found beneath the Union Jack? One is reluctantly forced to confess that a vigilant eye and attentive ear taught one, during the course of the

summer's wanderings, the sad truth that Canadian middle-class manners, as a whole, are not of that Admirable Crichton order which our fond fancy would fain paint them. Nor is the average Canadian voice—the voice which greets one on boat or train, in hotel parlours and at public gatherings—so wonderfully sweet and musical that we can afford to throw stones at our neighbours. Indeed, that which most strongly impressed the keen observer was the slip-shod pronunciation, very unpleasant intonation and lamentably unmodulated voice of the average speaker. The most distressing voice that ever jarred upon mortal tympanum was that which came from the mouth of a Canadian University graduate and school teacher who called water *watter* and drawled out her sentences with a nasality that would have done credit to the most Yankee of New Englanders. Now, why should this be? We hear a great deal for and against this or that particular school system, and much discussion is indulged in as to whether arithmetic should be sacrificed to hygiene, geography to botany, or spelling to sewing, but the absolute necessity for training the voice of young Canada does not seem to have been realized by any "system" originator or supporter. Is it not essential, above all things, that a man (or a woman) should know how to speak his mother-tongue, should be able to express what thoughts he may have in clear, forcible English, his words well chosen and correctly pronounced?

He whose tastes turn naturally to hygiene, French, German, astronomy or biology may, as he advances to manhood, pursue such studies at his pleasure, but the cultivation of the voice and the acquiring of a correct accent and adequate vocabulary must begin in childhood, nay, in infancy, if—to adopt the simile of the old fairy tale—one would have fall from one's lips pearls and diamonds instead of toads.

Through the courtesy of the President of the Woodstock Woman's Literary Club the attention of the editor of WOMAN'S SPHERE has been called to a new departure in Women's Clubs, of which the above mentioned is the pioneer association of this kind in Canada.

As this is the season when rested and rejuvenated clubwomen throughout the land are busily engaged in calling into being new organizations or in imbuing with fresh life and vigour those associations which, during the summer months, have been permitted to lapse into a state of peaceful inactivity, perhaps a short description of this new form of club will be helpful to harassed programme-makers.

The President of the Woodstock Club, in writing on the subject emphasizes the fact that the chief object of the society is *study*, and that the social element is subordinate. As the name indicates, such a club does not confine itself to one subject, but has several departments, each one presided over by a special committee. In the case of the Woodstock Club these committees are five in number, presiding over the departments of History, Art and Literature, Science and Education, Woman's Work, and Entertainment and controlling the Club days in each month (meetings being held weekly) in the order of their mention, Woman's Work and Entertainment occupying alternately the last Club day of each month.

Of course, every society may choose at will such subjects for study as particularly appeal to its members; in many department clubs, municipal and parliamentary law, contemporary history, or current events have been substituted for Woman's Work or Entertainment. The great advantage of this arrangement of committees is that the programme for the year, instead of being the work of one or two minds, represents the best efforts of twelve or fifteen, and diversity, freshness and vigour are absolutely assured.

Judging from the programme given in the attractive little purple-and-gold year book which has just come to WOMAN'S SPHERE, the Woodstock

Woman's Literary Club has a course of most delightful and profitable study before it this winter.

Speaking of clubs, an interesting little account of women's clubs in England and on the Continent has recently been published in a contemporary magazine, in which the writer states that "the honour of starting the club movement among English women belongs to the Somerville Club. Founded in 1878, six years after Mary Somerville's death, it was enjoyed for more than twenty years by professional women. The University Club was founded in Jubilee year as a friendly rival of the Somerville. For athletic women the Bath Club is the one most suited. The billiard-room is always crowded, and the magnificent tank which gives the club its name is a joy to those members who go in for aquatic delights. The Alexander Club excludes men altogether from its portals, and has made the eligibility to attend His Majesty's drawing-room a qualification of membership. This club was formed in 1884 by women of the nobility, and is still very exclusive. Then there is the Grosvenor Crescent Club, which is housed in a beautiful building, and has combined with it under the same roof the woman's institute. The London club, most typical of the modern society woman, is the Empress, now in its fourth year, and numbering three thousand members. A popular club for non-residents is the new Queen's Club. Then there are also the Sandringham and the New County. The latter is used largely as a meeting place for country cousins when in town for a day's shopping. The Sandringham Club makes rather a point of the Sunday evening concerts given at intervals during the season. The Camelot Club was founded with the laudable intention of offering a home on Sunday afternoons and evenings to women engaged in professional work. The Rehearsal Club was founded ten or more years ago, with the assistance of Princess Christian, for the convenience of theatrical women in the minor branches of the profession. It is a place of rest for them between the morning rehearsal and the evening performance.

"Then there is also the Society of American Women in London, which was established to bring American women together in the great metropolis and give them a centre where they may enjoy the companionship of their fellow-countrywomen. A similar organization of American women in Paris is known as the Ladies' Club.

"In Berlin one of the most helpful organizations for Europeans may be found in the "Hilsverein," which is thirteen years old and has some 15,000 members. The members are women from every branch of mercantile and industrial employment; the few hundred life-members and associates are women of property who pay a yearly fee of whatever sum they originally choose. The association aims to better the chances of its members by technical education, to open the way to steady employment, to provide for them when ill or in temporary need, to stand behind them in all cases calling for legal redress, to add to their opportunities for wholesome pleasure, and to influence all employers toward desirable measures for the comfort and health of their working force. Acting under the direction of committees, the association maintains an employment bureau, a whole system of information and assistance for vacations in the country, an office of legal advice, a very complete system of medical and surgical oversight, a branch for emergency cases and pension during lack of work, a series of lectures, entertainments and instructive courses, special performances at the theatre, a loan bank, etc., and has a surplus at the bank at the end of the year." Surely that is a society of which Germans may, with justice, be proud!

Although almost two months have elapsed since the crowning of our King, countless anecdotes more or less *a propos* of that momentous event are

still being circulated, and the little story of Queen Victoria's rebuke to the Master of Trinity College has been revived.

The right of Lord Kingsale to wear his hat in the presence of the Sovereign is well known; not so well known, perhaps, is the fact that this privilege is shared only by Lord Forester and the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The story referred to relates that when Queen Victoria visited the University, the Master of Trinity exercised his right, but feeling, doubtless, that some explanation of his apparent discourtesy was necessary, he reminded Her Majesty that the holders of his office were entitled to retain their hats in the presence of the Sovereign. "In the presence of the Sovereign—yes," replied the Queen, "but not in that of a lady."

A fundamental change is required in the arrangement of the modern house in two respects, says Ellen H. Richards in "The Club Woman."

First. As to application of well-known mechanical principles in saving of labour and securing adequate results for labour given. Why are heavy iron kettles always on the lowest shelf, whence they must be lifted to the top of a high stove? Why is the sink against the wall farthest from the stove instead of in the middle of the floor? Because women do not know enough about science to use the science at their elbow. Miss Parloa says that all the main appliances of the kitchen should be within a space ten feet square. How many a housewife complains of her maid for doing only half a day's work when her kitchen is so arranged as to require twice the energy it should to accomplish a result. Each step taken, each pound lifted needlessly, is a waste.

Second. A change in the living quarters of the maid is most urgently demanded. The present plan in the majority of small houses is based on the old idea of "help," one who shares the family life. With the modern conditions of separate interests a new order of things is demanded. A room so isolated from the parlous as to admit of the running of a sewing machine or the enjoyment of a laugh without disturbing the family, a place decent enough to have a weekly visit from a friend, where a cup of tea may be served, where illustrated papers and magazines may find their way. Companionship is more necessary to those who have not the company of their own thoughts than to those who can read with ease and pleasure. Bedrooms are now better cared for than a few years ago, but still there are to be found places where maids are expected to sleep which are a disgrace to our civilization. Who is to think out a practicable plan for this modern house if the housekeeper does not? Oh, ye thousands of Club Women! how many of you can draw a plan of a house and tell whether a closet should be four or ten feet square? How many of you will give up some effective porch in order that the maid may have a sitting-room? It is a great mistake to think that she will lounge here instead of doing her work. Try it and see. Do not put your own choice of pictures on the wall; let her have what she wants. That is the mistress' weak point.

Speaking of the imperfections of wives and husbands recalls a story that a certain old lady of the writer's acquaintance is particularly fond of repeating. The story goes that when Sam Jones was holding his meetings in a certain city, on one occasion he said: "There is no such thing as a perfect man. Anybody present who has ever known a perfect man stand up."

Nobody stood up.

"Those who have ever known a perfect woman stand up."

One demure little woman rose to her feet.

"What," cried the amazed evangelist, "did you know an absolutely perfect woman?"

"I didn't know her personally," answered the little woman quietly, "but I have heard a great deal of her. She was my husband's first wife."

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD
by John A. Ewan

COMMERCIAL matters have become so real a portion of international affairs that anything concerning them on a large scale comes appropriately under the department of Events Abroad. The most striking contribution to this department of public discussion during the past month was President Roosevelt's references to the trusts in a recent speech at Providence. The President prefaced his remarks by saying that much that was alleged against the trusts was not sound criticism, but that there was enough of it sound to call for the attention of the nation. At present the trusts were state-authorized concerns, not readily controlled by either the Legislature or the courts. The President's proposition is that the national Government should be vested with a sufficient measure of control over them. The end to be arrived at, in the first place, is publicity, that is complete knowledge of the affairs of these commercial monsters. "The full light of day," he says, "is a great discourager of evil. Such publicity would by itself tend to cure the evils of which there is just complaint, and where the alleged evils are imaginary it would tend to show that such was the case. When publicity was attained it would then be possible to see what further should be done in the way of regulation."

We have two accounts of how the trusts receive this intimation of Presidential hostility. One is, that the magnates are incensed at the President for threatening interference with their private affairs; the other, which reaches us from the discreeter sources of the Republican newspapers, represents the President's speech as admirable and as presenting a happy solution of the question.

If the trusts object to the President's proposition they are really very unreasonable. They are in the position of a suspect who objects to being hit with a harlequin's clappers, when he could scarcely have complained had it been a policeman's baton. The President had a choice of weapons. He

THE PRESIDENT'S WARNING —*Detroit Journal*

ROUGH RIDING FOR THE TRUSTS —*New York Herald*

Rather ideal views of President Roosevelt's attitude on Trusts

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

—The Philadelphia North American

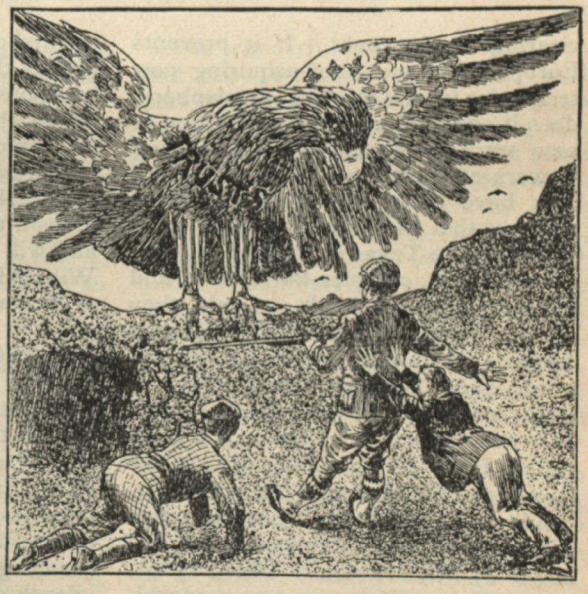
had one at his hand that would have delivered a mortal blow at the trusts, but he chose instead one that may, like the aforesaid clappers, make a considerable noise but inflict very little damage.

What is the genesis of the American trust? It is best illustrated by a concrete case, such as the great billion-dollar steel company. Mr. Morgan finds in the United States a considerable number of industries, all contributing to the production of iron and steel, safely guarded by the tariff from outside competition. So far so good; but, unfortunately, in a big country like the United States, with an eager, speculative population, internal competition prevents anyone from securing the big profits which immunity from outside competition promised to furnish. The problem Mr. Morgan had to solve was the stoppage of domestic competition. He achieves this by uniting by treaty or purchase almost all the iron and steel establishments in the United States, together with the cognate industries of coal and iron mining, and means of transportation. It is almost immaterial to him that he has to acquire the properties at much beyond their market values, some of them absurdly beyond. He knows that once he controls the national output he can reap the full advantage the tariff confers on him of charging for his product a figure that pays handsome profits even on the exaggerated capitalization necessary to accomplish consolidation. Who can fail to see what the remedy is, if the crime with which the trusts are accused is overcharging the consumer. All that needs to be done is to expose them to competition again, by lowering the tariff bars. The President can ascertain without stirring from his desk that the farmers of the United States are paying from 25 to 75 per cent. more for barbed wire, for example, than are their competitors in Argentina, Australia or Canada. This feature of the trust regime is not so marked at present as it may be later on. American exportations of manufactured goods are declining at present, largely because home consumption keeps ahead of production. American manufacturing establishments find all their energies needed to supply the domestic demand at prices they could not hope to get from their foreign customers. This condition of affairs will, of course, not last forever, and there will be surpluses which must be disposed of. European countries will then see the American invasion in its most portentous proportions, and the humble and unconsidered American purchaser of commodities will have the doubtful pleasure of seeing the foreigner receiving goods made in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts at prices ranging from 25 to 50 per cent. lower than he has to pay for them. How long he may be willing to stand this sort of thing cannot be confidently affirmed. He seems

ready to stand a good deal in the name of a spurious national pride. While American experts were soaring up towards the billions, and he heard so much horn-blowing about the "American invasion," he thought he was getting the worth of his money. Now that the figures show a marked decline, while a back-wash which might be called the "European invasion" has shown a corresponding increase, he may feel somewhat disenchanted. This matter of national pride or vanity has been a fruitful soil for the growth of fiscal errors.

The fact is that if the trusts were merely healthy economic developments there could be no reason for public interference in their affairs. There are undoubtedly some features of them that are healthy and legitimate. To the extent that they effect economies in production they are both. We were told, for example, that the consolidation of interests in one line of production had resulted in large numbers of travelling salesmen losing their employment. When this is the result of any economic advance it is impossible to withhold sympathy from those who suffer by it. When the invention of some ingenious machine throws thousands of people out of work it seems more like a curse than a blessing. These consequences are inevitable, however. The car of progress is very comfortable for those inside, but it is something of a juggernaut, or shall we say an automobile, for the weary ones that it overtakes on the road and crushes. But the benefits so vastly exceed the temporary pains and disadvantages that each one of these achievements in the course of improvement is looked back upon as one of the great land-marks in industrial history. To the extent that the trust economises labour and relieves production of useless services, it is doing a good work. Yet we may be sure that much of the public hostility which the trust encounters is that created by the economies which it effects. It is the same hostility that in earlier days found vent in breaking machinery, setting fire to hay-ricks and Luddite riots. It is largely this class of feeling that the President's words are intended to soothe, whereas the real evil of the trust is the destruction of competition in order to have complete direction and control of the domestic market. It is an artificial thing which could not have been formed except in the rifle pits of an extravagantly protective tariff, and the President's proposal to subject private business to Federal espionage is equally artificial and contrary to wholesome business life.

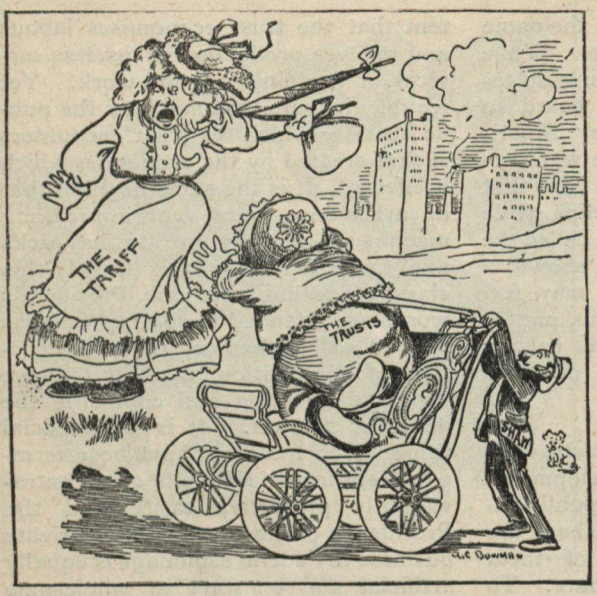
Canada has no reason for opposing the Monroe doctrine as we understand it. There are two things which need



"BETTER TO SHOOT THAN GROUSE"

—*Judy* (London)

A British view of the Trust Problem



THE TRUSTS: "Mamma! Mamma! There's my mamma!"

SECRETARY SHAW: "My dear child, you have no mother. You just growed."—*The Minneapolis Tribune.*

One of the great economic questions now awaiting solution is: "Are the Trusts a result of High Tariff or of general Economic Development?"

clearing up, however. If it prevents European Powers from acquiring new territories in the western hemisphere, does it equally forbid the acquisition of new territory by any of the existing Powers of North or South America? We have seen the United States acquire the Louisiana territory from France, take Texas from Mexico, purchase Alaska, conquer Porto Rico, and buy the Danish Islands. Could they under the principles of the Monroe doctrine go on still farther and appropriate great territories in South America, while no one else in the world dare even look at a fly-speck of a West Indian Island? Canadians are charter members of this American continent. Could we buy islands from Denmark without infringing the principles laid down by Mr. Monroe? Then, again, do the United States become responsible for the good international behaviour of the peoples whose guardianship they assume? They are a somewhat disorderly, dissolute and impecunious lot. Their guardian must be prepared to enforce good manners on their part towards the rest of the world. It is but little use discussing whether the Monroe doctrine is good international law. Anything is good international law which some state or combination of states has the power to enforce.

The haste with which the German newspapers are assuring the British people that Germany is England's best friend would be amusing if it were not somewhat disgusting. There seems no disposition to accept the proffered palm. Mr. Busch's memoirs of Prince Bismarck revealed to Englishmen, if they did not know it before, how intimate the connection between the Chancellor and the German press is, so that they sourly refuse to regard the malicious criticism of a few months ago as the merely accidental tone of an irresponsible press. They regard the whole thing in a national aspect and are not disposed to be won over now by awkward Teutonic blandishments. The feeling between France and Britain, on the other hand, is rather good and will not be any the worse from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's visit to the fatherland of himself and his compatriots.

English diplomacy is every once in a while accused of lumbering immobility, lack of insight and imagination and all the other failings of which diplomacy may be guilty, but at the end of all the disparagement it generally emerges with some good treaty or profitable convention in its pocket to the chagrin of sister nations and the silencing for a time of home critics. The treaty with China is the latest triumph of this kind and following on the Anglo-Japanese understanding it distinctly strengthens Britain in the far East.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S caution during his visit to London has been noted by many writers. If there has been one special principle in evidence in his speeches, it is the principle that there need be no great haste in the matter of Imperial political organization. This was the keynote of some utterances and actions even before he left for London. It was the keynote of some editorials and speeches written or delivered by some of his ablest lieutenants outside of the Ministry. It was the keynote of Professor Shortt's notable article on Imperial problems*, which appeared early in the year.

LAURIER AND BARTON.

The editor of *Britannia*, of London, England, has shrewdly summed up the position in an editorial from which the following is a quotation:

"The extreme caution which has marked all Sir Wilfrid Laurier's utterances since his arrival in England has been noteworthy.

Those who know the cross-currents of feeling in Canada understand that he has had a difficult part to play. To go as far along national lines as would meet the wishes of the English provinces, but not so far as to alienate his French followers in Quebec, was a business requiring much discretion. He has probably taken the wisest course possible under the circumstances, and has devoted his public speeches in part to an ardent Canadianism, and in part to impressing upon English people the doctrine that the strength of the Empire rests on allowing each part to freely work out its own destiny.

Those who wish that he took a stronger national line, and would like to see him assert more vigorously Canada's natural leadership among the daughter nations of the Empire, must yet always admire the intellectual sincerity and brilliant oratory with which he wins the ear of his English audiences."

In his speeches in Canada during his recent visit, Sir Edmund Barton, Premier of Australia, has taken much the same line. He thinks it early yet to arrive at any settled plan of representation of the Empire, at any scheme which would apportion the burdens of Imperial defence, or at any common system of fiscal taxation. Sir Edmund has clearly shown that he is a moderate Imperialist, holding much the same views as Sir Wilfrid.

It would thus seem that the advance of Imperialism along the lines laid down by the British Empire League is definitely checked for the time being. Mr. Chamberlain cannot do much when Sir Wilfrid and Sir Edmund are in this frame of mind, and the hope of the advanced Imperialists rests almost entirely in the aggressive daring of the Secretary for the Colonies.

The wonderful harvest of Manitoba and the Territories will enable that part of Canada to export at least $40,000,000 worth of grain, in addition to the usual large export of cattle. The stream of immigration, so large during the present year, will be maintained and possibly increased next year. The West has entered upon an era of great expansion, and the population should double during the five-year period, 1902-1906. This means much to the whole of Canada. It means national growth and national prosperity.

THE WEST.

This expansion of the West emphasizes the importance of two problems. The first is the perfection of the means of transportation whereby the products of Western Canada may be easily, quickly and economically carried to the European market. The railway facilities are inadequate even with the Canadian Northern assisting the Canadian

*Some Aspects of the Imperial Problem, by Professor Adam Shortt. February CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Pacific in carrying grain from Manitoba to Port Arthur. It is time that the C.P.R. was double-tracked from Winnipeg to Lake Superior. This is an immediate necessity if the western grain is to be quickly transported to the Great Lakes. Again, the transhipping facilities at Port Dalhousie on Lake Erie, and at Montreal on the St. Lawrence, must be quickly enlarged to meet the pressing demands. The Lower St. Lawrence must be provided with more lighthouses and buoys to facilitate the growing traffic on that great highway. These improvements are even more important than the establishment of a fast Atlantic passenger service which for some years can be only a sentimental advantage.

The second important problem is the retention of the western market for eastern manufactures. This is essential to our national development. If Canada is to be a great nation all the parts must grow together. It is advisable at the present moment to emphasize this fact, since the manufacturers of Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis are taking steps to secure an increased footing in the Canadian West. They have recently announced that they will open a sample warehouse or showrooms at Winnipeg, where United States goods will be permanently exhibited. They claim that here is a market for their surplus goods and that it must be cultivated.

It may not be advisable to meet this competition by raising our tariff so as to exclude United States goods from the West. The Hon. Clifford Sifton, who represents that district, has declared against such a device. The Canadian manufacturers would undoubtedly accept an increase in the tariff as an easy and certain way out of the difficulty which they are facing. Leaving that remedy aside, the manufacturers may meet all competition by a careful attention to the needs of the western community, and by greater diligence in their efforts to make their goods known and appreciated.

A prominent Canadian, who has just returned from England, states that Canadian manufacturers are not careful enough in their foreign shipments. Their goods are not always up to sample, and not always well-packed. This is not the first time such a complaint has been made. Slipshod methods will not do if Canada is to compete successfully either in her own markets or in those of other nations. Thoroughness is a prime requisite. The Government may do its part, the journalists may do their part, but in the main the manufacturers must do the work of making "Made in Canada" a badge of honesty, genuine worth, and thorough-going business methods.

SITTING ON THE FENCE.

A gentleman from the Maritime Provinces, talking with a number of friends in the Russell House Rotunda, at Ottawa, a few weeks ago, made the remark that the curse of the I.C.R. country was "the large number of people sitting on the fence watching for a government job." This startling remark is one over which the good people by the sea might ponder. The enterprise among the people in that rich section of Canada has never been very noteworthy, although there are decided signs of improvement. The young man who was unwilling to be a party hack for a short time, or to chew the ends of his fingers until his relatives worked the necessary "pull" to get him a government situation, or who had no hope of being able to string the necessary wires, betook himself to "the land of hustle." The Boston and New York districts have thousands of these bright young chaps. They are well-educated, brainy fellows with plenty of physical and mental energy. Some of them migrated to Ontario and became leaders of industry, bank managers, educationists or successful business men. Wherever they go these men do well as a rule.

It is the mental attitude of the people of the Maritime Provinces which makes their progress slow. There are many energetic business men in Halifax and St. John, but, speaking gener-

ally, the people are not up to the average of the North American continent in progressiveness and aggressiveness. The fact that the Provinces are small is against them. One large Province would be better. Then again, there has been this large proportion of office-holders. The Imperial office-holders, the Provincial office-holders, and the Dominion office-holders, the number of the latter being made very large by the fact that the I.C.R. is a government road, and always run for the benefit of those who dispense political patronage in that part of Canada. If the appointments to the various staffs in connection with that railway were made on merit, instead of on political grounds, the standard of enterprise among the people would be greatly raised.

Nor is the sitting on the fence a fault of the Maritime Provinces only. The visitor to Ottawa during the session will find it full of these people from all parts of Canada. The consequence is that the departments at Ottawa are filled with drones and dead men. The Civil Service contains a large number who watch the clock. They arrive at 9.30 or 10 a.m., not a minute ahead of time. They leave at a certain hour for lunch. They return after an hour and a half, exactly on the minute. At 4 or 4.30 the clock strikes and they are off again. These clock-watchers learned their easy habits while sitting on the fence waiting for their appointments.

Occasionally in the larger cities of the Dominion one may hear of young men with university training and bright prospects taking minor Government positions with small salaries and small prospects. The father or an uncle has the necessary political influence, and it is an easy position for the dear young man! Usually it is death to his mental and business development because he has no guarantee that he will rise to be head of his department. What comes by pull remains by pull, and the higher place may be filled by an outsider with a newer and stronger influence. Again, the departments are often overcrowded and there is not enough work to keep everybody busy. There are several specific instances of this in Canada to-day if any proof of the assertion were needed.

In fact, as a general rule, the men of ability and education who take Government positions are those who have neither the energy nor the manhood to face the competition of the world. There are exceptions, of course, but this is true of seventy-five per cent. of Government employees. They belong to the class who have no higher ambition than to sit on the fence until they are pensioned off into life-long mediocrity.

In this growing country, in the face of the keen industrial and commercial competition of the time, this attitude on the part of even a small section of our young men is lamentable. Canada needs all the energy of all her sons. The country will not grow of itself. She will only progress as her people create the momentum to drive her forward. Let the young man win his spurs in public competition, and then if his services are valuable let the Government position seek him. Let him not degrade himself by sitting on the fence.

A WISE MAN'S ADVICE.

I met a wise man the other day. This was a real wise man. He knows little of literature, less of politics and nothing of creeds. But he knows people and affairs. He amasses wealth without manual labour. He is collecting in his private bank account part of the revenue of the country, some of the profits of the people as a whole. And he said to me, "Are you getting your share of the profits?" I said that I feared not as I held very little "stock." "Buy more," said he, "we are in for a long period of great prosperity." That is his method of transferring these profits to his private bank account. The people are creating much wealth and gas-company shares, electric railway shares, railroad shares are all bounding upwards in value. The en-

terprise of the people who do not hold them is enhancing their value. The farmer, the miner, the labourer, the artisan, the merchant, the manufacturer —all these by their enterprise are creating a profit for the wise man who does not labour but studies the tape of the stock-ticker.

"What shall I buy?" I asked him. "Buy Canadian Pacific for one," came quickly. "I have a few shares of that, but I do not desire to have all my eggs in one basket." He smiled and added, "Then buy some electric shares—traction, I mean. They are even better than steam-railway shares. Hard times affect them less. Even if business is bad, people must ride in the street-cars. Buy Toronto Street, Montreal Street, Halifax Tram., Winnipeg Street —any of them are good."

It was a similar wise man who prompted the advice given in this department several months ago, that the people of Canada should buy Canadian Pacific Railway stock. Then it was worth $130. Now it is worth $140. Should any person desire more advice about stocks let him take that of this wise man who says that electric traction stocks are good. The cities of Canada are growing, and one result of that growth is an increased demand for electric transportation. The bicycling craze hurt them for a time, but that is all gone now. The motor car is coming, but not soon. The electric-car is the great money-maker in modern city life. The earnings of all street railways are increasing with notable rapidity.

Genuine purchases of stocks are a help to trade rather than a hindrance. In this way the savings and the accumulated capital of the people is made useful in developing the larger and more general industries of the country. Stock dealing has its evil phases, but these are small in comparison with the good.

It is rather pleasant to find the Methodist Church condemning "blind speculation" on the Stock Exchange and also "all stock manipulation and capitalization which have a tendency to mislead investors." It is pleasant because the worst piece of stock manipulation and capitalization which misled investors in Canada during the past year was under the patronage of several leading Methodists—men high in the councils of the Church, and men whose financial gifts to the Church have led to much prayer and thanksgiving. It is pleasant also when it is known that several of the leading divines in the Church are expert speculators, with a splendid knowledge of stock values. That such a resolution should be passed at the General Conference of the Church indicates that the Church as a whole is sound in its belief that Christian principles should rule in the business as well as the social life of its leading members. To be consistent, the Conference should have gone farther and appointed a committee to inquire into the business life of some of these leading members to ascertain if they are making their millions honestly. Still, on this point the Methodist Church is as consistent as the other churches or as the people generally.

The same Conference expressed itself in favour of compulsory arbitration in industrial disputes. On the other hand, the Trades and Labour Congress held at Berlin recently declared against it. The latter action shows how successful the labour organizations have been in recent contests, when they can afford to declare against a remedy which they once thought vital to them.

The Curriculum of the Central Business College, Toronto, a wonderfully handsome brochure, fell into my hands recently, and made me wonder why our public schools and universities failed to give a commercial education. Perhaps, as the work is being done excellently by private enterprise, one should not complain. I am informed that Canadian business colleges are even better than those of the United States.

John A. Cooper

WINTER READING

THE Canadian reader is in danger of forgetting two things : that in recent times a literature of undoubted merit has grown up in his own country, and that common sense suggests his knowing Canada through her own writers. This is said in no narrow spirit. It is quite as absurd to underrate as to overrate the community you live in. This is the home, by birth or adoption, of us all. The ideas, poetry, history, and polity of Canada must possess for us a primary concern.

Those who have formed the reading habit seldom neglect the world's literature. In Canada it is usually our own books that suffer in the competition, and this is a fitting occasion on which to offer a few desultory remarks on the basis that might form a course of reading on Canadian subjects. "Canadian history," said a man of some distinction not long ago, "was never made interesting to me at school, and I have carried the indifference then acquired with me through life." The complaint is not new. The fault, I submit, was due both to teacher and text-book. Only in very recent years have we had attractive books on the history of Canada. There is now no excuse for either aversion or indifference. It is satisfactory to know that Prof. Pelham Edgar has prepared a work on "the Romance of Canadian History," being selections from Parkman. This, we may feel sure, has been done with insight and taste, so as to relieve the conscientious, with much ground to cover, from tackling the whole eleven volumes—an agreeable but serious task. One hesitates to prescribe Kingsford, although his ten volume history is the most authoritative, and, for certain periods, an indispensable guide. A course of reading should not be formidable. After all there is something in the rather dogmatic assertion of Dr. Johnson : "A man ought to read just as inclination leads him, for what he reads as a task will do him little good." There are, however, several one-volume efforts that enable us to escape this startling warning. Between Mr. Bradley's "Fight with France for North America," or Sir John Bourinot's "Canada under British Rule," or the general histories of Mr. Roberts, Principal Calkin and John McMullen, a choice can easily be made.

A study of some special period has much to commend it, and in this respect, too, the Canadian reader finds himself well supplied. Dent is the historian of the Upper Canada Rebellion. To Dr. James Hannay we owe an entirely readable history of the War of 1812. The Northwest is almost as deservedly famous for its crop of books as its wheat harvest, and forms, one may say, a subject by itself, whether regarded from the point of view of exploration, adventure or development. Prof. Bryce has dealt vividly with the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Begg's history covers the whole field, and there are books too numerous to mention connected with some particular department or individual inseparably connected with our great West.

It may almost be said that when you turn to Canadian biography you

plunge at once into politics—politics, all kinds, fill a large place in our national life. Exceptions exist, but of outstanding biographies of our principal men, omitting those perhaps of Dr. Ryerson, Sir William Logan and General Brock, the notable books are essentially political and—using the word in its best sense—partizan. Mr. Pope's Sir John Macdonald is a perfect mine of information. The career of Alexander Mackenzie, so faithfully brought out by Mr. Ross and Mr. Buckingham, is, from the opposite point of view, equally valuable. To Mr. Lindsay is due a life of Lyon Mackenzie which must ever occupy an important place in our biographical literature. Knowledge of a thoroughly worthy politician's success, as well as an insight into New Brunswick politics, is gained from Dr. Hannay's Sir Leonard Tilley. Lord Strathcona's biography touches several phases of Canadian life, and Mr. Castell Hopkins has handled with judgment a somewhat delicate subject in his appreciation of Sir John Thompson and that able man's place in our politics. There are other biographies, but none quite so noteworthy.

Of autobiographies we have really but three, each wholly different from the others and all by men whose interests, talents and points of view reflect widely divergent minds—Sir Francis Hincks, Colonel George T. Denison and Sir William Dawson. It would be difficult to map out a course of reading which did not, at some point, touch upon politics, military life and educational progress.

In dealing with poetry and fiction much must be left to individual preference, and unless the intention is to illumine some selected period or line of inquiry by means of imaginative writing, a portion of our most successful literary achievement would necessarily be passed over. If it is found impracticable to include poetic writers such as Campbell, Lampman, Roberts and Scott in a reading scheme, the work of Drummond in delineating the Canadian *habitant* and Charles Mair's "Tecumseh" ought, at least, to be drawn upon. As to fiction, the historical basis of so many Canadian novels renders it comparatively easy to weave into the general plan such stories as Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," Miss McIlwraith's "Roderick Campbell," Miss Jones' "Night Hawk," Lighthall's "Young Seigneur," and Miss Laut's "Lords of the North." For pure enjoyment one would turn readily to Mr. Fraser's "Mooswa" and Roberts' "Heart of an Ancient Wood," and the same may be said of a number of other Canadian tales.

A point to be kept in mind by all who wish to enlarge their knowledge of Canadian books is that the list is far longer than most of us realize; that it is not confined to any one department of study or amusement; and that mention of particular books and authors is almost inevitably arbitrary, incomplete and confined to the newer issues. Scarcely any field of literary enquiry can be disposed of in a short paper on Canadian books, but as many of the older works are out of print, only accessible in a large library, and seldom possessed by private collectors, it is better to consider the subject from a practical rather than an exhaustive standpoint. There remains much untouched material. Some Canadian books are rare and expensive, and it speaks well for the growing interest in Canada by Canadians that publishers find a demand for new editions of old books like Dr. James Bain's re-issue of Henry's Travels, or Mr. Casselman's reprint of Richardson's War of 1812. A few years ago such enterprises would have been impossible. The taste for Canadian literature may have slowly developed, but it is now a steady factor in the publishing programmes of Canadian book houses, and continues to assert itself with increasing persistence. There is a modesty about our literary growth which is not the least convincing evidence of its permanence. Not so long ago a Canadian critic complained that practically speaking we had no books. He could not say this to-day.

TEMPORAL POWER *

To unfriendly criticisms of Marie Corelli's books, the usual retort is that they sell to hundreds of thousands. That is not quite conclusive. The patrons of falsehood, thieving and drunkenness number thousands, but that is no recommendation of those vices. We do not mean to class Miss Corelli's writings with such gross offences because there is a wide difference. There is generally a reason for the presence of vice in a man: bad companionship, ill-health, moral weakness. For Miss Corelli's novels there is no excuse whatever. They are so absurd as to call for no notice at all, since the majority of persons who read novels of that kind borrow them from the libraries on the suggestion of their lady friends in other kitchens. "Temporal Power" is noticed here simply because it is not an immoral book, is not lacking in interest, is no worse than many another product of incoherent sensationalism, and because it has been sent us for review. There is no harm in the book, but it is simply rubbish. It is reported that King Edward reads Miss Corelli's novels, and if His Majesty is much afflicted with sleeplessness, the remedy is a sound one. If, however, the insinuation is that the King admires that kind of book it is really an attack upon royalty, and the author of the report should be sought out and dealt with. The author of the book may safely be left alone.

NOTES

The Rommany Stone, by J. H. Yoxall, M.P. (Longmans and the Copp, Clark Co.) is an English dialect story, which is very tedious. As the title would indicate it contains something about gipsies.

The greatest tribute to George Eliot is the fact that the final word has not yet been spoken by the critics. Sir Leslie Stephen the great English critic has written a volume on her and her work on the "English Men of Letters" series, which is probably the best that has yet appeared. He points out that her friendship with Herbert Spencer was won by years of toil spent in translating Strauss, Fuerbach, and Spinoza and the consequent acquisition of a philosophical creed. This creed was also the inspiration of her novels, and explains much that is in her books. With this foundation she combined great powers of mind, a rich emotional nature, a reflective intellect, a tolerant spirit, a playful and pungent wit. At the age of forty-four she took to poetry, but Sir Leslie Stephen does not think she achieved a permanent position in the ranks of English poets.

Robert Barr's "Prince of Good Fellows" has appeared in book form, and the critics are not complimentary. It is a series of loosely strung episodes concerning James the Fifth of Scotland.

Guy Boothby has written a story showing how a South American revolution is carried on. It is entitled "The Kidnapped President," and is quite sensational enough to be popular.

Rudyard Kipling has transferred his residence from Rottingdean to Burwash, near Tunbridge Wells. It is said that the change was made on account of the annoyances to which he has been subjected at the hands of "trippers" and visitors.

There were few topics of human interest that John Ruskin left untouched during the course of his long and notable literary career. He created something of an epoch in the history of art criticism; he left a deep impress upon the political economy and social thought of his time; and he wrote with rare discernment on questions of natural history and science. Back of all, however, was a great and dominating moral passion. Prof. J. F. Bonnell, of Emory College, Oxford, Ga., chooses to regard Ruskin pre-eminently as "a great Christian teacher," who "came from the bosom of a family warm with Bible truth and devout almost to asceticism; who, being heir to large wealth, yet steadily consecrated it to the public benefit; who with a spirit more lofty

* Temporal Power, by Marie Corelli. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

and heroic than Jephthah's, because more enlightened and voluntary, made surrender to Love his own admiration and love, and yielded to a fateful invasion of other claims the dearest object of his affections—the wife and idol of his heart—thus doing the act of a self-crushing and sublime grace; who sought to teach the economists and commercialists the human side of society and of men, and the supreme authority of Christianity in every domain."

Miss Laut, who, since the publication of "Lords of the North," has been residing at Ottawa, has taken up her residence in Laurence Oliphant's old country-place, "Wildwood Place," Wassaic, an hour out of New York, up the Harlem River. Our author explains her change of residence sententiously: "It's heartbreaking to leave one's country, but it's heartbreaking to run down to New York five times every six months."

George N. Morang & Co. are announcing a book of exceptional interest to the Empire in general, and in many phases to Canada in particular. To lovers of biography and to those interested in historical and political sketches, E. C. Black's "Life of Marquis of Dufferin and Ava" will prove exceedingly popular. It is now twenty-four years since the lamented Imperial servant laid down the staff of office as Governor-General of Canada. The fact that Mr. Black was able to confer with Lord Dufferin regarding a portion of the work will be a guarantee of the authenticity and worth of letters of that period, a period of especial importance in the development and growth of Canada. The life of this brilliant servant, diplomat and statesman, who has done so much, and been so much, reads like the stories of mediæval times when knights accomplished such feats. Dufferin has made history, and now through a historical sketch we will know him.

"Confessions of a Wife," which is running through *The Century Magazine*, is making the hit of the year. It is told in the form of a diary and letters, but it is done with such sly humour and admirable literary reticence that it captures the reader as insensibly and completely as Marma was captured by the unreasonable man. Whoever the author, "Mary Adams," may be, she has a dainty and original touch. The Canadian edition will be published by the Copp, Clark Company.

George N. Morang & Co. have secured Kipling's latest book, "Just So Stories." To those who have experienced the delights of reading Kipling's clever animal stories this book will prove a welcome boon.

The recent death of Rev. Norman Russell, missionary of the Canada Presbyterian Church, Central India, lends an additional interest to his volume, "Village Work in India," Fleming H. Revell Company. The lamented missionary had a fascinating style of description which, coupled with his peculiar penetrative insight into human character, makes the book at once delightful and instructive.

A volume of biographical sketches from the pen of the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., is to come out in England this autumn. The subjects include Gladstone, Disraeli, Parnell, Lord Sherbrooke (Robert Lowe), Freeman, Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, and J. R. Green, with all of whom Mr. Bryce has had official or close personal relations.

Seton Merriman's new novel "The Vultures," contains rather more love-making than any of his previous books, as it works out the romances of Wanda, the Polish Princess, and Netty, the keen-witted American girl. But the stronger motive of the story is a Polish rising against the Russian yoke, a theme which the author handles with greater power than drawing-room scenes.

Winston Churchill, M.P., has begun the biography of his father, entrusted to him by the literary executors of Lord Randolph Churchill, namely, Earl Howe and E. Beckett, M.P., and is asking for the loan of private letters and other documents to be used in the work.

IDLE MOMENTS

EUROPEAN vs AMERICAN HUMOUR

A CANADIAN who has recently returned from a visit to the Old Country sends us the following :—

I think, or I have always thought, that the English have both wit and humour in at least as great a degree as any other people. There is a great literature known to the whole world to justify the belief, to say nothing of the proofs which the press and platform of the moment supply. But I am bound to confess that there is something in the familiar American dictum that an Englishman cannot fathom a Yankee joke. I had two rather amusing illustrations of this. In the first case it was an Englishwoman, but that makes no difference.

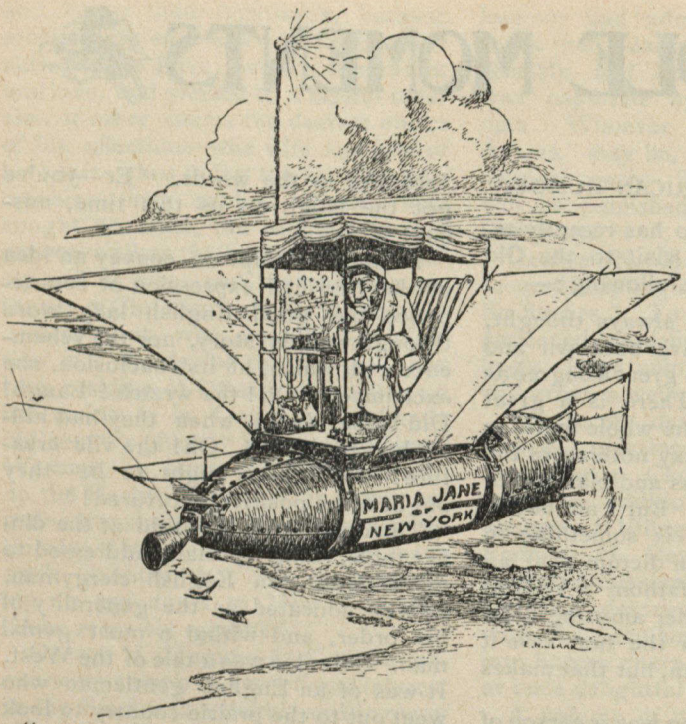
The lady in question was a person of birth and culture; a very earnest and pious soul, with what might be described as an "intense" temperament. One day in the course of conversation (it was on shipboard) I told, with all the necessary solemnity of face and manner, a story to illustrate the wickedness of the western cowboys. It was to the effect that a gang of these lawless wretches on a certain occasion hanged a man for horse-stealing, and subsequently discovered that they had lynched the wrong party. Feeling that something should be done to make amends for the error, they sent a deputation to apologize to the widow of the victim. The spokesman on the cabin door being opened, politely removed his broad-brimmed hat and said, "Does Widow Burns live here?" "Not Widow Burns," said the woman, "but Mrs. Burns; yes, she lives here." "Excuse *me*, ma'am, but I guess it's Widow Burns." Whereupon, having thus prepared the way for the announcement, he stated the particulars of the unfortunate mistake, and wound up by making the *amende honorable* in the words, "Er—you've got the laugh on us this time, missus!"

I cannot attempt to convey an idea of the horrified expression of countenance the good English lady wore throughout this story, nor the vehemence with which, at its conclusion, she exclaimed, "Oh! the wretch! Laugh! Did he say *laugh*, when they had killed her husband? Oh! the vile creature! Such men ought to be—they ought to be positively tortured!"

The other story was told at the dinner table, being specially addressed to my *vis-a-vis*—an English clergyman, as well educated as the generality of his order, and withal a most genial man. His also was a tale of the West. It was of an English gentleman who went out to the prairie country to look for a younger brother. Having arrived at the town to which he had been directed, he accosted a rough-looking citizen, slouching near the door of a saloon, and politely asked if he happened to know a Mr. So-and-so living thereabouts. "Was he a tall feller with a sandy moustache?" enquired the citizen, coolly. "He was, precisely." "Did he have a Roman nose?" "Yes, quite so; the very same man, no doubt. Where does he live?" "He's dead, Mister." "Dead! when did he die?" "Last summer; he commited suicide." "Suicide! dear me, really? How—?" "Mister, he called me a liar."

"Aw!" slowly ejaculates the reverend gentleman, reflectively, gazing through his eye-glasses. Then for a few moments he grappled with the problem. "Aw. But—en—that wouldn't be suicide. *Sui* signifies self, and, you see, in that case the man didn't kill himself, it was the other who killed him!"

The "British hospitality" accorded to these stories calls to mind the judg-



"CONFOUND THIS WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. MY WIFE HAS BEEN TALKING TO ME EVER SINCE I LEFT HOME."—*Life.*

ment of the German Professor on the subject of western yarns in general. An American in Berlin, had asserted, in conversation with a learned Professor of the University, that Germans, like Englishmen, were incapable of appreciating United States' jokes, whereupon the philosophical Teuton requested a sample that the point might be settled. "Well, for instance," responded the Yankee, "we have a story about a man who had such large feet that he could not get a boot-jack large enough to pull off his boots, so he used to go and take them off on the forks of the road." The Professor made no response, except to look a little more profound, so the Yank. resumed: "There are buildings in New York so high that it takes a man and a boy to see to the top of them—the boy beginning to look from where the man leaves off." The Professor solemnly gazed through his spectacles. "There, just as I thought; you don't see the point of either of these jokes," said the American. "My friendt;" remarked the learned German, after due consideration: "in Chermany ve do not such tings call chokes—ve lies dem gall!"

B.

A PUBLISHER'S WIT

Rev. Dr. Briggs, of the Methodist Book Room, Toronto, is "not an Irishman for nothing." He has the gift of wit, which is one of the characteristics of his countrymen. An example of it, which he gave at the recent meeting of Conference, will be especially appreciated by his fellow-publishers. The Doctor was making his report on the subscription list of the *Christian Guardian* and had to touch upon the sad fact of many subscribers being in arrears. "The paper has hosts of friends," said the Doctor. "All over the country are those who boast of being unremitting supporters of the *Guardian*. But, for my part, I would much prefer that they should be occasionally remitting supporters!" *C.*

HIS UPRIGHTNESS

There was a certain bank manager whose bank was about to be amalgamated with others, and converted. A company promoter, who wanted the contract, had been interviewing him, and ended up with: "I needn't say, of course, Mr. Blank, that if we get this contract, you—er—I mean we shall not forget you, you know." "That is an insult, sir," said Mr.

Blank, very gravely, "I have been a bank manager for six and thirty years, and I have never yet taken a commission. And," he added, opening the door, "I never will. "But," he ended, as his guest went away crestfallen, "Mrs. Blank has never refused one."

A SCOTCH REPLY

There is a certain Scottish minister in a West Highland parish who has never yet been known to permit a stranger to occupy his pulpit.

The other day, however, an Edinburgh divinity student was spending a few days in the parish, and on the Saturday he called at the manse and asked the minister to be allowed to preach the following day.

"My dear young man," said the minister, laying a hand gently on the young man's shoulder, "gin I lat ye preach that morn, and ye gie a better sermon than me, my fowk wad never again be satisfied wi' my preaching; and gin ye're nae a better preacher than me, ye're no' worth listening tae?"—*Selected.*

THE MODERN TEST

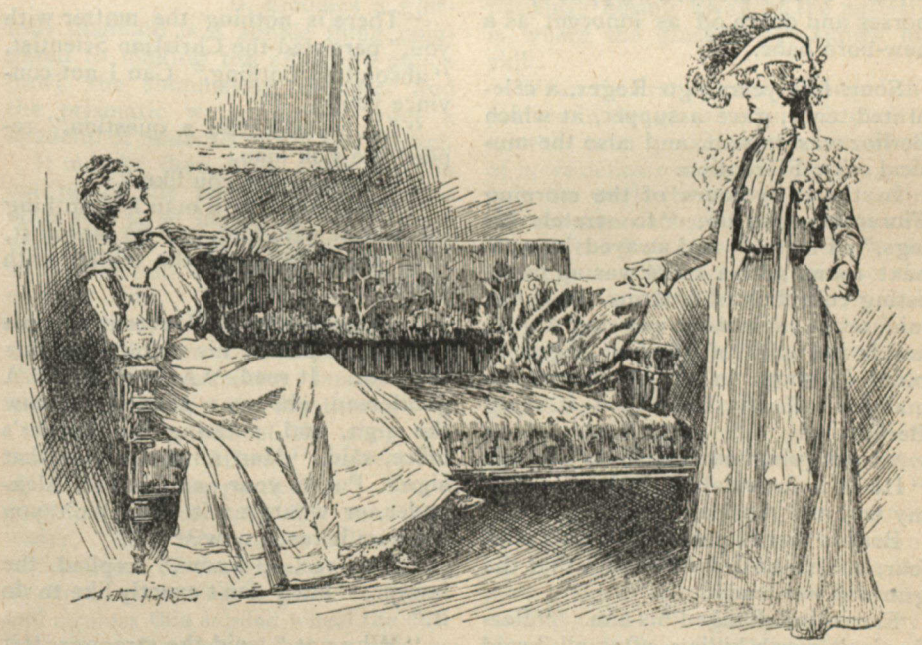
"There goes the most popular man in this town."

"That so? Did he make his money himself or inherit it?"—*Selected.*

SELECTED ANECDOTES

In spite of his immense wealth, the Sultan Abdul Hamid is one of the most plainly dressed of all the monarchs of Europe. While he is surrounded by officials in all the brilliance of Eastern uniforms of kaleidoscopic colours, and blazing with orders and jewels, he himself is conspicuous in a simple frock-coat suit of blue, relieved by a single decoration, with a red fez and a sword in a steel scabbard.

The German Emperor ascribes his good health and vigour to the excel-



MRS. NOODEL—"My husband says this is such an awful hat! You don't see anything absurd in it, do you, dear?"

MISS SHARPE—"Oh, no, dear; not much—only your head."

[*Friendly relations are subsequently re-established.—Punch.*

lent advice given to him by his favourite doctor, and he has learnt by heart the latter's "rule of life," which is as follows:—Eat fruit for breakfast. Eat fruit for lunch. Avoid pastry and hot cakes. Only take potatoes once a day. Don't drink tea or coffee. Walk four miles every day, wet or fine. Take a bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water. Sleep eight hours every night.

When Lord Charles Beresford was a cadet in the Royal Navy, he was one day driving a drag, in which there were ladies, back from the races, when the occupants of another vehicle worked off their exuberance of spirits by the use of peashooters, the pellets from which struck the ladies. The future admiral saw this, and thought out a plan to get his revenge. They had not gone much farther when he managed to lock one of his wheels in one of the other carriage, and then, bearing to the right, caused the other vehicle to tip its human cargo into the ditch. Then Beresford whipped up his horses and drove off as innocent as a new-born babe.

Some fifty years ago Roger, a celebrated tenor, gave a supper, at which Berlioz was present, and also the musical critic Fiorentino.

In the early hours of the morning Fiorentino got up, "to stretch his legs," as he said, and strayed into the next room, where there was an interesting collection of firearms. In a few minutes he came back, carrying a gun, and in the spirit of mischief began to point it about in the most reckless manner. Finally he turned it upon Berlioz.

"I am going to kill Berlioz," he said. "He is a formidable rival. He is in my way as a musical critic."

Berlioz turned pale and shook with fear, but his host assured him that the gun was not loaded.

Fiorentino changed his aim. "Berlioz isn't worth killing, after all," said he. "I shouldn't get his place, for they'd say I'd used undue influence. Now I've a grudge against grand opera, and against Meyerbeer for not having handed me over a part of his gains. So I'll kill Roger, for that will stop the receipts at the opera house."

Thereupon he took aim at his host, who, feeling sure that the gun was not loaded, did not budge an inch. But in another second Fiorentino changed his mind again.

"There's no pleasure in killing Roger," said he. "He isn't even afraid of dying. But I must kill something. I'll kill his portrait."

He turned the muzzle of the gun towards a full-length picture of the tenor, pulled the trigger, and, to everybody's horror, simply riddled the canvas with shot.

CURRENT JOKES

Author's Little Boy: "Papa, what is a magazine editor?" Author (of some repute): "Why, he is the man in the magazine office who prints the articles he ought to send back, and sends back the articles he ought to print."

"There is nothing the matter with you," persisted the Christian Scientist, "absolutely nothing. Can I not convince you?"

"Let me ask you a question," replied the sick man.

"A thousand if you like."

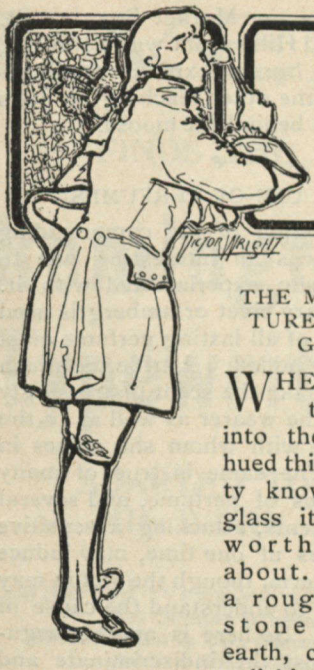
"Well, suppose a man has nothing the matter with him, and he dies of it, what didn't he have the matter with him?"

A lawyer who had recently come into town placed his shingle outside he door. It read, "A Swindler." A gentleman who was passing by saw the sign, and, entering the lawyer's office, said, "Man alive, look at that sign. Put in your name in full, Alexander, or whatever it is. Don't you see how it reads now?"

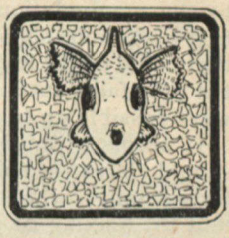
"Oh, yes, I know," replied the lawyer, "but I don't exactly like to do it."

"Why not," said the stranger, "it looks mighty bad as it is; what is your name?"

"Adam Swindler."



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



THE MANUFACTURE OF CUT GLASS

WHEN sand is transformed into the rainbow-hued thing of beauty known as cut glass it is a feat worth talking about. Digging a rough-looking stone from the earth, cutting and polishing it, until it becomes a glorious diamond is a simple thing compared to making the effulgent punch bowl, the shimmering decanter and the prismatic water pitcher from a spadeful of minerals mixed and melted.

It may be thought by some that the cutting of the beautiful glass tableware that is so highly prized is done with delicate tools, wielded by artists as fragile and esthetic as the product of their skill. The cut glass factory, as a matter of fact, is as rough and workmanlike an establishment as any shop where machinery buzzes and leather belts whirr the day through.

Along each side of the shop run rows of wheels, differing in sizes, but all alike in one particular. Above each is a receptacle for fine sand and water. The mixture is allowed to trickle down on the wheel at which the workman is cutting a piece of glass, and against this sanded wheel the cutter presses the punch bowl or vase or tumbler upon which he is at work, allowing the combination of sand and whirring wheel to wear away the glass until cut deep enough to take the impression of the pattern.

This pattern has first been marked roughly on the article to be cut. The workman takes this rough-marked bowl or vase and follows closely the outline of the design with his sanded wheel. It is very important not to cut either too deep or too shallow a groove in the glass, for the one would send the wheel right through the glass, while the other would leave the design of uneven shape and finish. In knowing just how far to cut and in avoiding the chipping of the material, while patiently boring away at the pattern, is where the glass cutter shows his skill.

When the first cutter has shaped the pattern in the glass he turns it over to another man presiding over a wheel of more delicate edge. This man goes over the work the second time, assuring the smoothness of the grooves cut. Then a third man goes over the work, making it still smoother, and so the cut glass travels around the room until it finds its way at last into the final hands, in a room off in the corner, where men work, wearing thick rubber gloves and rubber aprons and inhaling noxious acid fumes that compel them every few minutes to seek the outer air.

For three centuries glass cutters have been improving the work of turning into exquisitely-hued tableware the plain glass articles that come from the cooling-room of the glass factory. It was only in 1630 that the art of making flint glass was discovered in England. It had greater density and power of refraction than the ordin-

ary glass, and lent itself more readily to the manipulation and so was the first glass suitable for cutting. Glass that could be cut had long been sought, but only faint outlines and engravings were possible up to that time.

It seems strange that the method should have remained undiscovered for so long, when it is remembered that the making of glass is one of the oldest arts in the world. No one knows, in fact, when, where or how the manufacturing of glass originated, so ancient is its origin. Sculptured designs representing glass-blowers at work were found in ancient Memphis. These sculptures were made 5,700 years ago, and represent glass being blown through long tubes, just as is done to-day. The Egyptians made beautiful glass, both for wares and ornaments, and the Romans patterned from them.

THE MOOSE KILLED OFF THE HORSES

While the peculiar pacing gait of a moose will not carry him over the ground as rapidly as the deer or caribou, his endurance far surpasses either of these animals. For a short spurt, or in very deep snow, the caribou can easily discount the moose, but for an all-day's jaunt, where the course is fairly open, the moose has no rival. Many years ago, when Sir Edmund Head was Governor of this Province, writes a New Brunswick journalist, he owned a tamed moose that performed remarkable feats of speed and endurance. On one occasion the Governor wagered $2,500 that a moose could travel from Fredericton to St. John over the ice, a distance of eighty-four miles, in faster time than any team of horses in the stud of Lord Hill, of the Fifty-Second Regiment. A sledge was attached to the moose and another to the horses. The river ice was covered with about eight inches of snow. The start was made opposite the Government House at 8 o'clock in the morning.

In several hours the moose and his driver were in Market Square, St. John. Lord Hill's team was distanced, one of the horses expired at Gagetown, and the other reaching St. John three hours behind the moose.

THE USE OF PERFUMES

That question of the compounding of scents was an interesting one to scientists who experimented with it. The necessary civet or ambergris used in the base of all lasting perfume must be carefully added. A trifle too much of it will make the scent distressingly irritant to the wearer as well as to the unfortunate with whom she comes in contact. The same is true of many combinations of perfume, and several separate scents, attacking a sensitive set of nerves at one time, may induce violent hysteria, though the victim may not be able to understand the cause of the attack. So here is another argument against the indiscriminate and lavish use of perfume. All the laws of good taste cry out against it, but women cheerfully continue to saturate their belongings with perfume under the mistaken impression that they are adding a last touch of daintiness and femininity to their make-up.

All this is bad enough when elaborately carried out without regard to trouble or expense, but few women are artists in the perfume line. If the perfumes are not of the rarest and purest, they can achieve no desirable result. If the powder and liquid and soap and pastils and all the rest are not identical in scent, they produce a compound that is not pleasant to smell and is harmful to the nerves. It is the rare and exceptional woman who attains subtlety and delicacy in her use of perfumes, if she uses them at all. Far better use no perfume than use any cheap variety. Even among the expensive perfumes there are many that are deplorably poor, and if a woman does succeed in obtaining a really good perfume, she should, of her charity, be considerate in her use of it.

Well Dressed Women know that

Priestley's Fabrics

In Plain and Fancy Weaves

Occupy the largest place in contributing to perfection in style in dress.

BROADCLOTHS
VOILES
CREPE DE CHINE
SERGES
POPLINS

EUDORAS
CASHMERES
SATINES
SOLEILS
BIARRITZ

BROCADES
CREPOLINES
MIGNONETTE
FIGURED CREPE DE CHINE

FIGURED ALPACAS
SILK BROCATELLES
CREPONS
GRENADINES
CRISPINE

For Sale by all First-class Dry Goods Stores

TRADE MARK — Varnished Board on which goods are rolled

The W. B. Erect Form New "Long Hip" Corset is the ideal model—the best corset of the year. The New "Long Hip" insures that greatly prized style-effect for the figure and gowns. Produces graceful lines and curves to the hips and improves the fit and set to your skirts in faultless fashion.

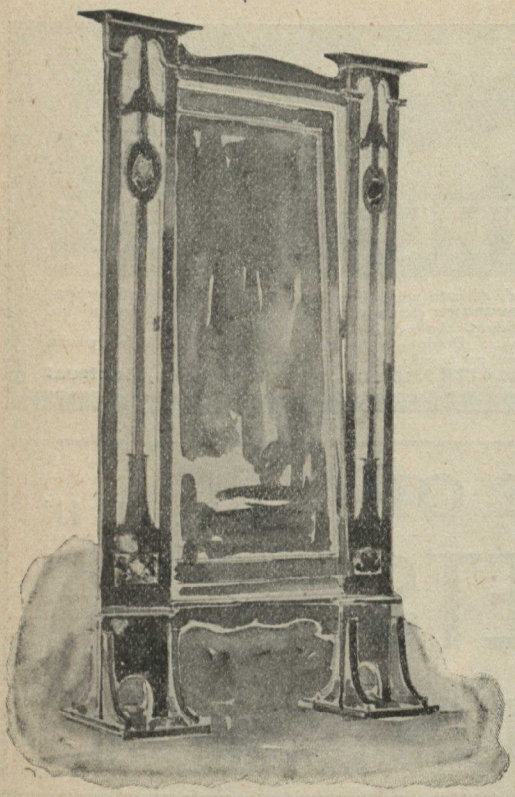
Erect Form No. 989 at $1.00
Erect Form No. 992 at $1.50
Erect Form No. 711 at $2.00
Erect Form No. 713 at $4.00

These four distinct styles of the new "Long Hip" Erect Form Corset, along with numerous other favorite models, can be bought at every dealer's in America.

If yours cannot supply you, mention his name and forward money order or check direct to

WEINGARTEN BROS., Dept. Canadian 377-379 Broadway, New York

Largest Manufacturers of Corsets in the World



Hand-made Furniture

As a printed chromo is to a Rubens or Raphael masterpiece, so is ordinary furniture to the hand-made article. The one has the expression of machine-made all over it, while the other has an individuality and exclusiveness all its own. Our furniture designer comes from the famous house of Warring's, London, England, and is a Master of his Art. His ideas are wrought in wood by conscientious artisans whom we have gathered in our establishment after years of seeking. We have unequalled facilities for doing the entire interior decoration and furnishing of houses anywhere in Canada. Special designs prepared on request.

Castle & Son Decorators and Furnishers

Montreal, P. Q.

CLARK'S LUNCH TONGUE

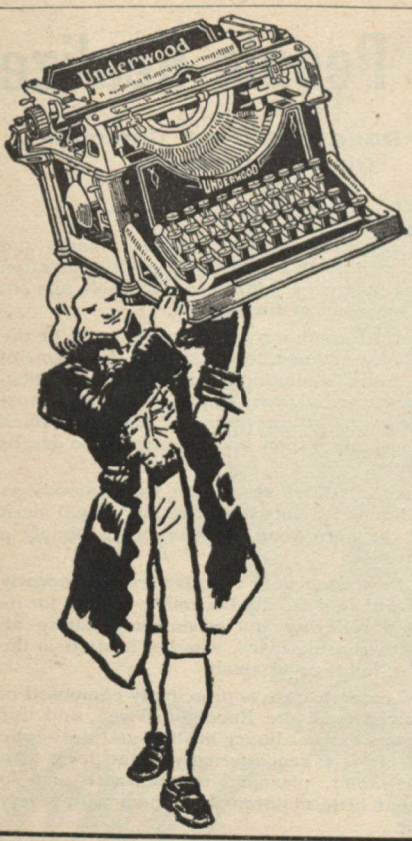
Tender—Tasty—Exquisite—
and ready to serve.
None are better than Clark's.

WM. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL.

N.B.—CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS ARE DELICIOUS


OXFORD
PURE
WOOL
Autumn
Now is the time for buying heavier clothing—heavier suits—heavier costumes.
A homespun suit is always stylish, comfortable and durable.
Oxford Homespuns and Friezes are particularly so—for ladies or gentlemen.
They possess high-class quality, richness of design, great durability, appealing strongly to particular dressers.
See that your tailor uses Oxfords. Be sure. It's worth while.
Oxford Manfg. Co.
SOLE MAKERS Limited
Oxford, Nova Scotia
NISBET & AULD, Toronto
Selling Agents for Toronto and West.


" THE
World's
Best
Family
Flour."
BY ROYAL
WARRANT
Flour Millers
TO
H.R.H.
THE
Prince of Wales.
OGILVIE'S
REGIS TERED
TRADE MARK
MILLERS TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
HUNGARIAN
CANADA
OGILVIES



Upheld by Leading Educationists

There has been no luck or chance in the success and satisfaction given by the UNDERWOOD machine. It has succeeded on real merit alone. That's what these endorsements mean:

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, TORONTO:
"Have used UNDERWOOD machines four years. On account of the great satisfaction they have given I expect to increase my equipment to 100 UNDERWOODS this year."

NIMMO & HARRISON BUSINESS COLLEGE, TORONTO:
"We have used UNDERWOODS in our school for two years, and they have given us good satisfaction."

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, STRATFORD:
"All of our eight UNDERWOODS have given us great satisfaction."

BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE:
"We have used the UNDERWOOD in our school for three years, and the order we herewith enclose is sufficient testimony of our high opinion of that machine." (Order enclosed for four new Underwoods).

WOODSTOCK BUSINESS COLLEGE:
"Our UNDERWOODS are in constant use and are in perfect running order."

NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE, OWEN SOUND:
"Our UNDERWOODS have stood an immense amount of work for three years, and are in excellent condition."

PETERBORO' BUSINESS COLLEGE:
"We think the No. 4 UNDERWOOD an ideal typewriter."

SOLE CANADIAN AGENTS:

Creelman Bros. Typewriter Co.

15 ADELAIDE ST. E., TORONTO, ONT.

One Twentieth of all the Men & Women in the United States Wear

Simmons Watch Chains

You Can Buy Them Anywhere

R. F. SIMMONS CO. ATTLEBORO, MASS.

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR

Few People Realize

The Danger in That Common Disease, Catarrh.

Because catarrhal diseases are so common and because catarrh is not rapidly fatal, people too often overlook and neglect it until some incurable ailment develops as a result of the neglect.

The inflamed condition of the membrane of the nose and throat makes a fertile soil for the germs of Pneumonia and Consumption, in fact catarrhal pneumonia and catarrhal consumption are the most common forms of these dreaded diseases which annually cause more than one-quarter of the deaths in this country.

Remedies for catarrh are almost as numerous as catarrh sufferers, but very few have any actual merit as a cure, the only good derived being simply a temporary relief.

There is, however, a very effective remedy recently discovered which is rapidly becoming famous for its great value in relieving and permanently curing all forms of catarrhal diseases, whether located in the head, throat, lungs or stomach.

This new catarrh cure is principally composed of a gum derived from the Eucolyptus tree, and this gum possesses extraordinary healing and antiseptic properties. It is taken internally in the form of a lozenge or tablet, pleasant to the taste and so harmless that little children take them with safety and benefit.

Eucolyptus oil and the bark are sometimes used, but are not so convenient nor so palatable as the gum.

Undoubtedly the best quality is found in Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, which may be found in any drug store, and any catarrh sufferer who has tried douches, inhalers and liquid medicines, will be surprised at the rapid improvement after a few days' use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, which are composed of the gum of the Eucolyptus tree, combined with other antiseptics which destroy the germs of catarrh in the blood and expel the catarrhal poison from the system.

Dr. Ramsdell, in speaking of Catarrh and its cure, says:—"After many experiments I have given up the idea of curing catarrh by the use of inhalers, washes, salves or liquid medicines. I have always had the best results from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; the red gum and other valuable antiseptics contained in these tablets make them, in my opinion, far superior to any of the numerous catarrh remedies so extensively advertised. The fact that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold in drug stores, under protection of a trade-mark, should not prejudice conscientious physicians against them, because their undoubted merit and harmless character make them a remedy which every catarrh sufferer may use with perfect safety and the prospect of a permanent cure."

For colds in the head, for coughs, catarrhal deafness and catarrh of the stomach and liver, people who have tried them say that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are a household necessity.

Your Mirror

Your Mirror reflects your physical condition. If your eyes look dull, your cheeks sunken and sallow, you need a tonic.

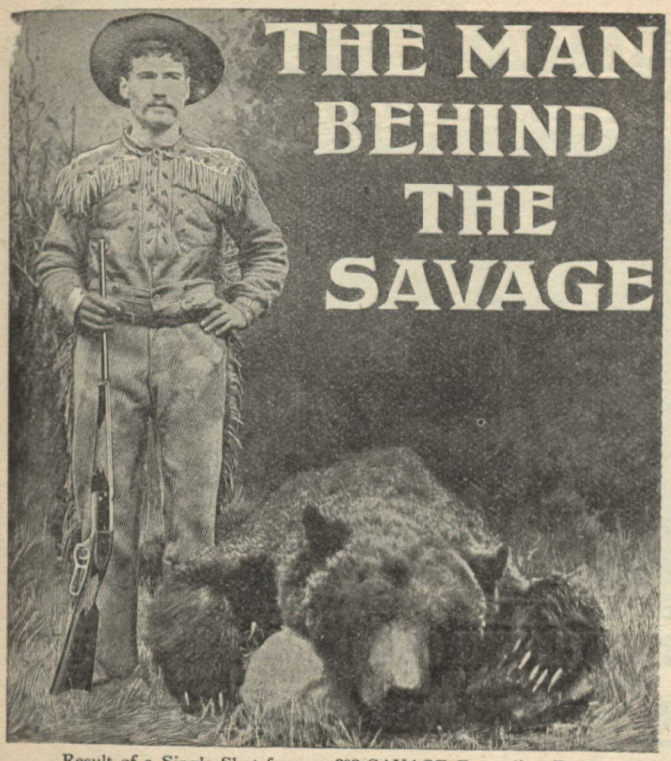
Pabst Malt Extract
The Best Tonic

will bring back the rose to your cheek and the sparkle to your eye, besides making blood, muscle and nerve by increasing the appetite and strengthening the digestion. All druggists sell The "Best" Tonic. Provide yourself with a few bottles to-day.

Some people are pale because of thin and impoverised blood. Such folks need a blood maker like

Pabst Malt Extract
The Best Tonic

This great tonic acts on both the food and the stomach. It helps the work of digestion and is itself a rich, nutritious food, readily taken up into the system. With better digestion comes better blood. Try it for a month and your Mirror will reflect a change.



Result of a Single Shot from a .303 SAVAGE Expanding Bullet.

Keep Up With the Times

Do not buy a rifle until you have examined into the merits of the

SAVAGE

which is the

TWENTIETH CENTURY ARM.

Only Hammerless Repeating Rifle in the world.

Absolutely Safe, Strongest Shooter, Flattest Trajectory, also neatest and most effective rifle manufactured.

Highest Development of Sporting Rifles.

Constructed to shoot **Six Different Cartridges,** or may be used as a single shot without the slightest change in the mechanism.

Adapted for **Grizzly Bears and Rabbits.**

.303 and 30-30 caliber.

Every rifle thoroughly guaranteed.

Awarded Grand Gold Medal at Paris in competition with all other styles of repeating rifles.

Write for new Illustrated Catalogue ("O.")

Manufacturers of SAVAGE Magazine and Magnetic Hammers. Send for Circular.

SAVAGE ARMS CO.,
Utica, New York, U.S.A.

THE REASON

the *MARGUERITE* Cigar has the largest sale in Canada is because it's the best 10c. cigar in the Dominion, and therefore the most popular.

The "*Karnak Cigarette*," crimped, no paste, is fast displacing older goods.

Both these Celebrated Brands are Manufactured by

The Tuckett Cigar Co. Limited

HAMILTON, CANADA

THE "NEW GEM" SAFETY RAZOR

Shaves the STRONGEST as well as the MILDEST BEARDS—utterly impossible to cut the face. It is the Simplest and Surest shaving device ever invented. The AUTOMATIC STROPPING MACHINE KEEPS THE BLADES IN KEEN CUTTING ORDER—a novice gets as good results as an expert. Sold by leading Cutlery and Jewelry dealers all over the civilized world, or mailed postpaid by the makers at the following prices:

Razor in Tin Box, ... $2.00
Razor with Two Blades in Handsome Morocco Case, 3.50
Automatic Stropping Machine, with Strop, .. 2.00

When making your purchase be sure and take none without the above "Trade Mark" and guarantee ticket. It permits you to have the blades REHONED or RESHARPENED FREE OF CHARGE. Catalogue Mailed Free on request.

THE GEM CUTLERY CO.
Works, 19 Reade Street, N.Y., U.S.A.

If your dealer does not handle the Gem Safety Razor, order of John Fernell & Son, Berlin, Ont.; Wood-Vallance & Co., Hamilton, Ont.; Hobbs Hardware Co., Hamilton, Ont.; Graves Bros., Ottawa, Ont.; H. S. Howland, Son & Co., Toronto, Ont.; The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Toronto, Ont.; Caverhill, Learmont & Co., Montreal, Can.; Black Bros. & Co., Halifax, N.S.; J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co., Winnipeg, Man.

THE

BROWN BROS.

Limited

LEATHER GOODS

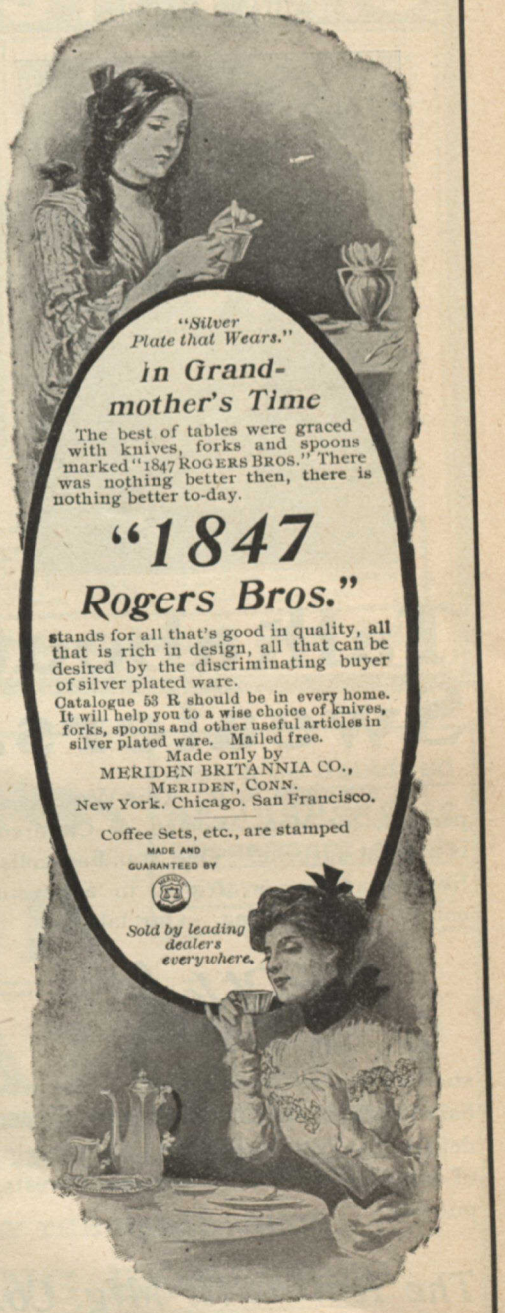
Roll Collar and Cuff Cases
Wrist Bags, New Designs
Chatelaine Bags, New Designs
Purses
Card and Photo Cases

FOUNTAIN PENS

Paul E. Wirt
A. A. Waterman

51-53 Wellington St. West

TORONTO



"Silver Plate that Wears."

In Grandmother's Time

The best of tables were graced with knives, forks and spoons marked "1847 ROGERS BROS." There was nothing better then, there is nothing better to-day.

"1847 Rogers Bros."

stands for all that's good in quality, all that is rich in design, all that can be desired by the discriminating buyer of silver plated ware.

Catalogue 53 R should be in every home. It will help you to a wise choice of knives, forks, spoons and other useful articles in silver plated ware. Mailed free.

Made only by
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
MERIDEN, CONN.
New York. Chicago. San Francisco.

Coffee Sets, etc., are stamped
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY

Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Insert your Letter, Turn the Crank, And your Copy is Made.

The Rapid Roller Letter Copier always stands ready for use—no wet cloths to handle—damp blotters to arrange, —we guarantee a perfect copy every time.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE No. 33

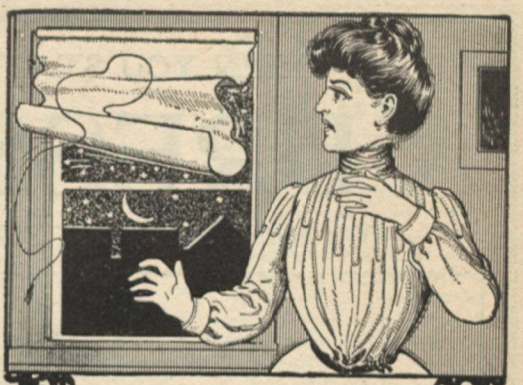
Machine sent on approval if you wish.

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Limited

1744 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL, QUE.

Head Office: 77 BAY ST., TORONTO, CAN.

Factories: NEWMARKET ONT.



Ever see a shade run up suddenly and without warning? roll up with a frenzied sort of haste, or refuse to stay down when you wanted it down? The

IMPROVED HARTSHORN

Shade Roller

makes window shades obedient and tractable. They are so attached to the rollers that they never become unruly, need no tacks and require no hammering.

The Hartshorn Shade Rollers run easily, quickly and quietly. Always look for autograph signature of *Stewart Hartshorn* on label. All reputable dealers sell them.

WOOD ROLLERS. TIN ROLLERS.

ARMAND'S,

LADIES' and GENTS' TOUPEES, WIGS AND COIFFURES

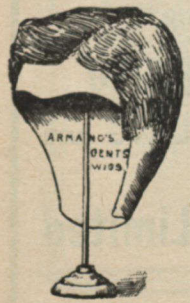
Self-Adjustable Ladies' Coiffure.

Fashionable Styles of Coiffure.

Gents' Toupees, Latest Improvement.

Our styles are of the latest designs. Natural in appearance, light and durable.

Private Parlors for Trying on Styles.



Gent's Wig, Complete.

BEST QUALITY BEST FINISH and LOWEST PRICES

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE

431 Yonge Street, Cor. Ann Street

Telephone Main 2498 **TORONTO**

CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION

CANADIAN BIG GAME

THE time for the turning of the leaf will soon have come; the velvet on the antler is pealing in long strips, leaving a clean horn the color of buckskin. Then the law will permit the shooting of the moose, caribou and deer—and wouldn't you care for a head or two yourself?

Well, why not try Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, or some other of the sisterhood of the Canadian Provinces? By such a choice you would probably be successful beyond your expectations, as many others have been.

Ontario has thrown open her jealously guarded big game preserves, the shooting of moose, caribou and deer being now permitted from October 15th to November 15th north of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Mattawa to Port Arthur, a region enormous in extent and carrying a heavy stock of game.

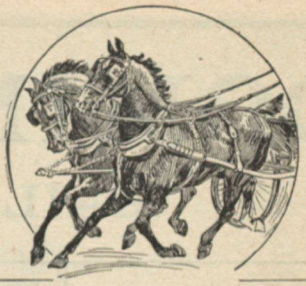
Manitoba is as noted for its moose as for its duck and chicken, and those who can spare the time may ensure a successful hunt by visiting the Prairie Province. Beyond lie the Territories and British Columbia, with their hundreds of thousands of square miles of plain, forest and mountain, offering unsurpassed hunting for moose, elk, blacktail, sheep, goat and grizzly.

For further information write to any officer or agent of the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ROBT. KERR,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL

C. E. E. USSHER,
General Passenger Agent,
MONTREAL



The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health; better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says:—"I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefitted by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous English.... Skin Fluid

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES
Disappear in a few Days

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth supple, healthy skin.

Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., TORONTO**

SPANISH CANTHARIDES produces hair on bald heads, and those disfigured with alopecia baldness should use it. The fungus is quickly removed from the epidermis, and the hair then grows. $1.00.

THE Best and Only Means of Removing Hair from the face, hands, arms and neck is by using Alex. Ross's Hair Destroyer. Sent free, $1.00.

THE NOSE MACHINE.—A contrivance by which the soft cartilage of the nose is pressed into shape by wearing the instrument for a short time. Price, $3.00, free. ALEX. ROSS, 62 THEOBALD'S ROAD, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, ENGLAND.

"The Universal Perfume"

Most delightful,
Most refreshing,
Most lasting,
Most popular.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S *Florida Water*

FOR THE

HANDKERCHIEF
DRESSING-TABLE
AND BATH.

More Sprightly and Invigorating than Cologne.

Ask your Druggist for it!

DYEING **CLEANING**

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELPS

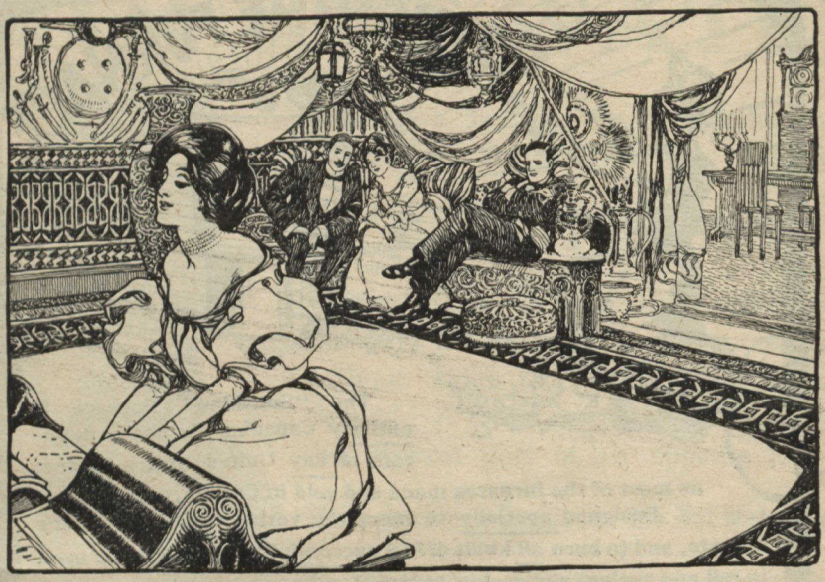
At this time of the year housekeepers are very busy. We have been sharing their work for many years to their complete satisfaction. We have the largest and best-equipped plant of this kind in Canada—can dye carpets, dye or clean curtains, furniture coverings, drapes, etc., so as to make them look like new again.

R. PARKER & CO., Toronto

Head Office and Works, 787-791 Yonge Street

BRANCHES:

Montreal, Hamilton, London, St. Catharines, Galt, Brantford, Woodstock.



THERE HAS never, in the history of the world's progress, been anything invented capable of giving such genuine pleasure and enjoyment as the Pianola.

In the record of musical inventions, no new instrument ever faced stronger prejudice nor made so brilliant record in so short a time.

The Pianola, unknown four years ago, is to-day endorsed by practically every living musician of note and is constantly used by the most prominent.

Thousands upon thousands of human beings in every part of the world are realizing a brighter and happier condition of human life through its employment.

At first considered a mechanical toy, the most deep-seated antipathy caused by preconceived and erroneous ideas has never failed to give place to enthusiastic approbation when the Pianola is investigated.

The universal adoption of the Pianola (as inevitable as was the acceptance of steam and electricity) is only so far distant as the time which must elapse before there is a general understanding of the nature of its services.

For detailed information send for catalog N.

With the Pianola any one can play upon *any* piano with *expression any* selection ever composed.

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

THE KODAK GIRL AT HOME

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN IT ISN T A KODAK

The Dark-Room Abolished

BY THE

KODAK DEVELOPING MACHINE

The Kodaker may now develop and fix his own negatives in broad daylight — and do it better than it was done before. Anyone who can operate a Kodak (and who cannot?) can successfully operate the Kodak Developing Machine.

The Kodak idea — simplicity — reaches its logical triumph in the new device.

Style A Kodak Developing Machine, for use with No. 1 and No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak, No. 1 Panoram-Kodak and Brownie Cartridges, $6.00.

OTHER SIZES IN PREPARATION

SOLD BY ALL KODAK DEALERS

Descriptive Booklet free at the dealers' or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

t. Jacobs Oil CURES Rheumatism, Neu Lumbago, Headac and all bodily Pains

Liver and Derangement of the Kidneys.
THE IRON-OX REMEDY CO., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.
25c. PER BOX

BELL
ART
PIANOS

WITH THEIR PATENT ILLIMITABLE REPEATING ACTION

Give in Upright Form the Satisfying Qualities formerly confined to Grands

THE ART BELL IS CANADA'S BEST

THE BELL CO.
GUELPH
TORONTO — MONTREAL

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

Walter Baker & Co.'s
PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates

TRADE-MARK.

Breakfast Cocoa.—Absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

Premium No. 1 Chocolate.—The best plain chocolate in the market for drinking and also for making cake, icing, ice-cream, etc.

Sweet German Chocolate.—Good to eat and good to drink; palatable, nutritious, and healthful.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1780.
DORCHESTER, MASS.
BRANCH HOUSE, 12 and 14 St. John St., MONTREA

TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE

Walpole Bros.
LIMITED
"BELFAST HOUSE"
Established 1766.

DAMASK AND LINEN
MANUFACTURERS,

For Excellence of Quality and Moderation of Price Stand Unrivalled.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.

HOUSE LINEN OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Ladies writing for samples and estimates to any desired amount will be pleased with what WALPOLE BROS. undertake to give.

All goods hemmed and marked in ink free of charge.

DUBLIN, BELFAST AND 89 New Bond Street, LONDON, ENGLAND.

May Be Hitting You.

Try leaving off

COFFEE

and use

POSTUM

TROUBLE IN DRINK.

Not Always Easy to Discover.

Many highly organized persons cannot digest even one cup of coffee a day.

The trouble may not show directly in stomach, but indirectly in bowels, liver, nerves, headache, or in some other organ. Stop for 10 days and see if you have discovered the cause of your trouble. Take on Postum Food Coffee. It furnishes a pleasant morning cup, and contains the selected food elements which quickly restore the nerves and structure of body to a normal state. Demonstratable fact; try it. Grocers furnish at 15 and 25 cents.

IN ONE BOTTLE

EQUIRES

ARNES' INK

The blacker and more permanent the writing it will make with the use of the
Ask for it at your stationers', printers' or lithographers'.
The BARBER & ELL'S CO., Limited, TORONTO
SELLING AG

Indelible and Harmless
On any Fabric.